Sweet Surrender

by Caro_Evomad1

Summary

Three and a half years after where 'The Road to Freedom' finishes, Robert and Aaron’s journey continues as they look to take their Master/slave relationship up a level.

Notes

I would like to dedicate this story to Erica (Stulot) as a thank you for all the fun and many fascinating hours we chatted about ideas for The Road To Freedom (TRTF), it was definitely NSFW material !!.

Continued with Erica’s blessing, although our writing style is completely different, hopefully I’ve still managed to keep faith with the characters she developed. It’s not necessary to read TRTF beforehand, but if you haven’t I would highly recommend it. For one, it’s a fab story and yes, the backdrop is a Master/slave relationship, but it remains a very human story between two people who love each other very deeply and second it gives a lot of colour and context for this story, where the boys take the next step in deepening their relationship.

This is a story about an established Master/slave relationship, so there’s no easing you into it. If you don’t like reading about BDSM or Master/slave relationships, then stop now because this fic is not for you. However, if you have an open mind and/or liked TRTF then I hope
you’ll find this enjoyable.

Take care
Caro

P.S. Life is super busy and I know have 2 other stories on the go, but I’m writing this anyway and that’s not going to change, so I may as well share.
Happy Valentines

Robert Sunday 14 Feb 2021

It’s hard to believe that in a few months’ time five years will have passed since we signed the first contract; five amazing, fun filled, with a dash of scary and irrational, years with Master.

For the most part, our journey has been everything i’d ever dreamed of and more. We had a few tough six months in the second year; work and other stuff had started to get in the way and we let it so without even realising we were slipping back to being Aaron and Robert. Not that this was bad as such, we were tired, over-worked and hardly saw each other but then after recognizing we were spiralling apart from who we’d become i had an epiphany. i didn’t want to go back to being plain old vanilla so i rebelled, but instead of talking to Master like a good slave should, i started playing up big time which lead to explosive arguments, accusations and denials. What came next was truly the hard part with us sitting down and talking properly but i didn’t make it easy, testing His sincerity about continuing. Master had to rein me in like you would with a naughty child, reassert His ownership and it took us quite a while to truly re-find our footing. That was tough, really tough for both of us from start to finish but we learned from it i think and we’ve never once looked back in regret; if anything, we’ve become stronger and more committed because of it.

Smiling inwardly, i’m certain that there’s no chance of being let off the hook like that these days, this chilly Valentine’s Day is simple proof of that. i’ve been enjoying the casual bumping against each other, the fleeting touch of our hands, as we meander through the woods on our afternoon walk until being unceremoniously jolted out of my trip down memory lane by a sharp smack to my behind, “slave, are you even listening to me?” With nodding currently being the simplest and most effective way to convey my response i watch that well-worn mix of exasperation and amusement cross Master’s face. ‘Of course, i’m listening Master, what was it You said again?’ i don’t need to say the words out loud, Master knows me all too well but shows leniency as He lovingly pulls me to Him, kissing my cheek before trailing a couple of His fingers downwards, pushing the scarf wrapped around my neck and lower face out of the way. Softly they trace over the ball-gag that’s preventing me from speaking, before coming to rest on my neck as Master kisses my cheek; with a mischievous glint in His eye His warm wet mouth sucks a quick kiss on the end of my nose. He smirks, amused before drying the wetness with His hands, then pulling the scarf back to its former position to keep the gag out of sight on the off-chance we meet anyone as we continue our walk. i’m pretty sure that my eyes are playfully expressing my appreciation of Master’s loving touch as our fingers intertwine once more.

“It’s a good job I love you slave, otherwise I think Valentine’s Day could quite easily have been cancelled this year. I’ll be expecting lots of appreciation later to show me how grateful you are to have such a considerate Master when you get your surprise.” He can’t see the pout hardly but He smiles at the whine this elicits from me knowing this will have set me off thinking once again about what Master might have planned for later. Master tends to get quite inventive on special occasions and earlier in the day i’d been unduly impatient as often is the case when i’m excited. So much that i wouldn’t stop pestering, nagging Him all morning to give me a clue and eventually He’d had enough which despite it being low protocol day is what has led to my current predicament during our planned walk.

Hand in hand, we follow the path in a comfortable silence, wending our way back towards home which allows me to risk a return to my previous musings. Tonight isn’t the right time, but at some
point soon, i know i’m going to have to tell Him; i’m just nervous about how He will react. On New Year’s Eve Master had mentioned that at the end of August it will be five years since we signed the first contract and He asked if we ought to mark the occasion somehow. i’m pretty sure Master was thinking along the lines of another mark to my body to celebrate the milestone; time certainly flies when you’re having fun and i don’t disagree that it’s an achievement. We’ve come such a long way, now nicely settled and happy which is why the increasing ache for more crept up on me, not totally out of the blue, i realise that now, but its recent intensity has taken me by surprise.

Of course, this isn’t new, there have been several times for both of us where we have craved more or less from our relationship. It’s part of the rollercoaster of emotions that come with being Master and slave, but this time i know it’s not going to go away. Thinking back, i recognize the signs, like an itch that won’t go away until you scratch it.

Each year we’ve reviewed the contract at the end of the term. After the first year we made a few changes, like removing any hard limits, but otherwise it was mostly slight tweaking and there haven’t been any changes since then. We’ve both been really happy with it. i think i can safely say that on behalf of Master without it being outside my scope of permission to second guess what Master may or may not think on the matter. We both love what we have and the boundaries we set work well.

i think that it’s been a good thing in the beginning as we had to learn; over the years we’ve become comfortable and apart from that difficult few months we have completely embraced our chosen path. Our Master/slave life has a routine to it yet without having slipped into a rut, and along the way we’ve discovered so much about ourselves and each other, sometimes surprisingly so. From the outset, i told Master i had a liking for humiliation and He quickly learned how to tease and taunt me, not too much but enough that it had me squirming and at the same time silently begging for it to continue but i had no idea about some of the other stuff. In fact, i totally denied having a masochistic streak saying i wasn’t really into the pain. Maybe it’s Aaron, although definitely not a sadist in the true sense of the word, He enjoys pushing my buttons. Both of us have such intense experiences when He decides to flip that switch; i can’t tell you if it’s pleasure or pain sometimes, but it’s incredible when He leads me to that special place in my head.

It was a bit hit and miss in the beginning to know what worked for us and what didn’t but through friends and going to some workshops we explored techniques and ideas which we’ve used either in our daily life or when we play. Master has become quite the expert both with my body and mind, knowing just how to torment me, giving me more pleasure that i thought possible as with time we discovered our kinks; all i can say is you don’t know until you try it. i never thought that i’d be into needles and sensory deprivation, but i am, both make me totally let go; i like being fully dependent on Aaron, my Master; it’s not scary but the exact opposite, it’s freeing.

We only float on the edges of the community, instead preferring to mix with a close group of friends spearheaded by Mina and her partner Ale. Since meeting her, we’ve both got a couple of people to lean on and turn to for advice or just have someone to talk to and release some of the pressure. That’s as important now as in the beginning. With Master’s permission i stopped my blog, it annoyed me when people made unkind comments or questioned how i was feeling, so i gave it up although i still have to keep my written journal. Master was adamant about that and of course He gets to read it. He’s going to be pissed that i’ve not mentioned my more recent desires in it; that’s what it’s for so He knows what i’m thinking even when i can’t put it into words. i’m not allowed secrets. Yet, i haven’t given any hint so far, i need to be sure myself, to be certain it’s what i want and not just a passing whim, but deep down inside i know, and it never bodes well when i bottle things up inside for too long. i’ll just give it a little while longer first i think.
Getting indoors, out of the cold, the house is nice and warm as we hang up our coats up. Master’s voice purrs in my ear, “I think the privilege of low protocol has been completely lost today, don’t you?” I nod silently, it’s no surprise after my antics this morning, “Get naked, go start a bath, nice and hot, you know how I like it; I expect you to be in your Kneeling position waiting for me.” Stripping out of my jeans, I yelp from the sting of His hand as He taps my arse and we grin at each other. Once the last piece of fabric is removed from my body I take my things upstairs, folding them neatly to place them on the dresser outside Master’s bedroom.

Once back downstairs, entering the main bathroom, I turn the taps on, testing the water until it’s just how Master likes it and then kneel on the soft mat to wait for Him. It’s placed just where Master wants, cushioning my knees for which I’m thankful.

Not wanting to disappoint Master any more today, I keep my eyes lowered slightly, my left hand clasped around my right wrist behind my back as I hear Him enter behind me. Master isn’t big on too many positions, but the few I have, He insists on being just how He likes me, no moving or talking until He allows it. Not that talking is a problem right now with the ball gag still safely keeping me quiet. The surprise of Master’s finger touching my collar, hovering a few seconds over the silver titanium then stroking over Master’s P.O.A., ‘Property of Aaron’, tattoo on the back of my neck before trailing down my spine to half way down my back which sends a shiver of anticipation through me as He then leans over to turn off the water.

After lighting the candles, He turns off the main light, the flickering of flames and shadow instantly switching the mood, heightened by the suspense of not knowing what Master has planned. Still unmoving, I’m confused as there’s not enough water in the bath to actually have a bath, but I’m not given time to ponder this any longer as Master yarks back my head, He’s practised at knowing how much force to use to hold me in place as He leans down, His mouth stamping His claim, the kiss to my forehead applying enough force that I would have fallen backwards if His hand fisted in my hair wasn’t holding me steady.

Pulling me up onto my feet, I gulp and try to control the amount of drool, but it’s not that easy and His finger wipes away the wet saliva dripping down my chin, wiping it over my cock which is so hard it’s aching already, I don’t need to be able to see the pre-cum to know it’s there as Master’s finger teases my slit, my drool and pre-cum likely being mixed together. “I didn’t give you permission to get hard slave.” I’m pretty much trained to control my cock, but for some reason today, it’s not listening to my mental commands to soften, I’m so gonna be punished for that. Master’s not helping any, as He strokes my shaft, His hand motion twisting and turning in just the right way that it takes all my willpower not to make a sound. I haven’t been given permission for that yet either.

“Tut-tut, such a slut for it aren’t you slave.” It doesn’t matter how many times He calls me that, the blood rushes to my cheeks every time still; our eyes remain locked and Master seems more amused than cross at my failure to control my body. With His hand still in my hair, He guides me to stand in the bath, “Get in, arms raised above your head. That’s it, face the wall, you can rest your arms against it.” Master, starts to wash up my legs, swirling the soapiness with the bath sponge, massaging my thighs and buttocks as He works His way over my entire body, continuing to wash my front, all without turning me round. The warm water is flowing and trickling down my skin as He squeezes the water out to rinse the suds of my favourite soap away. I’m feeling relaxed despite being stood, the water pooled around my ankles, my forehead resting against the tiles, with my eyes closed; I love it when Master pampers me like this. Letting the water out, He towels me dry massaging gently, tracing every contour of my body with His hands, making the experience nicely pleasurable but I know He’s up-to something, and I’m intrigued just as He intended.
Seemingly finished, I wait to be instructed, “I bought you roses, I thought it was about time that you got some roses for Valentine’s Day. I had to get these special though, people are so boring these days, they don’t like what nature offers them. Look how beautiful they are, just like you slave, exquisite beauty with a sharp edge.” Opening my eyes, I see for the first time, the bunch of roses on the side, their scent filling the bathroom, the blood red colour standing out against the white of the bathroom units. Master selects one, trailing the head over my back and thighs, the petals smooth against my skin, even when He uses it tap my legs, a couple of the petals falling into the bottom of the bath, “Wider. Eyes to the wall. Look how hard you are, hard for my touch. I want to hear you moan for me, slave. Show me how much you want it.”

As I widen my stance, He slides the rose up my inner thigh, the petals tickling my skin, Master’s left hand curled around my shaft, stroking me with an intentionally slow rhythm, His touch so very light but enough that if He keeps it up like this it will drive me mad with need. It’s the drag down with the stem making contact that finally has me gasping, the sharp thorns scraping against my skin, as He continues down my calf and then working His way up the other leg. He must have picked up more roses as there definitely feels to be more than one as the rose heads brush against me, the relief from the scrape of the thorns is welcome but short lived as He drags them backwards over the underside of my ball sac, sharp sensations in contrast to the steady massaging of my shaft. The skin of my ball sac is catching on the thorns, until it will stretch no more, springing back and i’m very glad for the gag right at this moment as I feel the trickle of blood run down my thigh. It’s when Master’s tongue slides up over my hole that has my head snapping back in pleasure before tipping it forward once more to muffle the sound of my moans into the wall, my head in-between my still raised arms; the heady mix of pain and pleasure having its effect. It’s not a heavy pain as He guides the rose thorns over my back but that doesn’t make it any less arousing, His mouth now invading my body with the occasional bite to my butt cheeks. It’s a good job that Master didn’t want me to be silent as His ministrations continue.

I’ve lost all sense of time by the time the buckle of the gag is loosened, Master releasing it from around my face, the feeling strange after being on for a few hours. Master’s mouth crushes against mine, His tongue probing deep and His hardness is pressing against my hip; His hand returns to my cock ratcheting up the pressure whilst trailing lightly over my back with the roses until Master releases me.

Turning me around for the first time, His finger trails down my right cheek, “You’re amazing, do you know that?” Sitting Himself down on the edge of the bath, His hand grabs mine, their tug directing me onto my knees and my mouth onto His before His hand, pressing down on my shoulder, guides my lips around His cock, the fingers of His left hand woven into my hair, their hold tightening as I take Him deep into my throat. “Hands down by your sides slave, just your mouth.” Master’s voice is thick with desire and I know He’s close already. Not that it stops Him trailing the roses over my back, lightly whipping as I suck Him off. His fingers have now loosened but His hand remains on the top of my head, following its movement as I bring Him to the edge, His legs spread out either side of me. I’m naturally good at this and I love how I can feel Master's orgasm build; it's also very satisfying to know I'm the reason for His heightened state of arousal.

I almost miss the words, I’m so caught up in His desire and as it should be I acknowledge mine is irrelevant, only Master can decide. “Use your hand; you may cum if it’s in the next sixty seconds.” I’m so turned on, that it only takes a few strokes and I’m spilling over my hand as Master pours His seed down my throat. We are totally still for what seems longer than is probably the few seconds it actually takes, our bodies' movement momentarily suspended, with only our essence flowing until we are drained. Master leans downwards, kissing the top of my head lovingly. “Look at me slave.” I still have His cock in my mouth, but my arms are now dangling by my side, my spent member no
longer needing any attention as it starts to shrivel back to its softened state.

Master’s sated smile tells me everything i need to know and i nuzzle into His crotch, lightly suckling which i knew i would get a giggle. Master gently pushes my face off Him and i lean into Him as He bends down to kiss my forehead, wrapping His arms around me. We remain like this for a few moments, enjoying the afterglow.

“Come on, let me get you cleaned up and some antiseptic on these scratches. He’s starting to get up, when my hands grab His hips, pulling Him back down. His hands cup my face as our lips join once more; kissing deeply. i love how He then continues to shower me with yet more kisses.

After cradling me in His arms for a few moments, there’s a decisive kiss on the top of my head, “Come on.” Handing me the big bath towel, He guides me into the lounge, face down onto the sofa. With my head resting on my folded arms, Master cleans my body with a warm damp face cloth and then applies the antiseptic cream, “It’s just this one slight cut that is actually bleeding, the rest are just surface scratches.” Putting the top on the tube, He sits up on the sofa and pulls me into His arms, “Do you feel okay?”

“Mmmh.”

“Tired?”

“Just a little bit out of it, Master.”

“I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did?”

“You know me very well Master, thank you. It was perfect.”

Master must have been prepared, because after dimming all the lights He pulls the quilt we keep down the side of the sofa over us and stroking my hair, He feeds me my favourite milkshake with a straw and some blueberries.

It’s still not that late, but i must have fallen asleep as it's dark outside, i find myself curled up in Master’s lap, wrapped up nice and warm in the quilt, the TV on quietly in the background.

Giving Master a loving squeeze, i peer up at Him, “So, my present isn’t anything like as interesting Master.”

Returning the squeeze, i’ve never felt more loved in Master’s arms than i do now, “I’ll love it whatever slave, it’s from you.”

TBC
Please Sir, can i have some more?

Chapter Summary

It's Robert's birthday and helped along by a little alcohol he takes the opportunity to propose to Aaron a deepening of their Master/slave relationship.

Chapter Notes

I’d forgotten on posting the first chapter that when writing from Robert’s POV I wanted to use upper case when he refers to Aaron and lower case when of himself so I went back and corrected this and it will be how Robert’s POV will be written throughout.

I'll be adding tags with some chapters, but I won't be listing everything as I'm working on the principle that if you are still reading, you are generally okay with it.

shuffle-bottom = someone who can't sit still

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Robert, Thursday 22nd April 2021

Feeling the alcohol going pleasurably to my head, i’m sure i’ll regret it in the morning but then looking at Master’s flushed glow, i think the same can also pretty well be said for Him. It’s not often that either of us drinks this much. Master tends to drink less, partly because i’m not usually allowed to drink more than a couple of pints and not even that a lot of the time. This is why on the odd occasion that Master permits it, we both get a little carried away. The effect of the alcohol always brings a certain sparkle to His eyes and i swear every time He looks at me tonight, His expression is filled with a mixture of lust and oh yes, the fleeting hint of a sadistic smile. That, however, is more likely down to Him knowing the reason for my discomfort, throwing me that evil grin which turns me on so much, all whilst resting His hand on my knee as a warning to stop being such a shuffle-bottom.

Master gave me a choice before we came out that i could drink alcohol tonight without any restriction if i took thirty-four birthday strokes of Master’s favourite switch with which i have a love-hate relationship so i only have myself to blame. As they say, ‘no pain, no gain’ and i have a feeling anyway that He would probably have given me thirty-four swats with something or other, but maybe not the switch. Whatever, i’m likely to be still feeling its lingering effects in the morning when sitting down and by then probably with a hangover to boot. Wisely Master gave us both the day off work tomorrow so at least we will be able to recover nice and quiet at home, maybe even play a little later in the day.

Yet just at this minute, this all seems irrelevant as Master’s gaze rests upon me once more, His eyes practically feasting as He lovingly strokes the base of my neck, His fingers brushing over the black letters of His mark, P.O.A.; i love when He does this. It makes me feel proud to belong to Aaron, so much sometimes that i want to shout it out to the entire world. It’s a heady feeling knowing that He is reminding me of His claim of ownership all while in front of our family and friends who for the most
part have no clue even after all this time.

The pub is very lively for a Thursday night. Master has put some money behind the bar for birthday drinks and Chas has been contributing the odd free round, so it’s a pretty merry atmosphere around us. I’m pleased Mina is here. We weren’t sure she would come after having split from Ale a few weeks ago but she had agreed to chaperone Elliott, another of our circle of friends from outside the village whose Master, Thomas, is away travelling for work and he’s kept on a pretty tight leash, though tonight not literally of course. Anyways, it’s a friendly atmosphere and Mina looks more relaxed than I’ve seen her in a while. I think Master Thomas asked her to bring Elliott more for her sake than to keep an eye on him; she’s a switch and it’s obvious she misses having someone to take care of. John and Ally are here, but Tina and Master Henry couldn’t make it, they had a family thing they couldn’t get out of. Our friends know most people in the village, having met them at various do’s we’ve had every now and again.

I like how the two sides of our life together can blend into one on occasions like this. Other than Vic and now Adam, no-one in the village has any idea I belong to Master. It’s important to both of us to guard the intimate part of who we are, this we will never share; although, sometimes it would be nice to have more freedom when we are in public without having to be mindful about what we do and say all the time. I have rules that apply outside the home about how I must behave, but we’ve always been very careful not to take any risks, and we very much limit what Vic and Adam ever see or hear. Adam always looks like he’s going to freak out, he feels uncomfortable even discussing it with Master and acts as if he doesn’t know about us most of the time whereas Vic remains fascinated by it. Yet, sometimes I catch her watching me and it’s like she can’t quite reconcile the brother she knew with what I’ve become, but she told me openly that she thinks it’s a good thing and it’s obvious how happy we are and I can’t ask more than that of her.

After a nudge from Master, I look up to see Diane and Doug arriving. They had some church thing on earlier so we knew they’d be coming later; shuffling over, Vic gives Diane space to sit down beside me. Accepting the birthday card that she hands me, I say thank you and open it; smiling at her sense of humour I pass it to Master to read. We gave up with presents a long time ago but she always still writes a card. “Another year then Robert, thirty-four. Just think, next year, you’ll be on the downward road to forty, both you and Andy; he sends his love by the way.”

“He sent a text earlier.”

She looks at me fondly, “You know, I’m proud of you. I wasn’t sure you’d even stay in Emmerdale at one point with all the mess you made of everything. I just wish you two would make it up properly.”

Master clears His throat, His way of warning me not to get drawn into a long-winded discussion, “We get on okay when he comes home, we at least manage a conversation without wanting to kill each other. We’ve both changed and mellowed Diane, and it’s not like I see him much anyway; he’s settled where he is.”

“Well, you’ve definitely changed for the better; being with Aaron has been the making of you.” If only they knew just how much I think to myself as we steal a smile.

“I reckon so, we’ll have been in the house five years this summer.” Master looks a little amused by the compliments, although seemingly a tad embarrassed at being called out like that and I smile at Him knowingly, “Time flies when you’re having fun.” Leaning across I take profit of the opportunity
to kiss Him which i swear almost has Vic cooing. Knowing what she’s like, i’m surprised she hasn’t been hinting at us getting married.

One of the joys of living in a small village, someone’s always got an opinion and Nicola having had a few glasses of wine isn’t one to be quiet when the occasion arises, poking Aaron’s shoulder with a mischievous smirk. “I don’t know how you managed it Aaron, credit where credit’s due. Robert might be the boss at work, but it’s obvious you rule the roost at home. You should see him, Diane, Aaron calls and he’s off running like a shot; I wish I could get Jimmy to be that attentive. You’ll have to tell me your secret one day, he’s even nice to us, well half of the time.” Grimacing at her, i bite my tongue. I’m nice all the time usually except when she pisses me off and that’s when it gets me in trouble with Master. Okay, thinking about it, that might still be quite a lot. I don’t know how He does it, but He always has the knack of finding out when I let my frustration get the better of me even at work. I looked for cameras in the office at one point but didn’t find anything. I’m convinced He has a spy somehow or other, or I suppose, it could just be that He knows my moods too well.

Feeling fortified by the alcohol, I add some mischief of my own into the mix, “What can I say, I am but a slave to the whims of my Master.”

Master’s eyes widen in surprise at my boldness, but no-one is taking any notice, too busy laughing at Adam’s reaction to my words having sprayed the beer in his mouth halfway across the table. “Smooth Adam, very smooth.” Ignoring Aaron’s teasing, Adam glares at me as if it’s my fault he can’t keep his beer in his gob and I try not to look too amused by myself. It wouldn’t do to gloat too much, then Master would have something to say about it.

The conversation moving from this topic to that, I find myself tuning them all out, instead observing Master and nice as this is, I half wish we were somewhere just the two of us as I push down my craving to kiss Him. Although we are quite affectionate in public these days, snogging away in front of everyone isn’t probably the done thing, unfortunately.

Leaning close to Master in an attempt to distract myself from the permanently throbbing pain in my backside, I listen to Laurel and Nicola bickering about whether Arthur is old enough to have a tattoo. Apparently, Arthur, who is now scarily age thirteen going on fourteen, wants to get the same one as his favourite footballer. Nicola is giving parenting advice, taking the hands-off view which Laurel doesn’t quite agree with. It’s bound to end in an argument I think; that is until Jimmy puts in his oar in, throwing everyone’s attention onto me. “In a couple of years, he’ll be sixteen and then he can get what he wants. Lots of people have tattoos, even Robert has one. I honestly don’t see the problem as long as it looks okay.”

Nicola looks across surprised, “Really, I wouldn’t have thought it would go with his Lordship’s image. Do you have one as well Aaron?”

“Nope, just Robert.” He hardly hesitates with a grin on His face, “And he has some piercing.” Growling silently, I curse Master. Maybe He thinks this is funny, payback after my comment earlier, who knows what goes through His brain at times like this.

Turning to her husband, Nicola wants to know more. “How do you know he has a tattoo? I’ve never seen it.” Her gaze switches between us and I’m feeling uncomfortable at being put on the spot like this. Thankfully she thinks better of it, “Actually no, don’t tell me. I don’t think I want to know.”

Master is tittering beside me as I sigh resignedly, everyone looking at me expectantly to confirm or deny this. “If you must know, I have a tattoo at the base of my neck and yes some piercing as well.” I could drag Master into the mix, but decide against it; He most definitely wouldn’t appreciate me
telling everyone that He has a brand on His arm, the letter ‘R’ over a cut He made when trying to cope with His dad being around. Only a handful of people know about this including Chas who went off the deep end at the time when she saw it, not that Master cared.

Diane is weirdly curious, “What kind of tattoo? I don’t remember seeing one either.”

“It’s for Aaron and that’s as much as i’m going to tell you, it’s personal.”

“Dare I even ask what kind of piercing and where, and what on earth drove you to it mores the point?” She looks at Doug, “I’ll never understand why folk want to stick needles and whatnot into their bodies.” Master is cracking up next to me especially as Mina has a small septum piercing and a tiny diamond to the right of her lower lip which Diane seems to have not remembered. i dread to think how she would react if she knew of the other things Master has stuck into my body over the last few years. Speaking of which, it doesn’t look like He’s going to help me out any, leaving me torn on how to answer. i’m not allowed to lie. i will so be finding a way to get my own back on Him for landing me in it and then not helping me out and He knows it. It’s not good for Him to get complacent in these things; i’ve never been a boring slave for Him and i’m not about to start now.

Focussing my attention back on Diane, i respond, “You have your ears pierced, it’s no different.”

“Well, I suppose so but earrings at least look nice.” She stares at me unfathomably, “Do you really have some piercings or are you winding me up?”

“Yes and i like wearing them: they were gifts from my better half and on that note, i believe it’s our round. Who wants what?”

“Well, it’s just strange if you ask me. I’ll have a white wine please.”

Thankfully Mina distracts Diane further whilst Master takes my hand for us to go to the bar sparing me from having to say anything else. The two nipple piercings would be fine to explain, but the guiche not so much. Master whispers in my ear, “You did very well slave.”

We kiss and i nuzzle against His nose, whispering in return, “Thank you, Master.”

Much later after a fair few pints interspersed with hopefully enough water to counter the aftereffects, holding hands we leave to head home. After being in the pub for so long it’s nice to be outside in the cool of the fresh air; although on the outskirts of the village, i’m glad it’s not too far to walk.

Reaching the gateway to our cottage, we hover and Master holds me at bay when i lean in for a kiss; instead He cups my chin in His left hand, tilting it so the light from the lamp above shines on my face and my heart misses a beat just from the way He is looking at me.

Guiding my mouth open, i’m captivated, our eyes locked, as a single finger starts to rub over my tongue, steadily rotating in a continuous circular motion. There’s no question that i’m allowed to do anything other than let Master have His way as He so desires. Licking His lips, He quietly observes my reaction to His touch, my mouth still half open when He extracts the finger, switching instead to trace it back and forth across my upper lip. Eventually sliding His right hand around the nape of my neck, his fingers stroke lovingly through my hair, whilst pushing two fingers from His left hand into my mouth. It’s only when He gently pushes my head forward that i start to suck, the pressure of His hand controlling the speed. Slipping in a third finger, they push into my mouth, not forcibly, but so far that i take them fully to their base. His right hand alternating between cupping my chin and stroking down over the back of my head onto down my neck; i’m so hard from the intense intimacy that if He told me to i’d cum instantly in my jeans without any other kind of stimulation.
With no clue about how long we’ve been doing this, Master retracts His fingers and before I know it, His hand guides my chin pulling my mouth onto His. Stood flush against the gate stoop, His body presses against mine whilst extracting the most luxuriating kiss from me. It seems never-ending as our tongues continue exploring until He eventually allows our mouths to part. With our arms wrapped around each other, despite it beginning to feel cool, we make no attempt to move, involuntarily electing to remain here in our embrace for no other reason than we can, in and amongst stealing yet more kisses and fleeting touches.

After a deep kiss, our foreheads resting against each other, it is Master who breaks the silence of the night air, “Did you have a nice birthday slave?”

“Yes, Master, You know i did.”

“Even the switch earlier?”

Smiling, there’s no delay in my response, “A present to remember, Master.”

Master snorts a laugh and lovingly squeezes me in acknowledgement, “Laurel and Nicola were so funny, they get wound up about the daftest things.”

“It’s what parents do, i suppose; they only worry because they care. Just like You worry and care about me, Master.”

“Pfft, except their lot’ll be leaving home soon. You’re mine to keep, and you don’t have anything like the freedom that their kids do.”

His fingers tug on my collar, curling around the permanent titanium silver band encircling my neck. I haven’t missed just how possessive of me He’s been all tonight. I’m still awed by how much He has given me these last few years, how happy He makes me and I whisper my words of gratitude. “I love You, Master. Thank you for organising such a nice birthday. You know that being Your slave is the best thing to ever happen to me.”

“You’re worth it slave.” He shudders involuntarily from the cold slowly seeping through, “I’m definitely pleased we don’t have to work tomorrow.”

Not quite ready to move, I hug Him tighter, sharing as much of my body heat with Him as best I can. “I’m sure we’ll find a way to pass the time, Master, if You start to get bored.”

“Is that an offer to entertain me?”

“Your wish is my command, as always, Master.”

“Hah, that it is, though I think a lazy day might be in order for both of us.” I can feel Him studying me; He likes watching me and i like how He drinks me in when He does, and tonight He is surveying His property with very obvious satisfaction. i realise as a slave i’m supposed to be gratefully humble, but the way He makes me feel touches deep inside and i know without any shadow of a doubt that this is how it’s meant to be. “Have you thought more about what to do for our anniversary?”

Despite my head being a little fuzzy from all the beer, this feels like exactly the opening i’ve been waiting for, not quite yet having had the courage to say the words out loud. Bolstered by the alcohol and the burning inside me that i can’t ignore any longer, i brush away the last of my reservations. i’ve put this off for long enough, “Yes, Master. Though, i have a confession to make; i haven’t quite been truthful with You these last few weeks.” His eyes are instantly curious, but He doesn’t get worked up or anything, knowing to wait until i’ve said what i have to say and then He’ll decide on any
reprimand. Rushing my words, i don’t want Him to get the wrong idea, “It’s nothing bad Master, i had to be sure about it myself first and i am, i’m very sure.” Hesitating, shifting my weight from one foot to another, before dropping down into the ‘Kneel’ position. The words in my head have been practised over and over in readiness for this moment; a true slave has no desires other than to please the Master, i cannot want or demand, especially of this, “Your slave proposes to make some changes to the contract; if it would please You to extend the boundaries of Your authority and for me to serve You more deeply, this slave would be very honoured.”

Everything seems totally still for a moment, the silence of the night enveloping us with Master’s eyes paying careful attention to me until His hand tilts my chin upwards, my eyes rising to meet His. Delivering a final soft kiss on my lips, which i savour immensely, is His only acknowledgement of my words before His hand guides me to stand, “It’s late, come on let’s get inside and warm up. You can make me a cup of tea and whatever you want before going to bed.”

Struggling to sleep, in the end, i give up trying. Master didn’t mention one word about my proposal after we got in; we’d just gone about our usual routine and come up to bed and then He was out like a light. i know i shouldn’t feel disappointed, He’s always like this after a few beers, He’s as big a lightweight as me now with alcohol. Master will say something, i’m certain of it; i think He knows it wasn’t a fantasy or the drink talking, but now i’ve told Him, my mind is in over-drive which is never a good thing.

Impatience is still a daily challenge for me and all my feelings about this won’t stop rolling around in my head. Except now it isn’t just in my head; i’ve actually told Him, voiced the words out loud like Oliver Twist going, ‘Please Sir, can i have some more?’ Aaron has never shown any overt interest in expanding His control beyond what we have. For the first time in more than three years, i’m scared. What if Master doesn’t agree, He might think i’m being selfish and greedy, pushing Him further than He wants to go. “Always got to rock the boat Robert, never satisfied with what i have, always after more.” Having realised i actually uttered this out loud, i look at Master to see if He stirs, but He doesn’t and i’m thankful for small mercies.

i never believed what we have was possible until Aaron had unwittingly discovered my secret that night on the computer when we were getting the house ready to move in together. There’s no way i would have ever shared it with Him willingly. He had to push me to open up, yet once i did, my fantasies then became a reality. However, this isn’t a fantasy; our life today is such a world away from the early games we played in our bedroom at the pub. That’s what it feels like now looking back, simple games when we didn’t have a clue what we were doing as we stumbled our way through what we thought a Master/slave relationship should be like. As a result, we went way too fast on some things and not fast enough on others; it was a constant case of trial and error but it was worth it. More than ever, this last couple of years we have really found our equilibrium and i’ve never been happier and i don’t regret a second of it. i can only hope i haven’t just fucked it all up because let’s face it, until Master i didn’t have the best track record when it comes to relationships.

Too restless to sleep, i go to the loo, wash my hands and drink a big glass of water; looking at the clock, i see it’s just before five-thirty. Returning to Master’s side of the bed, i kneel, waiting in silent contemplation. i’m pretty sure He’ll wake up at the usual time; He has an inbuilt clock that i’m extremely jealous of. When i have to be awake before Him or for some reason or other, i have to set my alarm. i don’t like early mornings and it’s a habit that doesn’t come naturally and not for lack of trying; some things cannot be forced and i’ve accepted that this is one of them.
Having fallen into a meditative state, I don’t notice when Master wakes at six. It’s the back of His hand stroking my cheek that gets my attention. Keeping my gaze down, feeling apprehensive of the day to come, I don’t presume to be allowed to look at Master.

“Morning slave. Come ‘ere, I want to hold you and a morning kiss would be nice.” Scrambling under the duvet, we wrap ourselves around each other and Master deposits a rather chaste kiss on my lips. There’s definitely alcohol breath to be had, but at least He doesn’t smoke the odd cigarette anymore which He used to do after drinking a lot; we’re both a lot healthier these days. “Did you sleep?”

“A little, Master.”

His fingers trace the edge of my collar before trailing down to my nipple where He twists and tugs, the pressure growing incrementally. This is one of the ways Master tells how far down I need to be taken when my feelings start getting on top of me; the longer it takes for a reaction the deeper I usually need to go. Leaving it until I can stand it no more, a gurgling sound escapes my lips and then a loud gasp as He finally releases me.

Aaron, Friday 23rd April 2021

“Fibber. You’ll add one line to the board.” Robert grits his teeth, but nods in acceptance. One line is ten swats. When he adds the diagonal line as he will today, tallying five, he receives his punishment, wherever possible the same day. Twenty-five with my hand, fifteen with the paddle and ten with the cane, sometimes the switch, but usually the cane because he kind of likes the switch.

I’ve found that waiting for him to reach the five rather than doling out punishment on the day incentivises him to behave; despite having certain masochistic tendencies in some things he hates being spanked when it’s not for pleasure and he absolutely detests the paddle and the cane compounded by the fact that they quickly draw him out of himself emotionally, making him cry. This being a good thing. In the end, it’s a cathartic experience for the both of us when it’s over and I’m cradling him in my arms. It’s hard to explain, but it touches something deep inside, ethereal almost, resetting the balance through forgiveness – of his misdeeds and me as punisher even though it’s part of our agreement, and we make our unspoken promise to both do better.

It’s a long time since I’ve seen such a weight of uncertainty in my slave and I had only needed to take one look at him to know he didn’t get any sleep. Just because he might be feeling all over the place, however, that doesn’t mean any bending of the rules. That said, Robert opened the jack-in-a-box in his head and now I need to see what is going to pop out, and the sooner the better by the looks of him. “Go ‘Kneel’ in the shower and wait for me.”

Watching Robert follow my instruction, I realise that today isn’t going to be anything like what I was expecting and I need some time myself to prepare for the discussion that is to come. Making my mind up, I rise out of bed and follow him. It’s inviting and warm in the private bathroom accessible only from the bedroom, the underfloor heating doing its job nicely. “Nod or shake your head, are you thirsty for some water?”

He shakes his head and although he had probably suspected it was coming after declining the offer of water, there’s no warning for my slave as he receives a golden shower; he needs this, he needs the grounding this always gives him. When almost at the end, I push my cock into his mouth watching as he drinks down the remaining liquid, cleaning me off when I’ve completely finished. The bitter aftertaste of my first piss of the day quickly has the desired effect; maybe not taking him all the way
down, he’s too worked up, but enough for now.

With his eyes cast down, I make sure he can see my hand giving the silent command to move into the ‘Display’ position. Robert’s response is immediate, moving down to sit back on his calves, head down, and arms resting on top of his thighs, palms facing up. “I’ve set the alarm on the clock, you will wait like this for one hour before having a shower. If you can’t wait to piss, then you do it where you are without moving.” Grabbing some paracetamol out of the cabinet, I put two beside the sink, “There’s something for the hangover here; after you’ve brushed your teeth go downstairs to make breakfast, just toast and the usual drinks for both of us. I’m going for a run, you are excused from yours today. I expect you to use this time well to calm everything that’s rolling around in that head of yours. We’ll talk after we’ve eaten, I promise.” Not having given him any sign that he can say anything, leaving him covered in the scent of my ownership, I depart; I know he’ll quickly dry in the warmth of the bathroom, so he’ll be fine left like this.

The run felt good after all that alcohol last night, I could almost feel it leaving my body mixed in with the sweat. Having pushed myself harder than usual to avoid letting my mind wander too much my bones ache, not forgetting the dull thud of a headache that is still there in the background. Although I’m actually surprised I’m not suffering more after everything we drank last night, probably due to the water we kept necking in-between. I can’t imagine Robert is feeling any different, maybe worse as he drinks less alcohol than I do even.

Gulping down my second bottle of water I give my hangover a helping hand, going into the downstairs bathroom, I chug down a couple of paracetamol myself. Glancing at the clock I know Robert will still be upstairs, so I take the opportunity for a bath instead of a shower before getting dressed, and after grabbing a glass of orange juice I go into the office.

Sitting with my bare feet up, resting the soles against the edge of the desk, I think about last night. He didn’t just blurt out the request because of the alcohol, it was too smooth even for him which means Robert has been thinking about this for some time. I’ll have to decide how to handle that punishment as well. No secrets or lies, it’s one of the integral rules of our relationship and no matter his reasons, I can’t let that go unchecked. It’s not the first time he’s indicated taking our relationship deeper but it always seemed to quickly pass and we’ve never discussed it properly. This time is definitely different and I wonder how I missed it all this while. I’ve been satisfied with what we have, yet in my own way, I sense an anticipation within me because I have to admit, I’m intrigued to know what he has in mind, assuming he is as serious as I think he is.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Erica (Stulot) kindly filtered an 'ask' to me to explain more from chapter one, about how Robert acted out when they went through a rough patch. I'm going to weave this into the coming chapters as it's part of the background of how they have reached this point and they are both going to be examining this as they take decisions about the future.

I'd also like to take the opportunity to say, the boys are more than three years on from where TRTF ended so as is the case with life, they've moved on and in some ways have changed so the characters you see now can't necessarily be directly compared. They've
continued to grow both as Master and slave, but also as individuals. Hopefully my interpretation will still be enjoyable for those who, like myself, came to love the characters in Erica's story.

Take care
Caro
Aaron, Friday 23rd April 2021

As is usual for breakfast, I had handed my tablet to Robert, giving him permission to read the news. Yet, this morning although his eyes have been staring at it, he hasn’t done any reading as far as I can tell and his apprehension is back; it’s practically coming off him in waves, “Master, may I be excused to clear up?”

“Leave it for now. I’ve put your clothes for today out, go get dressed, then come into the front room.”

“Thank you, Master.”

Taking my tea with me, I go and sit on the sofa. Robert got dressed in record time, the thud of his feet soon bounding down the stairs. I find myself smiling at his slightly dishevelled appearance, it looks so boyish cute on him, made even more so by his momentary wriggling upon kneeling on his cushion in front of me, the marks on his arse from the switch yesterday still clearly taking their toll. Generally, other than Saturdays when he isn’t allowed to wear any clothes, he may pick out from a limited choice I give what he wears at home, usually going for a t-shirt and soft cotton boxer shorts. So, it’s a very rare occasion that he is fully clothed like this at home when it’s just the two of us. “Come up here wriggle-bottom, right now we’re just Aaron and Robert, okay?”

He’s about to argue, but then thinks better of it, mouth clamping closed his only acknowledgement. Sitting on the sofa, with his feet up in front of him, chin on his knees he seemingly is looking for me to be the one to start this. Patiently, I wait for him to be totally settled although relaxed doesn’t seem an option right now. “Alright, so what you said last night, you were serious I take it considering your behaviour this morning; explain to me more.”

“I’m not sure where to start. I’m sorry for not telling you sooner.”

Smiling at him as that last part tumbles out so fast it was almost unintelligible and I pull him towards me and wrap my arms around his upper body, "You know you’ll be punished for that right?"

“I’d expect nothing less Master.”

For the first time this morning I feel some of the tension leaving his body as a quiet laugh escapes, possibly more from a sense of relief than anything. I don’t call him out on not calling me Aaron; this is Robert’s time to talk and I know he prefers to call me ‘Master’ even when we’re Low Protocol (“LP”) on Sundays he still calls me Master. I gave up a long time ago telling him he didn’t have to do this because he just ignored me and at the end of the day LP is his time so he can choose to address me however he likes as long as it’s respectful. “So, start wherever; there’s no right or wrong here, it’s
just you and me Robert, just boyfriends talking.”

“We haven’t been just boyfriends for a long time, we won’t ever be again.”

Despite his outburst, I hold him quietly until he extracts himself out of my arms, reverting to his previous position except for his forehead tipping forward until it's touching his kneecaps where I can feel him attempting to centre himself. Eventually he brings his head upright once more, finally ready to speak, “Do you remember what it was like when we moved in here and you found the sites I’d been looking at on the internet?”

Nodding, I smile at the memory, “Yes, you thought I’d think you were a weirdo. Sometimes I did, but not about that.”

“Mmmh, I wonder how many of the hundred and twenty-eight basic slave rules I follow now?”

“I’m still a fan of number twenty-six.” He glances at me, an immediate smile lighting up his features. Turning sideways on, I pull my legs underneath me, sitting in a way that I can better observe him, “But I don’t care about the hundred and twenty-eight, I never did. You’re ‘my’ slave which means you get to look at me when I want you to and lots of other stuff that you’re not supposed to if I followed half the stuff online. It’s my job to make you sure you get what you need and to take care of you, the only rules you have to respect are my rules and only mine whether you think it’s good for you or not.” With his head now laid sideways, resting on his knees, so he can look at me whilst we are speaking, I’m able to lean across to kiss his forehead and stroke his cheek with the back of my hand to convey my love and support, “Hey, it’s okay to want to make some changes, Robert. I’m not a mind reader, so you’re going to have to help me out and tell me what you’re looking for.”

“We’ve changed a lot since then don’t you think?” I nod in acknowledgement because it’s the truth. “I used to try and manipulate everything, but I wasn’t ever in control; I kidded myself that I was, but I wasn’t, not really. Then when we started this, we were so unsure half the time but you trained me right from the beginning; I mean it surprised both of us how good you were at it. I know it wasn’t easy, I wasn’t easy.”

“Nothing I didn’t already know. You always said you didn’t want easy, but we’re good now and we have been for a long time, right?”

He smiles at this, “We are good, really good; I love what we have.”

I nudge the side of his arm playfully, “It’s a good job you’re stuck with me for the long haul then.”

His smile broadens and although it fades a little as he continues, his eyes remain vibrant, his voice hopeful, “That’s what makes me scared, that this is either the stupidest or best thing I’ve ever done in my life because it would be unimaginable to lose what we have. Master, giving you control and then seeing you turn it into something extraordinary, it’s compelling, it’s everything I ever imagined it could be......, but....., but there are limits. I realise living in today’s world, it’s probably unrealistic to be a slave in the true meaning of the word, not consensually anyhow, but we can go closer, take my submission a lot deeper. I’m ready for that now, I believe we both are.”

He searches for my reaction which I don’t give straight away. There are too many questions rolling about in my head and I don’t really know where to start myself which makes Robert visibly nervous, “So, what do you think?”
Placing my elbow on top of the back of the sofa, I rest my head against my hand, “Don’t take this the wrong way, but it feels like you’re saying that this last four years or so has just been some kind of Master-slave-lite and I don’t like that thought of that because it doesn’t feel that way to me.”

Robert turns so he’s facing me, still with his feet on the cushion beneath us and arms wrapped around his legs, “That’s not it at all. I meant it, we’ll never be just boyfriends. I couldn’t, I won’t go back to that and I think it’s the same for you. Yes, I love you and you love me, but you are my rightful Master, this is us, full-stop.” There’s a defiant edge to his voice but my expression must still show a sense of confusion at what he’s trying to say. “When we started out, there’s no way that we would have coped if we had tried such a deep level of submission, it would eventually have ripped us apart no matter how hard we tried. We weren’t ready. We signed our first contract but we had no real experience, nothing to fall back on which is why when life got in the way and things got really tough instead of using what we had to keep us strong we let go of the main principles and almost threw everything away. But we knew then that there was no turning back and we worked hard to recover what we’d let slip; what we’ve had since has been wonderful, really wonderful Master.”

I’m finding it increasingly hard to keep my own insecurities at bay, “I know for me too, it’s just....., oh I don’t know. I suppose it’s not clear to me what you want to change. I’m already in charge of such a lot of your life so when you say deeper, what do you mean? I don’t want a butler or a mindless slave; everything I do with you is because I love you and want you to make the most of who you are. You’re smart and intelligent. I don’t want you to waste your talents, I want you to use them and to be happy; that’s what makes me happy. Help me out Robert with where this is coming from and why you want this.”

Resting the tips of his fingers on my arm feels reassuring, “Don’t worry I’m not asking you to turn me into a robot, it’s just the opposite, I’m asking you to challenge me. Today a lot of what we do is unspoken, the boundaries are written down and we live within them, it’s comfortable and yes you are strict, but at the same time it’s all quite.....; well, for want of a better word, it’s all too easy.”

Robert hesitates, it’s like he knows once the words are out there, there’s no retracting them. I take away his choice of delaying any longer, switching to my Master’s voice, “slave, stop beating about the bush, tell me exactly what you want.”

“I want to be uncomfortable, I don’t want consensus and agreement and I don’t want a safe-word. I want us to be more formal. I want you to micromanage everything about me and my day, more demanding and a lot stricter, exacting. I don’t want the command to be implicit, I want you to say it out loud, and to control me a lot more physically and sexually. All the time. I don’t want low protocol days. I should be better at serving you without being told, instead of selfishly just relying on you to do all the legwork. And I’m proud of who we are, I want to be ourselves as much as possible outside home; I’m sure there are ways to do more than today without being so obvious to let on that we’re Master and slave.” Robert stops talking, the words having gushed out of him so fast that I think it took even him by surprise and in the blink of an eye, he becomes self-conscious and very aware of how the emotion poured out of him like an unstoppable avalanche in not such a slave-like manner. “You can run away from the madman now if you want.”

“Hah, you know I’m not that easily frightened off; it was a lot to throw at me in one go, you’ve just taken me a little by surprise that’s all.” Smiling at him, I shift, pulling on his arm, “Come ‘ere.” Dropping us both down to lie flat on the sofa, I guide him, accommodating the length of his frame on top of mine before kissing his head now resting against my chest. I’m amazed by the man in my arms. I don’t think I’ve heard that many wants from Robert for a very long time, it’s not a word in his vocabulary anymore. Until now, I can probably count on my fingers the number of times he has said
it out loud in its true sense, certainly in the last three years; that in itself shows how far we’ve come. “Thank you for telling me, even if I had to drag it out of you, again I might add! You’ve been thinking about this for quite some time, hey?” He nods silently, his expression more than a little mortified at his needy outburst. “You don’t need to worry Robert, It’s always better out than in. So, what’s changed, why now?”

His hold on me tightens, taking comfort from my body as he tries to express his feelings, “I’m not sure I can explain it, I just know how I feel. I dream of being pushed and pushing myself deeper into my submission; I can’t do it alone, it has to be both of us. I know I have no right to ask for more, what you give me already is such a privilege, but Aaron it’s like a craving almost, that same feeling I had before you became my Master. It’s like a black hole that is pulling me in and I can’t resist its draw. I’ve kept waiting for it to go away; honestly, I have, Master. That’s why I didn’t say anything, but it didn’t, it’s just gotten stronger and stronger until I couldn’t hold it in any longer.” Lifting himself up slightly, he folds his arms over my chest before resting his chin on his hands, watching for the slightest reaction, “So where do we go now from here?”

After a final kiss and tight squeeze, enjoying the fact that he’s all mine, I guide him back onto the floor, in his usual ‘Kneel’ position and it’s clear my immediate response isn’t what he was expecting, “Well, now slave you can go clear away the breakfast pots and then you are going to go to work. I think you need something to occupy that hyperactive brain of yours.” I can already see him cooking up a reason not to, “Think carefully slave before you open those beautiful lips of yours.” His mouth stays shut, but he’s clearly unimpressed. “I need some quiet time of my own to think. Do you honestly reckon you are up to it, huh? Because little demonstrations of defiance like this aren’t tolerated whether we talk more about this or not.”

The switch in Robert is instant and I can already see the disappointment in himself written all over his face. “Sorry, Master. It’s just I’ve been thinking about this for so long, it’s very hard to be patient.”

“I understand that and apology accepted. You will do twenty minutes corner time tonight and add two lines onto the board, one each for attitude and impatience, then let’s see if you can get through the day without adding any more, shall we? You will come home for dinner-break at exactly one o’clock. Take thirty minutes to eat a sandwich and have a drink which I’ll leave in the fridge for you, then go back to work.”

“Will you be here as well, Master?”

“Maybe, I haven’t decided yet. We’ll get a take away in tonight so you get a night off from making tea.”

“Yes Master, thank you.” He hesitates before continuing, his boyish reticence is adorable, “Will you punish me for not telling you about this sooner?”

“In my own good time slave. So, go on then, the table won’t clear itself and I’m pretty sure you don’t want to be adding another line to the board, at this rate you’ll have another five before you’ve even been punished for the last set. You’re usually such a good boy.”

His blush is endearing and he’s definitely much calmer having gotten everything off his chest and out into the open. Robert rises up off his knees and smiles at me albeit hesitantly. Making as if to leave, he first ducks back down to get in a quick kiss, “Thank you for listening, Master.” Amused, I watch him go into the kitchen leaving me to ponder what to do next.
Sitting in my car, I take a sip of the piping hot tea purchased from Bob, an extra sugar in it because I’m going to need the additional energy kick to boost my brain into action after all the alcohol last night. I don’t know what had brought me up here, but the top of the quarry is as good a place to come and think as any; it’s quiet and I won’t be disturbed. I almost switch my phone off, but instead, I put it on silent. It wouldn’t do for Robert to have a meltdown and I don’t pick up.

Settling back, I turn on the radio, but then find it too distracting and switch it back off. Robert has thrown so much at me that I don’t know where to start with it all. Half of me feels excited by what he is offering but then the other half is scared shitless. Master-slave-lite might have been the wrong description because with the exception of his work I already manage most aspects of his daily life to one degree or another, but Robert is right though. We have a steady routine and we fit into it well, it’s comfortable and to a large extent relatively relaxed, in his words ‘easy’. I suppose this is the crux of what he is looking to change, that we tighten the degree to which I manage him and set higher expectations. This would be the next logical step in our Master/slave relationship. I just hadn’t really considered it until now.

Robert has had time to contemplate the depth of submission this would require and clearly has his own ideas about what direction this would take but I need to find where my own limits are. Sometimes we both get off on dehumanizing him, but that’s usually when we are scening. I don’t want a permanently mindless object, I’d find no pleasure in that whatsoever so he’ll never be an ‘it’ for me. This brings me to the love aspect; our love is the driving force for who we are and I don’t want that to change.

That said, I know him inside out more than ever; he’s no longer a naïve blank canvas enticing me with ‘his’ vision of what his submission should be like. Now I think about it, I realise this is the first time that I’ve really sat down and considered the extent of how we are now being down to Robert.

In the beginning, all I wanted was to make him happy; it wasn’t really about me. I was always second guessing myself if I could even be what he was looking for, what he had needed; I was paranoid that I might do more harm than good. Robert had been in such a mess emotionally, almost spiralling out of control at one point so that back then dealing with this dictated everything for months until he became more stable and grounded. We were both filled with insecurities, I was learning, I made mistakes, we both did but we got there in the end. Becoming his Master had been like opening Pandora’s box for me, but in a good way; eventually, I had come into my own, feeling equally grounded by being his Master as he was as my slave. Yet, Robert’s needs have continued to heavily influence me, even now if I’m honest. I’ve never focused solely on what I want, not even just thinking about it in passing.

We both had abandonment issues from when we were younger and looking back it’s a stunning fact that the cocksure smart-mouthed Robert Sugden, self-made entrepreneur, would never be happier handing over the reins to his life as my slave and that I would draw so much confidence in taking it over. He needs the structure that I lay out for him, he can do it for work, but not when it comes to himself and even when he does, he can’t easily stick to it without me behind him to keep him on the straight and narrow. For my part, I like the feeling of having everything ordered and I enjoy taking care of him. He obeys willingly which isn’t necessarily a trait that comes naturally to Dingles nor the Sugdens for that matter; as a result, I’m steadied by the fact I can rely on him. What we have makes us both feel safe and loved, we give each other a stability that we never got from our own families.

This is the foundation of who we’ve become, the essence of our love and is the most indescribably phenomenal feeling. My favourite moments are when we are quiet at home, seeing him kneeling at my feet contented and at peace with himself and knowing this is in no small part down to me. I
wouldn’t swap those moments for anything, not the scene or the sex no matter how mind-blowing it is because that’s not what we ultimately get off on, they are just small pieces in the jigsaw of why we fit so well together. What we ultimately get off on, is each other.

Do I want to take this influence from him? Maybe, it’s not even about that but simply time to think more selfishly about what I want. I do know that it’s now difficult to tell the difference between if he does something because it pleases me rather than submitting and there is a clear difference, but does it matter as long as we are happy? But then again, if we don’t change perhaps we’ll become bored and stale, yet how is that different from any other couple who’ve been together a few years. That’s the challenge for me to never let that happen and Robert has his own ways of never letting us get complacent, now being a case in point; he’ll find ways to communicate with me. He might be the slave but he can be sneakily pushy and I trust his instincts.

He’d been the one to encourage kinky sex in the bedroom nudging me to dare to take it a little further each time without me ever knowing what he truly wanted. I still get hard every time I think about the first time I had his wrists tied to the headboard and put my hand around his throat, applying pressure whilst riding him to orgasm. Then when he became my slave, I truly started to embrace a side of myself I didn’t even know existed. The more we explored deep inside ourselves, the more it was clear that we fit like a glove.

I enjoy owning him, but what if we do this and it changes me into someone I don’t recognize; what if I like it too much and I take it too far without realising it? Would he even tell me? What if I strip away too many layers of his character and end up destroying the person I care about the most in the world. I’d never forgive myself if I screwed this up, screwed him up? Robert’s right, we’ll struggle to be vanilla now, we’ve been doing this for far too long; would this break us up if we realise it’s simply a fantasy and when push comes to shove he can’t handle it. I want Robert to still be at peace with his slavery and depending on how far we take it, it could mean almost an entire loss of his freedom of will; would he really accept this and how can he do his job if he can’t make decisions? I can’t do his job and I don’t want to, and I don’t want him to give it up to become a house slave.

Shit Robert, you’ve opened a can of worms and I can’t decide if that’s a good thing or not. I realise that I’m not going to find all the answers today, we’re going to have to talk a lot more. The one thing I’m sure of is that he’s just pressed a button that excites me tremendously, but then maybe I’ll be the one that couldn’t handle it, it would be a lot more time and effort. No, that’s not true, I know I would get a huge kick out of it. I can feel it’s woken something deep inside and if I’m honest with myself, I suspect that this need has been there all along and for whatever the reason I’ve held back ever acknowledging it.

Right now, I still have more questions than answers. There’s four months to our contract anniversary so we have time to make some changes. It’s not like we need to do this all at once and for now, I’ve answered the most important question: I do want this, I want this very much.

Wanting to put Robert at ease, I call him and he picks up instantly, “Start making a list and prioritise it, you will get only Sunday to negotiate and set any limits freely. After that, you will have the opportunity to make suggestions and put forward arguments for something you would like to change, but I will get the final say so be sure to think carefully. I also want you to write a short essay on where you want us to take this and why; no more than two sides of A4. We’ll start as we mean to go on. Unless you change your mind on Sunday, after that you’ll get only one chance to back out on the eve of our contract anniversary; same for me. Assuming that we then both still want this, at midnight
we’ll sign a new contract. Understood?"

I can almost feel his beaming smile through the phone, “Thank you Master; you won’t regret this, I promise.”

“I agree, I think you’re right, it’s time to make some changes. You’re amazing slave, don’t ever forget it and I love you very much no matter what happens.”

“I love you too Master, always.”


The faith he has in me to ask for this is overwhelming and makes me love him even more which I would have said was impossible. Now, I just have to get to grips with what such an unimaginable responsibility would look like in our everyday life. Resting back with my feet up on the dash, I close my eyes to help me think.

So much has changed, in the last, almost five years. We’re strong and secure as a couple, our life is shaped by being Master and slave. We already have many rules and protocols, with a few rituals but I know not to underestimate the effect that adding to these is going to have on us and it’s my job to protect Robert and to keep both of us safe. We learnt the hard way during our first couple of years together; that experience should help us this time around, however, I’m not naïve to think this is going to be easy. I suppose that’s the whole point. We’re not heavily involved in the community and I’m not sure I want to be more than we are; I like doing things my way and I’m not interested in being judged by anyone. The only opinion that matters is that of my slave. I’ve never considered myself a typical Master in the traditional sense, though what does that even mean and in the end, I don’t really care as long as it works for us.

Grabbing the notepad out of the glove compartment, I start to think about what kind of slave I want, not Robert’s vision, but for once being totally selfish about what I want.

Should I even stop using his name? I’ve always worked hard in my head to always think of him as Robert, partly because I didn’t want to slip up when we’re around other people and yes, he’s a slave, my slave, but he is still Robert, the man I fell in love with. Maybe it’s time to make that mental shift and limit using his name to when other people are around, or I could find another name for him, one that he’ll like but humiliates him, maybe even objectifies him, at the same time. He’ll get off on that. It’ll take time to find just the right one, but I will. Maybe do both.

I also need to plan as I’m going to have to work us both up to this, we can’t just switch up like this overnight; Robert is a well-trained slave but he’s going to need preparing, maybe re-training on some things. Four months isn’t really all that long so it’s going to be intensive conditioning for both of us that’s going to take a lot of effort, and at times it’s probably going to get really hard and frustrating. This isn’t just planning a weeklong intense scene, this is closer to High Protocol but without the off switch. It has to work in a way that doesn’t disrupt our lives negatively, it has to be sustainable and is going to make it a lot more challenging to conceal things from people who don’t know about our relationship outside our home; how much risk are we prepared to take.

Thinking to the days ahead, I know I now have a pretty good idea of where we start and the rest of it will get worked out as we go along. One thing I know for sure is that I’ll have to do some serious reading and studying; it’s going to be a tough balance to strike to take this to the next level without losing the part of Robert that makes him Robert and the man I love more than life itself. I don’t want a broken slave that’s obedient no matter the cost, he’s too important to me to fuck this up.
We are about to start re-defining our destiny and if we get this right, I'm pretty sure the results will be self-defining and if I'm right will feel nothing short of transcendent, for both of us.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Robert is excited having confessed his desires but he hasn't yet really considered what the reality will look like. Next chapter is all about taking the next step, and very importantly defining the limits with Aaron trying to keep both their feet fixed firmly on the ground. A conversation which will bring with it a surprising decision which neither of them had ever expected.
Deliriously Happy Insane

Chapter Summary

Aaron and Robert prepare for the first negotiation.

Chapter Notes

This chapter got super long and i split it up in the end, so they don't actually start the negotiation until the next one.

Robert, Sunday 25th April 2021

Master wouldn’t entertain any discussion about potential changes to the contract after His phone call, saying i had to write everything down and we’ll start talking only on Sunday. Well, today is Sunday and i’m nervous as anything and more excited than you would ever believe. Yesterday was even changed to LP to give me time to prepare and i have pages of notes, He’ll likely think i’m insane. Maybe i am, but i’m a deliriously happy insane.

When we became Master and slave, it was important to not lose our individuality or personalities and that has never happened; yes, we’ve changed, but we are essentially still us, we’re just more confident in who we are and our relationship. We’ve grown as close as it’s possible to be and i’m convinced that we understand each other better than most couples who’ve been married for many years. We don’t have real secrets, they are a thing of the past and therein lies another part of what has been bothering me these last few months; yet more thoughts that i’ve withheld. However, if Master were to ever know, punishment for that will be the least of my worries. Lingering in my past are those secrets i have never shared and the one thing about life as a slave is that i get quite a lot of moments to think and reflect, and my distant past has begun to weigh down on me.

More and more it’s like a shadow following me and i crave to be rid of it, but i’m frightened of what might come to pass because revealing to Master certain of the things i have done, it could break us apart. No matter how much we love each other or how well we fit together, some things are insurmountable. i’m totally torn between the desire to be free of the past and to protect the life we share. Yet, how can i be considered a good slave if i continue to hold onto these secrets? By surrendering not only myself but my darkest indiscretions, He will finally know all of me – His is the only judgement that can truly set me free. If He is able to forgive and grant me absolution for my sins, i’ll take any punishment because this unburdening will allow me to devote myself to Master and serve Him openly and honestly, safe in the knowledge that despite Him knowing all my demons, He accepts me as His property and still considers me worthy of His time and effort.

i’ve come to terms with the fact that telling Master is inevitable, if i am to be true to myself and more importantly to Him then it’s a risk i have to take and i know that it has to be soon. Finding the courage to tell Him isn’t the problem, having the courage to handle the fall out is another thing entirely.
Sitting down at the kitchen table with His tea, Master waits for me to get settled after pouring myself a big glass of water, “Okay, you ready?”

“i’m ready.”

At Master’s insistence, all rules and everything are temporarily suspended for the day; thankfully just for today. If i had my way nothing would be suspended at all, but that’s why Master is in charge. For me now, it’s even strange to try and think of Master as Aaron at home and it feels wrong when i do. Crap, this already feels way harder and we haven’t even started yet. i’m not sure He grasps that it doesn’t matter if He calls me Robert or slave, as far as our life together is concerned, for me, there’s no distinction anymore. That doesn’t make me dependent or stupid, i still have a fully functioning brain and i’m not afraid to use it. i simply trust that my submission to Him makes me a more rounded and fulfilled individual, and the more He demands the deeper my submission, which in turns delivers a deeper sense of contentment and what i can’t describe anything other than joy.

Noting that i’m somewhat irked, Master places His hand against my cheek, “This is important Robert, we’re talking about changing the rest of our lives so for my own peace of mind, we have to discuss certain things freely, without any holds barred. I know you get carried away sometimes but this isn’t like the first time or any of the other times we’ve negotiated the contract. What you’ve asked for totally changes the goalposts. Our first contract, you practically had it written beforehand, but I know a lot more about what I want now and you might not like all of it; this is your chance to tell me what is a ‘no’ right from the start.” Master’s tone had no give in it and as He intended His words strike a chord, showing just how much He cares about my wellbeing. Not trusting myself to say the right thing i give Him a half smile and press my hand against His in acknowledgement that i understand. “Good, so let’s start. I’ve read the essay you wrote, so now talk to me more about it.”

A deep breath, a count to ten and then i try to set out how i feel, “It was at New Year after You mentioned about us coming up to the five years and if we should do anything special. i know we always sign a new contract every August, but we’ve not really discussed any changes for a long time.” Master looks like He’s going to say something but i stop Him, “That’s down to both of us, i know; but it got me thinking and once i started, i couldn’t stop. i even wondered what it would be like to not have the contract. We don’t need the piece of paper, You’ll always be my Master but i like what the contract represents, i know You do too.” My fingers involuntarily reach up to touch my collar; when all is said and done this is the true, and very tangible, symbol of my slavery.

“Anyway, i found the contract out and re-read it. Do You know what i feel when i read it?” Master shakes His head, “It makes me feel safe and loved, wanted, but most importantly, that You think i’m worth the effort.” i hesitate, blushing a little, “And i have to admit it turns me on, i get hard reading it, seeing the words on the paper in black and white, ‘The primary purpose of the slave is to serve, obey, and please the Master’. We smile at each other, almost conspiratorially as i continue, “Yes, the words turn me on, but they’re not just words, it’s also who i am, what i aspire to. i’ve read it fairly often since then, saying the words out loud because i liked being reminded of the intention behind them, i like it very much. Sometimes we’re so busy and wrapped up in other things, it’s easy to lose sight. i don’t mean that i forget them or that the words lose their importance, just the opposite, reading them reinforces how much being Your slave means to me. But, i also came to realise that the words hold potential that we’d not fully embraced. Unintentionally, we’ve set an invisible line that we never move beyond and that if we make a conscious decision, we could do.” i pause, “Am i making any sense?”

“I think so; keep going.”
“Aaron, You don’t just sweep my imperfections under the carpet, You call me out on them and You help me...... no, more than that, You insist that i be a better person; i’d never had that before. You don’t ever give up on me. There aren’t the words for me to help You understand the comfort it gives me being placed under Your control, the way You look after me, touch me, or when Your words keep me in check or stop me from doing something stupid. Submitting helps me feel good in my own skin. Being Your slave isn’t a choice anymore, it’s as essential to me as breathing; with You, i’m now wired this way.” There’s no missing the smile this brings to Master’s lips which makes me warm and fuzzy inside and i also didn’t miss the way He caught His breath at hearing me use His actual name; it emphasises how little i use it these days. Even with other people around, i hardly say it out loud instead finding alternatives. i like how i can still surprise Him like this; sometimes, it’s simply a case of less is more.

“So anyway, You know me, i think about things and in time, i started to study the contract closer and examined my behaviour against it, and found in some ways i’m not a very good slave. i’m not proud to admit that i still don’t find it easy to let go of my ego. Although i think about my slavery every day, i don’t embody all the things a slave should and it worries me because i don’t ever want to turn into a slave on auto-pilot. i rely on You to keep me balanced and stress free by how You manage me and in return i strive to serve and please You and it fills me with Your love when i succeed; but if i’m honest with myself, most of the time You’ve set the set the expectation with a specific task or rule. As much as that structure is an essential part of our relationship, looking closer showed me that i am often selfish; when i’m at work my slavery is secondary, and i don’t go out of my way to anticipate Your needs as much as a slave should for his Master. There are also other parts of our lives where being Master/slave comes second or there’s some open interpretation of how the rules are applied. Being a good slave is important to me. If we have rules, then they must be followed to the letter all of the time or what’s the point in having them in the first place.” i stop an instant, but Master can see it’s just to gather my thoughts and He doesn’t attempt to say anything. It’s difficult to tell what He’s thinking, but He’s observing me intently, scrutinizing which is good. i want Him to judge me, to mould me to His will because ultimately it is His inherent empathy that forces me to own up to my own shortcomings.

“it’s not easy to take a long hard look at myself, i mean have You met me?” Glancing at Him mischievously, He’s smirking, i might be a slave but i’m still work in progress and probably always will be; i think we both know that and at the same time we both relish the challenge this presents. “i recognize that i still have a lot to learn still but i promise You that everyday i will try to be a better slave. Micromanaging me will serve to deepen my submission and make it so i’m more acutely aware of my slavery to You; it’ll make every second of every day harder especially outside the house all of which will give me even more motivation to prove i’m worthy of my Master. For someone like me, it’s the purest expression of love that i can think of. i understand that on the one hand, i’m being selfish; micromanaging a person to this extent means a lot more work for You, but then the more i thought about it, the more i know deep down that You get as much out of it from the other side. Anyway, that’s the long and short of it. by agreeing to deepen my submission, it creates a deeper slave mindset and on the back of it a better slave. i could go on, but i’ll stop now.” After all this admission, i don’t know whether to sink into the ground or be proud of my ego in getting us to this point, either way, it’s now up-to Master where we go from here.

i hardly dare look at Master, but when He places His hand over mine, interlacing our fingers, i do and my heart is consumed with love, “I like you for your imperfections, it’s what makes being with you interesting and you’re right, I do love controlling you; it’s the best way to take good care of you.”

It’s a long time since we’ve talked this candidly about the machinations of our relationship, so there isn’t going to be a better opportunity than this to glean as much as i can, “May i ask a question?”
“Always.”

“How does it make You feel being my Master?”

“It’s an honour. Robert, the trust and faith you have in me is jaw-dropping. I mean who’d have ever believed that tearaway, juvenile delinquent, Aaron Livesy would ever be able to get His own act together, never mind enough to command another person’s life. I get a boatload of pleasure just in taking care of you, seeing how content you are following the rules and accepting the discipline instead of fighting every little thing and everyone. You used to get so stressed out, throwing your teddy out of the pram when something didn’t go your way.” I shudder when I think about how I used to be, I was so reactive to everything all the time, Master’s steadying influence has changed all that.

“I like helping you work through things that you find difficult and I’m proud of you when you do. Yes, we’re busy, between work, family and friends and that but we learned from our mistakes to not let that distract us, we always feel close, like we’re connected, even if we’re not together in the same place. You talk about your ego, but you have no idea how much of an ego trip it is to know that I’m the only one that can keep you grounded. I get off on challenging you and pushing your limits.” I refrain from saying anything, but oh how I love when He does, it’s like being in heaven and then some; He knows me practically inside out.

“I like that it tests both of us in different ways. The look on your face when you’re wrestling with yourself to obey, and then when you do, it’s amazing.” Master’s hand moves up my arm, caressing before sliding it down to hold my hand once more, “I can feel it you know, your love is like a radiator that’s on all the time, but when you totally let go, truly submit unconditionally it’s really intense and very intimate. It’s the best feeling in the world, and you make me feel as if I’m the only other person in it. It’s like a drug sometimes, it can be really scary, but in a good way.” Master pauses, it’s not often He talks so much all at once, not about stuff like this anyway. I’m so proud of what He’s become and how He has shaped me into who I am today.

“I’ve been doing some soul searching of my own and in some things, you’re right. I also realised that we push ourselves constantly when we are playing or scening but not as much in our everyday. Don’t get me wrong, scening is great and depending on what we do sometimes it’s so good it could be described as the equivalent of emotional whiplash it hits me that hard; but when it comes down to us, the real, humdrum everyday us, there’s a high level of control but I never challenged you on this, so we just maintained the status quo. Maybe, it was because we always seemed settled and happy but I think it has more to do with what we went through that time a few years ago. It took us such a long while to totally rebuild the trust that truth be told I think deep down I was scared of losing you if I pushed too hard. If it works, why mess with it kind of thing, which is what makes this such an important decision. Having had time to think about where we are now, it’s clear that we’ve come a long way; what was a short leash when we started is now actually giving you quite a long leash most of the time and I admit I’ve never dared to think about shortening it again.”

“But You want to?”

“Making this change would mean everything is intense a lot more of the time, you understand that?”

“It’s what I need Master.” I instantly feel guilty about openly saying that I need something, it’s been pretty much conditioned out of me and Master must see this in my expression and squeezes my hand, His thumb stroking affectionately.

“It’s okay to tell me you need this Robert, it’s why we’re talking today like this, as Robert Sugden you can say whatever you want to. Everyone has needs and although I’m pretty good at reading you,
I’m not inside your head.”

“i know, usually i find a way for You to pick up on things, though i shouldn’t admit to that either probably.”

“If you think I’m not wise to your ways, you’ve got another thing coming sunshine. As I see it, as long as you submit and trust me to take care of my property then it’s not a problem. After four and a half years I think we’re good on that don’t you.” i smile in acknowledgement, we’ve honed our communication skills pretty well by now. “You know I’ve thought about nothing else since Friday night, about what kind of slave I want you to become, what I would like to change.” For the first time His eyes lock onto mine, His gaze unwavering, “You’d have a lot more structure and any free will that you’re allowed now will be stripped away almost completely so I have to know without a shadow of a doubt that you are absolutely sure about this, Robert?”

“This isn’t going to go away, i think it’s time. It’s the same for me, i have to be sure that it’s not me pushing You to take on more than You really want; for this to work, You have to enter into it without reservation.”

“No, you’re not pushing anywhere I don’t want to go. I just didn’t admit to myself that I would like to take it that far. Robert, micromanaging you beyond what we do today, taking care of everything down to the smallest detail in your life, god it’s more than I could ever dream of, but it also scares the crap out of me. I suppose that’s a good thing. The thing that scares me the most is that I might want this too much and it’ll send you running to the hills, or worse.”

Smirking at Him, my answer to that is instant, “Not a chance.” Unable to help myself, i shift myself and straddle His hips, wrapping my arms around His shoulders, “So, we’re decided then?

“Yes, we’re going to do this, but you have to be clear about how deep is deep.”

My thighs are tightening as if to demonstrate my point, “As far as You dare to go.”

Smirking, He’s noted my excitement; His hands are cupping my face, His own edged with unconditional love, but He manages to stay on topic with a more serious edge to His voice, “Well, for both our sakes, we have four months until we sign a new contract to find out just how far. Maybe you shouldn’t get any say in it considering where you want us to take this, but I want this to work for the both of us. That said, I also think we should start out as we mean to go on, so today we talk about the stuff that’s important to you. Today is your one chance to be clear on what is a ‘no’ or anything specific to be taken into consideration and I will accept any limits you set. Whether you like it or not Robert, you do have them but I’m interested to know where these are and I still have limits of my own, which you will also have to accept.”

Relaxing my posture, i lean back against the table edge, releasing myself from His hold, “i have some conditions i suppose; i wouldn’t call them limits.”

“Whatever we want to call them, we lay them out on the table and we sign up to them, maybe even with an actual signature and we attach it to our existing contract until it expires. What is it you call it? if has a name, I can’t remember.”

“An addendum, it’s like an addendum.”

“That.” By resting His hand on my sternum, the action ensures He has my full attention, “Robert, we’ve been doing this long enough to know this kind of change isn’t going to happen overnight, not even inside four months, but you want me to take more control and after today, that’s exactly what you’re going to get. I’ve decided not to punish you for not talking to me sooner about this; instead,
I’ll say you should be careful what you wish for because your life is slowly going to start looking very different from now on. There’ll be time to talk and we’ll explore and experiment but outside limits and conditions we set today, all final decisions on changes lie solely with me. You’ve become sloppy in some of the expectations and I’ve allowed it, that will stop; I’ll be a lot stricter from now. From next weekend you’ll receive a rolling schedule covering two weeks with stuff like your jobs around the house, training time, exercise, work, and so on and then as I decide on new things they will be steadily added into our daily routine and added to the schedule. You will accept these changes willingly in the knowledge that they are what I want and therefore what you want. So, think very carefully about what we talk about today.”

