

A photograph of a woman from the waist down, wearing black lace underwear with a pink ribbon tied around the back. She is wearing silver handcuffs on both wrists, which are attached to a chain around her waist. She is also wearing black garters and stockings. The background is a soft-focus indoor setting.

*Paul Preston*

The Adam & Eve Series  
Book One

*The Awakening of*  
**LAURA**

The Awakening Of Laura:  
The Adam & Eve Series, Book One  
*by Paul Preston*  
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## Chapter One

### *Sunday*

When Stephen first saw Laura standing next to her husband after the Sunday service, greeting worshippers on their way out of the church, he felt at once dizzy and breathless, as if punched directly in his solar plexus by an unseen fist. Stephen wondered if Laura had seen the quick sideways glance he'd given her, as her husband stretched out his arms to give him a black-robed embrace in the foyer of Our Savior Presbyterian Church. In his one brief look he noticed how the conservative pearl-white cardigan and pleated knee length skirt she wore sharply contrasted with the stylish shiny black high heeled shoes on her pretty arched feet. Through her thin sweater Stephen observed how the fetching curves of her rounded breasts and nipples were held in tight bondage by the thick straps of her brassiere. Enfolded in the ministerial embrace, breathing in the freshly laundered scent of the flowing robes, Stephen stole another furtive glance at Laura's breasts. He imagined unbuttoning her sweater and unsnapping her bra strap with the tips of his trembling fingers. Once freed from their captivity, he thought how soft and warm her full breasts would feel as they fell into his hands and how swollen her areoles and nipples would become after he took them into his open mouth and sucked upon them passionately.

Stephen stayed longer than was appropriate in the warmth of the pastor's embrace, pressing himself into his prodigious girth. Laura took notice of how long the attractive gentleman stayed wrapped in her husband's arms.

*Was he looking at me? At my body?*

Clearly uncomfortable with the prolonged physical contact, especially with another man, the Reverend stepped back to break the embrace.

"Are you feeling alright, my son?"

Stephen looked up into his inquiring fleshy pink face.

"Yes, Reverend."

“Call me Reverend Rog. All my friends here do.”

OK, Reverend Rog.”

“Son, you seem... do you not feel well?”

“No, I feel fine. Why do you ask?”

“You’re trembling.”

“Oh yes. I suppose I am.”

As he had unwittingly drawn attention to himself, by now Stephen was sure Laura had noticed him, along with everyone else in line waiting to speak with the Reverend.

“Reverend, I think I’m holding up the line.”

“You’re new here?”

“Yes.”

“Is this your first visit to our parish?”

“It is, Reverend.”

“Reverend Rog.”

“OK, Reverend Rog.”

“Listen; are you free tomorrow night around 7?”

“Uhh, I...”

“Well, if you’re feeling better, I’d like to set up an appointment to meet with you. I do this with all new members to welcome them into my congregation on the first Monday of the month, which is tomorrow. We can sit down together, get to know each other a little more personally, pray together if there may be something troubling you. There will be coffee and sweets, oh; I didn’t catch your name...”

“Stephen.”

“Well, Stephen, I certainly hope you feel better by tomorrow. You may be coming down with something. You look feverish, you’re sweating. I hope you’re not contagious. I have a big business trip coming up this week.”

“I feel fine. I’m sure it’s nothing.”

“Well, it was a pleasure meeting a new member. Welcome to Our Savior. We’ll meet tomorrow night then.”

“Yes, Reverend, I’ll try to make it,” Stephen said, shaking the Pastor’s extended hand.

As he turned toward the door, the Reverend reached out and touched Stephen's shoulder, an incidental touch, but one that would end up changing their lives.

"Oh, before I forget, let me introduce you to my wife, Laura."

With trepidation, Stephen paused, took a deep breath and turned to gaze into her dark brown eyes. She held out her pale white hand and he took it, holding it lightly in his own, feeling its warmth.

"Hello," Laura said, held captive by Stephen's piercing blue eyes.

"Hello, Laura..."

She smiled and briefly broke eye contact with the stranger, glancing down at her hand.

"My hand?"

"Oh yes. Sorry."

