

Patrick Richards



**COLLEGE
BOUND**

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Chapter One

Beams of morning sunlight were filtering through the windows of the beach house. They would have been brighter if there wasn't a pair of her black bikini panties still draped over my face. But it made no difference. I like them, and the wonderful scent of pussy and lust that lingered on the silky fabric.

Actually, I was in no position to remove them. I was tightly bound spread eagle on the bed, waiting for someone to return and release me. As I lay there, memories of last night's fun brought a smile to my face. I inhaled deeply and remembered the many times I quenched the sexual thirst of my Mistress with a multitude of mind-blowing orgasms. She used me for hours, yet denied me any release.

I chuckled to myself, as I remembered how this all began so many years ago.

Actually my Mistress is my cousin. Well, we aren't real cousins. We aren't even related. We just called her that. A year or so after she was born her parents were both killed in a tragic automobile accident. My aunt had been Julie's babysitter and kept her safe until arrangements could be made. With no other option other than being put up for adoption her elderly grandfather supported her, and my aunt raised her like her own daughter. Julie was never legally adopted, so we weren't related either by blood, marriage or adoption. No one ever spoke about it. I often wondered as I watched her develop if maybe we were just going to be kissing cousins.

We would see each other every summer and sometimes on holidays. One year my Mom and I would go to LA, and the next she and my aunt would come to Boulder. We looked forward to those vacations especially after she knew my kinky secret.

For my entire life I have always been intrigued with ropes and bondage. I loved to see movies where someone was tied up. When I was ten or eleven, I started to experiment

with self-bondage. I tied myself up at night and played games with ropes or anything else I could find and figure out how to use.

I remember one time when I discovered an old trunk in our back shed. One day I emptied it out and climbed in. As the top slammed shut, I was excited to be helplessly locked inside. It was dark and rather small. I sat there and imagined being held captive by ruthless pirates on the high seas or some other bit of fantasy. I immediately realized that even at that age, being locked up and helpless excited me. That was all well and good until I discovered that there was no way to release the locks on the outside of the trunk that had snapped shut. There was no way to get to them and let myself out. I was definitely stuck. I think the excitement lessened at that point.

Luckily my grandfather, who lived next door, had seen me go into the building. After a few minutes when he didn't see me come back out, he decided to see what devilish thing I was doing. Seeing all the old bedding and discarded clothes outside the trunk, he knew where I was. He sat down in an old rocker and let me struggle, trying to end my dilemma. Probably a half hour passed before I decided that there was no possible escape. I was definitely stuck and yelled for help.

When he finally opened the trunk, I was a sweaty mess. I was tired from pushing and prying, but relieved that he found me. Well, he wasn't just going to let me go. He did inform me however that I would have probably died in there from the lack of air if I had been in there much longer. He made me promise to never do it again. That was followed by a couple of quick swats on my butt with a warning that my punishment would be a lot worse if I ever tried anything like that again. Yea, like that would deter me. Several other times I closed myself in that tiny prison, but I always had a way out.

Then one time when I was older, Julie came for her summer visit. One day she went shopping with my aunt and my mom, so I decided to take my “special” ropes and disappear down in the woods near the creek to play my secret little games. Well she obviously arrived home just as I entered the trees and quietly followed me. When I got to my favorite spot, I stripped bare assed naked and threw one of the ropes up over a branch. On each end of the short rope I had tied slip knots so I could put my hands in the loops and then swing out from an old log at the base of the tree. I would hang there by my wrists for as long as I could stand it. I loved the feeling of being naked, exposed and helplessly bound.

I hung there for just a short time when I was startled by her voice.

“What ya doing, Bobby?” she asked with a sing-song tone that said, “Ha, ha, I caught you.”

“Oh shit!” I whispered, as I tried to quickly free myself.

I panicked and attempted to get loose, but in my haste I just made things worse. When she got close, she giggled, knowing I was stuck.

