

The Manager  
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Part 1

Kara felt the leather between her fingers and sighed. There was something just perfect about good leather with quality stitching. She wasn't sure if it were the suppleness or its malleability but something excited her about the straps she was fondling.

Maybe it was its victim.

Kara was neither old nor young but one thing was for sure - she had seen her share of applicants and rejected not just a few in her time. It was rather enjoyable and downright satisfying to be her Mistress's selector, the one with the authority to interview new candidates and make the almost-final call on who would be chosen and who would not. If Kara didn't like a male petitioner, then he never got to meet her Mistress.

It was a lot of responsibility but she had earned it through her years of service, training and learning. Sometimes she giggled about how it was a hard job, but someone had to do it. Mistress and she laughed about some of the poor boys who tried out occasionally but at other times, especially when it was Kara's obligation to fill a certain position that Mistress demanded, her job was downright difficult.

This was one of those times.

Mistress explained carefully and clearly that she sought a male to take over the very important job of demonstrator. Every time Mistress traveled to different shows or auctions, she always took along her demonstrator, the male who would show off her techniques and talents. He had to be strong yet adaptable - moldable to whatever Mistress wanted to display at that particular gathering. The demonstrator must be both well-trained as well as exciting. It was hard to find that combination in one male.

Males of this caliber were rarely found in IRC chat rooms or on bulletin boards. Kara had been there before and was disdainful of what she had discovered in those haunts. No, the better choice was selective advertising. Without delay, she wrote a few ads:

"Wanted: male to serve as model of unusual equipment. Must be in good shape and athletic." Somehow, that wording just didn't seem to draw in the type of candidate that Kara sought. She tried again.

"Male to work as demonstrator for unusual product. Must get along well with superiors." Kara shook her head at that one, too. After chewing the eraser for a while, she tried one more time.

"Needed: agile male to represent well-known employer in competitive marketplace. Must be graceful and dexterous. Willingness to try new things is helpful. Requires travel." That

was it! Kara phoned it in to several carefully selected newspapers and magazines then sent Mistress a memo indicating that the advertisement had been placed.

All she had to do now was wait for emailed responses.

What Kara had learned about interviewing was that it was crucial with males especially to meet them and not judge them based on written communication. After all, the written word was not a qualification for this particular position. Instead, she wanted to see a male, feel him and test him, play with his mind a little to see if he were compatible with her Mistress's methods of using a demonstrator.

The last show Kara had been allowed to attend taught her just how skillful and quick a demonstrator had to be. Mistress would have a trainer work with a candidate and then she would put him through his paces herself to see if she felt that special bond with him. There had a been a few who just couldn't seem to click with her style and Kara always felt personally responsible when one of her recommendations didn't work out.

The spring show was held in the mountains and Mistress reserved a beautiful suite with an outstanding view that overlooked a huge valley of lush springtime blooms. Kara's room was attached to Mistress's and she shared it with the demonstrator, the trainer and a leather worker. The pace of the week's activities almost overwhelmed her with their intensity and one or two times she craved sleep, but she could get that at home, she figured, and pushed herself not just to meet, but to exceed Mistress's expectations.

When they first arrived on Tuesday, she set up the tools the trainer needed to keep L, the demonstrator, on his toes and in perfect shape for Mistress's needs. After all, the show he was entered in took place on Friday and Kara knew that the trainer was just a little nervous about his boy's performance. Mistress had chosen a particularly difficult act for that presentation and it was his job to make sure that all went well.

He knew the consequences of failure and he was very reluctant to face his owner in that light.

Every morning, Kara supervised L's calisthenics while the trainer readied his tools. She counted his sit ups because Mistress preferred a flat stomach on her boys, called out his penis exercises because Mistress liked a sturdy organ and chanted his aerobics because Mistress didn't want him breathing too hard during the demonstration. When he resisted or complained of being tired, she was authorized to discipline him as she saw fit, and that established her supremacy over his position.