He released Laura's hand and stood formally, clasping his hands stiffly in front of him. Stephen saw Laura sweep the tips of her fingers over the wet residue of perspiration he had transferred into her palm.

"I'm terribly sorry. My palms are wet..."

"And your name again was...?"

"My name? Yes, uh..."

"Have you forgotten your name, sir?" she asked.

*I'm teasing him. Why am I teasing him?*

Laura swept a strand of her thick golden blonde hair behind her ear.

*She's not flirting with me. Is she?*

"No. It's Stephen."

"Well, nice to meet you, Stephen."

"Thank you..."

They looked at each other for a moment longer. Laura gave Stephen a sweet half smile.

"I'm sorry, Laura, I appear to be holding up the line, I guess I'll be going."

Stephen looked out the door into the bright sun. Impulsively, he turned back to her.

“You know, it’s such a nice day... I was thinking, it’s only a few blocks away, would you like to take a walk on the beach?”

Stephen immediately regretted having made such a suggestion as soon as the words slipped out of his mouth.

“What?” Laura asked, as if she hadn’t heard him correctly.

“Uh, I was just saying, wouldn’t it be great to take a stroll on the beach... but I’m quite sure you and your husband are busy...”

“I haven’t been to the beach in years... almost 3 years...”

After she uttered the word beach, Laura’s mind seemed to drift off. Stephen noticed her looking toward the shimmering stained glass windows, the sun pouring through them, her eyes narrowing wistfully.

“Anyway... I’m sure you’re both busy... sorry for holding up the line. Pardon me.”

On unsteady legs, Stephen somehow managed to make his way out the front door of the church. Laura watched him disappear into the sun.

Stephen’s Diary Entry: Sunday Night

*Well, can you believe it? I’ve sunk to a new low – lusting after the body of the pretty minister’s wife. Since I can’t seem to take these debauched thoughts out of my mind, I’ve decided to stop trying to be someone I’m not. As for my faith, my body and spirit have always been at war within me, and now I know they can no longer coexist. Since God supposedly granted us all free will, and I have to choose, I choose the body. You will be better off without me Laura, lusting after you, fantasizing about you every Sunday, while your husband delivers the sermon. I’ll have to take that walk on the beach without you.*

Laura’s Diary Entry: Sunday Night

*Dear Diary, I finally have a bit of titillating news to report to you, after so many months and years of boring journal entries. The monotony of my life was relieved meeting a most attractive man at church today. (Listen to me, I sound like I have a schoolgirl crush.) He looked to be in his early thirties, so charming and handsome, with the scruffy golden light brown hair of a surfer, slender and well-dressed in a fashionable suit - European cut, perhaps? He greeted me in a most charming and gentlemanly fashion, holding my hand as if it were a delicate flower, then forgetting he was holding it as we lost ourselves gazing into one another's eyes. He was quite nervous and shy, like a boy on his first date. Our whole interchange took less than two minutes perhaps, but so much transpired, I feel.*

*After some small talk, he surprised me out of nowhere by inviting me to the beach! Me, a married woman. I can't erase this man from my memory. All day I've fantasized about meeting him there. All day. Which beach we'd go to, which bikini I would wear, one piece or two. I tried to take a jog to shake him from my mind. I ran harder and faster than I'd run since college or even high school, as if imbued with a new strength. But no matter how much I sweated, I could not shake him from my thoughts. So there he remains. I know I shouldn't be thinking about him, but I can't help it.*

*Dear Diary, I've tried to love my husband these last three years and tried to be a good supportive wife. I am devoted to him and respect him. But, though I feel quite guilty about it, I ask you, can't I have just one day to feel these feelings again - the ones that I lost long ago? If only I could have met him 3 years ago, before... but I know now it is too late. When I am an old lady, dear diary, surrounded by my grandkids, and I stumble upon this diary in an old musty shoebox, pull it out and read this entry, I want to be able to remember his name.*

*Stephen.*

*His name was Stephen.*

## Chapter Two

### *Monday*

Stephen drove to the front of the church and nearly drove by before noticing the front door was left ajar. He parked, walked into the empty foyer and noticed a door open in the alcove to the left that said "The Fellowship Room" on it.