“I’ve been watching you for quite a while. It seems that you really like this, don’t you? I bet you come down here a lot and do things like this.”

I struggled again, as she walked around in front of me.

“Please just go away so I can get down,” I begged.

“Why, and miss all this fun?”

She stood right there, not three feet from me, exactly eye level with my fully exposed, erect, little cock. I was rock hard and so embarrassed but couldn’t do anything about it. After all I was totally naked, and she was a girl.

Then she noticed another piece of rope at the base of the tree. As she picked it up, she asked, “So Bobby, how do you normally get yourself untied and back down from there?”

“I... ah... I swing my legs up over the branch and pull myself up high enough to release the ropes.”

“Well, we can’t have that, can we?” she giggled.

“Please, Julie... don’t.”

She laughed, as she tied my feet together and looped the rope around a short stub that stuck out from the downed log below me. Now I was completely at her mercy. There was no possible way to escape.

“This really excites you doesn’t it?” she asked, as she continued to stare at my erection.

“Yes,” I whispered sheepishly, as I just looked down at the ground.

She never touched me, but I’m sure she was definitely intrigued by my hard cock. I’m sure it was the first guy’s pecker that she’d ever seen. Then she sat on the ground with her legs crossed Indian style and watched me hang there helplessly. With her legs wide open like that and wearing a rather short skirt she knew I could see her little white panties with the red hearts. She was definitely playing with me.

“What are you looking at Bobby? You like my pretty panties?”

“Hey, you’re looking at me, aren’t you?” I replied, trying to defend my actions.

“Yea, but you’re the one who tied himself up so everyone who came along could see your cute little peter.”

“Cute? Come on, Julie; please... just let me down.”

“I will when I’m good and ready, but tell me... why do you like this so much? Do you like to be tied up?”

“Ah, I don’t know. I just do.”

She laughed, as I struggled to free myself.

“Then why are you trying to get loose. If you like it so much, just relax and enjoy it. I’ll untie you when I’m ready. But right now I enjoy seeing you so totally helpless.”

“But I’m naked.”

“So?”

She let me hang there for quite a while. Finally the excitement was gone, and my hard-on disappeared. My cock

just hung down on my balls.

Finally she released my legs and headed back towards the house. The problem was she took all my clothes with her. I may have gotten my feet back on the ground, but I was still totally naked. As I looked up the trail, I noticed one of my socks hanging from a small twig next to the path. She continued to toy with me. I walked up and put it on. From there I could see my tee shirt. I slipped that over my head and slowly moved on up the trail. The next item I found was those pretty white panties with the little red hearts.

“Come on, Julie. You can’t expect me to wear these,” I said, hoping she would hear me.

She spoke, as she stepped from behind a nearby tree. “You will if you want the rest of your clothes. After all, you really liked looking at them, didn’t you? Go ahead; put them on.”

Reluctantly I put on her panties.

“Oh, you look so cute in them. I can tell you really like them too.” she exclaimed, as she moved in closer.

I looked down and realized there was a definite bulge rapidly growing behind those little red hearts. That made me even more embarrassed. She just laughed as she gave me the rest of my clothes. As we made it up the last hill, I noticed that she was wearing my white Fruit of the Looms to cover her cute little ass. I just laughed to myself, as she went right to her room.

When I got to my room, I swung the door shut and quickly undressed. With my headphones on and my music blasting, I flopped down on my bed and started stroking my hard cock. The excitement of the day raged through me. I had her panties in my left hand, pushed in under my nose while I continued to jerk off. Her scent was different, but so enticing. As I drew in a deep breath, ribbons of hot spunk splattered against my chest, causing me to moan in pure heavenly bliss. As I came down from my sexual high, some

movement caught my eye. My bedroom door was quietly pulled shut.

“Fuck!” I whispered. “She must have been watching me.”

I was sure I closed it, but when I looked one of my socks had kept the door from closing all the way. I wondered how I was going to face her after all that happened this morning, but she never said a word.