Kara discovered that the most effective means of discipline she could impart was with a simple penis paddle. One or two swats on his testicles and the demonstrator was right back on track.

The more she dictated his actions and forced him to respond to

her commands, the happier Kara became. In fact, she learned to relish the role. Perhaps that trait was one of the reasons Mistress elevated her to the position she currently enjoyed.

Swatting the demonstrator's testicles was the second time she had been allowed to castigate an errant male. The first time always brought a rush of warm memories into her body and occasionally she had to sit down and breathe deeply when those thoughts threatened to overcome her personal control. Mistress did not allow her charges to have orgasms without permission and even in her position, Kara was not immune to that rule.

The first boy she reprimanded was the houseboy, a slightly built sweet sort of boy who was playing out his lifelong desire in Mistress's household. Kara was required to provide him nice things, like pretty outfits, silk stockings, matching lace garter belts and bras and the silkiest panties she had ever purchased. As he shopped with her and indicated a preference, Kara picked up the item and took him into the fitting room to see which size and color worked best with his fair skin and thin stature.

In fact, when Mistress finally had him pierced, Kara took him to the piercer and supervised the procedure. Mistress was very particular about her males' piercings and Kara felt honored that she was given the responsibility.

Kara figured that boy should have been eternally grateful so when he back talked his owner, Kara was just infuriated. Even though Mistress could not have heard the boy's sarcasm from her office, Kara believed that the boy needed reminding as to just how lucky he was to be in her service.

Without a word, she grabbed the handiest paddle she could find and swatted his new piercing with it. Looking back, may she was a little too rough with him, after all, he was a sissy, but she felt then like she felt to this day: he earned what he got. So when he went crying and running to Mistress, and Kara was summoned to her office, she knelt tall during the questioning.

Mistress always said she could see truth - or lying - in a sub's body. Interrogations or fact-findings were always done with the accused naked and kneeling. It was easier, Mistress said, to see what her little ones were up to when their bodies couldn't be hidden.

The houseboy stifled a sob when she had him remove his pretty lace panty and bra set and kneel in front of her with his pierced penis hanging down. Kara, for her part, slid out of her leather straps and unhooked the crotch belt quickly before taking her position.

Mistress surveyed them both.

"Now just what is going on with you children?" Mistress asked with a touch of humor in her voice. "I leave you two alone in the kitchen for five minutes, and look what happens!"

The silence in the room echoed among the walls that Mistress had decorated herself with beautiful paintings of mountains - one of her favorite landscapes. One wall held a huge Oriental paper fan that was fully spread open. Mistress commented that a spread open fan reminded her of the way her charges should be positioned. And then she smiled.

But when Kara knelt silently on the blue Oriental carpet in Mistress's office, she certainly wasn't smiling; in fact, if sheer terror had a face, it was Kara's. The houseboy whimpered quietly with his head bowed with long brown ringlets sticking to the perspiration that dotted his head, neck and cheeks. No one spoke, not even Mistress.

Even though she felt her own heart pounding in her chest, Kara managed to articulate a semblance of a sentence.

"I... he was...it was rude!" she finally managed.

Mistress had learned to keep her lips straight even when she was laughing inside and the two timorous subs facing her were certainly amusing. An altercation over rudeness? She had to work particularly hard this time to refrain from convulsing into waves of laughter.

"I see," she intoned rather formally as the two subs shrank in fear. "You struck my property." It was not a question and Kara felt the boy sneer at her, a facial contortion that Mistress drank in with a knowing smile.

"Yes, Ma'am," Kara offered meekly. There was nothing else to say so she said nothing.

"Boy!" Mistress almost barked at the houseboy, "Look at me!"

His bent head seemed almost glued to his naked chest and it took his owner at least two more commands before he raised it to meet her fiery eyes. One thing Kara had learned was that Mistress did not like repeating herself. For a moment, Kara felt like smiling, but then she thought better of it.

