

Remote Control

A Short story

I stepped out of the taxi and into the heat of the Californian July afternoon, checking the sign on the front of the building that read "Behavioral Therapy Centre". My heart was beating faster than normal as I pressed the buzzer and waited. An elegant receptionist welcomed me in to the cool interior.

"You must be Mr Richards, Doctor Carol is ready for you" she said, as she escorted me along a short corridor into the interior of the building, and opened the door into a comfortable consulting room.

I saw a woman dressed in pleated leather skirt, high heels and a white satin blouse approached who introduced herself as Doctor Carol:

"Please take a seat in the reclining chair" she said, "I just need to get some details from you and then we can get into the interesting part. I want you to relax and take some deep breaths in time with the beats, breathe in...and out...and in...and out...", she instructed as she placed a mechanical metronome on the edge of the desk.

Soon after, as I was relaxing into the regular breathing, she came to sit by the side of the chair, and started describing a relaxing woodland walk to me, involving counting down from ten to zero as the miles passed. I must have drifted off slightly, for the next thing I was aware of was her stroking my hand and my eyes opening, and being mildly embarrassed to find myself highly aroused.

"I think we've made excellent progress already" she said, "as this is your first time, we need to conduct a short medical on you, please follow nurse Jelena into the next room. A tall Eastern European nurse with a stern look was waiting by the door to a side room. I got up, somewhat shakily, and entered the medical room.

"Remove your clothes please" the nurse instructed. I looked nervously at Doctor Carol, who nodded and said, "Do as she says, my good boy", and then, despite my obvious erection I felt no hesitation in removing my clothes and standing there exposed in the brightly lit medical room.

Nurse Jelena took measurements of all parts of my body including my still pounding cock, and then ordered me to kneel on the examining couch. I heard the rustling of surgical gloves being put on, and then a cold finger probing my anus.

- "He is very tight there Doctor" said Jelena.
- "Don't worry, I know exactly how to remedy that" I heard, as you came around to whisper in my ear: "Relax my good boy, open and relax".

This loosened me immediately, though I didn't understand why, and Nurse Jelena began thrusting her fingers inside to a regular slow pace.

- "We may as well take a semen sample at the same time Doctor?" asked the nurse.

- “Good idea” I heard, and I felt your gloved hand begin to tease my already throbbing cock, which very soon exploded into the glass receptacle provided by Nurse Jelena.

I slumped onto the couch, but you weren't done with me yet. “Kneel boy” instructed Doctor Carol, and without a second thought I was kneeling before her, with my hands behind my back.

- “You are indeed an excellent subject, I think I will keep you in overnight for extra therapy. Do you agree?”
- I found myself answering “Yes, Mistress” without pause.
- “Yes, you should call me ‘Mistress’ from now on, my good boy”.
-

I felt a rush of warm pleasure through my body and felt my cock beginning to awake again. Mistress Carol then led me back to the consulting room, placing me back in the reclining chair, and strapped my arms and legs to it, while Nurse Jelena lowered some sort of visor over my head and eyes.

- “This is for long-term slow therapy, it will change you in ways that I have decided will be beneficial to both of us.” said Mistress Carol.

She flicked a switch and before my eyes and ears was a swirling mass of lights and sound, with Mistress Carol's voice again counting down repeatedly from ten to zero...

It was dark when the visor was removed but I remained bound to the chair. Mistress Carol was wearing a black leather and gold evening gown with a low V-neck, and a large green emerald necklace. “Welcome back love, are you feeling ok?”

- “Yes, Mistress” came my immediate response.
- “We're going to have some fun. While you were ‘out’ I have produced an artificial dildo exactly copied from your cock.”

She said, holding up an anatomically exact copy of my cock in shiny metal.

- “What's more, feel what happens when I stroke it like this...”

As she stroked the dildo, I felt my cock also being stroked. She giggled at that, and then proceeded to kiss the dildo and lick it gently. I was feeling this precisely as it appeared and getting harder all the time.