*In and out. A quick chat and I'm out of there.*

He opened the door wider and saw Laura, standing by a coffee table, who turned to face him with a tight smile. They stared at each other for a long moment.

"Laura?"

"Stephen. I was hoping you would make it."

"Am I in the right room?"

"Oh yes, the Fellowship Room. This is the place."

Laura did not greet him as she would have any other guest, with a warm Christian hug, but instead busied herself arranging and rearranging items on the table. She talked quickly in a nervous chatter, without taking a breath and only stopped when she ran out of air.

"Yes, hello, please sit down; make yourself comfortable, my husband sends his sincerest apologies. He was called away to minister to a sick member of our parish in the hospital who took a turn for the worse apparently, and since we had no way of contacting you, he sent me in his place in case you or any other new member might drop by, since the Monday meeting for new members is advertised on our newsletter and website. I know I am a poor substitute for Reverend Roger and I know you were expecting to meet with him, and I could get his secretary to call you to reschedule a meeting, but I'm afraid it could not be until next week at the earliest. He's leaving on a five city book tour tomorrow to promote his new book, "Lessons in Life". Five cities in five days, he always says when he goes off on these book tours. Five cities in five days. He won't be back until Saturday evening..."



“How exciting,” Stephen said, smiling, as Laura caught her breath.

“Have you read any of his other books?” “Lessons in Love” or “Lessons in Marriage?” Laura asked.

“Catchy titles, but no, I haven’t.”

“My husband is very proud of them. “Lessons in Love”, his first book, was a bestseller among Christian publications. His second book “Lessons in Marriage” is said to have helped many young married couples through some rough patches... Are you married, Stephen?”

*Why did I ask him that? It’s none of my business.*

“No... I had a girlfriend a few years ago, but never married... Anyway, he seems like a really great guy, Laura.”

“Yes.”

“Do you have any kids?”

“No not yet. But, maybe one day soon. My husband is always saying how he wants to “put a bun in the oven”.

*Oh God, why did I tell him that? Too much information.*

Laura sat stiffly in a folding chair during the awkward pause in the conversation, with crossed legs and a forced smile.

“Well, Laura, to answer your question, I don’t need to reschedule the appointment. I’m happy to talk to you. In fact, it’s a very pleasant surprise for me. And you are not a poor substitute.”

Stephen stared at Laura and smiled. Trying to escape from his gaze, she turned her back to him and faced the coffee table.

“Would you like a little sweetie, Stephen?” she asked.

Stephen stared at her faded blue jeans that hugged her trim figure, his eyes lingering on the sensual curves of her cheeks.

*Yes, Laura, I would like to have a little sweetie.*

Images of forcibly taking her from behind on top of the coffee table played out in his mind. Pulling her jeans down her legs, ripping her panties off, coffee cups flying off the

table, shattering on the floor, pastries grinding into their skin, grabbing her hair roughly with one hand while pinning her body down by the neck with the other and thrusting and thrusting himself into her over and over and over until... Stephen took a deep breath and adjusted the growing bulge in his pants while her back was turned.

*Down boy, be good, we're in church, for god's sake.*

"Oh, no thank you, Laura."

Laura turned to face him.

"How about one of these mini-hotdog appetizer thingies?"

"No thanks, Laura, I'm a vegetarian."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"That's OK."

"Would you like a cup of tea or coffee?"

"Oh, no thank you."

"Are you certain? I mean, it would be no trouble, really, I don't mind"-

"You're very kind, Laura, but no thank you," Stephen said.

Stephen and Laura exchanged a long awkward moment.

"Actually I just dropped by for a moment really. It turns out my job is transferring me to another town back east so I will be leaving California soon."

Laura's chest visibly dropped. She seemed to be truly disappointed.

"Oh... that's too bad. When are you leaving?"

"Well, they said it might be in just a few short weeks from now."

"Oh... But, I was going to introduce you to all the people here."

"Yes, well, duty calls I guess. Thank you for the nice chat Laura. I really should be going."

Stephen turned toward the door.

"Can you stay awhile to talk, if you're not too busy? It's just that I'm stuck here until 8PM and it's only 7:20 and it

doesn't look as if anyone else is going to show. Will you stay and keep me company?" Laura asked impulsively.