Master has obviously given this some serious thought already, crap this is really real. Fuck, it’s hot as hell, and He’s right it’s scary, but i’ve never felt readier for anything in my entire life and i’m less nervous now knowing that Master is as looking forward to this as much as i am.

He might not look it to the casual observer, but He really is good at the control thing and apart from the fact i want it, need it, He is so totally unbelievably sexy when He’s in Master mode and I totally love Him for it as He continues, “Also, I want to be clear on the rules around the addendum. I can change my limits anytime I want, Master’s prerogative; if I have a limit that you don’t like, well that’s tough, you don’t get a vote. You, on the other hand, can remove a limit that you set today, but then if you change your mind again, you’ll only be allowed to add it back in with my agreement. We should make that clear on the addendum, so we should definitely sign and date it. If in the next four months you request to remove one of your limits, you’ll put a note on it with your initials and date; it’ll be as if you never set it. Hopefully, that should make you think twice about removing it. Also, another thing, I don’t think the new contract should have an expiry date or a review date, there’d be no point taking you to this level of slavery. Instead, it will be a living document, that I change whenever and however I want. You can tell me what you think or make a suggestion at any time but it’s not a given that I’m going to accept it. We will always have time set aside where you can talk openly but you will trust me to make the final call.”

Master’s excitement is as palpable as my own, and looking at Him, i can’t prevent the smile spreading across my face; we really are doing this, “Start out as we mean to go on.”

“You said uncomfortable and I’ve been thinking non-stop about where I’m going to be comfortable, which I think is pretty fucking deep. So, before we start I have only one more question. Do you consent, Robert?”

“Yes.” The kiss that follows this almost crushes my mouth, Master’s own consent portrayed by His animalistic claim on my mouth and i’ve never experienced anything that surpasses this moment. This is the start of the journey into the next chapter of our life together and i can’t wait.

Somehow, we manage to stop ourselves from getting too carried away. Master pulls me up, and with a smack to my backside, He propels me in the direction of the office, “Okay, go get the laptop and then we can begin.”

TBC
Chapter Summary

Aaron and Robert talk about their limits leading to an interesting proposal for something a little unexpected.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Aaron, Sunday 25 April 2021

“So, you start and then if there’s anything that I have from my side that you’ve not thought of for today, we’ll come to it at the end.” Robert nods eagerly; it’s not difficult to miss he’s excited by the decision we’ve made.

“You are my one and only Master, our contract stays monogamous. You don’t lend me out or share me for anything without my consent which I’m not likely to give. What we have is ours and I’m not interested in including anyone else in our relationship not even for scening.”

I find my hand reaching for his and our fingers intertwine, “I don’t ever want to share you Robert; you’re mine and only mine understood.” Robert visibly relaxes albeit with a wry smile at my overt possessiveness. Although he has a humiliation kink, truth be told, I probably have more limits on that than he does; otherwise, in general, we are very similar in our likes and dislikes. However, I’m not sure he has cause to relax too much though; we might be very compatible, but there’s a lot of things I can still do to him that he won’t enjoy and I will. He has asked me to challenge him and that's exactly what he's going to get. I’m looking forward to finding out just how far he really is prepared to be taken; I think it will do us both good to explore outside our comfort zone. Finishing typing, I look up for what’s next.

“Only you can remove my permanent collar.” I’m surprised but pleased this is the next one on his list, It had never even entered my head; I suppose I just took it for granted. I add this in without delay, there’s no need to add any comments to this, it’s a given.

His chin sticks out almost stubbornly at the next point, “No safe-word.”

I’d known this one was coming and this is one of my limits. “Not optional. You keep your safe-word.”

“Why?”

I ignore the belligerent edge to his voice, “What do you mean why? To keep you safe, I’d have thought that was obvious.”

“We already removed the hard limits after the first year. When was the last time I used it? I don’t even remember, do you?”

“It doesn’t matter, that’s not the point. I’ll have way more authority over everything you do and you will have lost any formal negotiating rights. I am not removing your safe-word Robert and that’s final.”
“I won’t use it.”

My exasperation gets the better of me and I practically snap my response, “Then we stop right now.” Reining myself back in I take a deep breath, “You don’t know that; this isn’t just about you. Just think on, if there’s a time when you should have used it but I’m too far gone in a moment and you could have warned me and didn’t, afterwards I’ll know and I’ll be devastated. Robert, I don’t want to consider that I’ll ever hurt you, as in really hurt either unintentionally or intentionally, but any increase in control brings with it some risk. How it works today is already a power trip like you wouldn’t believe; I wasn’t kidding when I said it’s like a drug and this will be the equivalent to taking that drug in its purest form intravenously. I won’t risk your health or your sanity, or mine for that matter, on the chance I overdose, and neither should you.

“I trust you.”

“Maybe I don’t trust myself.”

“Yes, yes you do or we wouldn’t even be having this conversation. You love me and you would never hurt me.”

He still doesn’t want to listen, so it’s time to make a point, “Okay, then how would you feel if I want to dress you up as a baby or make you wear women’s clothes and walk you down the street like that?”

Scoffing, I can tell he doesn’t think I’m serious, “You haven’t done that in the last four and half years, it would be odd for you to start now.”

“It could be in punishment, nothing to do with anything you actually want to do or even that I would get a kick out of it.”

“I’d hate it but I’d do it.”

“And if I make you give up working?”

“You’d hate that more than me, I think.”

“Maybe not, maybe I’d get a kick out of having you on your knees 24/7, a house slave who hardly goes out except to the supermarket, hobbled in a maid’s outfit and have you as nothing more than a cleaner and a sex slave who is never allowed any pleasure.” There’s silence. Robert’s desire to give me everything is blinding him to the risk, “Robert you have to remember that there is a whole world of uncomfortable that would horrify you and isn’t what you want so I think I’ve made my point. You keep your safe-word.”

“Maybe.”

He’s stubborn to the last, but I’m not having any of it, “You keep your safe-word or I mean it, Robert, this ends now. This is a limit for me, non-negotiable.” He looks as if he’s still going to argue, but I know Robert and he lets it lie.

“Fine.”

Taking him at his word I type it into the word document, although I’m sure he’s going to bring it up again at some point in the coming months, “Good, moving on. Let’s talk about work seeing how it’s come up; today you pretty much have free rein. Once we sign the contract it’ll give you decision
rights on work matters like now, but I will tell you your permitted working hours in advance, before you leave the house in a morning you’ll be given specific permissions verbally so you can do what you need to do, that you can talk to people and such like. I’ll approve your diary and you will confess to any behavioural slips and be punished for them, no more swearing or frustration getting the better of you, no matter how much Nicola or anyone else winds you up.”

“No.”

“What do you mean no?” I’m confused, I thought he wanted more control outside home, which essentially means work.

“I mean yes, to all that, but no to me having decision rights on work matters.”

“I don’t want to do your job Robert, I can’t do what you do and I don’t want you to give it up. The whole point of you being the slave and me being the Master, is I get to decide what and how I micromanage.”

“I’ll find it a lot harder moving between the different levels of control, I know there are some things where we don’t have a choice, but this isn’t one of them. We can find a way, even if it’s only that you have to sign off on everything. You know enough already to understand what you’d be signing and you can have me explain what isn’t obvious. You forget I know you’re as smart as me when you want to be. You won’t ever just blindly approve something and by sheer default that you could say no or refuse something means you’re in control. Just think, you could reject Nicola’s holiday request.”

“Oh, she’ll love that. Okay. I can go with that. I’m not quite sure how exactly it’ll all work in practice but we’ll talk about details another day. Right, what else is on your list?”

There’s hesitation but Robert is not one to back down, “I transfer ownership to you.”

My jaw drops involuntarily as if I’m about to say something but I can’t form the words quick enough. It’s like when we did our first contract and he wanted me to have the final say financially at home and restrict the money he can have. Although I had foreseen some changes, I never once suspected that he’d go this far, not with the business, we have always protected this part of his life.

“And if I sold your business? Just like that, everything you worked for, gone without your consent, if I didn’t tell you, you wouldn’t even be able to safe-word.”

“It’s not that important.” I stare at Robert, somewhat shocked as he continues. “It used to be, but it’s not anymore, I don’t work the hours for any of the businesses to expand beyond what they are today, you don’t let me and I don’t want a manager or anyone else to do it. It’s a job and it pays the bills, nothing more, nothing less.”

“Hold on, your businesses means everything to you. You worked really hard to get them where they are.” I hadn’t ever considered that my restrictions on Robert prevented him for expanding further, “We need to talk about this, I promised I’d never hold you back from your potential, that includes the business; that’s part of our existing contract. If you wanted to work longer, if there was a good reason, why didn’t you say anything?”

His expression tells me how deadly serious he is, it's clear he’s not saying this to heighten the feeling of control, he's thought this through. “To what end? It’s not like it would be late nights for a few weeks or a specific project; when one thing’s done something else takes its place. It works well how it is now and yes I’d perhaps be unhappy if you sold everything without talking to me, but I’d accept it and it might even be a good thing one day.”
This has knocked me completely for six, I’m gutted that we haven’t once talked about this until now; I assumed I suppose that he hadn’t wanted to grow the business further. Our happiness is a two-way street even if he is a slave. Robert is very focussed and driven by his work, he always has been or so I thought. Seeing my self-doubt, Robert takes me by surprise by sliding down to kneel by my chair.

“Master, I’m not unhappy with how things are, our time together is more important than work and I like being at home for you as much as I am. I don’t want to change that, in fact, I’ve been thinking about asking your permission to move down onto a four-day week. You make me switch off when I'm at home; I have more perspective because of this, so I don’t make stupid decisions anymore because I’m too stressed or burned out. My businesses might be our biggest income, but they don't need me to be as involved as I used to be as long as I keep my hand in enough to keep them stable. What you provide for me emotionally, this, here us; no amount of money can buy that. I came to terms with this three years ago when I made the choice and it was an easy choice that I don’t regret.”

Resting my hand on the side of his head, I lean down to kiss him, still very uneasy with myself, “You should have told me, talked to me about this. I don’t like that I didn’t see that, or if I did, I didn’t question it.”

“You did, we did talk about it; it was all around the time when everything nearly fell apart. I’m your slave, that’s more important to me than anything else. The businesses, as they stand, keep me on my toes Master, it’s enough.”

“It’s times like these that I don’t always feel I’m worthy of being your Master, not when I screw up about something this big.”

“You are worthy, don’t ever doubt that. Do you think we’d be having this conversation today if I didn’t?” A smirk spreads across his face, “You have me as your slave remember, you should be up for a bloody sainthood.”

Snorting a laugh, I’m not sure I disagree; sometimes, I’ve needed the patience of an entire army of saints. “Have I told you how much I love my slave?” I kiss his forehead, then moving to his mouth our lips touch and I let our heads rest together, our noses nuzzling.

“Many times, Master.”

With mixed feelings about my own inadequacies, I pull back to look at him, once again serious, “You still should have told me about this. No lies remember? That includes lying by omission.”

“I don’t see it like that. Three years ago, we agreed we couldn't lose sight of us, no matter what else was going on. It wasn’t a case of having to unmake plans or change anything significant. I made a conscious decision not to set anything in motion that wouldn’t fit around what we have; my slavery comes first. It’s not like we need the money.”

“Maybe.”

“I promise, this isn’t even close to a lie, Master.”

Sighing, I accept his reasoning, what’s done is done and I have to learn from this for the future, “Now up, and no Master or slave today remember.”

“No, Master.”

Shaking my head at him, I can’t resist smiling, “It’s a good job, I’m not here as your Master today, otherwise you would have already earned yourself several lines on the board.”
With a glint in his eye, I see that playful side of his nature come to the fore, it’s one of the reasons why I enjoy being his Master so much, he keeps me on my toes, “You know how I cherish your punishments, Master; you strive to correct me and make me a better person.”

Raising my hands in defeat, I let him have his way, “I give up. We’re going to park the discussion on the business, for now; we’ll come back to that another day. As it stands I don’t accept for you to transfer full ownership, but you have room to convince me about how much financial control I have and how involved I get in the day-to-day.”

There’s a glint in his eye and I just know he’s doing this to push my buttons; he doesn’t get anywhere near this kind of scope usually, “I could just sign it over.”

“You do that and I’ll make you wish you’d never been born slave, your life won’t be worth living, so don’t go there.”

“I love it when you’re so Masterful.”

“Impossible imp.”

Grinning at me, Robert lets me pull him up back into the chair where he sits, albeit I note with some reluctance. He likes being on his knees at times like these and I have to admit there is a tug at my Master heart to let him.

Settled back in his chair, Robert has his serious face on, “Okay, another sensitive topic; money and the house. We should probably get some tax advice because we’re what might be considered quite well off these days. I know you think sometimes I’m drunk on the idea of slavery but I’m not. I’m your slave and I’d like you to have absolute control for as long as we’re alive and happy, but I’m not prepared to be left penniless if something goes wrong, we just need to find the right safeguards.” I’m about to cut in, but he’s on a roll so I let him continue, “As things stand today, other than a pension in my name the only money I have access to outside the business is the account we use for the monthly expenses; the rest of the other savings are under your name which is now a lot more than when we first set things up like this. The house is paid off and still in joint names, we’re not married; you don’t have a will and mine needs updating.” He looked away from me upon this last part, which I find curious but I keep quiet for now. “I did some checking out of interest and I didn’t realise that common law doesn’t exist in the UK. So, let’s say you take over everything and died, I wouldn’t be entitled to anything unless you left it to me. Also, before you start harping on, even if we kept things in joint name, I wouldn’t be entitled to your share if you didn’t leave a will, so if we take the house, I would have to petition Liv to buy her out of your half, assuming I had money to do this. We also have the option of entering into a civil partnership and there’s also something called a cohabitation agreement, but I’d need to look at that more.”

He finally stops and I get in there before he can say anything else, “Okay, so same as for the business we take a look at everything and we sort the wills. I’m gonna be clear now, whatever happens, we both get our fair share whether one of us dies or we split but which is never gonna happen by the way. Mine forever.” The look on Robert’s face has remained neutral which is unusual considering how passionate he’s been during our discussions until now and I find myself suddenly intrigued as to why. “We’ve never talked about getting married or even a civil partnership.”

“Because we see being Master and slave as more meaningful, which it is to us, just not in the eyes of the law.”

He’s focussing on his notes in front of him, but I have to ask the question, “So, do you want to get
“married?”

Finally, he looks at me, but he’s not giving anything away with it, “I didn’t say that; I think we should understand our options that’s all.”

His response just serves to frustrate me as I get the impression he’s being intentionally obtuse, “So, you don’t want to get married?”

“I didn’t say that either.”

His expression might be hard to read but his eyes are another story altogether, “So, we could get married?”

“Are you asking?”

It’s my turn to be intentionally obtuse, “Maybe, I don’t know.”

The now upturned corners of his mouth totally belie what he’s thinking; oh, we do enjoy the dance that we do, “Well, let say for arguments sake, hypothetically speaking, of course, if you were to ask me as is Master’s prerogative, your slave would be obligated to please his Master which would mean I’d have no choice other than to say yes or safe-word.”

Leaning forward, I don’t give him any room for manoeuvre, “And if Aaron Dingle is asking Robert Sugden to marry him, what would Robert Sugden say?”

With our eyes are locked, he intentionally delivers his response with a little delay to keep me on edge, “He’d say yes.”

A smile spreads across my face, I knew it as soon as I heard him say the word earlier and why not, it’s not as though we haven’t been together long enough and I’ve no intention of ever letting him go, “June, I always wanted a June wedding.”

The beaming smile plastered across Robert's face shows his happiness with the decision, though he’s not going to come outright and say it, not today anyway, “It would have to be the end of June, we’d have to check with Liv because I know she has exams around then.”

“I’ll call her. What shall I tell her when she asks why I want to know?”

“You’re taking an interest in her university life, which would be true. You could also tell her we’re getting married, assuming you want to that is?”

“Errrm, yeah duh. She’d kill us if we got married and didn’t tell her.”

“Best sort those wills out quickly then.”

“Fucking comedian.”

“I exist to please my Master at all times.”

Snorting a laugh, I soon wipe the smile off his face, all’s fair in love and slave contract negotiations, “It’s a good job I find you very pleasing then isn’t it. Does that mean you’ll take my last name?”

The face he pulls is less than ecstatic at the suggestion, he’s very predictable, “Is that a pre-requisite? How about we keep our own or maybe Dingle-Sugden and I could continue to use Sugden for the
He's not quite pouting, but he's very close, “Not really.”

Now it’s time to turn the screw, “Tut-tut. Shame on you, and you were saying you want your slavery to be more visible outside the home, what better way than giving up your last name.”

“I can set hard limits today though.”

There’s no way I’m going to give him an out now, he was the one who set this in motion, “Maybe I’ll retract the offer then.”

“That’s blackmail.”

“Choices, choices.”

I can almost see the cogs whirring away in his head for a possible, alternative, solution in an attempt to stall, “Are we still talking hypothetically?”

He should know me well enough by now, it’s time for him to show me his mettle, “No, I’m asking you to marry me, to become my husband and to take your Master’s name. Offer expires at midnight.”

“Okay.”

We don’t need to be married, our M/s relationship will always be first and foremost but it would have been nice to be bound together by something in front of our family and friends. Liv had dropped it into conversation a couple of times recently, I wonder if she had said anything to Robert. Either way, feeling disappointed that he hasn’t taken the bait, I’m not sure I want to back down on this, but today is the one day I can’t bend him to my will. He’s probably glad I want him to keep his safe-word after all, “Well, on that note, I think I need a tea break, with sugar. Go put the kettle on Polly whilst I go for a wee.”

He stops me in my tracks before I can get up to go to the loo, “Just to be clear, I said okay. Okay as in yes, I accept to be your husband and as your slave take my Master’s name.”

With a smile breaking out across my face, I kiss him on his forehead before extracting myself in an attempt not to let him see just how pleased I am, “Tea for two then, maybe you’re getting the hang of this submission lark after all.”

“Idiot.”

He breaks my resolve and we sweep each other up into our arms, our faces close as we continue our teasing “You love me though.” As if we needed to prove it, we kiss passionately, it feels to never end, but naturally, it does, both of us looking flushed from its intensity.

“I submit to your every whim Master.”

“You’re amusing; a Master needs amusing things.” I touch his collar, “You know we’re already bound for life, this is just about making sure we have legal protection. I think on the day you ought to have something so you don’t get the idea your anything other than my slave still. It’ll make for an
interesting occasion don’t you think?”

“There’ll be family around.”

“All the more fun it will be, don’t you reckon?”

“I’ve no doubt Master. I have no doubt.”

“Good. Right, a man could die of thirst, go put the kettle on slave. I’m off to the bog.”

“I’m marrying such a romantic.”

“Exactly, and don’t you forget it.”


“Alright, after that momentous cup of tea, do you have anything else on your list that we haven’t covered?”

“Nope, your turn.”

“Well, I don’t have any other limits for you as such, but I want you to have an idea about some of the things that will change because as you might have noticed earlier, I have been thinking about this and I’m not gonna go into details, but it might make you think of something that you haven’t thought of to bring up today.”

“Why does that excite me and make me all nervous at the same time?”

“The same reason it does me, you know it’s not going to be easy, but that it’ll be worth it in the end.”

“That turns me on like you wouldn’t believe, Master.” Grinning at him, I don’t say anything, we both get off big time on our relationship, this has just turned up the ante, but this isn’t a game, not by any small measure; this is our future.


“Let me see. Oh yes. So, I’ve been doing some reading and I’ll be doing a lot more. I’ve never wanted a silent doll or a puppet and that hasn’t changed but I really like the idea of micromanaging your day, your life; maybe I’ll get tired of it, but somehow, I don’t think I will. I don’t want a slave asking for every little thing, but where before that was a blanket or tacit agreement, in the future it will require a verbal instruction or you will need to obtain permission. My ownership will be more visible in every way, including how it will be applied to your everyday life. We’ll build up slowly over the next few months; I won’t just throw us into the deep end starting tomorrow. Like I said you’ll begin training and conditioning for the changes I’m going to make. You will serve me a lot more than you do today both either because I train you to for something specific or you yourself anticipate more. I’ve always loved taking care of you, watching over how you feel or your health. This means that there’ll be some stuff you won’t ever be allowed to do for yourself. I haven’t quite decided yet, but that’s what we’re going to explore in the next few months. There will be more positions, more protocol and ritual. Forget about having any free time between now and our contract anniversary, you’re going to get better at what we already do and then you’re going to get a lot of stuff on top of this. So, I’m going to ask you again Robert, are you sure this is what you want?”

“Yes, I have control of my life now, this is because of you Aaron, Master. We both know I would still be a walking disaster without your love and ownership. You got me this far, I know I’m ready for this, no more negotiation.”
“That’s good because we wrote in the first contract that you would surrender, that’s what I want, I want your complete surrender. That doesn’t mean you don’t get a say, but you’ll have to get a lot more savvy about how you ask for things. We’re going to start with some small changes already. After today, you are not permitted to ever use the words, ‘I want’, ‘I need’ or ‘sorry’. When you apologize you will also say out loud what for. The coming weeks will be tough, sometimes both mentally and physically, this is also as much for my benefit as yours. There are times when you will feel completely exposed and vulnerable. Are you prepared for that?”

There’s no mistaking the sincerity in Robert’s response and it makes me so very proud of him. “I’m not afraid of this, Master. I know you will do what’s best for me and that if you criticise, it’ll be because I have to be shown a different way, not because you want to hurt my feelings. We both know that strict discipline is effective and as much as I don’t enjoy it, punishment plays its own part in that. I’m strong emotionally which I wasn’t when we were first learning. I know I can do this and it’s obvious you want this.”

“I do, I want this just as much as you. There’ll be less change in how we are outside the home, I’ll take into account the risk where people know us, but less so if we’re surrounded by strangers. Starting today no begging for anything unless I want you to and then you’ll beg as if your life depended on it. I own your sexual pleasure; as now, I will give you permission to cum but from today, you are not allowed to ask for it. We’ve played with chastity, and I think it’s high time I bought you some custom-made cages for that pretty little cock. You’ve worn one anything from a few hours and I think the longest was six weeks but just as and when; in the future, you’re going to be locked up and denied more often. You’ll get a new tattoo to mark you as a slave for life. I haven’t decided what or where, just that it won’t be visible outside your clothing. Eventually, you’ll be on strict bathroom control, you won’t be allowed to touch your cock again, it’s mine and mine alone, but we’ll build up to that. Also, from tomorrow you’ll be naked in the house permanently, I love your body, I like looking at it and being able to touch it wherever I want without having anything obstructing my access. You’ll have some shorts and t-shirt like today by the door, in case we have unexpected visitors. You’ll be plugged at some point every day and expect to be leashed and bound more often than not, especially in the beginning, we both know that you’re a lot more submissive when you are restricted.”

Robert’s head is visibly whirring, but I’ve done this intentionally. I need to be sure that he’s at least a little bit prepared for what’s to come. "This is just the beginning Robert. Now you know more, is there anything you want to add to the addendum?"

His answer is almost immediate, “Yes, well kind of; I’m not sure. We both know I like humiliation, but only to a point; I can’t take humiliation for humiliation’s sake where it goes so far as to be hurtful. I don’t want to put any limit against this, partly because it’s not so easy and I trust you to know where this is. But, if we take our relationship a lot more outside into our everyday life, then it’s a fair assumption that you’ll do this more than we do today and that’s okay; it’s what I want. Just promise me that you’ll always follow it up with something positive like you do now. It’s just that it’s a fine line and I don’t think I’d handle it otherwise if we push it quite far.”

“You’ll have to help me find that line sometimes. It’s my job to take care of your mind as well as your body, you’re too important to me; we’ll work something out. For now, we put it in the addendum as a mandatory condition. Robert this is why you need your safe-word, I’m not perfect and we’re going to be pushing both ourselves into the unknown. There will be times when we are going to get things wrong, that’s a given; we just need to make sure we learn from them and that we are always there for each other when it happens. Deal?”
"Deal."

Alright, I think that’s us done for today. Anything else or are we good?"

"We're good. Really good." I think at this point, neither of us could prevent the beaming grin from appearing even if we wanted to.

"I don't know about you, but I fancy a curry in and just slob in front of the telly, what do you think?"

"You're buying," I smirk as he wanders into the office, soon returning with the written confirmation of our agreements today. Robert looks like the kid who went into the sweetie shop for the first time ever. "Do you want to sign this now?"

"Tonight, before we go to bed; it'll give us a bit more time to be sure there's nothing we want to change. Then remember after that, I expect you to concentrate on deepening your submission by nature of everything you say and do. Once we sign, we have to be totally committed. You know, we might find this isn't for either of us once we’ve tried it, but we have to give it a good go to know for sure. We shouldn’t be able to back out too easily just because we might find it harder than we expected and at times we will."

Robert had been nodding. However, as excited as we both get, we are not naive to underestimate the commitment this will take. If I don't think about it too hard, it doesn't seem as daunting as it really is. “We know what we're doing and why; it takes as long as we need. It took us two years the first time but it was worth it. We're not going to regret this, I know we're not.”

Secretly I agree with him, but I don’t say that; the next few months are going to be tough and I don’t want to pressure him any further, but I can't help rubbing in the one thing I'm certain of. “Just think, by our anniversary we'll be Mr and Mr Dingle; now that is something worth celebrating.” I don't wait for any comment as I go to the fridge to fetch us some beers; I know exactly the look he has on his face. I can't wait to have him tell mum and Diane; I reckon that might be a camera worthy moment. In fact, I think we'll be having a few of those in the coming months.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

'Common law' here refers to the concept of common law marriage.
Hearts and Flowers

Chapter Summary

Aaron makes a few small but important changes and uses some intense playing as an opportunity to re-orient his slave in starting the process of letting go completely.

Chapter Notes

New rules and changes to date:
Not allowed to use the words, 'I want', 'I need' or 'sorry' / When apologize, have to say out loud what for / No begging unless commanded / Not allowed to ask for permission to cum / Naked in the home

Aaron, Monday 26th April 2021

Friday night it was Robert who couldn’t sleep, now it’s me that’s wide awake at four in the morning. His training will start today and I’m excited; it's like something inside me has suddenly switched on and come to life. I haven't had butterflies like this for a long time and I can't work out if I'm unnerved by how ready I feel or simply nervous from the amount of trust Robert is placing in me. Maybe it’s even a little of both.

Robert is already conditioned so that even if I was to permanently take away the collar and cuffs, I’m certain he would still feel them and respond accordingly. True ownership is in the mind and Robert is right, it’s who we are now. However, I sense this next step is less about increasing my control and more about starting the process of him letting go completely which whenever I think about it is still mind-blowing in itself because this is Robert, someone who used to need to be all about control. I have an idea for next weekend that will help in starting the process of hitting a sort of reset button because, in a way, I need to peel back some of the existing layers first before I can re-make him into the slave I now want him to be.

Also, I’m very conscious that there’s a big difference between wanting to take things to the next level and being able to do it which is why I’ve already decided that although we’ll sign the new contract at the end of August, I’m going to put in a trial period to the end of the year. Three months will be long enough for us both to be absolutely sure and then we’ll sign a continuation from the first of January. Robert won’t like this decision, but that’s the upside of him not getting a say.

I must have gone to sleep eventually because waking up I find my slave kneeling at the side of the bed practically bursting with anticipation. So much so, that he can barely keep his eyes down and it’s childishly amusing to make him wait even though he’s bound to be aware that I’m now also awake. Without a word of acknowledgement, I get up and go to the bathroom where I’m about to take a piss when a rather nice thought crosses my mind. “Get your slave backside in here, crawl on all fours please, take your cuffs off and put them on the side.” Once I have him in the ‘Kneel’ position in the shower, just the same as on Friday, I piss over his face and upper torso, making sure he’s nicely
covered before letting him have the last drops in his mouth. “I think we might do this every morning from now on, remind you of your place in my world, set the right tone in that busy brain of yours.”

His face is a remarkable mix of happy with a twist of something else that I can’t quite put my finger on. Probably from the salty bitter taste of his first drink of the day and perhaps knowing that this will be the first of many more to come. I don't intend for this week to be hard, but it’s time to start making a few small changes, “You will keep an up-to-date list of all your new rules, handwritten and I want you to read them at least once before you go to bed at night and every morning before going down for breakfast.” Observing Robert as I put some toothpaste on my toothbrush, his reactions are interesting; it’s been quite some time since we did any kind of intensive training and it shows that he hasn’t quite made the mental transition yet. “Tell me all the new rules you now have.”

Seemingly thrown by this, Robert clearly hadn’t expected to be tested so early on and his brain is visibly scrabbling to remember. “Errrm, I’m not allowed to ask to come.”

“What else? You’ll need to pay better attention if you are going to serve me well.”

“I’m never to say ‘I want’, ‘I need’ or ‘sorry’. No begging.”

“And?”

Hesitating, he hurries on noting my disappointment with the delay, “I'm not allowed to wear clothes at home. I'm......, I'm sorry Master, I don’t remember the rest.” The crestfallen look on his face is a picture and I’m pretty sure he almost swears, having immediately realising his mistake, “Your slave begs forgiveness for the error in using a word that isn’t allowed.”

Not letting him off the hook, with my toothbrush hanging half out of my mouth, I add to the pressure, “Think about what you’ve just said, you leave that big brain in bed this morning? Maybe you don’t deserve to sleep in my bed tonight.”

He takes a minute to cotton on and his eyes widen as I carry on brushing my teeth, “Master, please excuse my forgetfulness.” He looks as though he’s going to continue but doesn’t, his expression downcast, perhaps deciding silence is his best option rather than put his foot in it further. When I had said no begging, I meant literally no begging of any kind.

“I’ll let you off this once, I know this is an adjustment but don’t expect me to be this generous next time.” Intentionally I keep my expression neutral but I don’t want him to get too demotivated at the first hurdle, so I’ll give him a little leeway this morning, “When you apologise you have to say why and the new one this morning, to keep a handwritten copy of your new rules which you will read in the morning and at night.”

The silence is deafening and I wonder if he’s already regretting things but I shrug it off, that’s my own insecurities talking. He can cope with a small setback on the first day; we’re going to have a lot bigger stumbling blocks than this in the coming months. “I’ll be back in a minute.” Returning I put an A4 notepad on the bathroom floor just beyond the rim of the shower tray. “Here, write them down before you forget again. Make your copy to keep first and then write out all your new rules thirty-four times; perhaps that'll help you remember them well in future. You will stay kneeling where you are so don’t dare get pee on any of the paper. If I see so much as a spot, you’ll have to re-do it all. Once you’ve finished you can have a shower, then come downstairs and show me. I expect it to be neat all the way through, slave; none of that unreadable scrawl you have which not even you can make 'ead nor tail of.”
My slave's nakedness is stunningly beautiful, he's toned in the just right places and looks good in his collar which as well as turning me on, gives me another idea. “Maybe I should get you some new cuffs, I’ve seen some nice titanium ones a while back with a locking screw; I think there’s even a company that makes ones without any lock that would have to be cut off. Either way, we’ll need to measure so they are just the right fit. I know you like the leather but these will be more practical to keep on all the time, don't you think.”

It was more a statement than a question and Robert's eyes look a little blown as if he’s bowled over by the suggestion. It’s not that he’s adverse to the idea; I think it’s more the sudden shift in gear in my entire attitude this morning. We’ll talk about it later, we’ll be needing to do a lot of talking for the foreseeable future. I’ll leave him his big collar out, that’ll help settle him along with his leather cuffs. I know he likes how they feel and it's not as though we'll stop using them, it's just good to have choices.

Leaning over, I don’t go so far as to kiss him, it’s difficult to find a spot not covered in my piss, but I’ve no intention of having him freak out on day one already. “When you come downstairs, I'll feed you breakfast. Remember that I love you and you said you wanted uncomfortable." I slip him a sneaky grin, "You weren’t expecting all hearts and flowers, were you?”

The unwavering gaze in return tells me he is re-finding his centre, “No Master. Thank you. This slave loves you very much and will strive to be worthy of Master’s ownership.”

We’ve never really gone in for the whole formal thing in the past much but his choice of words this morning has hit a certain something inside me, this last sentence sending a tingly shiver down my spine; I like how it sounds. “I’m sure you’ll make your Master very proud.” I stroke my finger down his damp cheek, “Mine to treasure.” Eagerly accepting it into his mouth when offered, he sucks the finger clean and when I leave him to complete his task, we both have a slightly dazed smile on our faces. Today is the beginning of the rest of our lives and there will most definitely be hearts and flowers because he'll always be in my heart, just he’ll have to be a very good slave indeed to earn the flowers.

Sitting at the table with my tea, I’ve been looking online at some very nice titanium bracelets. It’s good Robert likes to dress in suits, they can cover a multitude of sins. They wouldn’t seem out of place on him I don’t think; even if visible, Robert has the personality to get away with it and I'm already turned on imagining how hot they would look. My flushed smile says it all as he walks into the kitchen, “Good timing. Put the notepad on the side, I'll check it later, come ‘Kneel’ for me.”

Mostly my slave eats at the table with me. He has to ask permission to sit on a chair of course, but breakfast is the one meal he eats on his knees; usually with cereal in his dog bowl and some juice in the other. Since the start of this year, his coffee intake has been reduced only allowing him two mugs a day at work, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon and then at home, he’s only allowed coffee as a very special treat. In the beginning, he went through withdrawal, getting the headache from hell and a mild dose of the shakes the first twenty-four hours but although he might not like it, he has accepted this is how it is despite still finding it hard sometimes.

Kneeling with his hands clasped behind his back Robert waits to be instructed and the involuntary curling up of his lips when I show him the picture on the tablet is all I need to make my mind up. Ignoring my mutinous cock that won’t stay down I take a deep breath in the hope that will maybe help so I can focus on Robert for a minute to make sure he's alright. Guiding him in between my legs, I kiss the top of his head, “Are you okay?”

“Yes, Master.”
“Come up here; you are free to talk. Look at me.” Straddling my legs, he looks mildly amused at how turned on I am as my hands roam over his upper body, taking in the lines of his perfect hips and calves, “Fuck, you are sexy, I love your body.”

“I’m glad you find it pleasing, Master.”

“Oh, I find it very pleasing slave; I find you very pleasing.” Unable to resist, I leave a bruising kiss just below his collarbone. I get such a kick out of each and every mark I leave scattered over his body, we both do.

One of Robert’s existing rules is that he has to be lubed at all times, ready to be fucked at a moment’s notice; seeing as my hard-on’s not going anywhere soon, I decide there’s no point letting it go to waste. Shifting him up slightly and pushing down my jama bottoms, I pull him onto my cock, hearing a gasp escape as he seats himself all the way down. With our eyes locked, I pick up a bit of bacon off my plate, putting it to his lips and after pushing it into his mouth he beings to chew. Hand-feeding remains one of the most intimate and intense acts we do; it was one of the things he first asked for in the beginning and our love of it hasn’t diminished.

After waiting for him to finish another bite of bacon, I let my greasy finger trace over his bottom lip, trailing it down his chin before allowing my hands to wander down his back, cupping his buttocks. Just to make sure he pays attention to my words, I deliver a sharp smack to his right arse cheek “Work your muscles slave, if you want the rest of your breakfast, you’ll have to earn it.” You could almost touch the connection between us as he flexes his inner muscles and continuing to feed him, I have fun toying with his nipples. “That’s it, slave, pleasure me, just like you’ve been trained; keep yourself under control, this is for my enjoyment, not yours.”

Being increasingly aroused, it takes considerable will-power to resist the urge to respond and push up inside him. The concentration and effort he is employing are so intensive that not a word passes his lips, yet the expressiveness both in his face and body is like watching an art form as he sucks on my fingers with each bite of food I feed him.

We’ve been working on this for quite a while now. He’s had clenching exercises to do every-time we’ve been anywhere in the car, as well as once in the morning and once in the afternoon at work. The exercise is to tighten the anal muscles, holding for three seconds, then releasing for two having to repeat three sets of ten each time. It’s definitely showing a benefit in more ways than one, having increased the muscles in his buttocks and improved his core strength and he’s almost brought me to orgasm like this but we haven’t quite made it yet. Although, that’s partly because I get immensely turned on, making me too impatient; one day, I’m determined that he’s going to make me cum just from working my cock with his hole. However, today will not be that day.

Pushing my plate out of the way, forgetting all about food, I lift Robert up onto the table and drive inside him so forcefully his body arches, rising upwards as his head tips back, his hair brushing the table surface. Robert’s eyes are closed and unable to ignore the invitation of his parted lips, I lean over to cover his mouth with mine, at the same time pressing his long legs back down towards his body, burrowing myself ever deeper inside him. When I drag him closer until he's flush against my body, his left leg relaxes and ends up hanging over my shoulder and I relish planting another love-bite onto his thigh.

Pulling out of him for a few seconds is a sight to savour, seeing his hole fluttering from being filled and used; slave doesn’t need any words, his body instinctively does the talking at times like this and
it’s ready and waiting to be fucked which is exactly what I do. Relentlessly, I pound into him, hard and fast, until I’m ready to burst at which point I haul him off the table, onto his knees, just in time to deliver spurts of milky cum all over his face, my hand pumping every last drop there is onto his cheek. With his mistakes earlier, he doesn’t get to have my seed inside him.

Despite him trying, I don’t allow him the luxury of taking me in his mouth. The only taste I permit is by cleaning me off with his tongue, exactly as he’s been trained, with his hands once more behind his back. He’s incredibly focused on the task at hand, epitomising rule twenty-six, ‘Master’s cum must never go to waste’. Breathing hard from the exertion, I support myself with a hand on the table, smiling to myself, thinking it never gets old, as I enjoy watching his tongue do its work.

Spent and sprawled in my chair, I take my time to completely recover with slave patiently resting between my legs, though it’s impossible to miss the glaze of contentment in his eyes. Intentionally ignoring his now semi-hard shaft that I haven’t once touched, the stupidest giggle fills my head at the thought that he’s going to need all the energy he can get in the coming months. Smearing the toast still on my plate with a thin covering of raspberry jam, I cut it up into bite-size pieces which I then use to scrape off some of the semen still splattered on his face before feeding it to him. It’s in this comfortable post-fuck daze that he eats the remainder of his breakfast until there is no cum left and the last morsel of toast is gone. We don’t talk, simply enjoying the act and when he’s finished, he rests his sticky cheek against my thigh whilst I stroke through his hair with my hand, every now and then giving him a few sips of juice.

It’s at this moment, I decide for sure that I’m going to make a concerted effort not to use Robert’s own name anymore when thinking about him; I realise that some things need to change for me as much as my slave but it’s going to be hard. Saying it out loud for his benefit is easy, saying it in my head about the love of my life even though I see him as my slave is seemingly more challenging than I had accounted for, but it really is time to stop making any distinction and to finally make the mental switch.

With a sigh, knowing we need to get a move on for work, reluctantly, I get up to fetch his leash from where it lives by the kitchen door. I was going to clip it onto his collar but then decide to attach it to his guiche piercing instead, the tug on such an erogenous zone for him will be a pleasurable turn on as he moves, “Time for your Master to give you a nice soapy shower I think; maybe I’ll even let you cum if you’re a good boy. We’ll be late for work but what’s the point of being the boss if you can’t take advantage hey?”

Following my silent hand signal, Robert, ‘slave’, lets out a quiet gasp as we move towards the staircase, his now unavoidably hard cock is bobbing in agreement and it’s clear we are going to be very late this morning.

Robert, Saturday 1st May 2021

Master didn’t add any major new rules during this last week, just a couple of little ones but in its own way it’s been tough. It’s the things i’d have least expected that i’ve found the hardest, like being naked at home. Although i’ve not been naked full-time since the first year, i was for several months at the time and since then we’ve had occasions of up-to a week where i’ve not been allowed to wear clothes at home so it’s not like i’m not used to it. It’s the knowing this is now permanent that has hit me head on, i think; probably i ought to be prepared for my feelings to catch me off guard more often if this is anything to go by.
So far, every night, we've talked before going to bed and i've already come to look forward to this time. Master wants to set aside Sunday nights and work-nights for what He has labelled 'face-time' where either one of us can openly say what's on our mind, how we're handling things, what felt right and what didn't, what we've found hard or even given time, maybe what isn't hard enough. During our face-time on Thursday night, i admitted to Master that i hadn’t really taken the need for training as seriously as i should have. Not to say that i didn’t think i would need it; i know without a shadow of a doubt that i do, just not maybe how much.

Also, this week we’ve agreed to stop HP and LP because they don’t hold the same purpose now. However, Master has made it clear there will be days where He tightens the leash more than others, but He prefers not having a set pattern which is fine by me. This had us talking well into the night and since then Master has given me quite a few reading assignments; there's no shadow of doubt that when i get my first two-week schedule tomorrow i'll find i won't have much free time on my hands.

Training so far has been a curious affair but there are some subtle and not so subtle changes taking place. i’m pretty sure Master has ordered the new bracelet cuffs for me, but He wouldn’t tell me when i asked; it was the glint in His eyes that gave Him away when He said, ‘Patience is a virtue’ so i know they’ll make an appearance, just not when. At night, i’m to be chained to the bed frame to sleep, which completely changes our morning routine. No longer do i kneel waiting for Master to waken, but am dependent on Him releasing me. i’m not sure how i feel about this at the minute; i liked my quiet contemplation each morning whilst waiting for Him to wake up.

The week also started off with Master saying i have to focus on being less gangly when i move, to be more graceful and work on my posture which up-to-now i had thought is quite good. i mean, i'm lanky what does he expect but obviously i didn't say that to Him and having done my best i can honestly say it's well and truly tested my patience; whether this was intentional or not, i have no idea. Each time i’ve been on my knees i’ve had five books on my head; each time they fell off a weight was added to one of my piercings. Then having managed that by Thursday, i was only allowed to move around the house crawling on all fours wearing my mits and knee pads, this time trying to keep a stack of Master’s car magazines on my back which was significantly harder than i imagined. The stupid things kept sliding off the top if i didn’t keep my upper body at a certain angle and when one fell, it was like a waterfall with the rest following on. Master said i will move onto balancing a glass of water once i get consistent at this; i’m not sure if He meant on top of the magazines or instead of and i’m not altogether sure i care to ask at this point. He was already devious enough, adding little distractions, like a peg on my nose or putting His worn undies on my head which, as intended, made it harder to concentrate.

Only the once, last night, did i master the magazines finally; i was so pleased and the smile on Master’s face was worth all the effort. That said, He quickly wiped my smile off, saying next week that once i’m better at it He’ll make it harder still by having me wear a vibrating cock ring. In other words, when i start dripping pre-cum everywhere i’ll have to lick it up without losing the magazines or whatever else i have to balance. i was thinking it's impossible, until He showed me a video clip of some annoying young twink doing just that. i’m so going to regret the invention of the internet if He comes up with more of these little wonders to keep me on my toes because it was clear from Master’s evil grin that although training is his primary motivator for this particular game, it's closely followed by having fun watching His toy, that would be me, spending half the time leaking and licking up its cum. All i can say is i'm thankful we have mostly wooden or tiled floors instead of carpet.

On another note, there’s also been a present in the shape of a new apron. Master’s most recent rule this week is, in the interest of my safety, with me being naked all the time, i have to wear it whenever i’m preparing and cooking hot meals. i have no clue where Master found it, but it’s a variation on
‘The Real Naked Chef Apron’. It is completely transparent PVC with green piped edging but this is where the similarity ends. Instead of a fabric strap that goes over the head and around the neck, two chains clip onto my collar at the front, and in place of apron strings at the waist, there are another two chains which can either be simply clipped together around my back. Or, as I found out yesterday, from hereon-in, on workday nights at least, Master’s cunning plan is to attach them to a stainless steel anal hook. There’s not going to be many dull moments in the kitchen that’s for sure. He did say in my free time, I can come up with ideas for the wording on the fig leaf stickers and then Master will select the six He wants to use. I’ll save that for the team meeting at work next week, it’ll give me something to do when Nicola is droning on.

All in all, I’m not left under any illusion that my life is going to be different so yes it was a challenging first week, but there were definitely fun moments despite often feeling frustrated.

Stopping my mind from wandering any further, I force myself awake. Master said last night that I could have a lie-in this morning, but His idea of a lie-in and mine are worlds apart so turning over and going back to sleep is probably not a good idea. Upon opening my eyes, I find Master watching me and it’s not long before we’re sniggering away at each other like naughty children, His feet entangled in my ankle chains from playing an extended game of footsie. Connecting the ankle cuffs is a short length of chain, about thirty cm, and then there’s a second chain which is permanently bolted to the foot of the bed that is then padlocked to this one. Having been plugged all night, I’m feeling exceptionally frustrated with my usual morning wood standing out and proud, the distraction of the game helped but some things are beyond my control. Without permission, I’m not allowed to touch myself and the look in Master’s eyes tells me He’s not going to be giving this any time soon or helping me out in any other fashion so it is what it is.

We’re both snugglers and it’s nice just spending some time quietly kissing and nuzzling with Master whispering sweet nothings into my ear. However, that doesn’t mean Master plays fair, with the back of His hand stroking down my cheek before moving to my cock, taunting ever so slowly knowing I’m not allowed to beg for more. Thankfully, having sufficiently amused Himself by torturing me in this way He relents and wraps His arms and legs tightly around me like an octopus, “Last Saturday, I had a special day planned out as part of your birthday present, but as we got a little side-tracked, it wasn’t really the right time.” For some unfathomable reason, this makes me blush, something that Master doesn’t miss as He carries on with an amused half-smile, “So, anyway, I thought today we could make up for it and use it to mark the end of High Protocol and start of your training by doing something a little different.”

There’s a little fluttering in my stomach because Master’s voice has that edge to it, giving me the impression that this is going to be something more than just ‘a little different’. It’s not like I’m going to argue and in any case, I’m far too busy willing my hard-on away after His hand wraps around my cock once more; I’m so desperate that I barely manage to splutter out the words, “As You wish, Master.”

Releasing my cock, smirking at my aroused and denied state, Master gives me a sloppy kiss and then staying in close, His warm breath as He speaks is not doing me any favours at all in trying to hold myself in check. “I’m gonna play with you all day until you don’t know what to do with yourself.”

Silently groaning, I interpret this as a day of tease and denial with no guarantee of getting any release at the end of it, “I’m Yours to use.”

“Yes, you are, so listen carefully. Today you do not move an inch without my say so.” At this Master enters the code that only He knows in the combination padlock locking me to the bed at
night, “You do not speak unless I ask you a direct question; you can make as much noise as you like, but no words.” Pulling me up to stand, i do as i’m bid, “Wait here.” Stood straight with my head forward and eyes down, i place my hands in the small of my back, my left hand wrapped around my right wrist waiting for Master’s next command. After hearing some rummaging around in the drawer, a soft leather blindfold is fitted over my eyes and all at once my world goes perfectly dark.

One very visible change is Master using the leash a lot more and now clipping it to my collar, i find it calming as He guides me out of the bedroom and down the stairs. We’ve been doing this a long time and even without being able to see i know the house inside out and it is outside that He leads me onto the porch where He releases me, “Go do your business pet, then come back to me.”

Despite it being mild out, a shiver runs through me until i adjust to the cooler air. After crawling to my favoured spot in the garden, which i can find even blindfolded, i release my bladder, taking my time as i’m not sure when i might next get the chance, so i make sure to have eked out every last drop. i crawl the same route every time, knowing that Master is watching my every move. The challenge is always to find my way back to Him as He’s not often in the exact same spot which has me relying on my senses a lot more to locate Him, either that or it’s pot luck. This morning, however, He’s exactly where i left Him sitting on the steps and i nuzzle into His thigh whilst He feeds me a banana with what tastes like honey, giving me sips from a bottle of water until i’ve drunk it empty.

Having finished what is likely to be my breakfast He re-attaches the leash and upon hearing the unspoken ‘Wait Here’ command, a single snap of His fingers, i stand once more with my arms resting at the base of my back ready to be led back inside. “One thing, slave, before we start. A while ago you asked to try out a special base for the standing cage which I wasn’t too sure about, but today I think this is just the right way to start off. I want to unravel you, take you apart, use it to get you to a place in your head that you haven’t been for a very long time; slave; do you consent?”

Master always asks for my consent when we try something new and i appreciate that he still gives me a chance to say no, even though he doesn’t have to. “Yes, i trust You, Master.

"You have a safe-word, don’t be afraid to use it." Biting on my bottom lip in nervous anticipation is the only visible reaction i make; i don't say anything as it isn't a question.

We’ve steadily made a lot of changes to the house over the last few years. There are heavy duty lifting eye bolts and fittings in the most ingenious places, sometimes on furniture or fittings; in strategic places they are sunken into the ceiling, walls or underneath the floorboards, cleverly masked by the design of things. To the casual observer, you wouldn’t notice anything unusual, but to the expert eye, the house has many ways to safely restrain and play with a slave. We still use the playroom in the basement but we have choices that we didn’t have in the beginning, now tending to use the playroom more for heavier scenes like suspension or deep deprivation, and to take advantage of the upgraded sound-proofing which comes in handy when Master wants to enjoy the sounds i make from His implement of choice. There’s even a camera Master uses for when He leaves me unattended, so i’m never truly alone.

One of the changes in the kitchen is a standing cage that lives in a custom-built space behind a false panel; it sits on runners so it can be easily moved to anywhere Master chooses but a lot of the time we keep it where sits with only the front bars visible once i’m inside it. After fastening the strict posture collar around my neck, Master kisses me deeply, His tongue driving fervently into my mouth causing my cock to harden even more, brushing up against Him until we part. Thrusting with my hips, i’m pushing for purchase that i can’t find and i’m in no doubt that my cock is on the verge of
leaking already as He stands me inside the cage. My senses are immediately overwhelmed as He uses carabiners to attach my leather wrist cuffs to the bars above my head and tethers my ankle cuffs to welded rings close to the base. We had it made to measure a couple of years ago so when he closes and locks the door, the bars press against my body just as intended. However, Master’s edge today, no pun intended, is the base of spikes upon which i’m stood. It quickly becomes torture on my bare feet as there’s no escape and no hope of comfort to be had. The spikes are blunted at the tips, so they won’t do any damage, they wouldn’t break the skin no matter how hard i try, but i’m quickly learning they hurt like hell.

The ironic part is that i only have myself to blame. A few months ago, having seen the removable base advertised, i’d become curious and knowing it would be very intense which i like, i had asked Master if we could try it one day. However, i had no idea that he had actually gotten one; He was obviously waiting for the right occasion to surprise me. From experience, i know when Master’s more sadistic streak shows itself this early in the day, that He’ll continue with some form of torture the rest of it. i hate and love days like this in equal measure, and now knowing what He wants to achieve, makes me a heady mix of apprehensive and excited.

i can hear Master moving around, probably making His own breakfast and there’s no mistaking the smell of coffee that i’m most certainly not going to get to taste; He does this on purpose, knowing that it drives me nuts. Sensing a sudden stillness, i realise that Master is stood in front of me and i whine, shuffling unsuccessfully to get nearer or find any respite, my entire being begging silently on my behalf. Days like this are few and far between, but Master is an expert at taking me on this journey when He decides to do so and requires no words to get what he wants from me. He knows every psychological button and physical pressure point to press and He’s made it clear in not so many words that He’s using this to break the mould so to say.

The confirmation of His presence comes as His hand rubs over my cock. The first thing i notice is that it’s gloved and slippery, before rapidly reeling from His touch as He slathers what i now recognise as chilli oil all over my cock and balls, the tip of His finger probing down my slit forces a stifled gurgling scream for the first time. It’s such a strong reaction ripping through me as the smarting heat of the oil builds, penetrating my very essence, so that the prickling tears which were already forming start to trickle down my cheeks.

Master knows putting me on display in this particular confinement whilst testing my endurance will draw out an unusual level of vulnerability, breaking me down into a whimpering mess quicker than almost anything else we do. i’m not gagged, i can safe-word at any time but i don’t; instead i allow myself to openly suffer with Master watching the show. Humiliatingly, my cock is so hard it’s straining to escape its skin. Whilst most people would find their appendages shrivelling up at such treatment, mine is throbbing and pulsing, aching for its Master’s hand to return.

With time having lost any meaning, and my sense of self and surroundings having morphed into something that i don’t even have a name for, Master finally guides me forward into His arms. Cradling me within them, He hugs me for a long minute before cuffing my hands behind my back. After He removes the stiff collar i lay my tear-stained face onto His shoulder for support, nestling it in the crook of His neck whilst He walks me into the lounge, His arm protectively around my shoulder and the other free hand resting against the side of my face, pressing it to Him. Although it probably wasn’t more than maybe fifteen minutes in total that i was in the cage, whenever i look back on times like this, the compliance this type of experience elicits never ceases to astound.
Kneeling at His feet, i settle my head comfortably in-between His thighs against His crotch. Speaking, Master's words resonate somewhere deep inside my head but i don't hear them; His smell offers the promise of a safe haven, yet all that registers and is important to me is His touch. This is the only thing that grounds me after going through something that intense and Master doesn't once let me go, His hand carding lovingly through my hair and His legs cocooning me as i press my body to his, switching off from reality completely.

It’s whilst suckling on an ice cube that i somewhat regain an awareness, but i know it’s only temporary. Master has taken me down and will take me yet further so that He can build me back up. He’ll take His time, leading me slowly into His realm where He will work His magic, exploiting everything my body and mind has to offer, exposing my raw essence in driving me to whatever edge He chooses and i will follow because i am His to command.

Feeling in a dream-like state, not quite floating but definitely under a warm fluffy blanket kind of way, His scent is increasingly overwhelming drawing me in like a moth to a flame. Master's hand guides my mouth to the intended target and i don’t think it’s my imagination hearing a quiet laugh, maybe even some words, but any that were spoken went over my head as Master’s body slides down a little to be more accommodating. After pulling at His jama bottoms with my teeth i take Him into my mouth. Settling once more, we remain like this for a long while, both happy for me to warm His cock until the inevitable happens as it slowly fills out, thickening in width and extending in length until it has nowhere else to go. With His hand holding my head fast in place and my nose burrowed in the curls of His pubic hair, i cannot give Him any more than i already am. It’s hard to breathe but i don’t fight it, i welcome it.

Well-timed, Master relaxes His grip just before the shadow of unconsciousness takes hold freeing me to suck and pleasure Him; i know all His hotspots, lapping and teasing the head and along His shaft, inter-changing between deep and shallow. He’s all mine for the taking until the moment of climax approaches and at this Master takes control. With a firm hand either side of my head, He thrusts into my throat until releasing a forceful explosion of cum that slides down without me ever having the opportunity of tasting Him. i vaguely wonder if He did this on purpose as a form of denial, knowing how much i covet His milky goodness, what better way to thwart my satisfaction than at the finale.

This thought just serves to feed my submissiveness, filling me with contentment as i slip ever deeper into my mind. With His cock still in my mouth and my eyes closed, i eventually drift to sleep.

Fed a nutrition shake and hydrated with water, Master took care of my needs in the bathroom before now manoeuvring me into a chair-like frame before replacing the posture collar to hold my head straight. Still blindfolded, it’s through touch that i recognise the wooden structure into which Master locks me. It’s essentially a chair but not like any ordinary kind; it was made by slave Elliott at the request of his Master. Elliott is a carpenter by trade and we’ve often made a joke about the fact he has constructed many of the contraptions he is placed in, either based on designs by Master Thomas or his own.

My arse is perched on the edge of the seat, not quite hanging over, but almost whilst my body is leaning back at a slight angle. My neck, wrists and ankles are locked into the horizontal wooden stock frame that is built into the chair-back, which has been adjusted to the height of my neck. My legs are bent back so they are in a wide V position, stretched as far apart as possible either side of my shoulders, whilst my wrists are locked in halfway between them and my head. Master adds the final touch, placing a strap over my lower abdomen that will prevent me from trying to lift myself up.
Master steadily adds to my feeling of vulnerability as I sense something enclosing my head but I’m not sure exactly what. It’s not the headbox that we’ve used before; that has compressing foam which sits flush against my skin, muffling all sound externally and making my own noise very loud. This is totally different. Although able to breathe, there’s definitely not the usual free flow of air and I feel the distinct sensation of my head being encased by some kind of box because each and every noise is echoey almost, the sound bouncing off the sides which serves to heighten my disorientation. It’s when Master removes the plug, completely exposing my hole, that I’m filled with an utter humiliation.

When I’m in full sensory deprivation, like a sleep sack or latex suit, I easily lose myself to a deep meditative and euphoric state. However, despite being comfortable with my naked body, I find being on full view like this whilst being unable to move, with all control and sight stripped away, very difficult; yet at the same time I don’t want it to stop. Being gagged, unable to speak would make this so much easier, but easy isn’t the point; Master wants my willing surrender.

Although my movement is heavily restricted, it doesn’t stop me from jerking uncontrollably when, with no warning, Master sucks my big toe. I’m exceptionally ticklish, especially my feet and He takes full advantage, His wet mouth driving me to distraction. When He swipes His tongue across the sole of my foot, it’s astonishing just how torturous this simple act feels and if I’d been thinking straight, I’d have realised that the string of garbled words I hear are actually my own.

Master ties what feels like string or something similar around my big toe, then threading it down through my nipple piercing, my guiche piercing and back up the other side, through the nipple ring before tying it off on my other big toe. His ministrations have me frantically struggling and straining to escape as His mouth wreaks havoc with my sanity. Every jerk of my foot tugs on the string, which in turn puts tension on my piercings sending all kinds of conflicting signals to my brain which with all the combined sensations has me spinning deeper into my headspace.

Hanging a couple of weights off my guiche, pulls my sac downwards, but it’s easier to cope with that than Master’s evil mouth; however, if I was thinking He would switch to something less torturous I’m sorely mistaken. His finger encircles my hole, followed by His mouth blowing warm air over it before His tongue slides back and forth, swirling mercilessly, all without once breaching its rim until He stops, waits and then repeats the cycle. Slipping ever deeper due to the continuous stimulation, my body is quivering from the release of endorphin that by the time I smell faint whiff of antiseptic, the first needle is piercing my thigh and at this point I lose any semblance of control. I’m floating so high that I haven’t a hope in hell of keeping count as a line of needles is woven first up each of my thighs before being threaded through the skin around the head of my cock and my nipples, the sharp points pressing against their central buds. Each and every move has my body responding with euphoric bolts of lightening-like sensations shooting to my brain and when His tongue finally invades striking deep inside, I’m beyond comprehension.

It is without warning, that suddenly everything comes to a total stop and immediately I miss His touch. A wave of humiliation washes over me at the thought that He’s likely watching me. With nothing to go on, no sound or movement, my imagination gets the better of me. I wonder if He’s sat on the sofa with a cup of tea doing whatever, or simply observing me and I want to know. I yearn to know if He likes what He sees. Do I please Him, is He rubbing Himself off or is He ignoring me whilst my every pore screams with need and desire, my cock dribbling a stream of pre-cum. I’m involuntarily trying to thrust upwards with my hips, into the void, reaching towards Him, attempting anything to get some friction all whilst my poor cock fails to stay hard. Every time it tries, the well-placed needles work their magic and the pain of their sharp points against my head is enough to force it back into a semi-flaccid state yet that doesn’t dampen my urge to try. True to His word, Master has
driven me to a state where I no longer know what to do with myself and as Master of my fate, there will be no release until He decides.

With no clue how long I’ve been left waiting, the final stage of depravity is upon me. I’m pretty sure he laughed at my filthy grunt as he presses the silicone hollow buttplug into my body. Having spent last night and most of today with a medium plug inside me and using a generous amount of lube, it wasn’t going to take too long to insert but my knuckles are white from clenching my fists so tightly as He forces my entrance wide open. Blowing a warm breath inside me, it’s as if He’s tickling me inside; I’m wide open for Master to use, the plug making me feel so fucking full and stretched at the same time. It’s a never-ending cycle of humiliatingly aroused torture as His mouth restarts the tour of my body causing me to drool with desperation.

Every time I move, something on or in me shifts having a domino effect. My senses are so overloaded that I don’t hear His moans of pleasure as Master’s cock breaches my plugged hole, profiting from the friction delivered by the ribbed inside of the tunnel plug whilst I feel none, the smoothness of the silicone inner lining allowing only minimal sensation for His fucktoy. I don’t remember Master crying out as He cums hard and quick spilling His seed, then plugging it inside me. I’m even more oblivious to the emotional tears streaming down my cheeks as He removes the weights and carefully retracting the needles, wiping my skin once more with antiseptic. I can’t tell you if they are tears of joy or something else, they just are.

What I do remember is a distinct sense of release washing over me, and after being carried into bed, the warmth of Master’s embrace and the whisper of His words remind me how much I’m loved and desired. It is with an innate feeling of surrender and subsequent peace that I sink into a very deep sleep.

TBC
Aaron continues the intense session into another day, taking them both deeper than they've ever gone before. Although the changes are at Robert's request, it doesn't mean he's going to make it easy for his Master; neither realise it yet, but a battle of wills is only just beginning.

Chapter Notes

Key rules/changes to date:
Not allowed to use the words, ‘I want’, ‘I need’ or ‘sorry’ / When apologize, have to say out loud what for / No begging unless commanded / Not allowed to ask for permission to cum / Naked in the home / Keep up-to-date handwritten list of new rules and read them before breakfast and going to bed / Wear apron when preparing and cooking hot meals

Robert, Sunday 2nd May 2021

Having been blindfolded throughout the night, upon waking it was impossible to tell if it’s still Saturday; either way, it’s not important. Leather straps bind my arms to my sides and my legs together which, combined with silicone earplugs and industrial ear defenders blocking out all sound, restrict my senses rending the passage of time meaningless. Drifting in and out of sleep, my only constant is submersion in a mushy altered mental state.

i’ve no idea how much time has passed when Master eventually brings me up just enough to be taken to use the bathroom before carefully cleaning my teeth and giving me a drink of water. This is the only indication that it might be a new day, but there’s no sign of release as i’m then guided back to the bed where Master continues to take me deeper.

The process of encasing me in the sleep sack is always both profound and highly emotional; tightening the outside straps further secures my movement and temporarily i can hear as Master removes the ear defenders and earplugs which i find momentarily disconcerting. However, Master’s kiss quickly smothers my whimpering followed by a whisper, “Sssshhh,” which serves to calm me. He is the conductor and i am His instrument.

Master’s hands pull a heavy-duty hood over my head, moulding the foam padding to my face so that it’s fitted just right, taking care that the two nostril holes are placed correctly, allowing me to breathe. His fingers lacing the hood tight at back of my head has a strong psychological effect, heightened further as the heavy zipper is pulled down, a second layer of leather now enclosing the lace back which is then locked to the thick collar strap serving to ensure there is no gap between the hood and sleep sack. The loving care taken as He lowers my head is unmistakable. It could all be in my mind, but i know it’s real; it’s as real to me as if i could touch it. Sinking further into my own headspace,
i’m no longer capable of verbalising how i feel, not with any coherence anyway.

Straddling my body, i can feel Master rubbing against the leather, His hands either side of my hooded face, raising it slightly before His mouth covers mine. It’s the only part of my body still free of bondage and the longer He holds me in His thrall, the tighter my chest becomes, the dwindling supply of oxygen forcing me to pull in more air through my nostrils until He also removes that as a possibility, His fingers pinching down over my nose. The subsequent euphoria is all-consuming; similarly, upon granting me oxygen once more, its sudden influx is overwhelming as i scrabble to recover my breath. i wonder fleetingly if He is as hard as i am right now but before i get any further, His fingers pinch my nose, His mouth to mine once more, literally taking my breath away and so it continues.

Consciousness returning, i exist in that surreal warm floaty place until there’s a few seconds of panic as something solid is inserted into my mouth. It doesn’t go deep; resting on my tongue it’s this final stage of encasement that places my life entirely in the hands of my Master. We fashioned this particular device ourselves; made from an everyday kitchen funnel through a home-made leather muzzle which is now firmly in place over the hood. We’ve played with it many times; it’s a signal of what’s to come which triggers a rush of adrenalin and i reach out with all that’s available to me. Impatient and consumed with desire to touch Him, taste Him, the sound of my begging is audible only in my own mind as i try to convey the message with my feeble squirming and muffled whines. The longer i’m placed in sensory deprivation, the more powerful its effect; the total reliance on another person and the trust required takes a lot of processing both during and afterwards. Master’s words from outside yesterday echo in my thoughts and through the haze i suspect today will be a further test of my endurance, yet not once do i feel unsafe in any way at this prospect. In fact, it’s the exact opposite. If this changes for any reason, in the ball of my right hand is a buzzer which if i keep pressed will alert Master to stop everything immediately if it gets too much or i start to truly panic. Only in the early days as we were learning has it ever been pressed. We also have other checks built in so i know Master is watching because He hasn’t signalled that He will be leaving the room. Which, on the one hand, is comforting yet on the other magnifies my vulnerability, feels humiliating even, as despite being completely encased there is nowhere to hide, each sound i make can be heard and every physical response is on display.

Unaware of Master’s intention, the anticipation ramps up yet further as my cock is released from its leather compartment, His hand teasing it to full arousal causing my body to writhe as much as the bondage permits. i can only picture the look on His face as my cock is placed inside what feels like another type of pouch, my senses immediately succumbing to the pain which i will learn later to be caused by stinging nettle leaves. The tightening of the drawstring is agonizing, the soft material sheath pressing its contents down onto my shaft; tethering the string to the nearest buckle prevents me from moving it off in any way and seals my fate. Learning the hard way, i am to discover that nettles are at their most stinging up to and during the flowering period in the spring and today challenges me in a way i’ve never before experienced, forcing tears to my eyes, my previously hard shaft now limp. There is no escape, the contact with the leaves is there to stay until Master decides otherwise. Whining desperately, the only form of communication open to me without hitting the safety buzzer, won’t help my predicament and it doesn’t make me feel any better. As if to reinforce His dominance, Master’s hand squeezes down on my encased cock and i’d swear He is laughing, enjoying Himself immensely at hearing my muffled wailing and watching my struggle. It’s unbearable, yet i’m consumed by feelings of gratitude and love in the knowledge that, as a slave, my sole purpose is to satisfy the whim of my Master who loves me dearly.
Call it depravity but when Master’s pee starts to leak through the 13mm spout of the funnel, there’s no other place i would rather be; it’s strong taste overwhelming yet reassuring all at the same time. There is a permanent tray of ice cubes, more accurately frozen cubes of Master’s urine in the freezer, usually to add to my drink or for me to suck on, or simply like now, placed into the funnel where a cube takes around twenty minutes to melt, longer if there is more than one at a time.

Master is playing with every single one of my senses; it’s like movements of a symphony, each one building on the other elevating the emotional impact until reaching its ultimate crescendo it can go no higher. The sound of Master’s voice in my ears is unexpected, the words filling not only my head but my heart and soul, drowning out everything else, giving me the strength of will to endure.

Having been too distracted, i hadn’t noticed that the chosen hood is the one with padded pockets over each ear and that Master had replaced the earplugs with earphones, setting the audio to repeat, over and over. Listening to Master reading out the words of our contract, His voice detailing the terms and rules by which we choose to live, is a reminder of my voluntary servitude and usually, it would make me cum more than once, i find it such a turn on. Instead, immobile and tormented in total sensory deprivation, there is no end to the intense desperation caused by the stinging nettles removing any chance to get hard; equally, i don’t want the sound of Master’s voice to end or His golden nectar to cease flowing onto my tongue. The demands He places on His slave are met by the lamentable moans of my suffering in acknowledgement of absolute surrender and acceptance of His will over me; it’s perfect.

Aaron, Monday 3rd May 2021

The last couple of days have been amazing; slave had been on the edge of one thing or another for most of the time. It was better than I had hoped for; sometimes it’s the simplest of things that deliver the best result. A few hours of nettle torture here and there will most definitely become a thing whilst they’re in season, slave suffers so beautifully with them. Although they grow pretty much on the doorstep, it’s only after getting ideas from reading some blogs that I realised their potential and god was he such a turn-on to watch; it would be shame not to take advantage. Yesterday the masochist in him had relished the challenge of such intense stimulation, both mental and physical; the devotion required to bend himself to my will was breath-taking. At some point, I think I’ll have him without the hood, maybe even unrestrained, forcing him to try and control his struggle unaided.

Early in the afternoon, I had taken mercy on his cock removing the nettles, bringing slave out of the sleep sack and hood but continued to keep him blindfolded. He was very far gone at this point, I could have done anything with him without any resistance so I knew it would take the rest of the day to bring him up, which I did in increments, still playing with him but through it gradually building his awareness back to a more normal level.

With slave straddling my lap, facing towards me we had sat at the kitchen table where I quietly hand-fed us both some leftovers, sharing a large glass of lukewarm jasmine tea with a straw. He was free of restraints except his hands, which were tethered to thigh cuffs and after finishing eating I gently kneaded the limbs in reach, my fingers helping to relax his muscles. Wanting to give him an opportunity to stretch more, I then gave him thirty minutes where he was given permission to get himself off. However, the only friction allowed was the smooth tiled surface of the kitchen floor. Alas, without the use of his hands he didn’t manage it, but I have thirty shamefully wonderful minutes of him trying recorded on my phone; he was quite tired when the time was up.

Although slave couldn’t get himself off, he had made me very horny watching him, so it was only
fair that he satisfied my needs which I had him do balancing on his knees; his lower legs were raised up, doubled back, his fingers wrapped around his ankles to hold them to him. As he sucked me off like this, I explained that although he’s a pretty skilled cocksucker, that there’s still some room for improvement to be truly excellent at deep throating and that he’s going to be training to master irrumatio so he can be totally used like never before. He was definitely more aware at this point because he seemed to channel being pissed off at the suggestion he could do better into giving one of the best blow jobs in all the time we’ve been together.

All this reading I’m doing is good for something, irrumatio sounds so much better than saying skull fucking; I’ve watched clips but never tried it although I really want to. The thought that I can abuse his mouth like that is almost enough to make me cum just imagining it. So, my slave’s not the only one having to work harder these days at holding back from releasing too quick; our decision to change things is making me permanently needy and horny which I’m assuming will settle down given time, but it’s interesting just how much this switch up is affecting both of us right now.

The rest of the afternoon, I watched a film whilst slave gave me a glorious distraction to keep me entertained during the boring bits. Kneeling he was put into another ingenious stock we own. His ankles are placed into the bottom section, a wooden slat on top holding them in place; then bent over his arse is positioned so that when the next slat is slotted in, his beautiful backside and cock are on my side whilst his upper torso and head supplemented by an inflatable gag and earplugs are out of sight, through the other side. Lastly, above his arse, forming a nice symmetry with his ankles, his wrists are pulled back through, the final wood slat locking them into place. It was quite the view.

It was one of his favourite films, so depriving him like this was a bonus but he didn’t miss out on all the fun. Attaching a vibrating cock ring gave him something to focus on each time I activated it, his cock was dripping so much I had to put a dish below to catch everything for him to eat up later. We then had no end of entertainment with the crop. There was so much to aim for, the soles of his feet, his arse cheeks, cock and balls, hole, even the palms of his hands, and of course I couldn’t miss the opportunity to mark his skin, what with such a beautiful blank canvas to decorate; using a felt-tip pen I wrote down all his potential uses as a slave. It was quite the long list, I almost ran out of space. In-between I tortured him all over with a feather, this was a bit of a mind fuck after the thudding sting of the crop. At one point I was enjoying playing with him so much, I lost track of the plot of the film, which meant I had to rewind to watch the bits I’d missed. By the time the film finally came to an end, he was a messy work of art which I then fucked hard and fast before plugging my cum inside him. It really was a lovely way to spend a rainy Sunday afternoon.

Finally halting the ebb and flow of torment I freed slave of all restriction on his body, giving him a full body massage before cuddling up on the sofa where we fell asleep wrapped around each other. After waking we talked whilst eating strawberries with ice cream and chocolate sauce; sickly sweet but very nice. It was the first time he had spoken real words since Saturday morning and although not the best of ideas in terms of keeping the sofa clean, we ended up playfully feeding each other the strawberries which inevitably led to us greedily licking ice cream and chocolate off each other’s fingers which dripped to other body parts to clean with our tongues. We were so sticky that I ran us a bath where I took my time washing and pampering my tired slave before wrapping us both up in fluffy dressing gowns to snuggle back on the sofa to watch some inane telly until bedtime.

Before heading up to bed slave was given his first two-week schedule; I had expected more discussion around it, but I think he was too tired to think properly. It isn’t practical to enter everything into his work calendar as Nicola has access so slave found an app for us to use instead.
Whilst slave is making tea each day, I’ll add in anything that has come up unexpected and review his work calendar, accepting any new meeting requests as slave is no longer allowed to do this. He’ll use the app to inform me after each event or task is completed and I should be able to see where he is at all times with it, so we’ll see how it goes.

After consideration, I haven’t adjusted the split of the house chores. I don’t want a maid or butler so slave’s weekly tasks are to keep the kitchen clean as well as the downstairs bathroom, dust and vac the hall, spare bedrooms, and lounge, then I’ll continue to take care of the home office, the Master bedroom and attached bathroom. We share the playroom, where he keeps furniture clean but he’s never been allowed to touch any of the toys or instruments, so they’re mine to keep clean. We like doing this together, it’s relaxed and often provides inspiration for trying new things.

We will also share the outside, although new for Robert is to keep the cars clean inside and out, and he’s started cleaning our shoes once a week, which he did with his before but now he does mine as well. It’s funny how he gives me sideways glances since he’s started this, as unlike Robert, I quite like my boots all scuffed and worn looking, but he’s been looking to increase the service side of his slavery which, much to both our surprise, I’m the one who has baulked at this more than he has so I let him have this one. He’s also usually the one to take the laundry and pick up the cleaned and ironed lot but only because we take them to a place in Hotten nearby his office and then I put them away once he gets home. This was actually an early decision after we moved in together, there never seemed to be enough hours in the day so not wanting anyone in the house, we decided to keep on doing the housework ourselves, but pay to have the washing and ironing done by someone else. I don’t see any reason to change anything, by sharing things at home we get done quicker which gives more time for us. It works well.

Robert, mid-end May 2021

Trial and error is order of the day as over the last couple of weeks we’ve been feeling out what works, what doesn’t, and for someone who is so enamoured by commanding every aspect of my life, Master has certain quirks i had chosen to ignore in my eagerness to serve and prove to myself i can be more self-effacing. However, it quickly became apparent that His concept of this doesn’t follow some of the traditional ways of doing things which i found frustrating and confusing because sometimes there was no rhyme nor reason why He likes one thing and not the other. To help us find the balance we both had a writing assignment where for my part i had to describe what service and being humble meant to me and He wrote about how He sees this.

To be fair, Master let us try all of our ideas this last couple of weeks which i must concede drove Master nuts so the final outcome is not a lot will change. What it boils down to is that He doesn’t want the service to feel like a daily chore. i had to bite my tongue at this point because that’s not how i ever saw it, but i also like that He sees this more as something spontaneous or something special that brings a smile to His face or He needs when He’s that way out. He hated me going to kneel at His feet whenever coming into a room where He was present or if He came into a room where i was already, calling it ‘ridiculously pointless’ and that was that. He likes driving too much to use me as a chauffeur and He can open His own car door thank you very much although i am to continue to open other doors for Him when we are together. Go figure.

