

Long Is The Way

Chapter 2 – What Our Souls Are Made Of

Water dripped from Owen's soaked cargo jacket as it rested on the coat rack. He sat not far from the front door, hunched forward in an arm chair as he waited for Elizabeth to return. She'd offered to make him a warm drink after inviting him out of the rain. He watched the brunette beauty as she moved around the apartment's small kitchen, preparing coffee for Owen and tea for herself.

It didn't look like much in the way of food was kept in this place, but it was clear she had certain staples on hand. Ironically, she was the one now wearing a jacket as Owen dried off. She'd wrapped it around her latex clad form shortly after seeing him in. Now, she hugged her own body through the full-length leather trench coat as she prepared the drinks. She looked no less amazing in the long, shiny garment. Owen couldn't take his eyes from her.

A few more minutes passed in silence before she returned and handed him a hot mug of java.

“Thanks” he said with a half-smile.

She nodded and moved to the chair opposite his. Elizabeth sat down smoothly, the leather of her coat and boots creaking as she got comfortable. She sipped her tea, her eyes drifting to Owen and then darting away. The gorgeous Domme had recovered from the initial shock, but was still guarded. She wasn't sure what to say or do next.

“So... Lousy weather we're having” was Owen's clumsy attempt at an ice-breaker.

Elizabeth ignored it. “I knew this was always a possibility. That one of my day-job clients might find their way here by chance.” She shook her head in exasperation. “But it's one of those things you convince yourself **probably** won't happen. I certainly never thought it would happen this soon.”

“Well, on the plus side, you've discovered my favorite coping mechanism” he said with a grin. “Do you think it's a healthy one?”

Elizabeth smirked. “This isn't funny, Owen. There is no **plus side**, here. I can't continue as your counselor after this.”

Owen drank from his mug before nodding. “Yeah, that's unfortunate. I've never felt as comfortable talking to someone as I was with you. Are you as good at being a Domme?”

“I'm good at **everything** I do” she said confidently before setting her tea aside. “But don't be presumptuous. I don't know if it's a good idea we see each other in this capacity either.”

“Why not?” Owen asked, his brow furrowing. “Like you said, we can't do therapy anymore. At least, not **that** kind of therapy. Why let it be a double loss? We can give this a try and see where it goes.”

Elizabeth wrapped her arms around her body once again and looked away. “It just wouldn't feel right. Not with how we met and what I already know about you. It would feel like I was taking advantage.”

“A healthy kink relationship is all about communication” Owen countered. “If anything, you're in a better position to top me than anyone I've ever met. I would never consider that taking advantage. Besides-”

“**Owen!**” she interrupted, turning back to him with a fierce gaze. “I'm telling you I wouldn't be comfortable with it. That's what I'm communicating right now.”

The room fell silent again for several moments. Owen looked more annoyed by the second until he set his drink on the coffee table with an angry thud.

“That's great! I meet an amazing woman I feel I can open up to, and now you won't be my therapist **or** my Domme? That's my luck, alright! Fuckin classic.”

“That's not fair. You know I didn't mean for this to happen” she shot back. Her voice was firm, but her expression looked mournful.

“Yeah? Well, it happened anyway.” Owen rose quickly and headed for the entrance.

“Owen, **wait!**” Elizabeth stood and followed him. “We can still keep in touch! And I want you to continue seeing a private counselor. I'll recommend someone.”

“Don't bother” he responded as he grabbed his wet jacket from the rack and plowed one arm into its sleeve. His voice dripped with bitterness. “I'll go back to the army docs.”

“Owen, **NO!**” Elizabeth shouted, increasingly distressed. “You won't get the same help from them. You know that.”

“Yup” he shot back as he finished dressing. “I've decided I don't care.” He turned, marched off and reached for the door.

“**OWEN! STOP RIGHT NOW! I'M GIVING YOU AN ORDER!**”

He was about to turn the handle, but gently let it go. Owen pivoted and gazed back at the fearsome femme. She was pointing at him sternly, yet she looked somehow desperate. Her dark brown eyes shimmered with moisture. Anger and sadness swirled within them, battling for supremacy. Her lips pursed tightly, barely holding back a quiver.

“Only two people get to give me orders. My commanding officer and my Domme.” Owen shrugged. “You're neither.”

He turned back to the door and started to open it. Like stiletto lightning, the heels of Elizabeth's boots clacked across the tile floor. She placed her palm on the door and shoved it harshly.

SLAM

In her leather thigh-highs, she had at least two inches on him. Elizabeth looked down on Owen

menacingly, her eyes locking on his. There was no more melancholy in her voice. Only conviction.

“Fine! I **AM** your Domme! On two conditions.”

Owen stepped back and crossed his arms over his chest. “I'm listening.”

“One, you will see a counselor of my choosing until you're cleared.”

“...Alright.”

“Two, I'm **not** going to be your service top. Maybe that was the original plan, but that's before I knew it was you. That's not what I'm offering anymore. If we're going to do this, we're making it real. **True domination and submission**. You will do what I say within the boundaries we set. Activities you enjoy will be a reward for good service. Everything else is for your training and **my** gratification.”