"Will I get points in heaven for doing that?"

"Yes, you will."

"Then I guess I better stay..."

They stared at each other for a prolonged time, as if words were unnecessary between them. Then Laura abruptly broke the stare.

"I know what we can do to pass the time. Why don't you tell me how you ended up becoming a Christian?"

"Oh, I'm not sure we should go there, Laura."

"What do you mean? Why not?"

"It's just that my story is, how shall I put it, uh... rather sexual."

"Oh. You needn't feel ashamed to tell me. I'd never judge you."

"I certainly don't want to offend you."

"I'm sure I won't be offended."

"You know, Laura, let's be honest. Do you want to be honest with me?"

"I thought we were being honest."

"It's just that if I open up to you now and tell you this story, it may open a door for you, and there is the risk that in going through it, the door may close behind you and you may not be able to find your way back home..."

"Well, wow... I'm not quite sure I know what you mean, but, as I said, you needn't worry Stephen. No matter what happened, I would never judge you. I know I might look like a prude, but please believe me, deep down, I want you to know, I'm not that kind of person..."

Stephen took a deep breath in and exhaled.

"OK, Laura, I'll tell you the story I've never told anyone before. I'll tell you exactly how I happened to become a Christian and I won't leave out a single detail. Actually, it will be good to finally tell someone. I've tried to sort this out over the years, with no success."

“I know we’ve just met, but... you can trust me, Stephen.”

“I know I can. I feel like I can trust you, even though we just met. So, in ninth grade, when I was around thirteen years old, I was cast in the junior high school musical, “Oliver”!

Laura’s eyes widened and she sat up excitedly on the edge of her chair, smiling.

“I love that show! I don’t mean to interrupt, but are you interested in the theater?”

“Oh yes. Very much so.”

“Me too. I’m a Drama Major from Cal State.”

“B.F.A. in Drama from St. Mary’s.”

“This is just amazing. You’re a drama major! I had a feeling we had a lot in common.”

“I did too, Laura.”

“I’m sorry, Stephen. Go on. I promise I won’t interrupt again...”

“Well, a very pretty Latin-American girl, Elizabeth, the older sister of a classmate, came to see me in the musical. She was two or three years older than me, she seemed to like me. We started calling each up on the phone, flirting as kids that age will do. One evening I told her I was stronger than her and she said she was stronger than me and I told her how I could beat her in a wrestling match so she challenged me to do it. Since her parents were away for the evening, she invited me to come over that night. I took her up on the challenge, went to her house and we went down into her basement and began wrestling. Though I think she may have been stronger than me, she let me win after rolling around on the floor and I ended up on top of her, pinning her arms to the floor. I remember it was hot in her basement, I was sweating. I didn’t know what to do, I just stared at her, and that’s when she kissed me, my first kiss. I wrote about it in my journal.”

“You keep a journal?” Laura interrupted, captivated by his story.

“Yes, for years.”

“So do I...”

“Do you tell it all your deep dark secrets, Laura?”

Stephen asked, smiling.

*I will now.*

“Mostly just girlish gossip. I don’t have any deep dark secrets, I’m afraid.”

“Do you ever go back over entries you wrote in the past?”

“Sometimes.”

“Well, I’ve always wished I could reread what I wrote that night, but I can’t since I burned that page out of the journal, singeing the hairs off two of my fingers the very next day, in a fit of religious fervor and shame...”

“You burned that page out of your journal?”

“As if it never happened...”

“Go on, Stephen.”

“So, after she kissed me, I felt embarrassed. I had these strange feelings I didn’t understand and never had before. I felt ashamed and ran up the basement steps and out the front door. My school classmate, her brother, Alex, heard me run out the front door. He ran after me and asked what was wrong with me. I told him what happened with his sister and how sorry I was and how guilty I felt about it. Then out of his back pocket Alex handed me a little booklet called, “The 3 Deadly Sins, The 3 Paths of Righteousness”. Born-Again Christianity had been sweeping through our junior high school; Alex had become a born-again Christian, and said that if I read the tract Jesus Christ would forgive me of my sins. As I walked home I read the little booklet. I was thirteen, I liked comic books, and this tract had a colorful drawing of a multitude of sinners in agony falling into a sea of flames who did not accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior. The next page showed how those believers who