For the time being, nothing new will be written into the contract as a rule or ritual, and there are only three things He expects on a regular basis. i had to laugh at the first, added to my list of chores is to tidy away His coat and footwear as soon as possible after He arrives home because in kicking off His trainers or boots He’s usually the first one to then almost fall arse over tit over them because He wasn’t watching where He is going. Also, i’m to offer to give Him a massage after He gets in from
work, and if He accepts He’ll tell me what kind which will likely depend on the kind of day He’s had. Master has made it very clear He doesn’t want me to be on beck and call to fetch things for Him, but when He asks me to fetch Him an alcoholic drink, then i have to kneel first and i must look at Him directly when handing it to Him.

At last night’s face-time i mentioned i was a little disappointed, to which He said, if he’d wanted a humble slave He wouldn’t be going out with me and if it means so much to me, then i should find ways to serve humbly without pissing Him off. i did get given free rein to get my thinking cap on for nice surprises and i have an inkling i know just what kind of service might push Master’s buttons to become part of our morning routine. One to put to start putting to the test next week, i think.

Meditating, i ponder my biggest struggle which at the minute is to remember this is about what Master wants and my next writing assignment has thrown a huge curveball at me, ‘As a slave is it okay to want to make my master proud of me?’ Master knows me so well it’s unnerving and i’ve been going around in circles trying to answer it.

It’s not surprising really, after everything we’ve been through, my ego has always been my achilles heel, something i had talked a lot about when going to counselling. That and my inability to control my petulant reactions when things didn’t go my way. This has been conditioned out of me, but thinking about it today, it crosses my mind that Master kind of likes my ego as long as it doesn’t get out of hand. He even encourages it when it comes to the businesses, it’s a big part of why they’re successful.

Is it wrong to feel pride when Master praises me for doing something well or pleasing Him? i hadn’t been brave enough to talk about my love/hate affinity of humiliation with the counsellor. Maybe if i found one sympathetic to the M/s scene i could, but i know this is one of the ways Master keeps my ego in check, especially after a power tripping day at work. Can you be feisty and have humility at the same time? Every time i think ‘why shouldn’t i want Master to be proud of me?’, i then counter this with a slave doesn’t want anything, but i’m human, not an object and this is one thing Master has pushed home with me, He doesn’t want one outside scening and we’re in love. This changes the goalposts as far as i’m concerned. i gave up looking at the internet to help me find the answer after reading some post saying there’s no place for love in a M/s relationship; that just made me mad.

Unused to struggling to the point of feeling screwed by the challenge, i give my meditation up as a bad job for the day and finish cleaning the lounge which is on my list of chores today. Friday afternoons are my half-day free, so it’s generally when i do my share of the housework and go shopping. Using the app i confirm that the lounge is clean and that i’m going to the supermarket in Hotten, Master’s permission granted by way of the schedule He has given me.

However, i fail to mention that i’ll be taking a slight detour that Master hasn’t sanctioned to pick up something that Master has no idea about nor is He any the wiser about just how devious i’ve had to be to get the money to do it and i hope like hell that He doesn’t use the app just at this time to check up on where i am. I'll spoil the surprise. Smiling to myself, i can’t wait to see the look on His face. If i’m lucky, He’ll be so happy He might let my infractions go without punishment; He did say i could use my initiative in thinking of nice surprises.

With the huge hole burning in my pocket on my way home, i was very pleased to be naked again after getting through the door. Glancing at the fridge door, i have four lines and it’s really a dead cert that they’ll soon be five.
Right after putting all the shopping away, my phone buzzes with a text to let me know the love of my life is on His way home. We now have this down to a fine art and I find it soothing as I go through my routine of going into the hall and kneeling with my back to the door. Taking my time, I centre myself; I wouldn’t call it meditation, but it’s definitely a quietening of my thoughts ready to prepare myself.

Upon hearing the car on the gravel, I bend forward at the waist into what Master likes to call the ‘Welcome’ position where my knees are spread wide apart as I press my chest down to the floor. Raising my bum up at the same time I rest my forehead against the floor, with my arms extended out beyond my head, palms facing down side by side I settle into the position.

I love the fact that the first thing Master sees as He comes through the door is my hole, having no idea if He wants to play with it, use it or ignore it. It still turns me on after all these years; we both get a huge kick out of this part of the day. It’s only required when He comes home from work, but sometimes I surprise Him and greet Him like this on other occasions. Once this almost got me into a real predicament. Before my new rule of being permanently naked, generally, I wore something around the house so one particular day Master hadn’t texted to say He had Vic with Him and as much as I love my little sister, I don’t ever want her to see me in the buff. Fortunately, Master was quick enough to shield me but we spent the rest of the night avoiding each other’s eyes, both of us totally embarrassed by what might have been. Since then Master always let me know if He had someone with Him, now I’m naked all the time it’s a given.

Hearing the door open I tense slightly with anticipation; I can’t help it, no matter how hard I try I haven’t been able to train myself out of it. “Hello hole, just look how pretty you are.”

Master knows exactly how to turn me on and I have to concentrate hard to keep my cock under control. A quiver rolls through my body as Master’s finger lightly circles my entrance, His hole; I wait with baited breath for what comes next and have to bite down on my tongue to withhold the moan as I feel His saliva dripping on to it. My every reaction is under observation and I bite down just a little bit harder upon receiving a sharp slap to my right bum cheek, quickly followed by a slap to the other and before my senses catch up, a finger...... no, two fingers slide in, ravaging my orifice like a piston, pushing so deep and hard within me, brushing frustratingly near to my prostate but intentionally never hitting the mark. Master is intimately familiar with how to find my prostate just as I am with His.

Suddenly I am empty, the void amplified after being roughly played with, even if it was only for a minute or two. Kicking His boots off, they land by my head which Master pulls up by the hair, His foot then pushes it back down so my nose is well and truly soaking up the scent of His sweaty feet. Draping His jacket over my head, sinks my upper body into darkness. “Enjoy the fruits of my day’s hard labour.” Feeling the pressure of His foot once more on my head, I literally bask in its perversion; permission granted by default of His words I’m allowed to get hard, to feel the pleasure but not to touch.

The weight lifted, I’m only half aware of Master walking off, and here I will remain in position until instructed otherwise. I’m accustomed to the overpowering smell of Master’s boots after a day at the yard. I’ll switch my nose from one boot to the other as my senses adjust to inhale as much as I can. He probably doesn’t know just how much I enjoy these moments, savouring His very essence like it’s a fine wine. If anyone was watching it would be utterly humiliating but I would still do it. Sometimes He’s even had me licking the insides but we both know that it’s the sweaty smell that gets
me going the most. It’s guaranteed by the time Master returns for me that i’ll be licking up my juices from the floor before being allowed to move anywhere else.

My muscles are beginning to ache; being in the same position for an extended period of time takes its toll. It’s not often i’m left this long, but being Friday, Master tends to be unpredictable. Sometimes we end up cuddling up on the sofa and if He’s had a tough day He uses me hard, there’s simply no pattern to it.

Eventually, the coat is tipped away by His bare feet; the fresh air is welcome after the stuffy darkness, the scent of bubble bath wafting around me indicates we’re likely in for a steady evening. “Lick it up, then you can come and give me a foot massage.”

Smiling at the symbolism, this new task such as a polar opposite of the one just completed, i swipe my tongue slowly over the tiled floor, tasting the essence of my love for Master and i tell my cock it can’t leak anymore for a while otherwise i’ll be here all night and that just won’t do, i have plans. It’s all His doing, the reason why i’m on my knees lapping up my own pre-cum like a pussycat who’s got the cream. The only thing that would make this moment better is if it were Master’s cum, but the night is still young.

Not bothering to get up, i crawl into the lounge, Master smiling as i arrive at His feet and i almost purr out loud as His hand ruffles lovingly through my hair. Master sits in His usual spot in the easy chair, His favourite when He gets home and settling myself at His feet, i reach for the basket on the hearth containing the massage oils. “What would Master care for this evening?” i look at the labels, thinking i’ll have to replenish a couple of these soon, “Vanilla, fig, or.....”

“Fig. I’m in the mood for fig.” Rubbing my hands with the chosen oil as His foot rests invitingly on my thigh and i note the subtle smirk plastered over His face. “They’re smelling a little sweeter now.”

“I found them perfectly sweet earlier.” Leaning over i kiss the bridge of His foot, dragging my tongue back as i take His big toe in my mouth, landing a tender kiss before pulling back slightly so i can look up at Him, my heart filled with love. “The inside and outside of steel capped boots are a taste i acquired a long time ago as You well know, Master.” Swallowing His middle toes down before landing a final kiss, i start to work more magic with my fingers. Master is putty in my hands when He’s like this.

Having fallen asleep, i know when Master wakes up He’ll likely tell me He’s not an old man like me yet and was just resting His eyes. Yeah yeah, pull the other one, Master. Upon ending the massage, He doesn’t register when i get up to go fetch my surprise. i had intended to do this with a special meal, all romantic and suchlike, but the moment feels right, plus i’m not keen on dragging out the subterfuge. If i’m going to be punished, i’d rather get it over and done with. It’s worth it, He’s worth it.

Returning to my cushion at His feet, i’m content to watch sleeping beauty, finding the drool down His chin totally adorable. i suppose a perfect slave would wipe it away, whereas i’m sure if i was freely allowed access to a phone or a tablet i would have taken a photo; instead i have to satisfy myself with imprinting it in my memory along with all the other moments such as these. Stirring, His eyes open and a sheepish grin crosses His face; “If either of the words old or man cross your lips, I’ll spank you into tomorrow.”

Returning the grin, “i am blessed and privileged to be owned by such a wise Master.”
i’ve learned when to push the boundaries over the years and Master doesn’t usually consider me straddling His knees, as i do now with my hands behind my back, as being on the furniture. Thus, letting me get away without asking outright permission, it’s clear He’s catching onto the distinct whiff of mischief in the air, my expression seemingly giving me away and i confess, “i have a surprise for You.”

With a curious smile and a hint of naughtiness about Him, He starts stroking my cock, which is cheating by all accounts; Master’s prerogative, “Is it something nice or something I should be concerned about?” Ever the suspicious one, i can still tell He’s suitably intrigued.

“Something new, Master. Close Your eyes.”

Silently amused, He follows my request and taking a deep breath, i lift His hand from my cock pushing the ring gently onto His wedding finger. It fits perfectly which is a relief; i thought at one point i was going to have to resort to drugging Him to be able to measure His finger without Him noticing.

Hearing the hitch of His breath, i press the second ring into the palm of His hand, “You can open them now.”

Staring down at His hand, there is a drawn-out silence that makes me nervous, “Do You like it?” The answer comes in action, not words as He takes my hand and without hesitation pushes the other ring onto my own wedding finger. “They’re platinum, i thought we can get them engraved maybe; if You would like that is?”

For once Master looks to be in shock, almost speechless for a few seconds, “We’ve never talked about rings.”

“Andy has dads’, and well, even if You have Your dads’, well....., you know. They’re my wedding gift and You can spank me to the moon and back, but i’m not ever telling You how i paid for them.”

Grabbing my hand in His, i thought for a second He was going to start spanking me there and then, instead He pushes me onto the floor, His mouthing easily finding mine as He falls on top of me and i wrap my legs tightly around Him. Pulling out He looks mildly concerned about whatever was going through His mind, “Promise me you didn’t steal them or do anything illegal.”

Laughing, i kiss Him, “Promise,” followed up by a much deeper kiss, that seems to go on for an eternity. With His head resting against the crook of my neck, our hands are playfully intertwining, both of us mesmerised by the platinum wedding bands. Coming to a stop, i rest my hand flat against His, stilling before firmly grasping His hand in mine, a wave of emotion flowing through me upon trying to imagine what it’ll feel like on the actual day when He pushes it onto my finger for real on our wedding day.

Master smiles, the look on His face just as awestruck as mine, “I don’t want to take it off, do you think it’s bad luck if we keep them on?”

“Probably not, but then it won’t be as special on the day if You keep wearing it. It looks sexy as fuck on You though.”

“You too.” His finger traces over my ring, sending a shiver down my spine as it moves to trace my collar. “Not as much as this does though, this makes you mine, all mine.”

“Why Master, how sentimental of You.”
“I love the wedding rings, we can wear them openly, but don’t ever forget this is what binds you to me forever, not marriage or anything else. You’re my slave and seriously don’t underestimate how much of me wants to have you on your knees on our wedding day, your collar showing for everyone to see.”

My hand reaches up through His hair, guiding His head so our mouths are almost touching, “I’ll promise to obey my husband.”

Our breathing is heavy with raw lust, “Too right you will. That was never going to be an option.”

I respond by stealing a kiss, “They do know. They all know I belong to You.”

“You have me, just the same.”

Master sits up, manoeuvring me to straddle Him, my legs wrapped around His hips. With my eyes never leaving His, my fingers trace down His wrist, brushing over the ‘R’ branded into His skin, “Forever, till death do us part.”

His hands move to the titanium slave bracelets I’m wearing; I was right, Master had ordered them. When they arrived last week, after our face-time that night He locked the screws fastening them around my wrists. We had talked about having a Master/slave ceremony after we sign the new contract. Jokingly, I said He should have the screw parts on the bracelets and collar welded so they can’t even be unscrewed. Liking the idea, He’s actually seriously considering it, but is worried about the consequences if they ever had to be removed. We’ll see closer the time, the idea is there and it doesn’t really matter, because if anything happens even today, Master might not be there so people would find out whether they screw off or not. I don’t care about strangers knowing and I don’t think Master does, it’s more the family and the village that makes us both feel anxious about it.

They’ve taken a bit of getting used to; I don’t wear a watch now and they clanked against the keyboard sometimes which I found really annoying at first, but I’ve since learned how to keep them out of the way at work. I don’t consciously hide them; a few people have noticed already and easily accepted them without blinking an eye. Apparently, the concept of the modern man has even made it as far as Emmerdale. I love them, I love what they represent, the feel of them and how Master can link them together any time, no matter where we are. He now always carries in His pocket some d-rings with Him for just that purpose; I can’t wait for Him to use them when we’re somewhere public.

Master’s slap on my arse tears me away from my thoughts and the glint in His eyes tells me He’s up to something. “I think my slave deserves a suitable reward for His wedding gift, which is perfect by the way.”

“I’m honoured You think so.”

“Such a devoted hole deserves a nice treat. I’ll even be so generous to give you a choice.” I squirm with arousal as He leans over to the toybox which lives down the side of His chair, pulling out a couple of thin silver chains and a padlock.

“Will you be a perfect boy for me?” My eyes follow His hand as He connects two d-rings to my bracelets padlocking them together in front of me joining them like handcuffs; He then threads the chain through my nipple rings clipping the ends to the hoop of the padlock, before threading the second chain through my guiche, similarly clipping it to the padlock.
“Yes, Master.”

“I love the rings, but you must have known I can’t let you go without some kind of punishment for not telling me.”

“i was hopeful, Master.”

“I bet you were.” A deep kiss whilst grinding against each other draws me in, a willing participant. The pull on my guiche has me silently keening, closing my eyes i’m unaware of Master’s devious smile, “You can either have a ruined orgasm and sleep with me, or I’ll give you one of the best blow jobs of your life with a pleasurable orgasm then you sleep in the cage in the playroom. Personally, I think you’re getting off lightly, you have such a loving Master.”

Groaning inside, i try to convince myself that this is way better than Master’s switch. We both knew it wasn’t a choice, there was only ever going to be one answer as He tugs harder and my body arched into Him, “Sleep with You Master.”

Shifting me sideways on, His hand rests on my lower back holding me steady as His other hand turns my face towards Him so they are only a couple of inches apart, and almost whispering He sets the final conditions, “Touch yourself, use your own hand and show me how much you love me.”

Kissing my lips softly, His face remains close in.

“Body and soul; You own it all, Master.”

“Show me.”

Torn between exasperation, desperation and unadulterated love, i work my shaft, stopping when i think i’m getting too near the edge, not wanting to fail and disappoint. Our faces are almost touching, our mouths so near but for the most part not quite closing the gap with Master’s lust-filled eyes locked onto mine throughout, taunting and demanding. The intimate kisses scattered in and amongst only serve to encourage the pitiful moans escaping my lips. The longer my denial is drawn out the more difficult it becomes to keep going and my breathing is increasingly laboured as i teeter on the edge of no return, each time Master telling me to stop or switch to a different technique to prevent any unwanted climax. The tug of the chains as my hand moves is heaven and hell; i’m unsure how much longer i can continue. i want to obey, but my body is failing my mind as a stray tear down falls down my cheek upon Master’s finger entering my hole. “Master......”

“No begging, slave. I love you so much; you can do it.”

“i don’t think i can, Master. It’s too much.”

“Don’t you want to sleep with me, wake up in my arms?” My entire body is quivering, it’s out of my control, with all my effort focussed on holding back the build-up of semen, my balls are so full, they are going to burst.

“i’d love to, i love you so much.”

“Prove it, hold it for me.” Shaking like a leaf more tears flow down my face, “So perfect, denying your own pleasure pleases me, slave; so fucking hot and sexy for me.”

“i’m going to come, Master.”

“No, you’re not; tell me what you’re going to do to please your Master, slave.”
“Oh god, it’s so hard.”

“Tell me.”

“Ruin my own orgasm.”

“More than that.”

“i’m going to deny my own pleasure.”

“Why?”

“Because i kept a secret from you. Arrrgh....., Master.”

“No, tell me the real reason.”

“Because You want me to.” Trembling i’m certain the next movement of my hand will have me spilling uncontrollably. As i’m not allowed to remove my hand from around my engorged and throbbing cock, it’s practically vibrating against my skin, its head painfully purple, screaming for release.

Master’s mouth covers mine possessively, my finger and thumb forming a ring below the head of my shaft, unmoving despite every fibre of my being craves it to stroke myself to a full orgasm, “So close, slave. You know what you have to do; give me what I want.”

Whimpering, i obey, slowly sliding down my finger and thumb down to the base, holding them there. Master’s fingers brush my tear stained cheek; it can’t have been more than seconds, but i feel my feelings switch. “Good boy.” My body is demanding a more forceful ejaculation, but instead, the milky fluid oozing from the tip of my cock is maddeningly slow, i can almost feel it bubbling out millimetre by millimetre. The experience is torturous, marked by the total absence of the waves of pleasure that usually overwhelm me when i cum. Instead i’m reeling, my body and mind are so dazed and confused by its loss that i’m only half aware of Master’s hand stroking the back of my neck over my tattoo whilst kissing my lips tenderly, “So fucking hot, you were so good for me, slave.” i have no words, there’s nothing left to give. Closing my eyes, i wrap my arms around His neck needing the close intimacy whilst having time to recover.

After a while, somewhat back to a normal pattern of breathing, i rest my forehead against Master’s, my eyes seeking His, “What do you say when you receive such a generous gift, slave?”

“Thank You, Master; Your property thanks You from the bottom of his slave heart. Evil Master, will You take me to bed now?”

Chuckling at my cheekiness, the response is the one i’d hoped to hear, “With chains on.”

“Perfect.”

TBC
Her Majesty

Chapter Summary

Key changes are set in motion to solidify Aaron's ownership and Robert struggles to be the slave he aspires to be leading to an unexpected adjustment.

Chapter Notes

Key rules/changes to date:
Not allowed to use the words, ‘I want’, ‘I need’ or ‘sorry’ / When apologize, have to say out loud what for / No begging unless commanded / Not allowed to ask for permission to cum / Naked in the home / Keep up-to-date handwritten list of new rules and read them before breakfast and going to bed / Wear apron when preparing and cooking hot meals / Master approves all work appointments / Offer Master massage after work / Kneel when serving Master alcohol

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aaron, mid/end May 2021

“This is nice Master, don’t you think?”

After adding the final signature, I put the papers down on the office desk, home paperwork being a welcome change from work stuff. Observing slave knelt on the floor before me, I answer distractedly, “A day off is always nice.”

Switching to the next position, slave continues talking, “I mean being at home together like this during the week.”

Scrutinizing slave more closely, it's pleasing that practising his positions is definitely beginning to bear fruit, and with starting yoga classes, both his posture and suppleness are improving. Whether he likes it or not, despite already having a good level of fitness and weight he has recognized the creeping signs in his body, a reminder that he is getting older which has led to these both being put into his schedule. The added bonus for me is that his stamina is better than ever before, meaning I can put him into some quite challenging positions for longer, and not being outdone when he pointed out I’m not that far behind him in years, we go to yoga together. However, he’s under serious threat of punishment if mum or Cain ever find this out, I can hear their ribbing just thinking about it. “Has Master decided yet if slave can come down onto a four-day week at work?”

“Straighten your spine, you’re not concentrating. You also seem to have forgotten the golden rule when you’re in any of your positions that you’re not allowed to talk until I say you can. What makes you think this doesn’t apply when you’re practising?” slave has been in a rebellious mood all this week, raising his eyebrows but seeing the look I give him, he seems to realise he’s pushing his luck and keeps quiet.

Every Friday he has to meditate and practice his positions, now including the seven new ones. Most
of them we’ve been using for quite a long time, but never especially named them, which has now changed after deciding I’m going to include them in our new contract.

“We’ll talk when you’re done.” Without any further distraction, slave finishes the rest of his positions perfectly, but there’s an air about him as if saying ‘fuck you Master, I can do it right if I want to’. As much as I know it shouldn’t, his independent streak is entertaining and I don’t ever want to change this part of his personality.

Finished, slave sits absolutely perfectly in the ‘Display’ position. I choose to ignore him for a long while, smiling inwardly to myself knowing this will wind him up somewhat; petty I know, but being a brat has a price, you reap what you sow my beautiful husband to be.

Knowing exactly the content of the documents I’ve just read and signed, slave is by now likely to be feeling very impatient, but he doesn’t let it show one bit. I often wonder what Robert was really like as a boy, I only remember snippets from the odd times I was in the village and when we met his behaviour did nothing to dispel his reputation. He was probably just as wonderfully infuriating as he is now, mixed in with the same blissful moments of angelic-like behaviour I imagine. I can almost sympathise with his dad wanting to throttle him at times except that I know his acting out lies in his insecurities and is a sign he needs extra reinforcement that he’s loved and valued.

“Sit Here,” Shifting to position himself on the cushion at my feet, his posture relaxing with my hand petting his head affectionately. “You can talk now.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“To answer your question, yes you may have the additional half-day and will not go to work on Fridays.” Such a gorgeous smile appears on his face, it almost takes my breath away. This was how he lured me in when we got together and it hasn’t changed much except now there are rules and I’m far from the pushover of when we first met. “And I’m sure you’ll be happy to learn that I’ve agreed with Adam to work from home on Fridays to do the paperwork; won’t that be fun?”

“It opens up a lot of opportunities, Master.”

Chuckling at the mischievous glint in his eyes, I have to agree, it does that and I reward him with a gentle sweet lingering kiss, my mouth hovering close to his face as I speak, my hand drifting down to fondle his cock. “I’ll be able to enjoy spending quality time with you whilst I’m working. No untoward disruption, except maybe the occasional moan or scream of pain or pleasure; if I allow it, of course.” It’s amusing to see the effect this has on slave; licking his lips I can tell the idea of this is appealing as much to him as it is to me but I don’t give him time to dwell further and I leave him almost pouting, desperate for more as my hand returns to petting his head; we have more important things to talk about just now. “The forms are ready for the marriage license, you just have to add your signature and then we can post off to the Council, and the solicitor sent the final version of the wills. Have you told Nicola about the changes to the business?”

“Not yet; I was waiting until everything is signed and sealed, just to be sure there are no last-minute revisions.”

“All our changes were made, I’ve now signed everything my side, so unless there’s anything more to talk about now you’ve re-read all the paperwork, all that’s left is for you to sign.”

“It’s all good.”
I’m trying not to let it show but underneath I’m completely buzzing with what we’re about to do and it’s difficult to temper my excitement. However, I need slave to know, Robert to know, that it’s not too late to change his mind about anything, “The wills we sign today, but are you sure about signing the other documents now? I’m happy to wait until we sign the new slave contract at the end of August.”

“With your permission, I prefer to have it all done now, Master; it doesn’t make any difference if we wait or not.”

I study slave, he’s such a contradiction at the minute; totally compliant on the big stuff like this whilst fighting me on all the little things. With the wedding set for the middle of June, the decisions about finance and assets were speeded up and the last couple of weeks we’ve been finetuning the details. The main terms will go into the new slave contract but I agree, there’s really no reason to wait.

Even at my most angry and hurt with him, if we ever split up I can’t imagine me ever abusing his trust about money but it’s impossible to predict the future; yet Robert convinced me to agree to more than I originally intended. He can be quite persuasive when he chooses to be, but I feel easier with the safety we’ve built in. It’s taken quite some time to come up with a solution and it’s not perfect, but in practical terms it would be close to impossible for me to leave him without enough to live on until he at least found his feet.

At work the slave contract and my instructions will generally empower him to make decisions on the day-to-day stuff but as I’ll have majority control (51%) over all Robert’s business holdings, I have to authorise all key decisions about staffing, any contracts, financials and such like. On the private assets, for as long as he remains my slave the final decision is mine. If we ever voided the slave contract I would still have the 51% of the business holdings but in the case of any sale there’s a clause specifying that it has to be at a fair market price so Robert would profit from his share assuming everything is in a saleable state. On the personal stuff, once we’re married what isn’t already will switch into our joint names so in the eyes of the law we’ll be equal like any other couple, but as today Robert won’t have any cards, pins or passwords except for the separate household account for shopping and bills. It's only kept topped up enough by standing order for the monthly expenses, no personal purchases permitted.

Where Robert cedes his rights on the joint personal assets is with a Lasting Power of Attorney (“LPA”) which he will sign now and if our slave contract were ever terminated it would allow for the voiding of the LPA if not in effect. The slave contract isn’t enforceable in a court of law whereas the LPA is and would give me control over all these assets; the important part is that the LPA isn’t valid until witnessed and dated, in this case by our solicitor. The solicitor will hold the only copy and is instructed in writing that he can only sign it with Robert alone attending in person to give his final consent. His ultimate surrender is in the sheer possibility that given the right circumstances it could be a legal reality for me to have total control of all the personal assets.

Through Master Thomas he put us in contact with a solicitor, Ian, who is a sub in his personal life and he helped us work out something that we were both comfortable with. This is the driving reason why I let slave have his way. If Ian were a Master, I’m not sure I would have, but Ian was also very clear that if he was convinced Robert wanted it he would accept his choice without reservation. He had several sessions talking with Robert just the two of them and they’ve become friends through the process and I can see why, he’s tough but not judgemental. We’ve liked working with Ian so much that we’ve moved everything under him, both for work and home related; it’s makes it easier being able to talk openly about everything.
“Would you like to read everything through again, one last time?”

“No, Master.” He is so calm and collected it’s scary, he’s so sure; it’s a humbling experience after handing him a pen as I watch him sign his name to all the required documents. Some won’t come into effect until we’re married so they are forward dated, but our signatures are there, in black and white. Effective as of today are our wills and the transfer on the business holdings.

In less than two minutes, Robert Sugden has signed his life over. I wouldn’t say it feels better than our first slave contract or putting a collar around his neck, nothing could surpass either of these, they are exceptionally special and will stay with me forever, but this is absolutely a defining moment.

“Now you just have to make an honest man of me in church and that’s it. Downhill from then on.”

“Idiot.” My tongue devours his mouth, plunging deep, owning what is mine and will always be mine if I have anything to say about it. It’s only when oxygen becomes a necessity that I pull out, my face resting against his capturing my breath, my slave’s eyes part blown from the experience.

There’s no doubting his happiness, his smile says it all, “Does this warrant celebratory sex, Master?”

“No.”

“Seriously?” slave is visibly pouting.

I do love to mind-fuck with him when he least expects it and I can’t fail to miss just how rock hard he is; it really would be a shame to let it go to waste, “You make me so very happy, the more you give me, the more I want.”

“I’m yours, Master.”

“Yes, you are, completely. Make love to me, slave.”

Robert, mid/end May 2021

Yesterday at this time we were laid here basking in the after-glow of our luxurious lovemaking; today i’m trying to worm my way out of punishment which Master’s not buying. Probably my attitude isn’t helping, but i can’t seem to help it at the minute. i don’t know what’s up with me half the time myself. It’s not my fault that He’s such a messy slob that He leaves His empty crisp packet lying around so it ends up under the sofa.

i wonder if He’d seen it yesterday whether i’d still have been allowed to make love to Him. It’s a moot point as it’s today His crappy pen rolled under the offending sofa which is now the reason i’m explaining why the crisp packet, unmistakably His from earlier in the week, didn’t get put in the bin when i was doing my cleaning on Friday. It’s just bloody typical. The one and only time in forever, i rush the housework and didn’t vac properly, i get caught out.

Master’s face tells me He’s not impressed with my excuses. i’m not sure what i’m going to cop it for the most, cutting corners on my chores or lying after the fact having told Him i’d finished everything before going to Hotten. i only did it because i didn’t want to get stuck in tea-time traffic going to pick up the wedding rings; i didn’t think He’d ever find out to know any different.
There’s now a set protocol when I fuck up. Kneeling, my eyes cast down, I repeat the expected words and I do mean them, I do, but at the same time, I can’t help thinking I only did it to give Him a nice surprise in the first place. “If You please, forgive me Master; as Your property I will strive to do better. This slave accepts any correction or punishment decided by its owner.”

“And what exactly am I forgiving?”

Shit, Master’s scowling even more now, having forgotten that I’m also supposed to state clearly what I’ve done wrong, “This slave didn’t vac properly and lied to Master saying everything was done so I could go to Hotten early to pick up the wedding rings.” Was that too much attitude again, I can’t tell anymore; it’s so not my day today, in fact strike that, it’s not really my month.

“It’s like you can’t seem to help yourself this last couple of weeks; if this is your way of getting me to be stricter, then congratulations, welcome to the new world, slave. You’re accumulating lines on the board quicker than your backside can cope with these days and I’ve been far too relaxed on taking away your privileges. So to remind you of your place in my world, you’ll get a daily maintenance spanking unless I decide otherwise and any bad behaviour or rule breaking, I’ll decide on a case by case basis but understand it’ll be swift, even when we’re not at home. I’m sure I can be quite creative to think of something extra special to motivate you in thinking twice before making the same mistake.”

“Lying is what I hate the most, you know that; and then trying to squirm your way out of a punishment that you know full well you deserve is not acceptable. So, your arse can expect to suffer and you’ll lose privileges as I decide for a week. We have an appointment with the Queen now, so you’ll learn exactly what this will mean when we get back home. You certainly won’t be sleeping with me tonight at least because I’m not convinced about the sincerity of your apology. Your clothes are on the table by the door, go get ready, I’ll be there in a few minutes. We are also going to be having a serious chat later about why one minute you’re the perfect slave and the other you’re all snarky and disobedient.”

It takes me a few seconds to remember our appointment with Vic. Together with Adam and Diane, she insisted on gifting all the catering for the day as our wedding present. Master has started sometimes affectionately calling her Queen Vic, even to her face sometimes in tongue and cheek when she’s being all bossy; I think secretly she quite likes it. Today is supposedly final decision day on what we would like, to give her time to get everything organized. Quickly getting dressed, I silently wait, standing facing the wall next to the hall table in the ‘Wait Here’ position which is part of a new ritual when leaving the house. Hearing Master approach, I listen for His instruction, “Turn around.” He gives me the once over as I turn full circle for Him to complete a visual inspection. Considering I’m the one who fusses more about how I look, Master is meticulous at picking me up on anything not being right or to His liking, taking obvious pleasure when finding something out of place.

Usually at this point, He would be handing me my phone which I’m allowed when going out, but as this is a privilege its clearly staying locked in the clear perspex box on the hall table where my devices and such live at home when I’m not allowed to use them. I don’t say anything, the annoyed look on His face makes it clear it wouldn’t be a wise move.

“Be thankful I’m taking you with me instead of leaving you here without a say in what you get to eat at your own wedding. I don’t expect anything but instant obedience from you hereon in, or you won’t be able to sit down for a week your arse will be so raw and you’ll lose more privileges than you ever thought possible, do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”
“Make sure you do because if you want the privilege of sleeping in my bed after tonight, you’ll behave impeccably; Vic is doing something very nice for us and she doesn’t deserve to have to put up with any crap from you.”

i know He’s more pissed at my attitude than the actual transgression and i’m upset at the shift in severity of my punishment, feeling guilty and equally befuddled by my recent mood swings. More than slightly alarmed at the thought of not sleeping with Master for longer than one night has me reeling and instantly contrite. This is hardly ever included in my loss of privileges as Master misses having me there making it as much a punishment for Him as me. “This slave shall behave in a manner worthy of Master’s love.”

“Glad to hear it; let’s get going else we’ll be late.”

Having received the command to follow to heel i’m one step behind and to the left of Master taking great care not to deviate. The tense atmosphere between us is the polar opposite of yesterday’s easy conversation and we walk in silence to my sisters. Master is purposefully ignoring me and any good mood He did have is sorely dented.

Vic’s audible yell through the door to come on in is the only answer we get to my loud knocking and i open the cottage door for Master to enter first. Without warning, He turns to me so abruptly that i only just manage to avoid walking into Him, His hand on my arm expertly guiding me to face the wall by the bottom of the staircase, ‘Wait here’. Having taken Master’s earlier words to heart, i still myself in the commanded position.

He’s gone so long i start wondering if He intends to keep me here the whole time, but upon hearing Him return it seems not to be the case. Stood motionless, the drawn-out silence is unnerving and i can only feel rather than see Him staring at me before speaking, His voice calm but stern. “Certain changes are going to happen starting today. Vic and Adam have known about our M/s relationship for a long time so when there’s no one else around, with the exception that you’ll be covered up to whatever extent I deem acceptable you will stay in full-slave mode with them. Just to be clear that means all the rules at home will apply, and from now on, you will address Vic as Queen Vic or Your Majesty and Adam will be Mr Barton as far as you’re concerned.”

Completely stunned, i’m not even sure i’m registering everything as He continues, “I’ve decided that me and Vic know your preferences well enough it’s not actually necessary for you to be part of the discussion today so there’s no reason why you can’t do your corner time here.” It’s only now that there’s a pause, as if He’s waiting to see if i object. My mind’s too busy whirring to actually get that far when Master gives me some comfort that He’s not just acting out of anger, “Do you consent?”

Ignoring the urge to run a mile and never look back, i’m so thrown that i don’t have any words. It’s what i asked for in April, to be ourselves outside home as much as possible, but the reality doesn’t feel as appealing as the idea of it; was i just chasing a fantasy never expecting it to be acted upon? Master waits patiently, not pushing for a quick answer. i have a choice and i’m certain if i say no, He’ll respect it. This puts a whole new slant on the meaning of ‘uncomfortable’. There is only one way that i’m going to find out where my true limits are and not just put the burden onto Master; taking a deep breath i give my answer, “i consent.”

Master steps closer, no doubt aware of how fearful i am. This is a big deal for both of us, but me especially, this is my sister who’s heard me call Aaron ‘Master’, but never seen anything more than me kneeling at His feet when at home with us. She’ll see the true slave for the very first time and it’s
not exactly the most auspicious introduction to this part of our life, seeing me being punished.

Thankful for the time Master is giving me, i feel His hand on my lower back, “You can do this, if it’s too far too soon, safeword. Are you ready?” i hesitate once more, “Look at me.” Turning my head enough to be able to see Him, He kisses me, “I love you, I love how brave you are for me; you are my slave and I’m proud of you. I don’t want to have to hide when we don’t have to. We don’t act differently with our other friends who know, so within certain limits we shouldn’t have to with family who know either.” Master is studying me closely, “What are you thinking?”

The words help, but not enough to quell the gnawing panic inside me. “What if she laughs at me, Master?”

“This will be as weird for Vic as you at first, but you’ll work it out. She won’t laugh.”

i’m not sure how He can be that certain but my mind’s made up, “i’m ready, Master.”

“Good boy. Let’s go say hello to your Queen.” The next command is non-verbal, instructing me to follow Him. Afraid to look anywhere other than directly ahead of me, walking into the lounge, i find myself in front of my sister where Master speaks, “Her Majesty’s agreed to try this, slave; just like you, she’ll let me know if it gets too uncomfortable. All I ask is that you both give it a go and try to relax like normal.”

Still not daring to look at Vic, after darting a glance at Master, facing Queen Vic, i keep my eyes lowered. For this particular moment, i couldn’t be more grateful for the protection a slave’s etiquette affords me. “Tell Her Majesty why you’re being punished and as we’re in her house, ask permission to go to the corner.”

i manage to start but stumble at the first hurdle, feeling the red heat in my cheeks rising, “Your Majesty….”

“Look up and speak up; no hiding.”

My face is burning crimson with embarrassment but Master’s voice is uncompromising and i’m so conditioned to respond when it takes on this tone that this time i obey without hesitation, “This slave lied about doing a chore properly so tonight my arse will be on fire and not in a good way and i’ve probably lost privileges like you wouldn’t believe because i tried to get out of the punishment, giving Master attitude instead of apologising like i should have. This slave respectfully requests permission from Her Majesty to kneel in the corner of the room to reflect on how to do better.”

Although i’d been looking up, i’d avoided actually looking at Vic in the eyes, only now managing a darting glance to see her reaction. There’s a hint of amusement but she’s definitely not ‘laughing’ at me; it’s more like knowing i’ve been up to no good and that being my own worst enemy, i’m now going to well and truly get my comeuppance; when you know me, it’s predictable really. Even now i’m not the perfect slave, my words still carrying with them my natural sarcasm accompanied by a hint of a wry smile on my face.

“Corner’s all yours ‘til your Master tells you different.”

“Thank you, Your Majesty.”” Silently, i also say thank you that she didn’t call me slave because that would have just been way too much, today anyway. Knowing i still have to wait for Master’s permission, i only move when He nods His head.

Trying not to think that Queen Vic is watching, i take myself over to the only free corner in the room
where i kneel, my bum resting on my heels, forehead touching the wall with my arms in a box tie position behind my back. Generally, i don’t dislike corner time, it helps me focus on what i’ve been punished for and trying to come up with ways to avoid a repeat. i’m not always successful, but i do try. i’m just thankful today, considering Master’s mood, that He didn’t command me into any of the more stressful or embarrassing positions.

It doesn’t take me long to retreat into my own thoughts, Master and Queen Vic’s conversation receding into the background. The new titles suit Vic i decide, not too icky, i could even use them in the pub, people would just see it as sibling banter; clever Master. i’m not so sure about how Adam will take to all this. Staying in slave-mode is going to be awkward enough with Vic, but if i get through this, then i think we’ll be okay with it. However, Adam’ll run a mile i reckon; more embarrassed than me. Just that alone will make it worth doing.

Switching my thoughts to another, more important, topic i need to think about what to say to Master later when we talk about why i’ve been playing up. Maybe He has His own ideas and can help me work it out, because i’m not altogether sure i know or understand the reasons myself.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Robert’s final response to the writing assignment – a combination of Erica’s (Stulots) words and my own:

Assignment title: "As a slave is it okay to want to make my master proud of me?"
At first, Master, i struggled to find the answer to this question; it drove me crazy for a while because i like to please you, it makes me happy and any answer seemed to always come up woefully short.
To ‘want’ something is a privilege that Master has removed from my vocabulary. This and so many other things have changed upon mastering Your inner self, embracing responsibility for the slave at Your feet. You judge whether slave really needs something and although i have no right to voice my desires, they remain an inherent part of human nature. This i cannot erase completely; You simply decide if i am worthy to receive that which You choose to bestow.
In breaking down the question, it kept coming back to the words ‘to want to make’ and isn’t that the same as manipulating Master’s will or feelings? By rephrasing the question, i found my answer within it, ‘As a slave, is it okay to hope to make Master proud?’
Master’s will is His own. It is not to a slave to dictate but to obey and in doing so hopes that Master feels pride in the knowledge that slave serves Him with passion; filled with love submits to Him, only Him, and freely gives body and spirit without hesitation.
Through this exercise, slave has come to realize that hope is the key, hope is the embodiment of free will for as long as it remains. Therefore, Master, my answer to the question is, ‘No, Your devoted slave can only hope to make Master proud’.
What would I do without you, Master?

Chapter Summary

Robert gets used to more micro-management.

Chapter Notes

Key rules/changes to date:
Not allowed to use the words, ‘I want’, ‘I need’ or ‘sorry’ / When apologize, have to say out loud what for / No begging unless commanded / Not allowed to ask for permission to cum / Naked in the home / eep up-to-date handwritten list of new rules and read them before breakfast and going to bed / Wear apron when preparing and cooking hot meals / Master approves all work appointments / Offer Master massage after work / Kneel when serving Master alcohol/ Remain in full slave-mode with Vic and Adam who are to be addressed as Queen Vic or Your Majesty and Mr Barton when in private / Defer to Master for all key decisions on staffing, any contracts and financials relating to business holdings /

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aaron, beginning June 2021

“Bloody typical, they have to wait until my programme’s just about to start.” Mumbling and fumbling, I finally fish my phone out from between the cushions, “Hi Vic.” My fingers continue carding through slave’s hair, his head is just at perfect arm’s length for me to reach over the side of the sofa without any effort and I smile hearing his humming with contentment, it’s almost like he is purring.

Every day it seems I’m talking with someone or other about the wedding, that I’m beginning to wish we’d just run off to the registry office to get married, but I think half the village would collectively kill us if we did that. This time Vic is wanting to talk about last minute details for the catering, there’s only three weeks to go and even I have to admit I can’t wait. “Can’t you send me a picture? ..... I don’t know Vic, you decide; don’t get me wrong but we won’t care either way.” I snort a laugh at her response, “slave doesn’t get a say if I don’t want him to and he hasn’t been told the final menu anyway. ..... Fine, come over but you have to promise it’s the last time; after this, I don’t want to know, okay? .....Yes, he’s here, but consider yourself warned, he’s in the cage by the sofa and he’ll be staying there. You won’t see anything you shouldn’t but he’s not going to be contributing anything to the conversation neither. ..... Okay see you in a bit.”

Since finishing his chores after eating, slave’s been nicely tucked away in the wooden cage which lives at the left-hand side of the sofa. As far as visitors are concerned it’s a lovely piece of furniture with a reading lamp and a couple of candles on its waxed wooden surface which sits just flush with the height of the sofa arm. Top to bottom, the back is a wooden panel; the sides are two-thirds solid wood from the bottom up but the top third has thin wooden slats forming bars. It’s the front that is the most interesting if you are Master and slave, with two interchangeable front sections depending how
I want to use it. The functionality of this particular piece of furniture is to contain a slave, exactly as I had designed; any other use is secondary and to be honest, except for the lamp, it doesn’t get used for anything else. It comes in very handy having a carpenter on call who will take my requirement, understanding its exact purpose and creates something so perfectly beautiful.

There are two interchangeable doors for the front section. One has wooden bars running up from the floor to the top keeping slave fully on the inside yet allowing me a view of my property when I’m sat across from him, the other is the one I’m using now. There are wooden bars from the base up but there is an open semi-circle space in the middle towards the top, measured to a perfect fit for slave’s neck with a smooth piece of wood edging holding it in place, slave’s head is the only visible body part on the outside. Even the candles are not the usual cheap supermarket fare but my favourite to drop wax on slave’s body when the mood takes my fancy. I like the fact they are on display all the time, ready to hand for whenever I want to use them.

slave has continued to be a true pain up the arse one way or another. Always small niggling things, never anything serious but his backside got to the point where any more punishment would do more physical harm than I’m prepared to dole out and I’m not sure it would make a difference anyway. A lecture was like water off a duck’s back with him and corner time ineffective. This all came to a head at the end of last week when I’d had enough and he spent the entire weekend on punishment. He was banned from every room in the house except the kitchen where he slept on the floor at night, not even allowed his dog bed. Except for mealtimes, he was muzzled and had to keep his eyes down, not allowed to look at me. Meals were a dog bowl of Huel, which I mixed to a paste; it gives him all the nutrients he needs but the original option has no taste, he hates it.

On Saturday he was tasked with cleaning the kitchen from top to bottom, including the cupboards inside and out. It gave new meaning for being chained to the kitchen sink because he literally was almost the entire weekend, even during the night. He wore his big collar and his wrist bracelets were padlocked to a chain running through an o-ring on his collar so when hanging down with the chain equal in length, he could not lower his wrists more than twenty centimetres and the maximum either could go was forty centimetres; then his ankles were also on a short chain. He could move about enough to do his work, just, but it was inconvenient and slowed him down.

Then Sunday morning, I had him cleaning the floor with a toothbrush whilst wearing weights on his nipples and the strictest humbler we have and took pleasure at the dismay on his face when I pissed all over him and the nice clean floor, making him lick it up with his tongue and then having him start all over again with the toothbrush.

As a result, this week there’s been a marked improvement in his attitude but, after a hard day listening to Adam moan me to death about his own issues, I’m determined to have a nice relaxing night in front of the telly without having to put up with any more moodiness from anyone, and still wanting to have slave close to me, this is the perfect solution. I can pet his head and enjoy my programmes, and for a nice change, the only moaning I’m hearing is that from him falling a little into subspace. slave is wearing a blindfold and silicon earplugs, his wrists are cuffed at the small of his back with a chain connecting his balls and ankles, and another chain running up through his nipple rings, all with just enough tension to make any movement an experience to remember. The anal hook he wore earlier has been replaced by a medium size metal plug. He’s not gagged, because I like having him sucking on my fingers; it’s very comforting for both of us.

The knock at the door gets my attention and I go to let Vic in. This is the first time she’s been to the house since agreeing I can keep Robert in full slave mode with her. I’m curious how she’ll react and if she’s not okay with it, then we’ll go sit outside to talk. She did well with his punishment the other
day and there’s nothing visible that she shouldn’t see. Adam unsurprisingly was not too thrilled with
the idea so when he’s around, nothing will change from before except slave will call him Mr Barton,
that’s non-negotiable.

Following me into the front room, Vic stops like a cat caught in the headlights of car, “Oh, wow.”

“He can’t hear you and he doesn’t know you’re here, so if you aren’t alright with it, we can go into
the garden. I wanted a quiet easy night, I don’t get too many.” I’m not going to feel guilty if she feels
uncomfortable, she agreed to this and I’m not going to apologise to her or anyone for how we choose
to live, but I also understand that there’s a big difference thinking you know how we are day to day
and seeing it.

“No, it’s okay; just wasn’t expecting his head to be on the outside that’s all.” Vic seats herself in
the fireside chair, which I note places her just out of line of sight, so she can’t really see him. This might
be just as well, as slave has started to suck on two of my fingers and I let it continue because it’s
relaxing for me as much as for him. “I don’t have to you call you Master when he’s around, do I? I
forgot to ask before.”

Her grin might be full of mischief but the question is nonetheless serious and I smile at her, amused at
the thought, “No Vic, only your brother gets to call me that. Some of our friends call me Master
Aaron in private, and you don’t need to call him slave. I don’t actually think he’d like that.”

“Does it matter what he wants?”

“Always, you know that.” At seeing my glare, she looks immediately apologetic and I let it go
because she’s been nothing but supportive with us ever since she found out. “He doesn’t always
know he wants or needs something until he gets it and sometimes he makes bad choices because he
doesn’t always think things through. That’s why he asked me to make the decisions for him.”

“Sorry, I know he’s happy; it doesn’t mean I always get it. Did he tell you he came to see me the
other day?”

I nod. With being leashed and in some form of bondage becoming a bigger part of our day outside a
scene, slave had asked permission to explain more to Vic about the bdsm part of our life to help
prepare her better. Although I’m not going to be spanking him in front of his sister, well unless he’s
really naughty I might be tempted, she will probably see slave a lot more submissive and in more
bondage than she’s used to.

“Is it really that different now?” Seeing my head tip sideways and a look that I’m not quite sure what
she’s getting at, she clarifies, “Robert said he’s asked you to take a lot more control, though he didn’t
really say what that means except it’s the natural next step and is good for him.”

Knowing slave said this to his sister is heart-warming and I feel so proud of him, of us. In
considering how to answer, I shrug; it’s a strange line for us all to walk with just how much to share,
“Some. He loves being in bondage, it relaxes him so that’s becoming a bigger part of the everyday
and not just sceneing. He needs permission for more of the smaller things and now has rules for work
where before he had free rein pretty much and it’s different with you. I’m trying to make the changes
gradually; we’re still working it out and it tends to go in fits and starts. We’re both busy and what
with the wedding, there’s not always a lot of time. He’s been working longer hours this last couple of
weeks which isn’t helping.” I smile at her. “Did he show you the rings?”

“No.” Her wide-eyed reaction tells me slave hadn’t told her and for some unknown reason that
pleases me immensely.

“Sneaky get went and bought us wedding rings.” slave whimpers at the loss of my hand when I get up to go fetch the box off the mantelpiece. Passing them to Vic for a look, I can’t help smiling at slave. He does my head in at the moment but I wouldn’t swap him for anything.

Vic looks pleased by his choice; my slave has good taste, I’ll give him that, “They’re beautiful. They must have cost a penny or two.”

“I agreed to not knowing; it’s his wedding present, but probably. He might want me to take more control but he most definitely still has a mind of his own when he wants even if it means he’s going to be punished.”

She grins at me knowingly, “So, what are you getting him?”

Sitting back in the corner of the sofa, my hand returns to rest on slave’s head, my fingers stroking softly and petting which has a visible effect, his head pushing gently against my hand which tells me he’s enjoying it. “I’ve booked us a honeymoon. Don’t tell anyone, especially mum, she can’t keep a secret to save her life. We said we’d go later in the year, but I decided we’d both earned the break so I’ve booked us into a luxury villa in the Algarve for a week. The flight times are a bit tight, so, to be honest, we won’t be staying hardly after the wedding if we want to get to the airport on time; it should work out okay all being well. I can’t wait to see his face.” An image of slave’s bound golden tanned naked body after a week in the sun also flashes into my mind, but I don’t think Vic would welcome me sharing that thought.

“I’m so jealous, we’re saving up for a deposit on our own house, so we’re holidaying in Emmerdale this year.”

“I know Adam said. He’s been downright grumpy lately. You’re both doing okay though, right?”

“What with Adam. Yeah, another mardy arse when he wants to be.”

“Hah, perhaps you should try putting a leash on him and giving him a spanking.”

“He’d die of embarrassment and for as much as I’m a bossy so and so, it’s not at all my thing.”

Wondering just how much slave had opened up to Vic, I probe a little, “Did he mention if anything was bothering him when he talked to you?”

“Who? Oh, Robert, like what?”

“Oh, I don’t know. He says he’s alright, but I have this niggling feeling that something is bugging him and he’s not sharing.”

“You could spank it out of him.”

“Not if he doesn’t want me to. Your brother has quite a high pain tolerance these days and is more stubborn than a mule. He’s not going to tell me until he’s ready and then we’ll just take it from there like we always do.”

“Thought he told you everything?”

“Usually, maybe he’s worried he’s bitten off more than he can chew, or he’s just trying to push my
buttons to make sure I’m not going to change my mind. Who knows what goes on it that head of his
sometimes. I can’t force him to tell me what he doesn’t want to tell me. Maybe I’m imagining it.”

“Maybe, but now you come to mention it, he’s been narky with everyone. Nicola said he was so
annoying yesterday, she sent him home early.”

“Did she now!”

The look on my face says that’s news to me and Vic sees it, “Does that mean I’ve just got him into
trouble?”

“Vic the only person that gets himself into trouble is that adorable contrary brother of yours. Right,
show me what you were going to show me, or we’ll be here gassing all night and I promised I’d call
Liv, she’s stressing about her last exam and I don’t want to leave it too late, it’s first thing in the
morning. She’s coming home in just over a weeks’ time, I can’t wait.”

Forty-five minutes later, we’ve finished up, Vic standing up to get ready to leave. An impish thought
enters my mind, and after passing her bag over, I unplug one of slave’s ears. “Say goodbye to Queen
Vic, slave; she’s leaving now.”

He can hear only faint dull sounds with these earplugs and probably thought I was on the phone or it
was just the noise from the TV. Vic is as mischievous as me at times, she smirks at me seeing slave’s
reaction and I kiss his forehead. He’s far enough down that his only verbal response is a quiet
farewell, the humiliation creeping into his face as I reinsert the earplug. He has accepted having no
choice in Vic seeing a bigger part of our real life at home and he’ll find it more natural given time,
but I’m not sure he’ll ever find it easy. He said he doesn’t want easy, and I’m quite happy to oblige.

After saying my own goodbye and letting Vic out the front door I select a ring gag from the toy box
and before he even realises, it’s in slave’s mouth. I don’t want him to have the opportunity to talk or
question and after only a token attempt at any resistance, he submits. Later, between programmes, I
let him out, guiding him to my feet, and it really is a pleasant evening all things being said as I watch
my last programme with my semi-hard cock in slave’s mouth the entire time. I’m not in the mood for
more, it’s nice just to enjoy the closeness and his submission. I’ll punish him tomorrow for fibbing
about when he left work. He never used to test me like this and I’m beginning to come to the
conclusion that maybe that really is what all this is about, testing my sincerity and commitment. He
shouldn’t be in any doubt on my ability to follow through, the last few years have proven that.

Either way, he’s obedient tonight, going to bed without any hint of bother and is so relaxed and tired,
that he isn’t in any fit state to have face time so after cleaning his teeth and helping him pee, I lock
him to his bed chain and within seconds he’s out like a light.

As usual, I’m awake before slave. He woke up a couple of times during the night but settled back
down quickly enough. It’s his restless sleep that has me convinced there’s something he’s not telling
me, he’s not been like this since the months after we moved in together. Whenever I broach my
concerns he jokes that he’s just nervous at telling people he’s going to be a Dingle. We decided to
keep it a surprise, partly to delay any grief from his side of the family as I can imagine it won’t go
down too well with either Diane or Andy no matter how good they think I am for him. They can get
used to it whilst we are on honeymoon and tough luck if they don’t. We both know that this isn’t
what’s keeping him on edge though, and it’s more than him testing me with all the changes, it feels
different but I can’t put a finger on why I know this, I just do. All I can do is bide my time and make
sure he knows I’m here when he’s ready because no amount of punishment or pressure will make
him talk if he doesn’t want to; patience has become my best friend for now.

Looking at the clock, we have time still before we need to get up. I love waking up cuddling with
him in my arms; I know every single expression and tic that slave has and watching him sleep
naturally, totally unguarded, is a guilty pleasure. I don’t once regret changing from our old morning
routine for me to enjoy this. He seems to have quickly gotten over the loss of his morning meditation,
although I don’t think it was actually a hardship, what with him not being a morning person.

Eyelids eventually prising themselves open, he doesn’t need to look at the clock to know the time
because I dictate when he’s allowed in and out of bed. Instead, slave snuggles closer, “Mmmh,
you’re warm and cosy. Do we have to go to work today, Master?”

Smiling at sleepyhead, with his body draped over mine he burrows his face in my neck, a single
loving kiss lingers before resting his head against my shoulder, his warm breath tingly against my
skin all stirring my arousal. My hand wanders, stroking the softness of his neck and upper back,
“Yep, we have a wedding to pay for.”

Kissing his forehead, slave mumbles after a half-awake yawn, “I can’t believe you did that
yesterday.”

“You remember then?”

“I wasn’t that out of it, I don’t think.”

“You were quite well under by the time we went to bed.”

“I was tired, long days, Master.”

“Except for Tuesday.”

It’s impossible to miss his quiet chuckle in amusement and resignation at hearing this, “My sister
can’t keep that gob of hers shut.”

“Now now, another comment like that and you’ll be doing lines at work about how good little slaves
should talk respectfully about their sister.” The last time I gave him lines to do at work, Jimmy saw
them and he had to think quickly to get himself out of a lifetime of embarrassment. I really should
feel guilty about these occasions, but I like screwing with him too much and deep down we both
know he loves it. “That also reminds me, I’ve decided to stop using the app to keep tabs on you so
you can uninstall it. The battery drains too quickly and I’ve noticed it’s not too accurate on showing
where you are so we're going to go back to you texting me like you did before and I'll use the phone
GPS more to make sure you are where you say you are.”

slave has the good sense to look as contrite yet it's worrisome that he continues to think he can get
away with things and not get found out, “If you please, forgive me Master for misleading you. It was
only that one time, Master, I promise. As your property I will strive to do better. This slave accepts
any correction or punishment decided by its owner.”

“I'm unimpressed and disappointed; my slave doesn't get to take such liberties. I have just the thing
during yoga to remind you to be nice when talking about Her Majesty, then we’ll still have time for
your maintenance spanking maybe with your not so favourite paddle for good measure. I have a lie
to punish.”

Releasing slave from the chain, I nudge him out of bed and he crawls into the bathroom. Crap he has
such a fine arse, I could stare at it all day, the only thing better is to play with it. It’s become a habit
that he crawls in the bedroom, I don’t even remember how it came about, but I would most definitely make it a rule if he stopped doing it.

We go to yoga class once a week in Hotten, but then usually do a session of yoga and stretching at home which was the plan today. I haven’t worked out what about it that turns me on the most; whatever it is, I’m always horny as hell by the time we’re done. It was nice enough to do yoga outside on the decking, slave grimacing the entire time from the bar of soap in his mouth, a fitting punishment I thought for the disparaging remarks about his sister. When we were finished he was allowed a glass of water to rinse his mouth out before getting over my knee for the nice long maintenance spanking I gave him, finished off well with him standing hands against the wall, arse out for twenty hard swats with the studded rubber paddle and I didn’t hold back, he’ll be feeling this all-day long.

The sight of his backside is a pretty one, wonderfully on fire and I can’t resist licking my lips greedily my full arousal evident from the sight of him now striding upstairs, dropping to his knees upon entering the bedroom. He’s like a thoroughbred, all mine to ride as hard or gentle as I want, whenever I want and the icing on the cake is that slave loves it just as much as I do.

Mornings, in general, have settled into a nice pattern. We get up, slave does a quick bathroom stop and then we head out for a run or do exercise at home. We’re finding that having certain rituals especially in the morning are very satisfying. So, in the last few weeks I’ve been playing with different ideas to start the day off, each week, adding to extend the control that little bit further, making it more tangible.

Walking into the bathroom, slave is waiting in the shower exactly as he’s been taught: straight posture, knees spread as wide apart as possible and feet together behind him, stomach in, chest out with his hands behind his head, fingers interlocked, his head slightly angled upwards, mouth open and waiting. I’ve made it a thing that, unless I can’t wait, I delay using the bathroom until after we’ve finished our exercise. Keeping it until this moment so I can spray my golden nectar over his head and body.

Relieving myself, rivulets of piss run down his front and drip off his hair down his back, yet the best is kept til last, my cock resting on his tongue so he can taste its bitter richness as it flows inside his body, his mouth sucking me clean when I am finished. I love this so much, watching him kneeling with a slightly glazed over look in his eyes this gives him, covered in my essence whilst I take my time to clean my teeth. Sometimes I just lean back against the bathroom cabinet to savour the sight or doing a few other things to draw out the moment. Each day, I’m truly in awe of how much he is willing to give me.

Eventually, I switch on the shower, he gets the blast of cold water before the few seconds it takes to heat up, his grimace amuses me every time, just wait until winter time and it’ll be even more fun to watch. We have this down pat by now, slave stands to face the wall and attaches his wrists bracelets to the two waterproof chains hanging down from a bolt in the wall high above him. The fact he locks himself to them is very satisfying, yet still, I make him wait, first washing myself. Only then do I take the sponge to wash slave completely, the soap and water cleansing every inch. I love taking care of his body, it’s mine; more and more I don’t let him do things like this for himself.

Playing intimately with him knowing he won’t get any release has become part of the routine. Sliding my fingers inside his entrance, the moan never disappoints. However, the sound coming out of his mouth this morning is as likely to be due to the pain as I handle his flaming red arse cheeks. He’s lucky a mouth full of soap and the paddle is all he got, he knows a lie no matter how innocent
the reason will never go unpunished.

“No talking slave and no gag this morning to help, just submit.” When I’m satisfied he is completely clean, I play once more with his hole. Not permitted to rub himself up against the wall, he holds his body away from it, his arms still raised above his head, the chains limiting his movement, his moans and whimpering are like music to my ears. Any pleasure he receives is at my discretion which isn’t a given; sometimes I play with his prostate to then leave him unsatisfied, or sometimes I fuck him or rim him, odd occasions I have the bath brush with me to add a little extra colour to his cheeks. Either way, he’s generally left wanting by the time I’ve finished with him.

Today he doesn’t get any of these, he can feel my breath no doubt as I talk, standing behind him, “If you’d been a good boy, I’d be rimming you now, my tongue fucking you, pleasuring you,” my words are most definitely driving my own arousal, my hand tugging harder and faster, quick and dirty chasing my own pleasure. “I’m so fucking close slave, hard and full of cum, cum that you won’t get to taste because you have to deserve the privilege; if you’re a good boy you might get another chance later in the day.” My words are interrupted as my orgasm hits hard, his body is arching as if piggybacking on my release and I bite down, my teeth digging into his shoulder transferring the intensity without none of the pleasure. His cock is hard and twitching in the air, he wants what he can’t have, and after recovering my breathing and cleaning myself, I turn off the water and towel us both dry. “So desperate for it aren’t you, my little slut.”

The morning ritual governs everything we do from the moment we get out of bed, to leaving the house. The next part was slave’s idea, but I cherish it; he is required to dress me and pampering is expected. Through this act slave experiences servitude yet it generates such a beautiful affinity between us. “That’s it, worship me.” I bite my bottom lip, a moan escaping my lips, the result of his hands roaming, touching everywhere as he takes his time with each piece of clothing. I might just have cum but his warm breath sensitizes my body as his tongue glides down my back. His hands and mouth make love to me, worshipping me like this every morning; getting me into my clothes is secondary. He has access to my entire body; the only constraint is he cannot touch my cock or hole without an express command, and of course, it’s a given he must never touch himself. After being denied any pleasure so far this morning, this is even more torture for him to bear, whilst I, on the other hand, am hard again. Life as a Master has its own challenges. “Breakfast time, go fetch your leash.”

Knowing I’m keeping slave waiting by the door for his inspection, I take my time to finish my mug of tea. I can’t help grinning to myself. Sometimes, I think I’m getting so much more out of this change in our relationship than slave is, which if you look at it from a certain perspective, on paper, for example, I certainly do; but it’s not just that. I adore the little looks for permission where before he had a blanket approval. What has surprised me the most so far, is despite the increased attitude from him recently, we are closer emotionally; everything between us is charged with something that wasn’t there before, more intense and meaningful. The morning ritual, in particular, has really affected both of us, each adjustment, most insignificant when taken individually, yet combined determines what, when and how, defining Master and slave, cementing our place in relation to the other; it’s often my favourite part of the day.

This morning there are two changes pending. Firstly, during breakfast I have given him until Sunday to write a slave mantra, jokingly he said I should also have one. His surprise when I agreed was amusing; why not, I like seeing the effect my words have on him.

The second was something I finalized at last night’s face time. Part of switching up the morning ritual has been the protocol for leaving the house and I’ve been gradually adding more rules and
restrictions. From today whenever we’re leaving the house, slave has to formally request permission and will receive any instructions I have. This will vary a little depending on where he is going and if alone or with me.

Workday mornings, no later than eight-twenty, he has to be waiting for me by the front door, standing naked next to the hall table in the ‘Inspect’ position, nose to the wall, hands on his head, legs apart. By my watch, it’s twenty-five past, so putting my mug into the dishwasher, I make my way to him. He makes no acknowledgement that I’m there as my fingers trail down his back, but I know he’s got a heightened sense of awareness now I’m in close proximity to him. His cock is standing to attention, something that he should have better control of even though he’s not been allowed to cum this morning, and with the recent changes, he’s admitted to finding this more difficult than he used to. Taking a sadistic pleasure in this thought, I slap his cock with my hand, only once but hard before sitting myself in the chair placed exactly where it is, intimidatingly close, from where I observe the effort slave is making to bring his cock under control but it’s like it’s laughing at him, still bobbing up and down after the slap. “Get dressed, you have four minutes.” With an old-fashioned stopwatch, purchased just for this purpose, I hold it in my hand, scrutinizing his every move, “I hope those shoes are clean slave, considering the state they were in when you got home last night; if you cleaned them as you were supposed to, I am not impressed.”

Two hundred and forty seconds go a lot faster than you might think when perfection is expected, including putting on a tie, cuff-links and making his hair some-bit-like. Through secretly timing him for the last few weeks, I’ve found this is just enough time to do everything but only if he doesn’t let himself get distracted and everything is right first time. It’s the moments like these that catch me out in my own journey, I had stressed about how I’d cope with planning things and making time for this level of micromanagement. However, I’m finding the routine provides a strong sense of security, and micro-managing the details has brought us closer together and acts like a comfort blanket making me feel settled and safe in the knowledge this is how it’s meant to be. I know slave feels it the same. The trick, I suppose over time, is to make sure it doesn’t get stale.

For a while now, I’ve been putting his clothes by the door and inspecting him before leaving the house, but he’d always been left alone to get dressed with me only turning up when he was ready. The fact that I’ve started watching and at times chastising him brings an element of humiliation into the act, which I don’t quite understand considering what else I do with him, yet I witness it every time. He only learns the next morning if he completes the task timely because failing to meet my expectation earns him an extra hard swat for every ten seconds he is over the allotted time during his maintenance spanking the next morning. I might not time him like this forever, but for now, I’m enjoying the pressure it puts on slave to perform.

After standing up, I collect his devices and keys from the locked perspex box on the hall table, slave is stood quietly, in the ‘Wait Here’ position. “Turn around, let me see if you’ll do.”

“Did you clean your teeth? Open your mouth let me smell.” He doesn’t need to answer, the minty freshness of the toothpaste is evident in itself, but I don’t let him see if I think he’s done a good job or not. Not yet. “You may speak slave.”

The words are his own, the first part will be the same every work day, “Master, your slave and property humbly requests permission to drive to work and carry out its duty as your unpaid employee.”

“Repeat the terms upon which this privilege is granted?”

“slave accepts your authority in all things, it shall behave according to Master’s will at all times and is
not to disappoint under any circumstances.”

“As it should be. Your calendar for the day is all approved, you are to drive straight to the office without any detour; you are allowed to use the furniture whilst there and talk freely, be sure to be respectful at all times. You remain bound by all other conditions of your slavery. Understood?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Good, I love you very much, slave.”

“Your devoted slave is honoured, Master.”

“Kiss my feet.” I like to catch him off guard with little twists such as this sometimes so he doesn’t get complacent; slave is on his knees immediately, his mouth on my boots. My slave, smart and strong in his suit for a meeting with a potential new client this morning is looking sexy as hell, kissing and licking, “Tut tut, I didn’t give you permission to lick.” The tightening of his neck muscles is the only acknowledgement of the mistake, other than the fact he is now only kissing and not using his tongue. He has to learn to follow instructions, rather than interpret them to suit himself, which is what he used to do to some extent. I know he would much rather be kissing my mouth, so would I but this is how he learns he doesn’t always get what he wants, he gets what I’ll let him have, and he’s fucking sexy and amazing, before me like this. I’m hard again simply watching him.

“Enough, get up, wouldn’t want Nicola giving you grief for being tardy and showing yourself up in front of a potential new customer. I’ll be passing by not far from the office later so I’ll come eat with you.”

His face is red, a nice mix of embarrassment and desire, neither of which I openly acknowledge, “I look forward to it. I love you, Master.

“Here’s your keys, phone and laptop, the tablet stays here; be good.” He grins at me, such a smile lights up his face and I can’t imagine us living our life any other way, there’s a brushing of our fingers as he takes his things, he sneaks his desire for affection in this way and I return his smile letting him know I’m onto him. My voice prevents him from opening the door, “Have you forgotten something?” I can see the cogs whirring and I nod to sandwich box on the side, not that he ever gets sandwiches these days, I own a healthy slave.

“Thank you, Master. What would I do without you, Master.”

The door closes behind him before I can think of a retort. “Cheeky get.” I look at my watch, “Oh shit, I’m so late.” Damn slave looked too good with his mouth on my boots I sometimes have no willpower. I could have watched him do that all morning and he would have if I wanted him to.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

For more info about Huel, see: https://uk.huel.com/
I Choose You

Chapter Summary

Aaron uses his slave like never before, and Robert admits that something is bothering him.

Chapter Notes

Key new rules/changes to date:
Not allowed to use the words, ‘I want’, ‘I need’ or ‘sorry’ / When apologize, have to say out loud what for / No begging unless commanded / Not allowed to ask for permission to cum / Naked in the home / Keep up-to-date handwritten list of new rules and read them before breakfast and going to bed / Wear apron when preparing and cooking hot meals / Master approves all work appointments / Offer Master massage after work / Kneel when serving Master alcohol / Remain in full slave-mode with Vic who is be addressed as Queen Vic or Your Majesty; Adam is to be called Mr Barton at all times / Defer to Master for all key decisions on staffing, any contracts and financials relating to business holdings / follow morning ritual on work days /

Aaron, beginning June 2021

Having driven to Hotten, I’m parked up at the haulage yard taking a minute to prepare myself. The more we take his enslavement outside the safety of the house, the more deeply slave feels his submission and the more comfortable I am with just how much authority I now have over him. What I’m about to do will test him in a different way to anything he’s ever experienced as a slave so far. He has no idea I have this planned which is another thing I want him to get used to, that he gets informed on my terms. Sometimes, that means we’ll talk things through and he’ll have a voice; others like today, he has to simply accept. I’m curious how he’ll respond and picturing slave sitting in his big office on the second floor brings a smile to my face.

The haulage business has expanded quite nicely since the days in the portacabin. Nicola runs the day to day and slave oversees everything but generally leaves her to her own devices outside contract negotiations so he can spend his time on the other ventures he has running. For this reason, the staff office and drivers’ area are conveniently out of sight downstairs; the only other space upstairs is a large room, seldom used except for training, staff meetings and such like.

Generally, we’ve always been extra careful to not give ourselves away in the workplace. Adam is often with me at the scrapyard and we’re conscious that there’s always someone around here but we don’t ever get disturbed whenever I come to visit slave at the office these days. Nicola once walked in on us getting hot and heavy; ever since it's as if once I've gone upstairs my presence is the equivalent of a big neon sign saying ‘do not disturb’. We did, however, add a lock on the door after that just to be on the safe side.

The office used by slave is actually two rooms knocked into one making it very large, tastefully done
out to impress visitors whilst making them feel comfortable. When slave suggested we build something more permanent at the scrapyard I decided I like the portacabin, it’s more me and Adam. Saying that, slave does have a nice place to work indeed, with sofa and comfy chairs at one end, the desk at the other, separated by an oval glass meeting table. The double door is in the middle, solid heavy wood with frosted glass panels on the top sections allowing light through, but no-one could see anything inside no matter how hard they tried. Early on when the haulage business moved to Hotten, we had a private bathroom with a toilet and shower built in just off behind the desk. Originally this was for practical reasons to do with work if slave had to help out driving but I can’t deny there’s been the odd occasion it’s been used to wash away the smell of sex.

The thought crosses my mind if at some point I should have these rooms sound-proofed, but probably not, I like the idea that we could be heard forcing slave to exert more self-control. Nothing I have in mind for the future will be any less careful, more taking advantage of opportunities.

It’s dinner-time, ‘lunch-time’ to Suzy who is holding the fort. She returns my greeting, smiling at me saying, “Ey up”. She’s been living up North for years but still resists certain of the Northern ways like saying lunch instead of dinner. We enjoy winding each other up with it, mostly because it drives both Nicola and slave potty who couldn’t care less what you call it. I’m easily amused.

“How’s the boss around?”

“How’s the boss around?”

I like Suzy, she has a sense of humour, “The one with long blond hair who makes you swear at least five times a day.”

The answer comes with a mischievous glint in her eye, “She was in the kitchen making a cuppa soup and is now behind you, scowling.”

Turning, I smirk at Nicola, completely unapologetic. After sharing the portacabin with her and Jimmy all that time, I know for a fact she drives the most hardened soul to swearing several times a day. It’s how you know all is right with the world. “Got a mo?”

“That depends if you can take me swearing at you.”

“Come on, blondie and I have something to share.”

Nicola puts her mug down, touting for more as she follows me upstairs, “I’m getting a pay rise?”

Snorting at the sheer front of the question I quash her hopes, “Not if you swear at me you won’t, but even then, no, sorry.”

Patience isn’t Nicola’s strong point and she’s overtly curious because usually, all the conversation she gets out of me when I’m here is a grunt hello and a view of my cute tush as I dash up to see slave. Smiling to myself, I think oh how things are going to change. The door to the upstairs office is open and I let Nicola go before me. Although slave’s face lights up upon seeing me, his gaze furtively switches between us, clearly questioning why Nicola is along for the ride.

Nicola has also noted his expression and gets in before me to explain, “He asked me to be here so don’t look at me like that Sugden.” Seeing my non-verbal command to be silent, slave doesn’t reply.

Following my lead, they both sit; Nicola in one of the chairs and slave with me on the sofa, hands fidgeting. Resting my left hand over them, they still immediately and I interlace my fingers with his,
my ownership on display, although Nicola will never interpret it as such.

“So, go on then, what’s up?” I look at slave for a minute, giving his hand a gentle squeeze as Nicola’s nervousness gets the better of her. “Some of us have a job to do you know; you can’t be pregnant, and I already know you’re getting married, so out with it then, unless you’re selling up. Oh god, you’re not; please tell me you’re not selling up. I do like working for you Robert, and my job, despite what it sounds like half the time.”

With both of us smiling at Nicola’s paranoia, I do my bit to put her at ease, playing a little first. “Well not as such.”

“What do you mean, not as such? Am I going to have to train up a new boss or not? I’m used to Robert; it takes forever to break in a new boss.”

“Way to make your case Nicola.”

“You know what I mean, and that I ramble when I’m nervous. Robert say something.”

He remains quiet as I get her attention, “Yes, you have a new boss.” Before she can say a word, I shut her down, “Hold your horses, let me finish.” She looks between us, but something in how relaxed we are must convey some trust because she holds her tongue. “As part of my wedding present my husband to be,” Pausing a second, I grin at him, the words filling me with such happiness, “Has given me majority holding of the haulage company.” Nicola opens her mouth to speak but thinks better of it and waits for me to continue, “Nothing will change much, I’ll be mostly a silent partner.”

Nicola doesn’t seem to know which one of us she should look at to ask her questions, her eyes landing on me in the end, “So, Robert is still my boss then?” slave had bought Jimmy out a few years back; Jimmy was pleased, Nicola not so much. They didn’t have a choice at the time needing the money but she’s gotten used to it and I think she likes having the responsibility of running things without the burden of ownership.

“For the most part yes except you’ll need my signature when it comes to signing contracts, things like pay raises, hiring, firing and whatnot.”