When I finally checked, she was downstairs, so I snuck into her room and returned her panties. That night I discovered them on my pillow. I just smiled.

As I lay in bed and reminisced about my day, I wondered why I was so turned on by those little white panties. Sure, all guys my age have tried to look up girls’ skirts, hoping to get even the slightest glimpse of a girl’s panties. It’s normal but left me a little concerned.

That wasn’t the end of our bondage games. Several more times before she headed back to California, we played down in the woods. It became very obvious that even at that age, she was the dominant one. She only let me tie her up once. She wasn’t completely naked either. She kept on her bra and panties, denying me full view of her shapely, budding body. I wanted to see all of her but was deprived of that pleasure.

Me... I was always totally naked. She insisted, telling me that was the way it was going to be. After all, being a woman meant that she was definitely in charge. Several times during those weeks, she insisted that I dress in her panties. She made it known that she was my boss, and I was required to do what she said. I willingly did.

Time passed, and she returned to LA. We texted each other several times a day. Finally school started once more.

One morning I was sitting in second period study hall when my phone started to vibrate. Julie texted me and sent me a picture.

“Can’t wait to see you in these. I bet you’ll really like them. lol”

The picture was of a little hot pink lacy thong. I sat there grinning at the text and immediately started to get hard.

“They’re really hot. I can’t wait to try them.”

“I know, ha, ha, ha!!!”

“Well, put on one of the pairs I left you and send me a pic tonight. lol”

“ok”

That night I did as she requested.

A few days later I got the tiny pink thong in the mail. I put it on and took some pictures.

There was a note enclosed, “Make sure you wear these to school tomorrow, so you are thinking of me.”

I did.

Shortly after that she sent me a link from the internet. It was a Femdom site devoted entirely to bondage and discipline.

“The guys in these pictures are you next summer, slave,” she texted. “Can’t wait to try this stuff on you. Hope it makes you as hot as it does me.”

There were pictures of guys in women’s lingerie as well as a video of a guy leaning on a low bench. He was naked with his feet spread and his palms on the brownish wood. He wasn’t tied or chained. He just stood there totally exposed for his Mistress’s pleasure. A woman stood behind him with a long, thin cane and brutally whipped his ass. Over and over she hit him. I could see the cane strike his ass cheeks, imbedding itself in his tender butt flesh. I could hear his slight moans and watch the deep red welts appear across his butt. As I watched it, I realized I was getting turned on. For some reason this really excited me too. Within moments my cock was rock hard and dripping pre-cum. Thoughts of an earlier whipping crossed my mind. I couldn’t wait.

I texted her back. “I’m ready Mistress.”

“That’s good slave, because I got a nice, long, thin riding crop from the riding stable to use on your sexy buns.”

I watched the whipping several times and jerked off as he suffered.

The next summer Mom and I went to California. Julie and I spent three weeks together hanging out at the beach and indulged in our bondage games. Her grandfather had a beach house right on Santa Monica Beach. He was never around, so we hung out there quite often. Besides, it gave us a place to play and explore our new fantasy.

True to her word I leaned onto a bench and let her whip me. Trust me... when that crop cut across my naked ass cheeks, there was no fantasy about it. She had no mercy. It was the real thing, but for some reason deep in my brain I wanted more. I had no idea why. It hurt so badly, but I got a stiff, hard erection. By the time she was done there was a puddle of my juice on the floor between my feet. Julie laughed, knowing she had total control of me from that moment on.

I spent many wonderful hours in bondage and kneeling at her feet. There was never any sex, but a Mistress/slave relationship slowly started to develop.

Throughout the next year she dominated me with continual text messages, telling me how to tie myself up at night and what to wear during the day. I really enjoyed it, as she continued to fuel my strange obsessions.

Time went quickly by, but the game and desires between us never lessened. It was my senior year, so I applied to several colleges. The University of Southern California was my first choice. It was Julie's too, and luckily we both got accepted. By then her real paternal grandfather had passed away, and she had been left the beach house along with a very hefty trust fund. There would be no dormitory living for either of us.