chose to accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior had risen toward the heavens with arms outstretched, receiving the gift of everlasting life. So the scare tactics worked on me and I converted to Born-Again Christianity that night. I kneeled right down on the sidewalk and did the three things I was instructed to do in the tract. One: I admitted out loud that I was a sinner. Two: I admitted out loud that I believed that Jesus Christ died on the cross for my sins and Three: I accepted Jesus Christ into my heart as my Lord and Savior. I took only a moment and now, the tract said, Jesus had forgiven me of my sins and I was given the gift of Everlasting Life. Born-Again Christianity became a convenient place for me to hide from the shame of having those feelings, which I know now were sexual. And to this day, to this very moment in time with you in the Fellowship Room of Our Savior Presbyterian Church, every desire to lead a spiritual life is powerfully tied to these overwhelming sexual desires I can't seem to control. I cannot have one feeling without the other, unless I turn both off and feel a kind of numbness, a feeling of being dead inside... I'm sorry. I should never have told you that story."

"I don't know what to say," Laura said, arms crossed on her chest, staring straight ahead.

"There's nothing to say. Thanks for listening."

"I don't hold you in judgment."

"Oh I know you don't, Laura. Listen, since you've been so gracious with your time and attention, and letting me recount out loud my crazy labyrinthine story, which I know probably made absolutely no sense, I'm going to be honest with you. I can see you're a good woman, a good person, and you deserve that much from me. I lied to you earlier..."

"Lied? About what?"

"I lied about being transferred from my job. The truth is I'm not coming back next Sunday because I am leaving the Church and Christian Faith, for good."

"No, no Stephen. You can't do that. You mustn't do that."

“Listen, I’ve got to go. Thanks for the talk.”

Stephen stood up and moved to the door.

“Please don’t go like this, don’t leave.”

“I shouldn’t have come here, I should’ve stayed away. As soon as I saw you, if I truly was a Christian I would have turned around and walked out that door.”

“You’re being so dramatic. I should know, right? I starred in Arthur Miller’s play, “The Crucible”.

“Abigail, right?”

“Yes! How’d you guess?”

“I know the play. You’re perfect for that role.”

“We have so much in common, really. Stephen, I wish you wouldn’t leave the church. We could be friends.”

“Oh, Laura, that’s not a good idea.”

“Are you embarrassed about your story? I’ve heard much worse really, involving drugs, alcohol, crime, and adultery even, leading people to God. Your story was rather sweet, actually.”

“You’re very kind for saying so, but I can see that it upset you and I’m...”

“Listen, what are you doing tomorrow night?”

Laura heard herself talking, but suddenly it seemed there was another person inside her speaking the words, and she couldn’t stop this other Laura from talking. Her voice was even different from Laura’s voice, higher pitched, more feminine, full of hope and life.

*Who is she? Who am I?*

“I’m... working.”

“Where do you work? If you don’t mind my asking.”

“Uh... it’s a place called the A and E Club? I work security there.”

Stephen’s heart started pumping hard in his chest.

“I’ve never heard of it. Where is it located?”

“It’s around the warehouse district, just outside of town, off the highway, toward LA.”

“When do you get off, Stephen?”

“Around 8, but trust me on this, you don’t want to...”

“Maybe we could meet tomorrow night, talk and pray over this .We certainly don’t want you to drop out of the church. It’s really my responsibility as the wife of...”

“I don’t think it’s a very good idea, Laura.”

“Why not? We’ve had a pleasant time talking, didn’t we?”

“Yes. I did. Sure I did, but...”

“We could get a cup of tea. Anyway, I’ll be bored to tears without my husband around, it’ll give me something to do, if you don’t mind the company.”

“Laura, I appreciate your desire to meet me, I’d really like to talk with you again too, but...”

“It’s settled then. 8PM tomorrow night. The A and E Club, did you say?”

“Yes, but it’s a little hard to find.”

“That’s OK, Is there a website?”

“A and E doesn’t have a presence on the web, so...”

“Really, that’s odd. It’s OK. I think I know where those old warehouses are off the highway.”

