

DOMINATED



S. M. Ackerman

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Introduction](#)

[An Explanation Of An Inexplicable Desire](#)

[Slave Contract](#)

[How Did I Get Myself Here?](#)

[The Process Of Learning](#)

[Service Slut](#)

[Almost Deserved Retribution](#)

[Retribution](#)

[Nanny Needed Urgently.](#)

[Burial Of My Fantasy.](#)

[A New Life](#)

[What A Thrill](#)

[I Made A Mistake](#)

[A New Type Of Domination](#)

[A True Fairy Tale](#)

[Fantasy Land](#)

[The Wand](#)

[Well dear reader, I sincerely hope you enjoyed this introduction to fantasy fiction and its associated domination, now it is time to switch our allegiance to the more esoteric i.e.: domination in Science Fiction.](#)

[The Machine Restarts Everything](#)

UFO'S

Watching In The Wood's

The End Section

Other S. M. Ackerman Novels From Pink Flamingo Media

For a complete catalogue of Erotic Fiction... write, email or call:

Dominated
A Little Black Book Of Treasures
By
S M Ackerman
ISBN: 978-1-954079-77-9
A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication
Copyright © 2021, All rights reserved
For information contact:
Pink Flamingo Media
www.pinkflamingo.com
P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083
USA

Email Comments: jennifer@pinkflamingomedia.com
With the exception of quotes used in reviews, no part of this
book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or
transmitted in any form, by any means, including
mechanical, electronic, photocopying recording or otherwise
without prior written permission of the publishers.

Introduction Dominated

Welcome to the world of the dominating and the dominated; this book is a compilation of short stories designed to introduce the reader to a variety of forms of sexual domination, and to entertain those that do not need introducing.

The stories cover a wide and varied view of all things domination and dominated. From Mistress to Master, from slave to subservient. No matter whether you are a Dom or a Sub, male or female, I hope you will find things within these stories to entertain.

An Explanation Of An Inexplicable Desire Understanding Voluntary Slavery. What Is A Slave?

A slave: A person of either gender that has decided that their life will be dedicated to the obedience of a chosen Owner.

This could be on a permanent basis or for a given time slot. By so selecting, the person becomes the total property of its owner, thus entering into a voluntary slave status. Becoming an entity without choice, its only reason for existence is to provide pleasure, through service, to its selected owner. The free person electing to sign a Slave Contract, is giving total control and power to its owner over every aspect of its future life. It has decided to willingly refute the freedom that was its human right; for a state which places it under the total control of an honoured, trusted and loved person.

Entering into total slave status is not an easy thing to enter, nor should it be allowed, without serious consideration by the prospective slave. Most potential slaves, in reality, would choose to play the slave for fantasy reasons, and therefore would not seek out the permanent ownership of them, by another. The potential slave is offering the owner a gift of great value; equally the owner is accepting both the ownership, and responsibility for the care and safety of the slave. Thus a symbiosis of dependency and responsibility is created; with one giving willingly, the other accepting totally the gift.

Why Would 'It' Choose Such A State?

The slave requires the domination of its self by another to fulfil its natural function and desires. The slave wishes to be subjected for both sexual reasons and physiological need, for it to feel complete. The slave does not wish to have the choice of how its life is spent, or its body used; its only choice is that of signing and submitting, or not signing the contract, and remaining free.

What Is A Mistress/Madam/ Master/ The Slaves Owner.

The Owner is the chosen, a person that is deeply loved or adored by the slave and very much trusted; the owner takes on their slave with the intent of melding the slave to satisfy their every whim. The slave for their benefit gains through the instigation of such a regime.

To the uninitiated the slave may appear to be selfish or even self-centred; primarily because of having to explain and ask for the type of treatment that is desired. The reality of a true Slave / Owner arrangement, is that the slave does not have to ask for the desired pain or suffering; that is provided by the Owner, when and by whatever methods they feel is required, as either rightful discipline or training. The slave's behaviour might directly instigate that need for discipline. For instance a lack of attention to detail in given duties might induce punishment. Therefore the slave gets punished, and the behaviour improves; the owner again receives the required service from the slave.

The Ideal Situation.