What the boy saw was his owner slapping a small crop across her own palm in a menacing sort of way. Right now, almost anything she touched would have seemed menacing, but the crop was a nice touch, Mistress figured, when she saw his eyes fill with terror. Only the guilty are afraid, she always remarked.

"You were rude?" she asked benignly and both supplicants seemed taken aback at her casual tone.

"No, Ma'am," he replied a little too earnestly. "I would never back talk your orders."

At that moment, Mistress knew who the guilty party was in the altercation and she believed in quick, decisive action to forestall future problems. Nothing was worse than a household with bickering servants, Mistress had learned, and the best way

to avoid that was to punish the guilty swiftly and severely. There was rarely a need to reward the innocent, not once they saw what punishment entailed.

She beckoned the boy to her side with a single bent finger and he scurried across the carpet on his hands and knees to attend her. Figuring she believed him, he sought his reward. Kara lowered her jaw, then her entire head, from the shame of being disbelieved.

Taking a handful of his long brown hair, Mistress drew the prevaricator up over her knee and forced the slightly built boy to dangle for a few moments before she administered suitable punishment. Astonished at his misperception of the situation, the boy called for mercy even before she had laid the first stroke on his bare ass. His owner allowed herself to smile and share a knowing glance with Kara.

The relief that washed through the young woman surpassed any comfort she drew from the discipline administered to the troublesome boy. As he yelped from pain, Kara breathed deeply to regain her composure. As the boy's organ was clamped between his owner's knees and he shrieked from the sudden agony when his new piercing was compressed, Kara felt a great weight lift from her shoulders.

When the boy was forced to kneel and kiss the crop, Kara's mind was somewhere else, on one of those beautiful mountaintops in Mistress's pictures, enjoying the cold breeze. His sobbing didn't wrench at her. His tears barely affected her. She luxuriated in the knowledge that she was believed and that was all she needed - or wanted.

As she thrashed the boy's naked backside, Mistress kept a single eye on her female and evaluated her reaction. It was the rare female who didn't react to a beating and the boy's ass suffered as she upgraded the level and rhythm of her strokes to try to draw a reaction from the young woman. The more he pleaded, the harder she slapped his asscheeks. The louder he wailed, the faster she swatted.

When she finally glanced at the bright red cheeks in her lap, Mistress was surprised at the vigor with which she unleashed her displeasure. "Two for one," she thought. The boy was punished and she had discovered a potential staff manager right here in her own household. Once again, Mistress smiled.

She stood the boy upright and held his limp little organ in her fist as she chastised him again.

"You have used up all your 'turns,'" Mistress commented, "and the first time you are reported as out-of-line will result in your being expelled from this household." She allowed her words to sink into his terror-filled brain before continuing. "I have very high expectations for my possessions and I will not lower them for the likes of you."

The boy sniffled audibly as his owner squeezed and then suddenly

pulled him down to his knees.

"Show your appreciation," she demanded and held out her cruel crop. In utter humiliation, the boy knelt low and brought his thin lips to the hard leather. As he kissed the instrument of his torture, his owner warned him one more time.

"The next occasion," she spoke in a cold and low voice, "is expulsion. No questions. Do you understand?"

The boy nodded and his owner dismissed him with a glance. She beckoned Kara to stay. The girl was overwhelmed with a combination of terror and giddiness, unsure of what lay ahead of her in the next several moments. Having seen her Mistress's wrath, she vowed never to be on the receiving end of her punishing crop.

That night, Mistress offered her the position of staff manager and outlined her duties. Since then, Kara had worn the rank of household administration proudly and she had never yet received a disciplinary session for misbehaving. With her new shiny metal collar decorating her neck, Kara drank in the jealous stares of the staff and workers with a certain pride mixed with glee. Performing her duties diligently, the young woman worked with a passion that her owner enjoyed especially how she drilled the newcomers and maintained high standards among the old-timers.