- “That's enough for now” she said, placing the toy in her desk drawer. “It's time for you to please me”

Releasing me from the chair, she had me kneel in front of the couch as she spread her legs and hitched her dress out of the way. She was wearing stocking but no panties, and I immediately caught an enticing scent, a mixture of perfume and her open vagina.

- "Take in my elixir and listen to your mistress" she whispered – I was rapt "You are going to lick my clitoris and vagina very gently. I will guide you".

With that, she carefully placed her gloved hands around the back of my head and pulled my head towards her open legs. A brief doubt flitted through my mind that this woman was my therapist that I had met for the first time today, but it was instantly gone. I extended my tongue and began to lick sensitively under the control of my mistress. The taste suddenly hit me – this was delicious and exhilarating, overwhelming my nose and mouth, and I completely surrendered to the sensation as Mistress Carol's grin turned into moans and murmurs. My conscious mind shut down as I licked, kissed and drank. Much later I returned to consciousness to find Mistress Carol toying with my cock using her manicured and painted toes.

- "You are responding superbly to the therapy, my good boy. I think tonight I will let you sleep at the bottom of my bed"

Later that evening, back at Mistress Carol's house, I was taken upstairs, undressed and made to pose on all fours as Mistress Carol inserted a butt plug in my for the night. She whispered once again in my ear as she pushed it in:

- "Five, four, three, two, one, zero, ...sleep" and I was frozen in deep intensity listening for, and indeed craving, instructions. "Listen carefully slave, I am going to give you some new programming." I was intent. My mind yearned for new instructions from my mistress. "Whenever you smell my scent you will instantly become erect and eager to please whoever is wearing it – whether me or one of my friends. You will obey their instructions regarding their physical satisfaction"

She repeated this a few times and then left me for the night with headphones on repeating it to strengthen the message. I was left aware of the programming and proud to serve my mistress.

"Wake up slave" were the first words I heard, and my eyes snapped open to see my mistress before me dressed in a black corset and lacy stockings. "Kneel on all fours". Mistress Carol then proceeded to ease the butt plug out and my nose caught her scent in passing. Immediately my cock became hard and I looked to her for instructions.

- "Not now, pet. Today you will remain in exquisite frustration as you think about me but are unable to reach orgasm unless you can solve a puzzle I have set your subconscious mind!",

she giggled as I felt perplexed and horny. I dressed and Mistress Carol led me to her door, but before opening it, whispered once more in my ear.

- "I will call you when I want you to return, meanwhile you have work to do" she chuckled.

I left and walked down the street. Every pair of smooth bare female legs I saw reminded me of Mistress Carol and made me more aroused. I walked for a while, seemingly aimless, until I came to a shop selling fetish gear and clothing. Something in my brain clicked and I entered the shop on automatic. Inside, a dark-haired shop-girl wearing tall heels, a short leather skirt and top that exposed her midriff came over to me brightly:

- "Can I help you sir?"
- "I am looking for a butt plug, leather collar and nipple clamps" I heard my mouth say but without knowing where the words came from.

She suppressed a giggle at my opening words, and led me through a heavy red padded door to a spacious changing room.

- "Wait here and undress, I received a call to say you might visit", she said before fetching a basket of items from the shop. How did she know?

She tried various collars until finding one that fitted perfectly.

- "Do you know how to use the clamps?" she asked? I mumbled a "no". "Let me show you" she replied.

And with that quickly spun them open, clamped the first one to my right nipple and proceeded to tighten the screw, squeezing my nipple between two rubber jaws. It became rapidly purple and erect as she repeated the procedure with the other nipple.

- "Would you like to see mine?" she asked.
- "er....yes" I said hesitantly.

She was already removing her leather top and revealing her large breasts with generous dark areolae, and tattoos beneath the breasts describing a lacy pattern. I was transfixed, unable to move or speak.

- "Come closer, it's ok, I won't bite" she laughed.

I moved towards her, and cupped both her breasts in my hands, with my thumbs stroking her darkening nipples. She whispered into my ear as I continued to marvel at them.