Earlier that year Julie and her mother had gone to Cabo San Lucas. It was to be a special time for them, but her mother had another purpose. Her mother told her that she

was not her real mom and apologized for never legally adopting her.

Her mother thought she would be really upset, but unbeknown to her, Julie already knew. She had found some papers several years before, but always kept the family secret. They had a wonderful time. She knew then that we were definitely not related, and things would be a lot different in the future.

Somewhere around the Fourth of July I got a package from Julie in the mail. It was a little larger than others I had received, so anxiously I headed to my room to see what she had sent. As I opened the box, there was a note on top.

“slave - There’s a special item enclosed that I want you to wear. You’ll understand when you see it. Put it on as soon as possible and make sure it’s securely locked. Send me a picture of your little guy wearing it. That little device will insure your devotion to me and will keep you really horny until you get here in August. Can’t wait to see it on you. There’s also a pair of my panties. I know how much you like them. Wear those in another photo. Love ya, Mistress Julie”

There was a small box which contained a CB 4000 chastity device. When I saw it, my cock immediately started getting hard. I couldn’t explain it other than I was giving her complete control of me and my pecker. I knew that once it was locked on there would probably be no release until I got to California, but at that point, I didn’t care.

After examining it, I picked up the panties that she had sent. They were pale yellow with white lace. Immediately I put them to my nose and inhaled. The scent of her musky, sweet pussy still lingered on the silky fabric.

I was hot. My cock was struggling. It started to get fully erect. She knew what these things were doing to me. Quickly I unbuttoned my jeans and slid my boxers down. I flopped back on my bed and rubbed my hand along the length of my throbbing shaft. God, I was fucking horny. I wanted to blow. With her panties draped over my face I

slowly jerked off. It didn't take long. Moments later hot cum shot across my belly and pooled on my chest. Moans of lustful pleasure quietly escaped my lips.

My eyes were closed, and my body was rigid as I came down from my sex-charged high. Finally I picked up a t-shirt from the floor and mopped up my junk. My thoughts were on my Mistress.

There was no time like the present I decided. My penis was fully deflated, and I was ready to submit to her. It took only a couple of minutes to put the ring around my cock and balls and shove my pecker in the curved plastic tube. I had to hurry because I was slowly getting hard again. I slipped the small padlock through the waiting holes. The snap of the lock as it closed was nearly deafening, announcing my surrender.

I looked closely at what I had done. Then I realized that Julie hadn't sent me the keys, so I was stuck in it until she released me. Today it didn't matter, but what about later. How was I going to spank my monkey tonight or tomorrow or the next day? I was used to doing it two or three times a day - sometimes more. How was I to get along without blowing my load for the next four or five weeks? I should have waited.

And what about the rest of the summer? There were wild parties and hot, sexy, available women and....

"Oh fuck," I whispered, as the realization of what I had done rested in my hand.

I immediately tried to get lose from the evil device that now held my cock. I could feel the pressure as my pecker tried to grow and get erect.

Quickly I grabbed my cell phone, snapped a couple pictures and sent them to her. I followed by texting her a quick note.

"This is going to be tough. Please send me the keys."

I got an immediate reply. "No way!!!! You're my slave now, and you like it, don't you?"

“Please Julie. I don’t think I can wait until I get out there.”

“What choice do you have? I control that little thing from now on. That’s what you wanted, isn’t it?”

“Yea, but....”

“See, you’ve got your wish. We’ll talk about it in a few days. Gotta go. lol.”

The next few weeks were unbearable. I tried everything possible to get myself off other than cutting the damn lock or destroying the evil thing. I knew she would be mad if I did, so I dealt with it.

As August rolled around, I packed everything in my car and soon moved into the beach house. Julie and I spent every waking hour together, walking the beach and getting ready for college orientation.