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Part 2

Eventually, the household ran more smoothly than ever before and Kara enjoyed the fruits of her labors. Mistress gave her a girl of her own for both clerical help as well as for her enjoyment and promised Kara a boy if she so choose. And here she was, at such a show, eyeballing leather and figuring out the best way to get the demonstration done. When she had a moment, Kara checked out the various goods available, especially the boys that were on the block. After all, maybe this would be the moment that Mistress would get her that boy she had promised.

But it was getting close to the scheduled demo time and Kara had to force herself to stop fingering the supple leather straps that Mistress had commissioned from her favorite leather worker several weeks ago. The buckles were leather backed so they wouldn't dig into the boy's skin and the O-rings, Mistress's favorites, were double bound. In all, it was a fine piece of craftsmanship. Or "craft-womanship." Kara giggled.

She reviewed her purpose: find Mistress a demonstrator, one who would be compatible with her style and could enhance the household. The boy would be shown at different trade shows and auctions and maybe one day would bring Mistress a good price - or a great trade - and serve to enhance Mistress's prestige even more. All in all, it was a gigantic responsibility and Kara felt overwhelmed just for the moment.

Then she pulled herself together while awaiting the summons. No collared worker could investigate the offerings unattended. When the bell rang, she was ready.

The collared workers walked a step or two behind their owners and knelt quietly whenever one stopped either to chat with a friend or inspect the available goods. Kara had practiced kneeling so when Mistress paused she was able to drop silently to her knees in a sort of graceful motion that drew an occasional lifted eyebrow from a colleague. She even used the mirror to gauge exactly how far her head should drop out and just how tightly her chin should rest on her chest.

Kara took her role very seriously.

In the first room, Mistress interrupted their rather brisk pace to inspect four males who were being offered apparently for the first time. Mistress had informed her on a previous trade show visit that first-time offerings could be either magnificent or deadly. After all, was their owner trying to get rid of a problem or was she trying to build her stable with the price that a prize could engender?

New offerings required careful examination.

With a tug at her collar, Mistress invited Kara to stand.

"Your opinion?" she asked casually and Kara realized that the test had begun.

Her blue eyes darted from male to male as Kara perused the offerings. One was very tall, an unlikely candidate, she evaluated, because he would have trouble fitting into the harness. A second was short and stocky and she rejected him for the same reasons. The third had deep brown eyes but a round ass, and Kara looked past him because he apparently wasn't well trained.

The fourth caught her eye. With a head full of straight brown hair and eyes to match, there was an intensity about him that drank in Kara's gaze. Mistress was watching her reactions and Kara asked permission to evaluate this offering a little more closely. With a hard but loving pat on her asscheek, Mistress gave Kara her head and let the girl work.

First she felt his upper arms to determine muscle tone, then worked her fingers into his chest. Tweaking his nipples, she watched for a reaction. Only poorly trained males wince from a mere firm pinch and this one evaluated acceptably. He didn't flinch.

Her expert hands palpated several areas of his body as she flexed his arms and legs, spread his fingers and checked out his feet. Satisfied with the gross reactions, Kara spun him around on his chain and moved in for a closer look.

Her eyes were drawn to his asscheeks. Firm, flat and hairless, Kara patted his bottom, then cupped her palms on both sides and spread them, as if to peer inside. But from her angle, she could see very little.

The answer was simple and she bent the boy over, spread his cheeks again and checked for potential damage. Nothing was worse than a secondhand sub or a male whose training was substandard. His hole appeared supple, although Kara knew she would have to check for herself if she were really going to recommend the purchase or trade of this particular male.

Something about him tantalized her. It was as if his skin pulsed or vibrated a little under her touch. She couldn't put her finger on it, but there was something about him that intrigued her. Mistress didn't a moment of the exchange, either. Making a mental note to check his papers, Kara's owner suggested they move on with a not-so-gentle reminder swat that brought the dreamy manager back to the present.