Owen flinched and almost winced the longer she went on, yet his eyes were drawn back to her boiling pits of warm mud. Her stare burned into his very soul. Elizabeth sank her hooks deeper with every demand. Her voice gripped him, commanding as much respect as any officer he'd ever served under. The promise of harsh discipline and the lure of total domination radiated from her like a brilliant star. Femdom was the east and Elizabeth was the sun.

“Done” he replied, giving only the briefest of thoughts to whether he might regret the decision.

Her second stipulation was steep and that kind of domination was not the type he usually paid for. Not that it mattered. He could no more deny this proposal than he could count each grain of sand in the desert. Owen uncrossed his arms and dropped them to his sides. A slight blush entered his cheeks as Elizabeth kept her haughty gaze locked on him.

“Good” she said, removing her hand from the door. “We'll discuss those boundaries soon and schedule a new session. For now, I think it's best we call it a night.”

“Agreed” Owen responded with a nod and a weary smile.

Elizabeth opened the door and grabbed the top of the frame, leaning her leather and latex-wrapped body against it. “I'll be in touch. Have a good night, Owen.”

“Goodnight, *Mistress Isabella*.”

Owen heard a light chuckle behind him as he exited into the cool, damp evening. The door closed softly and he was left in the dark with nothing but the peeping and whistling of insects to accompany him back to the car.

He was glad he'd been able to coax some mirth from her at the end. Getting angry and bitter was the last thing Owen wanted to do in her presence, but the thought of never seeing her again had overwhelmed him. He hadn't handled it well and Elizabeth would've been in her rights to tell him to fuck off forever. But she hadn't and Owen found himself awash in gratitude. He gazed up at the night sky and thanked the universe for the good fortune he was sure he didn't deserve.

For the first time in years, he felt glad to be alive and the future seemed full of newfound promise. The

car ride home went swiftly, his attention barely on the road as visions of the lovely Elizabeth dominated his every waking thought. The air smelled sweeter and it felt like Owen was walking on air until he got back home and settled in for some TV and a nightcap.

At some point, his phone beeped and he picked it up to find that Elizabeth had refunded his payment for tonight's session. *'Refund for services not rendered'* it said in the comment section. Owen grinned, opened his payment app and initiated a new transaction. He sent double the original amount with the note: *'Not payment. Tribute to my new Goddess.'*

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WHIPLASH

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9:39 AM

IsabellaDivine: Hey! Why did you send another payment? We haven't booked a new session yet.

StrikeMeDown: Didn't my comment clarify that?

IsabellaDivine: I didn't ask for any tribute.

StrikeMeDown: Just my way of saying thanks for putting up with me. And for stopping me from doing something stupid.

IsabellaDivine: Well, at least you admit it. Thank you for the gift.

StrikeMeDown: My pleasure.

IsabellaDivine: Your obedience is all that I require. No more gifts or payments until we re-book.

StrikeMeDown: Fair warning. I can be a bit of a bratty sub.

IsabellaDivine: We'll see how long that lasts.

StrikeMeDown: Yes, Ma'am.

IsabellaDivine: Ugh.. Don't **ever** call me that. Madam, Mistress or Queen will do. You may follow any of them with *Isabella* or *Elizabeth* since you know my real name.

StrikeMeDown: Yes, Madam Elizabeth.

IsabellaDivine: Better. Email me a list of your boundaries by the end of the day. Be thorough. I don't want to hear "oops, I didn't think of that" later. I put effort into planning my sessions and I need to know what's off limits.

StrikeMeDown: Will do. Thank you, Mistress.

IsabellaDivine: No sex, porn or jerking off from now until next we meet.

StrikeMeDown: Ooof... Yes, my Queen.

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It was just after ten o'clock and Owen had finished three rounds of bowling with his good friend Flash. They sat opposite each other at a high-top table in the pub area of *Gutter Fun*. The wood flooring of the eatery glowed with reddish-orange light cast from above. In the distance, the lanes and signs above them were highlighted in bright white and neon purple. The chatter around them was constant, broken up occasionally by some rowdy patrons at the dart boards or the crash of bowling balls into pins in the background.

Like most bowling alleys, the entire establishment reeked of shoe polish and mineral oil. The latter was the substance used to coat the middle of each lane. Once in the pub, those scents mingled with nacho cheese and stale beer to create a uniquely offensive combination. Luckily, you stopped noticing after a couple beers.

There was two hours left until closing time and the night's festivities were starting to wind down. It was the perfect time to order a late dinner, since they wouldn't have to wait long for their food. The two reservists sipped their beers and thrust their hands into bowls of pretzels and roasted in-shell peanuts. They chatted and snacked away as they waited for the main course.

“Not too shabby, huh?” Flash began. “Not many places you can get a eight-cut pizza for eight dollars no more.”

“Yeah, it almost makes up for the outrageously priced drinks” Owen countered.

Flash shook his head. “Man, you always gotta look at the down side.”

Owen took a long swig of his brew before responding. “Every cloud has a silver lining and lightning kills hundreds each year who try to find it.”

The specialist chortled before grabbing another handful of nuts. “You're too much, Sergeant” he remarked as he cracked them open and popped them in his mouth one by one.