She goes a little red around the gills at remembering her comments earlier, which is amusing as hell; well worth it. I cast a quick glance at slave who is also looking a little flushed, clearly feeling the weight of Nicola’s scrutiny as her gaze now lands on him. “Okay, you’re not planning on bringing anyone else in, are you?”

My response draws her attention back to me, “No. You’re stuck with just us I’m afraid.”

Having absorbed this news and is seemingly okay with it, her nosy curiosity starts to get the better of her again, “Good, that's alright then; better the devil you know.” Grinning at that earns her the look she'd expected, “This is already done and signed I take it, and just how much majority? What about the scrapyard?”

“The papers are already with the solicitor and I’m not planning on making any changes to the scrapyard, I’ll still work from there most of the time and majority enough.” Looking between us, if she finds the situation a little odd with slave still not having said a word the whole conversation she doesn’t mention it. “Any other questions?”

“Not that I can think of for now but you know me, maybe later. You want me to tell the troops, or
will you?"

“It’s not a secret, go for it.”

Standing, she hovers, “Right then, I’ll be back to my desk and cuppa soup then, unless there’s something else......, boss?”

All three of us grin at that, her question was laced with a cheeky mischievous edge, clearly aimed at me, and I help her take the decision to leave finally, “Close the door on your way out, Nicola.”

“Yes, boss and I’ll try not to swear at you too much, boss.” Her smirk tells me she’s thinking she knows what we get up to behind closed doors; I’m certain that today she has absolutely no idea.

slave doesn’t get chance to question where that last comment came from, as the second the door is closed I push the coffee table to the side with my foot to make space, “Take your shoes off, slave. On your knees and lick them until they shine. I was right this morning, you did a sloppy job of cleaning them last night, oh and I want your cock out and your backside showing for all the world to see.”

Hesitating, slave looks itching to say something whereas I want him to obey. “On the floor, slave; get down where you belong, it wasn’t a suggestion.” His face is bright crimson now as he silently submits. Unlacing his shoes, he removes them, his trousers and shorts half-way down his thighs as he gets to the set task, “Hands behind your back, and I want to see that tongue of yours doing a fine job, nice long licks, think of them as your Master’s dick, such expensive leather, make love to it.” In response, he exaggerates the licking with long sweeps of his tongue, his eyes closing as he begins the slide into his headspace.

“Good boy, just like that, very nice. Keep at it until I tell you to stop, I want them to be sparkling with your spit, gleaming by the time you’re done and let me hear how much you love me.” Although we’ve fooled around sexually in the office, it was nothing like this, I’ve never used him as a toy here. Leaning over, my mouth is so close it’s almost touching the side of his face, the tone of my voice taunting, “If the staff could see their boss now; what would they think, huh? Such a pretty marked bare arse on display, cleaning shoes with its tongue, for no other reason than its Master told it to. Maybe I should tell Nicola who’s really in charge and that you’re just my eager horny slave who gets off on being treated like nothing more than a fucktoy. What are you?”

“Fucktoy, Master.”

“What else?”

“A slave, your slave, a set of holes to be used.” slave's breathing hitches a moment, his forehead dipping to the floor upon recognizing the significance of the position he is in.

“That’s right, greedy holes waiting to be filled. Is that all, nothing more?”

“Your property.”

“And can I do whatever I want with my property?”

“Yes, yes. I belong to you, yours to use.”

“Yes, you are. Keep licking.” Getting up, I go to the desk and see what I can use to further my
amusement and snag one of the spare ties he keeps in the bathroom. Having made my selection, I return to ogle his backside; watching him follow my command, I admire such conscientious enthusiasm for the task at hand. I know slave cleaned his shoes last night, but I wasn’t just trying to wind him up when I said it had been a sloppy job, they didn’t have the same shine to them as usual. Binding his hands behind him with the tie draws out a murmur of anticipation; his cock is rock hard and I intend to keep it that way for quite some time. “You seem to be liking the taste of shoe polish and dirt. Maybe you didn’t clean them properly on purpose, is that it, knowing that I’d be displeased; were you trying to get yourself punished?”

With each word, he slips a little further into his submission, this kind of degradation is something he craves deep inside and in the right circumstances, like now, he responds so wonderfully to it. Returning to the desk, I collect the pens and markers I’d chosen earlier. With each, I write a lewd or smutty name for him on his arse cheeks; after each one telling him what I’d written as I push the pen used into his hole. By the time I’m done, it’s quite full. With each insertion, I’m rewarded with a stifled whimper as slave tries not to show just much he’s enjoying it but I know my slave well.

“You’ll probably not want to give these to any visitors you have, but you will keep them on your desk and use them until they’re done. Just think, when you suck the ends, which you have a bad habit of doing, you’ll know they’ve been in your arse. Maybe I’ll fuck you with them another time, just like this.” Moaning at my words, slave is insatiable, predictably very turned on by this thought.

My hand runs down the length of his back and I fondle his arse, then sliding it further underneath I cup his balls, squeezing tightly, “Are you leaking slave? If you’re leaking you know you’ll be licking it up, a tongue’s work is never done when it belongs to such a slutty specimen.” Slave grunts, a mixture of heavy arousal and the pain from this morning’s spanking still ever present. It’s such a guttural sound, the one where I know he is in that place where he wants me to stop but at the same time, he wants me to keep going. Pulling his balls back through his legs, tugging them as far as I dare, knowing the stretch hurts and without warning, I start to smack them with the plastic ruler, “Ten I think, on each of course. You’ll need to be quiet remember, we wouldn’t want anyone to come running; I didn’t lock the door and I’m not going to.” slave’s hole is stunning; it’s in perfect line of sight if someone walks in, intentionally so and he knows it.

The next two smacks of the ruler sound out, “So beautiful when you suffer for your Master, blondie’s so greedy for it. What do you say?”

“Thank you, Master. Thank you.”

Twisting the pens in his hole, I pull them collectively until they are only just wedged inside, before then plunging them back in; slave’s thighs are trembling as I repeat this a few more times, before switching to continue with the ruler. Each strike is a little harder than the last finishing with one of the absolute best and he yelps loudly then continues licking. “You can stop now; clean your dribbling up off the floor whilst I decide if you’ve done a good enough job on your shoes.” I’m so hard it’s practically killed me not to palm myself whilst playing but I wanted to totally focus on slave and I’m not sure I could hold off from coming. I don't have slave's level of control. “Hopefully you’ve learnt your lesson.” I’m sure he can feel my eyes upon him, “Really, such a mess you make, as soon as you lick it up from one place, you’ve leaked in another. If you can’t control yourself, I should consider plugging your cock up.” Oh, my little wanton slave likes that idea.

“Kneel, look up.” By this point slave is half dazed, a complete mess of mixed emotions as I cup his chin with my fingers, my eyes locked on his, “You are my slave every second of every day. You are mine to use, anywhere I want and anyhow I want. Unless someone is with us, whenever I come into
this office, my office, you will get on your knees, kiss my feet and wait for instruction.” The words hit their mark, visibly touching something deep inside him, he’s breathtaking, “Fuck slave, you have no idea how unbelievably hot you are, do you?” He didn’t even attempt to answer, speech just a little beyond him right now.

Kissing the top of his head, I help slave stand and to get rid of his trousers which had by now worked their way to sit around his ankles. Stroking my fingers through his neatly trimmed pubic hair, pulling a condom out of my pocket, I slide it over his cock, “This is to catch your pathetic dribbling; you do not have permission to come, this is for my pleasure, not yours.” Guiding slave, I bend him over, his palms resting on the coffee table, legs spread shoulder-width apart. After removing the pens I fill him back up with my cock and knowing I won’t last long I try as best I can, long deep thrusts, my fingernails scratching down his back until I can hold off no more. My hands grip his hip and shoulder tightly and I press my thumb hard over the bruise my mouth gave him earlier at home; slave clenches down on my cock from the pain this elicits which in turn sends me over the edge. Flooding his body, I don’t pull out until I’m totally spent and I leave no doubt as to my expectation. “Make sure nothing leaks out.”

Leaving him with his puckered hole up in the air, I go to the desk where I’d left a plug ready which I now use to seal my cum inside him. Pushing slave a little roughly back down onto his knees, I remove the condom containing his pre-cum, “Do not swallow, hold it out.” His lips open as I direct the contents, his debauched descent complete as the pre-cum slides out, nicely coating his waiting tongue. “Go into the corner facing the room, ‘Inspection Position’; chop chop, no dawdling. Let’s take a look at the calendar for the rest of the week, shall we.”

He looks almost shell-shocked, but in a good way. Having tucked myself back into my jeans, I seat myself comfortably back on the sofa, ignoring him totally, taking my time to go through his calendar for the next week or so to check what has changed and that I’m happy with it. Nicola manages the calendar, but slave has to wait for me to accept the invitations. I also take the opportunity to block from noon until one-thirty, recurring Mondays to Thursdays, “We will eat together every day whenever possible; you’ll either meet me at home or I’ll come to you here in my office. It will be clear from your schedule which it is each day.” Finally satisfied, I close the laptop, “You can swallow now.”

My next words carry an unspoken command which he recognizes immediately, “I need to piss, no hands.” Knowing exactly what is expected of him, slave crawls to kneel in-between my legs and uses his teeth to gain access. Taking my cock into his mouth, it’s barely in there when I let go; he works hard to keep up with the flow which I don’t make any attempt to slow down. slave was trained years ago to handle this and has become an expert; not one drop escapes. I love the experience as much as slave and my hands affectionately rest either side of his head, applying just enough pressure to remind him who is in control. My own head falls back against the top of the sofa, my eyes closing as I revel in the intimacy of the act until I’ve finished and am ready to relax my hold. “Well done. Now get dressed, we’re taking the afternoon off, I want to keep playing with you.”

Today was all about stamping my authority on slave here, having him submit without question in a place where until now he had been allowed to be Master of his own empire, to be largely independent, but no more. My mission is accomplished in that respect; his slavery is now absolute.

Fortunately, no-one sees us leave or I might have some explaining to do. Although slave is clothed properly, his erection, swollen lips and blown eyes are a dead giveaway. Once in the car, I have slave take out his cock, with instructions to place his hands palm-down on his knees, then whenever we stop at the traffic lights he has to jerk himself off until we set off again when his hands have to go
back to his knees. Commanded to be silent, it goes without saying that he isn’t allowed to come. His initial reluctance with this being so public has morphed into pure desperation. As we leave the fifth set of lights in quick succession behind us, his hands twitching on his knees, crave to touch despite the humiliation of his situation and it’s at this point I realise something is missing. ‘I don’t remember saying anything about not doing your usual car exercises, there doesn’t seem to be a lot of clenching going on, mhhmm?. For that failure, you can do double sets; well get to it then.”

Mortified, at the next lights, slave is a picture of concentration, trying to coordinate the two tasks and I'm very entertained especially when the unsuspecting lorry driver in the lane next to us happens to get an eyeful. “You have an audience slave, don’t let it distract you, I'm the only one you have to please. I think you should put that tongue out, let him see what a drooling gay bitch on heat looks like.” I don’t know who was embarrassed the most but the driver didn’t stop watching and slave obeyed. If I'd seen any sign the driver had a mind to take photos it would have all stopped instantly but I think he was so surprised and mesmerized it hadn't crossed his mind, and very quickly we were underway again, turning off in the other direction.

I don't waste time wondering why I'm not embarrassed or concerned about getting pulled over by the police; all I feel is pride in my slave's resilience but that doesn't mean I'm going to take pity on him. As the lights turn green, there’s such relief on his face, as well as probably thinking there’s no more lights to come between here and Emmerdale, that I decide to take a second spin around Hotten pushing slave's limits to the max. “The lesson, slave, is this; simple obedience isn’t enough. It’s all about what goes on up here.” I tap the side of his head to get my point across, “You said that slavery sets you free, but that won’t happen until you trust me completely to always protect you so you don’t have to hide how good it feels to surrender completely to your Master without any hesitation. Once you stop being afraid of who and what you are, then you won’t even think about if it’s humiliating or not, no matter how many times we drive round with your cock and tongue hanging out.”

Not wanting slave to think he’s let me down, I curl my hand around the back of his neck, equally loving and possessive, “You’re doing good, I feel very lucky to have such a willing and obedient slave. We said this will take time, but we’ll get there. You’ll become comfortable with being uncomfortable anywhere, you’ll feel pleasure from pain and you’ll get off on not having any choice in it, more than you already do. All you have to do is trust me and I’ll take you further and deeper than you ever imagined possible.” I can see my words sinking in, there’ll be time to talk more later but for now, slave is processing them and what they represent, and I’m impressed at how he manages to stave off from orgasming as we drive once more through the five sets of lights from earlier. This time, I am his only audience.

The good thing about not being directly in the village centre is that the house is nice and private, even at the front. Upon getting home, once out of the car, still outside slave is commanded to undress and attaching his leash, I lead him inside.

After eating, I put slave away for a while and debate if it’s warm enough to play outside or go into the playroom in the basement; in the end, I opt for the basement. More because I’m enjoying pushing slave’s limits and I want to hear him without worrying if anyone is in earshot. The back garden is private, practically slave-proofed in terms of people seeing us, but the woods beyond are public and the noises I want to hear would be way too loud. It would be a shame to be interrupted by the local plod turning up unannounced.

Robert, beginning June 2021
There’s not a bit of my body that doesn’t ache in one way or another, but such a good ache and i so don’t want it to stop. With my arms directly above my head, i’m suspended by wrist cuffs hooked to the winch, and my feet are a good distance from the ground. There are weights on my nipples and rubber-tipped forceps hanging off various parts of my upper body, their permanent throbbing now reduced to nothing more than an inconvenient discomfort compared to the other sensations. Ten minutes Master had said. Ten minutes of fun, He really meant torment whilst suspended, in return for ten minutes of relaxing, He really meant recovery, being let down back onto my feet.

It had started out with the strategic placement of the weights and then the forceps, moving onto the Wartenberg wheel; i loathe its evil simplicity as it roamed as was Master’s want across my skin. The first couple of rest times, Master let me down fully but then began the real fun and games with the violet wand as He sought out the most sensitive parts of my body. Since then, He’s only let me down onto the balls of my feet. i was torn between the urge to beg for more and for it to stop as CBT with hot wax followed; i did neither as permission to beg hasn’t been given. We have a few different types of wax, varying from pleasurable to evil. Today He used the not quite evil, but challenging none the less, and even whilst removing it with the crop, my red brutalized cock was still hard and leaking as i cried out from the heady mix of pain, euphoria and desperation. i could have come from that alone if Master had said the words.

Master is now seated in His ‘throne’ as He likes to call it, whilst i simply hang for His entertainment, my eyes lusting as i watch Master palm Himself. There's an impish grin on His face, He knows exactly what this does to me.

The entire day has been a rollercoaster, Master ramping things up with the passing of the hours, placing me on the edge, not knowing if to expect pain or pleasure. The fact that they are delivered hand-in-hand has me no longer knowing or caring which is which. After arriving home, Master hand fed me a veggie wrap and dessert was a banana with a generous helping of Master's cum poured over. An hour in the standing cage with the front panel closed in total darkness gave me quiet time to reflect, which i found calming. It was necessary after being so thoroughly used at the office and gloriously exposed in the car, my humiliation on public display during the journey home, even though there's no denying i enjoyed every single minute of it.

Unfaltering, my submission continues to deepen with each layer Master strips away, my only purpose to accept and obey. Now circling me, my desire-filled eyes follow His engorged member poking out of His black jeans, every sound of arousal that escapes Master’s lips taunting me with something i want but can’t have. A finger coated with His pre-cum dances in front of my face, another pleasure denied as He strokes it down my cheek rather than letting me taste Him. After trying and failing, my head falls back groaning in frustration; i want to yell and scream at Him to give me what i want and yet i don’t because i don’t get to want.

“Be still my beloved; submit, no more words, just feel.” An involuntary shiver runs through me as i struggle to obey. “Such a beautiful display.” A decadent moan escapes my lips as His finger reaches into my entrance; He’s quietly chuckling at my reaction.

It’s not just a finger though, it’s a finger that is playing expertly, occasionally ghosting over my prostate whilst His other hand runs up and down my inner thigh or brushes over the forceps which triggers a howl of protest as the stab of pain pierces the thick blanket of foggy resistance i have in place. My body quivers uncontrollably when His mouth delivers bruising kisses and nips with His teeth, scattering small bites all over my skin. Such torment has me squirming, constantly seeking His touch for longer yet He always leaves me wanting; i’m completely at the mercy of my Master. “So needy, I know slave, I know what you want; give me your soul, give me everything. So hot, so
fucking sexy. If you want it bad enough, I’ll take you to heaven and hell, and back again. Is that what you want, slave?” Speech might be prohibited, but everything about me is screaming, ‘yes’.  

There is a sheen of sweat covering my entire body as I struggle, writhing and striving for more purchase. Master is stood so close, His clothed body brushing up against my naked form, His finger dragging over my shoulder blade before pumping back into my hole causing me to cry out, arching, clenching. The fatigue wrought from His playing evaporates as He licks His fingers, sliding three inside me whilst the finger and thumb of His free hand tweaks my nipple so hard I no longer know what to do with myself, I’m like a puppet and Master is pulling all the strings. Whimpering in disappointment at the void His fingers leaves behind when He moves away, my body tries to compensate involuntarily straining, searching for an alternative, leaving me trembling desperately from the effort. “My perfect slave, so willing to take whatever I want.” Silently I affirm my agreement, the voice inside my head begging, ‘give me more, let me show You just how much’.  

Master’s eyes are filled with mischief, and my eyes follow Him like a hawk, keenly watching to try work out what He’s concocting next, His words teasing of what’s to come, “Master giveth and He taketh away.”  

Stood behind me, Master’s nails scratching down my back have me gasping. He repeats the action a second time before coming into view, licking His moist lips clearly relishing my every noise and response. We are each an aphrodisiac for the other. “Just look at yourself, how amazing and gorgeous you are like this but you know how much I love to see you cry for me; all those tears of love and gratitude make me so happy.”  

Now He has my full attention, my eyes widening upon seeing the video camera He is carrying, watching as He opens up the tripod stand, slotting the camera into place. Unexpectedly, the TV on the wall springs to life, Master’s grin devilish as we appear on the large flatscreen. I’m both mortified and tantalized knowing this is being recorded for Master’s viewing whenever He wants. Now out of my line of sight, He circles my naked form and without any warning releases one of the forceps extracting my first true scream; tears prickling immediately. They’ve been on so long that the effect of the blood and sensation returning is a combination of euphoria and torture. I’m torn between second guessing where Master will strike next, preparing for the agony of release and the surreal sight of myself on the screen, having willingly placed myself in this predicament and witnessing my unfettered reactions. Master’s plaything.  

There are eleven forceps still to remove and they come off, one by one, Master taking His time sadistically rubbing the skin; the endorphins flooding my senses are overwhelming. By the time the twelfth one is removed I’m sobbing with tears streaming down my face and my exhausted body trembling.  

“What will you give me more, slave? You can talk.”  

Unsure, I even can, my own capacity to endure surprises even me sometimes, “Anything You ask, Master, I love You.”  

“You love making me happy like this, don’t you, slave? Beg for it.”  

“Yes, Master; You know I do, take everything You want. I love You. Don’t stop, please don’t stop.”  

The deerskin flogger caresses my body, every strike of my back, my thighs, my nipples; it’s wielded with love until I’m flying so high, every muscle, every nerve is alive and I still beg for more, my limbs eager for its touch. When Master takes me in His mouth telling me to come for Him, it’s so unexpected that I fall apart totally. The almost instant explosion of my orgasm as Master pulls it from me is like an outer body experience, that I’m watching someone else scream with an ecstasy I can
only fantasize about yet it’s my voice, Master’s touch, our love, trust and commitment. Everything is on overload, a tsunami of emotion and sensation all rolled into one hits me just at this moment until abruptly everything fades into nothingness.

Consciousness returning, the first thing i realize is the tension of being suspended is no longer present. Kneeling with my thighs resting down on my calves beneath me, it is only my bound wrists, still raised high above my head that hold my torso upright. Master’s hand is stroking Himself, and despite my evident fatigue my mouth attempts to reach for Him, He smells so good but His other hand presses against my forehead, holding me back, “Patience, slave; I'm not done with you yet but you get it on my terms.”

Yearning for my reward, to take Him in my mouth, as my senses sharpen, i’m like a man on a mission. Master has stirred something inside that i can’t stave off and i want Him more than life itself, all of Him, only Him. He’s so close, i can almost taste Him, and just for a second, i hate how much i love Master, how much i love how conditioned i am, what He does to me until He reminds me why as His semen covers my face. It feels like He gave me everything and nothing simultaneously, my tongue licks around the edge of my mouth to try and capture what i can, but to no avail; dripping down at a snail’s pace, the smell of His cum fills my nostrils yet remains out of reach. It’s perfection.

With no time to recover, a wave of panic crashes over me as Master covers my head with some kind of material. It's soft and smells familiar; it’s not even wrapped tight, instead hanging loosely but tied in a way that it’s on to stay. Sensing Master moving away, my silent begging not to be abandoned is seemingly in vain as the light is switched off. The darkness thickens with my breathing becoming more laboured inside the makeshift hood, the sweet smell of His warm cum all i have for comfort.

Emotionally wrecked, silent tears fall. Kneeling quietly in the darkness, i feel bereft, drained mentally and physically and my body sags forward as much as the restraints allow. In a way, it reminds me of that first time in our bedroom at the pub when Master put a t-shirt over my head and i had panicked.

That first time i had safeworded; today i’ve come full circle. My tears dry as i calm myself, the veil of simple acceptance settling within me, a slave submitting to the will of its Master feeling safe, trusting that He is here watching, lovingly protecting His property.

Hands on my body are the first sign of Master’s return to my side; i have no idea how much time has passed, it doesn’t matter. “So good slave, you did so good for me. Shush, I’m here, slave. I didn’t leave you, I’ll never leave you without telling you; I promised, I won’t ever break that promise. You were so perfect for me; I love you so much.”

My eyes remain closed even after the removal of the fabric from around my head as Master massages my hands and arms, now released hanging limp at my sides. His fingers caress, gently bringing me back to life through His touch and i drown myself in His musky scent, resting my head on His shoulder, “Master.”

“You were unbelievable, slave; I love you.”

“Love You too. Tired, Master, don’t leave me; hold me, please hold me.” Wrapping my arms around His neck, i don’t want to ever let go.

“I’m always holding you, slave; even when you don’t know it. It's my purpose, to look after you and give you what you need. You did so good, darling.” Master guides my pliant body to the bed where
He wraps Himself around me, my personal cocoon. “I’m here. You were amazing, that was amazing; I’ve never seen you like that. You gave me everything and more.”

Master puts a bottle of water to my lips and i take a few sips. “All yours Master; knew You were there.”

“I’m so proud of you.” Kisses pepper my head and without opening my eyes, i cling to Master as if He’s my life support. “Have another drink, then rest a little; I'll feed you in a while.”

My brain isn’t in gear yet and thankfully Master doesn’t seem to take my response as being argumentative which it wasn’t intended to be, “Not hungry.”

“Well, it’s a good thing you don’t get to decide.”

“Coffee would be good, Master.”

With my eyes still closed, i hear Master's chuckle at my cheekiness. “Maybe later.”

Totally undone, i lie contentedly in His arms, inhaling the smell of soap as Master sponges my face with a warm cloth, kissing and caressing, whispering how much He loves me and how perfect i am as He washes away the dried stains of sweat, cum and tears before working His way over the rest of my used, now languid body.

The next time i’m cognizant, it's being woken by hearing Master put a plate of toast and some drinks on the table at the side of the bed. After climbing in beside me, i cuddle up, resting my Head on His shoulder. “Good timing, I got us something to eat.” Sitting half up, Master is leant against the pillows, His fingers trailing a pattern on my forearm as i take in the fact that we’re still in the bed in the playroom.

“You were out for the count, so I decided it was easier to sleep down here for the night.” We have a full-size bed in the playroom but it’s maybe less than a handful of times ever that we’ve actually slept together in it through the night.

“Can’t remember the last time i was in this bed and not strapped down.”

Master’s amusement is evident as He plants an affectionate kiss on my forehead. “It can be arranged if you like but i thought you might be feeling achy today.”

“Mmmhh probably, ask me again later.” Shifting slightly, my limbs protest loudly, achy is an understatement, “i can feel everything, everywhere; it’s nice. Don't suppose You'd like to give Your slave another kiss, Master?”

“Such a pushy brat; you're incorrigible.” We kiss leisurely, there’s no urgency or passion, it’s a long drawn-out lazy kiss, tender yet laced with so much more. Personally, i'm convinced kisses have secret healing powers because they feel so good.

i must have dropped off again, as when my eyes next open, i’m curled up against Master, who is reading a magazine and munching on a sandwich making me feel suddenly very hungry. “Hey, sleepyhead; welcome back to the land of the living." Smiling indulgently, i refrain from adding my own blend of sarcasm as Master offers to share, "Here, take a bite, you need to keep your strength up.” It tastes wonderful and Master obliges as i open my mouth for more.
“It is Friday right, what time is it?”

“Time for good little slaves to behave and eat; yesterday was a long day for you.” Master’s finger gently strokes down my cheek and obediently i accept each bite, taking sips of Ribena when offered. Contented, i savour both the sustenance and Master's caretaking. His love alone is food enough for my body and soul.

Happily, fed and watered, i relax against Master, nosying at the article He’s reading but apparently my big head keeps getting in the way so i give up. Relaxed albeit sore, i’m fully aware for the first time and smile at spotting some cheese spread on the corner of His mouth. Unable to resist i use my finger to push it into His mouth; i should have known Master would take advantage, sucking on it whilst continuing to read.

Used as it is, my body predictably reacts, triggering a stirring in my groin. Shuffling to avoid getting turned on any further, i realize why i’ve had the oddly disconcerting feeling that something was missing. Taking advantage of not having my legs shackled, i wrap them around Master, indulging myself, simply enjoying as He abandons the magazine in favour of running His hands lovingly over my upper body, occasionally sliding lower down. It feels so nice and secure, i'm in slave heaven. If that's where we are, then i would be content to stay here like this forever.

Master’s tummy gurgles loudly which has us both chuckling and i roll myself on top of Him, “If Master is still hungry, i have something nutritious to offer.”

Cupping my butt cheeks knowing they will still be tender, Master presses me into Him and my forehead drops to His chest as i channel the residual effects from yesterday to that special place in my head. “I thought you’d be too tired and sore today for anything?”

Not one to be outdone, i convey my willingness, “i exist to serve my owner at all times; how may i be of service, Master?”

“I knew there was a reason why I keep you,” A shiver runs through me at these words, Master's voice possessive. Rolling me onto my back, Master climbs on top of me, His hands wrapped around my wrists pinning me into the mattress an expression of His ownership. Recognizing the lust in my eyes, He smirks, “Later.” His eyes pierce into mine, both distinctly aware that we’re now both very hard, “I love you so much, you insatiable slave.” There’s a twinkle in His eyes as He continues, “I think you need some re-training on how to keep that cock under control.”

Giggling like a schoolgirl, i make a feeble effort to escape, quickly moaning, yielding as He thrusts against me, His knee forcing my legs apart, “i think it might be impossible, Master is too irresistible.”

Grinning at me, Master shifts onto His side, pulling me with Him as He rolls onto His back, His fingers wrapped around my collar guiding me as He wants, “Show me. Make it very good and you get that coffee as a reward.”

Never letting an opportunity to taste Master or have coffee go to waste, i work my way down His torso, leaving a trail of wetness. Kissing His inner thighs i take my time in pleasuring Him, devouring first His balls, before adding my hand into the mix, teasing just the tip of His shaft. Ignoring my own body’s desire, i focus all my attention onto my Master, my tongue sweeping up His length and He cries out as i take Him deep into my mouth.

There are times when we both need to be used and taken hard, or for our love-making to be similar to an all-out physical battle for supremacy but others like now we find pleasure in a meandering,
slow-paced journey, full of stopping and starting, concentrating on a certain spot before moving to another. I find no better enjoyment than making my Master cum like this, knowing that He is the one falling apart under my touch, turning the tables on Him, He is like putty under my ministration, a simpering mess, needy and begging and it’s exhilarating that I can do this to Him. As tired as I still am, I know exactly how to draw Him to the edge and hold Him there. Like this Master is a slave to my desire and my whim because I have no doubt that He belongs, body and soul, to me and only me as he eventually spills into my mouth at my command.

Crawling back up His body we collapse together, settling in each other’s arms, kissing, taking time to enjoy the closeness, both offering soft caresses, our fingers gently stroking. For my part, Master’s touch steadfastly avoids where I would like the most but as He proved yesterday He sometimes surprises me when I least expect it. Not being able to beg freely drives me nuts yet I know that being made to wait will deliver a bigger reward whenever Master decides to grant me release. I am a patient-impatient slave as I mentally force my cock to behave; this is truly so much harder to do than it used to be. Maybe some retraining isn’t such a bad idea.

Thankfully being Friday, neither of us need to rush out of bed, and my day will anyway be decided by Master. Last Friday I spent the morning at His feet, cock-warming for a couple of hours, before being used as a shredder. Armed with a pair of scissors, I had spent the afternoon on the rug in the office chatting with Master whilst cutting up old paperwork that no longer needs to be kept. I sincerely hope this afternoon is a different agenda.

“Penny for them.”

“Just enjoying the quiet, Master.” My mind has wandered to the upcoming wedding, “It won’t be long until Liv’s home.”

“I know, end of next week she reckons; she’s going to stay at the pub.” Master’s voice rings with happiness, He’s very much looking forward to seeing Liv, we both are. It’s been a while.

“Really, she never said; she knows she doesn’t have to, right?” Neither of us would want her home permanently, even if we weren’t Master and slave that would be the case, but we do miss her being around.

“Yeah, I didn’t discourage her. Something about not wanting to walk in on horny husbands going at it like rabbits. As if we’d do that.” He grins at me, ”I'd lock us in the basement so she couldn't hear your screams of ecstasy.”

"Wow, who said romance was dead, and after that performance just now, it's not my necessarily my screams we'd have to hide."

"Yeah yeah, whatever. We will have to be careful for any surprise visits though. I was thinking you could wear your long swimming shorts at home to be on the safe side. It’s been a nice summer so far and the forecast looks good, so it won’t look out of place and I’ll still have easy access."

“Whatever You decide, Master.”

Master feels restless, as if ready to make a move out of bed, but instead does the unexpected by hugging me tightly, His legs pressing me close. His eyes carry a serious edge to them as His finger traces down my cheek. “Love you. I can't wait to get married; slave husband has a certain ring to it,
don't you think?"

My response is almost a whisper, i'm so affected by the intensity rolling off Him, it's all-consuming. "Yours, Master. Forever."

Master cradles me in His arms, "You need to talk about yesterday?"

"In what way?"

"Any way, about anything. We missed face-time last night, so you can talk freely now. Me telling Nicola without speaking to you about it, and you came so hard, you passed out; it took me by surprise a little. You’ve never done that before."

"There’s nothing to say, You own me, You own the business.” i know he wants to hear more, assurance He didn't go too far but i haven’t fully sorted out all my own feelings yet, except i know i loved it. The passing out thing is a little scary admittedly, i've been trying not to think about it. “Not being allowed to say anything with Nicola was hard, i felt so proud of You; and being used like that when anyone could have heard or walked in, it was everything i had dreamed of, Master.”

We’ve done quite a few scenes outside home over the last five years, but never during such a normal part of our everyday life where we could have been easily caught. “It wasn’t just a scene, it felt different; i was a slave with no right to a voice and then You reduced me to a depraved fuck-toy in my own office, Your office.” i’m slightly embarrassed at my admission, but in reality, i’m not; it’s more hearing myself say the words out loud that’s hard. The truth is i love being treated like that. “i can honestly say i’ve never felt so alive”. Not having the freedom of speech felt inexplicably wonderful, it was a liberation letting Master do all the talking with Nicola. The deeper Master pushes me into this level of slavery, the more it feels natural.

Master wraps what feels like His entire body around me, our limbs intertwined to the point it's impossible to tell what belongs to whom. “You do make rather a good fuck-toy.” Smiling we fall into a deep and sensual kiss, just further confirmation of how well we fit together. Pulling out, Master brushes His hand through my hair, affectionately stroking the side of my face and i push into it, encouraging as a cat would that i'm half expecting to hear myself start purring.

"Yesterday changes things, don't You think? It shows just how much further You can take it; if You want that is."

"Explain."

"Well, at home the limits are clear; breaking them would tip over the line of consent for either of us. Away from home, You've opened the door to a whole world of possibility. It's going to be harder than i realized but not for the reasons You’d expect, but because more and more i have to work at holding myself back from going to my knees in the pub or the coffee shop or calling You Master everywhere. It wasn’t like that before, i never slipped up even by accident or had the same urge, to be honest. That’s changed, the line is blurred now and as much as i’d love to be at Your feet for everyone to see the slave that i am, we can't."

“Do you want to slow down?"

"No, maybe, i don't know." Pondering, a thought enters my head, “Do You think of what we did yesterday as a scene?"

Master doesn’t respond immediately and i’m relieved by the answer, “No, not anymore.”
“It's the same for me. That's why it's not as easy to draw that line of separation because we don’t think the same now.”

“We’ll work it out, I promise. Even if that means slowing down; keeping you safe is more important.”

"Not just me."

Master looks thoughtful, “Everything is moving faster than I thought it would. I shouldn't be surprised really, we never did do things by halves. It just feels right.” Master studies me closely, "You’ve been so calm about the big changes but all the small stuff, you make life difficult and rebel that I struggle to work out what’s been going on in that head of yours. You need to share this stuff with me; no secrets remember.”

“What if You're disappointed in me?”

“Wishing something would go away doesn’t mean it will. Even if you did trip up, or me, we'd find a way out. Is this what’s been bothering you?”

“Partly.”

“So, there is something else then; I’ve not been imagining it?”

"i wish Robert Sugden never existed. Your slave is a much better person.”

Master's alarm is written across His face, “I don’t know what to say to that except I love Robert Sugden very much." He seems to give me chance to say something but when i don't He continues, "Robert Sugden is my slave and my slave is Robert Sugden. Just like Aaron Dingle can’t be separated from being your Master. I wish you could see what I see when I look at you.” Master's gaze is intense as His finger trails down my cheek, His lips softly kissing and i melt into it, i melt into Him. “Every time you judge yourself as not worthy, I want you to think about why and then use it; take it as an opportunity to do better. If I decide not to pull you up on something, you don’t question why; I’ll share my reasons if I want to. Never forget, you are my slave for life and i own every breath you take; everything else is work in progress and we have forever which is a very long time. I chose Robert Sugden; I choose my future husband Robert Dingle and I choose you as my slave. I'll choose you every single time, understood?”

Nodding, i don't delay in answering, taking comfort from His words, "Yes." Although i've had longer and harder scenes before, physically and perhaps psychologically, yesterday somehow broke down the very last of my defences making it impossible to hide any longer, but still, i hadn’t meant to blurt my thoughts out loud. In the past, i would have called the day one long scene, but it wouldn’t be true anymore; now it's how we live our life. Something occurred as the last vestiges of control were stripped away. i surrendered that last part of my life, a space that until now had been mine to own, irrefutably and irreversibly to Master. Here and now basking in the afterglow isn’t the right moment but my resolve is stronger than ever. Telling Master everything before we get married is not optional, the longer i wait the more i will have to lose, but it's a risk i have to take. However, now i've reached that point, i need time to prepare what to say.

“Look at me." Leaving my thoughts to one side, i obey, "Robert Sugden is my slave, you don't get to run away from that." i know he's right but everything is so close to the surface, bubbling away just waiting for the last turn of the release valve. Master kisses a stray tear away and i shore up all my insecurities determined not to further spoil the day. “Don’t hide from me slave; I can’t help you if
you don’t talk to me and you know I’ll just worry. I thought we dealt with all this with your counselling?"

“We did. This is something else. Soon, Master; i promise. i can’t hold it inside me much longer, please give me a little more time, it's hard to find the right words.”

“You will, I have faith in you. What do you need from me now, what can I do to help?”

There's only one thing that will help keep me grounded more than anything else, “slave is thirsty for Master.”

Master smiles unsurprised and shifts up onto His knees. Today, especially, it feels like He is transferring His faith into me, with every gulp he gives me the strength to push down the fear inside me. Two weeks tomorrow we’ll be getting married.

TBC
On Standby

Chapter Summary

With the upcoming marriage, Aaron doesn't give Robert any opportunity to forget he is first and foremost his slave.

Chapter Notes

Key rules/changes to date:
Not allowed to use the words, ‘I want’, ‘I need’ or ‘sorry’ / When apologize, have to say out loud what for / No begging unless commanded / Not allowed to ask for permission to cum / Naked in the home / Keep up-to-date handwritten list of new rules and read them before breakfast and going to bed / Wear apron when preparing and cooking hot meals / Master approves all work appointments / Offer Master massage after work / Kneel when serving Master alcohol / Remain in full slave-mode with Vic who is be addressed as Queen Vic or Your Majesty; Adam is to be called Mr Barton at all times / Defer to Master for all key decisions on staffing, any contracts and financials relating to business holdings / Follow morning ritual on work days / Kneel and kiss Master’s feet when He enters His office in Hotten, and wait for instruction /

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Robert, Thursday 10th June 2021

Truthfully, i can say i love the changes Master has made these last couple of months. He calls it training but conditioning is more fitting and in many ways, it’s no different to the last few years when becoming a slave didn’t happen overnight no matter how much i wanted it to. It’s simply now everything Master does is aimed at deciding how He wants us to live from now on, and there’s practically no part of our life together untouched in one way or another. Slavery of this magnitude isn’t easy, i’m not easy and i don’t envy Master in His task to find the right balance. It seems such a contradiction to yield all aspects of my life to Master and gain so much pleasure in giving free rein to my masochistic tendencies, whilst retaining a sense of self, confident that my opinions are valued and my contribution has worth, that i have worth. If the day ever comes where Master treats me like a mindless object then we will have failed.

Some things have quickly become second nature, others not so much. What before we would have labelled a scene now blends into the normal day; my collar aside, even if only subtle, some element of sexuality and bondage is a constant although, it is really the protocol and ritual more than anything that set the tone in our daily life. What trips me up the most are the mundane things and Master is not letting me off the hook with any of it. Ever since i fibbed, ‘lied’, about doing my part of the housework properly there is no leniency as in the past, Master now inspects everything more closely and if dissatisfied, He finds a punishment to fit the crime wherever possible. Like today, the bathroom towels weren’t folded as nice and neat as they should have been, so i spent an hour under Master’s watchful eye folding the towels, only for Him to then pull them into a heap on the bathroom floor for me to do it all over again until He decided i had learnt my lesson well.
He’s pushing me to improve all the time and i’m grateful for His dedication. The measure of how well i am responding proves this change in our life is allowing us to become more of who we truly are, both readily shrugging off even more of our conditioning by society and family. In many ways you can liken Master’s role to parenting; we have however, no desire for me to act like a child, i am an adult slave to be used as such. It’s both exhilarating and disconcerting as Master steadily strips away my independence; with it, the process bringing to the surface raw emotions which in turn further amplify my feelings of guilt from the secrets i carry within me. Yet, when i tried to tell Him the other night at face-time i couldn’t get the words out, so overwhelming is my shame and fear. Increasingly, i’m struggling, persisting in my stubborn silence; each day i feel like a fraud, acting out a part. Master noticed my feeble attempt and is being patient, He hasn’t questioned me openly since my admission but the thought has crossed my mind if He is purposely pushing me harder right now to help force me to talk. If that’s the plan, it’s working. It would be so easy to put it all back in its box and make something up, Master wouldn’t be any the wiser; if only. The simple truth is that before i can truly be the slave that Master deserves He must release me from the shackles of the past.

With the wedding only a week away, i’m now weighed in a morning, Master also, citing that we wouldn’t want the made-to-measure suits needing a last-minute alteration. It’s a safe bet i reckon that the weighing scales will remain a regular part of my ritual long after the wedding is over.

More challenging, a week ago, Master demanded my chastity until after the wedding which, naturally, i give freely. What is less clear, however, is just what Master has in mind because He is more than well aware that i’m getting hornier with each passing day yet is being very coy if i’ll get any kind of release on our wedding night, pleasurable or otherwise. Master has that glint in His eyes whenever i mention it which combined with His dastardly scheming to exploit my frustration, has me all riled up beyond belief. Seriously, there’s no end to the imaginative ways in which He mercilessly teases me all the way to the edge only to keep me there until there’s nothing left but a squirming, babbling wreck. At this point, it’s as if i’m almost permanently hard and am embarrassed to be seen out of the house in case someone says something, and all it takes are a handful of well-chosen words to have me desperately struggling to stop myself from rutting against the nearest object.

On top of that, i have been given a couple of on command positions with Master using me hard and fast on a daily basis without any warning, fucking my hole or mouth the instant He chooses. Denied any pleasure of my own, i’m then expected to carry on about my day as if nothing out of the ordinary happened. Considering the terms of our relationship it’s par for the course and is a clear reminder of what i am, profoundly resonating with me in the light of our upcoming marriage. It’s humiliating being handled like this, yet i’m loving it, my aching body hungry for more. Even when we’ve been sitting quietly together at home, i’ve been required to place my unrestrained hands on my naval or thighs, which is mind-fuck in itself when i’m so aroused. My fingers are so near yet so far, itching to touch yet held away by the invisible chains of my mind. It is often the simplest of acts that are the hardest test of all.

Never, have i gone a whole week with this level of stimulation and no release without having help of any kind, not even a cock ring is allowed. The inevitable result is that all i think and fantasize about is having an orgasm, every second of every day i am conscious of the pressing need within me and my over-sensitive balls, swinging obscenely full, between my thighs. Fighting to keep in control is like walking on a tightrope, one wrong move and i’ll fall, the only blessing is that Master will be waiting below to catch me, ready to help me to do better.

Right now, Master is reading His car magazine, the only sound other than the turning of pages and
Him slurping His tea is my mouth sucking on a dildo attached to the front of the hearth surround. Three minutes deep sucking followed by sixty seconds gagged down on it to the hilt whilst my fingers hold my arse cheeks open, my hole unsurprisingly gaping easily after being fucked so much this last week. Having gotten over my initial embarrassment, i'm now fully focussed on training away my remaining gag reflex. It's only slight however, the task shows it isn't as good as it needs to be if i’m to safely take a skull fucking. The infuriating tick-tock of the clock on the mantelpiece sitting a couple of inches from my face is my timer and after being told off for the third time for not taking the dildo properly down all the way, the length of my training session has been doubled.

Having to breathe only through my nose and maintain a certain speed whilst coping with the urge to throw up isn't natural and i’m unsure how i feel about this particular desire of Master. Maybe He won’t like it. It's difficult to say why i am reluctant from my side as i love sucking Master and can come from breath play alone. What bugs me, i think, is that the only thing i contribute is my body and not my talent. Yet exploring that further doesn’t make sense either because my body being able to take it for as long and as hard as Master wants is in itself a skill, a talent; it just seems so impersonal and what we share is very personal.

My mouth is swollen and chin coated with spittle by the time i’m finished, yet any discomfort evaporates hearing Master’s words of praise. Attaching the leash, He leads me outside onto the decking where after filling my dog bowl with tap water, He settles down with a beer. Before being allowed to sit relaxed or drink, kneeling i’m reminded of my place in His house, “Tell me your purpose.”

“My purpose is to be Your slave, to obey, serve and satisfy Your every whim. Any choice i make must be based on whether or not it will please Master.”

“Did you serve your purpose well just now, slave?”

“slave did his best and hopes Master is pleased.”

“Master sees room for improvement; you need to work on your stamina. From tomorrow there will be a dildo in the kitchen and living room. No matter whatever else you are doing, whenever you enter these rooms you will spend five uninterrupted minutes practising your technique. I want you to mark a line on each one how deep you go and when you can take it down easily without stopping you’ll get the next size up until you’re trained to my satisfaction. If I catch you cheating in any way, you’ll be sleeping in the coalhole as punishment.”

It’s electrifying hearing Master talk like this, the edge to His voice has me visibly leaking, “Thank You for helping me to improve, Master.”

“You’re welcome. You may now drink your water.” Sinking down, lapping i welcome the cool water into my mouth and how heavenly it feels sliding down my throat. “Here, take this.”

Master smirks at me, placing the viagra pill on my tongue, watching to be sure i swallow, amused by my obvious displeasure. He knows i hate it with a passion and is only given to me rarely, perfect to make an already impossible situation worse as i can’t will my hard-on away once it kicks in which usually takes around thirty minutes or so. “Hand around your cock, keep it still.” Master is wonderfully evil, the only binding keeping me in check is my own will-power which He’s testing to my absolute limit. One night He's had me watching porn but not allowed to touch myself, having to keep my hands resting on my thighs. The next night my cock was wrapped in thick bondage tape with Master saying i can jerk off as much as i like, the words taunting, 'you can cum....., if you can'; it was impossible. Then last night knelt before Master He masturbated to the last video of me in the
playroom, taking His time with it until cumming over my face. Without a doubt, i have never wanted to cum so much as i do this week.

Wishing for a distraction, i notice Master has downed His first beer rather quickly. “Would Master like slave to fetch another beer?”

“I think I might, just one more.” i’m about to take the empty bottle, “Wait, let’s give you a little something to keep you occupied on the way.” He turns me around and bends me over, sliding neck of the beer bottle into my hole, “Don’t drop it, keep it in, both there and back. Off you toddle now, no dawdling slave.”

My task is no mean feat with the bottle sitting precariously inside me, its neck isn’t so long as to sit safely and with every step forward i’m paranoid it’s going to plop out. The journey to the kitchen and back will not be a quick one. Master’s chuckling irks irrationally as He watches my struggle, “It looks like your hole could do with some training, slave. When you get back, I’ll put you over my knee; won’t that be fun?”

“slave is looking forward to it, Master.” Oh crap, He’s going to kill me with over-stimulation and quite honestly as much as i’m finding it difficult, there’s nowhere else i’d rather be. Last time we did hole training He had me holding in different sized plugs during the day starting small where i had to really concentrate on clenching to hold it inside, each hour switching to the next size up. The bigger ones drove me nuts, frustratingly not quite reaching my prostate but was so very close and then in the afternoon every hour He had me changing back down again which was even harder work to keep from falling out as i walked about my day. i was completely exhausted by the time i got home. The hardest part was when getting home He removed the plug and i mourned its loss, the emptiness was overwhelming but Master made up for it by ordering my favourite take away which was a rare treat followed by a mind-blowing orgasm. There's no orgasm on the cards today, not for me, at any rate.

Having battled and returned victorious, i’m pleased with myself handing Master His beer, on my knees with the empty bottle still firmly clenched between my buttocks. Moving the offending article, Master strokes my head lovingly, His smiling features expressing His thanks as He finishes up a phone call. i hadn’t even heard it ring i was so focussed on my task. “Change of plan, slave.”

His eyes are scanning my body and i groan involuntarily as His bare foot reaches out to play with my cock. Laughing at my expression He pushes it back against my stomach, His big toe rubbing, toying with the foreskin and i close my eyes willing the unabating need away. It’s amazing how inventive i’ve also become to help hold off cumming. You’re going to let me cum, after all, Master?”

“In your dreams, I love watching you all needy and pouty like this. It’s fun.”

“slave is happy Master is suitably entertained.” There's no hiding the hint of sarcasm in my tone yet Master simply chuckles.

“That was Liv, she’s home a day early.” There’s no opportunity for me to respond, a moan escaping my lips as my head tips back, eyes closed in reaction to the effect His foot massaging my cock has on my senses; up and down, pressing it firmly against my stomach, His big toe rubbing, toying with the foreskin and i close my eyes willing the unabating need away. Whimpering, i sense that i’m losing this battle, “Master, please.....”

“That sounds suspiciously like begging, don’t you think?”
“slave is finding it very hard to obey, Master’s foot is.....” There’s no way i can finish the sentence as His other foot works its way into my mouth and i do my best to devour as much as i can before choking a little on it. Withdrawing both His feet, Master is laughing at me. At times like these, i question my sanity at willingly putting myself in this position, what drives me to crave such situations.

“Come on, I need to put some clean jeans on.” After locking up round the back, i’m lead to the bottom of the stairs and left waiting, facing the wall patiently assuming we are going to the pub. Upon bounding back down, i catch a whiff of Master’s aftershave, it’s my favourite and has me salivating, unashamedly taking in just how good He looks and i melt against His hand trailing down my back drawing me into Him. Pulled in close, His mouth covers mine as we embrace, arms wrapped around each other, our bodies joined as if one, and inevitably my cock is aching, harder than a piece of Blackpool rock from Master grinding against it, murmuring in amongst our kissing, “Don’t drip on me, slave.”

Scoffing, my retort is instant, “Master shouldn’t be surprised when He gives me such treats.”

Smiling at how wound up He has me, we kiss again, full on, deep and lingering. Gasping involuntarily from being manhandled so firmly, my naked form is crushed against the full-length mirror and i’m pleased silly at feeling just how hard He is. The mirror is a new addition to the hallway after i’d mentioned that it’s difficult to achieve perfection if i can’t see what i look like. Really, i should have known better as now i have to stand in front of it whilst waiting for Him before leaving the house and then when i’m dressing it gives Master opportunity to take advantage of the different angles it gives Him. “Bend over a little.” With my hands either side the mirror, i comply, witnessing close up in the mirror the effect He has on me, my eyelids half closing as His hand slides down my back, His roaming fingers sliding down to tease my greedy entrance and captivated i watch my reaction to the plug being pushed inside. Seeing myself so conspicuously decadent my answer of ‘Yes, Master,’ is no wonder at His words, “Better than pussy any day, don’t you agree my little manwhore?”

My lips part as it seats itself fully inside, and searching Master’s face i find Him watching me whilst rubbing His fingers up and down my crack, pushing on the outside of the plug. With our eyes locked, unspoken words of love exchange in this moment; they are as loud as if we had shouted them out until Master breaks the spell. “You’re going to ‘Wait Here’ and I’ll tell Liv that you’ll see her tomorrow.” His fingers trace down my cheek as the realization of this sinks in, “I know, slave, but as much as i enjoy seeing your cock on display, i don’t want the whole village seeing what a cock-slut you are. Anyway, it’ll give me chance to spend a little one-on-one with my sister without being distracted by your beautiful silent begging. Don’t think i don’t see it.” Trying to deny this would be futile, and part of me is glad yet i don’t like missing out. As Master tugs on a nipple ring, i also don’t miss the mischievous glint appearing in His eyes. “Oh, I have such a lovely idea, wouldn’t want you to be bored whilst i’m gone. You’re gonna love it.”

Disappearing into the other room, Master is rummaging in the toy box and upon His return, He threads a long thin chain through my nipple rings, then perching up on the chair at the side of the mirror He pulls the ends up towards the eyebolt just above the top of the mirror frame in the middle. When we put up the mirror, Master took the time to put three into the wall, flush just above the frame hidden from plain sight unless you climb up to see; there’s one in the middle and just above each corner. “Up, up.” He tugs the chain until i’m stood on the balls of my feet when He locks the chain to the bolt with a combination padlock; there’s a little bit of give, but not enough to let me get
anywhere near putting my feet flat on the floor. Apparently not satisfied this is sufficient to keep me occupied Master applies some silicone lube to my balls before locking on the medium metal ball stretcher and i resign myself to my predicament, it’s not as though i’ll have anywhere to go. “Very nice, very nice indeed.” Happy with His efforts, Master adds the final piece, putting my mobile in a case with a strap handle, He hangs it off the chain that runs horizontally between my nipples.

“If I have a use for you, you’ll feel it in your arse and then I’ll text you with instructions.” My eyes widen; i hadn’t realised this wasn’t one my usual plugs.” Grinning at my surprise, Master looks very pleased with Himself. “Let’s call it an early wedding present; I couldn’t resist. Right, where did I put my wallet, oh yes.” Presumably off to the kitchen to get it, i adjust my position starting to work out what will be the least stressful, Master must have been watching me as He spies me eyeing up the chair which He pulls well out of reach, “Best to take this away, out of temptation.” His eyes sparkle at my failed ingenuity, although we both know i wouldn’t have cheated, i am a masochist after all.

“Okay, I’m off, don’t have too much fun without me will you.” Master kisses the P.O.A. on my neck, “I’m going to be picturing you here like whilst I’m gone, so beautiful. When I get back, I'll let you suck me off, nice and slow as a thank you.”

“Your slave looks forward to it, Master.”

Turning the main light out, switching on the lamp on the hall table Master stands behind me one last time, kissing in-between my shoulder blades, “I almost don’t want to leave you, you look so good.”

“Master could take a picture, to remember it by.”

“What a good idea, why didn’t I think of that.” The words were out of my mouth before i had put my brain into gear, i do that to myself and every time i question why, it’s ammunition to taunt and humiliate me with later, but i know why, we both know why. “I love what a smart slave I have.” Putting His phone away after taking a few snaps, His hand rests on my lower back, "I think that deserves a reward, I'm sure I can think of something suitably fitting.”

“Thank You, Master.” With that, He takes His leave, and with the closing of the door, i’m left to my own devices, such as they are. It’s so frustrating and that’s the beauty of it. My hands are free, i can talk and the phone is in reach if i have to safe-word. It will take a while yet for my calves to start aching though i’m under no illusion that they will at some point and the tug of the ball stretcher is already remarkably good. All things considered, i’ve been in much worse predicaments, but i don’t like having my hands free; i don’t know what to do with them. The mirror's reflection of my acceptance plays on my mind with the psychology of it all, not even fully restrained, is a stark reminder of my submission, it's humiliation personified the more uncomfortable it becomes. i’m actually surprised to have escaped being gagged, but again, Master knows that sometimes, less is more.

Time feels like it is crawling along. It’s not possible to meditate and the position or pain isn’t such to send me into subspace combined with the fact i’m now having to concentrate harder on ignoring the nagging ache in my calves as i find it harder to stand on the balls of my feet. Anytime i start to relax, the tug on my nipples is unbearable and it doesn’t matter where i put my hands by this point, even holding onto the top of the mirror isn’t helping. Without ripping out my nipple rings, i’m here for the duration until Master decides otherwise.

Resting my forehead against the mirror, i wonder how the conversation is going with Liv. She’s been super stressed with her exams, but i don’t know why, well, i do but i’m sure she’ll be fine. This being her first year, she wants to show Master that she’s not wasting His money as He insisted in
paying the university fees so she doesn’t have to touch the inheritance. She doesn’t want to let Him down and after all the debacle around her GCSEs and a stay at Her Majesty's pleasure in young offenders, she has a point to prove. It’s been good for her to be away from Emmerdale and make new friends; she seems happy and we’re both proud of her. It’s ironic really, we’re encouraging her to be all independent whilst doing the opposite with me. It’ll be interesting to see how she reacts to finding out about the business and that i’ll be a Dingle. It will provide plenty of ammunition for Liv to tease me with, egged on by Master no doubt. Then there will be more drinking from the welly, i really dislike the welly, though Master has promised a special reward if i do it with good grace and a smile on my face.

As i have the time, i work on my wedding vows. They’ve been harder to write than i expected because there’s so much i want to say. Absorbed by my self-assigned task, it’s a surprise when the plug in my arse starts to pulse. It’s light at first, like tickling, but whatever setting He had it on, it gradually switches up and boy does it carry a sensation, definitely not a setting to have when i’m with other people. i could probably get away with it walking down the street, especially where there’s traffic about but it’s definitely not quiet enough otherwise. It’s thrilling to know Master can wield this much control when we’re apart; the possibilities are endless.

The sensations have ramped up my predicament considerably as i cope with wave after wave of vibration and pulsing, it’s wonderfully exhausting. My tired legs are trembling so much, that when the phone beeps with the text i don’t react immediately, needing a minute to anchor myself. Thankfully the sensation in my arse reduces to a light pulsing, once more sending tingles of pleasure throughout my body. A second text brings me fully to my senses and i read my instructions.

The first is the combination to the padlock which i can just about see. The relief is instant and i drop to my knees, resting my head down onto the floor to recover, “i love being a slave, i love being Your slave, Master’. No matter that He isn’t here in person to hear my words, if He had been, i would be sad it was over, He would have very much enjoyed my desire to endure.

The second text sparks an intense reaction inside me as the plug goes silent and a stillness settles, i’m going to be wrecked by the time we get married at this rate.

After licking up my leakage from the mirror and the floor, i collect the t-shirt and long shorts Master left for me at the bottom of the stairs and slip on my flip-flops, texting Master that i’m leaving the house. Looking in the mirror, you wouldn’t know i’d spent the last ninety minutes held up by my nipple rings. A quick run of the hand through my hair and check that the ball stretcher still in place isn’t visible, i make my way up to the pub, hoping that no-one sees me. Sod the ball stretcher, it’s my cock high on the viagra that’s the problem and will be for a while to come yet. It’s not a pleasant feeling walking with the equivalent of a ramrod whipping around in your shorts. At least wearing the hoodie helps me feel more normal, Master is right there’s a cool breeze.

Soon, i’m sneaking in the side door of the pub and i haven’t run into a soul, though i hang behind a corner as Cain goes from the gents back into the bar. Taking a deep breath, i enter the bogs before there’s time for anyone else to come along and just as Master commanded, i enter the far stall, my body turned to the side with the bog roll holder, my hands behind my back, my eyes closed and my leash dangling down my front. This is how i’m to wait, so i can be of service to my Master.

Someone comes and goes, the sound of their pee tinkling in the urinal and then i listen to the washing of hands; i’m nervous and excited, scared to be found by anyone other than Master. There are voices outside the door, laughter and i’m tense with the rattling of the stall next to me, not a voice i
immediately recognize as they hum to themselves until i realize it’s Rodney, a little the worse for wear by the sound of it.

Caught up smiling at the absurdity of where i am and why, panic replaces my amusement as the door to my stall opens and silently closes. There’s no talking and i’m not allowed to open my eyes, there’s no doubt in my mind it’s Master. It’s His scent as He grabs the end of my leash and i picture Him wrapping it in His hand as the pressure on my shoulder guides me to my knees, My own hands remain in the small of my back, one hand clasped around the wrist of my other. It takes a little manoeuvring; the stalls weren’t designed for this. The sound of Master’s jean’s unbuttoning is comforting and my mouth is already seeking Him out, to serve its purpose. Still, not a word is spoken as He pees into His slave. It seems to go on forever, a sign of how much beer He’s drunk and i make a mental note to pamper Master in the morning; He’s likely to have a slight hangover if history is anything to go by.

Shaking the last few drops into my open mouth, i feel sad when it’s finished and rub my nose against Him to soak up as much of His scent as i can in the time i am able but Master knows my game. He pinches my nose and pushes deep inside my mouth until i start to squirm from the loss of air, a few seconds more and then i can breathe again as i’m pulled up and put back where i was found and then all of a sudden i’m on my own again. Master washes His hands but there’s no sound of paper towels being used; knowing Him as i do He wipes them dry over the back of His jeans, a bad habit He has then with a whoosh of the door i’m totally alone once more. Making me jump, the plug restarts its pulsing, the signal for me to leave.

Not knowing if Master is somehow watching, i don’t dawdle; i know i’m riding a little high from the experience as i sneak outside to walk home. There’s at least a couple of times when i have to stop, the plug is so distracting and my cock is screaming at me for relief. The thing is, no matter how tempting it is to give in, it never crosses my mind to try. i might be a cock-slut but without Master’s permission or as witness, it’s meaningless, any satisfaction will be hollow. A lesson i learnt a long time ago, we feed off each other to get what we need.

Arriving back home, i undress before entering. Clothes folded neatly on the bottom step, taking the padlock, i rise up on the balls of my feet and lock myself as before, careful to make sure i am raised up enough but not too much before re-attaching the phone. Master wouldn’t be happy finding i had damaged His property. Continuing playing with my vows, as if on standby i wait to be of further use; He’ll text me when He’s on His way home.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Coalhole or coalplace is what we call a coal bunker where I come from. How I picture it for the story is like the one at my parents house where there is a small room by the kitchen door, only accessible from outside. It's about 1.5m wide, 2.5m deep and 2m high, uneven cobble stone floor, wooden door with air vent, keyhole on the outside. It's dry and retains some warmth from the house. I'll explain more in a future chapter.
Owned From The Inside Out

Chapter Summary

The boys spend some quality time with Liv.

Chapter Notes

Key rules/changes to date:
Not allowed to use the words, ‘I want’, ‘I need’ or ‘sorry’ / When apologize, have to say out loud what for / No begging unless commanded / Not allowed to ask for permission to cum / Naked in the home / Keep up-to-date handwritten list of new rules and read them before breakfast and going to bed / Wear apron when preparing and cooking hot meals / Master approves all work appointments / Offer Master massage after work / Kneel when serving Master alcohol / Remain in full slave-mode with Vic who is be addressed as Queen Vic or Your Majesty; Adam is to be called Mr Barton at all times / Defer to Master for all key decisions on staffing, any contracts and financials relating to business holdings / Follow morning ritual on work days / Kneel and kiss Master’s feet when He enters His office in Hotten, and wait for instruction /

Robert, Friday 11th June 2021

We had a late start this morning as i expected. Master wasn’t anywhere near drunk when He got home, but definitely a little merry. As it turned out He wasn’t that far behind me in leaving the pub making it nice that for once it was slave putting Master into bed.

Master gets all lovey-dovey when He’s had a drink and wanted to cuddle after attaching my bed-chain reminding me that the code for the combination lock is taped to the back of the headboard. It’s one of the very rare occasions where i’ve been restrained and Master has had more than a couple of drinks which is why He gave me permission to release myself at any time if necessary. The almost scowl i gave Him earned me a chastising bite on my shoulder that will be with me a good couple of days even though i don’t agree that i had anything to be chastised about in this instance, just Master being over-protective. Yet, it doesn’t take away from how much i cherish the mark which acts as a constant reminder of His love.

By the by, this morning, i got a little revenge for missing out on seeing Liv last night. Master wanted to sweat off the effects of the beer so we went for a long run and i pushed the pace a lot harder than usual taking the opportunity to also work out the lingering ache in my calves. He was cream-crackered and dripping by the time we got back, collapsing on the decking calling me out for being a devious slave; of course omitting to mention that He could have commanded me to slow down at any time. He just doesn’t like being outdone. Either way, i made it up to Him by delivering a most enjoyable orgasm and in return, i got a harder than usual spanking and allowed a cup of real coffee for breakfast. All in all, it was a very good way to start the day indeed.
Last night Master had apparently volunteered us to help Liv choose an outfit for the wedding as she couldn’t make her mind up so we got the final decision rights, well Master did, but i agreed with His choice. At nineteen, like her brother, she radiates a special loveliness when all dressed up; Master quite rightly was truly brimming with pride. After that, however, it gradually descended into them larking about, now on the hunt for a fascinator to match. Go figure at Liv being all a girlie-girl for once. It’s impossible not to laugh at brother and sister together in such playful mood with Master now sporting His latest try-on whilst Liv is wearing another, of the pink feather variety. Thankfully, apparently, my head’s too big to make a good fascinator model.

Ever since picking Liv up from the pub i’ve been enjoying a very affectionate Master and we’ve been almost permanently physically close as if an invisible leash is connecting us. That is until His antics get Him into bother with His sister who is now pushing Him unceremoniously out of the way so she can see herself in the mirror putting me centre stage for an opinion. “Stop flaunting your wares, Aaron, people are staring. What do you think, Rob?”

Giggling at the putout look on Master’s face and the fact He has garnered one or two amused looks from passer-by’s, i stir the pot, “Perfect, just the one.” Master rolls His eyes, His hand reaching out in an attempt to remove it, however, Liv pre-empting this holds Him off. “Now, now, kiddie-winkies, no fighting in the shop please.”

Grinning at Master cheekily, He doesn’t mince His words, “Over my dead body. She’s not wearing that obstrocity at our wedding and it doesn’t matter if it's cheap as chips or the most expensive in the shop.”

Liv smirks at Him, putting her find back on the rack, “You’ve got no sense of fun, Aaron. You need to take a leaf out of Faith’s book and let your hair down.” That does it and the murderous look on Master’s face has me in stitches.

Before He gets a response in, Liv has found another to her liking, “How about this one?” Both Master and i hold our breath as she does a twirl, her hand bunching her hair up, “What?” She looks at us unsure what has got us both stuck for words and i stutter out what i know Master is also thinking, “Beautiful, you’re beautiful Liv, it’ll look lovely with the dress.”

Blushing with embarrassment, she looks across at Master for His confirmation who manages a nod. With a clear winner, i pinch His wallet out of His pocket, guiding us over to the counter to pay. Master only gulps a little when He sees the price ringing through, nether-the-less puts in His pin number without hesitation because i was right, it is perfect.

Shopping trip over, being the nominated chauffeur for the morning, i drive us and our many bags back to Emmerdale, and still being all touchy-feely, Master’s hand never leaves my thigh which is an added distraction especially whilst running through my mandatory clenching exercises to be done when i’m in the car. That said, it’s been really nice chatting about everything and anything. The playful banter makes me realise how much i miss having Liv in the village more.

Once home, i open the front door shooing them both inside whilst i collect the bags out of the car boot. Liv must have gone straight on through but waiting for me on the steps, Master is what i would classify as ogling and as soon as i set the bags down inside, His hands grab hold of my hips, brushing Himself up against me whilst walking us into the hallway towards the staircase, sneaking in a smattering of quick kisses before quietly issuing my instructions, “Go change, your shorts are on the bed, keep the same top and I’ve left you out a little something extra to wear.”

Intrigued, i dash upstairs, stripping out of my clothes by the door before crawling into the bedroom.
A huge smile spreads across my face upon lifting up the shorts to find my favourite plug underneath. Making my way into the bathroom, after applying a nice slathering of lube, i position myself to push it inside remembering the first time i wore it; i had been so nervous that it wouldn’t fit. Carefully pushing it past the first sphincter muscle and then the second, it was so intense whereas now, despite being a while since wearing this particular plug, it slides in relatively easily, snuggling very nicely as the rubber connector gets sucked in and the base pulls up against my hole. Taking a minute to fully appreciate how very good it feels reminds me to ask Master if He’ll buy me the next size up. The XXL would be too much to wear for an extended time, but i can imagine just how stimulating the extra girth and weight would feel for a few hours.

There’s a definite knack to having such a big chunk of aluminium inside you because it isn’t exactly subtle yet once it’s in, it feels fantastic. It was last year when Master bought me the ‘Worlds Most Comfortable Butt Plug’ for my birthday, and crikey does it live up to its name. What i like the most is that i can go about my normal day without any real problem and love the way it taps my insides whenever i move. It’s totally sexy, just walking with it in is pleasurable; it gives you the feeling of being filled but never gets too much that i have to take it out and when it squeezes my prostate it’s a ride that has me silently moaning, biting my lip to try maintain a semblance of control.

Taking a deep breath to centre myself, i head downstairs, knowing i’m going to be in so much trouble if i’m not careful. There’s a fine line between enjoying a plug like this and giving into temptation, falling at Master’s feet asking Him to fuck me senseless, hence the knack of learning to cope with it whilst going about the day as usual. The combination of being discretely owned from the inside out all whilst still managing to enjoy some quality family time makes it perfect for today.

Upon hearing me enter the kitchen, Master twists around and seeing my smile, grins at me knowingly, pausing in His preparation of meat and veg to take outside where Liv is setting up the barbecue, “What do you say?”

Draping my arms over His shoulders, i plant a loving kiss of thanks behind His ear, soaking up the smell of His skin mixed with a hint of soap and shampoo, “slave has the best Master ever.” Continuing nuzzling, i take advantage of the opportunity to nip and kiss His earlobes which always turns Him on whilst rubbing myself up against Him.

“Horny more like.”

“That’s what happens when You deny Your slave for so long. It’s walking down the stairs with it in, they do it every time. You know, thinking unsexy thoughts has its limits. Don’t suppose You feel like giving slave an orgasm to help out, i’d make it worth Your while?”

Taking charge of the situation, switching our positions around, pushing me in front of Him, Master presses me up against the counter whilst sliding His hand down past the waistband at the back of my shorts to fondle my arse, occasionally running His fingers up and down my crack. “What do you think?” i don’t bother answering, resigned to my lot instead as we watch the other show going on through the kitchen window.

Master’s arms wrap around my waist as we chuckle at Liv struggling to set up the barbecue; it never was her forte, “You want me to go give her a helping hand?”

Released without warning, i yelp at the smack on my backside, lovingly hard, “Yep, take those with you, I’ll be out in a minute.”

“Your wish is my command, Master.”
“And don’t you forget it, oh and slave, the kitchen dildo might be out of sight whilst Liv is around but you’ll do the training with it later for every time you're in here, and for being so cheeky, no sitting on the furniture.” Smiling, i’d already guessed there would be no reprieve from my training, and as far as not being allowed on the furniture, this is a privilege that i don’t mind losing and the family have long since gotten used to me ligging on the floor more often than not.

“Here, like this.”

“Mmmh, i always forget that bit.” Having taken the trays off me so i can set up and start the barbecue, with it now fired up, she places a mixture of meat and veggie kebabs onto the grill, “You missed a good night last night.”

“We weren’t expecting you ‘til today and anyway it gave you chance to catch up just the two of you.”

“Yeah, it was nice. He’s such a bugalugs. I had told him, he forgot.”

“He’s been a bit stressed with organizing the wedding, Her Majesty, Queen Vic, that’s my sister if you hadn’t cottoned on, has been driving Him slowly potty with it.” Smiling relaxed, enjoying my own little one-on-one time with Liv, she oversees the meat and veggie kebabs now starting to sizzle away as we chit-chat, “You want me to fetch you some beer or wine?”

“I’ll go, you want anything?”

“Check with your brother. We got you in some of that cider you like.”

Movement catching my attention, Master comes out with a jug of water and bread rolls. “Just water for us Liv, the cider’s in the fridge, help yourself.” She sets off inside, “Oh, can you bring the ketchup with you, I forgot it.”

Master’s hand curls around the back of my neck, resting His chin on my shoulder as i monitor the cooking. “You want to take over?”

“Not unless you want it all burnt. I know when to defer to the expert.” That might have been the case five years ago, but with my tutelage Master has improved significantly in the cooking department, He just doesn’t like to let on about it unless He has to. “I’ve put you your two bread rolls on that smaller plate on the bottom shelf, specially prepared just for you.” The slight squeeze of His hand around my neck reinforces the explicit command that it is.

“You are most kind. i hope You washed Your hands young man, i know where they’ve been.”

Master snorts a laugh as we spy Liv coming back, stopping to drag the sun lounger over, His response just loud enough for me to hear, “slaves need their protein and vitamins if they are to perform well.”

“Here you go.” Ketchup on the table, taking a drink of her cider from the bottle, Liv plonks herself down on the newly acquired lounger, when Master plays the older brother card, “Liv, you wouldn’t mind going to the car and getting the blanket out of the boot, would you? Keys are in the bowl by the kitchen door.”

Huffing at the inconvenience she gets back up, “What did your last mug die of?”

“He didn’t. He’s slaving away to cook your perfect steak, just how you like it, burnt to a crisp.”
“I don’t like any blood in it, what’s wrong with that?”

Smirking at them, I intervene, “Nothing Liv, it’ll be ready in a minute.”

Master looks at her pointedly and she sighs, “I’m going, I’m going. No blood, remember.”

Master bites my shoulder through my shirt, the exact spot He bit earlier this morning and I caution Him gently with my eyes. Not that I don’t like Him being in such a playful mood, but it’s generally just the two of us and we’ve gotten used to being unguarded at home, however, Liv isn’t daft. “What would Master care to have served first?”

“Mmmh, you can have a burger first, preferably still pink inside and then a veggie kebab. I’ll have a steak and then maybe a burger, not really sure yet for me.”

“Here, put this on Your sister’s chair.”

“Pfft, remember who’s Master, slave.” That said Master does as bid before dragging over a sun-lounger for Himself and by the time He’s got it positioned where He wants Liv is back and I’m handing Master His plate. Taking the blanket from Liv, I lay it out and having put together my own burger with some salad in the specially prepared bread roll with dressing à la Master, I settle myself down, leaning with my back against Master’s chair, my legs stretched out.

“Wasn’t ever sure you’d do it, you know?”

Squinting at her whilst munching on my burger, I wait for Master to respond feeling His fingers touching the back of my neck and stroking along my slave collar nestled out of sight under the collar of my polo shirt. I smile back at Him, He’s so possessive at times. “Do what?”

“Take the plunge, get married. You both always said you weren’t interested.”

“I just came up in conversation, really and it made sense for taxes when we worked it out.”

Liv pulls a face, “That’s so unromantic. One of you must have popped the question though; so who asked who? Was there bended knees involved?”

Snickering, there are definite advantages to leaving Master do most of the talking, “I suppose in the end I asked, but it was miladdo here who was down on his knees.”

My face is turning a rare shade of pink as I acknowledge the down-side of letting Master do all the talking, “Urggh, I so didn’t need that visual.”

Nudging Master’s leg, partly to convey my embarrassment, yet also amused at Liv’s, He grins at me not caring a jot, “He’s winding you up, Liv.”

“Too late, this is why I’m staying at the pub. Most people after five years are all happy with their cocoa and slippers with sex once a week if they can be bothered but you two are probably still at it morning, noon and night.”

“We have a healthy sex life and I’m not going to apologise for it. You wait until you find someone special to love and spend your life with, and you won’t be able to keep your hands off them either.”

Master’s finger purposefully strokes His mark at the back of my neck whilst I simply melt further into His touch.
“Awww.”

Nodding, my comments are half musing to myself, “Mmmh, there's got to be some benefits to becoming a Dingle.” Liv wasn’t expecting that; her eyes widening at this snippet of information. It's the tightening of Master's fingers that warn me i’ve mis-stepped and i quickly try to fix it, “No telling anyone though, it's a secret.”

Too late, i get an admonishing tap on the head, thankfully playful in nature. “I thought we weren’t telling anyone?”

“Liv can keep a secret, can’t you?”

“You’d better, we’re not too sure how the natives are going to react.”

Liv nods in swift understanding in the face of Master's glare, “More than my life’s worth, I get it.” Mischievously switching her gaze to me, “You can tell me later what it took to get you to agree to that, it can’t be just sex.”

Laughing at her cheekiness, i answer, “My lips are sealed Olivia, my lips are sealed.” Winking at Master i finish my burger, licking my fingers clean, “This time next week we'll be married; it'll be worth it just for the look on Andy's face, assuming he turns up.”

“He was planning to, last I heard.” Smirking, Master nods at Liv, teasingly, “We just need you to change your name and then we'll have a full house.”

Liv clearly thinks about as much of that idea as i had, “In your dreams.”

Master feigns mock offence, “Oi. That’s your family you’re casting aspersions at.” He leans over and nibbling on my ear, His warm breath sends tingles shooting down my spine which in turn has me wriggling, shifting the plug inside me that feels so good yet so bad with Liv present, “Here try this, it’s too good not to.” His fingers push into my mouth a slither of steak with bbq sauce and i can’t resist sucking the juices from His fingers.