"Never buy the first pair of shoes you try on," Mistress reminded her.

Kara nodded, dropped to one knee, and awaited instructions.

"Expert room!" Mistress commanded and the two women exited the stall, heading down the long hallway to the cordoned off area

where the more highly trained males were displayed.

Kara guessed it was a double room with the doors opened, but nonetheless she was overwhelmed with the immense numbers of expert males offered at this show. Usually, they used only one regular room and it was rarely filled, but this double-wide was near capacity with trained merchandise. Surely she could find a suitable male in this crowd, she figured, and inspected every male with a once-over glance to see if she could eliminate any out of hand.

Mistress commented, "There are too many of them for me. Go ahead."

Kara was on her own and inhaled the cool air excitedly. It wasn't often that she was unleashed and encouraged to do business independent of her Mistress, especially in a room over capacity with well-trained males. She felt her nipples harden as the intentionally well air-conditioned room made her shiver.

Mistress once commented that seeing a potential purchase in a cold room was preferable to checking him out in a warm environment because too many buyers were taken in by simple penis length. A cold room, she reminded her manager, usually forced males to retract and you could evaluate them better as a package and not simply as an organ. Kara listened and learned.

The sheer immensity of the nakedness tantalized her and Kara felt errant moisture gather between her legs. Hairlessness prevented her from hiding anything from her owner and Kara struggled to maintain her composure in the titillating surroundings. From the group of women with whom she was chatting, Mistress kept a keen eye on her manager and Kara could feel her stare almost as if she were capable of seeing every drop of wetness that was developing between her legs.

She struggled to keep her mind on business and avoid discipline, especially in front of the other buyers and their own managers.

Once Kara had seen an owner have to reprimand a new manager at a trade show when the girl was overcome with agitation. Apparently, it was her first show and she got a little, well, excited. The girl allowed herself to drip visibly and no owner can tolerate that kind of stimulation in a manager, not a good owner, anyway.

The girl was forced to her knees and her legs spread wide so the entire room could observe the evidence of her weakness. Her owner invited every manager to look at her girl's gleaming lower lips and Kara's owner demanded she prostrate herself for a close look. With her eyes literally touching the girl's hairless lips, Mistress told her to move in even closer.

Both owners smiled at the show and the waiting managers formed a line so they, too, could observe the misbehavior first hand. Kara was commanded to touch the wetness to remember how it felt, to taste it so she could recall the flavor of humiliation and to smell it drink in the aroma of degradation so she could recall

what insubordinate behavior was if Kara ever found herself in a similar position.

Which was, of course, exactly where she was now.

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Part 3

In fact, if Kara didn't know better, she would have sworn that her Mistress was delighting in her vexation. Even without looking or feeling herself, she knew that the glistening between her legs was visible to her owner and that every ounce of strength she could manage seemed unable to cease the water's flow.

The displayed males seemed exhibited for her sole pleasure and even their flaccid penises didn't dissuade her from sensual exhilaration. Kara knew that her leg twitched and she was absolutely certain her owner had seen it, too. But when she focused her eyes on the males' wrists, bound overhead to show off their bodies' lines, she felt an inner glow.

Their cuffed ankles, attached securely to the floor rings, filled her with sensual delight, as if this were the banquet of her desire and she were the sole diner. Asscheeks, spread far apart, resembled a display of raw power, cooked rare like fine meat on an open barbecue. The gags that filled their mouths stifled only their cries as owner after owner showed off her trained male's prowess and ability to handle a sound flogging. Although their mouths were silent, Kara felt them call out to her.

The girl was almost beside herself with a strange mixture of glee and fear. Desperate to perform her job, she fought against the puerile urges that overpowering male nakedness instilled in her. Concentrate, she demanded of herself, pay attention!

"Dear, have you found a suitable candidate?" Mistress inquired softly. Kara almost jumped when she felt her owner's fingertips glance against her own burning cheek.