Flash had always felt like a little brother to Owen. A few years younger, a short mess of blonde hair. Pale blue eyes. A typically dopey expression and that odd chin that jutted forward, forming a slight inverted V-shape from his cheekbones. Your first look at him was enough to prompt the thought: *'this guy's gonna need some help.'*

That was true in many ways, but he did fine in the army. He was a good soldier and almost a genius when it came to multichannel communication systems. It was everything else in which he was suspect.

“Too much for you on the lanes, that's for sure. If you practiced rolling half as much as you talk shit, you might have won a game tonight.”

“I only ever practice when I'm with you or the other guys!” Flash protested. “Not all of us enjoy bowling solo or going to the movie theater by our lonesome. Unlike you, I enjoy being around people.”

“You think that makes me weird?”

“I **know** that makes you weird.”

Owen rolled his eyes. “Whatever. Speaking of other people, tell me about this new girl you met.”

“Oh! She's amazing! Pretty little thing. Super sweet. Black hair. Big ole rack. She works at one of those shops that sells incense and other hippy shit.”

“Really? This is the girl you met a week and a half ago?”

“Yep. Veronica.”

“And how many dates you been on?”

“Last night was our third.”

“And she hasn't run away, screaming, yet?”

“**Ha. Ha.**”

“Marry that girl. Immediately.”

It was Flash's turn to roll his eyes. “You're a real comedian, Sergeant.”

Owen laughed at his own bit before taking another swig of his drink. “Seriously, though, good for you. I hope the *witchy woman* gets you to settle down.”

“What about you? Find someone new yet?”

He paused for a moment, considering how much he wanted to reveal. “Yeah, as a matter of fact I just met someone. Kind of a rocky start, but I'm hoping it goes somewhere.”

“What's her name?”

“Elizabeth.”

“Am I actually gonna get to meet this one?”

“We'll see. It's still early.”

“What's she like?”

“Brunette. Tight body. Super smart. Dresses to kill.”

“Hah! That sounds like your type, alright.”

“Yeah, she's something else.”

“Maybe we could do a double date some time!” Flash's wide grin made his enthusiasm clear.

“That would be... a very different experience than you're imagining.”

The young specialist looked puzzled. “What do you mean?”

Owen downed the rest of his brew as he glanced around the pub. He lowered the bottle to the table with a clank as his gaze returned to Flash. A silly smile spread across his lips and he shook his head.

“Nothing. Just a hunch. Oh! Here comes our pizza!”

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WHIPLASH

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12:21 PM

IsabellaDivine: I've reviewed your list of boundaries. It's alarmingly short. Do you know what you're getting into?

StrikeMeDown: This isn't my first rodeo. Far from it.

IsabellaDivine: And you've read the full list of services I offer? You'll be subject to any you haven't expressly disallowed.

StrikeMeDown: Do your worst, Queen Elizabeth.

IsabellaDivine: No medical conditions or allergies I should know about?

StrikeMeDown: None.

IsabellaDivine: Very well. Assuming you're free, we'll have our first session Friday night.

StrikeMeDown: I'll be there.

IsabellaDivine: Good. I'll send the appointment details to your email along with an invoice. You'll be billed for three hours, even if you choose to leave early.

StrikeMeDown: I assure you, that won't happen.

IsabellaDivine: We'll see!

StrikeMeDown: Thank you, Madam Isabella.

IsabellaDivine: Remember, no touching until then. No **anything**.

StrikeMeDown: Yes, Mistress.

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The sound of drizzling rain filled the background as Mr. Ashton droned on. Owen sat in *Global Politics* class, an elective he was beginning to wish he hadn't bothered with. He was barely listening as he glanced out the window into the gloom. It was gray and overcast to the point of almost looking like evening. Watching the rain pelt the ground, all he could think of was the night he discovered Elizabeth's secret. Would it be the first thing he thought of on rainy days for the rest of his life?

“**Mr. MacLeod!** Still with us???”

Owen's head turned and his view swung back to the room. He found the professor and most of the class looking his way. He didn't flinch. “More or less.”

There was a rumble of giggles and snickers through his younger classmates.

Mr. Ashton strolled down the first aisle of seats, growing closer. The white-haired old man in the brown vest, bronze tie and dark blue dress pants looked equally amused; only because this created an opportunity to prod one of his students.

“I'm sorry this is boring you. Perhaps you can help make it a little more interesting? We were discussing the recent draw-down of our troops overseas and the consequences it might have. You're a member of our armed forces, if I'm not mistaken? Would you care to weigh in?”

Owen shrugged. “Sure, as long as it's understood that it's just my personal opinion. I don't speak for the Army.”

“Of course” he replied, starting back to his desk. “So, what do you think of these recent developments? How will it change things?”

“Hard to say. I doubt things will get dramatically better for the people there. They could even get worse, for a while. But our presence wasn't fixing anything and we couldn't stay forever. To me, it all feels like a waste.”

Mr. Ashton crossed his arms and leaned against his desk. “One narrative that's being presented in our media is that so many young women, who were able to go to school while our forces were present, won't be able to anymore. Are you not concerned for the loss of women's rights?”