In an ideal symbiosis, the Owner enjoys dominating the slave, overseeing its instruction and training; ensuring total obedience via punishment or other suitable methods. They receive pleasure from the dominating and owning of the slave; thus creating a situation where the slave's suffering is a part of the service that is required by the Owner, and the balance is complete. All parties to the contract receive their different, but equally important satisfactions. The Owner / Slave contract will be highly satisfactory to all parties in such an arrangement.

The Potential Dominant.

"I like my own way but get it subtly". "I don't want to dominate, it's not normal".

'Are you sure this is what you want?'

All the above are typical statements from Vanilla novices introduced to the BDSM life style; they are used primarily to conceal or justify their desire, to participate in what they

believe to be an abnormal, though potentially interesting life style. A statement similar in context to the above does not mean that the person stating it, is really a hard core dominant; only that they potentially could enjoy some, or all, aspects of the S & M life style, if sampled.

What Is True Domination.

Dominating another is to get your own way, have your desires fulfilled without the preamble of society's bounds and restrictions. To dominate a willing slave is as normal in its own way, as it is to utilize your feminine wiles, or male aggression to manipulate another into providing service. The main difference being, that via voluntary slave domination, the desire is open and clearly understood by all willing parties.

Society in a 'Politically Correct World' (P.C) dictates that every person male or female has equal rights. There are some people that do not believe that everyone is equal; or that they all have equal rights. Despite the existence of P.C there is a hierarchy of control within our Society, its influence is indirect but totally aimed at controlling the masses, whilst maintaining the pretence of equality of sex, of position, of Human Rights.

Those that actively seek to gain power do so for their own reasons, to provide for their own needs; usually at the expense of the minions, who are possibly held in contempt beneath them. To maintain that power, they create and then foster their P.C Agenda. The pretence of the situation is deplorable and basically it is a Social Lie, which for a lot of people is unnecessary. Clearly it is better to be able to say 'I want that now', than receive it immediately, and given willingly with love; than it ever is to manipulate another to obtain the chosen state or gift.

What Does Domination Offer To Me.

The S&M life style offers you an open, honest, loving relationship. It provides the opportunity to fulfil any desires; either personal or sexual, and with a very willing slave who

is eager to please and serve you. It offers experiences denied in any other type of relationship; mostly, it offers a feeling of guilt free freedom to be who you are. To demand and rightfully expect to do what you want, when you want. S&M allows the owner to be able to try out whims and fulfil wishes, always secure in the love of your slave. To know that you are reciprocating with both love and creating a deep pleasurable satisfaction to your partner or slave, by methods which the Vanilla world see as being selfish, or not PC.

How Do I Treat My Slave.

Your slave is your total property, you are in charge. There are no limits to your domination of your slave other than those you both set for yourselves. Once it has been purchased, their life becomes dependent on your whims. For example; your slave eats what you provide and when. It drinks, smokes, has sexually release only at your whim. It has no rights, no expectations that have to be fulfilled; any pleasures it receives are your gift to it, and not it's right to receive. Only your needs, the needs of the slave's owner have importance; that is how a slave wants and expects it to be, so being demanding is in fact pleasuring the slave, not being selfish. All are gifts to be rationed and earned by your slave, and only allowed at your whim. It sleeps where you wish; it is yours to do with as you will, once the agreement is signed.

Your slave is there to please you, to serve you, and nothing else. Your slave's feelings, wants and needs are as nothing to a strict owner, and your slave will love you more for your caring, thoughtful control of it. Shape your slave to meet your desires, understand that the stricter more controlling you are with it, the better both the service level will be; and the happier the slave will be. It takes time to overturn the rules of the vanilla society, but understand that the slave owner relationship has existed far longer, and with

greater success than the liberal nanny state society we are forced to live in today.

Owner /slave roles create a situation where by what is wanted and what is provided, co-exist between two willing parties. The Owner Demands service of their slave, and the slave has chosen to provide that service; both achieve their agreed goals and are happy with the situation.

Understanding Your Slaves A Little More; A Guide.

An Owner might find that a slave is reluctant to obey certain commands, they may find it necessary to demand more strenuously or enforce their demands. This may on the surface may seem to be unfair, coercion, or just wrong; perhaps even Socially Unacceptable. Until that is the situation is looked at in a voluntary Owner/slave context. Then it becomes apparent that the slave's lazy attitude is not 'rebellion' to their position, but a cry for attention; an open expression of a need to feel further dominated, and more strictly controlled, by their loved Owner.