Another worshipper popped her head into the room.

“Is it too late...”

“Oh Hi Mrs. Filmore. No there’s still time, come on in.”

Laura looked at Stephen and whispered.

“Tomorrow night then, Stephen.”

“Have a seat, Mrs. Filmore. I’m glad you could make it. My husband couldn’t make it this evening so I’m filling in for him. How are you? Would you like a cup of tea?”

Stephen walked past, saying hello to the new guest and looked back at Laura once more as he made his way out of the church.

Stephen’s Diary Entry: Monday Night

*God, if you exist, if you can hear me, I’ll make one last prayer before my prayers will go silent forever. Protect Laura, don’t allow her to meet me after work tomorrow, don’t allow her anywhere near the club in a sweet but*



*misguided attempt to rescue me, to save what's left of my soul. It would be dangerous for her to come here...*

After his prayer, Stephen opened his eyes and listened for that soft still voice within, hoping he would hear, "Yes, Stephen. I will protect Laura; I will answer your prayers. Worry not. You never gave her the address; she'll never find the place."

Stephen listened for that soft still voice within. He shut his eyes when he heard it.

"She is the one. The one you've been searching for. Take her. Collar her. Make her mine."

Laura's Diary Entries

*Dear Diary, I can't sleep. What is happening to me? I can't sleep, I have no appetite. My thoughts are scattered this way and that. I am quite sure it has everything to do with meeting Stephen again. Now I wish I hadn't said yes when Roger asked me to fill in for him tonight. Stephen told me this intensely personal story of how an encounter with a girl when he was thirteen led him to become a Christian. He tried not to tell me. He warned me about the story but his nervousness about telling me made me want to hear it even more. He said his nature was conflicted by these strong sexual urges. He wants to drop out of the church; he appears so tormented by these urges. I wish there was something I could do to help him, but I'm sure I'm not the right person for him to talk to about it.*

*Why did I arrange to meet him tomorrow night after he gets off work? He told me it wasn't a good idea, but I persisted anyway. Was I flirting with him? I think I was, God forgive me. The truth is, I don't know what I believe in anymore. I tried to pray about it tonight, but when I closed my eyes all I could see was Stephen. Even though I know how wrong it is, I can't help it, I am drawn to this man. I want to see him again, just one more time. But I know how dangerous it is for me to keep seeing him. I've decided that after I meet him tomorrow night at this strange place where*

*he works, which by the way, dear diary, for some reason I cannot find the exact actual location of. (I'll go early and snoop around until I find it I guess) I will forget about him and return to my boring, predictable, but safe life.*

*Dear Diary, I just woke from a strange dream. I was in a dark cold place, lying on a hard surface. My wrists and ankles were shackled by something metallic, cutting into my skin. I was naked and blindfolded and I couldn't move. I tried to scream, but my mouth was gagged by a scarf. Suddenly I heard a door opening and a voice.*

*"Are you alright, Elizabeth?"*

*I nodded yes. Suddenly I felt the person unlock the chains that bound me. He picked me up and carried me away into a warm place, laying me down on a comfortable bed. I stretched my arms and legs out again and allowed my rescuer to tie my wrists firmly but not painfully to the posts of the bed. I remember distinctly in the dream of how aroused it made me to give myself to him like this. In fact, I remember wishing he had tied me to the bed tighter. I felt his hands cup my breasts and the tips of his thumbs sweep over my nipples. He took my gag out.*

*"You're safe now Elizabeth."*

*He removed my blindfold, but I already knew who it was. Stephen was right. I walked through the door and I can't find my way back home...*

## Chapter Three

### *Tuesday*

Stephen waited in the lobby of the A and E Club, dressed sharply in a cobalt blue shirt and tight slacks, with a silver belt. He kept nervously checking his watch, putting it close to his ear to listen to the insistent ticking. He paced back and forth, looking out the window. One of the hostesses, a blonde haired young woman named Cindy spoke.

“So is it a boy or a girl?”

“What?”

“You look like your waiting for your wife to give birth? What are you so nervous about?”

“I’m just meeting someone, Cindy.”

“Eww, Stevie is going on his first date. Wait until I tell the other girls. Cat-Fight!”