“We didn't go there to establish women's rights. They're centering that now to distract from the real

story. That our efforts to build a lasting government failed and we're pulling out of another region with nothing to show for it. Besides, you can't force cultural change at the point of a gun. That should be abundantly clear by now. We went there for the usual reasons.”

“And what are those reasons?”

“Expanding our sphere of influence. Oil pipelines. Mineral rights. Making defense contractors fat and happy.”

“Interesting. You're more of a cynic than I would've imagined, Mr. MacLeod!”

“War made me into one. I enlisted to give my life purpose and serve my country. In the beginning, I believed what we were doing was right. Now... I'm not so sure anymore.”

The professor turned, picked up a book from the desk and held it aloft. “I take it you don't put much stock in Mr. Fukuyama's theory, then?”

The text he was holding was the class reading assignment: *The End of History and the Last Man* by Francis Fukuyama.

“No, sir. I believe it's dead on arrival.”

“What makes you so sure?”

Owen paused for a moment and folded his arms over his chest. He considered the full berth of reasons before answering.

“Well, if you look around the world today you see two kinds of foreign policy. The kind that destroys and the kind that builds. It's pretty clear which one we favor. China takes the opposite approach. We make movies and weapons. They build infrastructure. I'm no economist, but based on what I've seen in my lifetime, they're getting ready to eat our lunch. In many ways, they already are. And China is not what **anyone** would call a bastion of democracy. Meanwhile, the nations of the west are doing the same old shit. Still trying to expand the old way, but it doesn't work anymore. It hasn't for a long time. We're doing the same thing over and over, expecting a different result. As some would call it, insanity.”

There was a few moments of silence throughout the classroom as it slowly registered he was done speaking. Owen's classmates looked at him with wide eyes. Their expressions betrayed a sudden bewildered realization of his experience and worldliness.

“Very astute, Owen! You've articulated one theory of international politics very well. And if you weren't already aware, you'll be delighted to know that Mr. Fukuyama, himself, has begun to express doubts about the inevitability of western liberal democracy. In recent years...”

Mr. Ashton launched back into his spiel, critiquing one of the most boring and pompous books Owen had ever read. The sergeant turned his gaze back to the window. He looked out at the falling rain and his thoughts immediately drifted back to a gorgeous woman in latex.

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Owen's week of classes dragged on forever. Time always seems to slow when your anticipation is at a fever pitch. The waiting is worst when you're looking forward to a vacation, a return home after a long deployment or a hot date. The fact that it was Elizabeth, beckoning him from the end of the week, made the slog that much more grueling.

At long last, it was Friday night and Owen pulled into the familiar parking lot. No rain this time, just the soft chirp of crickets as he walked to the sparsely lit row of dwellings. He'd looked them up online, interested to see the floor plans and how much they ran for. Did that make him creepy? His curiosity couldn't wait for the Femdom date night.

Even though they looked like standard apartments from the outside, they were built more like townhouses. Each one had two or three bedrooms and a decent sized basement. That made sense. Why rent an apartment to do Domme work if it was missing the most important feature? Every good Domina needed a dungeon. The units weren't cheap, but Elizabeth probably had no trouble affording it between her regular job and night gig. Hell, she could probably foot the bill from her *Whiplash* clients alone.

How many clients did she have? Was it foolish to hope Owen and her could ever have more than a professional relationship? Was he an idiot to even think of her in any other context? His mind was assaulted by endless questions and doubts as he strolled down the long path. As he reached the paved walkway that led to her door, he pushed all those thoughts from his mind.

'Relax. Breathe. Just enjoy the ride.'

He double-timed it to the doorway and pressed the ringer anxiously. A few moments later it opened and he was treated to a fresh visual feast. Elizabeth looked like a disciplinarian from hell. The fun version of the underworld where exotic women in glossy fetish-wear tortured you in the most pleasurable ways for all eternity.

Most of her body was covered in shiny PVC. It was a catsuit with military green tint that was strong enough to be visible, but weak enough to see through. Below the clingy, shiny material he could discern a black latex bra and panties. They matched the black latex gloves that clung from her wrists to her fingertips.

A leather corset was wrapped around her mid-section, tightening the rubbery attire around her body exquisitely. Tall, black leather boots with high heels completed her Femdom officer attire. She transferred a riding crop from her left hand to her right as she stared down at him disdainfully.

Her hair was done up in a large, circular bun. It sat atop her head proudly, like a crown of luscious brunette locks. Owen was immediately reminded of Princess Leia from the throne room scene at the end of *A New Hope*. Carrie Fisher was a looker, but she'd never been quite **this** enticing. Dark mascara and shadow set off Elizabeth's smokey eyes. Her stern look beckoned him even more than her words.

“Come in, slave.”

Owen obliged happily and she slid the door closed behind him. He felt her crop flicker across his back and jab into his side.

“Take off your jacket and get on your hands and knees. **Now.**”

He pulled it off and left it on the coat rack, just like last time. In a flurry of motion he was used to, he lowered down on the floor. He doubted she was prepping him for push-ups, but given how she'd dressed, anything was possible. The military hue of her outfit couldn't have been a coincidence. She wanted him drooling even harder than last time.

