

The Analyst's Pouch



E. E. Robinson

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The Analyst's Couch, Book One
The Vanessa Brown Chronicles

by

E. E. Robinson

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Dedicated to Debbie & Samantha
They both loved me despite my faults and defects.
Unconditional Love is all about loyalty
I love you, Babe

Prologue

March 19, 1991

Victoria was sick all morning. The baby had dropped, and it was like she couldn't pass a bathroom without peeing. Victoria's back was twisting one way or the other and in need of a massage. The wind was blowing; it was colder than forecast. Why was she surprised? It was March in Louisville. She had to sit down, or she would fall. As she sat, her water broke; no matter what, her baby was coming soon. She kept asking herself, how was she doing this alone? Damn you, Jeremy.

Victoria doubled over in pain and screamed, "Oh Shit!" Two ladies came running out of the restaurant and kneeled over her. Is your baby coming now? She asked. Victoria screamed at her, "If not, this will be a world record fart. Please call nine-one-one now!" She heard the ambulance siren and smiled; I'm sorry, I never talk like that. My husband is dead, I'm having a baby, and I don't have any place to live or a job."

Another pain slammed her down on the ground. "We need to get her to the ER," said the lady named Joan.

"Pull your car around here," her sister Mary said. "I'll stay with her."

Another labor pain doubled Victoria over, "Oh my God, I am going to die!"

"No, you're not," Mary told her. "Millions of women have given birth without dying."

Joan pulled the car up. Mary helped Victoria into the back seat and climbed in after her. Joan stomped on the gas and took off for the hospital.

Victoria screamed and arched her back, "It's coming."

"We're almost there, honey, hang on," Mary encouraged her. "Don't push; take deep breaths, honey. Your baby's gonna be a beautiful child."

"How do you know?" Victoria asked.

"Oh honey, look in the mirror," she said, smiling.

Joan pulled into the hospital, found the ER entrance, and pulled up to the doors. Jumping out, she ran into the entrance and grabbed a wheelchair. Rolling it outside her back door, she helped Mary get Victoria into the wheelchair and trundled her into the ER.

The nurses relieved them of Victoria and wheeled her into an examining room. Three minutes later, a doctor arrived and disappeared into Victoria's examining room. A nurse came out, and Joan asked if everything was Ok. The Nurse said she was in excellent hands, and they would be aunts in a few brief minutes. They looked at each other and giggled. They were going to help Victoria, but it couldn't seem like charity.

Vanessa Rae Brown was born at 5:30 PM on March 19, 1991; her mother celebrated her arrival with the two ladies who helped her get to the hospital. Joan and Mary entered the room at 7:00 PM with flowers, candy, and bottled water. They hugged Victoria, and each held Vanessa for about five minutes before handing her back to Victoria.

Joan waited until the Nurse returned Vanessa to the Nursery, then took hold of Victoria's hand and began the offer. An offer that saved both Vanessa and her mother. "You don't know us, but we can and want to help you and Vanessa. My name is Joan Peoples, and this is my sister Mary. We have an enormous house with plenty of room, and we're rehabbing it for a profit. We'd be willing to have you live there, for the next year or until we sell it. You would cook, keep the kitchen clean and sanitary, and do our laundry. Handle the baby with our help. The house will sell for three hundred fifty thousand dollars less than our cost. The three of us share the profits equally; one-third each. Our expenses include the utilities, food, interest on our renovation loan, and any costs incurred for the baby. I understand we are strangers, and if you've made other arrangements, we accept you want to stand on your own.

Otherwise, we need you as much as you need us. Neither of us can cook, and our laundry is always behind.

Victoria looked from one to the other, and tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. She swallowed hard and gulped in some air, took a deep breath, and talked.

“I am alone. My parents and my husband are dead. I didn’t have any options going forward because my base housing ran out two weeks ago, and I got an extension until the baby was born. I can get a job, but my baby’s care is essential to me. If I accept your offer, there is one more thing I can do for you. I am an accountant, and I have my degree from U of K. I can do your books, make you legal, file your reports and returns. If that is acceptable to you, you have a deal and two new members of your family, and I will always be in your debt.”

“Honey, you’ll earn your way. Mary and I will have a niece to spoil at Christmas, and we’ll both delight in your child.” Mary had tears in her eyes as she spoke her heart to Victoria. “Victoria, I had given up having children a long time ago. You will bring joy to us wherever we go.” They hugged each other. Joan gave Victoria their construction line phone number, and Victoria said she would call them when discharged.