I begged her several times to unlock the chastity device, but it did no good. She said that she would do it when she was ready, not when I wanted it. I had to learn self-control.

There’s no such thing when you’re 18 years old and haven’t jerked-off in over five weeks. I had a massive case of blue balls and a craving that wouldn’t quit.

A few nights before classes started she suggested we play our little games once more.

There was no hesitation on my part. I was ready and immediately undressed.

“Get on the bed face up, slave.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Carefully she stretched my arms out to the upper corners of the bed and tied them tight. Once my feet were secured to the lower corners, she ran her fingers gently across my balls. My cock was trying to get hard, but the plastic tube never lost its grip.

“This stuff makes you just as excited as it did when I caught you naked in that tree so many years ago. And now you’re here ready to surrender to me. We’ve both grown up since then. What were we fourteen or fifteen when this all started?”

“Yea, I guess so.”

“I couldn’t believe it when I walked around you hanging from the tree that day, and your little pecker was sticking right up straight and hard. That was the first hard-on... hell it was the first real cock I’d ever seen. I guess it’s a little bigger now though, isn’t it?”

As she talked, she took the keys and unlocked the monster that held me. Instantly I was hard. She ran her fingernails along my throbbing shaft, as I moaned with desire.

She continued to rub my cock up and down making me want her even more. When she got me right to the point of blowing, she suddenly stopped, leaving me teetering on the very edge.

“Please, Julie,” I begged. “It’s been weeks since I’ve blown.”

She just laughed. “But you did it for me, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Do you know why?”

“Because I like it when you take control of me.”

“That’s right, and there’s a new rule. From now on it’s not Julie, slave,” she said emphatically. “It’s Mistress.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress.”

“It’s taken me several years to get you to this point. I know you want this just as much as I do. All those sites we explored turned us both on, and now we’ve reached our goal – I’m your Mistress, and you are my slave. You want it this way, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress, I do. I’ve always hoped this would happen. Please do anything you want to me. I am your slave.”

“One more thing before we start,” she said, as she put a blindfold over my eyes. “You haven’t earned the right to see me naked.”

“But you’ve seen me naked so many times.”

“Yes, but you are just my submissive little slave. You should consider yourself lucky that I’ve let you wear my

panties all these years. You've liked that, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mistress. I love your panties."

"I know you liked the scent that I left in them for you. I've watched you sniff them, but did you really like wearing them?"

"I liked wearing them because they were yours."

"No... you started to get hard when you wore them the very first time. I saw you, remember?"

"Yea, I remember. How could I forget?"

"So, do you like wearing woman's panties? Does it excite you?" she asked, as she squeezed my balls.

"Yes, Mistress... I like wearing woman's panties. They excite me more than you know."

She chuckled and continued. "Oh I know, and that's good, because you'll wear them all the time from now on. After all we can't have you trolling around the campus, chasing some cute little co-ed, hoping to get your willy wet, can we? That's never going to happen. You belong to me from now on."

"That's the way I want it, Mistress."

"Good. So why don't you lay here and imagine how excited you'll be every day in my undies while I go in and get ready for tonight's fun."

As I waited, I really wondered if it is the silky fabric and the fancy lace of the panties that excites me or is it more. Maybe it's just the fact that she is making me wear them.

She went into the bathroom and soon returned. She rubbed my cock once more until I was dripping pre-cum and ready to blow. Suddenly she straddled my head and lowered her pussy to my lips.

"Make me happy, slave," she whispered.

My tongue attacked her sweet box with unbridled passion. I licked and probed those lovely lips. I kissed and sucked, diving deep into her honey hole over and over again. I worked the length of her dripping slit and sometimes even lingered around her tight, little rose bud.

Every so often I'd work my way up and latch on to her hard, little love nub. She'd moan, as I rubbed her hungry lips across my face. Finally after several long sensuous minutes, I sucked her clit between my lips and did my magic. I felt her getting close, so I eased away and sucked the juices that she provided.

"Bring me, slave. Make me cum."