“In this place, you will remain on your hands and knees at all times, unless I say otherwise. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress Elizabeth!” he answered while staring at the floor. The chemical-based rubber shine she'd applied to her outfit filled his nostrils.

Elizabeth proceeded into the living room, her heels knocking loudly against the tile until the flooring turned to hard wood. Interestingly, her coffee table had been cleared away. She picked up a pair of her shoes that were sitting in a nearby chair, dropped them in the middle of the floor and pointed her crop down.

“Crawl to them” she instructed.

Owen trundled forward on hands and knees, feeling more than a little silly, but eager to obey her every command. He closed in until her pair of shiny white shoes were just below his face. They were most likely the pair she'd worn to the office that day.

Elizabeth circled around him and tapped her crop against the back of his thighs. “Spread your legs out. As far as you can in this position.”

He widened his kneeling stance, wondering where this exercise was going. He didn't have to wait long to find out.

“Bend down and apply a loving kiss to both of them. You will do this three times for each. You may begin.”

Owen leaned forward and pressed his lips to the front of the short-heeled classic. He applied just enough suction so that Elizabeth could hear his lips smack as he pulled away. He repeated the feat on the other shoe, then began his second round.

As he bent down to apply his fourth kiss out of six, he got the surprise of his life.

POOOMMFF

The tip of Elizabeth's right boot blasted into his groin, bludgeoning the vulnerable target between his splayed legs and plastering his cock and balls up into his body. A disabling bolt of electric agony crackled through Owen's form, crippling him. His stomach churned, tears clogged his eyes and a wave of nausea overwhelmed him as the air left his lungs.

He collapsed to the ground, rolling over on his side as he clutched his battered nethers. When he finally had access to oxygen again, long, pained groans exited his mouth loudly. Bile charged up his esophagus, threatening to eject portions of his dinner all over the floor. He barely held it in, coughing

and writhing as anguish racked his nervous system.

There was good pain and there was bad pain. This was bad pain. One of the worst. As he convulsed on the ground and tried in vain to steady himself, Elizabeth walked into his field of vision. She pointed at him with a single, out-stretched latex finger, her expression furious.

“THAT'S FOR EMOTIONALLY BLACKMAILING ME!”

Owen looked up at her through red-cracked, watery eyes.

'Fair... Had that one coming.'

“What do you have to say for yourself?” She placed her hands on her hips and waited for him to respond.

“S-Sorry... Mistress.”

“I almost believe you, but the truth is you would've said or done anything to come back here. Isn't that right?”

“Y-Yes...”

“Good. At least you take responsibility. Perhaps now we can begin with a clean slate. Lucky for you, I excel in exactly the kind of training you need. In your time here, you will learn not to be so **goddamn selfish!**”

Elizabeth stalked to his side. She raised her right foot and planted her boot on his hip. The glorious Domina leaned down, closer to his face. She stared daggers at him as her heel dug into his flesh.

“You're a **fucking worm**. A leech on the fairer sex, like most of your kind! You're not even worthy to kiss my fucking shoes! But I will train you into a better man. One worthy of worshiping a Goddess!”

Unbelievably, Owen's lip quivered. It wasn't her physical intimidation that struck a chord, though that was considerable. It was the thought that her analysis might be correct. That's what truly struck at Owen's soul. It was an emotional blow, and perhaps one he deserved.

Until now, he'd seen women like Elizabeth only for his own pleasure and to purge his self-loathing. Sure, he could rationalize it all. How much he needed it. Or how he was paying them, so he didn't need to consider their feelings. But those were quaint little lies. Sad excuses.

He'd never cared how one of his Dommies felt about him until now, and that was the point. She'd sensed that much about him. Knew it intuitively. Owen was getting a taste of real vulnerability. The kind that went beyond bondage and pain. The exposure that comes with caring.

The gorgeous brunette straightened herself, rising back to her full height. She hefted her crop, landing the tip in her free hand as she looked down at him. “I'll be back in a few minutes. When I return, you'd best be naked and kneeling. Leave your clothes in the chair behind you.”

With that, she turned and strode off. Her boot heels echoed into the hallway.

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Elizabeth dabbed her face with a cool cloth as she stared into the bathroom mirror. She was careful not to disturb her makeup as she breathed deeply and gathered herself. That had been **very** intense for the first five minutes with a new sub, but that was to be expected. This was a unique situation. She had to get that off her chest and he had to take ownership of it. By all appearances, he had. Now they could move forward.

Even so, this was going to be tricky. She'd felt a pull toward him from the first day Owen stepped in her office. Not just a crush, though she certainly found him attractive. It was something deeper. An undeniable connection had formed during their first two conversations. One that wasn't strictly clinical. She'd hidden it, of course. You had to in any professional relationship. Had she hidden it successfully?

If Owen had tried to hide his, he'd failed miserably. His puppy love was obvious, though Elizabeth had ignored it at first. It'd happened with other clients before and usually had no consequence, but things were more complicated now.