As the sisters left the hospital, Mary turned to Joan and said, “You want to bet where we’re going now? To get baby stuff and furniture.” Joan had a big grin on her face, and her heart sang with joy. Her family was expanding twice its size. She was also going to buy earplugs. No matter how good the baby might be. They cried loud when they needed attention or food.

During Vanessa’s first five years, the family moved to six different homes. They bought them from whoever held the title, rehab them, and sold the house for a profit of between sixty and seventy thousand dollars. They had no mortgage or rent because they lived where they worked. Each house

provided utilities, meals and a roof over their heads. Then, one day, Victoria called a meeting.

“Today is our fifth anniversary as a family, and Vanessa will reach school age this fall,” she began. “I need to find a permanent home for Vanessa and me. I finally received my Death Benefit Check. It’s for one hundred thousand dollars, but I would prefer we all continue to live together; however, I understand if you wish to dissolve our arrangement.”

Mary and Joan looked at each other and smiled in a way they always did when they were one or even two steps ahead of Victoria. Joan handed Victoria an envelope containing a picture of a house about three blocks from the best school in Louisville; it overlooked a golf course and was in a gated community. It would require rehab, but not so much they couldn’t live in it while they finished. They each had more than enough money to split the closing three ways. Victoria smiled broadly, too; her dream and her family were intact. 1996 would end on a high note, and Vanessa would be in one place her whole life.

As Vanessa grew, she was a cute little girl. Her raven hair, gray eyes and tanned complexion caused people to turn and stare. She was enthusiastic, with a ready smile for everyone, well-mannered, and always learning. Victoria was aware Vanessa was intelligent. She had her tested when she turned six. The Superintendent accompanied Vanessa’s teacher when Victoria came to the conference to discuss her results. Victoria thought her analysis of Vanessa’s intellect was incorrect and asked why the Superintendent was in attendance. The teacher told her that in the entire history of the School District, no one had achieved Vanessa’s results. Vanessa’s IQ was 174. The meeting lasted two hours, and they drew up a game plan.

The School District would support an advanced program besides her standard curriculum. Victoria was adamant, though; nothing would interfere with her social interaction. Friends were an essential element in Child development.

When Vanessa was seven, Victoria enrolled her in self-defense classes. The instruction ranged from basic striking protection to advanced judo, jujitsu and karate. Initially, Vanessa was unenthusiastic about self-defense. Everyone liked her, and when someone picked on her, she had several protectors rush to her defense. Elementary school was a breeze for Vanessa, and she was studying algebra and geometry with teachers in the High School.

When she was in fifth grade, she was walking home after soccer practice with some friends, and a bunch of older high school boys decided it would be fun to strip the soccer uniforms off these girls and send them running naked. As they approached, a police car pulled up and suggested the boys find another form of entertainment. He told the girls he would follow them home. And when Vanessa ran in the door breathless and frightened. Victoria asked why she was so upset?

Vanessa looked at her mom wild-eyed and said, "You were right, mom."

"Really?" her mother replied. "That happens so rarely these days; I am waiting with bated breath to find out about what I was right."

Vanessa put her hands on her hips and responded sarcastically in return, "You're just so funny, NOT! You've been pushing me about the self-defense lessons. Tonight, I understand what you've been trying to tell me. I could have been in real trouble walking home tonight."

"So, does that mean you're going to quit wasting my money and pay attention to your instructors?" Victoria asked.

"Yes, mom," Vanessa answered with a whiney voice.

"Well, I guess we'll see," Victoria responded.

Vanessa grew to be a young lady at thirteen. She had beautiful raven hair, gray eyes, and bronzed complexion, along with her intellect, intuition and indomitable spirit. Seldom would she settle for second place. Vanessa finished

first in the Karate Class. She was always the one in the middle as they took turns trying to outpoint her. Her future was being marked in Louisville. She became well known, both socially and politically.

Fate, however, is a subtle and crafty mistress. She has a way of making sure her game plan takes place. Vanessa's destiny included a remarkable life and true love. Her status quo must change. Joan died during Vanessa's freshman year, and Mary followed six months later. Vanessa would need the remaining time to grow. Her mother would have to adapt; Vanessa had so much to learn. She would never meet her one true love until she left Louisville. Vanessa would never leave Louisville if her support team remained in place. She would never experience the joys of a submissive life and learn to be a dominant professional woman and a submissive lover in Louisville. Her children would never be born, and her grandchildren would never carry on the legacy. Vanessa Brown's life will be complete. From submissive lover to astute Clinical Psychologist, she will forge a path through business, parenthood, danger, adventure and life-altering moments. She will flourish as a lover, wife and mother and build a remarkable legacy in her later years. She will struggle to trust, and submission will be her safe harbor.