“No, nothing like that. She just said she might meet me after my shift ended. She probably won’t be able to find the place.”

“Mmm-mmm. I bet you’ll taste good to the last drop.”

“It’s not what you think.”

“Come on, who is she and where did you meet her?”

“Just someone I met at church.”

“At church. Eww, sexy.”

“Come on, Cindy, stop busting my balls.”

“I could name a few girls around here who would love a chance to bust your balls, including me, Stevie. I’m upset with you. You hardly pay any attention to me...”

“I’m just security here, Cindy. I’m sure there are plenty of Doms who would love to have someone as sexy and pretty as you for their sub. They just have me parking cars here. And I don’t even know how to drive a stick shift.”

“I could teach you how to drive a stick shift.”

“I have no doubt about that.”

“Stevie, did I ever tell you why I like you so much?”

“No.”

“Well, you’re cute and very pretty to look at and so well dressed all the time, but the real reason I like you is you don’t call me princess like every other man here does. They think I like it when they call me that, but I really hate that name.”

“Tell them to call you Cindy.”

“I did, but they don’t listen...”

Cindy gave Stephen a warm kiss on the cheek.

“Listen, Stevie, can you cover the front desk for me? I’ve got to go powder my nose.”

“Sure. Take your time.”

As Cindy left, the front door opened and Laura entered briskly, wearing her no nonsense church sweater and skirt again.

“Hi, Laura. You made it. You look nice.”

Laura crossed the lobby, looking around and greeting Stephen.

“Thank you. I left a little early. I wasn’t sure if I could find this place. I almost gave up; it’s so hidden away in the back of all these warehouses. There are no signs for this place at all as far as I could see. I checked one building after another. I almost didn’t even see the handle of the door. I found it completely by accident actually. I almost gave up. What a pretty lobby, it’s really nice; you’d never know it from the outside of the building. It’s so ornate inside. The neighborhood is pretty scary. I hope my car doesn’t get broken into. It’s so dimly lit.”

“Don’t worry. There are security cameras everywhere. Shall we go?”

Two patrons of the club emerged from behind a heavy curtain, separating the lobby from the inner sanctum of the theater. A well-dressed gentleman held the curtain open for an older, bejeweled lady as Laura spoke.

“If anything happens to the Lexus, my husband will kill...”

In the brief moment the curtain was unfurled; Laura became transfixed by what she saw or thought she saw

behind the curtain. Her eyes were drawn to a bright yellow pool of light. She heard the amplified voice of a man speaking, but couldn't make out what was being said.

*Stage lights? Was this some sort of theater Stephen works at? I know all the theaters in town. Why haven't I heard of this one?*

"What's behind the curtain?" Laura asked.

"Maybe we should be going, Laura," Stephen said nervously.

Another gentleman emerged from the opening of the curtain and held it wide open, waiting for his lady to join him, offering Laura a clearer view of the interior of the theater. She saw a man on stage standing behind a microphone, making some kind of an introduction. The bright yellow pool of light began to move and it beckoned her to follow, drawing Laura toward the opening of the red curtain like a moth to the flame.

"Laura, we really should probably be going... Laura?"

Trance-like, she followed the light as it moved to reveal the vision on the stage.

"Laura, I don't think this is a very good idea... Laura?"

Stephen felt powerless to prevent Laura from following the hypnotic glowing ball of light as it drew her into the theater. Feeling sick, with trepidation in his soul, he followed Laura in. The light, a magnet for her eyes, pulled her step by step to the back of the house, and she came to a stop behind the last cocktail table on the center aisle. Other bodies lurked behind her in the shadows. Stephen glanced at her in the dark. It seemed as if Laura had stopped breathing. The man behind the microphone finished talking and the stage lights went down on him.

"Laura, perhaps we should go now. Let me escort you back to your car. I really don't think you are going to want to see this."

As the house lights dimmed further and the stage lights brightened, Laura put a finger to her lips.

“Shhhh...”

They became shrouded in total darkness. The only light Stephen saw was the gleam reflected off her eyes. Another pair of dark eyes watched Laura from a few feet away.

