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Kirsty watched George close the nursery door before cracking her knuckles and heading towards the garage. When she opened the door she saw Sarah casually touching some of the equipment. As soon as the door opened Kirsty saw Sarah jump and her hand flew to her side. She was practically standing at attention. It was kind of funny to Kirsty but she worked hard not to break her dominatrix character.

“Oh Sarah… I always thought you would make a great sub. I saw how curious you always were with my things, I always wished you would’ve asked about them.” Kirsty said with a smile, “You’d need a proper master or mistress though, not Nick. Nick brought out the dominant side in you and that says a lot about him…”

Sarah didn’t reply. She didn’t move but knew she was a little red in the face, she disagreed with her friend but didn’t want to contradict her. Sarah wondered what Kirsty had planned, this wasn’t what she had expected to happen. She had expected to be taking notes or something but here she was in Kirsty’s domain.

“I’m sorry that I let you hurt Nick.” Kirsty continued, “I’m sorry I didn’t teach you properly when all this started. I take responsibility for not making sure you both knew at least a little bit about what you are doing.”

“It’s fine.” Sarah said, “All’s well that ends well.”

“Better late than never, right?” Kirsty smiled as she advanced slowly on Sarah. She reached up with a hand and gently ran it through Sarah’s hair.

“So… Erm, what are you going to teach me?” Sarah asked. She laughed a little nervously and took a step back.

“I have a saying.” Kirsty was almost whispering as she stepped closer to Sarah again, “I never do anything to my subs that I wouldn’t have done to me. A good grounding in these power play relationships is essential.”

“Uh huh.” Sarah could feel her heart beating fast as Kirsty seemed to lean even closer, “And how are you going to give me that grounding?”

“Well slut…” Kirsty leaned so close her mouth was practically touching Sarah’s ear, “I’m going to get hands on.”

“H-Hands on?” Sarah asked.

“Undress.” Kirsty ordered, “Now.”

Sarah looked at Kirsty and was unsure how to proceed. She wasn’t used to this and she wasn’t quite sure if her friend was being serious or not. Sarah looked at Kirsty and saw no hint of a joke. She hesitated slightly before raising her hands and unbuttoning the shirt she was wearing. She slowly opened the shirt up and pulled it off. She blushed as Kirsty circled her.

“I should’ve done this weeks ago.” Kirsty whispered as she stood behind Sarah and looked over her shoulder, “Maybe even years ago!”

Sarah stood still as she felt Kirsty’s hands go around her sides and softly cup her breasts. She was still wearing her bra so there wasn’t any skin to skin contact but Sarah felt a strange tingling shoot through her body and she blushed even more.

“Kirsty, I…” Sarah was going to say she wasn’t sure how she felt about what was happening but Kirsty’s hand moved up and softly covered her lips before she could speak.

“Your safe word is banana.” Kirsty said as she pulled her hand away, “Otherwise I expect everything that comes out of your mouth to finish with mistress, clear?”

“Yes.” Sarah said quickly, “M-Mistress…”

“Good girl.” Kirsty said as she unhooked Sarah’s bra and pulled it away from her body.

Sarah felt more vulnerable standing semi-naked than she did during the nappy changes she had received. She felt enthralled by Kirsty who was so effortlessly taking control of her, it was like a switch had been flipped.

“As long as you are in here you are my toy.” Kirsty walked around to Sarah’s front and loosened her trousers.

Sarah swallowed hard as the trousers slid down her thighs slightly revealing her underwear. She finally understood that Kirsty wasn’t just playing around and that she planned to seriously show Sarah a few things.

“Get naked.” Kirsty demanded loudly.

Sarah complied much more quickly this time. She reached down and pulled the trousers down with her underwear following suit, she stepped out of her clothes and stood in front of Kirsty completely naked.

“I’m not going to do anything too extreme.” Kirsty said, “Just some mild stuff.”

Sarah understood that Kirsty wanted her to know what it felt like to be made to do certain things, her heart hammered as she thought about what was happening and what might happen soon. Sarah’s eyes wandered to all the tools and equipment Kirsty owned and she felt herself shiver slightly.

Kirsty guided Sarah over to a metallic frame. There were chains hanging from the top and it looked very foreboding to Sarah who looked at it with a mixture of worry and excitement. She pictured Nick upstairs and wondered if he knew what was going on down here, she wondered what he was doing with George.

Sarah felt her arms raised and leather cuffs placed around her wrists. The leather was attached to a metal chain that, when adjusted by Kirsty, pulled her arms out and away from her body. They shot out diagonally away from Sarah’s body and she instantly felt so much more vulnerable.