Few people will affect so many and create a professional and personal tower of power while maintaining her love's submissive persona. Vanessa is a dichotomy. Not only for those who misunderstand; but also for those who lack the vision to succeed. She will discover the why of her lifestyle and the reason for her being. Her children will love her, reject her, despise her and worship her all in the same lifetime. Her grandchildren will grow to hate her and then create monuments to her memory. Vanessa Brown is an enigma of being worshipped, while feared and adored. She is about to begin her remarkable life. Will she realize what she seeks, or does Vanessa even understand where to look?

Chapter One

Jerome Mahoney pulled into the parking lot of the office building and chose a spot near the back. He would reread his grandfather's journal one more time to make sure he understood what he needed to do.

My boys didn't enjoy driving on Route 33, especially when they had to go through the little towns with one or two traffic lights. I chose each of those drivers for the five trucks specifically for this run. They had experience. Each was a leader of a specific Ohio Gang. They had learned they couldn't allow their foot to slip from the brake or press the accelerator past a certain point. There were no headlights even in the gray light of the Ohio night; they only had the filtered moonlight to see the unexpected stop or unremembered curve.

I was in the lead truck. We were about a half-mile away from the dock. I had ordered a forty-four-foot tug; there would be no crew; Theo and I were the ones. I was controlling everything. I had placed a gun in the Glove Box; I reached in and pulled the gun out. I sprang the magazine, checked the ammunition, and cracked the heavy steel back into the chamber.

I played here as a boy. I swam in the lake, ran through the fields, and dried off in the pastures. The trucks pulled into the warehouse, about 200 feet from the loading area. Each driver pulled up to the dock, locked his door, and set the special alarms they all had on their vehicles. The former gang bosses then grabbed a two-wheel dolly and started unloading their trucks onto the tug. When finished, they all climbed on board the boat.

The white shaft of the moon shone on the tug and barge. I told my brother to pull up to the red buoy; the moonlight would be enough for them to see. I had posted lookouts on each road, in or out. I am not worried; all traces will

disappear in an hour. We began our slow path over the water. I told them where to stop each time and recorded the Lat/Long location on the back page so you would find it. I paid off all the police, so they stayed away.

I called all the drivers, and they gathered in a semicircle facing me. They had each received a million dollars. I answered their questions. As I had planned, the oldest and most respected of the drivers asked the two best questions. "Boss, what can I say? You have made us wealthy beyond our dreams. But how do we stay safe, and what about income tax?"

I told them these were the last two questions I would answer. Question two first: when you return home, you will find a letter from my corporation. Attached to that letter will be an Employee Withholding form showing you made one million dollars as commission and paid the correct taxes, based on your family. As to your first question, I raised the gun and shot myself in the head. My brother Theo told them to leave immediately by separate routes. He would bring their directions to them when they got in their trucks. Theo came by, handed each of them the envelope, and while he climbed down from the cab, he flipped a switch on the back of the driver's side, starting a 30-minute timer. It connected the timer to explosives located underneath the cab and the gas tank. He told them not to stop but to get home to their families, so they had an alibi. I assume they did as they were told, and the trucks blew up 30 minutes from when they left.

When they had gone, I stood up and wiped the pig's blood off my face and neck. Theo and I cleaned up the tug of any evidence and pushed the barge into the storage area. I am finishing writing this so I can give it to my lawyer waiting on the dock. I will shoot Theo and myself. There will be no witnesses.

Whoever you are, you are my descendent, and you have inherited a fortune. The Law Firm has given you the journal

and the map with the coordinates. All you have to do is recover the welded boxes, and the large welded container. I don't know how much it will be worth, but there are ninety, one-hundred-pound-boxes, plus the chest which weighs over three hundred pounds. That's all I have to say. This caper is payback for all the cops did to me. Raise Hell!

I lay alone in my empty bed, sheltering the memories that joined me there. Five years ago, my life changed. I became my destiny without understanding it was happening. Now my future was mine alone to manifest. Five years later, I just want to lie here to recall and remember our journey, my love.

Five years ago.

The air was fresher with the flowers he had provided. The wine and champagne tasted like the best because he bought them. I'm referring to Peter. Yes, he was a man and distinctively so. He didn't need the trappings that go with other successful Doctors. I see them in their Porsche and their Ferraris. Someone sexually manifested their demand, with cars inviting sexual conquest. Peter drove a Jeep.