Providing punishment for disobedience in a way is not punishing the slave at all, it is rewarding them. Satisfying both their desires, and perhaps your own; through strict discipline, before returning the balance to the more mundane.

Conclusion.

Though different in nature the Slave Owner relationship is both closer, and more co-dependent than any other type of relationship. Each of the parties involved, is concerned with satisfying themselves and subsequently their partner; but in a more open and honest way than otherwise might be found in the majority of vanilla relationships. Consider that the slave has had to overcome the fear and embarrassment of admitting that they like to, or need to be treated as a submissive, 'a slave'. The owner on the other hand has to accept that they like getting their own way; which in today's society is an admission of being selfish to a certain degree.

Society declares selfishness as 'wrong' of not being nice, etc. Yet in the S&M world of domination, this is not the perceived case; nor is it thought of as something to be ashamed of, or even concerned about. Apparent selfishness is an aid to pleasure, thus creating a satisfaction level above and beyond the normal level provided in any other type of relationship. With the clear understanding that the owners demands provide the slave with an exquisite form of pleasure and self-satisfaction, a perfect symbiosis can be achieved.

If worked at, the Owner / slave relationship can provide a sound and satisfying relationship, without bounds.

Understanding and accepting the desire for what it is, is the key element in this type of relationship; whether on a permanent basis, or part- time one. Such an attempt to understand will be worth the effort, if you are the type of person that might for instance say;

"I like to get my own way but I do it subtly."

Just for example.

Important Advice.

Always remember that safety of the slave in punishment situations falls totally on the head of the Dominating party, so think and be very careful of how treatment is inflicted, and where on the slaves body. As a rule it is advised that slaves have an escape word, one that will draw the treatment to an instant halt, should the situation get too much for the slave to accept willingly.

Slave Contract

I humbly beg to be allowed and if necessary forced to provide my Owner with all that I am able to provide. To be granted the gift from my Owner of being their property. A body for them to do anything with that they may wish. I willingly accept having all of my rights removed from me; to be denied totally, the freedom that others take for granted. To be your slave and property, subject totally to your whims. I humbly beg for the discipline that I deserve to shape and ensure my service to you; to be dominated and humiliated as you see applicable. To be made to pay with my body and my suffering, for any and all misdeeds.

I willingly offer my body and soul as a gift to you, in the hope that you will accept its meagre service, and benefit totally from its ownership.

Your Humble Slave.

Sign:

Date:

Witness of formal sale.

Sign:

Date:

The above is an introduction to domination for those that do not understand. Remember that safety must come first in everything you do and your slave must be voluntary, willing and able to serve.

How Did I Get Myself Here?

This is the story of a selfish young lady and how her life was changed by the man that both loved her, and at the same time could not put up with her behaviour. Naughty women of the world watch out...

How Did I Get Myself Here?

I woke up in this dark place, it's a very dark, wet and slimy place, and what is that stench? I am alone now; I think that I heard the sound of footsteps as my captor left. I am bound hand and foot, gagged tightly, with a cloth sack pulled over my head; and judging from how cold I feel, I am naked!

I pull against my arms restraints, trying to snap or stretch the cords securing them behind my back. I can't budge them an inch. My wrists start to hurt as the cords cut into my flesh, so I stop! I try straightening out my legs but they only move six inches before my wrists are being pulled. Behind me is cold concrete, somewhere in front of me I can hear water running; I am scared out of my wits, and just want to go home.

I live in a bungalow left to my boyfriend by his aunt, we share everything, but frankly (well according to him) I can be a real bitch, and selfish as well! When he said that to my face I went ballistic and told him he could fuck off! He laughed at me, so I added 'and if you think you are getting into my pants you can have another think you bastard.'

He does not like me swearing, (it's ok for him too, but not me). Sometimes he can be a right little Hitler. What with all the house-rules and the cleaning, and keeping the floor clear in the bedroom, he makes my life bloody hard!

I guess it was my frustration that caused me to mouth off at him, but now I swear it was for the very last time, if only he will fetch me from this torment.

I screamed, not shouted at him, telling him 'that he didn't care about me!'