Kirsty moved around to Sarah’s front next and she leant down in front of the naked woman to place similar leather cuffs around Sarah’s ankles. These chains were attached to a metal pole that could seemingly be adjusted to keep Sarah’s legs apart. She felt herself shrinking mentally as she relinquished all control to Kirsty.

Sarah was left in a star-like position with her legs spread quite far apart and her arms lifted over her head. She felt an involuntary shiver go through her spine, not from the cold or fear but something that she couldn’t put her finger on.

“Control isn’t about pushing someone as far as you can.” Kirsty was circling Sarah again and she stopped in front of Sarah’s naked body, “It’s about making the person want you to push them to their limits. It’s about getting them to trust that everything you do is for the best, that they want you to be in control.”

“I-” Sarah started speaking.

“No talking unless I ask you a question, slut.” Kirsty quickly cut Sarah off.

Sarah nodded her head quickly. When she saw Kirsty cutting her off in such a domineering way she felt herself wanting to make her happy more than anything else. Every small movement of her arms and legs were causing the chains to clink against each other, Sarah was reminded of television programs showing medieval prisoners with the chains holding them to the wall.

Sarah watched as Kirsty walked over to a wall that had a bunch of spanking tools hanging from it. Kirsty took her time running her fingers over each implement from simple wooden paddles to ones with metal studs in them. There were whips and belts and Sarah was forced to watch as Kirsty slowly looked over her large collection.

“You see…” Kirsty said slowly, “Half the fun is the anticipation. You make the sub wait, the longer they wait the more intense everything becomes. I can see it in your eyes as you watch me, I know you are watching and waiting and it is driving you crazy.”

Sarah wasn’t allowed to talk but if she did have permission she would tell Kirsty that she was right. It was torture to be chained up and watching as Kirsty chose the implement of her pleasure. She watched Kirsty pull some things out of a drawer and then a wooden paddle was taken off the wall.

Kirsty walked back over and placed the paddle on the floor. She held up something that Sarah recognised as a ball gag. The red ball was attached to small leather straps on either side. Sarah watched as her friend lifted it up and pushed it into her mouth. Sarah felt the red ball filling her mouth and she almost immediately felt her mouth start leaking drool. The gag was tied behind Sarah’s head and left her incapable of talking.

“When you can’t speak your safe word needs to be a gesture that I will notice. If you need me to stop start clicking your fingers, OK?” Kirsty said.

Sarah nodded her head as Kirsty smiled and picked up the paddle. She walked around the metal frame and paused. Kirsty meant what she had said, anticipation was a very powerful tool and she knew Sarah would be anticipating a hit but she had no chance of knowing when it would come. Kirsty could see Sarah’s butt twitching as she tried to brace for impact.

Sarah was just starting to think that Kirsty must have secretly left the room when she suddenly felt a hard wooden object smack her in the rear end. She gasped around the gag and felt more drool dribble down her chin, a small drop landed on her breast. She twisted and turned as much as she was allowed as Kirsty pulled the paddle back.

Kirsty checked to make sure Sarah wasn’t tapping out before bringing the paddle forwards again. She had excellent aim and hit almost the same spot exactly, a red mark began to appear as Sarah let out another moan. Sarah was still not giving the sign to stop.

Sarah found herself feeling something strange. Despite the sharp pain of the spanks she found herself feeling excited, as if the pain made her want more. She suddenly started feeling like she wanted to be punished. She felt like a naughty girl who needed to be corrected, it was an intoxicating feeling.

Kirsty spanked Sarah with the paddle another eight times to take the total to ten. Sarah’s buttocks were shining red and had some marks on them, Kirsty hadn’t expected Sarah to take so many spanks especially since it was her first time.

Kirsty walked back around Sarah and straight over to the wall where she hung the paddle back up again. She checked her watch to see that it would be lunch time soon and she had some ideas. She was a little out of breath after her exertions.

Sarah could feel her ass stinging but despite the painful sensations she felt satisfaction as well. She felt good and was even eager for Kirsty to continue but she wouldn’t have admitted such a thing. Her cheeks were red and she could feel drool running down her body.

“I’ve built up quite the collection of toys.” Kirsty said as she walked back over to Sarah, “But it is certainly important to be well prepared. A Mistress can’t be found to be indecisive, she must always know what she is planning next.”

Sarah watched as Kirsty walked to the side of her. She watched the domineering woman unshackle her hands. Sarah was grateful to be able to lower them but she didn’t want this to end, she was having fun!

Sarah rubbed her wrists as Kirsty pressed a button in on the metal frame that allowed her to then fold the top half forwards so that it was horizontal in front of Sarah at waist height. Sarah watched as her friend moved things around to free up more space, the drool dripped from her face as if she was a cartoon animal smelling a pie cooling on a window sill. She increasingly forgot her embarrassment in favour of the positive feelings her body was experiencing.