OK, I'm silly. I was excited, though. Today, Saturday, January second, 2015, I am starting a new practice with my boss, Dr. Peter Miles. I am twenty-four-year-old Vanessa Brown. I have worked for and with him for the last eighteen months. He hired me right after I completed my Associate Degree program in Psychology. I never expected to be hired. I had worked at a diner through school, not some high-class Research Center. I had met two of the other candidates, both with Master's degrees. So, when he offered me the job, I asked him why he had chosen me over more qualified candidates? He reminded me he was deciding based on intangible qualities, not just scholarly accomplishments. A confusing answer, I thought; but I would not press my luck. I had the job. It was in my field. He appeared not to care about my looks, and the pay was good. Besides, if he

wanted sex, I assume he could at least get it vicariously from his patients.

Yes, I am paranoid. I can look in the mirror and impartially judge my appearance. I am substantially above average. I have a splendid figure, work out, and I don't have to buy expensive clothes to look good. I am a virgin. How that is relevant is beyond me, but no one believes me. No, I am not a prude; in fact, I dated a football player throughout high school. I was naked in his car frequently, and he made me flaunt my nudity for truckers driving beside us or his friends. He never fucked me; in fact, he never even touched my pussy. I think he may have been gay and was afraid to tell people. Can you imagine riding in a car and having people see you naked? I was so horny; most of the time, my panties stayed soaked. After high school, I got a job at the diner in Columbus and started at the local city college. Now, after eighteen months in the multi-discipline practice, I was starting his new solo practice with him.

Peter initially worked for a group of doctors, all practicing various disciplines. As an MD, his medical training offers him the opportunity to choose his area of specialization. He emphasizes Sexual Psychiatry covering all sexual disorders and sexual problems. The practice can be uncomfortable for some people, especially those who share office space. Peter had been looking for an excuse to vacate his lease; so, he suggested to the Practice Manager he would market aggressively to secure new patients. The manager said the other tenants would not look favorably on additional "perverts" occupying the building.

Peter established an independent practice. I would have bet my bottom dollar; Peter would be very successful. I was familiar with most of his patients, and when he asked me to come with him, I didn't think twice, even though the multiple practice manager asked me to stay for more money. I liked Dr. Miles or Peter as he asked me to call him. Even though he ordered me around, and he treated only

people with severe sexual dysfunction. It was exciting to work in a field that was newly discovered with very little competition.

Sexual dysfunction includes desire, arousal, orgasmic, and sexual pain disorders. Emotional conditions, which create physical manifestations, cause them. My boss is an expert in the field and has new patients coming in every week. I have an Associate Degree in Psychology, and Peter has told me I'm smart enough to continue my education. Get my BS/MS and take some of the load off him in time. That's exciting for me, and I think I may start taking a course or two online.

Today is our open house. We invited select patients, friends and former colleagues. The guests arrived and kept arriving. I had seen some of them in the Society pages; but, I did not know who that older man was, but he was a celebrity. I heard them say he was the best golfer ever. Suddenly, I heard a familiar voice disturbing my reverie.

"Vanessa Brown, you never call."

"Mom!", I said dumbfounded, "What are you doing here?"

"Vanessa, aren't you going to introduce me to your Mother?" Peter asked.

"I apologize to you both," I stuttered. "Mom, this is Dr. Peter Miles, my boss, and the owner of this practice. Dr. Miles, please meet my Mother, Victoria Brown, who I wasn't expecting."

I give it to Peter; he is the master of manipulation. Peter smiled that, *you please me smile*, and told her it was a genuine and great pleasure to meet the person who raised the next eminent doctor in the world. He was, as was often the case, a Silver-tongued Devil. My mother was slack-jawed as she looked at Peter, and Peter continued to enthrall her by asking her if she would like to sit down? Saying it was a long drive from Louisville.

My mother finally got her act together and thanked him, acknowledging the drive tired her. He invited her to follow

him by extending his arm for her to take. To my amazement, he took her to the chair beside the golfer. My mother was rarely tongue-tied, but Peter introduced her, and she was once again slack-jawed. I heard him tell this guest of honor; she was the mother of his Clinical Assistant, and he put his hand on each of their shoulders and encouraged them to get acquainted.

How did she see who he was, and I didn't? Then I remembered. She took golf lessons and played twice a week at a club in Louisville. I looked again, and she and the golfer were talking away. Peter returned and assured me the two of them would entertain each other for the rest of the evening. Besides, he told me, she deserved to meet the most famous person here.

He flattered me and told him, "You are one delightful man."

He countered my flattery, stating, "It's the least I can do for keeping her daughter in Columbus."