"I'm ... I want ... I think..." it made no sense and she knew it. What worried Kara most of all was that her owner knew it, too.

"Perhaps we should inspect one more closely," Mistress suggested and Kara forced herself to nod her head in an almost stupidly rhythmic motion. She was barely holding on and fooling, perhaps, only herself.

"This one?" Mistress asked a little too quietly and pointed at the biggest one of the lot. His shoulders went on forever and his penis length, even soft, had to be more than seven inches. Kara wanted to scream. No! Not THIS one!

Taking her by the forearm, Mistress walked her manager toward what had to be the most colossal male in the room. His forearms were huge and his biceps were as wide as the horizon. Kara tried not to look at him.

Mistress had other ideas.

"Feel his chest," she demanded quietly. Kara steeled herself and

raised her right arm higher and higher until her fingertips glanced the male's hairless nipple. It was rock hard, she noticed, but couldn't allow herself to smile.

"And his thighs?" Mistress commanded again and Kara felt her right arm drop to the male's upper thigh to palpate the muscles and determine their rigidity.

"Penis length?" she inquired with a small smile, and Kara felt her left hand move of its own accord and take the soft organ in her palm. As if her hands were disconnected from her body, Kara pulled the organ's tip away from his groin and estimated it.

"Seven," she mumbled, hoping that no one else was watching her imbecilic display.

"So far, so good," Mistress commented airily, "what about his cheeks?"

NO! Kara wanted to scream, don't make me spread his cheeks! She felt moisture beads decorate her lips and threaten to run down her legs in front of what must be a totally rapt audience. Even the male, she worried, was staring at her.

Her owner was not to be dissuaded from her quest. "Spread them," she said simply and Kara climbed almost numbly to the platform to move behind the shackled male. Her hands felt his warm cheeks and moved them slightly apart. His hole was gorgeous and obviously well trained.

But Mistress wanted more. "Farther," she directed, "so I can see clearly."

Kara understood the simplicity of her owner's request but couldn't force her own fingers to obey the command.

"Farther!" her owner's voice took on a new tone. "I want to see for myself."

Oh god, Kara wailed silently, what was it that she wanted to see? Did she want to witness her manager's total degradation or did she want to display her humiliation to the entire room?

Gritting her teeth, she dug her fingers in deeper and harder and yanked the male's cheeks wide apart.

"Turn him," the voice enjoined.

Kara felt the tears in her eyes before she felt them course down her face. With almost superhuman effort, she twisted the male so his spread cheeks faced the assembled room - and her Mistress. As if her heart were on fire with passion mingled with mortification, Kara pulled his backside fully apart. There could be nothing worse.

Until her Mistress uttered the next command, that is. "Lubricate him," she called cheerfully, and by now, Kara felt her thighs

tighten with the most frightening sensation she could imagine.  
No! Not here!

But her fingers obeyed somehow and she found the nearby tube. Twisting the top off with her teeth, she pressed a huge dollop onto her fingertips and inserted them into his willing hole. Deeper and deeper she probed in side him as the lubrication graced every square inch of his rectum that she could reach. God, she could almost taste him. Her thighs hurt from tension and the errant moisture ran down her leg.

"Plug him," Mistress mentioned casually as her manager's abasement abounded. With the last of her strength, Kara found the plug on the shelf and positioned the tip almost senselessly against his pink pucker. Pressing diligently, she urged the intruder into his magnificent ass. Although her legs felt like rubber, Kara still managed to stand.

"I'd like to see him hard," Mistress commented casually, "kneel and suck him."

If she had any shred of dignity left, Kara felt it dissipate from her body when she heard that final command. She could not complete the order without defiling herself on the small podium and the entire gathering would witness her ultimate disgrace. Although she hadn't cried for years, Kara felt a great sob heaving in her chest.