Even more obvious was the overwhelming loneliness at the core of the man. A black hole, sucking in all light and life until they were extinguished. Could it ever be filled? Could she help him? She wanted to so badly. Owen reminded her so much of... No. Now wasn't the time to dredge up the past. She had a performance to give.

But it wouldn't be **just** a performance, would it? And that was the problem. It wasn't wise to mix emotions and domination. Not unless you were already in a relationship with someone. And yet, the allure was there. Her desire was palpable. Denying it was useless.

'Fuck! Just get out there and do your thing!'

Elizabeth tossed her washcloth aside, grabbed her crop, flipped the light switch off and walked back into the hallway. As she re-entered the living room, she found Owen kneeling as expected. He stared forward proudly, his arms tucked behind him and his hands clasped behind his back; a soldier waiting for orders.

Her expression softened as she saw her new submissive naked for the first time. He was easy on the eyes. Owen's well-muscled arms, shoulders and thighs were evidence of rigorous physical training. His abs had definition, though not the exaggerated washboard variety that only dehydrated bodybuilders achieved. He was big, strong and handsome. Her favorite kind of plaything to bind and torment.

His limp cock hung out, slightly longer than average in its flaccid state. His chest and crotch were garnished with a moderate amount of dark hair. Would she order him to shave? It made certain activities easier to prepare for. On the other hand, she wasn't a huge fan of the shaved look. Not for men like Owen. Rugged men were more fun to top and a little body hair matched their bestial nature.

Elizabeth said nothing as she circled her new slave, tapping the crop in her hands. She drank him in from head to toe, holding back a smile. Stifling her admiration became easier when she noticed deep scars along his arms. Her brow furrowed as she continued stalking around him, her boot heels knocking

across the wooden floor ominously.

'Oh my god!'

As she passed behind him and his back came into view, her eyes went wide and a knot formed in the pit of her stomach. The scarring across his flesh was so much worse. The result of second or third degree burns, by the looks of it. Healed over, but the scars would last a very long time. Caused intentionally? Probably not. More likely a battlefield incident than something a dominatrix had done. She certainly hoped that was the case.

*'Don't ask. Don't say anything about it for now. This is not the time. You **must** establish dominance first. Put him through the 101. Force him to display patience and proper servitude. Then, before he leaves, give him a taste of what he wants. There will be time for questions later. Once you have a rapport, he'll open up in ways he never would've in the office.'*

As she completed her circumnavigation, Elizabeth slowed to a stop. She brought her crop to the bottom of Owen's chin and lifted his gaze with it. Their eyes met and it was clear for the first time. He belonged to her, utterly.

“Very good. Buck naked and **clean**. Just how I like my slaves. This is how each session will begin.”

She withdrew her tool of discipline, turned on her heel and strode to a nearby storage cabinet. Elizabeth opened one of the top drawers where her collection of slave collars was stored. She had a few dozen of them, sporting a range of lengths and thicknesses. Mostly leather, but a few ornate metal ones. All sturdy with built in bondage rings. Some were labeled with phrases like *'Bitch Boy'*, *'Brat'*, *'Man Whore'*, *'Sissy'* and *'Pain Slut.'* The rest were either blank or decorated with metal spikes and other gothic adornments.

Elizabeth selected a plain one with a large metal O-ring at the front. It was comprised of thick black leather, perfect for a sub with a strong neck. She switched drawers and retrieved a long chain leash to compliment Owen's new symbol of submission.

With everything she needed for the moment, Elizabeth crossed back to Owen and circled around him again. She wrapped the device around his throat and moved it into position. As she strapped and buckled it into place behind him, she explained their first activity of the night.

“Until we complete the tour of my lair, you are a **dog**. You will speak only in barks with the exception of your safeword, if needed. Two barks means yes. One bark means no. Your safeword is **washout**. Do you understand?”

“**Arf! Arf!**” Owen answered spiritedly.

Elizabeth chuckled as she circled to his front. She bent down and clipped the end of the leash on the front ring of his collar. “Well done. You'd be surprised how many screw up and say *'Yes, Mistress'*, earning their first punishment.”

She rose back to her full height and put her hands on her hips. Her crop stuck out from both sides of her right fist. The chain leash jingled, leading up to her left hand.

“You will look at the floor at all times unless I say otherwise. If you fail to follow my commands in a timely manner, you will earn your first punishment. And since I know you enjoy pain so much, that will **not** be a punishment for you. No, your *corrections* will be much more tedious. They will **subtract** from the time you could be receiving the beating you crave so dearly. Understood, pup?”

“**Arf! Arf!**” he repeated.

“Good, then let's begin. Crawl to the hallway, take a right and proceed through the first door on the left.”

As Owen took off on hands and knees, Elizabeth delivered a stinging swat to his bottom with her wand.

SCHWACK

A small sample of what was to come later. If he was a good dog.

* * * * *

For the next hour, Owen was led from room to room as Elizabeth showed off her *other* workplace. It was a well-equipped play space with several beds and sofas, numerous pieces of bondage furniture and endless naughty toys. In his many dates with various Femdoms for hire, Owen had rarely seen a more thoroughly prepared dungeon.