He walked off, chuckling. I blushed, turned away, and stopped short; *what was Jerome Mahoney doing here? I said to myself.*

"Hey, hot stuff, I need to see the Doc." He proclaimed loudly

"Mr. Mahoney, as you can see, this is a private party, and you are not on the list of Invitees," I informed him. "Also, as you were told, Doctor Miles sees patients by appointment only."

He yelled at me, saying, "I don't care if the President of the United States is here; get me to the Doc!" I addressed him professionally as Mr. Mahoney and repeated that Dr. Miles only saw patients by appointment.

Mahoney addressed me profanely as you, cunt. And told me he had work to do, and my asshole boss was stopping him from doing it. I motioned for security, and the guard was immediately at my side. I asked him to please show Mr. Mahoney out; he is not on the guest list. Mahoney shouted

again, calling me a bitch, and told me I would pay for this. Another security person appeared from nowhere, and they each took an arm and escorted Jerome Mahoney from the room.

The first security guard came back and informed me he would escort me home tonight, and I heard Peter speak over my shoulder, thanking Brian, the Security Guard, and would he please call in additional guards for the parking lot and guests. He also asked for Private Security for the Guest of Honor and a car to follow Peter, my mom, and me to Peter's home. I smiled up at him gratefully and told him thank you.

Peter took my arm and turned our backs to the room; bending down and privately whispered that about half of the room saw the exchange between Mahoney and me, and two very esteemed CEOs stopped him on the way over and told him to email them if I ever became available. Peter said he was so proud of his Clinical Assistant; he could burst. I had handled Mahoney perfectly, subtly, and with professionalism, he said, and he thanked me so very much. I informed him he needed to quit making me blush and thanked him for his compliment.

I walked over to my mom, who had tears in her eyes. "Hey, mom, I will be right with you," I told her. "I have to talk to your Gala Partner first." "Sir," I apologized. "Please excuse my interruption. My name is Vanessa. I am Dr. Miles's Clinical Assistant. Private security will accompany you home tonight."

He thanked me, patted my hand, and told me I had a lovely mother. "Thank you, sir," I said gratefully. I focused on my mom. "Mom, Dr. Miles has invited us to stay at his house tonight for safety reasons. Do you have reservations somewhere we need to cancel?"

She looked at me and said, "No, baby, I don't have reservations. Did my new friend tell you what he said?"

"What?" I answered. "That I have a lovely mother?"

“Cute, smart ass. I am not fishing for compliments,” she countered. “He told me I should be very proud. Few people your age would have handled that situation so gracefully.” Then she beamed at me. *Ok, this was going to be my night for blushing.*

I told my mother I would be by and check on her, but we’d be safe tonight. As I turned to mingle, I privately thanked Mahoney for creating the opportunity for me to stay at Peter’s. The rest of the evening occurred without a hitch. My mom sat in the front seat beside Peter on the way home and regaled him with stories of my childhood. He laughed so hard he had to pull over once. I looked back, and the security team was still there. We drove inside the gates at Muirfield. Peter got out, walked back to the Security Team, and thanked them. I heard them tell him they would stay until the gates closed.

We pulled into the garage at Peter’s house, and Janine Mulligan, his part-time housekeeper, opened the door. Peter had called her to attend to my Mother and me. I told my mom; I would see her in the morning and got directions to my room. Peter followed and asked if I was OK? I sat on the edge of the bed; my whole body shook. Tears flowed from my eyes, and I sobbed until I lost my breath. Peter took me in his arms and massaged my back. I couldn’t stop crying. Finally, I was better. I pushed out of Peter’s arms and thanked him for putting up with my hysterics. He stood up, reflecting that everyone had expressed their appreciation of how I handled tonight’s disturbance. If a bit of adrenalin was all I experienced, I was getting off lucky. He also warned me it could happen again tonight. If it did, press one on the intercom, and he would come to me. He looked at me differently, and he left.

I woke up refreshed, sleeping through the night with no further effect from Jerome Mahoney. I showered and put on the same clothes I had on for the party. Janine was fixing breakfast for mom and Peter when I walked in. Janine asked

me what I would like to eat? I replied I needed to call a cab to take my mom and me to the office where we had parked our cars, and I needed to change clothes. Peter usurped the conversation, reminding me I had a change of clothes hanging in his office closet, and we could all ride in together, and I would save some money. He then said that he understood it slipped my mind occasionally, but he was still the boss. My mom smiled; behind her eyes as she ate the grapefruit, and I shut up and sat down at the table and told Janine that since he was imposing his will on me, I'd have a toasted English Muffin with butter and honey.