Fortunately, Liv is oblivious to our playfulness. With her back to us, she’s busy helping herself to a veggie kebab from the grill, “I’m sticking with Flaherty thank you very much.”

“So, what are you up to for the summer?” Master looks relaxed and happy as He feeds me a second piece of steak, smiling at me conspiratorially. He knows how much i love being handfed. Hardly a meal goes by without it at some point. Often at night, i eat the whole meal from His hand, it’s a nice way to help us unwind after work.

“Got invited to a friend’s in France, a bit of backpacking and then they have a house not far from Narbonne.”

“Look at you, miss gadabout.” Despite the upbeat tone, i sense Master’s disappointment as Liv sits back down with her plateful.

“I’m not, and if you can do it, anyone can.”

Master tenses and i step in before it escalates; His sojourn in France wasn’t exactly a choice He likes to be reminded of, “It was meant as a compliment Liv. We’re glad you have plans, we just missing having you around for a bit longer.”
“Well then, you’ll be happy I’m planning to be back here for a couple of weeks before Uni starts up again. I miss you two as well for some unfathomable reason.” At moments like this i wonder at just how fast time flies, it doesn’t seem two minutes since Liv was a difficult teenager but the bond with Master was always strong even when they were at loggerheads.

Slipping my hand in Masters, i squeeze it and feel Him relax, “Perfect.”

“Can I stay here though? I’d forgotten how mad it is at the pub.”

The question is to Master but with a silent exchange, He asks for and receives my okay, before answering, “You know we’d love to have you and we promise to behave, no grossing you out.” Liv smirks, shaking her head at us not believing a word of it which is reinforced by Master’s cheeky add-on, “Much. You could have stayed here this week, we wouldn’t have minded.”

“Nah, not this week I know you two lovebirds both too well.”

Twisting around with my back to Liv, i rest my chin on my arms, peering up at Master, “Second round?” Permission received by way of a smile and a nod, Master continues talking with Liv about her plans as i go to fill our plates, pushing my veggie kebab off the stick into my pre-prepared finger bap, smiling at the creamy sauce ready and waiting, before drowning Master’s burger in fried onions and ketchup, no healthy green stuff, just how He likes it.

Robert, Saturday 12th June 2021

“Come here, slave.” As soon as i’m near enough my leash is attached, “That’s better.”

The weather is so nice still that we’ve been outside most of the morning fixing a couple of planks in the decking that needed replacing and are taking a well-earned rest lying on the grass enjoying the warmth of the sun for a few minutes before it’s time for me to make us something to eat.

Shifting onto my side, propping myself up with my arm, Master’s head tips sideways on and our eyes meet as He circles my nipples, teasing the piercings with a long nail from the toolbox He’d been fiddling with before dragging it down my naval making it an effort for me not to get too excited. It’s the licking of my lips that likely give me away as i savour the pink scratch marks left by the nail’s sharp point on my lightly tanned skin. Rolling onto my back in a half attempt at evasion of said implement and thus any further arousal, it’s a lost cause as Master moves into the space, propped up on His arm whilst His other hand takes over, the nail now tracing over my cock and balls.

“They look very full, don’t they?”

My eyes might now be squeezed shut but i can picture His satisfaction as i stammer with my answer, “Full of love for You, Master.”

Biting down hard on my lip it’s a close call not to cry out, but my eyes fly open as Master presses the point into my ball sac, pushing down into the ground, “Do you like that?”

Seeing Master's eyes laughing at me i respond in kind with sarcasm, “What, the fact that my cock is almost bursting out if its skin isn't clue enough.”

Master chuckles, His own body belying the pleasure He takes from my reaction, His eyes taking on a darker, erotic edge, “We can play more with this if you’d like, not now but another time?”

The pressure increases and my body lifts slightly involuntarily, a guttural moan escaping my lips, my
hands balling into fists to help channel the pain as well as to restrain myself so not to bat Master's hand away. This is often how we start to negotiate when we stumble into the idea of trying something new like now. “I’m not sure.” The pressure eases as the tip of the nail glides up my shaft, “What does Master have in mind?”

“I saw pictures once of a ball sac splayed out, nailed into a piece of wood with the cock strapped down, taking a whipping. It was very hot.”

“It sounds painful. Did You cum, jerking off to it?”

“Yes, but only because I imagined it was you. You get off on pain. You’re in heaven when I take the crop to your cock, and you like needles. The sadist in me is curious what you think about it.”

Not answering immediately, I take a moment to consider, “Our pain-play is usually more about sensation than true pain and needles slide in silently. This would be hammering nails through my skin into a plank of wood; it feels more.....”

“Extreme, brutal?”

“Maybe.” I can’t imagine it being anything other than outright pain which I’m not fond of but once they’re in it would probably feel very good. I’m intrigued, tempted maybe, “Are You seriously interested in it?”

“Do some homework during your tablet time and then present it to me when you are ready. Pros, cons, safety, what you think you might like about it and not. Variations of a theme that might be more us.” Master shifts, draping Himself half across me, the nail now returned to light teasing is tugging on my nipple ring. “Yes, I’m interested.”

It’s impossible to not be affected by the conversation and my body is pushing up against His as I probe further, “What turned You on the most about it?”

Similarly, Master starts rubbing His knee against my groin, ratcheting up further both my desire and frustration in equal measure, “How his body was really taut, straining, and the mix of surrender and euphoria on his face was just like when I take you deep. What was it you wrote in your mantra?”

After breakfast earlier, I recited my new mantra; I know it by heart, and immediately find the line He means, “I am a slave, Hurt me. It is through pain that I find pleasure and release.”

Master’s question is softly spoken, our faces as so near that I feel His warm breath and there’s no mistaking the charged energy between us, “Is it true?”

My answer is equally quiet, as I monitor the effect it has on Him, “Often. You get off on it when I suffer for You.” It is a statement, not a question.

“I love taking my time with you, watching you surrender bit by bit until you reach the point where you let go completely. It’s a rush having that much power over you. My action, your reaction; that you trust me enough to do that is a privilege I couldn’t bear to lose. God, slave you have no idea of some of the things I want to do to you.”

“I trust You totally, I always have ever since we first met.” Master lets the nail fall to the ground, moving fully on top of me, kissing passionately, our bodies intertwining. Suddenly stilling our movement, Master’s expression turns serious, “I won’t ever let you come to harm, it’s a promise I take seriously. It’s one of the reasons why I won’t let you give up your safeword.”
It’s not possible to love Master more than at this moment, my eyes fixed on His as my fingertips trace down His cheek, “Master, i became Your slave because You know how to take better care of me than i do; i trust You, i trust You with my life.”

The turn in our conversation has quelled the lust, instead replacing it with the need to be close and we lie quietly wrapped in each other’s arms. From the many thoughts rambling through my head, it is a slave’s curiosity that wins out, “Will Master tell me more about some of the things You want to do with me?”

Peering at me, Master squeezes a hug, “All in good time, slave.”

Although keen to know more, Master’s devilish smile and clipped tone discourages me sufficiently from pursuing the topic as i have no intention of being punished today for being a pushy brat. It’s a shame our stag party is tonight because it really wouldn’t take much to push the right buttons making it a given that we wouldn't likely see the light of day the rest of the weekend. That said, i don’t think either of us would relish explaining to our sisters why we ruined their best-laid plans.

Thankfully, before i come up with an idea to lead Master just a little a bit astray, He re-directs my thoughts offering a smile to die for, “Go make something to eat, something quick and easy, you decide. Bring it out when it’s ready.”

With the earlier sexual tension now having evaporated and hearing my tummy rumble, i put my playful thoughts on the backburner, returning the smile, “One plate or two, Master?”

Sat in the shade at the bottom of the garden, from in-between His knees on the grass, i grin at Master’s burp of satisfaction, for once resisting the urge to say something sarcastic and instead concentrate on enjoying eating the last piece of melon offered by His hand. Master kisses my forehead before lazily leaning back, relaxing in His chair. “Don't know about you, slave, but I could happily stay like this all day.”

“Mmmhh, sounds nice; it’s not often we do absolutely nothing. Is there anything slave can do for Master, rub sun-tan cream across Master’s rather hot toned body for example?”

“You could, but it’s too hot to be in the shade never mind the sun; if you’re good you can lick off my sweat later.” Typically, my treacherous cock likes that idea. “It’s a shame we don't have some big fans like in the old movies, slave could be useful in keeping me cool from this balmy weather.”

“Slave is thankful for small mercies.” Rolling my eyes is instinctive and unfortunately unavoidable. Master chuckles, “Sometimes I wonder you enjoy being a slave so much?”

“There are many perks that slave is extremely thankful for.”

“I'll bet. If i was a strict Master, I'd be punishing you for being so insolent and not offering an alternative that you could use as a fan.”

Immediately i’m kicking myself, feeling contrite. Why is it i find the whole service thing so hard; i’m supposed to be better than this, “slave will correct His failure and would be honoured to fan You.”

Applying enough pressure with His hand to stop me rising, Master strokes my head resting against His thigh as if He had heard my thoughts, “Relax, slave; you’d just be fanning warm air for nothing out here today. Just you watch, it’ll be teeming down next Saturday for the wedding.” With His head tipped to one side, Master is studying me, “Are you happy, slave?”
“Yes, Master, very.” Truth is, I’m almost purring in contentment from His touch.

We lapse into a comfortable silence, possibly both of us dozing until Master starts carding His fingers through my hair once more, “Are you looking forward to tonight?”

His question catches me by surprise, but I answer truthfully, “Yes and no.”

“Mmmh, I know what you mean.”

“May I drink You instead of beer?”

“It’s too risky all night with so many people about, we could sneak in one maybe or add in a shot for extra flavour.” That has me grinning as Master leans over for a tender kiss, following through with His fingers trailing down my side, wandering to my cock and my eyes follow them as Master raises them to His lips, tasting my pre-cum. “There are times when I miss you wearing shorts and seeing that wet patch get wetter. You used to wriggle the more uncomfortable it got, it was very entertaining.” Something in the way Master is watching me, keeps me silent stopping me from offering to go fetch a pair, “How many days is it since you came?”

“Ten days, Master.” I could even quote it to the hour and with a bit of effort, the minutes but that would let on just how desperate I am.

“At least another week to go.”

“At least.” Hopefully, I don’t let my disappointment about this show too much. With cumming off the table, it feels like I’m leaking more of the day than not.

“I was very pleased this morning, slave; I like what I heard. Say it again for me.”

Playing the innocent, I bat my eyelids demurely, “Say what again?”

“You know.”

“l’m unsure, Master.”

“The nettles are looking rather fine at the minute, don’t you think?”

“Oh, so cruel.”

“I simply know what motivates you the most.”

Master has come to love the effect nettles have on me and there is now a dedicated patch for them at the back of the garden which is my responsibility to tend and keep tidy. So enamoured is Master, that He had me read up and then teach Him about when they are in season and at their most potent. On occasion, I’m even expected to pick those to be used on me, it’s deliciously clever as I always pick what I know will cause the most suffering. There is also the added bonus they’ve attracted a variety of butterflies into the garden however, I’m less enthusiastic about the ladybirds they attract as I have a phobia.

Conceding that today I prefer not to spend the afternoon being tormented by nettles, this is motivation enough for me to recite the mantra from this morning without further ado, my eyes fixed on Master’s hand which having pushed down His shorts, is tugging on His wonderfully organ. It’s thickening nicely and I lick my lips in anticipation of the turn the afternoon is taking.
“i am a slave. Enthral me.
Ever stricter and deeper, submission is my strength.
i am a slave. Own me.
In choosing to surrender, i am at peace, my fears are conquered.”

Master’s lips curl into a smile and taking a couple of o-rings from His pocket He locks my wrist bracelets behind my back; i ache to touch, to be touched.

“i am a slave. Command me.
Overflowing with the desire to obey, service is my ambition.
i am a slave. Love me.
Structure and discipline fill my heart with joy.”

“i am a slave. Use me.
Degradation fosters my humility, keeping my ego in check.”

Knowing it’s coming doesn’t change the effect on me as Master tips my chin up, the spittle leaving His lips, splattering onto my face before slowly sliding down. This is love; i would never wipe it away even if i could.

“i am a slave. Hurt me.
It is through pain that i find pleasure and release”

Before i even say the words, Master is twisting my nipple so hard my back arches. Breathing through it to chase away the pain, i cast my mind back to our conversation this morning, my leaking cock ramrod hard.

“i am a slave. Challenge me.
In word and deed, i promise to give all that i am to please You”

My eyes start to take on a glazed look, the endorphins starting to flow through my body as He drags me by my nipple ring until i’m kneeling upright.

“i am a slave. Respect me.
Devoted, i am honoured to kneel at Your feet
“i am a slave. Chain me.
Hold tight onto my leash; never set me free.”

The leash curls around my throat, tightening: not too much but enough, Master’s other hand gripping the base of my cock is all that prevents me from cumming.

“i am a slave. Teach me.
Slavery is my vocation, help me learn my place.
i am a slave. Care for me.
Wearing Your collar is a symbol of my love and trust.
i am Your slave, Master. Claim me.”

Grabbing a fistful of my hair, Master pulls my head angling it so i’m forced to look up at Him. If it hurts, i’m too far gone already to notice it, “That is too fucking hot, I want to hear it over and over.”

“Claim me, Master.”

Sliding down, bending me over, Master wedges me between His legs whilst rubbing His cock up
and down between my crack, prodding, poking, preparing to mount me.

“Say it again. Again, slave.”

Starting from the beginning, i’m not sure i make it to the end, stopping and starting as i lose myself in the maelstrom of Master’s lust. He takes me with an all-consuming fervour, fingers bruising my skin such is His hunger to claim what is His yet it’s not forceful in the sense of wanting to hurt. If anything, i’m as rampant in my desire to give myself to my Master and a sheen of sweat quickly coats our bodies, little rivulets running down our skin and using my training i strain my muscles to heighten His pleasure until crying out with an almost animalistic roar i’m filled with His seed.

It seems my husband to be is also the Master of understatement saying He finds it a turn on. That was without doubt as hard and quick as ever before or at least equalling it and i feel thoroughly fucked.

Breathing heavily Master pulls me to lie with Him on the grass, spooning from behind, His leg draped across mine, protective after using me so hard, “You’ll be the death of me, slave.”

We’re in no rush to move, and the oddest thoughts come into my mind at the most inopportune moments, “We did lock the gate, right?” It’s usually never left unlocked but we had to open it to bring through the planks of wood from the van this morning.

Chuckling, Master wipes His damp forehead on my shoulder-blade, “Well, it’s a bit late now if we didn’t. Anyway, our family know better than to come unannounced, even mum and Paddy call ahead.”

Eventually, Master rises, “I think you’d do well with an afternoon of suspension and edging, don’t you agree slave?”

TBC
The Point Of No Return

Chapter Summary

Robert and Aaron enjoy their stag night, and has Robert finally found the courage to confess all?

Robert, Saturday 12th June 2021

“Master, Your slave and property humbly requests permission to accompany You to the Woolpack for our stag party.”

“Repeat the terms upon which this privilege is granted?”

It’s a good job i’m not required to keep my expressions in check because there’s not a cat in hell’s chance i can keep the happy smile off my face when answering. Obviously, it goes without saying still careful to be deferential, “slave accepts Your authority in all things, it shall behave according to Master’s will at all times and is not to disappoint under any circumstances.”

It’s weird how what would ordinarily be described as stiff formality is anything but. It’s just the opposite. No matter how often we do this something deep inside stirs, and it’s undeniable just how much we both enjoy this exchange. In theory, these words should sound all wrong coming out of Aaron’s mouth being nothing like the language He would normally use, and i think that’s the crux of it. He’s not a boyfriend, lover or fiancé, but a Master setting out the boundaries and expectations of how a slave is expected to conduct himself. His slave, my Master. A special kind of love, more intimate and intense than i could ever have imagined five years ago, and there's no other place i'd rather be or person i’d rather be with.

Leaning casually against the wall, hands in pockets, Master looks good enough to eat, His new dark blue jeans and jumper hugging in just the right places. Yet it’s the way His eyes walk up and down my body that sends the most incredible shiver up my spine, “You are allowed to sit on the furniture whilst we’re out. You can talk freely with family, same with everyone else but outside family, you have to wait for them to start the conversation and be sure to be respectful at all times. I want you to stay close to me all night, no further than the length of your leash unless it can’t be avoided so I can touch you whenever I want. Oh, and keep your legs apart; sex slaves should be on display even with clothes on.”

Similarly, i know i also look good yet my face flushes pink at the label, compounded by the fact i’m waiting for Master to complete my inspection before we can leave, “Yes, Master.” This combination of ritual and protocol is one of the most important in the recent changes for me and already i hold it very dear, a reminder that my will is not my own whilst acting as a bridge between our home life and the outside world. Strict yet flexible depending on the situation.

“Give me a twirl then, slave; let’s see if my property is fit for purpose.” With a grin to match, Master’s sadistic edge is coming out to play tonight whilst also feeding His possessive streak. Tonight’s purpose is to be reminded every single second that this traditional celebration of our last few nights as single ‘free’ men is meaningless; as His slave, i am anything but free. With a devilish
twinkle in His eyes, Master can only attempt to guess the effect of His hands sliding down over the breasts of my waistcoat as if innocently straightening out any remaining rumples. “Well, slave?”

Sucking in a deep breath to keep control, my eyelids flutter closed which just as quickly reopen from the sharp tug of my shirt sleeve cuffs. His fingers ghost through mine and i miss their touch as soon as they leave my fingertips, the entire action one of love and care, a final probing for my consent which i give willingly. “You will be in my thoughts all night, Master.”

Six tack-like pins with tiny spikes encircle each of my nipples held in place first by a criss-cross of plasters then with bondage wrap wound around my upper torso completely restricting their movement and thus avoiding any bleeding. The waistcoat above my shirt is the final layer hiding everything from sight. It’s not the first time i’ve been so adorned, and although very shallow, they are a biting reminder of who is in control with every movement sending a signal to my brain which in turn sends a jolt of pleasure shooting through to my cock. Master should have considered putting an extra layer of protection to prevent my jeans from getting too wet with all the pre-cum seeping out of me. It’s going to be an interesting night one way or another.

“The phone stays here. Alcohol is permitted but you only eat and drink what I give you. If anyone shoves a drink into your hand, you ask me first before drinking. Anything else is punishable whether you can help it or not; you’re wily enough to find a way I’m sure. You remain bound by all other conditions of your slavery, understood?” His hands cupping my balls, squeezing, is anything but fair play and He knows it; that impish smirk whilst licking His lips, a clear indication that Master is pleased with my predicament. Leaning in close, attaching my leash, He kisses my lips softly, “Such a sexy masochist.”

The tender kiss is sensual, its undercurrent signifying a desire for more, yet eventually, our lips party albeit barely, “A perfect fit with Master; You inflict pain so lovingly, my romantic sadist.” Master loses control for a minute, moving with a sense of urgency His toned solid body crushes me hard up against the wall, fingers grabbing mine, forcing my hands up above either side of my head as His mouth smothers any gasp of pain i might have.

Breathing heavily, we fall into each other, Master’s leg rubbing with intent up against my crotch adding to the rush of adrenalin, our foreheads connecting, “Fuck, you turn me on so much.” Chuckling with satisfaction, my only response is a light kiss on the end of His nose, “Nobody would miss us tonight if we don’t turn up, right?”

“You’re in charge, but i’m not sure the excuse of ‘soz peeps, I was too busy torturing and fucking the brains out of my amazingly sexy slave all night’ is going to help any, even if the booze is free.”

“Shit, don’t know why not, people don’t know what they’re missing. We should just have eloped. Too late now s’pose.” Sighing, Master relaxes His hold, “Come on then, time to party.”

We hadn’t ever intended on having a stag do but from the beginning, we were outgunned from all sides. However, we did at least get our way in having a joint affair and keeping it low-key at the pub. Well as much as is possible with the ladies in our families; their reputations precede them and from experience low-key isn’t exactly a term they understand.

Invited is the usual eclectic mix of family, friends, a few people from the office in Hotten, and then most of the village as no-one in Emmerdale is daft enough to miss a free bar. Andy is coming to the wedding but couldn’t make it tonight, which i think i’m secretly happy about.

Queen Vic and co’s idea of fun has turned out to be a games night, and i have to admit there have
been some very photo-worthy moments. Master put me forward to do my bit earlier on, having to limbo under an ever-lower bar. He reckoned I had a good chance to win being so flexible these days however my height was a disadvantage and I crashed out early on; it was Liv who walked away with the prize. We both did well at bobbing for apples out of a tub of vodka, which was unexpected considering neither of us like it with Vanessa winning that one to earn herself a bottle of Vodka for her efforts. Mina brought Twister which we know is her favourite having played it often enough during get-togethers at the cottage. Tonight, she has engaged my husband to be and some of the Dingle rabble into playing. Thankfully Master gave me a free-pass as I’m not sure my nipples could have coped with the positions but He did sign me up for pin the tail on the donkey later quietly laughing into my ear, “Pin the tail on the slave would be even better, I’ll mention it to Mina for her next party.”

Sitting on my bar stool, I watch on, with Master and Chas now the last two playing whilst smiling fondly at Queen Vic looking flushed and happy as she sidles up to join me after unceremoniously crashing out on her last spin.

“You having fun, Your Majesty?”

She’s decidedly a little tipsy, making me laugh as she puts her chin on my shoulder, pouting like a little girl, “I need a drink.”

“Bar’s just there.”

“Mmh, not sure what I want.” Seemingly unable to decide she looks at me doe-eyed, the look she uses when she’s after something.

“Don’t look at me, I don’t know what you want either.”

“We should do this at your next barbecue.”

“Can’t wait.”

“Pfft, you’re no fun sometimes.”

“Hey, I’m plenty of fun, just ask my Lord and Master.”

Charity pushing two glasses of bubbly in our direction solves the problem and she settles next to me, drink in hand. Listening to the banter by the Twister mat is entertaining, with people encouraging but mostly trying underhand antics to distract either Chas or Master depending on who they want to win. Seeing Master glance over in our direction, He gives me a nod which I think is permission to drink the champagne but to be honest I’m not really in the mood for any more. He can have it when He’s done. Turning to my sister, it’s nice to see her so relaxed for a change, “Your Majesty, will you walk with me to church on Saturday?”

Queen Vic looks gobsmacked, “Seriously?”

Shrugging, “Yeah, well who else am I going to ask?”

“Andy.”

Snorting at the idea, I can’t believe she thinks I would even consider that an option, “Not in my lifetime, just because we’re talking doesn’t mean we’re close.”
“Or Diane.”

“She’s not a Sugden.”

Her Majesty can’t hide that she’s bowled over by being asked, despite her teasing, “Thought you weren’t bothering anyway, too traditional bah humbug and all that?”

“Some company beforehand would be nice; we haven’t really discussed about walking down the aisle yet. Adam will probably get asked.”

Smiling at the pointed stare I get for my glaring mistake, “Just testing, I mean, of course, Mr Barton.” My sister is most definitely a willing and conspiratorial ally for Master and I wouldn’t have it any other way.

“Aaron showed me the rings, they’re beautiful.”

“i have fine taste.” Vic doesn’t miss that my eyes are fixed on Master when I say this before turning back to her, smiling in appreciation at the compliment, “He’s getting them engraved. Apparently, after my last dalliance with engraving wedding rings, I’m not allowed.” Seeing her expression, it strikes me that she knows more than she’s letting on, “You wouldn’t happen to know anything about that, would you? He’s keeping it all hush-hush.”

“Nope.”

“Mmhhm, why don’t I believe you?”

“Don’t know, butter wouldn’t melt.” Her giggle says it all.

My sister was always a terrible liar; apparently, I inherited all those genes. “Now, I definitely don’t believe you.”

There’s a roar of laughter from the game of Twister, with my beloved now collapsed in a heap on the floor. Chas who looks to have won is offering Him a helping hand up and I shoot over a smirk seeing His frustration at losing and I can well imagine why; that mother of His can play dirty tricks with the best of them. Suddenly, unable to breathe as the irony of that thought hits me, I feel sick, “Need some fresh air, I’ll be back.”

Offering no further explanation, I’m off like a shot with Vic calling after me looking concerned, “Rob, you okay?” Pushing past her without a further word, without Master’s permission, I slip otherwise unnoticed out the back door, narrowly avoiding throwing up on the steps, making it to the wall just in time.

Seemingly not that unnoticed, by the time I’m done retching, Master is the one rubbing my back, “Hey.”

Wiping my spittle away with my hand, I dry it on my jeans, “I’m not used to drinking anymore.”

Not unexpectedly Master isn’t buying this excuse, “You’ve not had that much.”

Too tired to argue the point, I relax into the arms of my Master, “It’s late, can we go home?”

It’s not actually that late either, only ten thirty and Master prods to find out what triggered my quick exit, “Does it hurt too much from the games and that?” Shaking my head, unspoken words echo in
my head, ‘Not enough’.

Studying me a moment, i don’t plead my case and that in itself is a clear sign for Master that all is not as it should be, “Okay, let me go make excuses and get our things. You want a drink of water?” Again, i shake my head, impatient to be away from here as fast as we can.

Returning, thankfully alone, once away from the pub the fresh air feels good and i’m pleased our house is out of the village away from prying eyes. With practised ease Master clips on my leash and we walk hand in hand towards the lane which will lead us home, leaving the noise of the party well behind us. The leather handle of the leash wrapped through His fingers and around His wrist is comforting, secure as we walk in an easy silence. Master occasionally glances at me to make sure i’m okay, seemingly satisfied for now, He doesn’t make any attempt to push for an explanation, probably waiting until we get home.

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Undressing upon reaching the doorstep, it’s a relief to be back. “Go upstairs, you know the drill.” “Yes, Master.” With a parting soft kiss on my forehead, i wearily go up to the bedroom, Master’s bedroom. Little things like this make me crazily happy, part of the fabric of our life that makes my slavery real for me. Crawling into the bathroom, i clean my teeth and then kneel, waiting.

To settle my mind, i repeat my Mantra silently in my head until Master slips into the room, the brush of His hand on my shoulder pulling me out of my meditation, “You need to pee?” Nodding quietly, i pull Master’s arms around me, taking comfort from His warm body behind mine, His hands directing the stream of golden liquid into the toilet bowl. Then kneeling, the wrap and pins are removed leaving very little evidence except for tiny pinpricks which will soon disappear, and from experience, the skin where they were embedded, slightly reddened, will also calm relatively quickly. Gently wiping antiseptic over my nipples and surrounding skin makes Master smile upon hearing the hiss escape my lips, and after a final inspection to check there isn’t any bleeding i am released. “Go sit by the chair, I’ll be there in a minute.”

After changing and cleaning His own teeth, Master takes His place in the bedside chair and i rest my head against His knee. He clearly senses something specific caused me to flee back at the pub and i admire His patience. “Talk to me.” “There’s nothing to tell.” “Don’t lie.” “It was something and nothing. Silly really.” “It wasn’t about Andy, was it?” “No, Your mum actually.” That i admit this so readily catches me by surprise, it hadn’t been in my mind to tell Him the truth.

Frowning, Master assumes she likely said something she shouldn’t have, “What did she do this time?” “Nothing, nothing that i know of anyway. It was me.” Pausing, i’m not quite sure where to take the conversation next, needing a way to distract Him from the reason why so i don’t have to make something up, “Do You ever think about telling her about us?” “That you’re my slave?”
“Mmmh.”

“No, I mean yes I’ve thought about it, for like all of twenty seconds but not seriously.”

“Do You want to tell her?”

“What’s brought all this on?” With a furrowed brow, Master is no doubt trying to decipher for Himself what’s going on in my head.

“She never thought I was good enough for You.”

“She was wrong and before you over-think anything, you being my slave doesn't prove her right. You don’t really want to tell her, do you?”

Accidentally brushing up against Master’s leg forces a wince and gasp, my chest still very sensitive causing me to shift uncomfortably. Master goes to the bathroom returning with a tube from the bathroom cabinet. “Up, come on, let me put some of this on; it'll help. I don’t want you keeping me awake all night moaning and groaning.” Sitting myself across His lap, i rest my head against His as He rubs in the creamy salve. “You didn't answer.” Focussing on Master's hands i shrug non-committedly. Frowning at me, Master lets my crappy attempt at avoiding the question slide, “Maybe one day, maybe not. I actually like that they don’t know. I don't want to share what we have and try as they might, they won't understand, and I don't want them judging us, judging you.”

“Only the Master can judge the slave.” Murmuring these words quietly, almost to myself, i'm caught up in my own thoughts.

The weight of these words for me don't burden Master the same. “Too right. Your purpose is to please me and woe betide when you don’t. I’ll punish you and we'll move on. We're in this together, remember that,” Squeezing me with a cheesy smirk, “Togever, forevah.”

Groaning, that sloppy adorable smile combined with His silliness serves to pull me out of my funk and wrapping my arms around His shoulders, i bask in His love. My lips seek His, our tongues taking time to explore the familiar as i straddle Master's hips until i yelp, Master not looking a jot repentant seeing my grimace as i pull back, separating my upper body from His, “Sadist.”

“You love me all the more for it.” My response, delivered in the form of a long lingering kiss, says it all.

Relaxing against Master, sideways on, our fingers intertwine, subtly playful. “We may as well consider this face-time. You have anything from your side?”

“No, Master.”

“You liked being used as a urinal in the pub last night, didn’t you?”

My heart beats a little faster at the memory, a bashful smile on my face, “Very much, Master.”

“Whenver you needed grounding, you asked for it, right from the beginning. I didn’t get it at first, but I do now.”

“It makes me feel closer to You, even like last night.”

Tickling my waist, His teasing has me squirming, fending off His errant hands, “You like it more
than my cum?"

"Would you be mad if i said no?"

"No. I already knew the answer."

Master holds me close once more, "What about..., if you could only pick one for the rest of your life, my piss or coffee?"

Not our usual face-time chat, but equally informative, i smirk, kissing His cheek before answering, "No competition, coffee, of course."

Master feigns disbelief, "Fibber."

My concession comes with a second cheeky kiss, "Maybe."

"What if I said, I like it as much as you do?"

Eyeing Master, i'm inordinately pleased by this, yet am curious, "i never got the impression that You disliked it."

"I didn’t, I don’t, but it started out because I knew you needed it and the other times it was just a fun and sure fast way to make you feel humiliated by how much you craved it. We've both changed since then. You don't find it humiliating much anymore, not at home anyway and I honestly like it when you drink from me."

"Why?"

"Doing it feels partly sexual,” nodding in silent agreement, i slip my hand into His, “You’re needy when you take me in your mouth but it’s not a sexual act. We feel closer; it’s very intimate sharing something so basic.” Master is also curious, "What does it mean for you?"

Looking into my eyes as i speak, it feels like He is seeing a part of my soul; revealing something so extraordinarily special to me doesn’t come easy, “It’s like a comfort blanket, a way of marking me as Yours and that makes me feel wanted, loved. It’s difficult to find the right words to explain why; it just does. Remember the first time, You didn’t even question why; You did it because You loved me and knew it helped."

"You were calmer afterwards, settled."

"It felt safe, but also strangely empowering, probably because You’re the strongest person i know and i fed off that when i drank; i still do when i’m struggling with something."

Master doesn’t say anything to this and it's impossible to tell what He is thinking other than i know He is about something.

"It’s not healthy to only drink my piss but I want you to drink from me more often. What do you think?"

There’s not an ounce of hesitation, “i’d like that; i think i’d like that very much."

"Good, the morning won’t change where most of it goes over you rather than in your mouth, but the rest of the day when we’re together more often than not when its practical you’ll be my own personal urinal."
“Fuck, how can i find that so incredibly hot when You say it out loud like that. Please, say it again, Master.”

Looking as affected by this decision as me, His voice is gravelly, His grip tightening, “I’m going to use you as my own personal urinal, I’m going to piss in your mouth whenever I need to.”

With a breathy, “Yes,” a heady wave of desire washes over me; with my head tipping back to rest on His shoulder, my cock pushes up into His waiting hand, “Tell me how.”

“At home, you simply get on your knees when I tell you to. No matter where we are, I’ll find a way even if I have to pee into a bottle for you to drink later on, or pour it over you if I think you’ve drunk too much. Drench you with it, better still pour it into your hole and plug you up. Would you like that, slave; filled from both ends with your Master’s piss?”

“Please Master, please, use me.” My hips are pushing up, only His hands holding me fast.

“Is that what you’re fit for, to be used as a piss-pot?”

“slave exists to serve its Master.”

“Dirty filthy slave mouth needs to be washed out, does it?”

Master’s words touch something deep inside that defies all social norms, the exchange serving as an aphrodisiac for us both; i want to be used, no i need to be used in this way. “Always; so thirsty, Master.”

It is with hooded, lust-filled eyes, i am commanded, “Greedy slave. Get on your knees, slave; beg.”

Sliding down in-between Master’s thighs, face-time is officially over as i push His dressing gown open, my tongue diving into His crotch, first swirling His balls in my mouth, separately, both together, before licking up His length. “Drinking from You is like life itself, it gives You absolute power over me, i’d do anything for it; worship You, debase myself for a single drop.” Sliding His cock into my mouth, i don’t know which i’ll get first, His cum or His piss, but by the time He’s finished with me, it's a given i’ll be sated on both. “For slave to taste Your nectar is a privilege, slave is nothing but a waste receptacle. i’m Yours to use, Master. Use me, teach me my place. Fill me, humiliate me.” With my hands clasped behind my back, the desire to drink is heightened, the smell of His sex fills my senses as He rubs His shaft against my face whispering the words, “Love me, claim me.”

My body is writhing with wanton arousal and this time as my chest rubs against Him, the spark of pain adds to my submission, spurring me on. Taking Master once more in-between my lips, wrapping them around His head to draw Him out, tasting better than the finest champagne He pours into my mouth, with Master controlling the flow allowing us to both savour the experience. i try to hold the last mouthful for longer, but it’s much harder than with cum and to avoid it seeping out, the final mouthful gushes down my throat.

Finished, overcome by the intense emotion, i rest my head against His thigh, His semi-hard cock still in my mouth already beginning to fill out fully and i ready myself to tease out Master's cum. The perfect nightcap.

Robert, Thursday 17th June 2021 – The Barn

Closing my eyes, i let the memory of this morning envelope me, the recollection of how it had felt
sparking the same warm sense of pleasure. We’d come back from our run and Master laid out on the 
deck after doing our cool down exercises had me licking the dripping sweat from His body, His flat 
stomach and abs providing the perfect vessel. He had even swiped His fingers under His armpits and 
and me cleaning them with my tongue. With it being such nice hot weather at the moment, no matter 
how fit we are there was plenty for me to lick up, and Master claiming my mouth with His 
aftewards, our make-out session hot and dirty, finished off by Master fucking me into oblivion. i 
think i spent the morning at the office still half dazed from the experience, the plug inside me holding 
in Master’s cum was a constant reminder until it was removed at dinner time. i found myself missing 
it like crazy when He took it out and i spent the afternoon aware of the void it had left behind.

Such happy thoughts disappear as i sit here, the returning dread filling the pit of my stomach my only 
company as i contemplate the enormity of what i’m about to do whilst listening out for the sound of 
Master’s car pulling up outside.

Earlier taking the easy option, i emailed Master for a time-out in our chosen neutral place from the 
draft of our new contract. We’d agreed ‘our’ barn would serve well, although i don’t think Master 
ever suspected we’d be using it for this purpose quite so soon. His email in response had been a 
simple ‘ok’ and i can’t imagine what He will be thinking, despite knowing for some time that there’s 
been something going on with me, something i had to tell Him. Ever the coward, i had held off, 
convincing myself it won’t matter, it’ll all be okay, no big deal; i should have spoken to Him months 
ago instead of leaving it to the last minute. A fool, i remain my own worst enemy.

Marriage will always be secondary to my slavery, but that doesn’t lessen its significance. When i 
make my promise to honour and obey in front of our families and friends on Saturday it is important 
to do so in the knowledge that Master’s vow to love and cherish me is not sullied by my unspoken 
sins of the past, to be truly worthy of His trust and ownership. Then if all goes to plan, at the end of 
August i will sign a contract that has no expiry date, becoming His slave for life. Master has the right 
to know the truth before taking these steps.

Master’s recent tightening of my leash has been both a blessing and a curse. Certainly, we could live 
happily for the rest of our lives and never be any the worse off if i kept silent but it would be there, 
always with me at the back of my mind. i’ve cheated and lied for a big part of my life; i have to be 
better than that. To be true to Master, i have to be true to myself and with it tear down the defences i 
worked so hard to put up and hold in place for so many years, the monster fully unmasked. It’s a 
scary prospect to lay out and acknowledge my poor choices in life to the person who is my whole 
world and opinion means everything to me.

The secrets that have occupied that space in my head have been locked away for such a long time 
that cracking it open has, until now, felt like it was something i always wanted to do but remained 
unattainable, forever just out of reach, and any attempt to go there would be the end of me. It still 
might be. Love is all well and good, but it is going to be Master’s compassion and faith that will 
carry us forward. It is my faith in His ability to do this that now gives me courage and bolsters my 
resolve, to hope that Master’s empathy is strong enough to recognize that my words are sincere and 
your epiphany is borne out of my devotion to Him. It’s inspiring to have faith in that one person to 
catch the other and not let them fall; that someone will care, protect, honour and guard you in life no 
matter what. Faith and devotion are powerful motivators; i can only hope Master is as convinced as i 
am that we are meant to be together for the rest of our lives.

So caught up in my thoughts, i haven’t heard Master arrive; it’s only when i look up does the slither
of daylight catch my attention. Master is leaning against the barn door wedging it open, His hands in
His pockets quietly observing me. There are too many conflicting emotions to count coursing
through me upon seeing Him. The voice in the back of my head screaming at me that there’s still
time for me to make something up and back out of this, that it’s stupid to rock the boat, and for what
if it loses me everything.

This is such an emotionally difficult decision for me, the tears are already welling and i’m unable to
prevent one from escaping which i quickly wipe away with the back of my hand hoping Master is far
enough away not to notice. Here we are supposed to be Robert and Aaron, putting Master and slave
to one side so as to talk freely, but that concept is so alien to me when we are alone and it isn’t
necessary for what i have to say.

“You summoned.” Attempting to lighten the mood between us Master’s easy smirk as He speaks
elicits a nervous smile from me in return. Coming closer, as i don’t respond He continues, “So, how
do you want to do this?”

Shrugging self-consciously, i hadn’t really considered the specifics, too hung up on what i would say
rather than the how. Looking around, i gesture to the far end of the barn, almost in the exact place
where we had made love all those years ago when Aaron was still my secret and i can tell this hasn’t
passed Him by either. Master sits on a bale of hay whilst i um and ah what to do with myself, finally
choosing to sit on the floor in front of Him, hugging my arms around my knees. He watches me
silently as i avoid looking at Him, my head resting to the side. Summoning up my courage, another
tear slides down my cheek; this time i make no attempt to wipe it away.

“It can’t be that bad Robert.”

Turning my head towards Him, my lack of response and the look on my face clearly give Him pause
for thought and He waits for me to make the next move.

“Master, i have a confession to make and You’re not going to like it.” Pausing a minute, i try to
gauge His reaction, but so far He’s not letting anything slip. “This is, without doubt, the hardest and
most important thing i’ve ever had to do in my entire life and how You might react scares me. It
scares the crap out of me but i can’t stand in that church on Saturday with You not knowing; i can’t
be the slave You deserve if i have secrets. You demand my surrender and i promised to give it
willingly. ‘Committing to be faithful to the Master, the slave shall be honest, truthful and loyal to
Him at all times. To never keep secrets, and to communicate his thoughts and feelings without
hesitation.’ i’ve failed to do this, i’ve failed You very badly.” Startled upon recognising these
particular words from our existing contract Master straightens up, His body language speaking
volumes and i rush to allay what is probably right now His worst fear. “i haven’t been unfaithful.”
Master looks relieved but He doesn’t relax, visibly unclear where i’m going with this and starts to
speak but i cut Him off. “Please Master, please; just hear me out before You say anything. If You
interrupt, i’ll likely lose my nerve and chicken out.”

Albeit reluctantly, He nods His agreement, “i’ll try, but you’re not making this easy. Get to the
point.”

“i will; give me a minute okay.” Taking a deep breath, i step into the unknown, “i love being Your
slave, i love You so much sometimes it’s hard to breathe which is why this has been eating away at
me until i can’t stand it anymore, i should have told You all this back in April but i got so carried
away with things that i kidded myself it doesn’t matter and kept putting it off, but it does matter.
We’re not like most couples, we never were conventional. We’ve been together one way or another
for seven years, living together as Master and slave for almost five with a signed contract. Our life
hinges on a commitment of integrity and trust; everything we are comes down to this, it’s what keeps us strong, our love strong and i’ve done my best to live up to it. i’m not the perfect slave but i promise i’ll keep trying to be the slave You expect me to be.”

Master can’t help Himself, and starts to move, reaching out for me but again, i’m afraid i’ll break down if i don’t stop Him, “No, don’t; this is already going to be hard enough as it is, to try and explain.” Master relents, sitting back down, “We both know i wasn’t always the nicest of people before we met, or even after we started seeing each other.” Master’s wry smile shows He doesn’t disagree with this assessment. “Belonging to You, being Your devoted slave, and becoming Your loving husband means everything to me, but i know i can’t truly be deserving of anything whilst keeping a part of myself hidden. This is why it’s so important that You see me, all of me, to know all the bad choices and mistakes i’ve made, no holds barred. You deserve to know the truth.” Master's body is thrumming with impatience, His eyes worried yet He steels Himself to remain seated.

“There’s a lot You know, but there’s also a lot You don’t. In the beginning, i thought a big part of wanting to tell You was to be punished, for You to absolve me of my sins but now it’s not about that at all. i also realize that there’s a good chance that You might not be able to forgive me, and i think i can live with that. Instead, what i hope for, is that by laying everything out in the open that You are able to acknowledge and accept me for who i was as well as who i am today, that You can still love me and consider me worth the effort despite knowing all i’m capable of.”

This time, Master won’t be silenced, “I promised you that I will always love You. I’m not going to leave You no matter what You did, it’s in the past. That You want to do this makes me proud of what You’ve become, Robert, we both know You aren’t that person anymore, I’ve accepted that, so should you.”

Hearing the love and passion in His voice makes me angry, angry with myself maybe even angry with Him for being so sincere, knowing i don’t deserve it, “i have accepted it, but don’t say something like that before You know what it is You’re promising. Some of the things You’ll not care about, but others will horrify You and give You second thoughts.” My eyes pierce into His to convey my sincerity, “If You decide to walk away, i won’t try to stop You.”

Frustrated, Master seems increasingly irritated, “Not going to happen. I’m not perfect either, remember.”

Directly, i fire back a retort, “You didn’t keep it secret from me though.”

Snapping back, Master sounds pissed off with me, raising His voice, “Not by choice. You didn’t cut yourself up like i did and i hid that for long enough or have you forgotten? You were the one that helped me to get through everything, you didn’t give up on me. We both handle things differently, that’s why you asked me to take control.” This might be all true, but i’m not convinced that makes any difference considering. “You can tell me anything Robert, we’ll work it out and if I think you should be punished, then you’ll take it and say thank you when it’s over and we move on.”

Unable to look at Him in the eyes, Master forces it, moving to sit closer and this time, i don’t stop Him as His legs stretch out either side of me. He’s near enough to cup my face with His hands; kissing my forehead, His lips soft and gentle, have a soothing effect. Yet, it is this unconditional belief and affection that bursts the dam of tears i’ve been holding back and i allow myself for what might be the last time i’m permitted to take comfort in His arms.

“Fuck, i knew it would be hard, but i didn’t think it would be this hard. i don’t know how to do this.”

Even with His arms wrapped around me, i’m shaky, none of this is going like i’d rehearsed in my
Start at the beginning.”

My snigger is laced with sarcasm, “We could be here all night, Master.”

“It’s going to be okay, i promise.”

Desperately, i want to believe him, my voice barely a whisper betraying my deep-seated insecurity, “What if You change Your mind and don’t want me? Some of what i’ve done is despicable and unforgivable, Master.”

“I think I know some pretty bad things already and it hasn’t put me off so far. Are there any dead bodies that i don’t already know about?”

That came out so glib which feels in itself surreal, “No, Master.” Fortunately, i prevent myself from saying ‘not for the lack of trying’.

His hand cards through my hair, His lips planting light soothing kisses on my face. Waiting patiently, the minutes pass and i can’t do it, the words won’t come; the coward winning out. “i can’t, i just can’t, i’m sorry.”

Trying to get up, wanting to flee, escape the nightmare i’ve created for myself, Master’s arms stubbornly hold me back, “No. You wanted this, you asked for it, you don’t get to run away now.”

Snapping, i retaliate with a flash of anger, "Believe me, i don't want to, You think i'm putting us both through this for fun?"

"No, no I don’t. I’m asking you to trust me. If you can't then everything you said before doesn't hold true; were you lying?" We both know i wasn't, and i hang my head in shame, confused and rattled by my inability to see this through, "You are my slave, you've made it clear you want to be my slave for the rest of your life so trust me, slave."

The switch from Aaron to Master has a placating effect for both of us, "It's not that easy."

Master's answer is calm and steady, bridging no opposition, "Doing the right thing never is." Master holds me at arms-length. His hands on my shoulders, "Okay, so this is what we are going to do. I’m going to stay at the pub tonight, no-one will think anything of it as I’m there tomorrow night anyway. I can sell it as wanting to spend more quality time with Liv. I’m not going to make this easy for You, that's not what you want or need. You’re going to write it all down, everything, including what I know about. Give it to me when you’re ready and then we talk."

This triggers a fluttering of panic, not about having to write the list, but the timing, “No, it has to be before Saturday. There’s no point getting married if it means You’ll want to back out and have it annulled.”

i’m too ashamed to look at Him directly, but the surprise on Master’s face shows for the first time that He is truly comprehending how serious this is for me, for us, “Do you really think I’m going to leave you over something you did years ago? Remember you pulled a shotgun on me and you did shoot Paddy; Katies dead, accident or not, it happened. It was difficult but we found a way to get past it and you said there are no dead bodies and you haven’t been unfaithful.....”

“Please, Master. Please, You have no idea......,”

“Okay, I get it, whatever this is, it’s different.” After a few seconds to consider, He continues,
“Listen, I’ve already promised mum to spend the day with her and Liv tomorrow. We don’t get chance much anymore just the three of us; we should be back before teatime. Meet me back here tomorrow night at six and we’ll do it then. Your rules are suspended until I tell you otherwise; make the most of it because it might be the last time i give you mercy for quite some time by the sounds of it.”

Master had been trying to lighten the mood once more but it has the opposite effect for me. Everything Master, ‘Aaron’, said is true, but when He finds out about the hit i put on Chas, i have no idea how He will react. A big part of me wanted to say yes, we’ll get married and you can read the list later, or better still forget i said anything. However, selfishly, i’m making it all about me, this won’t work for me. Maybe it is a warped test of our strength, but to truly give Aaron all of myself unconditionally, then this is how it has to be, plain and simple. Better now than later, even if my timing and method are all shot.

If Aaron, Master, chooses to walk away, there’ll never be anyone else in my life, the only other thing i’m certain of right now is that it’s a life with Him or a life alone. Cradling me once more, my defences are down, completely destroyed, “Trust me, slave. You can do this, I know you can. We can.” i do trust Him, but i struggle to imagine what we’ll be like this time tomorrow when He knows everything and if He doesn’t want anything to do with me anymore, i’ll only have myself to blame. Either way, we've passed the point of no return.

TBC
For Better, For Worse

Chapter Summary

Robert confesses his past sins and soon begins to feel the weight of the repercussions.

Chapter Notes

Okay, so this is rather an emotional ride. Although I had a clear concept for the second half of this chapter that still remains, I wrote and rewrote it several times to try and find the right balance. Without giving anything away, I promise that there will be clear light at the end of the tunnel in the next chapter. Just think of this as a difficult stepping stone onto the start of the rest of their lives.

Thank you for all the supportive comments so far. This story has a very selective readership but it's very dear to my heart and I'm loving writing it. There's lots to come still. Enjoy!
Take care
Caro

Aaron, Friday 18 June 2021

Mum and Liv were pleased to have me all to themselves for an extra night, poking fun about where I’d left my shadow and I’d joked about Robert needing peace and quiet to finish off some last-minute paperwork at home. Well, it wasn’t so far from the truth and if anyone noticed I was acting a little off, they never said anything.

Today, we had a truly nice day out at the coast; it was a good and necessary distraction. Robert’s distress yesterday had played on my mind and I’d slept fitfully, I never really relaxed. We’ve hardly spent a night apart in the last five years and his absence made me restless, it’s like my body is keyed to his. Plus, I missed the routine, our rituals especially with the recent changes; it’s all become such an integral part of who I am that everything feels off without it. Used to regular contact, even when separated, my phone has been uncharacteristically silent the entire day, no beeping of texts or calls to keep me updated on where my slave is or asking for permission. Underneath the smile, nothing felt right. I missed my slave.

Now everything is well and truly off-kilter. Having met Robert earlier in the barn my head is reeling and it would be impossible to keep hidden that something’s wrong if anyone had seen me returning. I’m just glad I hadn’t told anyone I was meeting up with him. We’d made a big thing of being apart, our last night of ‘freedom’ before tying the knot, so I’d kept it to myself to avoid any sarcastic ribbing that I couldn’t stay away from him. That and a nagging feeling that this was something to be kept between us. I wasn’t wrong.

Having gotten little to no conversation out of me whilst eating our tea, my plate cleared away only half touched, mum shuffled Liv down to mind the bar and is watching me with thinly veiled concern as I twiddle my fingers against the mug handle, staring at my tea seemingly oblivious to everything.
and everyone around me.

I’m at a loss what to do with the list Robert handed to me, the offending sheet of paper burning a hole in my back pocket. It turns out I only had half a clue what to expect; at first glance, the list was longer than I had imagined. Robert had done his best to forewarn me, but it honestly never crossed my mind its content could be so devastating; I was so very naïve and it’s only now I fully comprehend why Robert was afraid of my reaction.

Robert once said we are architects of our own destiny, that although a slave he has a voice through his choices which influences me and in turn our life, his life. A part of me recognises just what it took for him to kneel before me, passing over the piece of paper declining my last offer of an out. He’d certainly known exactly what he was risking, which makes me so very mad at him; the timing, the fact he felt the need to do this at all. I don’t understand why he couldn’t simply carry on without me ever knowing after all this time. Everything was perfect and in one fell swoop he has torn down the carefully constructed foundation of our relationship, ripping a huge tear in my heart with it.

I thought I’d be able to cope with anything he could throw at me, that we were unshakeable, which is probably why this has rocked me to the core, unsure how to move forward or if we even can. It might not be logical but right now all I feel is contempt, hurt and deceived. A cacophony of emotions that I haven’t felt for such a very long time.

Much as he’d said, a lot wasn’t new and I’d let go of my anger about those a long time ago. A couple of things shocked me from when he was younger, that he was capable of being so vindictive at such a young age but then I wasn’t so different. Leaving Laurence having a heart attack was not one of his finest moments. However, he’d kept the best until the last couple at the bottom of the page; I hadn’t been able to believe my eyes, thinking I can’t have read right. Possibly I could understand the opportunistic urge to hit my mum over the head with a rock. I’ve been tempted enough myself to clock her one in the heat of the moment but paying someone to commit murder is something else entirely, pre-meditated.

The fact that I held back tells a story all of its own. Five or six years ago I would have lost it already at that point, uncontrollably lashing out in anger. Instead, I had steeled myself, simply staring disbelievingly at my obedient slave, kneeling before me his head bowed in deference. Either that or he didn’t want to see my fist coming at him; he was probably surprised when it didn’t. However, it didn’t stop the repressed rage coursing through me, and I’m acutely aware and scared about just how close I came to letting loose and doing him serious damage. Even more shocking, I’m certain he’d have knelt there and taken it. I’ve seen Robert’s guilt and shame in many forms over the years, but what I have never experienced is a Robert Sugden devoid of any emotion, outwardly at least, and that is how he had seemed from the moment I arrived to leaving and I don’t know what to make of that either. It had been the polar opposite of the night before.

After getting over the initial bombshell, I hadn’t trusted myself to put anything into perspective. Unable to bring myself to touch or look at him even, let alone have any kind of conversation, and feeling my restraint begin to slip I left without saying a word before I did something I would later regret. Robert didn’t follow.

Neither Liv or mum could leave me in peace for long and feeling smothered by their worried looks I’d quickly escaped the pub, coming out for a walk. Avoiding anywhere in the direction of home I have ended up on the steps of the cricket pavilion. The quiet darkness is somewhat relaxing, wrapping itself around me as I lie back on its veranda, staring up into the night sky filled with stars
and my thoughts wander to Robert, wondering what he is doing. For the first time I forcibly switch off the Master in me; it's not that I don't care, I just don't want to know, I can't think about him right now without wanting to wring his neck. Instinctively, I know it's wrong yet also necessary. However, try as I might, I'm not as successful as I had hoped as the anger inside continues to unfurl, seeking an outlet.

Heading across to the garage I let myself in, searching out the old punching bag from the cupboard. It's seen better days yet after dusting it off, attaching it to the ceiling hook, my fingertips glide down the worn leather almost lovingly. Caressing the leather, soft and supple, I'm not blind to the similarity with how I handle my slave. Resting my head against the bag, my hands embracing each side, I'm reminded of the last heavy session in the playroom. Robert's needy reaction, my love painfully administered the source of such pleasurable highs, his body and mind arching and straining for more. My eyes close as my fist reaches back before landing the first punch, quickly followed by an explosion of uncoordinated pummelling which leaves me breathlessly hanging onto the bag, chuckling wryly. I'm out of practice.

On a roll, returning to the cupboard, I rummage around, ignoring the old gloves I spy; they're not for today, I want to feel this. After all this time, there isn’t any proper wrapping for my knuckles. Instead, I find a couple of rags, and after winding them around each hand it is with a determined concentration that I strike the punch bag; more measured but powered by the fury within me until I can go no more.

It is the tears streaming down my face that finally bring me to my knees, first clinging to the punching bag I can no longer see clearly, before sinking further down, my forehead resting on my bloodied hands. Stupidly, the first thought I have is of Robert telling me off for damaging my hands in this way. Shifting back to lean against the pile of tyres behind me, I bring up my knees, resting my hands over them; grimacing, I stretch out the fingers of my right hand, testing for any broken bones. It hurts; a good hurt, the earlier tightness no longer pulling me apart inside. Resting my head back, closing my eyes I soak up the pain and just for a minute, everything else slips away into insignificance.

Returning to the pub exhausted, I manage to sneak unseen through the back door and upstairs where I run myself a bath. The water works wonders on my achy body and I consider the possible excuses I can make up to explain away the broken skin and inevitable redness from the bruising on my hands. With a bit of luck, maybe my knuckles won’t look so bad in the morning.

With no-one about downstairs, I don’t bother to put the light on and pour myself a whiskey. I’m not particularly a lover of it as a rule, but on occasion, when I need something other than beer, it helps take the edge off. Putting the bottle on the coffee table still in hands reach, I lie out on the sofa, my mind drifting back to Robert and events in the barn.

It is like this that mum finds me after closing up, slightly startled, not expecting me to be there when she switches on the small lamp. She chit-chat’s at me about this and that whilst I concentrate on the shadows moving around the room until I notice she has helped herself to a whiskey, topping up mine for good measure. Perching down next to me on the sofa, I shuffle up, making room for her to sit properly, “Nervous about tomorrow?”

“That obvious?” Trying to make a joke of it, I fail miserably, my voice falling flat.

Not seeming to notice, she has that look on her face as if she knows what’s going on in my head, “It’s a big commitment.”
Taking a drink, mum leans back and I surreptitiously pull the sleeves of my jumper over my hands to hide them; there’s no point getting into that conversation unnecessarily. Looking at mum for the first time, I attempt to shield the worst of my thoughts from her, “Do you still think I’m making a mistake being with Robert?”

“Now there’s a loaded question for the mother-in-law in waiting and since when did you take any notice of what I think when it comes to Robert Sugden?” Mum smiles, unsuspecting of the turmoil within me and if she was expecting a witty comeback, she was sorely disappointed. Filling the silence, she continues, “Well, if you want the truth, you’ve been together for a long time now and I’ve never seen you both so happy as this last few months. He’s good for you, you’re good for each other. I’d even go so far as to say, he’s already part of the family; who’d have thought it, eh,” Mum nudges my arm playfully, I know she loves him, even Cain quite likes him these days, “You’re not getting cold feet, are you?”

I wonder how she’d react if I told her what I’d found out earlier, not that I ever would, “Do you remember how you tried everything you could to split us up?”

Mum’s eyes sparkle with amusement, “Fat lot of good it did. You went up against both me and Paddy for him, thought you knew him better than everyone else, including Robert himself at times. It turns out you were right.” Right now, a big part of me worries if I ever knew him at all. I mean how do you carry something like that around and be able to look me in the eye and say ‘I love you’.

“Do you think he’s changed, really changed, deep down?”

Pausing a moment, mum looks at me quizzically, “Oh love, what’s brought this on?”

The lack of sleep is catching up with me and I rub my eyes wearily. Leaning forward, elbows on my knees, I rest my face in my hands, thankful that she can’t see my expression as I answer, “Nothing really, Robert mentioned something from the past and it’s got me thinking that’s all.”

“Well, I know I never thought I’d be okay about you walking down the aisle with him, yet here we are. All I ever wanted was for you to be happy. Back then he was determined to keep on with Chrissie and his holding onto that hurt a lot of people. I couldn’t stand by and watch him stomp over your heart like you didn’t matter; I hated him for it. I blamed him for you cutting, I blamed him for a lot of things but then he helped you deal with Gordon being around when I hadn’t a clue. He saw what no-one else did. Robert saved your life, and if I’m honest, I don’t just mean that time you landed in hospital.”

“I was good at hiding things, I wanted you to be happy without having to worry about me.”

“You would have turned to him anyway; he was always different around you. You couldn’t stay away from each other, attracted like magnets.”

“It’s all such a long time ago; it feels like another life-time.” I remember pushing everyone away, yet Robert’s stubborn persistence foiled my plans to leave Emmerdale for good. Deep down, I think I knew he was watching and secretly I had hoped he would catch me from falling even though I pushed him away every chance I had.

“Sometimes it feels like just yesterday. Do you remember how protective over Vic he was with her getting wed to Adam?”

Smiling, I turn my head to look at mum. I remember it well, and all the ensuing shenanigans, all so
pointless in the end, “Yeah, Cain beat the crap out of him that day, he would have landed in hospital if I hadn’t got him out of there.”

Pulling her feet up under her mum settles into the corner of the sofa, “Why did you? It’s not like you owed him anything; he was being a right shit to you and everyone else.”

I hesitate before responding, “Why do Robert and me do anything?”

“You loved him. You protected him because you loved him and no matter what he’d done you couldn’t switch that off, it’s not who you are and no matter how much he fought against it he couldn’t stop loving you. There’s something to be said for that kind of love.” I don’t have anything to say to this, it was true then and it’s true now, “You can’t help who you fall in love with, Aaron. In that, we’re both alike and we’ve both made mistakes. In the end, it doesn’t matter what me or anyone else thinks; it’s your life and how you feel about him that counts. Just make sure he treats you right.”

Leaning back once more, I shift my leg underneath me, twisting side-ways on so I can see her better, “Think you’ll ever marry Paddy?”

Snorting a laugh, mum chuckles quietly, like she’s thought of a funny joke that I’m not in on, “Maybe one day, you know what we’re like; we’re better as we are, for now. Don’t go encouraging that sister of yours neither, she’s been hinting as well.” Mum isn’t daft and refuses to let me change the subject, “You do love him, don’t you?”

I nod, my answer immediate, “Very much.” I hesitate, but need to ask, “What if it’s not enough?”

“Only you can answer that, Aaron. You’ve been like an old married couple ever since you moved in together, like two peas in a pod. You know, the piece of paper won’t change anything; you’re either committed to each other or you’re not.”

My heart almost leaps out of my body hearing her say, ‘the piece of paper’ until I realized she means the marriage certificate. I don’t have any answer or comment, feeling almost numb, unsure of myself and most of all unsure about how to feel about a future with Robert. Knowing I can’t get away with saying nothing, I shift the direction of the conversation, “You’re not disappointed you won’t be a grandma?”

“There’s other ways if you wanted.”

“What with my record?”

“That’s not stopping you and you know it.”

Mum knows I’ve always said I’m not interested in having children which isn’t quite true. Robert has never mentioned it and it’s not something we have ever seriously discussed. We could make it work but I have a slave and, in my mind, the two don’t go together, not if we want to continue as we are or even stricter which is where we are heading. “Yeah, well, don’t get your hopes up, I like my life just as it is.” It hits me in this minute that in spite of being furious with him, I still consider Robert my slave and that we do have a viable future together, if I still want it.

“Nothing stays the same forever, Aaron, but I think you have the answer to your own question. Just remember, you’re in it for the long haul so make the most of the good times for as long as they last and when it gets hard think about them to keep you going, and with a bit of luck you won’t make a hash of it like I did, I always gave up too easily.” Downing the last of her drink, mum gives me a big hug. “Well, I think with those words of wisdom, your old mum needs her beauty sleep if she’s to be
the belle of ball tomorrow.” With a final squeeze, she kisses my forehead, “Sleep tight, son. I love you no matter what.” She doesn’t say it out loud but the words are there, ‘if you change your mind’, but we both know I won’t.

Holding onto her a little longer than usual, I return the kiss goodnight. “Thanks, mum.” Hesitating by the door, I can feel her eyes on me, but I don’t turn around until I know she’s gone, hearing the door close followed by the creak of the stairs. Releasing the ends of my jumper from around my fingers I drain my glass of its contents, resolutely putting the cap back on the bottle and returning it to the cupboard before heading upstairs myself where I crash onto the bed in my old room.

Falling into a quiet contemplation, I consider what to do. It’s very late when I finally pull off my clothes to crawl under the duvet. Looking at my watch as I switch off the light, I hadn’t realized so much time had passed. My phone has remained steadfastly silent, nothing at all from Robert which is probably for the best. I’m not ready to hear what he has to say just yet, I need more time.

No matter how the day plays out tomorrow, today already, it’s not going to be easy and is certainly not going to be the day either of us envisaged but having made some decisions, I have the outlines of a plan.

Robert, Saturday 19th June 2021

Yesterday I hadn’t known what to do for the best. Thursday night, I hadn’t slept hardly, my mind too hyper switching between writing out the list and wanting to run to Master saying it’s all a stupid mistake and to forget about it. However, it’s too late for that, the unspoken words would always hang between us, creating a barrier that would gnaw away at the trust, Master wondering what I had done, most likely jumping to wrong conclusions.

The list didn’t take very long to write but is disconcerting. It was also a lot bigger and worse than even I imagined, but not once did I consider leaving anything out. I’ve always known I wasn’t a good person for a long time but here I had it in black and white. Maybe, misguided or impulsive fit better because it’s not like I was a bad person all the time, just insecure and pettily jealous. Without a pang of regret or considering the consequences, I used to lash out in anger wanting people to hurt as much as I did, triggering acts of vengeance that today I can’t comprehend. In essence, no matter who I was with or what I was doing, I had always operated as a lone individual. Until Aaron. Master.

Long before becoming my Master, Aaron had started to break through my defences, though neither of us recognized it in that way as we would today. His moral compass, the stubbornness with which He carried it made me question myself. I cared about what He thought of me; a feat no-one had managed before except maybe Sarah. Despite fighting it with every bone in my body, right from the off, I wanted to please Him and prove that I wasn’t the right royal fuck up everyone made me out to be. His voice was increasingly there at the back of my mind, steadily chipping away at my walls across the years until bringing me to this point with the last vestiges crumbled away. All that’s needed now is a dustpan and brush to sweep away the debris of what was once my life.

The rules of time-out are frustrating. It’s impossible to switch off, to be Robert Sugden; more significantly I don’t identify with that person anymore, a stranger. Conditioned to be a slave, specifically Aaron’s slave, I cherish our life together, even more so with these last couple of months. Thursday night I slept in the spare room; sleeping in Master’s bedroom was never an option for me.
and i’m not allowed in the playroom alone without permission. Sleep was, however, elusive. Then
during the day, i didn’t know what to do with myself to pass the hours. Meditation or reading were
impossible; instead, i ran until i couldn’t go any further and even then i only managed to sleep a
couple of hours.

Walking to the barn had felt like what i imagine going to the gallows would be like, yet i was quietly
resigned to my fate. i brought this on myself, my choices over the years and more recently have
unintentionally and intentionally led to this crossroads in our lives. Every scenario possible had run
through my head of how Master would react. The reality was nothing like i had envisaged.

Against His objection, kneeling before Him, i’d readied myself, prepared for the worst, wearing my
invisible armour, a coping mechanism i didn’t think i’d ever need to employ again, not with Master.
The anger and disappointment were expected but not the stone-cold silence. Unsurprisingly, by the
end of reading, clenching His fists the battle to not rip my head off was coming off Him in waves,
Yet Master didn’t say a word, not a single one. He couldn’t even bring Himself to look at me and that
hurt more than i ever imagined it could, that i’m still feeling the wound it made in my heart today.

He walked away without saying a word and i let Him, leaving me in even deeper uncertainty than
before.

Once again, i find myself alone; i haven’t made any attempt to contact Master knowing that the next
move is His to make and i won’t push Him, i don’t have the right. Last night i wound up sleeping
outside on the lounger wrapped up in our favourite snuggle blanket. Emotionally drained i cried
myself to sleep, shedding lonely tears of regret; for the people i had wronged and for my own folly,
only to waken several times, the cycle repeating like a broken record until i have no tears left. On
Thursday night Master asked me to trust Him, and in spite of how bleak and empty it feels right now,
i do, clinging on to the stubborn tendril of hope within me.

We’ve written some of our own vows for the wedding, i only have a handful of words yet they
embody how i feel. Even if you strip everything away, this is what it boils down to; Aaron is my best
friend, lover, guide and protector. Being without Him would be life-changing, yet deep down inside
i’m glad He knows; it was the right thing to do and i’m at peace with the decision.

As a slave, i’ve learned to appreciate things more, my life has slowed down and putting on the suit, i
finger the fine threads we’ve chosen. Waiting for Vic to come and collect me for the walk to church,
i find myself wandering through our home; so many memories. We’ve navigated some difficult
times, moreover, we’ve had so much joy in our life together, much of it within these walls. i’m filled
with a melancholy sadness that i might have ruined the best thing to ever happen to me.

“You’re quiet.”

Deflection is something i’m skilled at, after locking the door behind us, i link an arm through my
sisters, “You look lovely and we can’t all be chattering away ten to the dozen like you now can we.”

Vic looks beautiful and happy; i wish i could ask her to scoop me up in her arms and tell me it’s all
going to be okay. Instead, i’m all dressed up, feeling as if i’m going through the motions. “Still, I
thought you’d be buzzing with excitement. You’ve both been like giddy teenagers for weeks.”

The best lies are laced with truth, “Would you believe me if i said i’m nervous?”
“You told me once that Sudgens don’t do nervous.” Giving my sister a quiet smile, a long time ago when i was young and cocky with it, i did say that. Nervous doesn’t even come close to how i’m feeling. Worried that Master won’t show up is closer to the mark, petrified that Master will think i’m a monster. If Master had got in the car and left, i would have heard about it by now, but that doesn’t mean He still wants to marry me.

Having bought into my excuse, Vic babbles away and i let her. Telling her it’s fifty-fifty that i’ll be jilted at the alter would only spoil her enthusiasm. Apparently, Andy will be here on his own having broken up with Chrissie. Not surprising, they were never going to last, not like me and Master. That thought causes my breath to catch and with Vic noticing, i fob her off once more and she continues her rambling chatter.

We had decided on a simple day today, no cars or walking down the aisle to music, it’s not really us. The church is all decked out as you’d expect, so with my battered armour steadfastly back in place, we make our way to the front. Aaron isn’t here yet. Walking down the aisle, stopping every other step, i return all the smiles, offering cliché responses to the words of support until reaching the front row where i grab Vic’s hand; squeezing it, she gives me a smile of encouragement. Amazingly, after a shower and shave, all suited and booted, i look less like someone surviving on only a few hours sleep in the last forty-eight hours and more like a groom with pre-wedding jitters.

Sitting quietly, i fidget with the order of service until Vic takes it from me to make sure it stays in one piece; i think she knows something else is off with me but thankfully doesn’t call me out on it. More than most, Vic understands the strength of the bond i have with Aaron; in the know that we are Master and slave it would never enter her head to question that He might not turn up or that the wedding won’t go ahead.

With the order of service no longer at my disposal, Vic smirks upon spying me fingering my slave collar hidden beneath my shirt and tie. It’s the only real comfort left to me as we sit at the front of the church waiting and this time she doesn’t intervene. Passing the time to keep my mind occupied, i’ve been running through my slave mantras, so it’s from Vic’s prodding elbow that i’m jolted back into the here and now. Looking up, following her line of sight, i see Master approaching the pulpit chatting with Adam. He looks stunning; although, Master in a suit would turn heads anywhere.

Not hearing Harriet calling us to take front and centre, grinning at my stupefied ogling, Vic practically has to push me out of my seat. Taking the few steps to be at His side is a blur and once there, every nerve and fibre of my being wants to reach out for His hand, but i daren’t, sneaking only a sideways glance at Him before concentrating on Harriet who is beaming at us and the congregation.

The entire service feels like i’m in a dream-state, running on a bizarre form of auto-pilot for the most part. The first time we actually touch is whilst exchanging the rings and saying our vows. It’s as if we’ve been struck by a bolt of electricity; it’s current sparking the most over-whelming rush of adrenalin as we turn to face each other, my heart beating louder and my blood pumping faster. Master’s eyes lack their usual mischievous sparkle but there’s no mistaking their intense emotion. Love. This moment seals our future as we bind ourselves together in front of our families and closest friends; ‘for better, for worse’. My finger pushing on His ring lingers, brushing lightly over His reddened knuckles, and it doesn’t take a genius to work out how that happened. Master doesn’t react to my tight grimace. Something else to add to our list of things to talk about later.

As we’d intended, the service passes quite quickly; neither of us are into hymns or all the usual
trappings of a big ceremony. With our own words mixed in, there hadn’t been any muttering about the difference in our formal vows, maybe someone will pick up on it later. Master promised to cherish, i promised to obey.

Upon Harriet declaring us husbands, interestingly we don’t hold back from the kiss which is quick but firm, i could say almost chaste even getting a loud cheer and clapping from the congregation showing their support causing us both to blush. Master follows up by resting His forehead against mine, allowing us to share a rare moment of closeness before His lips claim mine for a second kiss.

Putting the strained awkwardness between us to one side, for the first time i allow myself to feel hopeful about our future as we add our names to the marriage register. Harriet raises an amused eyebrow at seeing the signature Robert Dingle. Vic and Adam are less surprised and Vic’s smirk foretells of the likely reaction of the rest of the Sugdens. There’s a lot of stock held in carrying on the Sugden name; not for me, i’m glad to leave it behind.

With Harriet signalling the end of the service, Master surprises me by asking everyone to stay seated before we walk down the aisle and my stomach does a good impression of rapidly dropping through the floor, panic hitting every nerve in my body. Emmerdale weddings are renowned for announcements of retribution, wronged partners using the occasion to wield their suffering like an axe; is this what Master planned all along? Quickly schooling my expression as best i can, i’m grounded by Master’s hand moving to rest against my lower back which i interpret as a clear message to not intervene and dutifully i obey. Master seems relaxed, which i take as a good sign.

“I’d like to thank everyone for coming today, it means a lot to the both of us. There’s a little change in the order of the day as I’ve planned a surprise for my husband,” There’s something in the way He says ‘husband’, i like how this sounds yet it will always be a synonym for property as far as i’m concerned. “Today was in many ways unexpected, we never talked about officially tying the knot until Robert sprung the idea on me out of the blue a few weeks ago so, I’m going to return the favour with a surprise honeymoon, he’s earned it.” Despite the patter of clapping oohs and ahhs, i glance at Master feeling suspicious; i’m still waiting for the axe to fall as something in His voice tells me there’s more than He’s saying, “So, fortunately, or unfortunately if we’re going to catch the flight on time, we’re going to love you and leave you to enjoy all the free grub and booze at the pub. Vic, Diane and Adam will lead the way and have put on a spread to keep you going all weekend. You have permission to drink and eat our share and i promise we’ll throw another party in a few weeks.”

Not quite believing that i’ve not been dumped and humiliated at the altar as i had feared, i leave it to Master to navigate us out of the church; He holds my hand tightly throughout. Accepting the congratulations and exchanging other pleasantries, we extricate ourselves as quickly as is humanly possible without being too rude. Eventually escaping, covered in confetti and other paraphernalia, Liv and mum having outdone themselves, we are finally able to make our way home.

Half expecting Him to release my hand as soon as we are away from everyone i’m very happy that He doesn’t, but there are no words between us, the awkward tension returned. Now comes the hard part and we are both aware for this we need to be safely away from prying eyes.

We don’t enter the house through the front, Master instead taking us round the back, making sure the gate is bolted and locked from the inside. The blanket i’d used to keep me warm overnight is still strewn over the sun lounger and Master gives me that look He has when i’ve not tidied up after myself. In other circumstances, i’d have smirked at Him and presented myself for punishment, maybe even thrown in a witty comment. Not today.
That said, coming to a stop in the middle of the decking, it’s impossible for the slave in me not to drop onto my knees, hands clasped behind my back and head bowed. The energy i’d used to keep it together until now, having not quite believed the wedding would go ahead, is almost burnt out and i draw on every single drop of reserve i have to hold the perfect position.

Without a word, Master goes into the house, not giving any indication of what is to come. Indifferent to His activity i wait patiently until He comes to a standstill before me, now changed into jeans. My eyes are transfixed by His bare feet as He finally addresses me, “Do you still believe you are my slave?”

“i’m whatever You say i am, Master.” The silence hangs between us, however, i don’t break from my position. It’s not that i’m not prepared to fight for our relationship, i am tooth and nail despite what i said on Thursday night, i just don’t dare to presume what Master is thinking.

Dragging the lounger across, sitting sideways-on facing me, Master pulls out the list i had written. Unfolding the piece of paper in His hand, and after what feels like a very long pause, He speaks, “It took a lot of guts to write this.” Pushing up my chin, our eyes meet, His fingers then trail down my cheek and i lean into it. His eyes are filled with love, but also a sadness weighing heavily; He looks as tired as i feel. “I’m very disappointed and right now I don’t like you very much.” There’s nothing i can say to this and i don’t try; i had my time to talk on Thursday, now it’s Master’s turn and it’s clear He’s considering His words carefully. “I love you, but this is going to take some time, do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

His eyes seem to search mine for something, remorse maybe; in that case, i have it in spadesful, “I worked out the prison time you’d have gotten if you’d been up in court for all these and pleaded guilty. Do you want to take a guess at what it came to?”

“It doesn’t matter, Master. i’m guilty. i’m not going to beg for mercy, i submit to whatever punishment You decide?”