- "You're Mistress Carol's new slave, right?" – I nodded without question.

It was then that I caught the faint scent that she wore and my mind zoomed into the abyss, awaiting and yearning for her commands.

- "Turn around and present your rear to me, slave".

I did so without question. I heard some fumbling behind me and then felt a hard slippery object pressing my anus. "Relax, slave" was all it took to open me, and the strap-on phallus was inside. She fucked me hard and then told me to roll over on my back, detaching the strap-on, but leaving it in me. She then planted her legs either side of me and sat squarely on my face, instructing me to lick her. I, of course, obeyed. Although barely able to breathe I licked and probed her vagina until my face became wet with her juices, as she rode up and down on me. After she had reached orgasm, she rolled off, and ordered me to kneel with my hands behind my head. She then cuffed them in place with new leather cuffs that smelt delicious and attached them to a ring at the back of my new collar.

- "I have to make a call", she said, picking up her phone. "Mistress Carol? Look who I've got here!" and she turned the phone around to me.
- "Hello slave" Mistress Carol said from the phone, "You see what control I have over you? Do you understand that you are under my control wherever you are?"
- "Yes, mistress" I replied unconditionally.
- "Good boy. Now Natalie, my pet, I need to speak to you in private"

The shop girl retired to the other room leaving me bound and kneeling, with my cock standing fully at attention, but unattended to.

When Natalie returned, she looked slightly dazed, and moved slowly. She knelt down in front of me, propped the phone on a chair with the video call still running, and began licking and sucking my balls with her bright red painted lips. Soon she moved on to the swollen head of my cock, and then began taking it deeper in her mouth.

Mistress Carol spoke from the phone: "Boy, you have been very good and I'm going to reward you. I will soon command you to orgasm and you will come in Natalie's mouth. Are you ready? Silly question! When I reach zero you will come for me" She counted down from five to zero and on zero I ejaculated hard into Natalie's willing mouth, before falling sideways into sleep, full of dreams of Mistress Carol.

Three weeks passed, with Mistress Carol sending me online videos and sound recordings to absorb. I found myself being reminded of her whenever I saw a sexy woman with large breasts or well-toned legs in heels. At such times I would long to be between the legs of my Mistress. At night I would stroke and edge myself in preparation for my eventual service, with my butt firmly plugged and my headphones playing me recordings of her voice.

The call came unexpectedly one morning, Mistress Carol ordered me to report to the clinic without delay, and with my new toys on. I plugged myself, attached my nipple clamps and collar, put on a jacket and took a taxi downtown.

When I arrived, the receptionist again ushered me through to the consulting room. On seeing and smelling Mistress Carol I inevitably fell to my knees awaiting her wishes.

- "Stand up and undress slave."

I quickly obeyed, blood already rushing to my groin. She examined me; front and back, and then told me to recline in the chair.

- "Slave, today I want to try something a little different. I am going to drop you deep and probe your memories. But first I want you to recall as best you can, all of your sexual partners in your entire life. Then we will see how much better you can do under hypnosis."

Starting with my first, and proceeding through a string of college girlfriends, up until the present day I recounted all my partners.

Once the list was complete, Mistress Carol leaned in and whispered in my ear telling me to "You listen, you sleep and you obey", and after a short while her dreamy voice eliminated all my resistance and I fell into deep trance.

Waking again, Mistress Carol looked at me sternly.

- "Did you think you could deceive me? Compare the list you gave me with the one that you have produced under regression hypnosis."

The latter list included masseuses and escorts, as well as a professional dominatrix. I blushed deeply, and tried to apologize.

- "I'm sorry mistress, I thought you meant only partners"
- "No excuses. You see how much power I have over you"
- "Yes mistress"
- "I'm going to call Jelena in and we will devise a punishment for you"

She pressed a buzzer by the desk and asked Jelena to enter. Soon the tall severe blonde entered, wearing her white uniform and high heels.