Again my lips grabbed hold while my tongue whipped her passion button until her screams of lust echoed off the bedroom walls.

"Oh God!!! Don't stop. Harder, slave. M - o - r - e!!!"

Her thighs clenched my head and held me deep in her loins. I beat her clit with my tongue and sucked it in even deeper. Over and over she rode my face, cutting off all needed air. I thrashed to catch a breath as another orgasm roared through her. Just as I was about to black out, she leaned over and allowed me to breathe.

Through it all, my cock raged with desire. I needed her to bring me. My balls needed their relief as the juices built up inside them. I wanted to fuck her so badly.

Finally she turned around in a 69 position, facing my cock and licked up the length of it with her tongue. It was wet with pre-cum and desire. Slowly she moved her pussy around just a little so my tongue could reach her once more.

As I licked the remains of the girl-cum from her lips, she bit on the tender sides of my cock. Her teeth nipped almost painfully, working its way up to its mushroom-shaped head. Again and again she bit me, nibbling around my cock head, testing me as the pain increased. For some strange reason I liked it and wanted more.

"Harder... harder please, Mistress," I mumbled.

As my lips clamped tightly on her swollen clit, she bit down harder. Her teeth tightened on the underside of my cock, just below its head. I moaned as the pain radiated through me, while I continued with my tongue to bring her once more. For several more minutes the game played on.

She bit down, ever increasing the pain, but it just spurred me on even harder. By the time she came, her teeth were imbedded into the very end of my cock. She bit and shook her head back and forth as her pussy erupted with violent waves of lust.

“Please, Mistress, make me cum. I’m so close. More... please,” I begged.

She rolled off me, gasping for air as she came down from her lustful high. After a few minutes I felt her hands on my cock. She rubbed some cool liquid on my dick and then rolled a rubber down over its long length. She waited a couple of minutes and then climbed on and rode me hard. She jammed her pussy down the length of my pecker, driving it deep inside her. Up and down she went, but I didn’t blow. She was moaning and enjoying the moment, but I was feeling nothing in return.

“Please, Mistress. Let me cum. I need it so badly.”

She screamed through another powerful orgasm. Finally she climbed off and had me lick her hot juices from her lips.

“That was so good, wasn’t it slave?”

“Please let me cum. Please, Mistress. Make me blow.”

She just laughed as she went into the bathroom and cleaned herself up. I had satisfied her carnal needs but was denied mine.

She was dressed when she came back to my bedroom. She leaned over and removed the condom and my blindfold.

“I need to blow so badly, Mistress. Please let me cum.”

“Maybe tomorrow,” she told me. “Get some sleep, and we’ll discuss it in the morning.”

She put the pair of black bikini panties that she wore all day over my head. The double fabric crotch was wet and held the magnificent aroma of her lust. Finally she turned out the lights, leaving me there for the rest of the night.

The sun woke me early in the morning, but it was after nine before Julie came in. She stood there looking at me dressed in a short robe with a strange grin on her face.

“You have no idea how good you were last night. I’ve never experienced anything like it. There’s no way you’ll be with another woman for the rest of your life. Like it or not, you’re mine.”

She reached down and stroked my hard, morning wood.

“Please, Julie. I need to cum. My balls are so full.”

“You have to earn that privilege. So you might as well just get it out of your mind.

“Right now I’m going to untie you. You can go use the bathroom, but there’s no jerking off. Understand?”

I nodded my head up and down, knowing she was serious.

“Put on a pair of shorts or something and come back out here so we can have some breakfast. You can shower and shave later. Now hurry along. I’d like some coffee.”

“Ok.”

When I finished, I found her out on the deck enjoying the ocean.

“Make some coffee and slice up that melon that’s in the fridge.”

“Sure... you want anything else?”

“No, that’ll be fine for now.”

As we sat there having breakfast, she slid a piece of paper over to me.