“I can’t make that decision yet, I’m too angry and upset with you.” Removing His hand, it drops down to His knee. “I was so looking forward to going on our honeymoon. I’ve booked a secluded villa where we could relax and enjoy ourselves; sun, sand, sea and submission but I can’t. I can’t be your Master right now, I don’t trust myself. How we are, it’s too easy for me to do serious harm to you, one slip, it could take only seconds. It would break my heart and I’d never forgive myself or you. This means I also can’t be your husband.”

My head is whirring with this new information, even less clear than before where this leaves us, my panic-filled words blurt out. “What does that mean? i don’t understand. Why go through all that just now if You don’t want me. Master, please, i’ll do anything, i can’t lose You. Being my Master, that’s who You are. Tell me what to do, whatever You want. Don’t leave me, Master, please.....”

Master cuts me off, His response angry, “I’ll not be responsible for putting you in the hospital or even worse the cemetery because I lose control.” It’s unclear which one of us the anger is directed at and taking a deep breath, Master recovers from His emotional outburst, similarly, i work overtime to calm down enough to listen, “I do want you. I wouldn’t have married you if I was going to leave you, you must know that?”

Feeling close to tears, i manage to keep them in check, “i don’t know anything at the minute except that i refuse to let go of You.”
Leaning forward, Master lets slip a half smile and kisses me tenderly on the lips, “That makes two of us then.”

Considering how much punishment i’m facing, adding one more to the list won’t make any difference and i grab hold of His face, my hands either side, my lips latching onto His, desperate for confirmation. Master gives it to me, also kneeling His hands cover mine, “i can’t undo what happened but i’ll do whatever it takes to convince You to keep me, that i can still make You happy; what we have works, it’s who we are.”

Parting us, Master sighs, sitting back on the sun lounger, “I already am convinced or we wouldn’t be having this conversation, it doesn’t mean I can just pick up and carry on as we left off.”

“As you pointed out to me, you’ve changed. This person,” Master holds up the list, “isn’t who you are now. Half you did before you left Emmerdale, I was just a kid. My slave is better than this list, he knows better. Tell me your purpose.”

“My purpose is to be Your slave, to obey, serve and satisfy Your every whim. Any choice i make must be based on whether or not it will please Master.”

“Being my slave is a privilege, what does that mean?”

“slave accepts Your authority in all things, it shall behave according to Master’s will at all times and is not to disappoint under any circumstances.”

“Even though we’re on a time-out, meaning in practice you’re not my slave right now, I want you to continue to keep these in mind. You called this time-out and did something incredibly brave but knowing that it would hurt me, hurt us. We could talk about the what, why and how forever but this isn’t just something I can shrug off and act like I don’t know about. Right now, every time I look at you, I want to both kiss you and kill you, I want to make love to you and break you. That’s not a good thing for either of us. I’ve decided that time-out will continue until I’ve got myself in a place where I can be a good Master and be certain l can keep all of the promises I’ve signed up to, both in our contract and from our marriage vows.” My stomach is doing somersaults, impatient to know what Master intends. "Do you trust me?"

“Completely, Master.” Aaron’s voice carries with it a hardness i seldom hear from Him. He isn’t my husband, friend or lover right now, giving me the first inkling of how difficult this is likely to be for both of us, but this is the bargain i’ve made and there’s no thought of turning back. Master loves me and despite knowing my worst is still offering me a future with Him meaning i will do whatever it takes to get us through this and find a way to be happy together.

“You shouldn’t be on your knees or call me that during time-out, you know.”

“It’s hard not to; i don’t know how not to be Your slave anymore, Master.”

Master catches me off guard, suddenly standing, bending over to be closer in, His voice with a slightly ominous edge to it, “You might consider yourself to be a slave, but you’re not my slave, you have lost that privilege for now. Believe me, my slave will be punished for each and every indiscretion on this list, I will find the right punishment to fit the crime, but I promised to never punish when my judgement is impaired, and right now it is. In the meantime, I have a proposition for you. It is likely to be one of the hardest things you’ll ever do as a slave as I don’t want you to think you’re getting off lightly.”
Undeserving of His empathy, I don’t get any, “Criminals don’t get rewarded by going on holiday, and I don’t see why I should go without all because you decided to listen to your conscience five years down the line. It’ll give me time to calm down properly which is why you won’t be joining me. Nor do you deserve to be comfortable, so my home is off limits to you whilst I’m away.”

“This is the deal. You can go stay with your sister or whoever’ll take you, but then you’ll have to make up an excuse to explain why you aren’t lapping up the Algarve sunshine with your wonderful new husband. On the other hand, you can serve a sentence of sorts. It might seem cruel but believe me, seven nights here as a voluntary prisoner is better than being banged up in Armley nick, with no privacy, for the rest of your life. You committed crimes, serious crimes. You did these as Robert Sugden, so that’s who you are for the next seven nights, a slave if you wish, but not my slave, not my husband.” Master pauses a minute, I don’t know whether for effect or just to see how I react, but I hold my tongue, “I’ll leave the coal-hole open and I suggest you be careful outside just in case anyone’s being nosy which is highly unlikely, but you never know if they think we are away and I’d prefer if no-one found out about this. There’s a canister of water which should last the week, if not you can refill it from the outside tap. Naturally, I don’t want you to starve, so there’s a box of Huel meal pouches, not very tasty as you know, well it doesn’t taste of anything but it’s very nutritional mush all the same. Don’t waste them, I’ve put you three a day. The key will stay this side of the gate so you can leave at any time. I’m sure Vic will clothe you and take care of you if change your mind and choose to leave.”

Silence reigns supreme as I absorb my options with my first thought being that I can’t do this, but then, I slept outside naked last night and I deserve to be punished, must be punished, but I also don’t think I could hack for this to be the blueprint to the rest of our life. “What happens when You get back, You might change Your mind and won’t want me, or what if I drop badly or fall ill?”

“Either Master Thomas or slave Elliott will visit you at least once a day to see you’re okay and spend time with you; they will give you a phone for emergencies as they’re only about fifteen minutes away from here. They don’t know anything, I just told them it’s part of a punishment, I haven’t told them what for and they didn’t ask. Use them for support, talk to them and if you need help be honest about it. I expect to return to find you healthy. I’ve also left your journal on the side there, I want you to write in it every day as you do now. I’ll read it and we’ll talk about it when I get back.”

Dropping to His knees, curling a hand around the back of my neck we cling to each other. “I can’t be who you need me to be right now. It’s not for long and just because I’m going to be away doesn’t mean I will find it any easier. I know we need to talk. I’ll see if we can’t go stay at Mina’s cottage for a few days when I get back, somewhere neutral and away from Emmerdale. We’ll work it out, I promise.” Yesterday I felt touch-starved and immersing myself in the moment I savoured how good it feels; I’d almost convinced myself He wouldn’t ever want to touch me ever again. “Whether or not you accept to do this won’t change anything when I get back.” Forcing a little distance, Master’s eyes pierce into mine, “Robert, I think when you decided to tell me, you had......, have, a lot of different reasons, some selfish and some not, and I know you didn’t do this lightly. You want to be punished of that I’m sure and you will be, but can you tell me what you really expect from me when I get home?”

There’s no hesitation in my response and my eyes don’t waver from His, “A clean slate. I hope You can accept me as Your slave knowing exactly what I am, who I am and what I’ve done and still think I’m worth Your love, time and effort.”

An fleeting mischievous smile crosses Master’s face despite the sincerity of my statement, “You thought about this a lot then?”
“You know i have.” With my own brand of mischief, i look at Him square on, “You never doubted i’d do this, did You?”

Master doesn’t answer the question, but He doesn’t need to, “What’s it to be, do you consent? My terms will be tough, i warn you now.”

“i consent.”

“Strip, then get back on your knees, make sure not a word leaves those pretty lips of yours and from now on you may only call me Mr Dingle.”

“Thank You, Mr Dingle, You are most benevolent.” My unhappiness at having to call Him that is audible, my tone bordering on disrespectful but it’s not like He can punish me any more for it. However, His eyes darken and i hasten to undress so i don’t put that to the test.

Kneeling before Him once more, sitting back on my calves, head bowed down, my arms resting on top of my thighs, palms up, the weight of His gaze is crushing. My nakedness is making me feel vulnerable in a way i’m not used to, our familiar ease absent. Padding over to the table on the far side of the decking, Master returns, circling my body a couple of times. Then without any explanation, using the appropriate tools, Master starts to remove my wrist bracelets, nipple rings and lastly my guiche. Unsure what to make of this development, it feels like my identity is being stripped away as each is set to the side.

The more He removes the greater the emotional toll is apparent for both of us, yet Master is resolute, His voice firm, “Take your wedding ring off and give it to me.” Hesitating before eventually complying, i hand over the ring, its removal a clear reminder of my new status, for the next week at least, “The Robert Sugden that made bad choices wasn’t married.” My eyes widen because i suddenly realise what else He intends to remove and for the first time i’m filled with real panic, involuntarily attempting to lift myself up, hardly able to breathe. Master responds by leaning over me, cocoon-like, wrapping Himself around my head and shoulders, His hand stroking my back until i sufficiently relax, eventually accepting, sinking into His embrace, “This is meant to be hard Robert, accept it; you wanted me to know the truth, so now you need to feel the full weight of the consequences.”

My voice is little more than a whisper, knowing it is futile, yet i plead to Him, “Please, not that, anything but that.”

“Too often you hurt people by taking away something precious or tried to; well this is how it feels.” Master cradles me in His arms, He knows what this means to me, what it represents. He rocks me gently until i nod my head indicating that i’m ready. Picking up the special allen-key, a couple of tears fall as He slides it into the inside slot to release and remove the band of titanium from around my neck. “It’s only a week. It’ll go back on, and it will when I get home; at some point I’ll have it welded if you agree.”

Holding onto Him as if for dear life, these words give me hope, but the way i’m feeling i hardly dare believe, “Do You promise?”

“I promise. I was thinking for our anniversary.” We’d joked about this before, but i hadn’t thought Master was serious and in the here and now it feels such an uphill battle, i’m not convinced we’ll be able to put ourselves back together in time for our anniversary. Having calmed myself, i can only stare sorrowful, shamed, at the pile of metal that had adorned my body, until today marking me as His slave.
Rising, Master pulls me up with Him, “I have to get going. I’m trusting you to keep safe and I promise to do the same. The forecast for the week is for it to still be mild and dry, but I’ve left you a couple of blankets just in case you need them.”

Still reeling from the loss of my collar, I feel completely unmoored, like my centre of gravity is off and once more I sense my rising panic as He starts to pull away, “What if I can’t do this? I don’t know if I can do this without You.”

Exuding a detachment that I didn’t know Master was capable of, nothing more than this moment defines Master’s strength of conviction….., faith, “I know you can.”

Folding the sun-lounger, Master locks it away in the shed whilst I make a last ditch attempt to stop him leaving like this, “Please stay, don’t leave me, I’m begging You.”

“I have to, for both our sakes. I promise I’ll be back in a week and that…..” Master looks away, “I need to sort my head out; I can’t do that and be your Master. I can’t be with you at the minute, Robert.”

For the first time, I see just how much Master is truly hurting. If I didn’t know Master as well as I do, I’d suspect He is playing me for a fool, plying me with hugs and kisses as part of some cruel game, but I’m in no doubt that Master is as raw as I am, that a part of Him is feeling heartbroken by my admission, “I’m sorry.” I say words that as His slave I’m not permitted to say, but removing this privilege works both ways and saying anything else, feels false.

“I know.” There’s so much I want to say, but there’s too much at stake, now’s not the time, and that thought makes me very sad, “Robert, I want to leave the past behind us more than anything in the world, like you said, a clean slate but I don’t have a crystal ball any more than you do. I can promise with all my heart that I want to be your husband, your Master for life and give you everything we’ve talked about. It might not feel like it right now, but this is the best thing for both of us. Keep in your heart that I love you; remember, ‘for better, for worse’.”

Before I can say anything, He’s kissed me hard and is gone, the sound of the house door being locked from the inside the last I hear.

TBC
Waking up, my head is banging; funny, i don’t remember being drunk. Then with the fog in my head gradually clearing, i remember i’m not suffering from a hangover at all, more likely emotional exhaustion. With no concept in the passing of time, rolling onto my back, i pull the strayed blanket over with me while trying to piece everything together. It’s at this point that the realisation creeps in that i’m not alone and peering over to the doorway of the coal-hole, i see Elliott sitting quietly off to one side with a book in his lap. Although, if he was reading, he isn't now.

The carrier bag at his side gets pushed my way, “Here, I brought you some bog roll and shampoo. Don’t let Master Thomas see, he might just spank me every day until the end of the year and he has a heavy hand. I’m not a masochist like you, I wail at the lightest tap.”

Not bothering to sit up, i let the bag lay untouched where it had landed, even managing a half smile, “My lips are sealed; i don’t want either of us to get into trouble. i’m in enough as it is.”

“Well, us slaves have to stick together.” Smirking, he can’t resist, “Interesting bedroom you have here for the week.”

It is what it is and i shrug my shoulders, “i used to have a punishment tent, but we cleaned this out of all the junk two or three years ago and Master decided it would make a better deterrent. i agreed. It stays warm enough most of the time and i only get sent here when i’ve misbehaved really badly.” My voice falters as the cause on this occasion is a long stretch from my indiscretions in any usual sense.

Elliott notices and understands i think, but doesn’t call me out on it, “One to avoid then?”

Acknowledging his perceptiveness, i nod, “Think of it like corner time but a million times harder. Usually, i’m chained not so comfortably and left in the dark with the door locked for a few hours. Cobblestone floors, even with blankets which i don’t usually get,” shifting, i grimace as if to make my point, “Not to be recommended. At least, this time i have freedom with the whole garden at my disposal; i can’t complain really.” My attempt at brushing over the seriousness of the situation doesn’t hold with either of us, but it was a worthy effort.

“You could sleep outside?”

Sitting up, i groan, my limbs all achy, the cushioning of the blankets really only does so much; yet i am adamant in my answer, “No. No, i couldn’t.”
It's not an exaggeration to say being banished to the coal-hole is by far the worst punishment i’m
given but i accept it. Master doesn’t take the decision lightly when it comes and it requires me to
have seriously fucked up; i’m not going to argue His logic on this one. For someone like me who
gets off on sensory deprivation and being restrained, psychologically this is very far removed. The
sense of ostracism is what affects me the most, intensified by the physical challenge it often presents;
it’s a punishment i don’t readily forget, worse than any cane, strap or switch. Fortunately, these days
it is a very rare occasion indeed with Master generally preferring to use alternative forms of discipline
and correction. Other than being stuck in this prison of my own making for a whole week, ironically,
it’s practically a holiday compared to usual. However, bearing that in mind, it will be hard not to
dwell on what my actual punishment will be.

“What about the coffin or whatever you call it?” Not quite following what he’s referring to, i look at
him quizzically, “It’s kind of hard not to miss the grill in the decking, I assume that’s for you. It’s
rather too big to be for draining the rain away.”

Now i cotton on and give him a wry smile, “That’s not for punishment; i like it too much.”

Physically shuddering at the thought, the look on Elliott’s face as he speaks is amusing, “I’d panic
and personally, I don’t think being put in here is that much better than in there.”

Shrugging with indifference, i pull the blanket tightly around myself, more to shore up my bravado
than for warmth. “What time is it; it’s still Saturday, right? Is Master Thomas not with you?” With the
door open, it’s quite light in here but it won’t be long before the night starts drawing in.

“He’s at home and yeah it’s still Saturday, just after seven-thirty. I thought I’d come over before it
started getting dark out.” Elliott studies me a moment, “You want to go sit outside for a while?”

“Can do.” His only response is to get up and move out into the garden, and i follow sensing his need
to be away from, by his reckoning, such a small confined space.

We have had many a conversation about how our lives as slaves are worlds apart. Elliott struggles to
understand my love of bondage and sensory deprivation; what makes me feel safe and calm petrifies
him. Coffin is a pretty good description of the sunken box we’ve built into the decking, but we’ve
never called it such; that association is something neither of us would want to consider. Oddly
enough the box doesn’t actually have a name, we’ve always called it ‘putting me under’ because
although it’s intense and a total mind-fuck for both of us, after the initial processing that’s almost
what it does; i go so deep into myself that it’s meditative, therapeutic. We did originally intend for it
to replace the tent, but after the first time, Master quickly understood that it would never work as
punishment.

The box, made of wood embedded into the middle of the decking, is quite shallow; only just big
even for me to lie down in, with or without the sleep sack, and there are attachments for my cuffs
and whatnot. Then there’s an adjustable grill cover that can either be pushed down so that it’s
practically pressing against me or sitting a few inches above; whichever, there’s no wiggle room.
Whenever the top wooden cover is in place, the only difference is psychological; however, i’d be
lying if i said it wasn’t disturbing when it’s first closed irrespective of whether i’m blindfolded or not
but it’s all part of the processing. The air holes are in the sides and base as it's just empty space
underneath the decking floor which keeps it very dark inside even without blindfold whilst the top
cover matches the wood of the decking and sits flush so that you’d walk over me and not have a clue
i was there. This and the tight restriction are what draws me into the experience; in the moment i let
go of everything accepting that there’s no alternative until Master lets me out. We’ve been
experimenting, slowly building up the length of time; i’d love to be left there overnight, but so far,
Master has rejected this for safety concerns. And as much as we dabble with a variety of breath-play, Master also has no interest in trying gas masks and as i’m not too sure how i feel about them i’ve never pushed Him to try. Maybe one day i’ll get to experience both together; the thought sends a tingle of anticipation through me even now.

We have a cloth cover for the cage in the play-room, but it’s not the same, nor is the standing cage, even when fully closed in. They are places to put me away for a while until Master has a use for me or to torment and tease me but i generally never go anywhere near as deep under with them.

All this is irrelevant at the moment and locating the wooden cover, i place it over the padlocked grill that makes the box out of bounds to me until Master decides, only He has the key; it’s seldom He leaves it off like this. i can’t help feeling that if i was in there now, the week would be easier to cope with than this. Wishful thinking, freedom is so overrated.

The inevitable question pulls me out of my reverie, “You want to talk about it?”

“No really.”

“You know you can, right? Anything you say to me won’t get back to Master.”

Challenging this, my response is immediate, disparaging, “Not even if he asks you?”

“He won’t.” The strength of conviction in Elliot’s voice surprises me.

“You sound so sure.” Unlike me, i know Elliott has no secrets, he's like an open book with Master Thomas. In some respects, Elliott was my unwitting inspiration for wanting to confess to Master.

“That’s because I am. You trust your Master and I trust mine; we agreed it like this. If he has questions, he’ll ask you himself; he’ll pass by at some point I’m sure.”

Realising i’m being an arse for no reason, i apologize, “Sorry. You don’t have to stay you know, i’ll be okay.”

“You’re not okay though, are you?”

Testily, i snap back once more before i can stop myself, “i got married earlier today and my husband isn’t here, and He isn’t going to be sharing my bed tonight or any other night for the foreseeable future. i’m tired and angry at myself but for the first time in my life, i’ve been honest with Him, completely honest. Master knows all my darkest secrets and as much as i regret the things i did, i don’t regret telling Him. So i’ll be here until Master decides what to do with me. Like you said, i trust Him. This is far less than i deserve; i’m not sure if the roles were reversed knowing the truth that i would have married me and promised forever. So, i’ll take whatever punishment there is coming and i’ll say thank you, Master, when it’s over. Then, with a bit of luck, we can find a way to get on with the rest of our lives. We can’t all be goody-two-shoes like you.” My mini rant over, i glance at Elliott, immediately feeling guilty, “Sorry.”

Elliott simply smirks, our different temperaments are also something we’ve talked about at length.


Distractedly, my fingers reach to my collar for reassurance and the stark reminder of its removal triggers strong feelings of abandonment. With my coping powers thoroughly depleted the tears well once more, it’s as if i have no command of anything right now. The person that usually gives me
strength of purpose isn’t around and that feels worse than i ever imagined it could. Silently, Elliott pulls me into a hug and i crumble quietly into his arms. “He took my collar Elliott; what if He changes His mind and doesn’t want me anymore?”

Stroking his fingers through my hair, Elliott shushes me, “Master Aaron isn’t one to make false promises.”

“i love Him so much, Elliott; why couldn’t i just keep my big gob shut? i’m such a fuck-up, i never know to quit whilst i’m ahead. i ruin everything i touch eventually even when i’m trying to do the right thing.”

“That’s enough; stop that. He married you and he didn’t do that to then leave you. It’s not his style.”

“What the fuck would you know. You don’t know Him.” i’m close to hyperventilating, my breathing hitching in amongst my snivelling. Elliott’s only response is to hug me tighter and i’m thankful that he knows i don’t mean to be so testy. Fighting to calm myself is a battle, something else to berate myself with, “i hate not being in control.”

That elicits a snigger, “You’re his slave, you’re not supposed to be in control.”

“You know what i mean and it was made very clear to me that right now i might be a slave but i’m not His. If you’d not noticed, He took it all; the only thing i have is my tattoo and He’d have taken that if He could have.” Wiping my hand across my face leaves a trail of snot on it, “Oh, that’s disgusting. You got a tissue or some of that bog-roll?”

Fishing out a packet of tissues from his pocket, i practically pull the lot out of the plastic wrapping which i don’t worry about. At this rate, i’ll have used them all before the night is through. "Robert, He’s upset, they’re just empty words. You are still his slave with or without the collar, the bond between you is what counts.”

Curled against Elliott, wrapped up protectively in his arms, i steadily become calmer. His quiet way with me is soothing, unobtrusive and patient. “i know i did some bad things that were hard to hear, but i’m so pissed off with Him. Running away for the week isn’t going to fix anything.”

“He’s trying to protect you.”

“i don’t need protecting, not from Him.”

“He thinks you do.”

“Did you hear Him actually say that?”

“Nope, it’s just what I was told.....”

Cutting him off before he can continue, i interrupt, “Master’s stupid. He would never hurt me, not more than i deserve anyways.”

“I think that’s the reason why he’s taken some time away, right there.”

“You’re stupid too, then.”

“Oi, I thought I was the bratty one of the two of us and you the smart one.”

“Well, now you know. i’m just a selfish slave who wants his cake and eat it.”
Totally drained, I rest my head against Elliott’s shoulder, dragging the blanket fully back over me, “I hate feeling like this.”

“You want me to stay with you tonight? I have permission.”

Feeling torn, I don’t answer; I do and I don’t. “It hurts.”

“I don’t know what you did, Robert and I probably don’t ever want to, by the sounds of it, but I do know that you belong together and so does Master Aaron. You’ve told the truth and you’re sorry, that counts for something.”

“P’rhaps. It’s not the first time I’ve done something this awful. He knows what I was like before I met Him, there’s no secrets much in a village like this, but falling in love with Aaron turned my life upside down and I didn’t handle it too well; kind of went dark-side for while.” Tensing slightly I’m as close as I’ll get to telling Elliott why Master is so angry with me, “I did something really bad that He didn’t know about; it’s personal, close to home. Maybe it’s the final straw.”

“I don’t think so. I saw the way he looked at you in the church. He might be mad at you, but he’s in it for the long haul.” A few quiet moments pass until Elliott gives me a gentle squeeze, “You want some chocolate?”

“I’m not allowed and don’t go changing the subject.”

“No-one will know but us and stop feeling so sorry for yourself, it could be a lot worse. Now, do you want some chocolate or not?”

“You wouldn’t say that if you knew what I did and who knows what He’ll have in store for me when He gets home.” Ignoring my despondency, Elliott looks at me pointedly, waiting for an answer to his question, “No.”

“Right then, let me know if you change your mind.”

“I won’t.”

“Stubborn slave.” For some bizarre reason this tickles my sense of humour, a quiet chuckle turning into a fit of laughter that is catching, Elliott unable to remain immune, “Shh, we’ll get heard in the village at this rate.”

“We won’t, it’s too far away.” Eventually, we simmer down, my face streaked with drying tears. God, I must look a right state. Shifting, I lean back against the wall, and for the first time, I feel a little better, more human than I did before. Elliott’s non-judgemental support and empathy have helped, and with the mention of food the pangs of hunger have begun to nibble away at me; I haven’t eaten anything since yesterday and then it wasn’t much. “How did you even get chocolate without permission, or did Master Thomas give it you?”

"Of course not, but desperate times calls for desperate measures. I have my wily ways when I need to and I know you have a sweet tooth. If this isn’t a time for chocolate, I don’t know when is. It'll be our secret.”

Master Thomas doesn’t control what Elliott eats outside a few things, chocolate being one of them. Knowing that Elliott has a penchant for it, chocolate is a treat to be eaten from his Master’s hand only. “Don’t blame me if you get found out and spanked. You want some Huel?”

“No thanks.”
“Hmm, you’ve got your chocolate.”

“I ate already, I brought it for you.”

“i’m tired.” Getting up, i go searching for one of the meal pouches, my mind still on the chocolate, “Is it milk or dark?”

“Not telling if you don’t want any. Huel first, then sleep; I’m under instruction to make sure you eat properly.”

“Hmmh, i hate Huel.”

“It’s healthy for you; very nutritious apparently.”

“Crap, you sound like Master.”

“Are you sure you don’t want some chocolate? It’s very good.” Feeling my resistance wavering, i reckon Master won’t mind my lack of permission just this once; maybe for dessert.

Aaron, Saturday 19th June 2021

Manchester airport is bustling as I stare up at the departures board to check the flight status; so many people going on holiday or travelling for business even on a weekend. Spending a week in a luxury villa alone is the farthest thing from what I want to be doing. It could be anywhere, just someplace other than Emmerdale, away from everything and everyone, to find some perspective so I can be the Master Robert expects me to be and not the loose cannon that I feel now who in the blink of an eye with a wrong word or touch could make him fearful of what I might do. The constant see-saw of my emotions scares me, never mind Robert.

With a while to wait yet, I have plenty of time to get a tea. Halting an instant, much to the annoyance of the chap behind me, holding my breath I could have sworn I just spied Robert in the crowd ahead but as the guy in question turns my way, it looks nothing like him. It's just my mind playing tricks on me. Embarrassed as he sees me staring, I get myself in check, the butterflies in my stomach leaving as quickly as they'd arrived, and I make my way to the coffee shop. However, upon seeing the queue, I think sod that for a game of soldiers and to be perfectly honest with myself, I need something stronger. So, changing my mind, I go looking for the bar instead.

Ignoring the server’s flirting, I take the over-priced beer and park myself at a corner table, nicely out of the way. Half people-watching, I casually turn my boarding pass over and over in my hand and start to think about the week ahead. I can only imagine the owner of the villa looking at me sympathetically, arriving minus one, especially knowing that it’s for our honeymoon. Shit, I ordered a case of champagne and everything. Oh well, more for me, I can drown myself in self-pity with it all. Maybe I should wave my wedding ring in front of her face when I get there saying I married the idiot, I just left him naked at home in the garden for a week because right now I struggle to stand the sight of him although I love him to death. Huffing to myself, I hate this, I hate that Robert told me; I hate that he put me in this impossible position. I hate myself for not handling it better.

Reflecting on the wedding, there wasn't a second of hesitation in saying my vows; I meant them wholeheartedly. Looking into my slave's eyes, I knew without a shadow of doubt that I love Robert unconditionally, and want to grow old and grey with him. Maybe he won’t be able to kneel the same when he’s seventy but I’m sure we can find a suitable alternative. What has me feeling so topsy-
turvy right now is that I'm such a bundle of contradiction. Love and hate aren't so far apart and are such powerful emotions.

Putting some distance between us just now is the one thing I am absolutely sure is for the best. I'm so close to the edge all the time; the anger inside me is constantly lurking underneath. It's enough cause for concern that a hair-trigger in the wrong moment is all it would need; what if I lost it with him more than once, would he let the guilt turn him into an abused husband? Shit, this has re-opened a part of myself that I never expected to have to face again; it's not so surprising really, my family genes don't have the best record. I don't have the best record.

Thankfully, the call for my flight interrupts my thoughts further. Standing, I swirl the last of the beer around the bottom of the glass before drinking it, and with a firm resolve, grab my things to head off.

My head has been welded to the window the entire journey with my eyes closed, initially to avoid any conversation but overcome by tiredness, the travel motion had lulled me to sleep. It’s the unapologetic bang of the car door that wakes me, Tom leaving me to rub my eyes whilst getting my case out of the boot. Passing my side, he opens the car door for me, grinning back satisfied at the effect of my rude awakening, “Come on sleepy-head, let’s be having you.” Still half dazed a suitable retort doesn’t spring to mind and after practically falling out of the car, inelegance epitomised, I bang the car door shut behind me, following on into the house.

Recognising I needed some help to sort myself out, instead of getting on my flight, I had fired off an email to Portugal saying we wouldn’t be coming and called Master Thomas. He is the only person I considered as an option to turn to. To be truthful, talking with Mina isn’t the same, partly because she’s a switch and I’ve never let myself get close enough to anyone else to share the important stuff. I’ve always encouraged Robert to have friends and in being close to Elliott and Ben, he has a much better support network than I do. Elliott is in a relatively strict M/s relationship with Master Thomas so to some extent can relate to Robert on that level, and more recently from Ben, Robert gets a different perspective being a submissive and not full-time.

Insisting I call him Tom, which I’ve never done before, it’s the first time I’ve been to their home just outside Richmond in the Yorkshire Dales. Both Tom and Elliott are sociable enough but have never hosted anything at their place even though it’s only about fifteen minutes away from Emmerdale. Tom’s always come across as a nice but very private person, wound a little tight for me but Elliott is a hoot and adores the ground he walks on. They live in a farmhouse inherited from Tom’s family, although it’s not a working farm; he’s a quantity surveyor and they’ve converted the main barn into a workshop for Elliott’s carpentry business. Being shown around I find the house a quirky mix of old and new, their different styles blending together, homely while modern. Elliott’s influence is everywhere, the furniture he builds has a certain look and feel that is unmistakably his. I can’t help wondering if they have a playroom and what it’s like, but if there is one, it’s not part of the tour.

Although we’ve all known each other around three years, for whatever reason I’ve never tried getting to know Tom more than the usual chit chat. With Elliott you don’t get a choice, he’s a people-person, a chatterbox, naturally entertaining, and easy to talk to. The longer I spoke with Tom this morning, arranging for them to look in on Robert, the more I realised that I’d built up a false perception of him in my head based on that he’s a good ten years older than Elliott who is the same age as me, and has been a Master for a lot longer. Not that it should make a difference, just I always felt a bit like the new kid on the block rather than his equal. Both slaves thrive on being owned, yet the way we handle them is poles apart; they are two very different personalities with very individual needs.
I couldn’t explain all the details earlier on the phone, just enough that Tom got the jist of how serious the situation is. He didn’t try to talk me out of anything for which I’m grateful and had promised to take care of Robert whilst I was away. Considering this new turn of events, I imagine, I’ll have to open up more; I’ve finally admitted to myself that I need another perspective, a Master's perspective, to help me work out what’s going on in my head right now. Already I feel more positive about finding a way forward; going to Portugal would have been a mistake.

Aaron, Tuesday 22nd June 2021

Having been here a few days, it’s been interesting watching another couple’s dynamic play out, you see such nuanced behaviour. I wonder if they would say the same watching me and Robert at home away from the crowd. Elliott is by nature far brattier and mischievous than Robert on his worst day; he readily plays to a crowd so has stricter rules when they are out but here his slavery is more subtly playful.

There are many similarities between us on the day-to-day, intimate touches and looks; yet, as couples go, it has reinforced what I already knew, that we’re wired totally different. Their life together is much more compartmentalised. Elliott is usually clothed and very service-oriented. He hasn’t said, but I think Robert might be a little jealous of this, but I prefer my slave as I have him and he knows a lot of the service stuff annoys me most of the time.

Although Tom and Elliott clearly love each other very dearly and are very affectionate, I never get an overly sexual vibe from them where everything about Robert oozes a certain sexuality that just makes me constantly want to touch and play with him. Elliott isn’t a masochist or into heavy bondage in any way shape or form but interestingly, I’ve learned that Tom is trained in a few things I can only aspire to doing. Something to come back to in the future; maybe I can ask him to teach me. He’s only had Elliott four years, who introduced him into Mina’s circle, friends of friends. They fit well together but what they have wouldn’t work for me, or Robert.

“Feeling calmer?”

“Yeah, sorry about…., well you know. I miss Robert.” Tom looks at me pointedly and I concede, “I miss my slave.”

“I’m sure he misses his Master.”

Forlornly, I nod; I'm not handling things at all well right now. I’d flipped out when Elliott wouldn’t tell me anything about how Robert, slave, is doing after he got back from visiting earlier. Robert doesn’t know I'm here and we'd agreed whatever he says to Tom or Elliott when they see him is private, but that they know more about what he is thinking or how he is doing is harder than I’d anticipated. I'm finding the reality of being apart from him very unsettling which has me increasingly second-guessing myself at every turn. This morning Tom and Elliott saw first-hand my volatility, even if it was just verbal frustration. “I'll apologise again to Elliott when I see him.”

“I’m sure he’ll appreciate it. He has to make a delivery later on; a second pair of hands wouldn’t go amiss.”

Smirking at his diplomacy, I know that I'm wound so tight in part because I haven't once been out of the house since I got here, “I can do that.”
“He’s okay you know.”

Caught off guard, I turn around to look at Tom; it’s the first time since being here that any information about Robert’s wellbeing has been volunteered, “I knew he would be, he's strong like that. It's me I’m not so sure about.”

“I know what you said, but it might help if you told me what he did.”

“I can’t, Tom. I won’t put that on you; it's not fair to you or Robert. Some things are best left unsaid and this is one of them.” Warily I welcome the mug of tea pushed in my direction. As much as I think Tom wouldn't take it any further, I'm not prepared to take the risk. "I keep wondering if this is all there is to know. Every time I think I think he's told me everything, eventually I find out there’s more. It makes it hard to trust him. He did some really fucked-up shit even long before we met, I don't think I could handle any more.”

"You do trust him this time though, don't you?" Silently I nod, deep down I know this is everything.

“Do you wish he'd not told you?"

Such a loaded question, but one that's easy to answer without having to think about it, “If you ask me that as Aaron Dingle, then my answer is yes and no, there is one secret I wish he'd take to his grave; but as my slave's Master, then I'm proud of him in a warped kind of way. He didn’t have to be honest with me and has risked everything that means anything to him because he wants to be a good slave, a better slave. He is a good slave but he also did something that I can't forgive."

Shifting the plates from our meal onto the counter, Tom re-joins me at the kitchen table, stretching his feet out onto one of the other chairs. “Can’t or won’t? You said yourself, it was years ago.”

“Either-or....., both.” I've given very little away so Tom doesn’t know enough to understand where I'm coming from. The two most important people in my life and I was very close to losing one of them because of the other and I wouldn’t ever have known why or who was behind it. It’s too much to fathom. Would he have ever told me or even worse, would we still have gotten together eventually, me none the wiser.

"Yet, you still married him. I know you love him, but where does that leave you if you won't or can't forgive him? Forget for a minute that you're Master and slave, even in a vanilla marriage that's going to be a challenge, Aaron. If you want to stay together and be happy, something's going to have to give." 

“He knows me well enough not to expect forgiveness. He wants a clean slate.” Staring into the mug of tea, my body is constantly thrumming with conflicting emotions; disappointment, doubt which come and go but the anger remains as does the love, a bubbling concoction that could blow up at any moment. It's hard to try and separate everything out, “It might not make sense, it's not like I can unread what he wrote but there isn’t no ending in my head where we're not together.” Resting my forehead onto the table in front of me I try to find the right words before looking up again to continue, “He's not the problem right now, I am. The thing is, it’s not the first time he did something this extreme.”

"Are you worried he might do it again?"

I want to say ‘no’, but the truth is I don’t know, given the right circumstances anything is possible. Getting up I go to the window and stare out across the yard before turning around, leaning back
against the counter. “I hope not.”

Tom's frown belies that it's not really the answer he was looking for but there's no point lying, “So, what does he need to do to earn his clean slate?”

Holding him with a stare that conveys my conviction, my expression says it all along with a shrug of my shoulders, “Nothing. He can’t do anything. There is no fix, no taking it back. Not unless you know how we can turn back time.” I pause, lost in my own thoughts about that for a moment. "The thing is I've always known what kind of person Robert was, what he's capable of and as hard as I tried to walk away I couldn’t, neither of us could ever stay away for long. The reality is we are better together than apart. Being his Master is the best thing that’s ever happened to either of us. Robert needs to feel loved and kept on the straight and narrow, and I want to be the person that gives him that. We’re perfect imperfect, but it works and we’re happy.” This draws a wry smile from both of us, a shared understanding of the deep bond between Master and slave, which is why this is so difficult.

“So what's the problem? Punish him and move on.”

“It's not that simple." Back then if I'd found out I wouldn't have hesitated to beat him to a pulp for what he did, but he doesn't deserve that, not now. Rubbing my hand over my face, I seem to be talking myself in circles. There isn't a punishment that will ever come close to covering this, I just need to accept it. My own past has been playing on my mind these last few days also, "You know what’s really unfair in all this?" I don’t expect Tom to respond, however, his eyes don’t waver from mine, “I’ve probably done stuff just as bad. I was an angry teenager and it got worse as I got older. I struggled to cope and instead of letting things lie, I got violent, taking it out on everyone around me whether they deserved it or not. Some of the consequences weren’t that different to the kind from the crap he pulled. I don't think I've ever been as angry with him as I am now and believe me if you knew the half of it that's saying something. What hurts is that he didn't just react in the heat of the moment, he made a conscious decision and if he’d gone through with it, I was already a mess, it would have ripped my entire world apart. I'm not sure I'd be alive to be even having this conversation. I don't understand how he could tell me he loves me all these years while keeping something so devastating like this to himself." It's impossible to tell what Tom is thinking, and this is as close as I can get without telling him the truth, "You must think we're totally fucked up."

"I think you're struggling to come to terms with something that is deeply distressing. I also think you're underestimating yourself, but it’s not me, or your slave for that matter, that needs convincing, Aaron. He wouldn’t have told you unless he thought you could handle it."

Something snaps, "Then why can't I stop feeling like this? All I want is to be happily married with my slave sat at my feet but he's there and I'm here all because I'm too frightened I'll break him. When we became Master and slave I never expected to be the sadist feeding his masochism but I am and I'm good at it; I get off on it, we both do. I could do him real damage if I wanted to and there wouldn't be a thing he could do to stop me." As if on cue, the ring of Tom's phone pierces the silence following my outburst. With an apologetic glance he gets up to answer and wanders out of earshot for the conversation, for which I'm grateful; it gives me time to ground myself, I can feel myself unravelling the more we pick at things.

Returning, Tom changes tack; he's seemingly not going to let me get out of talking, “Tell me more about Robert from back then; you said he's changed, how?”
Sighing in resignation I take a moment to consider this, “He has and he hasn’t. He's a born charmer, and he knew how to use it to his advantage. He was never happy with the status quo, always wanting something else, more.” I smile to myself at this; for all his faults, that’s the man I fell in love with, “He’s been like that all his life and woe betide if anything stood in his way. When he was that way out, he was ruthless in getting what he wanted and didn’t care who got hurt in the process. Including me.” Admitting some of Robert’s flaws so readily feels like a betrayal of trust. It's uncomfortable but I know I need to talk and everything is all wrapped up together, how we were then, where we are now.

“And now?”

“He's still a charmer, but his slavery comes first. He shifted his priorities so we could spend more time together. Money and being successful used to be what he lived for, now I come before his own needs.” I throw Tom a wry smile, “He's still been pulling a lot of the strings though, getting everything he needs into the bargain; it was his request to be more tightly managed. He’s strategic and plays everything smart, he knew exactly which buttons to press for me to agree.” I ponder a little more and Tom doesn’t push, “I’m not saying I don’t want it, I do, very much.” Biting my bottom lip, it’s unnerving sharing so much, “He signed over financial control, for real. I'm now majority owner of all his businesses.”

Not expecting that, I can see Tom absorbing this information, “That’s a lot of trust when you’ve spent your working life building something up from scratch. Robert definitely has a certain intensity that you don’t see too often, so do you by the way especially when you’re together. It’s part of the draw I assume.”

"Mhmmm that, and fantastic sex." Blushing, I hadn't meant to say that out loud but it helps break the tension from earlier. "It took a while for me to agree. At first, he insisted that I have everything but, in the end, we worked it through with Ben and I'm happy that what we've put in place gives him enough protection.”

Tom is watching me intently and I don’t shy away from his gaze. “What you need to understand about Robert is that he doesn’t do things by half, he’s not like most people. He struggles with the line between right and wrong when left to his own devices. When I first got to know him, he was cocky, greedy, selfish and even though he couldn’t keep away he wouldn’t admit he’s bi. There’s no doubt he was in love with me, he even told me as much when we were alone, but I was his dirty little secret for a long time and he pulled hell for leather to keep it that way whilst cosying up to his rich wife in the big house.” To this day, I can taste an undercurrent of bitterness about what he put me through and how he treated me, “He did what he did to try and protect that life. Make no mistake, even now, if he wants something badly enough, he’ll fight dirty to get it.”

Tom considers carefully before speaking, "Even if that means disobeying you?"

"No, but that doesn't mean he wouldn't look for a loophole; he's a master at finding wiggle-room if there is any."

"You like him the way he is don't you, that edge he has?"

"Most of the time. I can safely say, life with my slave is never dull. The recent changes mean he has a lot less room for manipulation. I’ve never been naive with what we had before; there were plenty of times where I let him be in the driving seat but I pretty much micromanage his life now. This is what he always dreamed of, right from the beginning.”

There's no hint of judgement in Tom's next question, “Do you want to keep it at this level?”
I look at him as if to say that’s a stupid question, “Yes, I plan to take him further with it. He’s a masochistic sex slave who craves restriction, but I also like taking care of him, doing things for him instead of letting him do it for himself. I never imagined us being so intense all the time, but its already too late; it feels right, natural between us. There's no going back for either of us.”

“Aaron, has it crossed your mind that maybe you’re worrying unnecessarily?” I start to answer but he holds his hand up, “Don’t get me wrong, it’s good to be cautious, and you might be feeling confused, but think about everything you’ve just said, think about this last few days. You didn’t hurt him in any way when he told you, did you?”

“No, but I wanted to.” Holding up my hands, the faint bruising is still visible, ”You see these, I got these punching a boxing bag on Friday night that might as well have had Robert's face pinned to it. I didn't stop until I dropped.”

“There’s nothing wrong with admitting to being angry. It has to go somewhere, better that than Robert’s actual face.”

“Yes, but…..”

“And you might not have been quite your usual smiley self in the church, but you married him, vowed to cherish him, kissed him, held his hand.”

Since when am I the smiley one, “I love him even if I don't like him right now. I'll get over it.”

Tom starts pushing harder, ”And then back at the house, you didn’t lose control then, did you?

“I took away his collar and everything else he was wearing.”

The questions are almost like pistol fire, relentlessly coming one after the other, “Did you touch him with care, did you tell him you love him?”

“Yes.” Staring at him wide-eyed, I feel like he’s removed my anchor and I’m drifting into unchartered waters.

“Did you explain why you needed some time?”

“Yes.”

“Did you ever consider raising your hand to him?”

“No, I promised him…..”

“What, what did you promise him?”

“That I still want to be his Master, his husband.” Confusion is flooding my senses, “I wouldn’t have put him through this if I didn’t think there was a chance I would hurt him; it’s what I do when I feel out of control.”

“Are you out of control?”

“Yes, I don’t know; no. I am now.” My body is going into shock, the self-doubt is crushing. Do I even know who I am anymore? A loving but strict master, a caring husband or a violent coward, maybe I should just tick all above?
“Are you really or are you hiding behind the words?”

Blinking away the welling tears, I slide down the side of the kitchen cupboard, sitting on the floor, my arms wrapped around my knees “What have I done?”

“You haven’t done anything wrong, Aaron.”

“So why do I feel like this?”

“You’re so scared of harming him that you can’t see the wood for the trees. Your slave trusts you more than you trust yourself. Look at me, Aaron.” I do as he asks, "Don’t you think if you were going to physically hurt him you would have done it by now?"

“You don’t know that.”

Involuntarily, my hands are forming fists, “Look, you’re angry, now. Are you going to hit me?”

Horrified at the thought, I forcibly relax my hands, stretching my fingers out before me, "No." My hands are trembling and I look at him for answers.

"When was the last time you harmed someone because you were angry?"

Tom is sitting on the floor in front of me, “What the fuck did you just do to me?”

“Not the conversation you were expecting? When was the last time you talked to anyone?”

“I didn’t need to.”

“I beg to differ.”

“You had no right to do this.”

“Take a deep breath. I want you to answer the question. When was the last time you hit someone outside a scene?”

"Years ago."

"When exactly?" Resting my head on my knees, I close my eyes and shut everything out, concentrating on the sound of my breathing before I break completely. I have no idea if it’s seconds or minutes that have passed when I finally look up. "You don't know, do you?" Tom rests his hands on top of mine, “Aaron, I meant what I said, you are a good Master and Robert submits because he chooses to. You said yourself, he doesn’t do anything he doesn’t want to, being your slave doesn't alter that."

"You don't know that."  

"But you know. He confessed because he values what you think of him and wants his slavery, your marriage, to be based on honesty. Why did you take away your slave’s collar; was that a way to hurt him without getting physical?"

“No, I want him to learn there are consequences.”

"You can't hold losing his collar over him every time he fucks up."
"It wasn't just any old fuck up, Tom. He would go to prison for this."

"So, instead of calling the police you married him. Why did you really walk away?"

"What he did was very wrong, what does that say about me that I still want him." I rub a hand across my face, “Did I fuck this up?”

“That’s between you and your slave. Do you regret taking away his collar?”

Tipping my head back against the cupboard door, I know it hurt Robert more than he ever imagined to lose the marks of his slavery but I’m not sure that words would have had the same effect. “No. It was the right thing to do. We'll start a clean slate when he gets it back.”

"For you as well, not just Robert?"

“Yes.” immediately, I feel like a balloon that has just been burst and have to take several deep breaths to stave off having a full-on panic attack. Tom doesn't let go, “Fuck, I wasn’t expecting that. How did you know?”

“I recognised some of the signs; I have my own baggage. Don’t ever underestimate how important it is for you to have time apart and other people to talk to, really talk to.”

"You don't think I should have left him, do you?"

"What I think doesn't matter; this is about you. You spend all your time worrying about your slave but not taking enough care of yourself. Sometimes you have to be selfish. A slave's role by definition is to obey not question."

"I told him he wasn't my slave."

"Do you think he really believed you? He's smart remember. Nothing you’ve told me says that you at any time put your slave at risk."

The truth of these words hits me like a steamroller, "Was this all in my head?"

"Not necessarily. I’m not saying your fears aren’t justified or that you should ignore them. If someone is going to trust you with their life, their ability to move, breathe, eat, sleep and all the usual things people take for granted, there can’t be any room for misunderstanding or doubt. Everything is amplified in Master/slave relationships you know that; especially of the type you share with Robert. Not only do you have to be Master to your slave, but you have to learn to master yourself. That means being totally honest with yourself in the process. It's not easy. Just because you're very angry or feeling hurt doesn't mean you will act on it. Taking responsibility for another person to the extent we do requires a lifetime of learning, it never stops; circumstances change, things happen."

"Even for you?"

"Anyone who thinks they know it all has no right being a Master and I am far from perfect. A good slave will help you, but you need to let them and always remember you set the pace. It's not a race or a competition. It took me a very long time to be comfortable with who I am and what I want from a slave, it took even longer to find someone who could give me those things. You're lucky you and Robert found each other, some people never find their soulmate. Being your slave has allowed Robert to come to terms with what he did, to let it go; he's showing you just how implicitly he trusts you. Don't let the past dictate your fears, but I think you already know that well enough. What I'm
trying to say is, maybe you need to let go of your past just as much as Robert does."

"What do I do now?"

"That's up to you, but I think you should trust your slave."

Tom pulls out his phone and I eye him suspiciously as I hear it ringing. “Boy. Master Aaron won’t be able to help you today, something’s come up, you can manage without him, right?” There’s a pause, “I thought so, we’re going out, not sure when we’ll be back....., love you. Be good.” His mouth curls upwards in a smile and I can easily imagine what Elliott said.

Drinking down the last of his coffee, Tom stands, “Come on, get your coat; we both need some fresh air. I want to tell you a true story.”

TBC

Chapter End Notes

It's taken quite a while to work out just where Aaron's head is at in this chapter. I've rewritten his part so many times, I'm dizzy but I think I got there in the end so hopefully it's not confusing.
Robert is determined to be strong until Aaron returns home.

Robert, Wednesday 23rd June 2021

In the end, Elliott stayed the night on Saturday, keeping me company, or it could have been just to keep an eye on me in case i did something daft but i prefer not to think like that. Having refused to sleep in the coalhole, we had instead snuggled up on a bed of blankets under the tree at the bottom of the garden, Elliott’s sleeping bag, which he has also left for me to use the rest of the week, acting as a duvet. i have, however, promised myself that i would now sleep in the coalhole until Master returns. It’s not as though i had been commanded to sleep in there, yet the blankets being so placed implied the expectation, and anyway it’s a lot warmer than outside in the middle of the night. Then again, maybe i’m reading too much into it. Something i seem to be doing about everything at the minute.

It felt odd more than anything to sleep next to another person that isn’t Master; me naked still, but despite not having cum for almost three weeks, our closeness never once drifted into a sexual direction. Elliott is quite handsome but not at all my type and i’m not his. My cock must realise that sex is the last thing on my mind at the minute, even my usual morning wood is only making a half-hearted appearance quickly fading away upon waking.

Elliott left early on Sunday morning; apparently, the offer of sharing my Huel wasn’t sufficiently enticing and we’d eaten all the chocolate between us the night before. Having refused to accept the mobile, Elliott brings it with him every visit just in case i change my mind but so far, i’ve resisted. It would be too tempting to call Master and i couldn’t cope with the rejection if He didn’t answer; it would just make things worse. Why no-one considered that i know Master’s number by heart, i haven’t the faintest because well, of course, i do.

Being on my own so much isn’t something i actually mind in terms of other people, i just miss Master tremendously. Elliott has been coming over a couple of times a day. Then, out of the blue on Monday, separately, i got an unexpected visit from Master Thomas. He didn’t stay long and i couldn’t help wondering if he was just checking up to confirm for himself that i’m not dropping or about to top myself. Elliott hadn’t given any indication that his Master would be calling in. However, strangely enough, i’ve been more settled since then. Maybe it was the praise he gave me for how i’m handling things; he is a Master after all, even if not my Master. Perhaps it’s totally unconnected and i’ve just become more accepting of my lot.

It goes without saying, i’m not necessarily on top of the world or even feeling overly confident about the future, only Master can give me that, but their company has helped. In the end, however you look at it, i’ve accepted this is my fate for the week and am determined to make the best of it to show Master i’m willing to do whatever it takes. What's a few days compared to the rest of our lives.

Over the course of the days i have settled into a routine of sorts which keeps me occupied. Taking advantage of no restrictions, i get up when i’m ready, not too late, but definitely not early. Before breakfast i complete my exercises, doing my best not to miss my daily spanking that usually follows,
then breakfast provides a sort of distraction by the sheer fact that i’m beginning to hate Huel with a passion. i’m sure it tastes fine if you have the flavoured options, but this is the bland original with not even a sweet edge to soften the experience. After cleaning my teeth i do a long session of yoga pushing myself quite hard; it’s frustrating not being able to go for a run and jogging around the garden naked is awkward and doesn’t really cut it. Then i move onto practising my slave positions, especially the new ones and recite my mantras. It gives me an enormous sense of satisfaction the more second-nature to me they all become. Some are easier than others yet i’m keen to be perfect for Master’s return. It’s like when i first became a slave, kneeling used to feel like torture, whereas now i can usually kneel for extended periods of time without breaking position.

That all takes me nicely through to what i gauge as a good time to eat. In the afternoon i potter in the garden, a bit of weeding and tidying as much as i can with only my hands, in-between sunbathing taking advantage of the nice weather. This gives me time to work on the plans i’ve started making for a proper veggie patch which i’ve been mapping out in my journal. That’s the kind of service i know Master will appreciate. My one rebellion is ignoring the nettles completely.

Work has also been on my mind with one of my smaller projects coming to an end this month; it’s made a tidy little profit but was never intended to be a long-term thing. That means i’ll have to find something else to occupy my time for the few hours a week i spent on it, or Master will. If it was up to me, i’d spend the time with Him working at the scrapyard or even at home which is something Master doesn’t seem too keen on. Me, i like the idea of being a house-slave but i’m not too sure the reality would be all it’s cracked up to be; this is why Master gets to decide so it’s a case of watch this space.

Each day i enter all these thoughts into my journal and more; about the future and how much what we have means to me, how much He means to me. Master has always read my journal knowing that sometimes i write about things that i don’t think about saying out loud or sometimes can’t for whatever reason. Smirking to myself, it’ll be interesting to see what He says about this week's entries; my writing has been rambling all over the place these last few days. It’ll be a miracle if He can make heads or tail of it. Well, He wants transparency, so either way, He will have quite some reading to do when He comes home. The hardest time of the day is when it gets dark. To help i take a crack at meditating which isn’t my forte, it’s much harder with all my senses switched on, but practise makes perfect so they say and it does relax me. Still, sleep doesn’t come easily and not just because the cobbles underneath the blanket are uncomfortable. No matter how much i try, the doubt starts to creep in.

Master Thomas was out and about tonight apparently so Elliott was able to come round earlier and stay longer. For the first time, i dared to share with him some of my hopes and dreams for the future, how i see my life together with Master. He listens attentively sometimes chipping in giving me food for thought, some pure practicalities but also the occasional warning about how much i’m relinquishing. As tightly as Master Thomas manages him, Elliott admits there’s no way he could cede his freedom in the direction i am moving with Master, he would find it too overbearing and suffocating whereas i soak it up like a sponge.

Elliott is still no wiser about what i did to earn my stay home-alone, accepting that i don’t wish to talk about it for which i’m eternally grateful; the shame i carry with Master knowing is as much as i can bear and only His opinion counts. However, if nothing else, this week has brought our friendship closer together and given me a distance i wouldn’t have had otherwise to evaluate my relationship with Master. Before this week i would have said i had more in common with Ben, but it takes another slave to understand some of my choices. As a sub, Ben understands the M/s dynamic as a concept but wouldn’t ever take that step in becoming a slave. Very few do i suppose; it’s a very
singular personality trait. For my part, i simply can’t imagine a different future from that with Master.

Our life is now so far away from a regular couple’s, sometimes it can feel overwhelming; Master’s willingness to explore how far we can go, at times, seems too good to be true. Being a slave, i constantly yield to Master, i treasure the increasingly strict management. Admittedly, it can be addictive almost but in this, more than my own judgement, i trust Master to know where to draw the line; i’d get too carried away by the possibilities whereas He is more cautious. As much as i dislike being apart, this week demonstrates how very much He cares about me, even if i don’t agree it’s necessary. It makes me smile knowing we are lawfully married and His sincerity in church when we said our vows is what i keep coming back to because i know my husband, my Master; we are generally very happy, we have a good life together and i won’t let these last few days take away from that. We’ve worked too long and hard to get to this point and are both in it for the long haul. We said ‘to have and to hold’ and i know Master meant it.

If ever i was going to test Master’s commitment, or mine even, this is it, but that wasn’t ever my goal. Our life may be unconventional but’s it’s a life i love with the man i love and with something as important as our future at stake, i’ll wait as long as it takes, no matter what it takes.

Robert, Thursday 24th June 2021

Upon waking, lying on my front, i lazily wipe away the dribble of spittle from the corner of my mouth. Having heard the shuffling of feet and light suddenly flooding through as the door opens, groaning i don’t turn immediately thinking to myself that it feels much too early to be waking up. Elliott is as bad as Master with getting an early start on the day, “It best not be the crack of dawn Elliott, if it is, don’t expect conversation.”

When there is no immediate sarcastic riposte as is his way, i turn over to see it is actually Master leaning against the doorframe looking a little sheepish if i didn’t know better. “Wasn’t sure you’d be in here; thought you might have slept outside.”

Not quite being awake, i blurt out the first words that spring to mind, “It didn’t seem right, and it gets chilly out in the middle of the night.” Equally surprised and overjoyed at His presence i feel inordinately naked without my collar and cuffs; pulling the blanket fully over me, i’m unsure quite what is expected of me. Usually, i’d be on my knees now, waiting for instruction, thanking Master for showing me how to be a better person and then basking in the aftercare that would normally follow being in the coalhole. However, there is no precedent for where we are right now.

“I’ve brought you a bacon sarnie and coffee; come out when you’re ready and I’ll feed it to you if you’d like.” Watching Master move away without a backward glance, i’m caught off-guard by the sudden welling of tears at seeing Him. Maybe it’s relief or shock, i don’t really know right now; just that i’m wholly unprepared for this moment as i quickly try to work out if i’ve gotten across with the days because i’m pretty sure it’s only Thursday. What has also thrown me, is just how relaxed He seems. Well, i’m not going to find anything out by staying in here and He mentioned real food which is not to be sniffed at. Standing up slowly, i stretch my limbs and shake myself loose a little, before venturing tentatively outside.

It’s definitely early still, i can tell from the position of the sun and the amount of morning dew; a little shivery, i wrap the blanket around me for warmth. Pausing, i take the opportunity to observe Master sitting on the decking steps with His back to me. The smell of coffee wafting my way, even if it is takeaway, is tempting but that’s nothing compared to the rollercoaster of my emotions at seeing Him again. It doesn’t even look like He’s been inside the house yet.
Instinct and training kick in as I kneel before Him, my hands behind my back and head bowed. With the still morning air surrounding us, it’s quiet, apart from usual sounds of the countryside as I wait to be commanded.

“Shuffle up, so I can reach easier.” It’s so wonderful to hear my Master’s voice again, and without hesitation, I move in until I’m nestled in-between His knees. He smells so good that my breath catches, my senses focused on re-discovering the familiar. Master had kindly thought to put down something soft to cushion my knees and once settled, His hand guides me to sit more comfortably. Resting my head against His thigh, it’s like a heavy weight has lifted off my shoulders, His fingers stroking affectionately through my hair and the occasional kiss to the top of my head. “You warm enough, or do you need this other blanket?”

As if stumped on how to act realising Master is truly here in the flesh, the words won’t come, so I simply shake my head. Master pulls it up around me anyway and I accept into my mouth the bite of bacon sandwich He offers. The fleeting touch of my lips against His fingers floods my body with endorphins, the intimacy of the act is such that for the first time in days, my cock stirs and it doesn’t take long before I’m uncomfortably hard. It’s a mammoth effort to will it away. I take care to avoid looking at Him directly when He guides the coffee to my mouth, just in case I spoil the moment, or wake up to discover this is all a dream.

With no such interruption, we share a leisurely breakfast, Master’s leg curled around my body hugging me close, whilst His hand is constantly petting. We don’t talk hardly, but all the same, it’s perfect, not too much too soon. I don’t think either of us could have coped with more just yet.

Upon finishing the last bite, the urge to drink from Him is overwhelming and my mouth goes seeking, but His hand keeps me at bay, “Not yet.” Holding back, I’m disappointed yet obey; part of me acknowledging He’s right despite it feeling so wrong.

Breakfast over, Master gets up and hands me a small rucksack, “Put these on; I’ll be back in a minute. ‘Kneel’ here.” Whilst Master disappears through the back door into the house, I dress in the shorts and t-shirt, lacing up the trainers. Kneeling back down I wait with the perfect posture; falling back on the slave position helps shore up my defences not wanting to dwell too much on what lies ahead. I’m concentrating so hard, I don’t even hear Master return until His hand brushes over the top of my head, “Up, time to go.”

Desperate to know more, I would like to ask where He’s been, how He’s been, where we’re going but I haven’t been given permission. Thankfully Master realises my quandary, that the rules are uncertain, “You can talk freely, Robert.”

Knowing I shouldn’t be surprised at the use of my name, I am, and I long to hear Him recognize me as His slave once more. Just the word itself would do, I don’t even need the collar, just His acknowledgement. “Where are we going to?” Forcing away the bitterness, Master’s expression reminds me of my place and resigned although hating it, I oblige, “Mr Dingle.” Now is so not the time to be difficult.

“Mina’s letting us use the cottage, we can have it for as long as we need. Well within reason, but you know what I mean.” Following Him through the gate, it’s strange to be outside the boundaries of the garden; although just a few days, it makes me realise just how isolated I’ve been.

Needing to feel useful, and the fact I don’t think I could sit quietly or face banal chit-chat, to take my
mind off things, i offer to drive. Master looks at me curiously but doesn’t object, and i only just manage to catch the keys thrown my way, cursing Him whilst at the same time adoring that stupid boyish smirk He has on His face. He’s such a child when He wants to be.

The rush-hour traffic is busy through the more built-up areas, but we soon leave it all behind onto the country lanes towards the remote area where the cottage is situated. i can’t help but feel hopeful with Master’s hand resting possessively on my upper thigh the entire journey, a sign that i am still His. It’s reassuring.

Stealing the odd peek at Master, He looks well enough, but it doesn’t seem like He’s been sunning Himself much. He will definitely find my tan pleasing to the eye. All the same, there are so many questions rolling impatiently around in my head; however, i remind myself that as a slave i must wait. Instead, i use the time to work through my slave mantras and mentally preparing for whatever is to come.

By the time we pull up outside the cottage, it’s mid-morning and Master is still not at all behaving how i expected. It’s hard to put my finger on what it is exactly, He has this aura; calm and sure of Himself, of me. After parking up and locking the car, i grab hold of the outstretched hand, a shy smile plastered on my face as we head inside chastising myself; i should be happy about this, not trying to find fault or eason why.

“You want to get clean, have a bath?"

Teasing, i observe His response with interest, “You saying i smell, Mr Dingle?”

Squeezing my hand, our bodies brush against each other, “No, I saw the shampoo, slave Elliott should know better.”

Pleading my case is most likely futile, but it doesn’t hurt to try soften whatever subsequent punishment lies in the not too distant future for it, “Cold water from the outside hose though.”

Master doesn’t look impressed, but then He doesn’t have to be, “Go run the bath, clean your teeth then I want you on ‘Open Display’; I’ll be there in a minute.” Our interaction could be almost every day normal, yet it’s most definitely not. At least we’ve given up any attempt pretending we’re on a full time-out; instead going with the flow, sort of half and half.

The words hadn’t been spoken, but i take the liberty to assume that i should undress and the rush of pleasure at seeing Master’s smile as His eyes scan up and down my body is confirmation. Guiding me into the water, it’s hot without being scalding and is absolute bliss. Made even better by Master kneeling at the side of the bath, His hands running the soapy flannel across my body, cleaning, cleansing, not allowing me to do anything for myself, finding every nook and cranny. Washing my hair, He then pours jugs of water over my head, His fingers helping the foamy residue of the shampoo out of my hair and i recognize this for what it is. After-care.

Always after a punishment, be it corner time, a caning or the coalhole, Master takes care of my body and mind and this is what He is doing. i’m not the only one ingrained with our habits and i’m definitely not going to complain.

Clean as clean can be, Master releases the bath plug, drying me down with a soft fluffy towel whilst the water guzzles noisily down the plughole. It’s only when i notice the knowing smirk on Master’s
face that i realise i’m hard again. It’s not unsurprising, considering. Even if i had felt tempted to jerk off these last few days, i would have abstained. If it isn’t that i don’t have permission to touch myself, i gave a promise of chastity and circumstances haven’t changed that. Master can smirk all He likes, He’s clearly similarly affected, there’s no mistaking the solid length brushing against me as He carries out His task.

There’s no reticence, after dropping the damp towel over the bath side, Master takes my hand and wraps the other around the back of my neck, ‘Feel better?’

Nodding my head, i can’t take my eyes off Him and He pulls me into a kiss. It’s soft and gentle but is the tipping point for me and i can’t restrain myself any longer as it deepens into a blistering moment of passion. Wrapping my arms around His waist, pressing myself up against Him, i respond to His touch with a sense of urgency; i’ve missed it so badly. A very important part of our relationship has always been about touch and the neediness with which our hands move, belie how touch-starved we’ve felt during our time apart. Stilling His hands on my hips, Master’s forehead rests against mine as we reconnect.

Breaking our stance after more kissing that’s charged with all kinds of potential, i venture further, “If Master would allow, slave would like very much to show gratitude by taking care of Your body.”

“Would you now, but I already had a shower this morning.” Master grins mischievously and tugs me along by my hand, leading us into the bedroom we usually occupy when we are here.

The bed looks enticingly comfortable, but right now i have eyes only for my Master, my husband and it’s time to reclaim what is mine. My voice carrying with it a sultry edge, i hit just the right button, “slave can reach places that Master cannot.”

With lust-filled eyes, His answer is almost whispered, “Show me.” Guiding Him onto the bed i first remove His t-shirt before pulling His belt loose, letting it fall on the floor. Watching me intently, the ardent desire in His eyes is openly giving me permission; we’re way past the need for words at this point. My hands wander, stroking, appreciating His body, reveling in seeking out every inch with my mouth. When not closed His hooded eyes follow its journey, and absorbed in my task, the mumbled words tumble from my lips, “Fuck i’ve missed You.”

Taking my time is, on the one hand, a tribute to my training in control, but then who wouldn’t want to luxuriate in such manliness. His body arches, responding to my every ministration moaning in pleasure as we wrap ourselves around each other, my hand stroking our cocks together, bruises already forming on His neck from my kissing. “Missed you too, missed this.” Working my way down His torso, my tongue teases, swiping up the length of His cock then working its way up past His naval, tummy and nipples before finding myself once more seduced by His mouth, delving deep with a searing kiss, leaving His lips looking raw by the time we pull out.

With roaming hands, my fingers slide down in-between His arse cheeks, soliciting an obscenely sublime humming sound, that it takes a significant amount of willpower not to push inside but the goal is to have Him begging for it. This doesn’t take long once i’ve parted His lithe thighs, holding them open admiring the view, and licking my lips i set my tongue to work on His sacred place, “Don’t stop, christ slave, you’re so good at this……, fuck, you turn me on; I want you to mark me inside and out….. oh god, oh god, please……”

His words act as an aphrodisiac, propelling my mind and body. Even i’m impressed by my resolve in drawing Him out, such a decadent whimper escaping His lips upon breaching His entrance with more than my tongue. Just as talented my fingers open Him up and using my expert knowledge of
what He likes, every trick i’ve ever learned, His desperation rachets up, “So beautiful spread for me like this; i’m going to fill You up.” His non-verbal reaction makes me smile, “Patience Master, everything comes to He who waits.”

The frustrated groan at my words is satisfying, “Please, ahhrrgh, fuck, so good….. please, more, I need all of you.” There’s not a shred of doubt that i am in full command, His entire being mine; with all my attention on my Master, my own pleasure is purely derived from His. By the time i slide my cock in, His naked form is quivering with desire, white knuckles clutching the sheets as He offers Himself up to me - heart, mind and soul. It’s a heady feeling that i can make Him feel like this. Plunging deep inside, we feed off each other’s burning passion, the muscles in His wonderfully greedy arse flex and clench, and pressing my hands against His hips, my grip tightens as i re-possess what’s mine. Inhabiting as much of His body as is humanly possible, all the while my mouth leaves a trail of bruising kisses in its wake; His lips, neck, the contour of His collarbone. If i could sustain it long enough i’d cover all of Him with them.

Having slipped into His happy place, Master is making such delightful sounds, evidence enough that it was worth the wait. Wrapping my hand around His engorged shaft, knowing i am also close as close can be, His leaking cock is like a coiled spring waiting to explode and sensing the moment, i whisper the words into His ear, “Cum for me, Master.” His orgasm erupts like a volcano, spilling into my hand, pulsing; His hips buck up so hard, i struggle to hold Him beneath me. Using the opportunity, thrusting hard and deep forcing a guttural howl. i am not merciful; now is my time and i pour everything i am into Him to reach my own orgasm. It carries with it such an intensity that my taut body shudders before collapsing down with a sob, my muscles trembling and i cling to Him possessively, almost as if my life depended on it, hiding my face in the crook of His neck.

Covered in a sheet of sweat, still nestled inside Him, Master wraps me up in His arms, “So good for me, so perfect.” Unable to verbalise what i am feeling, my fingers wander, not quite aimlessly, caressing as we lie bonelessly, sated and spent. With so much emotion hanging in the air, occasionally our lips latch onto each other, lazy kisses, full of love until managing to pull the duvet up to keep us warm and cosy, we drift towards sleep. Now is not the time for talking except to express my love as i whisper the words in His ear. He might have answered in kind, but my eyes are already closed. It is a better sleep than either of us have had for a week.

Waking, i find us both lying on our sides facing each other. Shuffling closer so we are almost touching, i rest my hand under my cheek, cushioning it from the pillow, still mesmerized by the fact Master is here, that His fingers are gently tracing the curve of my face before our lips meet. We’re both watching each other attentively; as if two lovers learning about each other for the first time rather than a long-term couple who know each other inside out.

“You okay, Mr Dingle?”

“Please don’t make me call You that.” The whine in my tone is evident which serves to spur His taunting.

“What, you don’t like your new name?”

As humble sounding as possible, i state my case, “It’s not the name that counts.” He smiles, but there’s understanding also.

“Be patient with me.”

“Sorry.”
“Don’t be. It should be me saying sorry. I didn’t feel like I had a choice. I was so scared that I would get so angry that I might hurt you; I couldn’t take the risk. That doesn’t mean I was happy about it.”

Just like i knew i didn’t have a choice but, to tell the truth. We both carry our own demons; here is our chance to finally put them to rest. Tender kisses intersperse each sentence, a need to touch, to be touched breaking down any potential concerns i might have had about there being a barrier of any kind between us. “And now?”

“I missed you; it wasn’t helping mostly.”

“And would we be better back at home and in a routine?”

“Not yet; there’s too many reminders. I can’t cope with seeing mum or family, they’ll be mithering and bothering, you know what they’re like and it’ll be too tempting to slide back into the rituals and protocols. We need to talk before we do that. Once i flip that switch in my head, you are not just a slave but my slave, and i have to be sure of myself; and then there’s a small matter of your punishments.”

“It’s okay, i get it.” Wrapping my leg over His upper thighs, i do; i never expected us to rush back into things. As much as i’d like to leave it all behind us and forget what has happened, i knew it was inevitable Master would need some time to process everything. Adding a peck on His lips as if to confirm my understanding, my eyes convey a playfulness despite the nature of the conversation, “Punishments, plural?”

“Yes, punishments, plural; You know the rules.”

Resigned and trying not to worry about that too much i notice for the first time His wedding ring, my fingers latching onto it, “You didn’t take it off?”

Master looks surprised at the question, His brow furrowing, “No, did you expect me to?”

Shrugging my shoulders slightly, i’m not sure myself, “Don’t know, hadn’t really thought about it. It suits You.”

He leans back over His side of the bed, rummaging around amongst His clothes on the floor before returning to face me, my wedding ring in-between His fingertips. Irrationally i’m hit by a pang of jealousy that Master has worn His since our marriage, “Give me your hand.”

For some reason, i hesitate, maybe fearful, that the offer will be withdrawn, but Master has no such qualms and grabbing my hand carefully pushes the retrieved wedding ring onto my ring finger. i’m still awed by the fact we’re married and my heart melts a little as i see it back in its rightful place, “It’s beautiful.”

“Well, you chose them.”

Smiling shyly, i’d kind of forgotten that, “So i did.” Sliding it off again, i hold the platinum band so i can see if there is an inscription on the inside. Seeing the words, i look at Master agog, “Show me Yours.”

Highly entertained, Master slides off His ring and hands it to me smiling knowingly at the widening of my eyes, “It is a slave number, right?”

“It is.”
“You registered me, i’m officially a slave?” We used to talk about this a long time ago, i’d all but forgotten, it had never seemed important, but now seeing it etched into the metal, it's special in a way i hadn't counted on. “i love it, both of them; thank You, Master.”

Our lips crash together, a kiss worthy of such a moment before Master retrieves the rings from me, slides mine back on my wedding finger before doing the same with His own. “I thought it fitting considering you are a slave before being a husband.” The inscription on mine is ‘Forever POA - 404-702-535’ and to mirror this, Master’s ring has ‘404-702-535 - Forever mine’. It's not at all mushy but i can't think of anything more perfect for us.

“I still have my moments it seems.”

We sink back into quiet contemplation, i’m too much in awe of this new information, processing how deeply meaningful this is to me. “Can i have my collar and cuffs back?”

“Not yet.”

“But i will get them back?” Falling short of begging, there’s no mistaking my hopefulness.

Wrapping His hand around my waist, He pulls me in close, “When I’m ready to re-take full ownership of my property.”

“You already have it, Master.”

“In here I do,” Placing my hand on His heart, i can feel its steady beating, His hand reaches to touch His head, “But here, it’s going to take a little bit longer; one day at a time, okay.” Nodding, i curl myself up against Him, Master’s arm wrapping protectively around me.

“How was it?”

“What?”

“Portugal.”

“I didn’t go. Don’t be mad at slave Elliott, he was ordered not to say anything, but I stayed with them for a few days.” Feeling slightly hurt by this, i pull back a little and sensing my irritation He cuts me off before i even open my mouth, “Don’t worry. He never said anything, not even to let me know how you were, it was the deal we made between us all. I even flipped out at him. Anything you talked about neither me or Master Thomas know. He didn’t break your trust.”

Sighing, i relax, “i know. He said.” Master looks at me surprised, “Not that You were there, but he told me about the deal with Master Thomas. It helped, You know, having someone to talk to.”

“Yeah, well; you weren’t the only one that needed someone to talk to.”

“Don’t think i haven’t noticed the marks you've acquired, Master. Are You going to tell me about that?”

“Eventually.”

“i’ll wait, but You realise i know exactly what they are?”

“I do. I’m not going to hide anything from you, Robert. I just need to take things at my own pace.”
“Whatever it takes, as long as we’re honest with each other.”

“Let’s just take today to spend some time together, I want to make love to the man who holds my heart. Squeezing with His arm, i suddenly find myself being flipped over onto my back. Straddling my hips and palms planted flat on the bed either side of my head, He holds His upper body over mine, hovering, His eyes drinking me in and i can’t ignore how good it feels as He rubs up against me, “I love you so very much, you know that?” My lips meet His, a soft kiss that conveys all the words and complex emotions.

It's easy to tell when Master has a thought or idea that He likes, such a pleased look crosses His face; the exact same one that now appears. Traveling up my body until His semi-hard cock is less than an inch from my lips, our eyes lock as He waits, almost as if for my permission; i give it opening my mouth, welcoming its occupation as He slides in. His pee is bitter, almost as strong as if it’s the first of the day and there’s a lot of it. So much so, it’s an effort to keep up with Him and it’s only thanks to my training that i last the time it takes for Him to finish. The act feeds my soul, my eyes are already partly blown by the time He pulls out, letting the last few drops fall onto my lips. Lovingly, i gently clean His now swelling tip with my mouth. Feeling totally empowered i take the initiative, swiping playfully with my tongue causing Master’s cock to fill-out until reaching its full potential.