To think that this woman, whom he'd once viewed so innocently, took the Dominatrix role as seriously as any woman possibly could, blew his mind. He couldn't wait to taste her whip, or whatever tool she might bring to bear on his flesh. But first, he had to suffer her indignities.

Owen never forgot to bark, but he did look up a couple times when he wasn't allowed. Curiosity kept getting the better of him as they moved through her den of sin. For his first infraction, she blindfolded him and made him hold large ice cubes in the palms of his hands. Eventually, his hands could take no more and he dropped them, surrendering in freezing, quivering fragility. As he suffered the cold, she tapped at his sides and nudged his genitals with her crop.

His second punishment was more embarrassing. Elizabeth strapped a harness around his face, shoving a double-ended cock gag into his mouth. She knelt him down in front of a mirror and tied his arms behind his back. Owen was forced to sit up on already-aching knees, tasting rubber penis for a full fifteen minutes as he stared at his reflection. Mistress enjoyed a drink in the background, ordering him to slurp on the gagging device and moan for her.

As they entered the second hour of training, Elizabeth ended the 'pup' role play and led him down to her basement. On the bottom floor of her sanctum Owen was witness to even more depraved devices. There was fetish furniture that catered to more exclusive BDSM niches. One such piece was Mistress' Queening chair. On one arm of the chair rested a hardcover copy of *Wuthering Heights*.

It was a leather padded throne with a large rectangular box below. The seat featured a hole just big enough for a human face to fit through. Four straps led down to a leather sling, hanging in the hole where the submissive's head would be supported. On both sides of the throne, metal D-rings hung from

the sturdy chair, ready to shackle a submissive's arms.

Elizabeth ordered him into position and went about her work quickly. She locked his wrists and ankles in metal-studded leather cuffs. The wrist restraints were fixed to the sides of the chair while his ankle bindings were linked together with a short snap-hook fastener. She pulled the leather straps above the chair taught and Owen's face was raised up into the top of the hole. In just a few minutes, his strong body was completely immobilized and his face was ready to serve as her seat.

Mistress Isabella gazed down at him from above the chair. She studied his bound form up and down. A beaming smile spread across her face upon seeing all his limbs restrained for the first time.

“You will not kiss or lick my ass. You haven't earned the pleasure yet. I'm going to take a little break and enjoy some reading. You're going to spend some time in my bottom, getting smothered. A fine way to get to know your Mistress, don't you think?”

“Yes, Queen Elizabeth.”

It felt a little weird to say, being a famous title of nobility from the past, but it seemed appropriate as Owen lay locked in her royal throne.

“Excellent. Do rattle your limbs if you need some air.”

With that, she pivoted and lowered herself into the chair. The latex of her bodysuit creaked and stretched as her fleshy cheeks lowered onto his face. Owen took a deep breath before her full weight plastered his face in glossy, rubbery musk. His entire leather-strapped head was pressed deep into her fleshy bottom as Elizabeth fixed her ass firmly on her slave.

The smell of thick latex rubber overwhelmed him as Owen was cast into darkness. Only stray bits of light peeked into his world as Mistress shimmied her ass back and forth on his features. Elizabeth began reading her book and Owen was left alone with his thoughts. That and the constant pressure of her succulent, smothering ass cheeks.

Getting *some* air was possible, because Elizabeth didn't have a huge bottom. Yet as she turned page after page, she used every square inch of her ass to full effect. If Owen didn't make any noise or rattle his bindings for a while, she would slide back and forth until she'd centered his face in her darkness and pressed down harshly. Eventually, his lungs would start to struggle and Owen would grunt while yanking his chained wrists and ankles.

This would result in a brief reprieve as Elizabeth lifted herself from the chair. After a few breaths, she dropped her dumper back on Owen and ground against his face anew. This went on for at least a half hour as Elizabeth read a couple chapters in one of her favorite books. Occasionally she'd reach down and tap his body all over with her crop. Gentle swats and pats to his cock, balls, chest and thighs, but nothing with any real force.

Owen's frustration grew as she sat on his face relentlessly. He groaned into her fleshy, rubber-clad depths, pining for pain play. This evening had been his first taste of true submission in a long time. In recent years, he'd become accustomed to service tops giving him what he wanted outright, but Elizabeth wasn't having it. She'd demanded his full obedience and he was giving it willingly. From below her pressing cheeks, Owen pondered if any other woman could ever inspire in him this level of

devotion.

* * * * *

WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK

Elizabeth's whip bit into his scarred back muscles. The loud thwacks echoed off her basement walls as Owen writhed in her wooden stocks. She was going fairly hard, but all she'd coaxed from him so far were some light grunts and groans. That was after a long round of spankings to both ass cheeks, some attention from her flogger, and now the full, long cracks of her signal whip.

He was a **pain slut** alright. She'd been correct to skip her beginner whip and go straight to something moderate. Now, Elizabeth knew she could go harder. Next time she'd employ something much more harsh, like her Black Snake or Bullwhip. For now, she would just lean into it even more and show him what a short whip could do.

WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK

Owen moaned as the red and black braided cord lashed into the left and right sides of his back. She knew exactly what she was doing. Alternating her strokes and staying away from the spine as she covered every inch of his flesh in delicious agony.

WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK

Two ripping strikes laced into his bottom, one for each glute. They were already swollen red with over eighty spanks from her metal studded paddle. Owen's ass and legs shook as his arms pulled pointlessly on the sturdy wooden headboard. The only thing that would've made it better was being gagged, but it seemed she wasn't willing to go that far during their first session. Elizabeth wanted nothing impeding his use of a safeword during their first round of heavy discipline.

Even so, the pain was exquisite. Despite her use of a basic whip, her skillful strokes were sending him to soaring heights. His endorphins rushed, his flesh burned and his cock hardened below as she belted him over and over again. Owen's pleased murmurs were practically begs for more. He moaned loudly as another round of strikes sank into his inflamed skin.

WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK

Elizabeth decided to give her arm a rest. She coiled the whip around her neck and sauntered to Owen's side, taking in a more complete view of his predicament. A giddy laugh escaped her lips in between panted breaths. She observed him bent over in the stocks, his bruised body writhing in perverse pleasure while his cock drooled pre-cum to the cement floor.

Within her, something more than the rush of domination surfaced. A desire to give him **MORE**. More than he asked for. More than he could ever want. She wanted to hear him sing with submissive glee. To show him the greatest Earthly delights came only from loyal service at her feet. To make him as addicted to the worship of her body and obedience to her commands as he soon would be to her implements of pain.

Her hands rested on her hips as she watched Owen perspire and shiver in the cool air of her dungeon. Elizabeth let him bask in the agony of her last five strokes a while as she caught her breath and her heartbeat slowed. Eventually, she pulled the whip from her shoulders and moved back to his exposed rear.

“Alright, **slave!** A few questions before we finish tonight. If you want me to continue, you'd better answer them truthfully.”

“Yes, Mistress!” he called from the front, sweat dripping from his brow and chin.

Elizabeth sliced her whip through the air, its thick strand whistling loudly. “Are you seeing anyone else regularly? Any other Domme?”

“No, Madam Elizabeth!”

SCHHNNNAAAAPPPPPP

The full length of the signal whip blasted into his bottom, searing both ass cheeks with a deep bite.

“**ARRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**” His body shook and the stocks rattled.

“Good. Keep it that way! You will see **no one else** while you serve me! Next question. In our first meeting, did you have any sexual thoughts about me?”

“Uhhhh... I...”

“**The truth, slut!**”

“Yes...”

“I knew it.”

WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK

Four fresh lashes scorched his quivering, lacerated back. Owen bit his lip and hummed in bliss, his groans escaping through quick inhales of much needed oxygen. His body glistened and convulsed as his nervous system throbbed with delightful suffering.

“Finally. Did you fantasize about me being your Domme? Pleasure yourself thinking about it?”

“.....Yes. Yes, Mistress!”

Elizabeth set her whip aside and took up her heavy paddle once more. She crossed back to his flayed bottom and wound up her arms like she was about to hit a home run out of the park.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Owen jolted forward in his wood and metal bondage as her hardest blows of the night walloped his

burning cheeks. His bruised flesh rippled with impact as spittle flew from his mouth and he gasped in euphoric wonder. When her sixth and final blow landed, Owen was on cloud nine.

Elizabeth tossed her paddle aside and it clattered to the floor. She circled to his front, put one hand on her hip and raised the other to his head. She grabbed a fistful of his hair and locked her eyes on his. Owen's face was sweaty and slack, his eyes glassy with pain-wracked bliss. He was putty in her hands.

“When you get home tonight, I allow you to have **ONE** climax. No more. And you will think only of **me** and your experience tonight, while you do so. After that, you will remain **chaste** until our next session. Is that clear, slave?”

“Ahhh..” He grunted as he tried to clear his dripping throat and nose of mucus. “Yes.. Yes, Mistress Long!”

She relaxed her grip on his hair and ran her latex fingers through his sweaty locks a few times. She reached down and caressed his face smoothly, bringing his overstimulated psyche back to Earth with gentle rubs.

“Good boy.”

* * * * *

After a first aid check, a little massage and a brief after-scene chat, she and Owen said their goodbyes. Three hours had passed in the blink of an eye. It didn't seem possible, but the first kinky meeting of ex-therapist and patient was over. The thrill of domination had faded from Elizabeth's latex locked form.

She set her copy of *Wuthering Heights* on the console table by the front door. The tired Domme looked out the window and watched Owen walk down the dimly lit path back to his car. She was almost done with her recent reading of the 1847 classic. It had been one of her favorite books since high school. Why not bring it home and finish it tonight?

Elizabeth was dying for a shower, but she continued looking into the gloom until she heard an engine roar to life and saw his headlights turn on. She never watched her clients leave with this much interest, but she was this time. Was she being a fool? Was this affair as doomed as the great literary tragedies of the past?

Her mind cried out in warning, but her heart beat all the louder, drowning out all admonition and filling Elizabeth with life and hope. The fatigued Femdom glanced down at Emily Bronte's seminal novel. Her gaze returned to the window as Owen's car backed out and drove off into the night.

'Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same.'