With the frame now pointing at a right angle Sarah’s wrists were once again placed in the restraints. She felt the cooling sweat on the leather cuff against her still warm skin as she was tightly shackled and forced to bend over at the waist. She felt so exposed with her body bent over and her legs separated as they were. She remembered her safe word and gesture but she put them to the back of her mind as she craved more attention from Kirsty. She was starting to feel glad that she was gagged, she was embarrassed to think of the things Kirsty might force her to say.

“Now I hope this works.” Kirsty said with a little giggle, “I haven’t tried this before since George is a little heavier than you.”

Sarah didn’t have to wait long to find out what Kirsty was talking about. Sarah’s ankles were uncuffed and she heard the spreader bar being removed, her legs were soon cuffed again and attached to the metal frame directly. She let out a little yelp of surprise as she felt her legs suddenly lifting up behind her. At first she tried to fight it but once she realised the frame was taking her weight she relaxed a little. She heard the clanking of chains and then the feeling of cuffs around her ankles, the metal bar spreading her legs fell away but her legs still hung in the air.

Sarah was now horizontal with the lower half of her legs bent up behind her. The cuffs still forced her legs apart and she was essentially suspended in the air and somehow even more vulnerable than she was before. Her face was bright red from being so helpless and exposed in front of her best friend.

Kirsty disappeared out of Sarah’s vision now and the suspended woman had no idea what she was doing, the idea that she could be doing anything was intoxicating and only further excited her. It was like she was constantly at the height of anticipation and her teased body was begging to know what would happen next.

Now that Sarah was suspended in the air and facing the floor she could see spots of drool dropping out of her mouth and into a little puddle at ground level. She felt like an animal or an object being held up and played with by a woman who treated her as a toy. She would’ve never thought this would happen to her but she was enjoying each moment of it.

“I don’t want you to be too uncomfortable.” Kirsty’s voice came from behind Sarah.

Sarah felt something sliding underneath her which supported her weight. Sarah felt cool leather against her skin and was able to relax her body a little as the bench held her up. The chains were still pulled taut and Sarah had very little mobility, she was sure that Kirsty had designed it to be like this.

Sarah could hear Kirsty walking away again and she wondered what was going to happen next. She heard movement of heavy objects behind her and she shivered slightly in anticipation. Sarah couldn’t turn around and see what was happening but whatever it was sounded heavy. It got closer and closer until it finally stopped right behind her.

“This button alerts a little device in my pocket.” Kirsty said.

Sarah watched as Kirsty strapped a button to one of Sarah’s palms. The button was big and red and when Sarah closed her fist she could press the button with ease.

“Good girl!” Kirsty praised Sarah as she felt the vibrating in her pocket, “Now if things get too intense for you I want you to press the button and release it, OK? Keep doing it until I come to help you. I won’t come if it is pressed once or held it since I know that might happen for… Other reasons.”

Sarah nodded her head although she was confused as to what Kirsty needed the button for if she was going to be right there. She frowned in confusion as she watched Kirsty squeeze a popular brand of lubricant on to her hand and walk behind her.

“You’re a lucky girl.” Kirsty said, “Many would do a lot of things for me to get in this position.”

Kirsty walked up to the large piece of equipment and smiled. The machine she was looking at held a metal rod with a large pink dildo on the end and it was to this dildo that she applied the lubrication. Kirsty made sure to move the machine a little until it was centred and then she flicked the switch to turn it on at its lowest setting.

Sarah could hear the low electric hum behind her but still had no idea what it was. She heard more scraping as something was pushed slightly and then she gasped suddenly.

Kirsty watched as the pink sex toy, when extended fully, just brushed Sarah’s sexual entrance. She smiled at the reaction it got as the plastic tip lightly touched Sarah’s opening.

“If you don’t want me to go further you will press that button repeatedly.” Kirsty reminded Sarah loudly and over the hum of the machine.

Sarah looked at the button as another trail of drool escaped her mouth. She didn’t close her hand.

Kirsty pushed the machine slowly forwards until the head of the dildo was pushing in and out of Sarah slowly and rhythmically. Each full extension caused Sarah to grunt a little and Kirsty could see her body shaking slightly. After a few cycles and everything seemed stable Kirsty walked in front of Sarah again and smiled at her flushing red face.

“It’s lunch time, slut.” Kirsty said with a big grin, “I’ll be back in a bit. You enjoy yourself and tap that button if you need me.”

Sarah’s wide eyes watched Kirsty go. She grunted a little and felt more dripping, this time it wasn’t coming from her mouth.

The door closed on the garage leaving Sarah alone, naked and at the mercy of the slow moving machine. She closed her eyes as the waves of pleasure washed over her and wondered how long she would be left like this. She had never been treated this way before and her vulnerability and submissiveness only heightened her excitement.