Upon noticing the trembling of His arms, He rolls us over, reversing our positions. Master’s fingernails scratch down my sides leaving a trail of marks before pushing me lower down His body, hands on my hips, and intuitively i know what He wants, eagerly anticipating as He positions His cock against my hole before impaling myself on it. Pushing down to meet His upward thrusting, His thick shaft fills me completely and it takes me a few seconds to match my rhythm. Lifting His upper body to a sitting position, we are able to wrap our arms around each other as we grind together. There isn’t much range for movement, but what there is, is purposely slow, deep and intensely intimate. Switching between my nipples, He suckles until my mouth searches for His, our tongues enjoying such luxurious extended kisses. This is when we are at our closest physically and emotionally, our lovemaking a combination of drawn-out pleasure intermingled with touches that trigger something more visceral; a bite, the scrape of a finger or simply the goosebumps following a tingly caress.

Master drags my hand to my cock, keeping His own hand covering mine, guiding and encouraging me to continue when moving His attention to fondle my balls. Biting my bottom lip, i sink into the sensation of being so thoroughly consumed and as i get closer, it becomes harder to think about anything but coming. The tell-tale tightening of His hand on my hip gives me a few seconds warning before He starts to climax. Not quite there yet, He helps me along with His right hand sliding up-to my throat, the application of pressure just enough to send me over the edge, "Cum, slave." It feels like being in suspended animation, the world around us stopping for just a few seconds, while my orgasm teeters on the precipice, hanging there until tipping over the edge, chasing down the other side, milky cum squirting over my hand. Master is watching me, getting off on this as much as i am, not relaxing His grip on my windpipe until i’ve squeezed out every drop of semen. i'm flying, the lack of oxygen heightening my euphoria until i zone out upon its return, safely cocooned in Master's arms.

We may have a lot of things to iron out in the next few days, but getting our sex life back on track isn’t one of them.

TBC
Aaron hands down Robert’s punishments.

The last couple of days have restored our marriage; we made love more than once on Thursday then later on after eating we went for a long walk, at night cuddling on the sofa chilling out in front of the telly with junk food. This was a luxury for both of us, the healthy eating enforced on my slave has also become a staple of my own diet. Robert had a few moments, like when I made him wear clothes once we were out of bed to stay out, yet we talked a lot and it was mostly relaxed between us. However, aside from hinting he has punishments soon coming his way, I think it would be safe to say that we’ve both been very aware of the one conversation we weren’t having.

This isn’t necessarily a bad thing, it’s been good to be together without any pressure and although Robert is clearly waiting for me to broach the subject, the fact that he hasn’t pushed reaffirms his promise that he’ll give me the space I need. I wanted to enjoy time with my husband, nothing more and nothing less. There probably won’t be too many of these in our future, maybe the odd occasion where we can switch off from reality for a few hours; I think that would be nice. It wouldn’t be a stretch to say that the slave in Robert found it hard; I would agree with him.

Today, however, will be about reinstating our relationship to each other as Master and slave. I’ve thought long and hard about whether it’s too soon, but the anger I was carrying inside me has gone. My sense of self-control is back in place without it feeling like an effort and I’m keen to enslave my husband. Just the thought of what these words represent sends a shiver of excitement down my spine; the thrill of ownership never gets old. I know if it had been up to Robert, we would have ended the time out whilst working things through but I didn’t know how to do this, despite missing him like crazy.

Talking with Tom helped me work out a few of my own insecurities, even Elliott had thrown a few pearls of wisdom into the mix; although, I’m not too sure he altogether approves of me. The push and pull of life as Master and slave, whether it’s the little things on a daily basis or a full-on day of hard playing is challenging. Such a high level of ownership is awe-inspiring yet brings with it a duty of care that is a little daunting no matter what I’ve told myself before, especially when faced with hard choices. What I hadn’t bargained on, is realizing just how complete it all makes me feel; good and bad. What is it they say, things happen for a reason? I’m the same person of a week ago, yet I feel something inside has changed, clicked into place if you like. I’m looking forward to the future more than ever before. Maybe, this is a blessing in disguise; like Robert said, we get a clean slate.

Sitting at the breakfast table, I couldn’t help but admire my slave. There’s no doubt, even from only the last few days that the combination of strict diet, self-imposed exercise and lots of sunshine have had a positive effect on Robert’s body; he looks fantastic and I can’t wait to play with it and mark him up. He has definitely left his marks on my body; the little twinges as I move are a constant reminder of his bites and our fierce love-making. It’s not a complaint; I love them. I had encouraged him even.
After setting up outside, I walk into the kitchen finding Robert hovering near the mantlepiece taking a last gulp of his coffee, and I feel a sense of twisted amusement that it’s going to be the last he’ll have for a while. I’ve given no indication of what’s to come today, but there’s no hiding that he’s wound a little tighter trying to conceal his nervousness, knowing that the moment will come, now sooner rather than later, and there’s no point prolonging his stress. I know I’m ready.

Sidling up, giving him a kiss on the cheek, he responds resting his palm on my chest and I set things in motion; it’s time to leave this strange no man’s land we find ourselves in. “Take your ring off and put it on the mantlepiece, I’ll tell you when you can have it back.” Robert is momentarily startled, wide-eyed, with just a hint of fear and seems frozen to the spot as if he’d not heard the instruction, “Do it now.” It is only with this second command that he reacts. He no doubt feels me closely observing his every move, the placing of his wedding band on the stone surface next to the old clock, his hand dropping back to his side. “You’ll learn your punishments as Robert Sugden, then I want my slave back. You don’t speak unless to answer a direct question or I tell you to, understood?”

Robert visibly gulps before answering, the importance of this moment doesn’t pass him by, “Yes, Mr Dingle.”

“Good. Undress, fold your clothes and put them on the chair over in the corner, then come back here facing the clock.” First moving to the chair, this time there’s no dawdling getting out of his clothes; it’s not like he’s wearing that many, but he’s not hurrying and I allow him this time to process. I’d been undecided whether to have him naked or not but I went with Master’s choice.

Now returned as instructed, I study his face in the mirror behind the mantlepiece clock; I see apprehension but also a determination to see this through. I had considered having him stay like this a little while before beginning but making him endure any longer would be cruel. So, capturing his wrists, I secure them behind his back with a pair of handcuffs, the newer rigid kind used by the police. It most definitely pays to have certain friends; they are the real thing, not an imitation, “Go outside and kneel on the wooden board I’ve put down for you.” There is no hesitation as I ponder if I’ll use them again, maybe for punishments sometimes; they can become a reminder of this day by association.

Before following Robert outside, I catch myself in the mirror and stop to stare; at times I have questioned the motives of the person looking back at me, but not today. This is a necessary step if Robert wants that clean slate and I need it to be able to give it him.

Outside, Robert is knelt in the centre of the thick plywood square laid on the grass, head slightly bowed; as intended it’s uncomfortable and hard on his knees but there’s no murmur of dissent. With me I’ve carried the chair from the kitchen, it’s one of those big old wooden farmhouse carvers and I sit down in it a couple of feet in front of Robert, taking a minute to get comfortable. “Lift up that face and look at me, neither of us get to hide from this; not you, not me.”

Not waiting to see if he obeys, I pull the piece of paper with his written confession out of my pocket. Unfolding it, now I let the silence hang in the air a little while staring at him, just so that he feels the weight of what is to come. I’ve been considering ever since the barn how I’d handle this moment; his punishment has to be enough, but without letting my anger getting the better of me. Some decisions were much easier than others.

“We’ve both probably gone through a lot of different feelings this last week, I know I have, mostly trying to understand how you could do some of this,” Raising my hand with the sheet of paper slightly is self-explanatory. “Part of me wanted to hate you and maybe I did for a short while, but to be honest it was more that you told me when you did because I have to say your timing sucked.”
There’s no smile from either of us, this isn’t an attempt to soften what’s to come. “I do hate how you were back then; you know that though and you also know I still loved you in spite of it. Who I hate really are the people who let you down and helped make you like that because the Robert I fell in love with was a completely different person, when it was just you and me it was perfect. I love you more than life itself, and as much as I want to, I can’t change the past, so here we are.”

A tear slides down Robert’s cheek and I need a moment to collect myself upon seeing it. He doesn’t break position and I don’t attempt to console him, there’ll be plenty of tears to come because this will be hard on both us albeit in different ways. I’m hoping we’ll look back on this day with a sense of catharsis, only time will tell.

“Robert, one week ago you laid out to me everything you’ve ever done in your life that you’re truly not proud of. I’m so very proud of you for being brave enough to do that. You have asked for a clean slate and I am prepared to grant you it. First, though, I’m going to hand down a sentence for each and every item on this list.” Standing, I move closer to him, my fingers tilting his chin so he’s looking up at me. His contrition makes me feel for him, eliciting conflicting emotions, but I stand firm, “You will not look away and for each sentence, you will say ‘I thank Master for his mercy and compassion. Gladly, I accept his judgement, that in doing so from this day forward my sole purpose is to submit to his will without concealment, his slave until death us do part. This is my solemn vow.’” I give him a minute to let the words sink in, “Can you remember it? Try.”

“I think so.” He pauses, “I thank Master for his mercy and compassion.”

At looking unsure, I give him a start, “Gladly, I accept…” Grateful, he continues without making any mistake. It’s not too dissimilar to his mantras and he has a good memory for these types of things. “Good. This is your clean slate Robert, you only get one shot at it.” I don’t let him see my inner smile at seeing him want to speak yet he remains silent; instead, I give him a quick kiss of encouragement on his forehead. His eyes stay closed during this moment only re-opening when I’ve returned to my chair. I look at my written comments down the side of his writing, taking the pressure of scrutiny away from Robert before I begin. However, the tension is now coming off him in waves, and my hands grip the sheet of paper that bit tighter.

“There are too many to punish individually, so I’ve grouped them together and in the spirit of fairness, I’ve tried to come up with a punishment that fits the crime. You will not question or contest my decision for any reason; not now, now ever. If you do you will spend an uncomfortable night in the coal-hole for each time. One thing you should know before we start; I promise you now, whatever happens, unless you safe-word, tonight my collar goes back around your neck.” Despite the situation, my words have a calming effect; they aren’t meant as a bribe, and I believe that they aren’t taken as such.

There’s no point delaying further, he doesn’t have permission to speak, “Right then, there are six counts of cheating and using, I’m just going to list them. You had it off with Elaine Marsden, cheating on Donna Windsor; an affair with Katy who was going out with Andy at the time, then you cheated on her with Sadie King. You used Debbie Dingle to get back at Andy, planning to move away, taking his daughter with you, just to spite him. Twice you cheated on Chrissie, first by sleeping with her sister and last but not least with me, even after you were married.” Interestingly, there’s a hint of curiosity in Robert’s expression for this one, this little lot are the few on the list that may not be something to be proud of, but none of them would have landed him in prison.

“Robert Sugden treated people like objects, used them and then discarded them when it wasn’t
convenient or got in the way, no remorse or care for who got hurt. I know I played my own part with Chrissie, but this isn’t about me, it’s about you. As a sentence you will be objectified and used one whole day for each person you wronged, that’s twenty-four hours if you want clarification. No warning upfront, it could be now or six months’ time, I decide. Any sex on those days will not give you any pleasure at all; there will be no preparation and no after-care. This isn’t going to be anything like a hard scene, I guarantee it will not leave you with any warm fuzzy feelings. It is the only time that you might be distressed at being ignored and used in this way which I’m bringing up because I promised in our contract never to do that. Are you willing to consent to this?”

It’s impossible to tell if this is worse or better than he expected when answering, “I consent. I thank Master for his mercy and compassion. Gladly, I accept his judgement, that in doing so from this day forward my sole purpose is to submit to his will without concealment, his slave until death us do part. This is my solemn vow.”

Now we’ve started, I don’t linger on anything for too long. I have no intention of attempting to make this easy on him, but for my own part, I try to distance myself emotionally, keeping my voice neutral, neither husband nor Master, “Moving on to something right up your street back then; blackmail was just a means to an end, it came easy to you. Four counts in total, forcing Rebecca to have an abortion, you blackmailed me and Ross into robbing Home Farm; Cain told you how to find Vic and Adam after you got hold of the photo of him and Chrissie snogging and at your absolute worst, you threatened to harm Leo when Paddy was in hospital after you almost killed him in the grain pit.” I let the words settle in. This is much closer to home in many ways and it had taken me quite some soul searching how to handle this one; my first thoughts were nothing like as pleasant.

“A person who pulls this kind of shit is selfish and doesn’t care about anyone but themselves, even worse is that I know you got off on it, you enjoyed the power. I could even say you blackmailed me into keeping quiet about Katy; although that was fear, not a power-trip talking. Either way, you didn’t think twice about what it would do to me.” Ignoring the tears brimming, the truth can be harsh and the pain these memories have stirred is evident in my embittered tone, “You will volunteer to help Harriet with her charity work, one year for each person you blackmailed. Think of it as community service, it’s time you gave something back for a change.” There’s nothing in this where I need to ask for his consent, giving his vow, the tears spill, partially through relief, I reckon.

“You have a thing for fire in your family both you and your brother. You set fire to Andy’s barn when he was living up at Butler’s all because Katie got her revenge on you for cheating with Sadie King by sleeping with him and then when you came back to Emmerdale you set his caravan on fire because of your constant feuding. Counselling has helped you work through the crap between you and Andy, but for the destruction of property, you’ll get a severe paddling until your arse is on fire and a burning feeling from a good helping of tiger balm rubbed onto some of the more sensitive parts of your body. You will decide how many hits with the paddle. I think we might do this one today even.” I see the cogs of his brain already trying to decide between what he can take and what he thinks I’ll consider enough as penance. It’ll be interesting what conclusion he finally reaches.

“I’m giving you a bit of a break on the next one; kidnapping Ryan, I also don’t remember his last name. Although the way you went about it was all wrong, you were well-intentioned, and me and Cain did the same to you once, so a kind of karma maybe. Ryan wasn’t hurt and only had himself to blame mostly. So here I pronounce you guilty with a suspended sentence and no punishment.” Robert fails to hide a wry smirk, neither of us liked the little shit and my expression on its own is sufficient to let him know I agree with his sentiment.
“An easy punishment for these next ones, but I reckon you’ll struggle with it. Over the years you have caused a lot of unnecessary hurt to a lot of people. I don’t even remember Elaine, I was just a kid back then. You left her unconscious after a car accident that you caused, letting her take the blame because she had no idea it was your fault until her memory came back. You outed Lawrence. With me you were constantly flip-flopping between nasty and acting all loved up, denied that you loved me and rejected me when I poured my heart out, marrying Chrissie anyway. Then you roped me into covering up Katie’s death which fucked me up so much I almost started cutting again. You even continued to deny you loved me after everyone found out. You organized for Lawrence to get into trouble with the police after being falsely accused of assault and you had absolutely no right burning Gordon’s letter without letting me read it even though you were trying to protect me. You will write a sincere and grovelling letter of apology to each person you hurt, including me; obviously without incriminating yourself. I’ll read each one and post them for you to make sure they are sent.”

While listening to his vow, I’ve pretty much decided that I’ll burn the letters once I’ve read them, but Robert won’t know that and outside me, I don’t think he’ll ever come into contact with any one of them to find out one way or another. That was never the point.

As in his list, the hardest are left until the last, acts that strike to the core of my heart in so many ways for so many different reasons. Did he go too far? Yes; but is it any worse than the other things he did? Despite already knowing most of these at the time, we ultimately wound back in each other’s arms. It’s difficult to understand human nature sometimes, and I include myself in that. More than anyone, I know how anger and insecurity drives a person to do horrific things. The only difference is that to some extent I had a better support system than Robert, although it came at a price as I came to terms with being gay. Paddy came into my life at the right time and more likely than not, that was my saving; he is responsible for re-setting my moral compass and helping me grow up and I definitely didn’t make it easy on anyone. Robert’s family is way more fucked up than mine. That said, mum had been so against him back then, pushed by Katie who hated his guts for things that were as much her fault as his. I realise nothing is as black and white as it first seems.

“I’m not even going to say just how many there are in this little list of bodily harm, accidental death, attempted murder or soliciting to murder.” Robert has the gall to lift his eyebrow, maybe not expecting me to know the correct term for hiring a hitman or perhaps it’s just my glib tone, “I looked it up.” His expression soon changes as I continue, “You’ll be punished for each offence separately and this time, wait until the end to say your vow of acceptance.” His lower lip is trembling slightly as I push ahead, my sympathy and empathy for these were left at the door; he set this in motion knowing there would be consequences, well this is it.

“You and your friends already got community sentence for the accidental death of your headmistress when you were teenagers so this is time already served with no further punishment, but I haven’t missed that you’ve admitted it was your idea to cover it all up and burn the car. There are another two counts of accidental death; Max King as a result of your game of chicken with Andy, which you both covered up together with your dad and then there’s the matter of Katie’s death up at Wylie’s. To some extent, you get leniency on these also. Jack punished you by making you feel you had no choice but to leave and Andy in his own way has accepted that Katie’s death was an accident. I believe you never intended for her death. Anyway, sentence is commuted.”

“This next one would have been funny except for the part when you got so blind drunk that you thought it was a good idea to turn on the grain machine at the farm burying Paddy after he sent Chrissie a note saying to ‘Rein your cheating husband in.’ I never knew he could be so poetic. Although I already knew about this, I’ve decided you will be punished for it. On that date every year you will spend twenty-four hours in the coal hole with plenty for grain for company, you won’t be
able to get away from it. We’ll put it in your calendar tomorrow.”

“I don’t even want to go into when you were going to get rid of me at the lodge but ended up shooting Paddy in the arm instead. It’s not something I’ll ever forget but as awful as the whole experience was, we’ve moved passed it so consider it over and done with. Sentence commuted with no further punishment.”

“You left Lawrence to die when he was having a heart attack without even calling for help. I can’t stand Lawrence but I wouldn’t wish him dead either. When we get settled back home, you will spend a night in the playroom cage, restrained with a dog shock collar around your balls and some e-stim pads on other parts of your body, all on a timer cycle that randomly shocks preventing you from being able to sleep properly. You will ask me to do this and explain why you made the decision you did and if now looking back you feel any remorse.” I know full well he will find the explanation harder than the night in the cage because there is no excuse for what he did and I suspect even now he probably feels little or no guilt.

Finally, we come to the bottom of the list. Needing a moment to compose myself, I wish I had brought out a glass of water. It feels like I’ve been talking for ages without stopping. Making a last mental check that I’m sure before speaking, I take a deep breath; Robert must know this is the one he fears the most, his body tensing until rigid. My eyes bore into his, pangs of anger rear their head, but I keep them in check.

“Murder means intent, pre-meditation; just the attempt carries a life sentence. It wasn’t just a passing idea, you actually thought about it and acted on it. You have admitted to picking up a rock to knock mum over the head with it. If you’d have actually done it, I’m not sure you would have been able to finish the job, to have her blood on your hands like that. I don’t think you really wanted her dead because if you really intended to kill her why stop? She wouldn’t have been alive to tell anyone it was you. But you still couldn’t let go, could you? You wanted her out of the way so badly and were too chicken to do the job yourself that you hired a stranger to take her out. All of this because you were frightened she’d tell Chrissie everything and wanted to shut her up once and for all from spoiling your cosy little life.”

Staring at my husband, even now I still fail to understand how his brain thought on any level this was a good idea, it wasn’t even a proper plan. His tears are flowing freely under my hardened glare; I’m surprised there aren’t any tears of my own, but my eyes are dry and my voice is practically unrecognizable, even to myself.

“You have no idea how much it hurt to read this, I always knew you were twistedly reckless and made bad decisions when you were upset or feeling cornered, but this Robert Sugden, this was another level. This is not the man I loved. You get points for not going through with it but from what you wrote it was a close-run thing. Did you even care about what losing mum would have done to me? I was already a mess, it would have killed me, or more to the point I would have most likely killed myself. I daren’t even think about what would have happened between us afterwards because anything would have been very fucked up.” Pausing, I take a deep breath in order to calm myself back down. The true horror of the matter now it’s all out in the open is written all over his face, he has no choice but to be confronted with trying to reconcile how he was versus today and who he aspires to be, three parts to the whole. I wouldn’t want to be inside Robert’s head right now that’s for sure, I’m not too happy about being in my own.

There’s no point raking through the reasoning today any more than what he wrote because as far as I’m concerned nothing he could say or do will help me understand. No more than I can rationalise
trying to hurt Carl King, being a teenager isn’t really an excuse, I knew exactly what I was doing, I simply hadn’t thought about the consequences and neither had Robert with mum. The past is what it is and it won’t change our future. “I will not now or ever forgive or absolve you of this. Today we accept the past for what it is, we move on.” To give him his due, his gaze doesn’t waver from mine once. I’m tempted to wipe the tears from his face, my words clearly taking a heavy toll, but I’m not feeling that charitable right now. He’s already going to be getting off lightly in the grand scheme of things.

“I impose on you a life sentence of servitude to Chastity Dingle. Just because I’m not into the service thing, doesn’t mean someone else cannot benefit. Charity is swanning off with her new man leaving mum to run the pub on her own so she needs some help. Monday to Thursday in the morning you are to re-stock and clean the bar including the toilets and then do any necessary replenishment before the teatime crowd descend. There’s no point in her paying someone when there’s a perfectly capable slave to do it. Friday to Sunday I want you to be focussed just on us. I know Lydia has been wanting to reduce her hours so I don’t think she’ll mind and mum can keep those days for her. If you are unable to do this work for any reason, a valid reason, you will tell me and it’s your responsibility to find a replacement, someone other than me or mum. You will receive twenty-four strokes of the cane for every time you miss no matter the reason and sleep on the floor that night.

You will also be responsible to keep the cellar organised, take care of all the orders with the brewery and all dealings with the drayman including being present for all deliveries and taking care of any related problems unless I give you permission to be exempt. For this, you can hand off to me or mum if you can’t be there. You will be the one to inform mum of your new duties, you will not tell her the truth ever. I’m sure you’ll find a way, you still have a knack for spinning a good lie and she quite likes you these days apparently, so she’ll be over the moon that her son-in-law cares so much even if she does think it a little odd. If she ever leaves the pub, I’ll find something else to do for her instead.”

I can say for certain, this was not what he was expecting as punishment as he repeats for a final time the vow. “I’ll get us a drink; don't move.”

Once inside I take a glass from the drainer and fill it with tap water, the glass clanking against the tap, my hands are shaking that much. After half gulping down the cool water, I take a minute to steady myself while observing Robert through the window; it’s clear his knees are hurting him by now from being so long on the hard wood. As conditioned to kneeling as he is, I’m not the kind of Master that wants to train him to endure on surfaces like this for an extended time. Pouring a second glass-full, I head outside, making a quick detour to the car, before returning to Robert……, ‘slave’; I haven’t once lost sight of who he truly is. Tipping the glass carefully to his mouth, I’m a little too fast that some runs down his chin onto his front before he takes a first full sip.

“Slowly, that’s it.” Using my hand, I wipe his face clean but it doesn’t halt the steady leaking of tears, his remorse is evident; there’s no feeling of satisfaction but I would say I’m at peace with my decisions.

“Nod if you’ve had enough.” He does and I help him rise to his feet. Pulling the ball-gag from my back pocket, he opens his mouth without protest and I add a small padlock to keep it secure. Kissing his forehead, my fingers stroke his POA tattoo at the back of his neck and I’m glad that he has this still as I guide him towards the cottage door. Sagging a little against me, he also feels a little shocky, a delayed reaction maybe; it’s a lot to take in, learning his punishment on top of everything we have gone through this last week. It was bound to have an effect.
Reaching the living room, I lie us down together on the sofa, cocooning him in my arms, my shushing having a soothing effect. It’s important for him to feel safe and loved right now, and similarly being able to give him this is grounding for me. The gag is a comfortable one, its only purpose to remove any pressure to talk, he needs time to absorb everything and for myself, I’m not in the mood myself to have any conversation. This isn’t a debate or a democracy.

Gradually recovering, slave’s anxiety from earlier is now replaced by a stillness until after around thirty minutes, I get his attention with a nudge, “So, time-out is officially over, slave. You’re going to spend the next hour in the corner, I’ll tap your shoulder twice when the time is up. You can stand or kneel, it’s up to you but once you decide there’s no changing your mind, you stay still. I want you to think about everything that has brought us to this point. You know what I expect in the future. Other than eating you’ll stay gagged most of the afternoon so you don’t rush headlong into saying anything you’re not ready for. When you’ve made your mind up, write on the chalkboard in the kitchen how many swats with the paddle it will take to set your arse on fire. Just so you’re warned, I brought your least favourite with me. We’re going to stay here until next Sunday, so there’ll be plenty of time to talk, okay.”

Leading him to the corner, I can tell he doesn’t want to end our physical closeness but I can’t give him more than I already have right now, this has affected me more than I care to admit. “You are mine and I love you.” With a final kiss on his tattoo and then shoulder, I leave him to his contemplation without the stress of having me in the room and going back outside, I have my own version of a mini-breakdown.

Wiping away my wet tears, sitting outside on the path along the front of the cottage, I lean back, resting my head against the wall. I’m torn between needing space to sort myself out and wanting to be near enough in case slave needs me for any reason, or worst case safe-words. Right now, I don’t want to talk or think about any of it anymore, but that doesn’t mean I don’t have questions. Maybe we will talk more over the course of the week but not now; today I’ve reached my limit.

The hour goes both slowly and quickly, and when I ready myself to end the imposed corner-time, I stop a few seconds just outside the door bracing myself, not quite sure what to expect. Upon tapping slave’s shoulder, he leans back against me and I wrap my arms around his middle, at the same time, turning him round to face me. Although sporting tearstained cheeks once more, slave isn’t crying but buries his face into my neck, I suspect to hide his sense of shame.

Knowing we are both emotionally drained, I take us upstairs and unlocking the handcuffs, I put slave into bed. Fetching his own bracelet cuffs and wide slave collar from my bag, I perch next to him on the bed. The second I lock on first his big collar and then screw on his permanent titanium cuffs, he takes comfort in wearing them and I connect them with an O-ring, padlocking them to the short chain bolted to the headboard above his head.

It’s interesting watching my husband in this moment; such a complex personality needing to place his life in my hands giving me permission to decide what he does, when and how. It’s hard at times maintaining such a high level of control, it really is like parenting conceptually except he is a consenting adult into BDSM and what we both get from each other through it, is indescribable. I wonder what he thinks about me in all this. There’s no escaping the fact that when it came down to it, I was the weak link in the relationship, maybe with good cause as he hit me out of the blue with his confessions, yet the thought that I’ve let him down spurs me on in my quest to be the Master my slave needs and deserves.

Pulling off my jeans and t-shirt, I clamber into bed with him. “You can put your leather ankle-cuffs
on before we go downstairs later. All your usual rules and protocol are re-instated.” I spoon up against his back, our bodies glued together. The only real movement is from my hand, lovingly stroking through slave’s hair, and my lips pressing down with occasional kisses through which it’s possible to feel the tension finally ebbing from slave’s body. “I love you, slave.”

The rules at the cottage are a little more relaxed than at home, closer to when we had low protocol days. This was another reason for coming here, it gives us a bit of time before jumping fully back into everything. He walks in the bedroom, though that’s not a rule anyway, and can move about the cottage freely, making meals is often shared and we clean and tidy up together before leaving.

The bedroom is almost as familiar to us as at home. Our small circle of friends has been coming here so long now, no-one else uses this room other than us. We keep our own things here like toiletries and a few clothes plus a well-stocked toy box so we don’t have to bring much from home, and scattered around are all the eye bolts, attachments and chains needed to secure slave as I want him. Three years ago, we all contributed and worked together to build a few useful structures in the garden with eye-bolts scattered around in convenient places; there’s even a dog kennel big enough for an adult.

Realizing that slave is asleep, I’m comfy resting my eyes but not tired enough to actually sleep, so I use the time to mull over the next few days. I’m not sure we’ll play much but we’ll see, I hadn’t got that far in my thinking and in the end, I decide it might be better just to go with the flow whilst we are here. For my part, I’m feeling more myself than in days, relieved that we’ve passed this point and happy to be calling him ‘slave’ once more. I hadn’t allowed myself that luxury in the past week; if I wasn’t going to treat him as my slave, I didn’t have the right to call him it. It’s funny how this single word changes everything about how we act, yet not who we are inside. Five years of full-time slavery has solidified our transfer of authority and it isn’t so readily discarded. The only absolute ‘must’ now, is to put my permanent collar back around my slave’s neck.

True to my word, slave has received his paddling today, his arse is as mottled deep red and purple as it’s ever been. After eating earlier slave had chalked the number two hundred on the board; I almost considered splitting it, half today and half tomorrow because he’s never had this many in one session before. Instead, I took my time, drawing it out by breaking into sets of fifty. I don’t know if that helped or made it worse because, at the start of each break, I applied more tiger balm so I don’t know which had him crying most. Still unable to speak, a heavier duty gag in his mouth, he didn’t get the opportunity to tell me one way or the other and it wouldn’t have made any difference anyway.

The punishment was carried out under the shade of one of the big almond trees with slave strapped to the spanking bench. I had intended fucking him dry afterwards but he was so miserable from the combination of the balm and the paddling that I’ve taken pity on him. Well, not too much because after the last swat I applied a last generous smearing of balm onto his cock, balls, nipples and hole which had him howling through the gag.

Lying on the wooden steamer sun-lounger, its cushion has made my dozing in between each paddling session very comfortable whilst reading some of slave’s journal entries from the last week. I’ve found the exercise therapeutic almost whilst slave suffers the indignity of having his glowing arse on display, tears streaming down his face. It looks painful; taking care not to draw blood, I made sure of it. He’ll be feeling this for days to come. Now it’s over, he remains in place, snivelling from the residual burning of the balm and although I’m aware this is punishment not play, the sadist in me can’t help enjoying listening to the sound of his suffering.
As it starts to get dark there’s a chill in the air, I release slave from his ordeal and we head inside, slave lighting the fire whilst I find us something to eat. I’m not in the mood for anything heavy, so opt to put together a pick and mix plate of fruit, crackers and cheese. slave is quiet in his chore, looking sorry for himself as he drops carefully to his knees on the cushion at my feet. It’s just as well that I have nothing else planned for him today, I don’t think he would have the energy even if he wanted to. Upon giving him the signal to relax, he scowls at my quiet chuckling, when in a moment of forgetfulness, he tried to rest back on his heels, rising back up on his knees like a shot, his arse giving him a very painful reminder of his punishment. I think he’ll have no option but to sleep on his front tonight.

“Are you thirsty?” The answer isn’t really relevant, but by asking the question, it helps him feel as though he has a say; soft power is often just as effective as total control, especially at times like these. He nods and I unbutton my jeans; sliding down slightly, tipping my head back, my eyes close as his lips wrap around my shaft, my fingers stroking through his hair as he drinks me down. He’s not the only one that takes strength from this act. My eyes opening, I enjoy watching him lick me clean, “Every last drop, slave; good boy.”

It’s clear being on the floor isn’t going to be easy for him, and drawing him up into my arms, I guide him up to lie alongside me on the sofa. “You hungry?”

Getting a nod of acknowledgement, he eats from my hand. We have made this into such a fine art, we could be having sex from the noises we are making, the process turning erotic in nature as slave pushes a grape into my mouth with his tongue. Opening his mouth, I let my fingers linger on his tongue as I eat, enjoying the sensual way he sucks on them before I give him the next piece of cheese and I can’t take my eyes off him as he starts to chew. The meal is a quiet leisurely affair, both of us enjoying the intimacy.

Sharing a glass of wine, the flames from the fire accentuate the beauty of his naked body even more now that it’s dark outside. “You need anything else?”

“No, Master. I’m full unless you have need of my mouth again.”

“In a while maybe.” My fingers trace his bottom lip, moving to catch a trickle of wine running down the side of the glass, and I enjoy watching him lick it, savouring both the wine and taste of my finger. With my legs pinning him in place, my fingers stroke his tattoo, the touch evocative, the permanent reminder that we are Master and slave. “I want you to know that this week whilst we’re here, unless I tell you different or you are gagged, there is no restriction on what you can and cannot say; anything at all, okay?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Does that feel good?” He looks at me unsure and I clarify, “To call me Master.”

“Very.” His eyes confirm the words and looking like he is going to say something else, I give him time, “Are you certain about…..”

As if lacking confidence, he struggles to continue, “Say what’s on your mind, slave; this is part of why we are here and not at home.”

“Can you really leave it all in the past, honestly? I mean…..”
For the first time, slave has let slip his mask, shame-filled eyes fuelling his vulnerable side and I seek to reassure him. “Look at me,” I kiss him on the lips gently, “I love you. That didn’t go away, not for one second.” The sheet of paper from this morning is in my back pocket and I tug it out. “These are acts of someone who has since learned to be a better person.”

“Because of you.”

“No, because of both of us.”

Pushing him slightly to the side, I sit up thinking what I can do to help convince him. Shifting from under him, I leave the sofa kneeling on the shaggy rug in front of the hearth. Reaching for him, he takes my hand, sliding down beside me, grimacing with a hiss at the pain from his backside. Being so close, the fire is hot, and in the darkness, shadows flicker across the room, the flames seeming to lick over slave’s toned naked body; so enticing that as I wrap my arms around his waist, my lips catch his in a searing kiss.

Remembering myself, I resist turning the moment into something more, “You are Robert Dingle to the outside world and my slave, twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year; Robert Sugden doesn’t exist anymore.” Pausing, I let him absorb this, “Is this the only copy?”

Nodding, slave manages only a whisper, unsure of my intention, “Yes.” Squeezing his hand, I feed the sheet of paper into the fire and we both watch in silence as the flames engulf it until only burnt ash remains. Slave rests his head in the crook of my neck and I wipe away a stray tear falling down his cheek. “Thank you.”

“I’m not as innocent in all this as I’d like to be and I have my own cross to bear with some of the things I did. A new slate for both of us. We won’t forget this in a hurry, but we will leave it behind us, just like we have before.”

Unbeknown to slave, I had brought the box with his collar out with our food earlier and after stretching down the far side of the fireplace, slave’s eyes follow it longingly as I bring it to rest on my lap, sitting back on my heels. “I thought about getting you a new collar for our anniversary, but it didn’t feel right. I still feel the same about it as when I first closed it around your neck; I still feel the same about you.”

Sinking to his knees, slave’s eyes light up further as I remove the titanium collar from its velvet covered casing. “It was the worst feeling in the world when you took it off. I was scared that I’d lost you forever, I don’t think I could go through that again, Master.”

“It won’t ever come off again, not by my hand, I promise.” Standing back up on my knees, I remove his thicker collar and place the band of titanium around slave’s neck, taking the special key from the box, although I don’t go as far as sliding it into the slot that will lock the collar just yet. I hadn’t intended saying any words, however, the significance of this moment cannot pass unmarked. Just a week ago our wedding rings were exchanged as a symbol of our marriage, the collar commits us as Master and slave and I recall some of the words from our new contract; slave hasn’t seen it yet. I’m still working on it, “Do you slave, relinquish all control to your Master, granting me rights over each and every part of your life?”

“I do.”

“Is it your ambition to be strictly and purposely managed, required to serve, satisfy and obey Master to the best of your ability?”
“It is, heart and soul.”

“Do you promise that from this day forward your sole purpose as a slave is to submit to the will of your Master without concealment?”

“Forever. To love and obey, until death us do part.”

It feels like a veil of love has settled over us and slave’s lips part in anticipation as I lock the tiny screw into place, nothing more matters to me than my slave, “I give you my solemn vow that from this day forward, you will be my cherished slave; I give you my collar as a symbol of my love and ownership. It won’t ever be removed by my hand except if your health depends on it.” Cupping his face in my hands, we kiss tenderly.

We can both feel the deepening shift between us, more than ever before the transfer of total authority is as complete now as if we had signed the new contract already, “I love you, Master. I won’t let you down.”

“I know you won’t. One thing more.” Slave cocks his head slightly to the side, waiting respectfully for me to continue. Pulling a D-ring from my pocket, I connect his cuffs behind him, my fingers then gliding up his back before brushing lovingly along the edge of the collar as I kiss him once more. His body shivers visibly from my touch, anticipation hanging in the air, “I’ve arranged for this to be welded on. Do you consent?”

The excitement at the prospect is thrumming through slave as he answers, “With every bone in my body.”

Being so caught up in the moment, I hadn’t realised just how hard his cock is until I feel him taking advantage of our closeness rubbing up against me, “Such a slut.” My hand moves to his shaft, applying strokes that has him almost instantly on the edge and I don’t stop when speaking, “I’ll take that as a yes but I want to hear you say the words.”

“Yes, yes I consent to you welding my collar.” His panting tells a story, eyes begging for release as I keep up my torturous rhythm, enjoying the power I hold over his climax.

“You have permission.” His body shudders without delay as I bring him off, the intensity of his orgasm causing him to buck up into my hand until the tide turns from pleasure to pain after which he tries evasion without success, my other hand wrapped around the back of his neck holding him fast. Our eyes are locked, slave knows not to beg; I release his cock only when I'm satisfied I have all there is.

As my hand covered in his milky cum rises to his face, slave realises I don’t intend for him to lick it clean, instead, rubbing it into his skin as if it were face-cream. Spotting some that had escaped onto the floor, I pressure him to bend over, my hand never losing hold on his neck, “Lick it clean, slave.”

By the time I allow him to rise back up, his eyes have taken on that hooded look, partially on the journey to sub-space, just on the edge, not one nor the other. The mood has shifted into something profoundly important to both of us as he brings his lips to mine, whispering before closing in for the kiss, “slave is yours for life, Master.”

Smiling, I’m filled with hope for our future, “I promise, you will make every second of it count.” It’s an overwhelming sensation seeing such a simple statement of intent tipping him over the edge leaving me in no doubt that this is how it’s meant to be.

TBC
The Magic Touch

Chapter Summary

Master and slave talk through some of their lingering insecurities.

Chapter Notes

Some characters mentioned later in the chapter are referencing back to the last chapter in Stulot's story TRTF.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Aaron, Sunday 27th June 2021

Yesterday had been a bizarre rollercoaster of emotions and our long run this morning was well overdue doing us both the world of good. Before breakfast, I re-started slave’s morning spanking. Although only ten ultra-feather-light taps, he squirmed throughout without any attempt at stoicism. That said, I have the feeling, he was intentionally playing up somewhat; he wasn't as hard when I started as when I’d finished. Breakfast itself was a treat, made even more enjoyable as I watched the butter from his toast slide down slave’s chin before winding him up by saying if he couldn’t get it all in his mouth maybe he would find it easier to have Huel instead. He was very careful after that and if looks could kill I was a sure-fire target. It was comedy gold.

The rest of the morning has been spent lazily outside, both of us quietly reading. I’m still working my way through slave’s journal entries and he’s at my feet, catching up with the latest news on the tablet. Having not had access to any media in over a week, he’s totally absorbed with only the odd snort, chuckle or entertaining sarcastic comment audible when something piques his interest or he can’t resist voicing an opinion.

Having finally read up to yesterday, I rest his journal on my knee, letting my mind wander. Before returning to collect slave from Emmerdale, I put in an order with Elliott for home, plus a couple of thoughts for him to mull over and turn into alterations at the office in Hotten. Knowing my slave’s preferences well, his wicked grin when talking them through told me I’d hit the right mark and slave will approve if not always enjoy. Smiling to myself at the memory, it’s nice simply watching slave, relaxed and contented. He had also sketched a few ideas of his own in and amongst his writing, a couple of which have captured my imagination if the effect they’ve had on my cock is anything to go by. Getting his attention by a shoulder tap, I show him the open page with the one most interesting to me, “Intriguing concept.”

A devilish smile crosses his face, “I thought it might appeal to you.”

“You’d be right.” Raising my bare foot to shoo away a buzzing bee, I let it hover in front of slave’s mouth and he accepts the invitation, licking up the sole before taking my big toe and the one next to it into his mouth. Immediately over-stimulated my body reacts, forcing a tiny groan from my lips, torment and pleasure combined wreaking havoc with my senses. My feet are quite ticklish and very sensitive to the teasing of his tongue. Only able to take so much, I pull my foot out of his reach,
chuckling at slave’s pout while dangling my calf over his shoulder, “I’ll get slave Elliott to add it to the list.”

Predictably, this catches slave’s interest, his question slyly designed to solicit more information, “slave Elliott is quite talented don’t you think, Master?”

“He is.” Wise to his ways, I grin at his obvious frustration when it’s clear I’m not going to give him anything more to go on, “Tut tut, slave. What was it you told me? Everything comes to he who waits; all in good time.” Biting his bottom lip, he’s itching to prod for more and I nip it in the bud, “Maybe your arse doesn’t hurt quite as much as you led me to believe.” Putting some salve on it this morning, I know for sure it does and even now he’s sat strategically on his cushion, making the threat highly effective and he cedes albeit reluctantly.

“slave looks forward to being at the mercy of Master’s whim.”

Chuckling out loud at his cheekiness, I can’t resist teasing a little more, “Good to know because you might get more than you bargained for.”

Unashamedly, he puts his nose back down to carry on reading but not until after responding, with a sassy mischievousness, “I hope so, Master.”

Aaron, Thursday 1st July 2021

The last few days seem to have flown by, pottering around the cottage on Sunday-Monday we didn’t get up to much and then on Tuesday we drove to the coast and yesterday in spite of the mizzling rain, we went to Alton Towers and had a blast. We’ve been like any other couple enjoying some quality time together on holiday. Almost. In his spare time, slave was tasked with writing his letters which served to subdue his exuberance, a sombre reminder of what led to us being here.

We’re spending today around the cottage, and having stuffed myself to busting on slave’s culinary skills being unable to resist a second helping much to his smug delight, we’ve set off on a walk. After burping loudly for the third time, slave slips me a sneaky smirk and I grumble at him, “Don’t know why you’re grinning at me like that, it’s all your fault.”

Laughing out loud, he squeezes my hand, “I’ll take that as a compliment.”

Leashed and naked as the day he was born, slave is stunningly exquisite in my eyes, his fair skin tanned and his blond locks a little longer than usual bleached golden by the sun adding something extra into the mix, also reminding me that a trip to the hairdressers is in order. In the meantime, bringing us to a standstill, I take time to appreciate what is mine.

Such simple things make slave blush. For someone that used to come across as quite vain, he has no clue just how captivating he is, “What?”

“Nothing, just taking stock of my property.” Before he can respond, I pull him into me for a sloppy kiss, sliding my hand down his back and over his arse earning me a rather delectable murmur of arousal as my finger rubs back and forth over his hole. My growing hard-on is acknowledgement enough of how much he turns me on and with a final kiss, I resist further temptation, leading us along, his leash and hand in mine, occasionally chatting about this and that.

The cottage is so off the beaten track that no-one comes walking out this way for us to cross paths with, not that we’ve ever seen anyway. Reaching the old narrow packhorse bridge, we follow the glistening stream coming down off the hillside until arriving at a short series of small rock pools,
some shallow and others so deep you can’t stand up in them. The stone has that coppery tinge to it from the minerals in the crystal-clear water. It’s a perfect way to spend an afternoon and rolling up my jeans, I follow slave’s lead, who now off his leash, is already paddling downstream to our favourite spot. “Arrghh, that’s cold.”

No matter how often we come here, the water’s cold edge always catches me out. However, there’s no chance to get acclimatised in my own time, being suddenly drenched by slave spraying me with water, “Such a wuss, Master.” slave has a grin a mile wide on his face.

“Oh, you are so for it.”

I’m not quite sure who came out the victor in the end, probably slave as he’s already lying down on the blanket spread over one of the flat-topped boulders his fingers dipped in the water, watching the stream pass through them, whilst I’m left struggling to strip out of soaked clothes clinging stubbornly to my skin. “You need help with that?”

“No, I can manage.” We all have our idiosyncrasies; anyone would think I’d take advantage of having a slave do all the little things for me, like now, but that so annoys me outside a few exceptions. It’s one of the reasons why we’re so compatible, we both crave to give what the other needs and I don’t need or want a butler. Eventually free, after laying my clothes out to dry, I settle next to slave, snuggling close and it doesn’t take long to warm up in early afternoon sun. It doesn’t get much better than this, dozing on and off, lazily making out as the mood takes us.

We haven’t really talked more since the weekend other than a few words, however with each day that passes it feels less awkward and certain questions linger that at some point or other need to be asked and answered. In his journal, slave had gotten quite deep with some of his thoughts, which has left me much to reflect on. With slave draped over my front, my fingers lightly carding through his hair, I take a first tentative step, “You wrote a lot in your journal about what being my slave means to you; I’m honoured.”

Shifting, he rests his chin on his hands, facing me more, “It’s the truth.” After what seems to be a short debate with himself slave continues, “It crossed my mind this week that you might think I’m using my slavery as the easy way out after telling you, what with asking you to take more control.”

Squinting in the sun having left my shades at the cottage, I prod for the truth, “I’d be disappointed if you were. Are you?”

“I can’t speak for what’s going on in my subconscious but no, I don’t think so but you’ve got to admit everything is interconnected. If you hadn’t noticed, my run of trespasses so to say stops after I became your slave.” He pinches my side playfully, “You must be good for me, Master.”

“Mmhh, some of what went before says otherwise, don’t you think?” I hadn’t meant to sound judgemental, but slave either doesn’t pick up on it or, more likely, chooses to ignore it.

“I know things were often fucked up the first couple of years but everything changed when I became your slave. It’s peaceful in my head when you take charge; there’s no strategy to win or lose with you, there just is.”

“It’s a little bit more complicated than that don’t you think; it’s not like I don’t set expectations?”

Shrugging, he rolls off me onto his back, staring up at the sky, then tipping his head sideways to look at me when answering, “Realistic ones, things that make us both happy in our own way and new
stuff we usually talk about and work up-to if we need to. It’s never a competition.”

Turning sideways on, I prop myself up with my elbow, curious, “Do you think we’d still be together if I’d said no?”

Needing clarification, slave asks for it, “To being my Master?” Seeing my nod, he pauses only a few seconds to consider his answer, “Probably......, but I’d likely have been a lot harder work, less settled, a workaholic still. I don’t think we’d be as happy.”

It’s difficult to imagine a different life, but I suspect he’s right, “You know if I thought, for one minute, you were using your slavery as a guilt-filled cop out, using it to be punished without taking responsibility, we wouldn’t have gotten married, we probably wouldn’t be here now even.” He doesn’t respond, it’s possibly too soon; with all the fallout from recent events, we’ve both acknowledged in our own way that it’s going to take time to truly work everything through.

Leaning in, I kiss his cheek, stroking his chest to help ease out any tension. “Reading your journal for last week felt different.”

“I feel different......, inside you know?” I nod because I do know, and no matter how hard these last few days have been, it’s also bound us closer together. “We were naïve to think my counselling fixed everything after moving in together, but looking back it couldn’t because I was still hiding so much.”

He looks off into the distance before speaking further, “Growing up in my family, you never got praised or encouraged for doing well, it was more like, why didn’t you do that or well, at least he didn’t screw it up and then there was the unspoken ‘gay’ thing; dad was difficult to please but it wasn’t just him. After a while, you become immune to what other people think of you and that makes you do stupid things. So, when you think you have what you always wanted with the potential for more, you hold onto it for dear life because letting go means you’re back to square one and that’s scary when you don’t have anyone but yourself. I reached a point in denying how I felt about you, that sometimes I didn’t recognize myself anymore.”

It’s hard to know how to respond to this, “I’ll admit there were plenty of times you didn’t make it easy to love you.”

There’s a sadness to his wry smile, “That’s an understatement. I don’t know what you saw in me half the time.”

“It wasn’t all bad, I have a lot of good memories too. It just took a while to peel back the layers to work out what made you tick......, not to mention that irresistible sexy charm of yours sweeping me off my feet.”

His smile turns bashful, it's cute, “I couldn’t keep away, you pressed every button I had. I fell in love; it wasn’t something I could control. It controlled me.”

“We were as bad as each other. I did try to resist and just when I thought I had it down you stirred the pot again.”

“You know, meeting you challenged everything about myself that’s why I fought it so hard for so long. It was a relief when I admitted I wanted to be with you, loved you. Right from the off, I knew you had influence over me you didn’t even know you had.”

There’s no denying that the attraction was powerful; mum pegged it right when she compared us with magnets, “I should have just put a collar around your neck when I first met you.”
“Hah, I’d have run a mile; I wasn’t ready to face the truth about much of anything at that point.”

“And look at you now, slave-boy.” Our knowing smiles tell the story without the need for further words.

Recalling more about what he wrote, some observations were surprising although obvious once I’d read them, “It’s funny the things you take for granted or don’t think about. Like, I didn’t realise that you got off so much on being called ‘slave’.”

There’s no hiding how much it means to him, it’s in his eyes, the upturn of his mouth as he smiles, “I don’t think I did either until it felt like it had been taken away from me. It’s more than that, it’s about being ‘your’ slave.”

“I could call you lots of other things but it wouldn't change what you are or how we live.” I like calling him my slave. Until now, for me, it was always his words and deeds that I’d considered more important, but on reflection, I think I was wrong about this.

“No, but it carries a more special meaning other than I get warm fuzzy feelings when you say it.” Smiling, I acknowledge that I’m the same. “It leaves no room for doubt that I defer to you in everything. Think of it as a mental state, it’s my identity. There’s so much about how we live that I love, I even love the parts I don’t like; maybe I value these even more.” Realising how I might interpret that, he backtracks a little with a wry smile, “Don’t take that as a hint, I just mean that there are times when you command and I obey purely because of my slavery to you, not because I want to do it. That could be anything from you having me do the washing up even though we own a dishwasher or taking big decisions like about the house, or the business even.” Pausing a moment, his sincerity as he continues is unmistakable, “You are my Master; everything starts and stops with that. You take care of me in a way I don’t; it’s not that I can’t, I just get distracted by things I shouldn’t. Deep down I’m happier and more fulfilled now than I’ve ever been.”

It’s hard not to be affected by this, our lips meeting as if sealing the sentiment with the kiss, the connection ever deepening, our bodies slot together in a perfect fit. With my head eventually resting in the crook of slave’s neck, the fingers of my left-hand brush along the edge of his collar, “I’ve arranged a time with Mina for tomorrow, it’s better that she puts in your piercings. The holes are still okay I think, but I’m a bit kak-handed at that stuff and I don’t want you to get an infection.”

“You’re not kak-handed when we play with needles.”

“I know but these are staying in, it’s different; I’d rather be safe and sure.”

“If you say so, you’re in charge.” Taking my hand in his, he stares at it a minute before resting them against his chest, “I missed your hands.”

“Really? They’re rough from the yard.”

“It’s why I like them; I don’t think you realize how much we touch each other, to me they feel like silk.” Not letting go, he turns my hand over, inspecting, “Your knuckles have healed, I see.”

Ignoring his look of chastisement, I don’t shirk away from what I did, “I took my anger out on a punchbag. I wanted it to hurt.”

His eyes are peeled, scrutinizing; no doubt to try and tell if I’m covering something up, “Is that all you hurt?”
My answer is brutally honest, “What apart from you?” I can feel the bitterness rising, frustrated at my own shortcomings, I sit up wrapping my arms around my knees, “I married you, then went off leaving you thinking I’d buggered off to Portugal, taking your rings and collar with me. Not exactly my finest hour as a Master.” My little outburst doesn’t upset him, but this isn’t what he was asking, “No, I didn’t harm myself and before you ask, it never entered my head.”

“Good, and it’s not like I didn’t deserve it.”

He seems somewhat appeased and that just pisses me off more, “No, not like that you didn’t; I’m supposed to be there for you no matter what, we work things out together. I didn’t protect my property.”

Suddenly the penny drops for him why I’m so agitated, “Yes, you did, in the way that you best knew how. I’m not going to judge you, Master. It was exceptional circumstances and we are working things out. I think with hindsight we needed that breathing space, both of us. Anyway, we were on a time-out that I asked for and I could have safe-worded at any time. I could have left at any time.”

“Why didn’t you?”

There’s so much affection in his voice, its humbling, “Why would I? It’s not as though I didn’t know how upset you’d be. I think the only thing that really surprised me, in the end, was you never said a word after reading the list, you just walked away. I wasn’t prepared for that. I didn’t know if you would turn up at the church or not; I hoped but I had no clue.”

“Sorry.” There’s a lull in the conversation; I hadn’t appreciated until now how hard it was for slave. I was too confused and hurt to handle more than myself at the time. “Do you still trust me? I wouldn’t blame you if you don’t.”

His eyebrows rise, seemingly startled I have even asked it, “What kind of stupid question is that? I should have thought it was obvious. Yes, I trust you.”

“Sorry, you have your guilt, I have mine.”

For the first time, slave sounds irritated, “What do you want me to say; you’ve read my journal. I was hurting and it did feel like you were running away when you left. You were angry. I’m sorry for ruining our wedding day. I’m sorry for a lot of things, we both are.”

I had lots of small things planned to make the day special, I’d forgotten all about that until now. It makes me feel sad, “We got married at least, and I don’t think anyone picked up on anything, except maybe Harriet when we exchanged the rings.”

“I like that we’re married,” slave sits, positioning himself in front of me, rubbing his thumb over my wedding ring before straying once more to my knuckles, “Did it help?”

I know he is referring back to my one-on-one with the punchbag, “At the time. It was better than the alternative.”

“I feel as though I should say thank you, but that would be like an endorsement and it isn’t.”

Ashamed, I avoid looking at him directly, “It felt like I was going to explode, it scared me that I could still get like that.” Finally turning to look at him head-on, my hand grips his firmly, as if I’m afraid to lose the connection, “You weren’t scared though. Tom said that you trusted me more than I trusted myself.”
“Maybe. I expected you to flip out, lose it with me, even if it was just to yell, but when you didn't, I was scared for you more than anything.”

"Thank you." His faith in me is mind-boggling at times, that’s where I am totally in awe of my slave, “Are you ever worried that I’d become abusive?”

“You’d never hurt me in anger, and if you did, then I’d leave.”

“I have though in the past, and you wouldn’t have left that day in the barn, no matter what.”

“That was a long time ago.” He scowls as I scoff, not seeing the distinction; slave sighs wearily, “I don’t really know what I would have done. We’ll never know now so it’s kind of a moot point, you didn’t and you won’t.”

Suddenly deflated, realizing I’d taken the conversation down a route I hadn’t intended, my tone reflects my recognition of this, “No, Tom made me see that. He said that I don’t talk enough about being a Master.”

“He’s probably right.” Pulling me into a hug, I sink into his arms; slave sensing I need some help in shoring up my feelings, thankfully changing the direction of the conversation. He sounds curious though, “You like him, don’t you? I don’t mean that you didn’t before but you never went out of your way with him if you know what I mean.”

“He’s different from what I expected when you get to know him better; he got me to talk about how I was feeling, helped me sort things out in my head.”

Grinning, slave squeezes me affectionately, “Heaven forbid.”

I can’t stop the wry smile at being outmanoeuvred on the day, “He’s sneakily patient, and then catches you out when you’re least ready for it. You like Elliott.”

“He’s funny, but he can be serious too. That reminds me, I have a confession.” I raise my eyebrows squinting, curious, “He gave me some chocolate.”

“Muppet,” slave is amused by his teasing line in, “I hope it was good chocolate.”

Although nodding, I don’t miss him tensing slightly, “Very good chocolate, and we slept next to each other on that Saturday night.” Strangely, this doesn’t faze me at all, I know if there had been anything in the slightest, he would have already told me, “Just sleeping. I needed someone close.”

Looking at him directly, I want him to know I mean my words, “He had permission to stay with you. You didn’t need to tell me you know.”

“I know. Just thought I should start as I mean to go on.” Slave pauses an instant, “He snores.”

His sneaky smirk is back and I crack a smile, “I don’t think that’s a punishable offence, unlike the chocolate if Master Thomas finds out.” We share a conspiratorial smirk, ”I won’t tell if you don’t.”

“Hah, deal.”

With the tension gone out of the conversation, slave pulls me back down with him, lying facing each other, our bodies not quite touching, “Is slave permitted to make a suggestion?”

“Always.”
“We don’t need face-time as often anymore. It was good when you first started making changes, but to be honest, I think we’re quite good at talking without it.”

Conscious that communication between us is more important now than ever, I’m not so sure, “It depends; what do you have in mind?”

“Make it optional so it’s there if we need it, but I think we should have a weekly check-in with someone else we trust, even if it’s just to text and say hi when we have nothing else to say. Anything said would be private. We could even have a separate safe-word, in case we needed them urgently for any reason. It’s not about not trusting, more about having a backup, for both of us. It’s obvious that we both found it helpful to have someone less invested to talk to last week. You could have Tom and John and I could have Elliott and Tina. Elliott gave me the idea, he has this ‘buddy’ he talks to but he’s moving down South. Elliott asked me to take his place; I said I’d ask you for permission.”

“You have it.” It’s not a bad idea, “I think we can try it, but you will still have a safe-word with me. We play hard sometimes and although I think I read you really well I’m not perfect and especially if we’re trying new things and pushing some boundaries. We’re going to hit some walls like we did in the early days.” He clearly still isn’t on board with this point but nor does he argue it. “Why Tina and not Ben?”

“We’re similar in lots of ways and her and Henry are 24/7. Ben’s a good friend but he can’t really relate to something he’s never experienced.” I nod, it makes sense. “You not curious why I didn’t suggest Henry for you?”

Smirking, slave knows me well, “Cos, you know I don’t really like him.”

“Mmmh, I didn’t think you really took to Master Thomas until now either.”

“Even you said Henry’s a bit strange.”

“Eccentric.”

Not willing to concede, I push my point, “No, he’s strange, but Tina likes him. John’s good, he doesn’t judge and he’s a paramedic which comes in handy; like he taught me how to put in a catheter.”

Rolling onto his back, slave snorts, he clearly has a less than happy memory of this, “Now, wasn’t that a fun day.”

“Are you being sarcastic?”

“I safe-worded if you remember. Twice.”

I do remember, it was all stop-start; it’s not as easy as it looks and I was very nervous but I got there eventually, “I was learning. I did learn.”

“It’s a shame Shina and Caro moved overseas, they were always trying new stuff. They were totally hard-core compared to us back then.”

“Not now though. You would look lovely in that corset, dear, with matching armbinders. Such bondage sluts.” Caro and slave used to egg each other on; Shina was a lot more experienced than I was, she still is.

“I’m not going to deny it.” Making me chuckle, slave employs his best sultry pout, the one he uses when he wants something. “I seem to also remember you promising to do a lacing up my back. Silk
ribbons. It'll look fab.”

The idea definitely piques my interest; I’d forgotten, it’s that long ago. I’d make it much more intricate now than I could have back then, “What colour do you think?”

“Blue.”

With his sparkling blue-green eyes to match, slave knows he has me hooked, “That can be arranged.”

“Thank you, Master.”

Needing to get something clear, I hark back to the earlier conversation, “You know you can tell me anything right?”

“I know, but sometimes it’s good to talk about you even if it’s just to poke fun at you.” Giggling, slave is easily amused at his own wit.

“Haha. Sometimes, you are so not a slave.”

He raises his hands in mock denial, “I doth protest. I am where it matters the most, in here and here.” Reinforcing the words, he touches his head and then his heart, before switching topics once more, “What was it like living with Master Thomas?”

“Different. It reminded me that if I insisted on you being more service-oriented, which I won’t, that we’d both be miserable and probably getting a divorce within a week and you’d retire from slavery because I am still your one and only Master.”

“That’s a bit extreme, don’t you think? And yes, you are.”

“slave Elliott is wired totally different. I like you naked and needy.”

Tipping his head in my direction, slave doesn’t contradict this thinking, “Ah, so that explains the way you look at me, it’s like you can’t get enough. Seriously if I look at you the same way even half the time, I’m surprised we don’t get called out on it more.”

“I have a very sexy slave, what can I say.”

“Master is very generous. I give my body gladly to the cause.”

“Well, you are very touchable, you make me horny.” My hand runs across the lines of his hips and calves, he’s tight, soft and toned in all the right places. “Why else, do you think I keep you like this, other than being available to fuck you without the distraction of having to undress you first.” slave smiles, his cheeks going slightly pink at the association, “Except when I like unwrapping you, that can also be fun.” A moan escapes his lips as my hand drifts down his navel, fleetingly as light as a feather, barely touching his shaft. Chuckling, I let it still on his inner thigh, my thumb stroking back and forth sufficiently teasing, so near yet so far. Removing his right to beg is one of the best things of the recent changes as I watch his expression shift, the biting of his bottom lip as his eyelids half close, his arousal spiking. “I love you. So sexy.”

His husky voice only serves to seduce me further, “You have very talented hands, Master; the magic touch.”
It’s amazing how we can switch from a relatively ordinary conversation to sex in the blink of an eye, “slave loves when Master does that.” His body arches, and legs spreading slightly. He isn't even aware he's doing it.

Sliding my hand back up over his shaft, the faint tremor through his body is very satisfying, my thumb rubbing back and forth over his frenulum, occasionally drifting up and over the crown of his knob. “All it takes is the slightest touch and you’re like a little bunny rabbit eager to be fucked ragged.” It can be tricky to keep the right pressure, but I perfected this a long time ago and edging slave is a favourite pass-time of mine.

It’s a lot of fun to make slave ache and squirm, knowing that I can wait him out until he’s eventually so desperate from such simple torment of his mind through his body, and how very satisfying it is to receive his gratitude at being permitted to let go or not as the case may be. This is when his discipline and self-control is truly challenged, fighting his natural urges to obey strokes my ego like nothing else. “It would make me very happy if you don’t cum, slave.”

“Master.....” The balling of his fists reveals the increased effort required to keep his arms by his side, the internal battle of willpower is mesmerising.

I truly love edging him like this, it’s so subtle whilst transformative. It seems impossible that such scant stimulation is enough to make him orgasm, that I could keep going indefinitely, the build-up is so painfully slow. Yet, eventually, he hits that sweet point where keeping him on the edge with so little is achingly beautiful. It’s actually an effort on my part to hold back, a testament to my own restraint and patience but slave’s uphill struggle to contain his sensory overload makes it worthwhile. “Remember, it all belongs to me; your cock, your slave-holes, your pleasure.”

“Fuck.”

Deeply emotional and intimate the longer it continues, his breathing becomes thready, his swollen member leaking, “You have permission to beg.”

The experience of denial is liberating. As a slave, his only choice is to submit to my will, but the journey he goes through in reconciling his desires is a joy to watch. He waits, pushing the boundary of what he can endure, riding the high for as long as possible, knowing if he fails, there will be a penalty to pay.

Our limbs have gradually intertwined. Positioning myself to hold him fast with the ramping up of his arousal, my hand grabs his hip as my legs lock him in place; not for a second giving him the relief he craves, the massaging motion of my thumb is constant. It’s imperceptible, but I sense the shift in him, the words spilling out as if against his will, “I surrender.”

My thumb’s movement reduces to a snail’s pace without quite stopping, “My gorgeous slave. What do you surrender?”

“Everything, I exist to please my Master.” The tear leaks out from the corner of his eye, as every part of him is now fixated on me in one way or another, pleading for something. Anything. “Master....., if it pleases you....., I don't know how much longer I can hold it.....”

My mouth closes in, biting gently on his earlobe, knowing the warmth of my breath will drive him crazy, it’s one of his most erogenous spots, “You shouldn’t have left it so long to beg.”

“Master said good things come to those who wait; I beg you, deny my pleasure in favour of your
own.” The stilling of my thumb causes his hips to buck, the loss of sensation almost too much to bear.

“Not yet.” My thumb restarts, focussing on his slit, my fingers curled around the base of his head; he’s so close, I can almost feel his semen bubbling, ready to force its way to the surface.

“Mercy, Master.” With practised timing, the removal of my hand for the first time, in nigh on twenty-five minutes, has him crying out as if in pain; the act aborting the impending eruption.

My arm contains his straining body whilst my free hand grabs his wrists holding them to prevent him from involuntarily interfering; as much as he wants to, he doesn’t fight me, “Good boy.” I kiss away the stray tear running down his cheek, and I watch him as I always do, fascinated as he copes with the sense of loss and submission that denial elicits. The process of coming down from the high of not cumming is as intense as if he had actually orgasmed. “Such a perfect slave.” The gradual acceptance of his mind and body morphs into something I can only liken to a freeing of his spirit as if he is floating on a wave of sublime devotion. “I love you. So obedient, I’d love to keep you like this forever.”

“Anything you ask, Master. I love you.” It takes quite a while for slave to calm down, at the same time his eyelids drooping until finally closing; denial is apparently tiring.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone for your kind comments and some interesting and thoughtful observations in recent chapters. I’ve used Robert’s past misdeeds twofold thus far in that I wanted to give the boys a huge challenge to overcome (anyone who has read my other stories knows how I like to throw a big lugging spanner of angst into the mix); however, that is also cathartic for both of them albeit in different ways. Robert wishes to deepen his slavery; to do so, he has to first make peace with himself and in the process overcome many difficult feelings. He was courageous in being honest with Aaron yet when I was writing in my mind, deep down although nervous, he held faith that his bond with Aaron would survive and emerge stronger for it. Unsurprisingly, Aaron struggled to cope and equally has to deal with that, navigating his own limitations, fears and insecurities.

The circumstances are both an emotional and moral minefield and I’m sure everyone has their own ideas of how they would have handled things. I could probably come back to this story in a year’s time, and with a fresh pair of eyes make some subtle but perhaps significant changes; however, I think I would still keep the overall premise. This arc was about them accepting each other as they are with complete transparency, a stepping stone to fostering a partnership which is uniquely intimate, loving, erotic and above all transforms and complements their individual desires and aspirations.

A last point: sometimes it’s hard to find the right language to convey how the boys feel or I don’t go into as much depth as maybe I should; the one constant is that, although he defers to Aaron, this is Robert’s choice and it doesn’t in any way prohibit him from being fiercely independent. Obedience might be one of his goals, but still within the boundaries of their relationship there are many ways in which he can achieve it.
Anyway, there’s lots to come and likely a few other bumps in the road will pop up to keep things from being too hum-drum. Enjoy!
Take care, Caro
Robert is up to something, i can tell. He has that extra bounce in His step, a sure-fire tell in combination with my attire making me curious what else the day might have in store. On all fours, since getting out of bed, i’ve not been permitted to speak. After showering, i worshipped my Master whilst helping Him get dressed and was then put into my latex rubber bondage suit. Covering from my toes up to my neck, all the little zips concealing areas of the body that Master likes to access and play with are closed, and the zip at the back is padlocked to my collar. Wearing mitts and knee-pads, i am content quietly eating breakfast from my bowl, finishing off with a drink from Master Himself, before He locks on my head-harness. The muzzle has a medium sized gag which is comfortable but large enough to prevent me from bothering attempting to talk even if i wanted.

We enjoy spending full days like this from time to time, whether just chilling out and relaxing or turning into something more playful. As Master isn’t so keen on the pet-play aspect of BDSM and i don’t mind, either way, this is generally as far as we go except usually, He likes me filled and stretched. There’s only the leather blindfold visible on the kitchen table, as far as i can see. So, the fact that i’m not plugged by now makes me more than mildly suspicious that He has something up His sleeve.

Looking at the drizzling rain through the window, it’s hard to believe yesterday was so sunny and warm out. With Master going upstairs to get changed, i’d usually take advantage nosing around to try and work out what He’s up to, but my leash is tethered to the wall with only enough slack to curl up on my dog-bed leaving me no option but resign myself to being patient. i had assumed that Mina was coming here to put in my piercings but i’m BEGINNING to doubt it when talk of the devil, she saunters in through the kitchen door. Upon seeing me rise up on my hands and knees, grinning she comes over to pet me, “Such a good slave for your Master. Where is he hiding, huh?” Keening at her touch, the only option to communicate a response is with my hand indicating Master’s location. Planting an exaggeratedly noisy kiss on the top of my head, grinning back at me she goes looking, and from what i can tell, yells up to Master from the foot of the stairs, alerting Him to the fact she is here.

Making herself a cup of tea, Mina then carries on as if i’m not here and i settle back down, shuffling to find my spot from before to get comfy. In some circles, i know we’d be considered quite heavy players which i hadn’t ever imagined when we started out. i had maybe an inkling about me but never that Master would take to it so naturally or be so good at it.

i’m very comfortable with my body being on display these days, naked or otherwise, especially with all the recent training Master has given me. He might sometimes make me blush but that’s more to do with the lustful way He looks at me and that He takes great pleasure in playing with me. We both get off on Him watching me, each feeding off the other, and irrespective of what is required, the scene or task quickly becomes my sole focus so as to please my Master. Yet, i do still get off on humiliation,
often from the simplest things, the odd few words in my ear and location play a big part in it. Like when Master used me in the office in Hotten or having my cock out when we’re in the car. Master has become an expert at drawing out the myriad of conflicting emotions - excitement and shame. To do it well, you have to know someone very intimately; it’s a very personal way of turning me on and Master has had much fun with it over the years. Whether I enjoy it or not is neither here or there.

This now, here, isn’t humiliating per se, but the fact that Mina is humming away fingering through a magazine completely ignoring me hits a similar button inside. Unable to talk, I can’t even go near her to be petted or to sit at her feet, that would be nice and easy whereas having these privileges removed is humbling, not demeaning in any way, just a stark reminder that I’m a slave and being treated in this manner especially by someone other than Master keeps my ego in check like nothing else can.

Perking up as Master comes in, crossing the room for His jumper which He left on the sideboard, He smells nice, the whiff of His aftershave drifting in His wake. It stirs my groin just seeing the back of His t-shirt rise up, showing some skin as He lifts His arms to pull the jumper on over His head, and He smiles over at me affectionately hearing my whimper. Walking over, He unclips my leash and I crawl after Him, kneeling where He sits in the kitchen chair, my mitted hands resting on my thighs. Leaning forward He kisses my forehead and with His encouragement, I rest my head against His thigh, letting His subsequent conversation with Mina flow over my head. What I enjoy the most about being like this, is that nothing is expected of me; I can just relax and wait until Master gives me a command. It’s totally freeing.

Having slipped a little into my own headspace, enjoying Master’s fingers carding through my hair, He signals that He wants me to come up, “Okay slave; time to go. Look at me, please.” For the first time, I notice the posture collar, raising my neck in anticipation of it being buckled into place. It’s immediately restricting, designed to fit snugly with the harness and muzzle; everything is custom made and fits perfectly. “Now I want you to be a very good slave for me this morning, we’re going into town to have your piercings inserted and then I have a surprise. You need to be totally aware, so, I’m going to give you a choice on the blindfold; do you want it on or shall we leave it here?”

Unsure, I decide I’m interested to know what is going on around me plus it’s too easy to slip into subspace with it on. The blindfold is on the table and I push it away with my mitt. Decision made, Master looks inordinately pleased and I wonder if I’ll come to regret this choice. Either way, it’s too late now, padding on my hands and knees behind Master, I follow Him outside. Mina must have driven the minivan that He uses for small jobs at the scrapyard to get here, the back doors opened, I crawl up inside as directed. Knowing how careful Master is about safety, I’m curious; I’ve never been transported like this before. The prospect is both exhilarating and unnerving.

Master’s hand runs lovingly down my back which is soothing and then the plan becomes clear. He guides me to the equivalent of a false wheel arch up against the side panel; it’s covered in some kind of soft padding. Facing inwards, I’m positioned straddling it, my ankles attached to bolts in the floor which is similarly padded. Then a belt fixed onto the side of the van somehow is buckled around my waist and tightened, another exactly the same around my chest. It catches my attention that they are exactly the type you get in an aircraft which has me wondering how He got hold of them, all whilst a rope is threaded through the buckles of my mitts, my arms pulled out to the side above my head, stretched taut in a V-like shape they are tied off presumably to other bolts. The collar makes it difficult to see anything other than what is directly ahead. “Good boy. We should get a travel cage don’t you think; I’ll have to look for one when I have time.”

It was more a statement of intent than a question which sends a tingle of excitement up my spine. Bondage of any kind is a huge turn on for me, generally the heavier the better; it’s a crucial part of
our relationship which can be both fun and intense, often both in parallel. There’s no escape which makes me totally dependent and as such is the ultimate act of faith whether it’s like this where i have some limited wriggle room or am totally immobile, an object simply to be used. It transports our relationship to a different level with my surrender no longer optional; the responsibility lies wholly with Master.

Not that i dislike the idea of getting a travel cage, but i do kind of like this setup, although a cage would also be interesting to try, it would depend on what kind. It never once enters my head what i might look like, that is until Master slots a camera into a makeshift holder opposite me, grinning as He waves His phone in front of me, “It’s not a long drive, but I’ll be watching and listening closely slave.” Now i better understand Master’s smile from earlier and i’m beginning to regret rejecting the blindfold, but then i wouldn’t feel as thrilled and excited as i do now. As if Master can read my thoughts, He kisses my forehead, His hand grabbing at my crotch, squeezing and i hear Mina chuckle at my predicament and shame at my whimpering reaction, “Hard, already my little man-whore. It doesn’t take much does it?” Now that has me feeling humiliated and Master knows it.

The door closes and i can hear Master and Mina talking in the front, but it’s just a muffled sound, drowned out by the noise of the engine as i’m left in the shadows, the camera recording my every breath. i’m so aroused, unconsciously humping nothing but the air in a vain attempt to get off. It’s a good job Master didn’t plug me because with the vibration from the drive, with the right plug i’d have cum more than once by the time we get to our destination. Next time, Master, next time.

The journey passed pretty quickly, and it’s not long until i’m crawling in through the back door of the tattoo shop, puzzled as i’m taken through to the front instead of directly upstairs. My leash is tied to a hook above my head and my mitts clipped together behind my back. “Be good slave, we’ll come fetch you when we’re ready.”

Mina appears in front of me and i feel her pressing down with some kind of marker, writing something on my forehead, “There, just in case someone comes in, they’ll know exactly what you are.”

True humiliation sets in as i’m left on display in the waiting area, passers-by in the street colourful figures through the window and Mina’s partner busy tattooing a lady just off to the side smiles at me; she knows who i am already. i don’t see or hear anyone else, but if anyone does come in off the street, they’ll have full view, the only saving grace that i’m pretty much unrecognizable with the muzzle and head harness.

Thankfully, i’m not left long to wait and crawling upstairs, i follow my Master to the piercing station. Gently, He removes the posture collar first and then the muzzle harness; i mourn the loss of restriction but it also feels good to be able to move freely. Master pushes a straw into my mouth, the water tasting wonderful after being gagged and He holds the plastic cup for me until i’ve had enough to drink. Within the privacy of Mina’s studio, Master quietly helps me out of the latex and mitts, then with me comfortably at His feet, massages my shoulders and neck whilst Mina finishes preparing.