His reaction was almost funny; he stood up, pulled a bamboo cane out of our yucca plant and told me to bend over. Well you can guess where I told him to shove that idea! I'm not a child who needs to be caned, even if I do deserve to be (as mum often tells me). He waved the cane around for a few seconds and then it was as though a light had switched on; his face lit up, he smiled and said.

"You know what Clair, you're right! You don't deserve to be caned today."

Thank god for that I thought as I sat down, and eventually calmed down as well. I thought it was over, just another spat; we have been having quite a few of those, and at one point I thought he was going to ask me to leave. Well after that go at him I behaved for a while, and things returned to normal. I even offered him my pussy and to my amazement he said, 'not until we have everything sorted out and rules in place.' Then he turned away from me, turned over, and went to sleep!

I wondered exactly what he meant by 'rules in place' and 'everything sorted out?' Now with the benefit of hindsight I wish I had bent over and let him cane me, because the punishment he is inflicting on me now is terrible.

You see, it is my boyfriend that has tied me up and placed me in this disgusting place. He told me (before he left me here) that he would be back in three hours, and if I agree to accept any punishment he deems suitable from now on, two things will happen.

The first is I can carry on living in his home and being kept by him.

The second is that I will soon learn exactly what is required of a good girl.

I just wish he would return and let me promise to be a good girl, a very good girl, if only he will not put me down in this cold, dark, damp place again. I will show him, I will change, honestly. I will be good and keep house just the way he wants, if only he will return and let me beg to be allowed

to please him from now on. I really do want to be his good girl!

You probably think I put Clair in the sewers, or somewhere unsafe like that! I did not! I put her in our basement, having first soaked the wall and floor with cold water. The sound of running water was made by a pond pump placed in a child's paddling pool. The smell was provided by a bag of pig manure I purchase three days earlier.

I also expect you are wondering how I got her there, without her knowing. Clair, because she does not sleep well, takes a sleeping pill at night, so it was simple; I just picked her up very gently and carried her down once she was asleep.

Please keep this to yourself, as Clair does not know where she was put, and it has worked wonders in improving her behaviour! If she carries on like this I guess the wedding will be on soon.

I hope you don't think me too harsh, but I love Clair with all my heart, but I cannot, and will not accept her frequent selfish behaviour. Her mother warned me about it, and she was right! Goodbye...

The End.

The use of confusion and misdirection to control or punish or educate your slave can be very effective as this story shows.

The Process Of Learning

Fantasy and sex have been intertwined since the dawn of time, some fantasies are easier to pick out than others, though no less worthwhile to the participants. To understand another's fantasies, is to understand them.

The Process Of Learning.

I have visited the club many times; on most visits I have met and been entertained by a stranger (I know it's very dangerous, but I accept the risk). I always dress exactly the same; I always have my body swathed in latex, with a latex hood locked into place at the nape of my neck, and with a gag of some sort locked in my mouth.

The obvious question must be :- how do I convey my wishes to anyone that I meet? The answer is quite simple.

My breasts are a moderate size for my scrawny frame (good in shape though I think for a thirty year old woman), but my nipples extend out like a trucks, wheel nuts. To these I screw fix nipple clamps, from which I hang a sign saying.

'Bondage slave available to meet your requirements.'

I could have put something tacky like use me, or even slut available; but if you knew me in real life you would know that I am quite posh, and as such I would not chose to demean myself with a tacky board! I expect whoever accepts my offer to do enough demeaning of me!

This night the club is quiet, there are the usual leather freaks but they know me and don't come near to me; being to wrapped up in their own world, to want to deal with a very submissive latex tramp. I ignore them as they ignore me, and that is always the way it is.

I am getting bored, I have been here for nearly two hours and no one has shown the slightest interest in me; despite my having a fabulous figure when wearing latex. There are one or two about that have used me in the past, but they stay clear of me now because they know that I am a full blown masochist; and that I do not want to play at submission, but experience the real thing. Most are only

part-time players, into light bondage and some whipping. What I want is someone that is not so restricted, someone that will take me all the way, and use me beyond my wildest dreams; I don't think that I will be finding that perfect person tonight. Not if what I can see is any indicator. I am just about to leave when the twin doors of the club-room open, and are held open by two topless and heavily muscled male slaves.