“Since you are my slave, these are your duties and the rules that you will follow from now on since you are living here. That extensive list of things is entirely yours. As you can see, you are responsible for everything from cleaning, cooking, laundry, shopping as well as satisfying all of my needs. As we discussed, I am your Mistress and you, my dear friend, are my humble slave. You will do everything, and I do nothing. Is that understood?”

I nodded my head up and down as I read.

“We are going to further our Mistress/slave relationship as well. There will be times for fulfilling your bondage cravings and time for exploring your limits. You did so well

that summer when I whipped your cute, little ass, but we're going to see how you can handle a real whipping with a lot more pain and punishment. As I've read stories and watched videos of slaves being whipped and punished, my pussy dripped with the desire to do that to you. Those ideas turned me on so much. They made me so fuckin' hot. I've dreamed of this day when you will be at my feet ready to serve me."

I just looked at her and couldn't believe what I was hearing. How could our thoughts and dreams be so much alike? That is all I've ever wanted as well.

Slowly I got out of my chair and knelt at her feet. Tenderly I placed a kiss upon her instep. Then without looking up I spoke.

"I've dreamed of this day too. Let me be your slave, Mistress. I will serve you and obey your every command. I anxiously await your whip and the pain it will bring. I am yours to do with as you please."

"You realize that college life for you will be different than what you might have thought. There will be no dates or parties. You will attend your classes and maintain your grades, but other than that, your life will be here serving me."

"Yes, Mistress. I understand. That is all I need. I will be your humble servant forever."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh yes, Mistress. I'm sure."

She reached down and lifted my head.

"Right now you are really horny because I haven't let you blow for so long. I'm sure your little head is doing most of your thinking. Remember, life for you will never be the same. You are giving up everything to serve me. Stand up."

As I stood there in front of her, she reached up to the waist band of my sweatpants and pulled them down over my hips. She knew what she would find. My cock was raging out of control because of our discussion.

“Take them off.”

Immediately I slid them to the floor. She got up and grabbed my cock like a handle. I was led into the house where she began to rub it.

“If I let you blow and this sexual urge is gone, will you give me those same answers? Will you still surrender yourself to me completely and become my slave?”

“Yes, Mistress. I promise.”

“Well, let’s see. Jerk off for me.”

“Right here in front of you?”

“Yes, right here and now.”

I hesitated for a moment and then grabbed my throbbing meat. In less than a minute with a couple dozen or so hard, fast strokes, long ribbons of creamy spunk blasted from my cock. Several waves of the hot juice quickly followed, landing on the floor near her feet. I took several long, deep breaths as my remaining cum dripped into a puddle. Then I looked at her.

“Get down on your knees and lick it up. Then give me your answer.”

As disgusting as it was, I never hesitated. I got down on the floor and licked up every drop of my jism. Then I looked up at her.

“I will serve you forever, Mistress. Please make me your slave.”

“Then follow me, slave.”

She turned around, and I was right behind her. Within a few moments we were heading down the stairs into a rec room that had full glass windows facing the beach. In the back of the room were several doors. She unlocked one of them, and we entered. The door closed behind us with a solid thud, as she turned on the lights. There before us was a dungeon of sorts.

“I put this together with you in mind,” she told me with a sly little grin.

“What would you have done if I didn’t agree to be your submissive slave?”

“There was never a doubt in my mind that you’d be here. I know you better than you think I do. I’ve spent several years molding you into the slave you are. I have a feeling that you will do whatever I want, but I guess after today it doesn’t matter. You’ve made that decision, and you’ll live with it. There’s no turning back now.”

“I won’t change my mind, Mistress. This is what I have always wanted.”

I looked around and noticed chains and cables hanging from the high ceiling. There was some sort of bench that resembled a carpenter’s saw horse, but it was much heavier. The legs were massive timbers with strong rings near the bottom. I looked at it more closely and ran my hand over the thick padded, leather-covered top.

“That’s my bondage horse. You know what that will be used for, don’t you Bobby?”

“Yes. You’ll lock me over it and whip my ass.”