“You can speak now, slave.” Master pulls me onto the chair with Him, and i lean back against His chest, His arms wrapped around me feel good, “Let me know if you need another drink okay?” Nodding, words are unnecessary and i prefer to bask in Master’s arms, safe and secure. Once Mina is ready, she sits on her stool, pulling the tray with my piercings next to her and i smile back at Master, grateful that they appear to be the original ones. Simple but mine; i wouldn’t trade them for the world.
“Okay, so we’ll start with your nipples, it should be relatively pain-free; the holes won’t have closed after such a short time, we’re just doing it here as a precaution as you were coming anyway.” Not quite sure what she means, i relax against Master, wondering if He is going to have a new piercing added and if so where. There’s no need to ask, i’ll find out in due course.

As Mina said, it didn’t take long and i hardly felt the re-inserting of the metal into my skin. Having gotten accustomed to being without them, even for such a short while, the sensation is a little uncomfortable, but i’m exceptionally happy they are back where they belong. Whilst Mina removes her equipment for sterilization, i curl up against Master, “I mentioned a surprise slave. So, I want you to have two new tattoos.” He touches the P.O.A. tattoo at the back of my neck, “A small barcode just below here, a real one that can be scanned. It’ll read, ‘Enslaved 27 August 2016’ if anyone scans it.

Smiling happily, i know exactly what that represents, “The date we signed our first contract, Master.”

“Yep.”

“i like it.” The P.O.A. is at the base of my neck. It’s not visible when wearing a dress shirt although can be seen above the top of things like t-shirts. So, no-one will probably see this new tattoo either unless i’m not wearing anything up top but the sheer possibility that someone could scan it and know the truth of what i am, something so personal displayed even if not obvious fills me with hedonistic pleasure. “i like it very much, Master.”

“The other is your slave number, on your cock...., if you agree.” My eyes widen signalling my surprise, not that i get a choice to say ‘no’, but at the location; it’s not one i’d ever considered.

Master is observing me closely but it’s now Mina that distracts me from my thoughts, her expression serious. “Robert, penile tattoos are a little different, they can look great but it’s important to understand there are some additional risks which is why we have to talk and you need to listen carefully. I won’t do this without your written consent. That’s the same for all my clients who have one.”

Mina switches her gaze between us and Master shifts me out of his lap, “I’ll be downstairs.”

It’s clear He’s been told that Mina wants to have this conversation in private and i’m not having any of that, “No, stay.” Mina looks about to argue, “My Master stays. i promise i won’t agree to anything if i’m not sure. Just because i defer to Master, it doesn’t mean i’m going to be railroaded into something against my will. i am still capable of independent thought, you know. If i have something to say, i’ll say it.”

Registering my irritation, Mina looks suitably chastised, “I know that.”

It’s clear He’s been told that Mina wants to have this conversation in private and i’m not having any of that, “No, stay.” Mina looks about to argue, “My Master stays. i promise i won’t agree to anything if i’m not sure. Just because i defer to Master, it doesn’t mean i’m going to be railroaded into something against my will. i am still capable of independent thought, you know. If i have something to say, i’ll say it.”

It’s at Master i direct my next question, “Do i have to decide today?”

Unsure whether to stay or go, He answers, His eyes furtively switching between Mina and i, “No. It’s completely your choice, if and when. I like the idea of this but only if you’re good with it.”

“Okay, so sit back down and hold me,” Turning my glare on Mina, “i trust my Master not to pressure me and so should you. Now, tell me what i need to know, and don’t forget, i’m a slave.”

Shaking her head slightly at my bolshy defiance, Mina grins sheepishly, “Yes, slave.” Master chuckles quietly at us both. It’s times like these that i love my Master so very dearly, allowing me enough leeway to be assertive without the risk of punishment. Naturally, He decides which
circumstances apply and i accept the consequences if i take it too far or am disrespectful.

Robert – Early July 2021

Mina had explained that most of the risks are the same for any tattoo, it was a good reminder to go through these. Then it stands to reason that there are more nerves in the penis so any slip could lead to nerve damage and increased scarring but who knew that inking your dick could leave you with a permanent erection, and if that happened, would likely need an operation to correct it.

Factually talking through everything, Mina didn’t try and persuade me one way or the other, giving me several medical pamphlets to read. She also showed me pictures of ones she’s inked before, more than you’d think as apparently not many artists offer it; there were some truly imaginative designs. Master had obviously already done His research but left it to me in doing some more digging on the internet as i wanted whilst we ate some lunch and then Mina’s partner cut my hair, having started out as a hairdresser way back when. It’s always hard for me to be naked with other people around outside our small circle of friends, especially with Claire who i don’t know beyond saying hello. She isn’t in the scene but i got the impression she’s been exposed enough through Mina as she cut my hair acting totally oblivious to the fact that i was buck naked. Me on the hand sat there mortified, especially as half-way through Master wrapped my cock in a tea-towel filled with ice-cubes to chase my semi-hard-on away, at the same time commanding me to keep my eyes on the mirror in front of me. There was no escaping my shame and embarrassment.

When the time came, i acknowledged that i liked the idea as much as Master. Signing my consent, i put my faith in Mina, knowing she is a professional with a good reputation and, at the end of the day, i’m certain that she wouldn’t have even contemplated doing it, if she wasn’t confident. Compared to the pictures i saw, mine is the simplest by far, but i like it or i will when it’s all healed. Apparently, Master had only expected me to have the barcode tattoo done on the day, but i decided why wait and i can be stubborn with the best of them when i’ve a mind to be. We left Mina’s studio with her words ringing in both our ears to follow her instructions exactly for cleaning and maintaining hygiene, especially of my cock. She gave us a special cream to apply and sex is off the agenda until i’m fully healed with Mina reading the riot act saying not before she gives the go ahead. The look on Master’s face was an absolute picture; Mina can be quite fearsome for someone who’s so petite as being the one in charge, He got the brunt of it. i can foresee giving Master a lot of blow-jobs in our near future.

The tattoo at the base of my neck didn’t hurt hardly at all compared to last time from what i remember; it was done relatively quickly, being small and one colour. It should only take around three weeks to heal all being well. More surprisingly, the one on my penis shaft didn’t hurt as much as i expected it to either. It wasn’t the kind of pain that sends me floating but thankfully as a slave with a strong masochistic tendency, my conditioning made it quite tolerable. Mina seemed impressed at least. Healing is variable but i’m hoping it also doesn’t take more than three or four weeks, fingers crossed, assuming there are no side-effects or infection.

Master dictated the size, style and colour; royal blue, ‘slave 404-702-535’ starting below my head, sideways on, travelling lengthways down my shaft. Master wanted it kept fairly small, interested in the symbolism more than having something big and gaudy that screams ‘slave’. That said, any doctor, nurse or anyone else having a gander at my privates, will have no problem reading it even without tilting their head to the side to read properly. They won’t be in any doubt what i am. That alone is a peculiar feeling, but one i think i rather like.”
Arriving back at the cottage, to remove the temptation of touching where I shouldn’t, my wrists were buckled to thigh cuffs which is how they remained all weekend during the day and locked to the headboard at night, making Master the equivalent of my full-time carer. He was very attentive in following Mina’s instructions to the letter.

To avoid me getting too frustrated and bored, we spent some time creating a values list, Master doing the writing, with the intention that we turn this into a joint mantra at some point. We watched a few films and He read to me, and I taught Master a couple of new recipes. It was nice watching Master doing all the work in the kitchen for a change and it gave me the opportunity to drop hints that I’d be interested in having some advanced cookery lessons for my Christmas present. Making our meals has always been my job; even before I was a slave, I did most of the cooking, finding it relaxing after being in the office all day so it would be a win-win if He got the message. I think He did, I wasn’t very subtle.

Coming home back to Emmerdale on the Sunday tea-time was a right bump back down to earth for both of us, made stranger by our routine being completely up-ended. Master was borderline paranoid about protecting me from getting any infection that I wasn’t sure He’d let me go to work on Monday, but by the end of the week, we had found a new rhythm of sorts. Outside the week after we got married, I don’t think I’ve gone so long without anything inside me; not even Master’s fingers. It’s going to be a very long few weeks at this rate. Most of the time at home, my hands are immobilised one way or another unless doing my chores, Master watching closer than usual to make sure I didn’t forget and start scratching.

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My phone pings; ‘xxx’ from Master flashing up on the screen. Not needing to be in the office to finish closing out my project, I had permission to work from home this morning. Finishing in good time, on the spur of the moment, I’d texted to tell Him I’m calling in to see Harriet before driving to Hotten.

Finding her in the back pew of the church on the phone, she silently mouths ‘hello’ at me and I signal that I’ll wait outside. Sitting myself up on the wall by the deserted play area to pass the time, I’m entertained by my feet swinging up against the stone. For some reason, I’m never overly comfortable being in church these days, something to do with wearing a slave collar I reckon. Coming out looking, a few minutes later, Harriet joins me, “So, how’s married life treating you? I saw Aaron yesterday talking with Vic; You both look well, must be all that sunshine.”

“Yeah, it’s good. Not that different you know.”

“So, what brings you to this neck of the village? I don’t normally see you here unless there’s a birth, wedding or funeral and I don’t know of any on the calendar.”

“Very droll,” Smiling at her, I can’t help but agree, “But true.” Harriet’s always been easy going to talk to; I can’t understand why she never seems to find the right man to settle down with. “We’ve been shuffling around some of our work and, erm, well one of my projects has come to an end, so I have a bit of time on my hands and wondered if you needed any help.”

Studying me, I wouldn’t say she’s disbelieving but is definitely very curious, “What type of help did you have in mind?”

Master’s only guidance is that my service has to benefit other people but the decision of what and how much time, He’s left for me to work out with Harriet. Wanting to see what came up with her first, I didn’t ask Him to define it any further; Master can always veto it later if He doesn’t approve.
“I’m not overly religious, you might have noticed.” Her wry smile confirms as much, “I’m open to suggestions really; community work, fund-raising. What do you need?”

“Do you mind me asking what’s brought on this bout of conscience?”

Knowing this would be a likely question in one form or another, I’ve been asking myself how I would answer; the truth isn’t an option but I prefer not to stray too far from it either. “Aaron and me, we come from difficult backgrounds, totally different but we struggled when we were younger and both did some things, well, that we aren’t very proud of. Whilst we were away, we got to talking about it. It reminded me of how selfish I used to be and that everything was about me without considering what damage my actions caused; my husband challenged me to be a better person, do something to help wipe the slate clean. We’re comfortably off and Liv is great, but she’s not around much; we’ll never have children, we like our life how it is too much to compromise. If I’m going to do something, now’s as good a time as any.”

“And Aaron, will he be helping also?”

“No. He might chip in every now and again, but this is something I have to do for me; my own peace of mind if you like.”

She seems to accept my offer at face value, but there’s no reason why she wouldn’t, “Alright, let me think about it. Do you have any restrictions on time of day and such like that I need to take into consideration?”

“Afternoons would be better; my project used to take up about a day a week so anything similar would work; not Fridays, I have other commitments on Fridays, and weekends are for home stuff so they’re out.”

Without realising, I’ve turned quietly contemplative, staring beyond the village hall towards the graveyard, “Robert, none of us is perfect, I know I’m not. I tend to focus on the future instead of the past.”

“Yeah, well. Folks have long memories around these parts, Harriet and I didn’t always used to be a very nice person. I don’t want that to be what people remember about me I s’pose.”

She studies me, her expression thoughtful, “It must have been quite the conversation you both had.”

“What are you trying to say?” My countering is said with a sense of mirth, as if she’s implying that we can’t have a serious conversation, yet it touches deep inside.

“Nothing, it’s not so often I see you this introspective.”

Turning my head sideways, I feel like I owe her more, but it’s not possible although my response is open and honest, “Getting married shouldn’t change anything, but it’s kind of changed everything. It’s made me value what I have more. It’s difficult to explain.”

“You don’t have to. I’m not going to turn down a pair of helping hands, especially ones as capable as yours.”

Acknowledging the compliment, I flash a winsome smile, “Why flattery will get you everywhere, my dear lady.”

“Pfft, I haven’t been called that in a long while.” Nodding to the lane, her voice projects louder,
“And your husband might not approve.”

Looking over, i see Master hovering by the gate of the play area, hands shoved in His hoody pockets. Sensing this is a good time to end our chat, Harriet stands, batting dust from the wall off her jeans, “I’ll call you with some ideas in a couple of days, okay?”

“That works.” Also pushing myself up off the wall, i smile across at Master, who’s patiently waiting. Harriet heads back into the church, he nods a greeting to her on His way over to me.

“I wasn’t spying on you.”

“It never crossed my mind. You done already?” Master had to make an early collection and not expecting to be back until this afternoon, He was going to call into Hotten to see me on the way. Still prohibited from touching my own appendage for any reason, we’ve fallen into a pattern where Master meets me in the middle of the day to go to the bathroom, take care of my bodily needs and apply some of the cream on my tattoos. Most days the timing has been around midday when we've usually then eaten together. Both tattoos are now nicely scabbed over and Master takes a daily picture of them to send to Mina who is monitoring how the healing is progressing.

“Yep. Traffic was lighter than we expected so I thought I might catch you here still. We can eat at home before you go into town and I’ll put your cream on. Save me going into Hotten.”

“Sounds like a plan, my Master. You lead and i follow.”

Unmoving, we see Harriet exit the church, locking up, before getting into her car to drive off. Meanwhile, Master snakes his hand up my back, sliding his fingers inside my collar so that it is pressing on my windpipe, His mouth close to my ear, “You’re going to get on your knees and suck me off when we get home, slave.”

My face acquires a crimson glow hearing this whilst managing a wave goodbye in return of that from Harriet. “Christ, Master.”

“Don’t worry, I don’t think he listens to greedy holes like you.” Our eyes lock, and thankfully i hear the sound of Harriet’s car pulling away, “Does that turn you on, fuck-toy?”

“slave is grateful to be allowed to choke and gag on Master’s cock until Your cum slides down its throat.” With lust-filled eyes, i sense He would take me here and now if He could and i voice what we are both thinking, "slave is looking forward to You soon being able to pump its hole raw for Your pleasure.” Master is being so cautious that not only is sex involving my cock off the table, but also nothing is allowed inside me, not even our smallest plug. It's driving me crazy. One of the hardest changes to our day for both of us is missing out on my golden shower in the morning until i'm healed. Instead Master washes me and i suck Him off, it's nice but not as meaningful for starting the day. He unlocked my chains and left long before i got up this morning.

The evil grin on Master’s face is something to behold, “I love you so fucking much slave, I’m going fuck your mouth raw when we get home,” Before i can respond He releases me, glancing around quickly before pushing me onto my knees. “But first, kiss my feet.”

The wall shields us from the road up to the village but not from the gravel lane down the back of the houses or the village hall, however, i don’t hesitate, still heady from the pressure on my throat. Sinking down into my own piece of heaven, onto my knees, i kiss Master’s boots, each one four times as has become my habit, the top first, then either side of the toe cap and the top once more.
Being hand-fed naked on the back steps with my hands cuffed behind me will never get old; add into the mix that there’s something about being bare outside that I really love, if it wasn’t for my itching dick, I’d be an exceptionally happy slave. Fortunately, I don’t give in to the temptation to scratch, the threat of the coalhole and a caning is sufficient deterrent. After eating paninis, Master uses my mouth hard, grunting as He serves me my creamy dessert. We’re both definitely finding the restriction on our sexual activities difficult; He’s as desperate to fuck me as I am to be fucked and I make a silent promise to myself to make the first time to be an occasion like no other for Master to remember.

Having licked Master’s cock clean, we settle and talk a while. “I don’t necessarily have to go back to Hotten, Master; I could help You out at the yard.”

“Won’t they miss you?”

Master smirks, albeit kindly, at the depressed face I pull, “Doubt it. I came back to work and everything is ticking along same as usual, Nicola might be a dragon, but she’s efficient and the customers like her quirky humour. It makes me feel superfluous to requirement.” This is sometimes the side-effect of choosing not to develop the business anymore. It grates every once in a while but I usually get over it; the lack of lots of hard sex to distract me isn’t helping.

“Oh, believe me, slave, you will never be superfluous to requirement.” Master buttons his jeans, landing a sharp smack to my arse cheek as if to prove His point before getting up going into the kitchen with our plates. Returning He sits back down. “Then, we’ll go see mum this afternoon I think.”

This is a visit I’ve been putting off; Master hadn’t given me a timeline to offer my services to Chas so it seems like He’s going to force my hand. He’s been quite patient really. It’s not that I’m trying to get out of anything, I just can’t seem to come up with a reason she’ll buy why I’m cleaning the pub toilets instead of running a haulage company.

“I’ve been talking with Charity and the brewery. I’ve made an offer for her share of the pub and she’s accepted verbally; the brewery is happy and I’ve spoken with the bank. Ben’s just drawing up all the paperwork. When will the money from the project be available?”

“Early next week. I spoke with them this morning, everything is signed and they’ll put the originals in the post tonight.” After hearing I was intending to wind up my project, I was approached and made an offer to sell the concept including all the goodwill and contacts. It was more than I could have hoped for so after talking things over with Master it was a no-brainer and He told me to get everything tied up. Now I know why He was so interested as usually He only gives these things a cursory once over. With the money from this, He won’t have to borrow anything to buy into the pub if He combines it with some of the profits from Home James and the scrapyard.

One of the more subtle but significant changes I’m noticing is that Master doesn’t always share everything, or He only tells me certain things when He wants me to know. This shift in our relationship is very powerful; we have an open exchange but totally on Master’s terms. This is taking some adjustment on my part even though there’s no reason He should tell me; after all, this is what I asked for when I talked about things being less comfortable. The pub will only be signed in Master’s name, I assume. He’s not volunteering and I’m not asking; I’ll probably find out later with Chas. It’s not as though I don’t play my own part in this, like taking care to talk about the business or projects and any proceeds as His. As far as I’m concerned, He owns me lock, stock and barrel.
“I’ll need to rework your schedule. Mornings at the pub, back here by eleven-thirty to make us something to eat and I’ll come home unless I’m too far away on a job.” Master studies me, watching attentively, “The more I think about it, the more I like your plans for a vegetable garden, that’s going to be quite a lot of work, at least this year getting it all setup. It’ll go towards earning your keep,” such talk triggers a rush of indescribable love, and sense of being loved, travelling through my bones; i’ll never understand why, i just know it does, “So I want you to make it big enough for us to be as self-sufficient as possible. I can help in amongst when necessary; we could even supply the pub if there’s any spare going. Map it out and then let’s see what we’ll need and how much it will cost.”

“Thank You, Master; i’ve already made a start on the plans.” We were lucky with the house, it’s a big plot of land and we also own a small strip of land off the other side of the garden hedge which is what i had in mind to use but i’d only intended cultivating about a third of it and was thinking of eventually turning the rest into a garden area. Looking at Master expectantly, i get the impression He’s not finished and i’m not wrong.

“I think we’ll give Nicola that raise she’s been harping on about and a new title if she’s doing such a good job. We can go to the office one afternoon a week, you can check over the books and review everything with her to brief me; slaves don’t run businesses but they can be quite useful all the same. Until Harriet comes back to you, the rest of your week can be spent on the veggie garden.” Digesting this little bombshell, i begin to contemplate how much this will change my daily life. He might be using the royal ‘we’ but there’s no doubting, this isn’t a discussion and i’m glad i can be of service to my Master in this way.

“You didn’t seem too impressed with the results on the Scarborough project; you thought about it any more?”

Paying closer attention to Master once more, He’s referring to our recent discussions about how things have been going with my second project, “It’s not worth investing any more into it; i don’t like the way it’s being handled, it’s better to cut any losses now and pull out.”

“How do you feel about the pub?” He’s not asking for permission i know that, but i also know He won’t do anything i’m not happy about without talking further.

My smile is genuine, i’m happy for Master being able to share this with His mum, “A family business still; i think it’s better with You than Charity. Does Chas know?”

“That’s because you’ll be helping. Maybe, she’s not mentioned it if she does. I didn’t want to say anything until I’d come to some kind of an arrangement with Charity. I’d like you to go over the books though and work everything through with Ben before I sign anything. You never know with Charity; I don’t want any surprises. She’s more slippery and dodgy than your Scarborough lot.”

Isn't she just, “i wouldn’t let You without.”

This had slipped out before i thought about it, but we both know it’s true. Master hugs me in a close embrace, “Thank you.”

Soaking up Master's scent, a heady mix of shower gel and sweat from hard graft, a guttural moan...
escapes my lips as His mouth marks my neck, sucking in such a way that i am hardly able to speak, the words coming out with a gasp, a spark of deep-seated desire igniting inside me, “What for?”

“Being you. Being a good slave.”

Our eyes lock, my words as sincere now as the first time i uttered them, “slave is an extension of Master’s will, i accept Your authority at all times.”

“slave also protects Master’s interests.”

“You would expect nothing less.”

Master has seemingly sensed the shift in my mood, His expression taking on a sadistic edge. With a twisted smile carrying the promise of a special kind of pleasure, that only shared between sadist and masochist, it sends a shiver of raw anticipation down my spine. “A reminder wouldn't go amiss though to keep you on your toes; the switch tends to make a very good impression on these occasions.” Recognising the implication of His words, i imagine He's probably already picturing me squirming uncomfortably in front of His mum later, my arse so sore i won't be able to even sit down. “Why don't you go pick a fresh one; the last time it felt to be getting a little worn and it's so much more pleasing making you cry when you've just chosen the implement that will have you begging for mercy. What do you say, slave?”

i can't say i'd agree with His opinion, the last switching was just as wonderfully painful as it ever is yet i need this, “Thank You for such generosity, Master.”

“You will remember to say that after each stroke.” Unclipping my hands, He points me in the direction of the hazel tree at the bottom of the garden, “The longer you take to choose, slave, the longer I'll make you scream.” Going to get the tree clippers from the shed, He doesn't see the smile this brings to my face because i have every intention of taking my time. If i can't have mind-blowing sex to take of the edge off my frustration, i'll gladly take something that will have me flying equally high and there's nothing better than the love-hate caress of Master's touch with a home-grown switch to get me there.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Tripping The Light Fantastic

Chapter Summary

The boys discover new talents.

Robert, End July 2021

All in all, as a managed slave, there is little ambiguity in my life; my schedule is set in advance and the expectations are clear. Each and every minute of the day Master occupies my thoughts, and i live to serve and please Him at all times, even when we are apart. In this, i have everything i asked for and more – Freedom..... completely under the thrall of another. Does that mean my life is easy, plain sailing, permanently tripping the light fantastic? Hell no!

There can be no discounting that slavery can be a seesaw of emotions. Undoing the sense of contentment is the wretched dismay i feel whenever i screw up and no matter how small or infrequent my failings, the melancholy that often follows is hard to shake off. Mistakes happen, no matter how unintended, it’s a fact of life. Yet often i am my own worst enemy, easily distracted or too hasty, not to mention my pesky ego – all i can say is i’m working on it even if it sometimes feels like one step forward and two back.

Irrespective, my existence remains devoted to serving Master to the best of my ability. i love how He demands my obedience with any correction serving as a lesson, designed to teach self-control, confidence, and responsibility with true punishment reserved for willful transgressions. He never lets me off the proverbial hook, more likely i’m hanging from it, literally, it’s not always just for fun; however, simply put, i am grateful for His dedication as it makes any penance more meaningful. With my morning spanking a daily reminder and being a masochist with a fairly high pain threshold, Master has indeed gotten rather creative otherwise when i displease Him.

In this case, my saving grace is the stubbornness i carry within me as it spurs on my determination to do better, reminding myself that this is what i had dreamed of, to be ruled, commanded, held to account, denied. Master plays His part, watching that i don’t go past feeling remorse to a full-on drop – i wouldn’t say it never happens, on the rare occasion it does. However, despite my inner turmoil at the time, i know without a shadow of a doubt that Master will be there to catch me. Although an unpleasant experience, it’s important that we both remember this holding to account is necessary; it’s part of the glue that holds us together, each grounding the other.

Yesterday i screwed up - which is why i find myself feeling a little disoriented upon waking. Rubbing the sleep from my eyes, i stretch my achy limbs out placing my feet flat on the kitchen floor listening to Master no doubt intentionally banging around making breakfast. In other circumstances, this would make a pleasant change except recalling the reason for my banishment to the dog-bed in the kitchen for the night instead of being chained at Master’s side in His comfy bed, this morning it’s vexing and i’m all too aware is of my own making. For the last five years, it has been my job to pick up the laundry on the way home from the office, but for no reason i can put my finger on, it had slipped my mind for the second time this month. Once is forgetful, twice is poor form. Arriving home, empty-handed, Master promptly sent me back to Hotten – on the bus. The bags were heavy on the return journey but i didn’t complain.
Returning home, the second time, not waiting for my request to be corrected, Master locked on my big collar and despite being already clean, He had me load the first bag of laundry into the washer. Then instructed to kneel in front of the washing machine for the duration, watching and waiting for each cycle to begin, the minutes and seconds crawled by. The only respite for my knees was to put in the second load and deposit the first into the tumble drier. That’s when Master went up to bed, a privilege I forfeited; instead, I was left tasked with having both loads, clean, dry and ironed by the time Master rose this morning. A reminder that having the laundry paid for is a luxury that I shouldn’t take for granted. Mentioning that the exercise wasn’t the most environmentally friendly correction did cross my mind, however, this would have only worsened the situation so I kept the thought to myself.

Glancing at the clock, I see it’s after nine already, Master benefiting from the lie-in looks well-rested; I could infer this is intentional knowing that I wouldn’t have finished well into the early hours but I’m not that presumptuous. Either way, the dog-bed was scant comfort compared to the pleasure of lying next to my Master, and I know I got off lightly really - it was probably only because Master didn’t want His sleep interrupted when I’d finished that I wasn’t put into in the playroom cage or worse the coal-hole for what remained of the night. The wide metal collar fastened around my neck feels heavy; usually, its weight is a positive reminder of my slavery. Noticing my leash is now attached, connecting me to the hook on the wall, is even more depressing as it means I hadn’t even woken upon Master doing this.

Whilst not an excuse, the lack of any kind of sex is driving me potty to the point of distraction. Master gets to cum every day whereas I could use my cock as a pogo stick it’s been that long, not even allowed a milking, teaching me the hard way that blue balls as a concept, whilst difficult to endure, is not actually a health hazard although the discomfort would have me readily disagreeing if contesting Master’s will were at all an option.

According to Mina, my cock has made good progress and in the next week it should be fully healed so there’s no reason to delay further other than Master taking the opportunity to test my restraint to the limit and most likely getting off on every minute of my frustration along with it. From my perspective, it’s making me horny and cranky which possibly contributed to my forgetfulness. Not even a finger has come anywhere near and I miss being stretched and filled more than I could have ever imagined. Patience is a virtue of epic proportions in this matter and is not helped by Master telling me He doesn’t just own me for sex. That said, every time I look down at my appendage, seeing the tattoo elicits a peculiar yet heart-warming feeling. The barcode tattoo is already healed and Master keeps threatening that He’s going to buy a hand-held scanner so He can scan me in and out of the house. He says it so deadpan, I’m still not quite sure if He’s winding me up or actually serious. I wouldn’t put it past Him; He knows I get off on certain types of objectification and this is the sort that hits the button hard.

The now seismic shift in power between us is thrilling and daunting in equal measure as we continue to explore our hidden needs and unlock them, there are just so many possibilities. The intimacy of our relationship is special and through this, I retain a strong sense of self; surrendering so much is so very satisfying but it’s also easy to fret that over time we could slip into something less demanding.

For now, what was once fantasy, is fast becoming our reality. With both projects pretty much sorted, the few remaining loose ends tied up yesterday at the office, Monday will be my first day working in the pub. Not quite a stay at home slave, it’s also not employment that I would ever seek for myself; back in April, I had never truly expected we would achieve so much of what I had dreamed of and just how happy it makes me. My only regret is I waited so long to propose it.
Predictably Nicola was ecstatic with the news of her promotion; however, Master tempered her enthusiasm by the fact we’ll still be looking over her shoulder. Chas was also so distractedly happy about Master buying into the pub, she didn’t once question that i’d be around more to help or what i’d be doing; it just seemed a natural extension of their future partnership, a family venture and these days i’m family.

It was entertaining listening to Chas rattle off all her ideas of what she can do with the extra spare time, although Master did remind her that more time doesn’t mean more money for her to go on a spending spree she can’t afford. Once she gets going, Chas can shop for England, the resulting pout reminded me of Master and His cheesy grin let on that He also recognized this at the time.

You can tell, she is so proud of Him, as am i. Each in our own way, Master and i are firmly embracing our future, and putting the occasional flutter of nerves to one side, the undercurrent of electric energy between us is constant.

Wrapped up in my thoughts, i hadn’t noticed Master coming over until His bare foot nudges my shoulder. Scrambling to my knees, i position myself reverently with my lips a whisper’s distance from His bare feet, kissing each the customary four times. Master uses His foot to toy with me, playing and teasing as you would with a pet until His foot presses my cheek firmly to the kitchen floor, then invading my mouth with it, pushing my limits until i almost gag. “You still need that last bit of gag reflex training out of you, hmm?” If my mouth wasn’t stuffed so full, i’d agree. The instinct to pull away is strong and it’s an effort to remain still. Sufficiently amused after a time, Master ends the game rewarding me with a compliment for my overnight endeavours, “For someone who said they can’t iron, you did alright.”

My heart jumps with relief that He is satisfied, and with a spittle-covered chin, i lower my face until my forehead is resting on the bridge of His feet to demonstrate my humble gratitude, “Thank You, Master, for Your benevolence in showing this slave the error of his ways.”

“You’re forgiven, though, if you forget a third time, you’ll be doing the washing and ironing for three months. In fact, maybe we shouldn’t bother with the expense anymore if slave has such budding talent.” It’s a good job Master can’t see my expression though knowing me inside out, He can probably tell just the same. “Come on, I’ve got your breakfast ready.” Following, crawling at His heels, from the quiet chuckle, i can only assume and hope He is jesting about the laundry but not wanting to rock the boat, i decide silence is the better option.

Being Friday, Master is working from home as usual so there’s no need to rush and breakfast will be a leisurely affair. It looks gloomy out and from memory, the forecast wasn’t up-to much causing an involuntary shiver to run through me while wishing for the warm weather of June to return. “You want me to put the heating on?”

Impressed He noticed, i decline, “No, thank You, Master.” It’s a given that Master will always choose the option to keep me naked unless i specifically ask otherwise, and even then, it’s not certain He will allow it.

Receiving tacit permission to eat through the squeeze of my shoulder as Master puts my bowl in its usual spot, i dig in hungrily, my stomach suddenly aware i had missed food last night; it hadn’t crossed my mind until now.
Master finishes His cornflakes, slurping the milk down by putting the bowl to His mouth before making a meal of licking His lips clean. Fondly, i can't help thinking we're a right old pair, what with me lapping up my muesli, my hands freely positioned against the small of my back whilst the last of the milk drips from my slave nose.

Done in record time, i sit back on my heels to find Master watching me, smiling, “Come on up, i want a cuddle.” Clambering up, straddling His knees, my hand comes to rest affectionately on His collarbone, my finger caressing back and forth, returning Master's mischievous smirk as He kisses my nose-end clean. Spying two muffins on the table, i ogle them greedily, my eyes hungrily switching between the plate and Master. “Do you think you can be a good slave today?”

Nodding, i bat my eyelids, turning on the boyish charm that so often gets me into trouble, “Angelic, Master.”

He doesn't fall for it one bit, but nonetheless reaches to pull the plate nearer. “Well, in that case, my beautiful angel, I'll let you have your treat.” Lazy kisses intersperse our munching on the cinnamon and apple muffins which are deliciously warm, the only words spoken are of my gratitude, barely decipherable from talking with my mouth full. Predictably my cock is stood to attention as Master licks the last crumbs from His fingers, and sighing i accept it will be ignored, my head tipping to rest against His, resigned to my ongoing denial.

As if reading my mind, Master's finger strokes lovingly down my straining shaft, which is seriously not helping but the adoration and pleasure Master is taking from my tattoo is well worth it as is the stupendously steamy kiss that follows. Swiping off the glistening pre-cum with His finger, which makes its way to His mouth, i’m groaning in desperation as He whispers into my ear, “My slave.” Ratcheting things up further, my breathing hitches as His hand glides down my back, my eyes closing as His finger rubs and swirls over my hole until i’m outright whimpering, “Such a wanton needy thing, aren’t you?” With hooded eyes, i watch as Master sucks on His fingers before pushing them into my mouth. “Get them nice and slick, slave.” Once satisfied they have a sufficiently liberal coating of spit, i gasp as their teasing has me squirming; never once dipping inside, the slippery wetness heightens my arousal until it’s almost more than i can endure. Biting down on my bottom lip, it takes all my willpower not to give in to temptation; pressing myself down onto the circling finger would be so easy, and so naughty. i swear He’s trying to break me and He just might succeed at this rate.

“Master.”

“So good for me.” Master’s praise strengthens my determination to resist and after another devouring kiss, His hand grabs my hair pulling my head back, readying my neck for His mouth to claim, and sinking His teeth in, their indent will leave a bruising love-bite for everyone to see. Being marked in such a way has a heady effect on me, i’m desperate to be filled and Master knows it. As a result, His command twists like a knife and i embrace its exquisite torture, “Lick me out slave, then suck me off.”

Raising His legs, heels planted against the table, settling to my knees in-between His thighs, Master clears the way by loosening the belt of His dressing gown, letting it fall to the wayside. The rampant desire of my own body is now channelled into pleasuring my Master. Unleashing my tongue on His exposed hole, it’s not long until He’s moaning and mumbling incoherently; it is like music to my ears. Gradually expanding my coverage, i lick up His taint fully intending with the next swipe, to go down on His length, taking Him all the way to the base. However, my plans are foiled as Master leans over and wraps His arms around my shoulders; His mouth covering mine, the kiss is downright deep and dirty. It’s impossible to deny how absolutely needy and turned on i am, yet it isn’t a desire to receive but to give, so intense it morphs into a raw urgency as i force us slightly apart, looking
Master square on, leaving nothing to interpretation, “Fuck my Mouth, use it hard, Master; use Your slave without consideration, exactly as You want to.”

He understands what i’m offering and getting over His initial surprise, drags me up to stand tall on my knees. Positioning me as He sees fit, Master’s fingers spread through my hair, pressing into my scalp to hold my head in place. Posing, presumably, to give me time to back out, i eye Him with a steady determination, my silence making clear i want this. The energy now coursing through His body is only a tame foreshadowing of what is to come, and as He stands, there is barely time to ready myself. Training is all well and good but it really doesn’t come close to preparing you for this kind of use.

Slamming His cock deep into my mouth, i relinquish control, doing my best to relax and just let it happen, allowing Master to fuck my face using it as a vessel and nothing more. This is not for my enjoyment, reciprocation isn’t required or allowed, just that i take it, no sucking or attempt on my part to deliver any pleasure, simply holding perfectly still while taking Master’s cock to the hilt. Master has always enjoyed deepthroating, forcing down to the maximum depth, but this is something else entirely, His substantial member extends beyond the tonsils as far as it can possibly go. Energetically fucking my mouth without limits fills me with an utter joy that Master is thinking only of His own selfish needs. Consumed by the experience, His body is taut from such intense sexual pleasure that it doesn’t take long until He’s flooding my throat with an explosive orgasm. Usually, i would be savouring His essence, but unlike a blow-job, it bypasses all my senses; there are no taste-buds in the throat.

Skull fucking sounds so harsh, but i find the description perfectly apt. Offering my mouth to Master’s domination is part of the submission i can give Him, and it is a certainty from Master’s reaction this won’t be the last time i’m used in this way making it something i will have to learn to appreciate – everything about it flies in the face of my body’s natural reactions and putting it mildly, i didn’t find the experience pleasant.

Breathing heavily from the exertion, Master gently wipes away my tears with His thumbs grinning at me like the cat who got the cream, high on the adrenalin that comes with the rush of outright domination. Pushing His cock back past my swollen lips into my mouth, it rests there, His hips lightly bouncing, almost lazily, basking in the afterglow of ecstasy, “You’re incredible, just fucking incredible.” Realizing my fingers are digging into His hips, i relax them as i gradually regain my equilibrium, simply grateful i got through it without being sick. It was a close call at the end, and maybe this hadn’t been the best idea, right after eating, but the look on Master’s face made every second worth it. Kissing my forehead, His sexually charged whisper in my ear sends a shivery tingle down my spine, “I take it back, you did very well, slave. Your mouth isn’t just a handy urinal after all.” Sliding my hand into His, the immediate squeeze tells me all i need to know, and all is right with the world.

Guiding me down to kneel more comfortably, He sits back in the chair and feeling every bit the used slave i am, drained of all ability to move or even think, i sag against Him, my face resting on His naval whilst His fingers reassuringly card through my hair. After giving me a few minutes to quietly recover, draping His leg around my back, Master voices His curiosity, “What was it like?”

Answering, my eyes remain closed, “It’s an acquired taste, Master.”

Snorting a laugh, He clearly understands what i’m not saying, “One you think you could come to like?”

After considering this a few moments, i answer honestly, and this time i find the energy to lift my
head slightly, squinting up at my lord and Master, “With practice and if Master cums in my mouth it would be perfect.”

Smiling, His eyes fill me with their love, “Spoken like a true cocksucker. We’ll practice our technique then until it’s perfect.”

Grinning at the representation, i rest my head back down, taking His words at face value, “Only for You Master, only for You.”

Tipping my chin up with His fingers, He leans down, His kiss soft as a feather, “You were a perfect angel for me, you are perfect, slave.”

After running a bubble bath, Master deposited us both in the lovely warm water, allowing me to relax languidly against Him as He washes over my body with the sponge, taking a fiendish pleasure from pressing down on the handful of bruises now visible on my upper body. “Do You have a lot to do today, Master?”

“Some. I can probably be done by dinner and I’ve an appointment at the brewery this aft to sign the contract; I want to do it in person.”

This is the first i hear that everything is finalized, though i suspected as much. Kissing Him gently, our lips parting reluctantly, “We should celebrate Master.”

“Mum’s invited us to the pub for drinks later. Apparently, Charity has got herself into a bit of bother and is leaving sooner than expected; good timing really.”

With all my energy seemingly sapped out of me, the rest of the morning i retreat into my own headspace, curled up at Master’s feet, or under them when He chooses to use me as a footstool. The familiar sound of Him on the phone and doing His paperwork unwittingly lulls me into a peaceful sleep.

We went together to the brewery and i’m pretty sure i was beaming at Master from ear to ear the whole time, especially seeing Him sign on the dotted line. Knocking His shoulder playfully with mine on the way back to the car i swear He blushed, “Who’d have thought it hey, Ma Dingle and her rapscallion boy joint landlords, sorry ‘publicans’ of the Woolpack.”

Master takes the comment in good humour, His rejoinder challenging as expected, “And here was i hoping slave would be sleeping in my bed tonight; rapscallion indeed. For that, you can be my chauffeur.”

Knowing He likes the idea that He still has a bad-boy edge when in fact He is just the opposite, having mellowed considerably, but i milk it just a little, “It’s a compliment Master; dull and boring You are not. Will slave also be permitted to drink to Your health this evening?”

Snorting at my front, He sets the tone for the evening, “Just the one, and if you call mum, ‘Ma Dingle’ to her face all night, you can sleep in my bed, if not you’re on the floor.” Smirking at Him seals the deal, i’ve called Chas a lot worse over the years, she will even find this one amusing if i play it right. If He wants to challenge me, He'll have to do way better than this.
The party, marking the occasion of one Dingle leaving and another taking over, is in full swing at the pub. Master is looking slightly flushed, His eyes sparkling; He's happy. Looking and smelling amazing, it’s truly a feat of self-control to keep from jumping His bones. Having already drunk from Him earlier, my pint glass contains a fresh batch of His warm nectar diluted with enough beer to be convincing and finally in a moment of solitude, leaning against the wall, i take the opportunity to observe the love of my life, chatting casually to our family, friends and selected villagers benefitting of the lock-in – free beer and wine all round, who wouldn’t want to partake, except me of course, i prefer Master’s drink of choice for me. It's also not passed me by that Master has had almost nothing to drink in the way of alcohol, even now He has only a shandy which i sneaked Him a while back.

The Dingles love an excuse to party, however, no matter who He is with, it’s satisfying how Master’s eyes never stray far, keeping me in His sight. Master is always aware of where i am and tonight the later the hour, the more closely He monitors when i am not by His side, smiling possessively at His property and i totally get off on it.

Unable to resist for long, Master, sidles up to me, giving me the once over, and seemingly pleased He draws me near, pressing close enough that i can feel His hard-on as He nibbles a kiss at my ear lobe, “Drink up, slave.” The words are deceivingly loud enough for my ears only, but it feels as though the whole world heard and can see that i’m leaking into my shorts, just reinforcing that at this point Master’s no sex policy has less to do with keeping my cock sterile and more about keeping me psychologically on a sexual precipice, and it’s working perfectly. It’s hard not to feel overly conscious of my erection, as if people know just how aroused i am, it feels as though it’s seeping out of my every pore, how can they not see it? Already, everyone has had their two minutes of fun teasing me about the highly visible love-bite on my neck. Master laughed off any comments directed at Him, saying He’s going to give me a matching one on the other side later; i enjoyed it immensely when Chas gave Him a motherly clip around the ear at being so brazen, reminding Him He’s a married man, not a love-sick teenager. If only she knew the truth of it.

Recognizing the tone of command, i drink every last drop down in one. Warm piss mixed with room temperature beer isn’t a very tasty concoction, i prefer it pure, yet i obey, as anything else would be unthinkable. Master knows and is amused; that was the point, to be amusing to my Master. The urge to kneel is overwhelming as Master puts the empty glass on the shelf; drawing me into His arms, we sway in unison, His hardness pressing against mine. We savour the moment as if we are the only two people in the room. With the taste of warm piss being only for the slave, after planting a kiss on my forehead, Master grabs my hand, “I want to show you something.”

God, He turns me on more than life itself, how can one person do that to another? “People will think we’re sneaking off for a bit of nooky.”

Glancing back at me, grinning impishly, i shouldn’t be surprised at the answer, “They’d be right.”

There’s a couple of cat-calls as we’re spied sliding out of the room, Master taking us into the back corridor, answering the crowd with the acknowledgement they want to hear. It’s a sure-fire way to ensure we won’t be disturbed; it’s one thing guessing at what we are up to and another witnessing it.

After looking around to make sure no-one else is around, leading me down the steps into the cellar, Master explains, “I had a good look-see around the place last week for the first time and do you know what I found?”

With the tingle of anticipation, i can only wonder, “i’m sure You’re going to tell me when You're ready, Master.”
“Well, I was thinking more of showing you.” Master’s hand tightens on mine, the grip of ownership, desire and plain old dominance. “Did you know......,” stopping a moment He pushes me up against the lime-covered wall, His knee nudging up against my cock, as His mouth nibbles my earlobe, “That there’s more than just the cellar room down here?”

It’s unsurprising when i think about it, there’s been a pub here of one sort or another for a couple of hundred years, but these days only the main area is used which suffices for modern-day requirements. “I found something, in particular, that I think you’ll be quite taken with.” We only make it a few more paces along before Master is again pushing me up against the wall, this time spinning me around and my arms involuntarily reach up either side of my head as Master rips open the buttons of my jeans, His hand pulling at the fabric, massaging my arse cheeks. “You were a very good hole today; I could be tempted to give you a reward.” Just the mere hint that i might receive some kind of sexual gratification no matter how small has me whimpering.

However, any yearning is kicked to touch as Master bites down on the arch between my shoulder and neck until His finger breaches my entrance at which point i think i could have cum right there and then if it wasn’t for my training. It’s wonderful, yet too soon, both His mouth and finger withdraw, and although the sensation lingers, there’s no indication they will return. “Such a nice, tight hole, it’s just begging to be fucked.”

Turning His attention back to my neck, He finishes what He started. Nothing gets me going quicker than Master’s mouth in any shape or form and i’m in no doubt His mark will be visible to all and sundry when we go back upstairs. My t-shirt is low enough that my collar and both tattoos at the base of my neck are on display, earlier garnering several comments, including from Chas and Diane at seeing the barcode for the first time. Remaining coy, i wasn’t persuaded to reveal its meaning any more than i was in the past about the P.O.A.

Continuing our journey, tugging my hand, Master pulls me deeper into the far reaches of the cellar until we arrive at a door that could be easily missed, situated nice and inconveniently in a dark alcove with a stack of old empty crates hiding it from open view. Master pulls a key from His back pocket and unlocks the rusting door, reinforced with an iron sheeting, riveted into place as was the way in times gone by; it seems heavy as it swings open inwards hitting the wall with a deep thud. The key is also the old style, big and clunky, fashioned before machining made smaller keys commonplace and i’m turned on even more by this, or it could just be Master’s sadistic grin.

Walking into the room, He throws the light switch and an old bulb well past its use-by date sputters into life, the oblong stone room barely lit. Yet even in this dingy light, i can see its potential as He pushes the door closed, turning the key in the lock.

“I cleaned out all the junk that was here already; it doesn’t need much to occupy a slave. Something to use as a table for you to write your lines on, maybe a wooden buffet that I can fit a dildo on for you.” Already, i feel the humiliation just from the sheer idea i will be kept here whilst everyday life carries on above me, oblivious to my presence. It doesn’t take much imagination to see what He sees and i’m caught up in His vision as we tour the room; it’s small but big enough to swing a flogger, we don’t need more. “This corner is perfect for a small cage and if you look up, there’s already a few hooks across the ceiling, we’ll need to test what load they can hold or replace them if need be, and we’ll definitely need to add more, some on the wall and then the floor as well.” My mind is whirling trying to keep pace, He has it all mapped out. Master’s excited tone is infectious, “What do you think?”

My brain is still taking it all in and i say the first thing that pops into my head, “It’ll be very dark in
here with the light off.”

Master’s pupils dilate, “Caged holes don’t need to see.”

Walking a few steps, I take a deep breath, my eyes scanning around. Trailing my fingers across the stone wall, I pause, gulp and then continue my exploration, soaking up the texture and mood of the space, “We’ll have to be careful not to get caught.”

“Once down here, no-one will know; I think I’m the first person that’s been here in donkey’s years judging from how I found it.” Impatient, Master pulls me into His arms, His voice carrying a sultry, sadistic edge to it, “Just imagine hanging from the ceiling, naked, legs spread, tied apart after being fucked hard waiting for me to come back down to fuck you again.”

Keening at the picture He is painting, I drop my forehead onto His shoulder, embarrassed by just how much I like it “Master knows I would enjoy it, very much,” as my own imagination carries the idea forward. “You’ll be in the bar with everyone whilst slave is stored in the dark, perhaps tied in a predicament or completing a task. Do You think it’s soundproof enough?”

“It doesn’t need soundproofing, no-one will hear the crack of a cane from down here, and anyway a well-trained slave doesn’t make noise, I'll expect you to keep quiet if I decide not to gag you. If you’re rude to punters, or anyone at the pub come to that, you’ll get a bar of soap in your mouth; I’ll keep one in here especially for the occasion.”

Listening, I realize He’s right, I can hardly hear the thrum of noise from the pub. Just the idea is a mind-fuck and one I’m totally on board with. “Master, You’re going to make me cum if You keep talking like this, and You’re also assuming I can’t be courteous.”

When Master places the tip of His fingers against my lips, parting, silently I invite them into my mouth. The prospect of being used so blatantly outside the home is always exhilarating, “Oh, I know you can be, but that doesn’t mean you can’t help yourself get drawn into defending your position, and let’s not forget, Nicola winds you up just by walking into the room; need I go on?” Master is pleased with slave, “Good boy.” Praise for the pupil is always welcome. Just because His fingers are in my mouth, doesn’t mean I have the right to suck on them; for that, I must be commanded.

Dragging my jeans down over my hips, my shorts with them, He positions me leaning with my hands flat against the wall, His boot nudging my legs until they are spread as far as my Jean’s will permit, my bare arse on full display. Turning my head to look back, I voice my approval, “It’s wonderfully perverse, Master.”

“You won’t be allowed to orgasm in here, when I come out to the pub it’s for my entertainment, meaning here you’re just a plaything. Consider it a hard and fast rule; if you disobey, you’ll be punished.” His hand spanks my left arse cheek before grabbing my crotch, reinforcing the point, gripping tightly, “This will be punished.”

“Just a fuck-toy.”

“Exactly.” Another smack taps the other cheek causing me to gasp.

The idea is wicked and perfect; at home, we are Master and slave, lovers and everything in-between. The dynamic here will be totally different. “How will anyone know I’m here if Master is unable to release me?” Another smack rings out and I close my eyes, feeling the veil of pain starting to creep over me.

“I’ll text Tom and John beforehand,” Smack. “And then again when I’m done with you.” Smack.

...
“Don’t worry slave, I’ll keep you safe; you’ll have a warning system just like at home. It’ll probably only be the odd occasion I want to play with you here, or if we’re already here and you need punishing. I just like that we can. Do you consent, slave?”

Taking comfort from Master's hand on the back of my neck, i don't hesitate, “i do, Master.”

“Wonderful.” Accustomed to the sound, hearing the unbuckling of His belt, i steel my stance in anticipation, “Ten to celebrate, will do just nicely.”

They do indeed do nicely, with the last mark of the belt adorning the back of my thighs, tears are threatening to fall, as Master's hand on the back of my neck pressures me onto my knees. Master pushes up my t-shirt, the friction of His hand stroking out the milky cum that spatters over my lower back and arse, immediately dripping slowly downwards.

Tucking Himself away, His fingers scoop up some of the semen sliding down into my crack and unceremoniously smears it over my face rubbing it in well. “Thank You, Master.”

“The rest of the night, you stay by my side, you speak only if you are asked a direct question; keep your answer short. We won't be much longer I don't think, but we don't want to draw attention to how much you smell of my sex. I'm going to go wash my hands and whatnot, you can come back to the bar when you've tidied yourself up. No detours.” As Master's footsteps fade into the distance, i honestly don't think i've ever felt more debauched than at this moment; the rub of it is, that i'm exactly where i want to be; i'll wear Master's cum with pride.

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Sunday

Kneeling by Master’s chair in the bedroom, hands cuffed to a chain through my nipple rings, i hear Him finishing cleaning His teeth before coming to join me. He cleaned mine already, after pissing in my mouth; i almost asked Him not to, wishing to hold on to His taste a little longer but Master holds great stock in having a slave with good hygiene and who am i to argue when He has my best interest at heart.

It makes me feel loved, to be taken care of like this, special attention given during my inspection to check my tattoos each morning and night for any sign of infection, washing my hands and face, grooming my body as He sees fit. Still not allowed to touch my cock, Master is helping me pee with a routine in place that He’s intimated more than once will continue indefinitely. In the past, on high protocol days, it was usual for Master to take care of all my bathroom needs, not just for peeing; it was just how it was, and after so many years, it’s a very long time since i got embarrassed by Master holding my cock over the toilet bowl. Going for a number two, that was still difficult, psychologically much harder to accept; however, you don’t get a choice when in heavy bondage which was more often or not the case and if i had been given a choice, i know what i would have picked no matter how degrading it felt.

Sitting down, Master casually drapes His leg over my shoulder in His usual fashion, dangling it against my back. “I think if I'm careful you're healed enough we can re-start your morning protocol; your schedule is updated on the tablet and there's a couple of changes now I have a better idea of things.”

Beaming at this, i don’t think Master can truly comprehend how much this means to me, “That makes me very happy, thank You, Master; i will be sure to learn it well.”
“The tattoo is coming along nicely, i’ll be fucking you into the mattress before you know it, slave.” That also pleases me immensely and the smile on my face says it all. “Don’t get too excited, that doesn’t mean you’ll be coming anytime soon.” Right this minute, that doesn’t dampen my spirits one jot, just the thought of being ravaged by my needy Master is enough, to be able to fully serve Him. “Lydia will show you where everything is and Mum will show you how to handle everything for the bar and with the drayman.”

There’s nothing to say to this; Master has decreed the scope of my future occupation although i can’t exactly say i’m looking forward to all parts of my new job. This is where i know i have a distance to go in my slavery; i accept, but i’m struggling to be gratefully passive. Master knows this will be hard for me, but then, on the other hand, i’m very much looking forward to starting the veggie plot and i’m still waiting to see what Harriet has lined up. “Am i allowed to wear clothes for working outside?”

“Yes, i think so; we don’t want any unfortunate passers-by getting an eyeful of what’s mine.

Mischievously, i add to the thought, “Especially not Mr Micklethwait, i think he’d have a heart attack in his tractor.”

“Mmmhm, wouldn’t want that now. He doesn’t come down the bottom fields that often but still it’s not worth taking the risk. Anyway, a lot of the time it’s not warm enough, I don’t want you catching cold. I’ll set you something out by the back door when I’m not home.” He smiles with an impish glint in His eye.

Nosily, i can’t resist, “What are You thinking?”

“How good you’ll look naked wearing wellies.”

“How good you’ll look naked wearing wellies.”

“Does Master want to find out now?”

Nodding, His eyes light up at the suggestion, “Go fetch them, don’t keep me waiting. Oh, and by the way slave,” Waving His phone in front of me, my heart soars, “Barcode scanning apps are all the rage, isn’t that just dandy!”

TBC
Chapter Summary

Aaron makes his slave a present.

Aaron, Monday 2nd Aug 2021

Turning to face each other, immediately our bodies intertwine without effort of thought, so closely
that we could be one and the same, my breathing gradually steadying back down to its usual rhythm
while slave, still a little flushed, looks cream crackered, as so he should - although, I suppose, the
correct description would be well and truly fucked! Happily, of the carnal variety. Our lips brush
against one another before slave rests his head on the pillow.

Even though our bodies are languid and sated his eyes are intently glued to mine, flirtatious to the
last, “That was an unexpected distraction, Master.”

Returning his boyish smile, I grin with satisfaction, as well I might, considering. “Well, I did say, I’d
be fucking you into the mattress in the near future.”

“Well, I wasn’t expecting it to be quite like that, the next day already.”

Raising my eyebrows, amused at his cheeky audacity, “Are you complaining, slave?”

“But not at all, Master. You own a very….., very happy slave.” As if to reinforce the mutual gratification,
our lips connect once more, latching on, lingering, in no hurry to part.

My eventual answer is barely a murmur in his ear, “Glad to hear it.” It hadn’t been in my mind to
have sex just yet I’ll have to admit. Although Mina had said there shouldn’t be a problem, I had
decided to wait until the end of the week just to be on the safe side because well, I know how easily I
get carried away playing with his cock, but slave is deceivingly captivating. Probably something to
do with his delectably puckered hole seducing me when I walked through the door just before
twelve, that I couldn’t resist and after giving him a teasing rim job exactly where I found him, it
wasn’t long before we were edging up the staircase, unable to keep our hands off each other, my
clothes landing haphazardly as we made our way to the bedroom, where I did indeed fuck him hard
into the mattress.

Now we’re both working in the village it’s handy for us to eat together during the day unless I’m off
on a job; so, with the change in routine slave is expected to come home as soon as he’s done at the
pub to make something. One of the favourites in our contract is that slave has to be ready and
waiting, offering himself in the ‘Welcome’ position when I get home from work, and it’s certainly a
most welcome sight at the end of the day. I just hadn’t registered the thought about it also applying to
my coming home at this time of the day making it a lovely surprise when I walked in, and well, what
can you do when faced with such an attractive proposition.

Cuddling after sex is also a staple of our relationship, albeit an unwritten one; it’s rare that we don’t
immediately gravitate into each other’s arms, or end up spooning, one way or another. It’s as if our
closeness is second nature to us, both physically and psychologically......, and as fantastic as the sex is, I think I love this just as much, if not more.

“I take it, Master approves of his ‘Welcome’ home today.”

Smiling happily, there’s no denying the effect it had on me, “That’s one way of putting it, slave. Such good behaviour should be rewarded; I’ll have to think of something.” Especially as I continue to deny him any release which has a lot to do with him not just being horny, but generally desperately needy and eager to please.

“I’m glad I could be of service; you know, we could just stay in bed the rest of the day...”

Having poured down with rain all morning, it’s not ideal for slave to work on the veggie garden, so I can’t fault him for the suggestion, “Tempting as that might be, the bills don’t pay themselves and Adam’s grumpy enough as it is at the minute.” Giving slave a peck on his nose, I cherish the adorable look he has going on with his hair all messy, and generally, smelling of sex. It suits him.
“Tell you what, I’ll give you a choice. You can either work inside at home and do your chores or you can come to the yard and work with me there.”

Pondering, slave doesn't answer immediately, “Will Mr Barton be there and are there penalties for working at home?”

Oh, how savvy smart my slave is becoming, “He’s working but off on a job with the new lad for the day.” The penny drops where he is going with this, and there is merit to the idea I can toy with him whilst I’m working. We’ve always avoided playing at the yard, keen to respect Adam’s sensitivity to how we live. Things never have quite been the same since he found out. However, I do actually have quite a lot to do today and another idea comes to mind. “When was the last time you saw Diane properly to talk to?”

“Don’t know, a while I suppose.”

“Then, go see Diane at the B&B for a bit and come over to the yard after, and I’ll see if I can find out if Adam is planning to come back to the cabin or not?”

Satisfied with the plan, slave snuggles up, his hand contentedly stroking my collarbone, “Thank you, Master. Just say when you’re hungry?” Knowing exactly where my smutty mind had immediately wandered, he beats me to the punch, chuckling, “For food, Master; I'll heat-up the left-overs from last night.”

“And there was me thinking you were offering more of yourself.”

“You don’t need me to offer something that is available for you to take whenever you want.”

“True, that doesn’t mean I don’t like to hear you say the words.”

Before he can answer further, I kiss him hard and rolling onto his back, he smiles at me. “I exist to satisfy Master’s whim.”

As tempting as he is for a second round, I need longer to recover and I am actually rather hungry, “Seeing how you’ve mentioned it, food would be good. You want the bathroom now or after?”

He might not be embarrassed about being accompanied to the loo, but he is highly self-conscious at talking about it, which is often what I make him do. It truly is a reminder of how deeply entrenched his slavery now sits in our everyday life and the question brings a faint blush to his cheeks, it’s so endearing. “After, if that’s okay, Master.”
“Come on then, for some strange reason, I’ve worked up quite the appetite.” Grinning conspiratorially, I gently push him over the side of the bed onto the floor, “Let me watch that arse of yours on the way.” We might just have had sex, but the look slave throws my way is the biggest tease ever as he wiggles his backside, such a stupendously fine arse if ever there was one as he puts on a show for me swishing his hips, crawling towards the bedroom door. I’m very aware of just how lucky I am.

The old adage that the mind works in curious ways is definitely true. I’ve found abstinence from full-on sex the last few weeks has had a powerful effect and that now indulging myself once more, it’s like opening the floodgates making me just as horny as my slave. The fact that he is exceptionally talented in the art of seduction without even touching me, it was quite the effort not to take my slave a second time before leaving the house. I can only begin to imagine how he feels with it now being over five weeks since he had an orgasm, not even a milking to help tide him over. Since becoming a slave, sexual stimulation without permission has long being a thing of the past, but with the tattoo leading to the ‘no touching’ rule and bathroom control still firmly in place, this has notched things up a fair few levels. Denial, sexual or otherwise, evokes deeper submissiveness in him and whether he’d readily admit to it out loud or not, I know he’s in full agreement with these concepts continuing; I just haven’t told him yet that this is the plan. He gets off on them mentally, big time, and as we’ve settled into a routine that seems to fit his bodily needs it won’t be any inconvenience slotting his bathroom breaks into the weekly planning.

Ending a phone call with a customer, looking at the time, I wonder how he’s getting on with Diane; it’s been a couple of hours by now. I’m keen to ensure that we don’t isolate ourselves as Master/slave from our other relationships, it would be so easy to let this take over at the expense of all else if we don’t take care but it also provides me with ideal opportunities to remind him who’s boss. Swiping through some recent pictures on my phone I land back on the one I’d taken this morning to send to Mina. His cock tattoo in its simplicity represents everything we are to each other and starting to harden just by looking at it, a sneaky smile crosses my face as I send him the picture, innocently adding a few words, ‘How’s Diane?’

There’s no doubt that he will have turned a nice shade of crimson seeing it with Diane in the room. His answer doesn't take long, “Naughty, Master. She says hello.”

Chuckling to myself, I’ll bet she does and I send another text, ‘10 mins then leave’ and I smile at his response, ‘xxx’ our trademark text.

He’s already halfway to the portacabin door by the time I see slave ambling in my direction and I’d love to tell him to crawl the rest of the way but the hardcore gravel wouldn’t be good for his knees and the risk of someone else seeing is too high. The practicalities of life can be so inconvenient at times. Smiling at him, I turn and make my way into the office, leaning against the desk in anticipation; as soon as he’s through the door he goes to his knees and kisses my feet. It’s such a lovely sight. When I’m here alone, he also follows the rule I gave him for the office in Hotten, it just nicely sets the tone, especially that we are somewhere more public. Even if we don’t get people in and out every two minutes, there’s often someone popping along across the day.

“Come up, ready that mouth for me.” After unbuttoning my jeans, I relieve myself down his throat and find it unbelievably hot. Closing the buttons up, I notice slave’s eyes darting a couple of times to the door and I silently chastise myself for not remembering to lock it. We often walk a very fine line when we do stuff outside the home but I’d got carried away in the moment, still high on having such
mind-blowing sex earlier; it was careless but amazing all the same. Some things are so natural now, it’s hard to remember that what we do isn’t the norm. After flipping the latch I drag my finger down his cheek; I don’t draw attention to my mistake further because, in spite of the risk, he’s totally turned on and knowing Adam won’t be returning any time soon, I rub my boot up and down slave’s groin, his hands automatically shifting to behind his back, “Did you like the picture, slave?”

“Master has a wicked sense of humour.”

“One you very much appreciated I reckon?” His smile in response gives me my answer, followed by an obscene moan from the massaging of my boot, “Adam’s not sure if they’ll be coming back or not, but either way, I have a task to keep you occupied.” I’ve already prepared pen and paper for him and I gesture to the desk, “Sit yerself down on the chair; I want you to write down your five darkest desires.”

His eyes widen and I can already see the cogs turning, “Do they have to be realistic?”

“What, you mean something we could really do and not just pure fantasy?”

“Yeah.”

“Mhhm, yes. We’re going to have a week off after our anniversary, maybe two; I still have to talk with Adam. If any of them pique my interest,” which I’m sure they will, “then I might indulge you.”

“slave will do his best to inspire, Master.”

Crawling around the desk, sitting on the chair, the pen is already slipping into his mouth, “Tut tut, what did I teach you about putting pens in your mouth.”

Grinning at me, he sucks the end batting his gorgeous eyes at me, he’s hilarious, and I shake my head, “So cheeky.”

“You’re my inspiration, Master; and you love it.”

“I love you.”

Challenging, he doesn’t have any qualms in pushing me similarly, “Will Master tell slave his darkest desires also?”

Not committing one way or the other, I certainly have a few, “Maybe, if you behave yourself.” Putting on my gloves, I push myself up off the desk, “Right, I can’t hang around nattering all afternoon. Let me know when you’re done, no rush, take your time. As much or as little detail as you like but the more you give me, the better.”

His breathing hitches at the mere thought and smirking, I leave him to it. Likely I already know most of his darkest desires, we’ve talked enough over the years, but then we hadn’t talked about taking his slavery deeper until he raised it even though he’d been thinking about it, so I wonder whether he’ll have something lurking in that big noggin of his to surprise me with.

An idea produced by my own fertile imagination springs to the forefront and the manual labour of the next couple of hours gives me ample time to fine-tune it. Once I’ve finished the jobs for the yard, I set about finding the materials to assemble the centrepiece key to my plans for the evening, something other than slave himself that is. He’s going to both love and hate me for it. It’s with a devilish enthusiasm that I go about my work; being a Master of a slave, like mine, is just a world full of opportunity.
Adam did come back to the yard, in the end, the new apprentice in toe; Neil. He works hard and seems nice enough. Although irritated by it, I ignore the face Adam pulls at seeing slave sat in the office, and I know at some point we’re going to have words about his attitude. Unlike Vic, he seems to find it harder to accept how we live which makes no sense considering he has slave to thank for not being stuck in a prison cell. He could at least respect our choices even if he doesn’t agree with them.

Not wanting slave to be subjected to any unnecessary awkwardness, we leave for home, slave giving me an inquisitive look seeing the hessian sack I’m carrying. Using this as my personal brand of foreplay, I don't give away any clue, “Nosy nosy, you’ll find out soon enough, slave.”

Knowing he won’t get anything more out of me, he switches topic but his eyes keep flitting to see if he can gain any insight while pretending indifference, “Does Master have any preference for what we have for tea?”

“Do the stirfry with some rice, it’s quick and easy.” I miss mentioning this is also because I’m eager to play with him.

We usually do the weekly shop together during which slave tells me his meal-plans and then I approve or not telling him if I want something different. Generally, then he decides what to make on what day during the week but he has to stick to the list of meals that I approved. He still cooks wearing his apron when making anything hot, but it’s hit and miss if I can be bothered to put in the anal hook. Today, however, it goes in as soon as he’s out of his clothes and after rummaging around in the toy box in the living room, I find what I’m looking for, soon adding nose hooks into the mix. Fastening the leather strap firmly to the back of his wider play collar now locked on, it looks wonderful, perfect to prevent him from letting his head droop forward, perfect for what I have planned. It’s uncomfortable and slave is not a fan but that’s irrelevant because when I’m in the mood like now, I am.

Out of my grubby work clothes and cleaned up after a shower, I change into a t-shirt and my joggers before heading barefoot into the kitchen. Putting my arms around slave who has just put the cut-up veg into the wok with the already cooked chicken, I squeeze a quick hug, shifting my hands to his hips. The kitchen smells wonderfully aromatic, slave has always been a good cook, unlike me. Kissing slave’s neck, he smiles at me as I rest my chin on his shoulder, “How long will it be?”

“Couple of minutes, it’s almost ready.” Wiggling the hook, slave stills a few seconds, his eyes closing and the swell of ownership stirs within me. I really do love how he responds; I will never get bored of playing with him, whether it’s footsie under the table or heavy playing with whips and chains. They all turn me on in equal measure, and more to the point, they turn slave on just the same.

Leaving him to his cooking, I go back into the hall, where I’d left my afternoon’s effort sitting at the bottom of the stairs. Pulling it out of the hessian sack, I’m rather pleased with the finished product. It might not be the craftsmanship of Elliott, but is still more than fit for purpose. Carrying it with me into the kitchen, slave eyes me suspiciously as I place it, right on the spot where slave usually kneels. Recognizing its likely purpose, he quickly turns back to his stirring, hiding any remaining reaction from me.

After putting away the second dish, fork and spoon that he’d got ready, I rest my hand on his lower back, “I only need the one.” The words have the desired effect, the slave in him now truly coming to the fore and I go sit at the table, waiting to be served.
Apron removed, slave places my dish on the table before kneeling, it looks and smells fab. The nose hook prevents him from dipping his head, but nonetheless his eyes lower submissively, “Look at me; I want to see you. So beautiful.” He’s practically humming from the praise and is hard as a rock which is no surprise. The hook I chose is designed to rub against his prostate and just moving around making the meal will have had him working hard to cope with the experience. Standing, I lock his wrist cuffs together behind his back, “I made you a present, do you like it?”

“It’s interesting, Master. I didn’t think you wanted a pet?”

“I don’t.” Sitting back down, I nudge his present until it’s touching his knees. There’s nothing clever about it; rising up from the centre of a small wooden base covered in a thick soft foam is an upright solid block of wood, about 60 cm in length, securely covered in two layers of heavy-duty bubble-wrap. Perfect for him to slide his cock up against and easily replaceable when it gets worn. “What self-respecting sex slave wouldn’t have a humping pole.” Picking up my fork, I look at slave, now with glowing red cheeks, whose wide-eyed gaze is fixed to mine, “I thought you’d be pleased to have such an opportunity to entertain your Master whilst training that needy cock. Kneel on the base and get to it then; don’t think about stopping until I’ve finished eating. It shouldn’t need saying, but obviously, you won’t cum and if you do you can expect to be punished.”

Eating is an absolute pleasure, not only is the stirfry very tasty, slave is magnificent; the initial huffing and puffing soon descend into a desperate whimpering sob every time his cock slides across the bubble-wrap. It’s perfect. The hook must be wreaking havoc because, with trembling thighs, his agonized expression is a joy to behold. By the time I spoon into my mouth the last of the stirfry he’s such a quivering mess, that he can hardly rub up against the pole more than one pass at a time; the hesitation before the next lasts longer while his cock, ramrod, is leaking furiously, fit to burst. I don’t want it to end on his behalf; what Master would when it’s such an inimitable pleasure to rock his world in this way that I can’t help myself, “That was very nice slave. So good, in fact, I think I’m going to have seconds; I’m really very impressed, so keep going.”

It’s a safe bet that murder would be preferable even to an orgasm at this point, either way, I get up and spoon a second helping onto my plate. Returning to my seat, I’m so proud of my slave, he’s truly on the edge of his endurance and the thing about the nose hook is, with it keeping his head up, he’s pretty much forced to look at me. With damp tears now staining his cheeks, there’s a raft of conflicting emotion rolling across his face but it’s the concentration, his overriding desire to obey that is most impressive. His primal struggle to please me is stunning, the war of body and mind fighting the natural urge to cum and I so don’t want him to fail, “Hold it for me slave.” Bending close down, “Just a little longer, my beautiful boy.” God, sweet dreams are made of this.

“I’m trying Master, I’m really trying.”

Dangling a finger, I lightly caress his cheek, before returning to my stirfry, a spectator as he becomes increasingly unhinged, battling against the weeks of denial and still, I don’t give him an out. “Well, then. Don’t just try – do.”

The tears are running freely down his face, his response practically a whisper, “Yes, Master; slave will do his best.”

I’m tenting in my joggers, fighting my own personal battle not to let my hand anywhere near just yet, “A truly devoted cocksucker doesn’t cum unless its Master wants it to and as you please me immensely like this, well I don’t. A slave’s cock is the property of the Master; why else did I have it
marked. It has to be trained to know its place.”

“Master……, please, have mercy.”

Spooning the last of the rice into my mouth, rising I stand in front of him, freeing my throbbing member from the confines of the dark fabric, “Look at your Master, slave?” He is the perfect picture of shame and adoration, “Do you like your gift?”

“It’s perfect, .....Master.....thank you.”

“As you’ve been so good today, I’ll let you have a reward; be still while I cum on you,” Placing my free hand on his head, other than the twitching of his cock in mid-air he ceases to move; my hand now jerking quick and fast, it takes only seconds for me to spill over slave’s face until there’s nothing left to wring out. “You were very entertaining slave; suck me clean and then you can have something to eat.” Sliding into his mouth, I watch him until I’m satisfied.

Such is slave’s zealous dedication in cleaning me off, it’s almost as if it’s a substitute release; I don’t think I’ve ever seen him this high on denial, but then again, I’ve probably never pushed him as hard either. Sliding my finger up the pole, it’s covered in his juices, sucking it taunts him yet further, “Lick it all clean whilst I get you something to eat.”

There’s no hesitation as slave’s mouth gets to work, his tongue sliding up the bubble wrap in long swipes, his senses are in over-drive and I know he’s fully tipped over the edge, his only purpose now is to please me. Not that it wasn’t before, just now he’s no longer capable of finding the off button on his own; this choice is mine alone. Listening to his shameless licking and slurping, I point with my foot, “You missed a bit,” He hasn’t, but that’s irrelevant as his tongue returns to clean the spot. The patting of his head signals he is to kneel back on his heels while I shift the pole over to the side of the room.

Spooning a circle of rice directly onto the floor, pouring in its centre a good helping of stirfry, kissing his head affectionately, I give him permission, “Take your time slave, eat it all up and make sure the floor is as clean as it should be.”

Leaving him to his meal, I take the pole down into the playroom and wash it properly clean, deciding that was a qualified success and store it away for the next time. Then, I take my time in washing myself clean before contemplating selecting a few other toys to play with but in the end, I decided less is more for the rest of the night and return to the kitchen empty-handed.

By the time I get back upstairs, slave is almost finished and it’s no surprise his cock is still waving at me, swollen purple. The thing is, each time he bends over to eat from the floor, the hook presses deep inside delivering heavenly torture, to both hear and witness, and watching him clean the last morsel from the tiles, I give him his dues. “Well done, slave.”

The praise is welcome as he nuzzles into my outstretched hand, “A nice clean floor, unlike that filthy face you’re sporting, eh?” He does indeed look a sight, what with the nose hook distorting his beautiful face, totally debauched, smeared with cum together with the remnants of tears and sauce from the stir fry. Fetching the hessian sack that I’d used to carry the humping pole from the yard, I place it carefully over his head, “Let’s put it out of sight for a while, huh.” Guiding him onto his side, it will give slave time to recover; he’s past the point where he’s at risk of cumming and the fatigue in his limbs is evident as he doesn’t attempt to move.
After consideration, I decide he’s too dirty and tired to attempt to move into the living room, so being news time, I switch on the telly and fetch his leash off the hook. Wrapping it around his ankles, I pull them up and tie it off to his wrists. Leaving slave, hog-tied like this on his side, I go make a cup of tea and settle down back at the table, switching my attention between the newsreader and soaking up the sight of my bound and naked slave. His breathing is now calm, and I know the hessian sack isolating him whilst still giving enough oxygen to breath brings him a bizarre kind of comfort.

Having watched the main and local news, the weatherman is giving his prediction for the week when the house phone rings and smiling fondly at slave, who stirs a little from the shrill ringing, I answer, “Oh, hi Harriet.”

Crouching down by slave, I lift the sack up off his face, just far enough he can see me; it’s with absolute glee that I find he’s not too far gone to recognize who I’m speaking to, and our eyes lock during the conversation, “Yeah, unfortunately, Harriet, he’s a bit tied up right now so he’s not able to come to the phone. Shall I pass on a message?”

Humiliated by his situation and the fact I’m talking with Harriet on the phone, it doesn’t matter to slave that she has no idea what he looks like, it’s enough that he does and that I’m rubbing his face in it. He knows and it turns him on which feeds his humiliation even more. Stroking my fingers down his cheek, I smile at him lovingly before lowering the sack back down over his head. “I think that’s a great idea. He’ll love that.” Pulling out my cock, I point it in the direction of slave’s face, letting the first sprinkling of pee fall onto it, before spraying across the rest of him and there’s no mistaking the whimper of shameful moan that escapes his mouth. “I’ll have him call round to see you tomorrow to sort out the details. Sure, okay then. Thanks for calling, Harriet.”

Shaking off the last drops, I ignore slave totally, turning my attention to the TV guide, seeing if there’s anything on the box worth watching; if it wasn’t a school night, I’d put slave in the playroom cage but he has to function tomorrow so I’ll keep him like this for maybe another hour before washing him and bringing him back up in time for bed. One thing’s for certain, he’ll sleep like the dead, tonight.

Finding there’s nothing on I fancy watching, I settle myself with a fresh mug of tea and start to read slave’s writing from this afternoon. If he was able to see, he’d be highly pleased as to how much he turns me on, both from his situation on the kitchen floor and his written words. I’m head over heels in love with slave as much now as ever I was.

TBC

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