About a half-hour later, we left for the office. When we arrived at the office, I hugged my mom goodbye after she thanked Peter for caring for her little girl. I headed back into the office, changed my clothes in Peter's bathroom, and sat down at my desk. Besides assisting with some therapy, I transcribed his session recordings. I could write ten books from just one week's tapes. The work is enjoyable and will hopefully be my life's work. Even if we never marry, I can fantasize about him taking my virginity. I don't have a boyfriend now, just my detachable showerhead. It's a beautiful thing.

The month of January was hectic. We picked up 12 new patients; the County Court referred two additional people charged for sex crimes but out on bail. It required them to attend the sessions, submit to testing, and report to the court each week. Jerome Mahoney took part in the weekly sessions as ordered. After the first visit of the month, when he stared evilly at me, he paid me no attention.

Peter told me today that we were closing the practice all next week. He was the keynote speaker at a Psychiatric Conference on Maui. He asked if I would like to go along and if so, I would need to go shopping for a formal dress for the Gala and a swimsuit if I didn't have one. I told him I would love to go, but my budget didn't allow for a dress and

swimsuit, so I would have to pass. He seemed upset; but didn't say a word.

They swamped us today. Our last patient left at 7:30 PM, and neither of us ate lunch. He came out of his office and ordered me to come on; he was buying dinner tonight. What could I have said? A free meal is a free meal. We pulled up in front of the Country Club, where he was a member. He talked about the Club's founder, the tournament he hosted every year, and the professional golfers invited to take part. *The guy must walk on water, I thought to myself.*

I am clueless about golf; it makes no sense to pay all that money for a membership where you bat around a little white ball. However, never having been to a Country Club before, the experience was unforgettable. From the personalized touch of each person who waited on us, addressing "Dr. Miles." The fantastic food and the masculine ambiance were incredible. I was never so relaxed eating a meal out.

It was 9:00 PM when we left the Country Club, and 20 minutes later, we pulled up in front of a ladies' clothing store. Nope, it wasn't a dress shop; it was a clothing store. I had heard of this place but had never been inside. Peter uttered another come on order and told me he was buying me clothes for Maui. He pointed out, I needed to go to this conference.

I didn't move and told him, "I couldn't accept the clothes."

He pivoted on his seat and told me that offer was not a request. "I want you at the conference, and if you're with me, you need to dress appropriately. Besides, it a tax write-off; ," and in we walked.

He'd been here before. The lady, who I assumed was the manager, greeted him with a kiss, took my arm, and invited me to come with her. She handed me a container of sanitizing wipes. She asked me to please go into the ladies' salon, where an attendant would help me dress and undress. She instructed me I needed to wipe my entire body

as the clothes and swimsuits I tried on still needed to be sanitary for other clients. The Pandemic caused them to exceed recommended measures, ensuring their clientele protection. It required every lady who comes in to follow the same procedure.

I was astounded. Especially when I stepped into the Salon. The attendant, a beautiful young woman, somewhere around 18-20, asked me to follow her behind a curtain and to remove all my clothes. She asked if I was going to try on swimsuits, and I told her I was. She then laid two wood blocks on the floor, about two feet apart, and asked me to place one foot on each block. She washed my entire body, including my vagina and my butt, with the sanitizing contents. It was intimately erotic and was a complete turn-on.

The attendant gave me a pair of paper slippers and a white robe, then directed me to the Salon's front. Constance Arline, the store's owner, stood inside the doorway. She handed me three formal dresses, three sundresses, and three swimsuits. She instructed me to put each one on and come out so Peter could see them. My brain in a tizzy. First, everything she handed me was costly. Second, I had no shoes, no underwear, or accessories that matched any of these clothes.

I marched out into the store where Peter and Constance were talking. I interrupted their conversation, put my hands on my hips, and said, "We need to put on the brakes for one minute. I have nothing to wear with these clothes. My Vanity Fair Underwear and My DSW Shoes will not work. I thank you both, but you can't change a sow's ear into a silk purse without at least accessories and shoes. It seems we're moving too fast to accomplish anything." Constance smiled at me. She took my arm and led me to a counter where three stacks of lingerie, six pairs of shoes, and three pairs of sandals were waiting. They had chosen the underwear, shoes and jewelry that coordinated with any of the choices.

“Well, OK then,” I meekly muttered and walked back into the Salon to try on clothes. I left the store with three pairs of shoes, one evening dress, three sundresses, and two swimsuits. I had two pairs of sandals, a cover-up, more lingerie than I currently owned, two purses, and a bunch of unique jewelry. We loaded everything into Peter’s car and headed for the highway.