- "Jelena, I want you to take this slave into your care for twenty four hours. You will keep him erect all the time but not allow him to ejaculate. You may administer ice or water if necessary, and then bring him back to full hardness."
- "Slave – you will have to use your self control. If you fail, the clock starts again."

Jelena gave a rare smile, took my hand and led me into the medical room.

- "We'll need to give you an enema first and wash you thoroughly"

Later she moved me to an examination chair, strapped my legs and arms in, and operated the controls that moved my legs apart. While Mistress Carol looked on

she began applying shaving foam to my pubic area, and took out a long razor with which she began to shave around the whole area. She finished by waxing my balls and anal area, squealing with delight as she pulled the wax off. After toweling the foam away, she stroked me until I was hard again, and lowered the visor onto my head. Sexual images of Mistress Carol floated around my field of vision with Mistress Carol's voice teasing me and keeping me excited. Then I felt a strange device being placed on my cock, and suction began to be applied at a slow regular pace. Every hour or so when it got too much, Jelena would remove the device and apply ice to my sore cock, wait for it to shrink and then start the process over again. Sometimes it seemed it must have been one of the other nurses that performed this routine, as they felt different. I started to dream that Mistress Carol would come in and end the torment. I called out for help but that just resulted in Jelena returning to ask if I wanted her to apply a gag to my mouth.

It ended with Mistress Carol returning to whisper in my ear.

- "Good boy, you made it. I know you are sore, but I want to use you now as watching this has made my juices flow"

She untied me, and half-carried me to the couch, where she lay me on my back. Her scent once again inflamed my desire, and images of her were burnt on my retina from the hours of visual stimulation. Mistress Carol climbed onto me and rode me expertly for I don't know how long. When she raised herself off me my cock was still hard and glistening from her juices.

- "I'm not giving you permission to come this time love, just so you know that it is always my decision and my treat when I allow it. - Jelena - come in and ice him please!"

I pleaded with her, but new it was futile. Jelena arrived with the ice and ran one ice cube lingeringly over my glans and another over my nipples. This was nearly too much, and I cried out, but Mistress Carol came over, took my head in her hands and pushed my lips towards her nipples, which I hungrily sucked. "Good boy, good boy" she whispered, as the shock of the cold subsided. I was becoming hard again already, and she laughed as she pulled her breast away, and lowered me back into the recliner, as I heard her start the familiar countdown and I blanked out.

Next morning, back home, I was showering and felt a strong overwhelming urge to shave my legs, chest and pubic hair, along with a vivid mental image of Mistress Carol standing over me. Without hesitation I shaved carefully, taking some time over the unfamiliar actions. Then while dressing suddenly I thought how nice it would be to wear a skirt and skimpy top in the hot weather, though I had no such items in my wardrobe. I resolved to go out shopping...

Finding a pleated dark very short skirt was simple, as I am fairly slim, and average height. Finding shoes required more effort, but eventually I found a pair

of red high-heeled strappy mules that fitted. I also found myself buying lipstick in cherry red, with matching nail polish, and a long blonde wig. This all seemed perfectly natural to me, like a regular shopping trip.

Returning home, I set about painting my finger and toenails, taking care to apply several coats as they dried. I applied the lipstick and eye-shadow, and donned a wig that I didn't remember buying, then practiced walking around in the new shoes. Catching a glance of myself in the long mirror I was struck by my transformation, and turned on by it.

That evening Mistress Carol made a video call to me:

- "Excellent work slave, I see you have been following your post-hypnotic instructions to the letter! I want you to come over to my place now so I can inspect you."

She hung up, and I made my way quickly to her luxurious apartment overlooking the city.

She welcomed me in, led me to her boudoir and observed me from a comfortable chaise long, while I walked up and down.