“Will you let me do that willingly?”

I looked at her and nodded my head. “Oh yes, Mistress,” I whispered.

“It will really hurt. You’ll yell and scream and beg me to stop, but I won’t. You’ll fight the cuffs that hold you and try to get away, but you won’t. You’ll lay there and take every stroke of my whips or paddles. I will...,” she gasped, “I will... oh God, I’m getting so friggin’ hot just thinking about it.”

I watched as she slid her hand into her shorts and rubbed her fingers over her hardening clit.

I walked over to the wall and looked at the large selection of whips and paddles. There were crops of various lengths and thicknesses. I picked up a short whip and ran the three braided leather tails through my fingers. I knew this was no toy. I remembered being whipped by my grandfather, so I knew the pain that things like this would cause when she

uses them on my ass. It would probably be more than I could take, yet I wanted it.

My eyes met hers. We knew each other's thoughts. There was no doubt in either of our minds.

I hung the whip back on the hook and ran my hand down the length of a thick leather strap. I recognized it as a Scottish tawse from the stories I had read. It was nearly two inches wide and split almost halfway down. Then I picked up a paddle. It was a foot long and six inches wide. Better than a dozen holes were drilled through it.

For some reason I was mesmerized by these instruments of torture. My cock was hard once more. It was nearly impossible to take my eyes off them. I knew that sooner or later she would use every one of them to make me scream in pain, but deep down inside I wanted it. I had to have the pain they would cause.

My cock was fully erect and pounded with hot surges of lust. Drops of man juice lingered on its shiny head. I turned and looked at her and smiled. She knew that this was what I wanted. In her hands was a pair of heavy leather manacles. Without a word from either of us, I extended my arms. She closed them around my wrists and hooked them to a cable that hung down from the ceiling. Moments later a motor hummed above me, and my arms were drawn up. When they were high over my head, she put her hands on my manhood. She rubbed my rock hard rod and fondled my balls. Suddenly my arms were drawn higher until I was a foot or so off the floor. I hung there stark naked and watched her.

Slowly she walked around me. Her hand drifted lightly across my ass cheeks. Finally she sat down in front of me and crossed her legs Indian style. I looked down and smiled, as I saw a pair of white panties with little red hearts peeking out from between her thighs.

"This is how it all started, isn't it Bobby? I'm sure you remember that day. What was it, four years ago when you

hung there in the woods totally naked, hoping that I would find you?”

“What do you mean?”

“I know you waited for me to get home from shopping with our moms. I saw you peering out the window, as we drove up. You hurried down the hill towards the woods, waiting for me, wanting me to follow you. You hoped that I would catch you, didn’t you?”

I nodded.

“Things weren’t much different then. You had an erection that wouldn’t quit. I was so fascinated by it, but I was actually too afraid to even touch it. My girlfriends and I had often talked about guy’s cocks and how they got hard, but I never expected to see one that soon – especially yours. And then... there it was, right there in front of me, standing right up tall and straight. As I looked at it, I wondered how all of that was supposed to fit inside me. And back then you weren’t nearly this big.

“Actually a couple of my friends had already had sex, but I was a virgin until I was sixteen. Finally I let some guy named Brad do it. I thought I was in love. We did it just down the beach a ways. There was a bon fire and beer party. He gave me a couple of shots of tequila along with the beer. I may have been a little drunk, but I remember it very well. We made out for a few minutes. His hands were all over me. Finally he did it. God, it hurt. It took him less than two minutes to blow. Honestly, it wasn’t much of a fuck. I was really disappointed. I expected a ground shaking orgasm. That’s what I had heard would happen. What a bunch of bullshit!

“Then one day I found my mother’s fake cock in the bottom of her underwear drawer. It jumped and vibrated and gave me what I wanted. I decided right then and there that if a guy couldn’t do that for me, I wasn’t interested.

“But as you can see, my interests have changed slightly. Well, not exactly. That day when I made you wear my