When we arrived at my apartment, Peter carried everything up and helped me hang it in my front closet. I was speechless. However, Peter didn’t have that problem. He sat down in my one comfortable living room chair and instructed me to take off my clothes, all of them. Peter shocked me. I never, in all my fantasies, considered he would say that. I turned and looked at him with tears rolling down my cheeks and blubbered; if that was all he thought of me, then he could get the fuck out of my house, take all that STUFF he paid for, and find himself another assistant.

He smiled. I had never seen a smile before from him: half sarcastic, half; you have no clue look. He told me to be quiet and not to interrupt him until he finished. If I chose not to obey him at the end of his little monologue, I could keep the clothing, etcetera and my job. Nothing will change, except I won’t be going to Hawaii. My mind had finally reached its max comprehension limit. Where was this thing going?

He clarified what he was saying to me; he was a Dominant Master. His lifestyle was the sexual and emotional domination of a Submissive Partner. He asked if I remembered the first day when he interviewed me? I nodded. He told me he wanted to ravage me completely, then. He needed to tie my hands behind me and fuck me until I fainted, to train me to be a willing submissive. He believed, during our initial time together, I had showed nothing which would change his mind.

I had had a minor crisis tonight with the amount of money he had spent, but I twisted it around and accepted his explanation. He pointed out I was indignant at his first

direction to remove my clothes. Still, if I became his submissive, he said he would treat me with the utmost respect. I would learn more about myself; the next two years sexually than most people pick up in a lifetime. He assured me he intended to be together until one of us no longer desired the other's affection. The lifestyle would take time to learn. He said he was an excellent teacher, and so far, according to him, I had been an avid learner.

After this disclosure, I was probably wondering; what's in it for me, he said. First, he would immediately set up a trust account in my name. There would be enough money to cover the tuition and books, allowing me to finish my education wherever I wanted to go. Second, I would move into his house. We could store my furniture, so I would not be without what I had now if I left. I would stay employed at his practice. Peter said he needed me, that I was very competent, and he repeated he needed me. He also told me he would provide a clothing allowance to make sure I was comfortable within the environment in which he lived.

He told me I had a choice now. I could ask him to leave or take off my clothes. The option was mine currently, but my selections decreased if I stepped into his world.

I got up off the couch and started pacing. Submissive? What did that mean? His slave? I am nobody's slave. He insulted me and excited me at the same time. I had to push my fantasies out of the way.

I told him, "I am a virgin and wasn't even aware this dominating master thing existed. You drop this bombshell on me and tell me I have ten minutes to choose whether to trust that you're safe or stay where I am and remain safe."

Time ticked by. He said nothing. I walked toward him. I stood between his legs, my legs on the front of the chair on which he was sitting. I looked down into his eyes. "I'd like you to leave," I announced. Without a look back, Peter got up and walked out my door.

He left. What did I do? I expected him to offer an alternative, and now I am left with no options at all. Unless? Unless what? He had set the terms, and apparently, this lifestyle didn't last long. I had never seen him with anyone in a year and a half. I had no desire to submit to his terms and then have him say, "sorry, you don't work out." I had no experience, no understanding of domination and submission, but maybe, just maybe, I had enough time to learn. I opened my computer and searched.

Two hours later, I understood what I had to do. I wanted to love Peter, and if this was the path to lifelong togetherness, I could do whatever it took. I wasn't afraid of Peter. I had observed his emotions enough to realize he was a very empathetic person. Regardless of the punishment, he would not hurt me. The punishment was an exciting alternative to a vanilla relationship. Listen to me; I'm thinking like I understand what I'm doing. Vanilla relationship? I had had no relationships! I had three hours to be ready to show him my acceptance of his offer, and I headed for my shower, razor in hand.

Two and a half hours later, I punched in my access code to the office, praying he hadn't changed it. The door popped, and I was inside. It was 5:30; Peter came in every morning at 6:00 to go over the transcriptions from the previous day and prepare for this day's patients. I reset the lock and walked into his office to get ready. I started by stripping off all my clothes and folding them neatly on the table at the end of the couch. I was naked; anticipation caused my juices to flow between my legs.

Next, I laid down on the couch, taking the belt I had brought; I placed my hands through the loop I had created with the buckle. I pulled it tight, pinning my wrist above my head and underneath the arms of the sofa. Finally, I wiggled down as far as my belted arms would allow, raising my left leg on top of the back of the couch with my knee bent and my calf and foot flat on the back of the sofa. In contrast, I

allowed my right leg to rest flatfooted on the floor. I presented myself naked, my entire body except my head shaven. My pubic area is entirely bald and spread open for anyone to see. I waited for Peter to arrive.