- "Good girl, well done" – I felt a warm flush of satisfaction. "Place your legs apart and bend down to touch your toes"

I tried but couldn't quite reach. She raised my skirt over my back and spanked me playfully for a bit as she spoke, raising a pleasant warmth in my rear:

- "I want you to dress like this from now on", she continued "You will need to buy new clothes, and I will tell you what to get. I will also set you an exercise regime to tone your muscles that you have let become loose."
- "Yes, mistress" was all I could respond.
- "During your very first session, which you may not remember, you confessed that you wanted to explore your feminine side. I can see it is making you horny, isn't it? What do you say to your mistress?"
- "Thank you Mistress Carol"

She pulled out a box and searched through it, eventually removing a clear plastic device.

- "Stand over here" she instructed.

I walked to her chair, and she uttered the command "Shrink down" at which, to my surprise, my penis shrank back to its resting size. She attached the plastic device around it, clicking it and locking it into place with a small gold padlock, whose key she placed around her neck.

- "For now, as you can see, I am locking your cock away so you can focus on other forms of satisfaction, whether from your anus or your other erogenous zones. Now, bend down over my knees."

She continued to spank my now hot buttocks with her right hand. My cock tried to harden but strained against the cage causing her to laugh. When my bottom was suitably red, turned me around, and placed my face in her lap; her hot juices

on my tongue drove me to heights of devotion, and her to a loud laughing orgasm. She lay back in the chaise and I remained kneeling on the floor near her feet.

A while later, she bent me over her again, and began massaging my prostate with her warm fingers of one hand while tweaking my now very sensitive nipples (they never used to be? I thought). I moaned and begged her to release my cock, but she continued to massage it, while whispering to me:

- "You've been a very good girl, I'm going to let you release from within the cage as I countdown to zero"

Upon zero my cock discharged from its sorry state, and she ordered me to lick up the mess. It was disgusting and salty, but I followed her instructions to swallow, and found that it gave me a new sense of her power over me.

- "Very good girl. We will milk you like this regularly to keep the juices from getting stale. I want you to report to Jelena in the morning to continue your transformation"

Next morning, back in the clinic, Jelena ushered me in and placed me back in the gynecological chair. Strapping my arms and legs in. She massaged my balls mockingly as my cock was still restrained but trying to grow.

- "Mistress Carol has asked me to carry out some tests on you today. First I need a blood sample to check your hormone levels. Just relax your arm, if it helps I can put the visor on you"

She lowered the visor once more and I was instantly distracted by the swirling spiral and Mistress Carol's voice instructing me to relax. Before I knew it, Jelena had taken the blood sample and was dabbing my arm with a swab.

- "Now, I'm going to show you a series of images on the visor. I will be measuring your reactions via the sensors in the visor on your head and the electronic plug in your butt. Just focus on the images and listen to Mistress Carol's voice."

I started seeing images and video clips, as I listened to Mistress Carol's voice recording. First was a video clip of a bimbo type, with big blonde hair, large breasts in a tight t-shirt, bending over and blowing a kiss towards the camera. Mistress Carol's voice told me "Feel your thoughts floating away, look closely at the girl, you can be as carefree as her, you can be her, you will be her",

Next I was shown an image of a dark-haired elegant woman applying lipstick carefully, zooming in on close-up. Mistress Carol's voice entered my head "Look closely at her sexy lips. Imagine kissing them. Wouldn't you like lips as kissable

as those?”. The lips moved from lipstick to sucking on an erect nipple, and then a large glistening cock.

The images became more explicit. I don't remember all of them, but they progressed to video clips, first of women fingering each other, another showed models parading lingerie which was gradually removed, item by item, from them by a masked woman in a black coat. Still another showed a tall women in high heels dressing her slave girl in a stiff corset that left her breasts fully visible and pushed upwards. She then proceeded to fit a large leather collar, which pushed the slave's head up and backward letting her chestnut hair flow magnificently down her back to her waist. The mistress took her by the chin and showed her to the camera. This continued for a long time, all the while I was obviously aroused but trapped in the cage. From time to time Jelena would check on my butt plug, pushing it in further.

Eventually the visor was removed and I saw Mistress Carol was in the room, dressed in the same way as the tall dominatrix in the video.