Yet she had no choice. Falling to her knees in a semblance of the grace she had practiced for so long, Kara knelt in front of the big man's soft penis and opened her lips.

She had no idea how long she licked and sucked his organ; instead, she felt transported to another place - another being knelt in front of him. She wasn't there. Her mind reeled as her body reacted in a way she had been so carefully trained to perform.

Even in the midst of her self-consciousness, Kara felt only one thing: he was delicious.

Her body kept performing, even though her mind was in a space outside this room. Lips puckered, tongue flirting, teeth delicately biting, it took her a mere five minutes to bring him to full erection.

By now, her thighs shined from her own juices and her brown nipples danced to their own song of joy. The numbness that began in her toes had moved north toward her thighs and charged upward to the source of her lust. With nowhere to hide, Kara threw herself into the work at hand. If she were to go out, then she'd go with an explosive memory.

Licking and sucking and drooling down her cheeks, Kara lost all sense of propriety and continued past her instructions. If she were going to suffer the consequences of an unauthorized display, then so was he. She was merciless with him.

Her knees were rubbed raw from the display she was putting on but she never felt any pain. With her lips sliding merrily along his huge shaft, Kara drove her tongue into his tiny hole and felt his hips shudder in her palms. His gag could muffle his screams, but it could not drown out his moans.

She closed her eyes and moved in for the finish. If her owner were displeased, she hadn't uttered a word since Kara knelt in front of the big man's penis. Even if she had spoken, Kara wasn't sure she could hear.

With his arms shackled above his head and his ankles securely cuffed to the floor, the male could twist and turn all he wanted, but he couldn't get away from the expert girl's machinations. Her tongue drove him wild and his eyes filled with fear. He had no permission to come yet he felt it rise deep within him. His owner had kept him pure for weeks prior to the exhibition and he was going to lose all his carefully developed urges under this girl's insane tongue.

Furious but unable to prevent the ultimate ignominy from being imposed upon his penis, he threw his head back and let out a blood-curdling scream. Muffled by the gag, the room heard him merely groan.

Kara fought against his training and self-control with her tongue, lips and teeth. Lunge after lunge was answered with his withdrawal yet his bindings prevented his escape.

She moved in closer and he felt his body react.

Taking his huge penis between her fingers, she pressed him into her breasts. He screamed a muffled cry again and felt her warmth envelop his organ. As he thrust away from her, she leaned toward him and flicked her tongue against the tip as it escaped her cleavage. Shrieking one silent scream after another, he fought against her efforts to no avail.

She owned him and he finally realized it.

The girl between his legs was wild with passion as the tight bonds that held his arms and legs firmly in place imprisoned him. A small shudder and he felt his hips charge forward for a final lunge.

Sensing the finality in her hands, Kara let go of her mind's control and opened her body to his propulsion. Opening her lips, she caught the tip of his penis as it drove upward toward her mouth.

Even the gag couldn't muffle his cry - or hers - as the pair joined in simultaneous release. She drank his juice as if it were the nectar of the gods.

With tears running down her face, she dropped her head to the floor and waited for her owner's chastisement. The male's owner

released his bonds and he likewise dropped to the floor beside her.

The two prostrate figures remained silent and unmoving as the crowd gathered around them. A single pair of hands began a hesitant clapping and was soon joined by others. Suddenly, the entire room filled with a crescendo of appreciative ovation. Kara heard none of it; instead, her ears took in only her owner's voice - and Kara recognized the frightening sound of silence.

She felt her collar being pulled even before she realized she was crawling briskly through the resounding crowd. Finally, her ears filtered on her owner's directive.

"We'll take the male," she called, "and I'll see you all at the demonstration later. And - oh, yes - I've found my demonstrator. Wait till you see her in the new harness."

As Kara was led away from the appreciative throng, Mistress hissed in her ear. "You will so enjoy the harness, dear, it makes the kiss of the whip even more intense."

Kara smiled and licked her lips.

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