Chapter Two

My research had prepared me for the future, but not for the emotional anticipation I was experiencing now. I had studied the benefits of a higher state of well-being, including enhanced brain activity. Much of the research I had done was the use of this anticipation. I was right about doing what I was doing.

I heard the door to the office open, saw the hallway light come on, and Peter turned the knob to his office door. The light came on, and I saw Peter's eyes take in the entire situation.

"Master, may I speak?" I whispered.

After the most prolonged thoughtful pause on record, Peter uttered one word, "Speak."

I began the speech I had rehearsed last night. "Master," I stammered, "I apologize sincerely for initially rejecting your incredibly generous and loving offer. I am not worthy of your kindness and willingness to teach me the proper behavior of a submissive under your direction. I present my naked body to you to do with as you please and under your orders. Anything you desire is readily available to you with a request and desire for the instruction a novice like me will require. I ask your patience as I learn what pleases you, Master. Please show me how we begin."

He casually walked toward me while taking off his coat. He carelessly tossed the jacket on his office chair and stood above me while his eyes moved over every inch of my naked body.

"Do not move while I touch you or speak to you," he said. "If you do, I will punish you."

He pulled his sports shirt over his head and carefully folded it over the chair where he had thrown his coat. His well-muscled chest, shoulders and arms fit my fantasy vision of how he looked. He sat down between my spread

legs and placed his hands on my thighs. Softly, his fingertips caressed my inner thighs. He began quietly, in measured tones; to give me instructions, he told me he took great care with the fragility created between a new submissive and the Dominant. He said he could expose unknown vulnerabilities. The heat of my passion moved through my body. I wanted him to fuck me, but his torture was not even touching my pubic area. His fingers drifted over my opening, and my juices coated my vaginal lips, running down my slit into my butt hole. It was all I could do to remain still.

Suddenly, his finger slid into my opening, finding my clitoris and my back arched, involuntarily pushing my pussy into his hand. "SMACK" was the sound made as he swatted my butt cheek so hard it brought tears to my eyes.

"You were told not to move," Peter reminded me. "That was a small sample of what I expect regarding your behavior. You will always follow my instructions to the letter." He released me from the no-move restriction and informed me he would eat my cunt until I had cum and then fuck me until I fainted.

His mouth covered my entire pussy and his tongue snaked into my inner secret place, searching for the button to undo my wantonness. He found it and my body reacted like someone had shocked me with an electric cord. My entire body moved in tandem to the flicking of his tongue across my clitoris. Right-left, left-right, up-down, down-up; with each flick, my whole being jerked. He then sucked my clit and took little nibbles with his teeth, and I became lost in the phenomenal emotion of falling off a cliff. As he continued, my reaction grew in intensity. I could not stop, as I lost myself at the moment's rapture. Then the pressure became so unbelievably intense; I couldn't stand it any longer, and I screamed as I released the momentous flood of my juices into his mouth, from his fantastic manipulation of my body;

He lifted his head from my crotch and place his hands underneath my restrained raised arms. Suddenly, the pressure of his penis pressed against the outer lips of my pussy, separating them and entering me with a gentleness I hadn't expected. He thrust with an in and out motion; massaging my inner pussy, causing more juices to flow. I involuntarily moved in opposite tandem with him. I would meet him as he thrust into me and pushed my hips down as he pulled out of me. I matched his rhythm and tempo because my body wanted to. We began moving faster together, pounding into each other, and we both sought the release we expected was coming. His intensity drove me back onto the couch. I pushed back, but I lacked his strength. I responded with a surge of juices as my orgasm answered with a power I wasn't aware was inside of me. Then I he stiffened as his hot sperm came inside of me, mixing with my juices and causing me to wrap my legs around his waist to keep the fluids inside of me.

He disengaged from my wrapped legs and stood up next to me, his penis hanging in my face. "Open your mouth." He growled. I did. His penis began moving in and out of my mouth. I tasted his juices, my juices and my saliva. Turning me on once again, I didn't realize I could be so physically excited. I wanted him to cum in my mouth. I wanted to taste him. I was moving my head up and down as his penis grew bigger. I almost choked as he moved deeper into my mouth and down my throat. He moved faster as I tried to keep up with his pace, but finally, I just sucked as hard as I could while he moved faster. He bucked his hips, and the first droplets arrived in my mouth, and then the streams shot into my mouth and down my throat as I swallowed as fast as I could to keep up.

He rose, and his penis wilted as he came out of my mouth. I sucked, gently swallowing the last of his semen. I realized our combined juices were leaking out of my swollen