- “Thank you Jelena, that's enough for today, I see the results are strongly indicative of a submissive feminine nature. Tomorrow you can work on the hormone therapy to promote breast growth”

Jelena released me from the chair, helping me to my feet, and back into my high-heeled shoes. Mistress Carol took me into her consulting room, and took out a short black corset, which she attached around me.

- “ We will reduce your waist significantly” she said as she tightened it further and further.

The corset was so tight that I had some difficulty breathing. Mistress Carol proceeded to fit a large collar around my neck, and adjusted my wig. She then covered my eyes with a padded leather blindfold that tied around the back and over the top of my head.

- “I have a visitor arriving soon who is keen to meet you but doesn't want to be seen” she explained. “You will do everything you can to please her, and if she is satisfied I may let you out of your cage later.”

I had no idea who the mystery visitor could be, but soon the doorbell to the clinic rang and the receptionist opened the consulting room door and let someone in. I was standing naked in the middle of the room dressed only in the corset, collar and high-heels.

The first impression I had was that the visitor had smooth and firm hands as they ran over my buttocks, parting them and slapping them. She pulled my nipples and kissed them lightly, letting me smell Mistress Carol's special elixir that sent me into the deep place wanting to please her, but for now I awaited

instructions. Mistress Carol ordered me to kneel on all fours, which I did instantly.

- "Kiss her boots" said Mistress Carol

I complied without question. The visitor sat down and asked me to crawl closer. She spoke with a mild French accent. She placed a hand on my head and drew me towards her, kissing my lips deeply. I was confused about the situation but under the control of my programming and waited for orders.

- "He seems well-trained, but would you mind if I disciplined him, if necessary?" asked the visitor.
- "Not at all, though I don't want any permanent damage"
- "Will he take fucking with strap-ons?"
- "Yes, very willingly, I have reprogrammed him recently so that any probing at his anus will cause its muscles to relax. He had some initial tightness, but we have trained that away."
- "And orgasm control? I don't want him making a lot of mess or coming prematurely."
- "He is now well trained. Watch and I will demonstrate"

With that I felt that cage being removed. Mistress Carol ordered me to become hard for her, and I felt blood surging to my stiffening cock, as it swelled and swerved upright. Mistress instructed me to masturbate in front of the visitor, which I did with some embarrassment, but without coming. Mistress then took over to show I wasn't cheating, and stroked me hard, inviting the visitor to spit on my cock, which she did. I remained rigid and didn't ejaculate regardless of the speed and the pressure.

- "Very good, I will use him tonight if I may? The usual fee for an overnight service?"
- "Certainly, enjoy yourself, and don't forget to wear the special perfume I gave you for best results."
-

Mistress Carol whispered in my ear: "Slave, go with Madame tonight, obey her wishes with regard to her sexual pleasure and tell me everything tomorrow"

I was helped into a long coat and led blindfolded into the car of Madame, and driven off through what I guessed to be the outskirts of the city. The car pulled up at the end of a long gravel drive. I was helped out, still blindfolded, by unknown hands and taken upstairs into a warm room with soft carpet underfoot, where my coat and shoes were removed, and told to stand and wait.

After perhaps thirty minutes, the door opened, and I heard two people enter the room. Madame spoke first:

- "Slave, I have brought you here anonymously and blindfolded for reasons that may become clear later"

She got closer, held my head with both hands and kissed me firmly. I could smell Mistress Carol's elixir and responded with passion to her kiss.

- "If you obey me, you will find me a stern but sensual mistress much like your own Mistress Carol"

She walked around me trailing her finger around my waist just below the corset. My erect cock bobbed openly hoping vainly for attention.

Madame spoke to the other person in the room.

- "Come over here Chloe, tonight you will practice your sexual skills on this toy of Mistress Carol's. Start by kissing him. On the lips at first"

I was kissed very gently by different lips, though also bearing a trace of the magically scented elixir. I then felt her hands reach around to grab my buttocks, and she began to suck hard on my nipples, which caused me to cry out slightly.

- "Be silent!" shouted Madame as she slapped me hard across my cock. My training kicked in and I obeyed her without a murmur as she continued to slap my penis from side to side.