The woman that passes between them is stunning: I with all my experience on the fetish scene have never seen anyone that looks quite so awesome! Behind her is an entourage of young ladies, all collared, all controlled by her I think; though not apparently restricted at the moment. They look like they are out for fun, I am beginning to think that I might not leave for a while.

She glides effortlessly across the dance floor: the few dancers part as though they know that the queen has arrived. I see the barman look up, and I watch as his jaw drops. He reaches out behind him and selects a bottle of very expensive champagne and places it on a silver tray. To the tray he adds a bloody-Mary with ice. One of her female slaves collects the tray from the bar (no money changes hands I note).

The slave crosses the floor towards her mistress, who has seated herself in a half-moon bench seated booth, and is clearly waiting to be served. The twin males stand silent and imposing now at each outer edge of the curved booth. The slave girls kneel at her feet, looking up at her in silent adoration.

The tray arrives and is placed on the table before this strange, erotically powerful woman. I watch as she indicates for the champagne to be given to the female slaves. She picks up the Bloody-Mary and after saluting the barman she takes a sip, before returning the glass to her table.

As I watch, a door across the room opens and out pops the manager looking all flustered and concerned; he sees

the woman, obviously he knows that she has arrived so now he is putting in an appearance. The club's own door-men also enter the room, they circulate, talking to the few regulars, encouraging them apparently to leave. Most go without opposition, they seem scared of the new arrivals. No one I note approaches me, not one of them; I am ignored, bypassed even! Meanwhile the manager has approached the seated goddess, her female minion's part to create a channel down which he can walk.

He does, I see him suck in his gut and try to stand a little taller, which considering he is about five-foot-six is quite impressive. She watches, silent and alert, a panther resting, relaxed, but ready to strike. Words are exchanged more by him than her, and then he turns and departs; casting a swift glance at me as I watch the scenario unfold before me.

The bouncers have cleared the club completely: I bet there were a few complaints from those that have been thrown out! I stand up intending to walk towards the mysterious lady when the club doors are again thrown open; this time a horde of seething bodies bursts through them, filling the place instantly. I hesitate then return to the bar stool on which I have been sitting, watching in fascination.

The people are all dressed totally different, but at the same time the same. There is leather and latex, plastic and cotton, belts and boots; some are wearing head masks like me, others are not. The girls all look amazing, the guys look fit, and I am sitting watching this fast growing party. The club is not large, it can probably hold a couple of hundred people; pretty soon it is approaching its maximum. She, the woman, is still over by the booth; I can't see her through the crowd, but I know somehow that she is there!

The music starts again filling the air with thumping hard core sounds; I quite like the atmosphere it feels electric and inviting. Bodies swirl and gyrate around the floor as I watch. My excitement rises, I stand, wanting to join in, a pathway opens in front of me; I walk forward, bodies part, leather and

plastic touch my skin, hands reach out brushing and sensitising me.

I walk one step at a time through the group towards where I can sense she is waiting for me. I reach the outer ring of her entourage, they are still sitting on the floor in a half circle; I can see her now over their heads. The guard slaves are still in the same position, watching silently, but doing nothing. Girl's part, sliding away on their bottoms, legs pulling up, as they clear the way forward for me.

She raises her blood-red glass to me and I nearly faint, the feeling of arousal explodes in my groin, my mind shatters and is unable to think; I step closer as she beckons me, somehow, without moving! Three more steps and I am before her, my head bowed, my thoughts confused; my arousal beyond anything I have ever felt. She can read my sign but says nothing.

The girls close in behind me; one or two allow their fingers to brush lightly against my skin, the shock of their contact fuels my arousal further. She watches the interplay with obvious amusement, and some level of satisfaction.

"I like your outfit!"

She did not speak, the words materialised in my brain, pushed into it by her and heard by me; the shock of her invasion is added to by the feeling of having my thoughts rummaged through without my permission. She searches and touches, opens and looks at my deepest darkest fantasies. I try to resist her intrusion, but fail! I stand before her being mentally raped, stripped clean of any level of privacy! My excitement rises, the feeling causes my sex hormones to flood throughout my body; I am being prepared by her, but for what or how I do not know.

"You will come with us and learn to allow your deepest desires full reign!"

The words are back, my mind nods in agreement as she lightly brushes against my cortex. The room shimmers, my optic nerve transmits the changing images but my body