The 8PM performance was about to start. Neither Stephen nor Laura could now look away from the proceedings. Stepping out of the shadows, the lights revealed an extremely pretty, feminine girl with long flowing brown hair dressed in sheer pale white lingerie, stockings and high heel shoes. A silk camisole barely covered her well endowed bosom. Laura couldn't understand why such a slender attractive woman would be appearing on stage with practically nothing on. Laura noticed to her shock and confusion that the pretty girl's wrists were violently bound behind her by a thick rope. She wondered what the woman had done to be treated in such a disrespectful manner. It amazed Laura that the girl did not appear to be nervous in the slightest, undressed, paraded and tied up nearly naked in front of a large group of people. Next a leather clad man with a shadowy face appeared out of the darkness on the other side of the stage. The cruel, hard-looking man stared at the girl in a rather harsh and condescending manner, and spoke abruptly to her.

“Submissive. Approach,” he commanded.

Her back arched, revealing the fullness of her breasts through the sheer fabric. She looked down demurely, slowly crossing the stage, the sound of the clicking of her high heels resonating throughout the theater. Her breasts swayed slightly, her heels making her well-defined calf and thigh muscles ripple and the cheeks of her backside tighten as she crossed the stage toward the ugly man.

*How could it be that this monstrously ugly man has control over such a refined beauty? Was she some sort of high-priced prostitute, paid to perform in this theater?*

“What are you doing here? You are trespassing in my castle!”

“My apologies, Sire. My father has gone missing and I found his hat in front of the gates.”

“I know nothing about your father... What is your name, slave?”

“Belle, Sire.”

“No child. Your name is submissive, or slave. You have disappointed me.”

Belle bowed her head.

“I did not wish to disappoint you, Sire.”

“And when your master is disappointed, a punishment must be given. Do you understand me, slave?”

“Yes, Sire.”

“Are you afraid of being punished, submissive?”

“Yes I am, Sire.”

“Are you willing, despite your fear, to bear this pain in love and devotion for your master?”

“It is my honor to be disciplined by you, Master.”

“It would in fact, please you, even arouse you, to be punished by me? Say it.”

“It would please me,” Belle said, bowing her head further, “even arouse me to be punished by you, Master.”

“In fact, it makes you wet to please your master. You’re wet for me right now. Say it.”

“I’m wet for you, Master.”

Watching this horrific scene play out, Laura could hardly breathe. She felt sweat on her forehead, her neck and under her arms. She became dizzy, with a nervous queasy feeling in the pit of her stomach. Her lips were dry. She licked them and swallowed. She wanted to do something to prevent this innocent girl from being punished for simply stating her name to this masochist. She had never disturbed or walked out of a performance in the theater in her life, so out of respect for the actors, Laura remained silent.

*But this was not a legitimate theatrical production, was it?*

It didn't seem as if the girl or the character the girl was playing was the slightest bit nervous about being punished. In fact, it seemed by her sultry voice and the tilt of her head that she was excited by the idea, sexually excited. Laura wanted to cry out, scream and run out of the theater. But she couldn't speak or move. No matter how much she wished to look away, her eyes were riveted to the scene on stage, more than any performance she'd ever seen before. But the most disturbing and shocking sensation was that under her panties she felt her own wetness. It was as if what was happening to the girl on stage was also happening to her. Laura felt moisture growing somewhere deep inside of her.

*How could watching this revolting scene make me become so wet? I don't understand.*

Laura could feel herself open, in a way she wished she'd been able to open for her husband on her wedding night. She felt confused and ashamed of herself, as this delicious moisture spread between her inner thighs. To stop her sexual response to the scene, she clenched her thighs together tightly, but it only intensified the pleasurable sensations. The more she tightened her muscles, the more she could feel the wet lips of her sex curl open, dampening the thin cotton material of her panties.

"What is your safe word, child?"

"Nightingale, Sire."

"Very good then, songbird. Turn your back to me."

The man took out a long sharp knife that shimmered in the stage lights. He raised it up, point forward, behind her. Laura's hand clutched at her throat. The man lowered the knife and cut through the rope tethering her wrists. The man ceremoniously put the knife down and returned to his position across the stage.

"Thank you from freeing me from bondage, Master. May I now relieve the pain in my wrists, Sire?"

"You may."