Chloe then moved down to begin fervently sucking my erect cock while Madame held me and whispered in my ear:

- "I know you want to come, slave, feel her sucking you, imagine your juices shooting across her pretty face, feel the pleasure growing. After this I'm going to fuck you hard from behind so enjoy this while you can"

She said this with a wicked tone, as she removed my butt plug, and began fingering my anus, which readily gave way to her probing. I held on without coming. Chloe removed her wet lips from my cock and pushed me back onto the bed, climbing on top of me, while Madame proceeded to straddle my head and position her erect clitoris on my lips, rubbing herself roughly back and forth across my face. Chloe reached her climax first, shortly followed by Madame.

- "Kneel on the bed like a dog, and open your mouth" came Madame's husky voice. She fitted a gag in my mouth and tied it behind.
- "You have behaved perfectly, but I want to have you whipped anyway. Since you behaved so well, Chloe will do it instead of me"
- "No Madame!" exclaimed Chloe
- "Yes, it's about time you learned, and here you have a willing subject. You are happy to be whipped aren't you slave?" – I nodded.
- "There, you see! Perhaps I should take you to see Mistress Carol as well"

I heard some movement and then felt a slap across both buttocks from what I took to be a large paddle. "Harder!" came Madame's voice. And the strokes increased. After I lost count, Madame called a halt, and I felt a nudging at my anus from her strap-on phallus. Of course by now it obligingly opened for her and she

proceeded to fuck me while slapping my hot and sore butt with her hands. When she was finished, she cuffed my wrists to the head of the bed, and left me gagged and blindfolded, as she and Chloe departed, snapping off the light.

Time passed slowly as I couldn't sleep, but after an hour or so, I heard the door softly open and close, and quiet footsteps approach the bed. I turned my head as much as possible towards the sound.

- "Stay quiet, I'm going to untie you",

She whispered, as she untied my wrists, removed the gag and even removed my blindfold. In the dim light I saw a heart-shaped face with wide eyes, framed by long dark curly hair. Chloe lay next to me in her silk nightdress and stroked me gently with her soft hands. She still carried some of Mistress Carol's Elixir scent on her, and I again became rock hard.

- "Is there no way you can come?" she silkily spoke.
- "Not unless Mistress Carol permits it"
- "I want to meet her, what is she like?"

I told her about Mistress Carol, how I found the treatment relieved worries and relaxed me generally, as well as the great satisfaction I had found in her service.

- "Take me tomorrow with you when you go, I want to come too"
- "It will be my pleasure"

She kissed me softly and deeply, and then manoeuvred herself onto my cock and gently rocked back and forth for a long time, moaning softly. I did eventually come inside her, but she promised not to tell anyone. She retied and as she had found me, and left the room. I slept at last.

In the morning, Madame untied me and dressed me as she called her driver to take me back. Just past the end of the drive, Chloe stepped out and into the car, and removed my blindfold so I could see we were in a large country estate somewhat above the city, with vineyards stretching far and away.

We arrived at the clinic, and I introduced Chloe to Mistress Carol, and explained that she was interested in her treatment.

- "Lovely to meet you dear, please take a seat in the recliner and I will explain what I do. Slave, you will see Jelena for your treatment while I talk to Chloe"

As I left the room, Mistress Carol's soothing voice was describing the benefits of her work, and I could see the rhythm and cadence of it were already affecting Chloe.

After Jelena had injected me with her cocktail of hormones and set me my new fitness schedule, I waited for Chloe to emerge, but instead Mistress summoned me into the room. Chloe was deep in trance in the chair. Mistress Carol addressed me:

- "You have done extremely well slave, far above the call of duty. I will reward you by leaving the cage off for a week and allowing you to orgasm provided you repeat my name out loud twenty times prior to coming. Now...Sleep!"

I awoke with my stomach covered in semen, feeling even more devoted to Mistress Carol. She was still programming Chloe in the basics of devotion and submission. She promised to be an excellent new recruit.

The End.