



Emma

The Education

Of A

Submissive

Fidelis Blue & Kitten

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The Education of a Submissive
by
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CHAPTER ONE

Emma sat down at the computer. "What shall I wear today, Master?" she typed, and pressed Send.

As she waited for the answer she sat back, sipping her coffee and looking out of the window across to the beach. It was going to be a fine day, even quite a hot one. Perhaps she might venture in for a swim later; the water was almost warm enough now. Or if not that, maybe a game of tennis with Carol. It was always fun to see her; Carol cheered her up, told such funny stories. And doubtless there would be more "shocking" confidences about sex with Howard. Carol acted like she led a daring sex life, always trying new things, role-playing with Howard at home, dressing up, new sex toys.

She smiled to think how shocked Carol would be if she should ever tell her about her secret life. Yet she doubted if that would ever happen. Carol would never understand. She'd be disturbed, even distressed, if she knew the truth.

The computer beeped. There was a reply.

"It's black today, for elegance. Bathe, wash your hair, shave your cunt carefully. Put on your new corset with the matching thong and new stockings. Your black patent leather shoes. Your black polo neck sweater, your calf-length black velvet skirt. Silver earrings and matching necklace."

As she read the message she wondered if he had anything special in mind for today. You couldn't always tell. Sometimes when he made her dress up, all she had to do was walk about the house and follow a few instructions.

Then came a second message. "You will receive a surprise this morning."

Well, life was full of surprises these days. What could it be? Another vibrator, even more ingenious than the last one? Some new underwear, even more outrageous than before?

She went to run her bath, and lay in the scented water, daydreaming. Was it only three months since her first

encounter with her Master, since that first tentative email responding to one of her stories, so flattering about her writing talents, but perceptive too? How quickly he had divined the impulses behind her writings, sensed the longing for submission, the barely conscious movements towards delirious humiliation and abasement. With his encouragement she had got bolder, writing more explicitly about women who were in thrall, women who prostrated themselves, who begged and pleaded to be used. One story had been about a girl with two Masters, one of them a younger one who was being trained. The heroine was given to him to practise on.

He'd written her a lengthy email about that story, praising her invention and facility with language. After that it built rapidly, shared confidences following thick and fast, then the exchanges of personal histories, and finally photographs, photographs such as she had never taken of herself before, which she blushed to take and then blushed even deeper to send via email. And once, but only once, a telephone call, just half an hour, which left her flushed, her heart pounding, butterflies in her belly, a tingling in her cunt.

From that point it escalated quickly. Terse little notes ordering some action or other: "Put a clothes pin on each of your nipples." "Go into town without your knickers." "Excite yourself till you nearly come, then stop." Orgasm control had been rigidly established. Sometimes she was ordered to come, often forbidden after being brought to the brink, on occasion denied her release for days on end.

It was ridiculous from one point of view. How could he be sure she was obeying orders? He might tell her not to come that day, and for all he knew she was indulging herself shamelessly. There was no guarantee. But as he said to her when she raised the question, "yes, you may be deceiving me, but if so to what end? What conceivable point could there be in just pretending to submit? How could you find

pleasure in that?" And it was true. The pleasure in obeying was intense, a pleasure such as she had never known. Why would she deny herself this and merely pretend?

Emma sat on the edge of the bath, obeying her instructions for the day. She shaved herself carefully, pulling the lips of her cunt outwards to ensure every stray hair was removed. When he had first asked her how it was between her legs, she had answered that there was a clump of thick, dark curls, only lightly trimmed at the edges in the summer to avoid them straying beyond the edge of her bikini. He'd ordered her to send a picture. Then he'd told her to crop her bush short all over. She'd had to send another picture when it was done. Next he wanted her to reduce it to a small delta shape on her mons, and then finally he had ordered that shaved to a narrow strip barely an inch wide. At first she found it strange to look at (thought she loved the delicious feel of her smooth, bare cunt after shaving). But now she was used to it. In any case, he had said, and she had thrilled at the strictness of his message: "It's not done for you but for me. Whether you like it isn't the point; perhaps if you didn't like it there would be even more pleasure for me in ordering it done."

Such perversity, she thought. How could he know that such enforcement was so exciting to her? How could he know that this was what she had craved all her life? How could he know this, when she didn't even know it herself until it happened, until he said those things?

She dried herself carefully, then looked at herself in the mirror. She saw a tallish woman with long black hair, a woman with firm breasts, quite full, but not too much so. Perhaps if she were perfect her waist would have been a trifle more narrow? But she liked her legs, long and shapely, and turning to look at her bottom, felt reasonably satisfied with that too, the buttocks nicely rounded. She stepped closer to look at her face. Like any woman, when she looked in the mirror she tended to focus on the things she liked less

well. Was her mouth too big? Was her nose just a shade too long? Were her eyes, admittedly large and lustrous, too wide apart? She knew she was being ridiculous. Enough men had told her of her attractions, and she knew how they looked after her in the street or gazed at her across a room and longed to kiss her. She saw the desire in their eyes and it pleased her. But she thought often enough about her imperfections, however imagined, and so she was never conceited or complacent, never assumed she might have any man she pleased.

She began to dress. A sweater and velvet skirt over a corset were hardly suitable clothes for a Carolina morning in late spring, the thermometer pushing seventy already. But perhaps she had to do nothing today except pretend for him, perhaps she was going nowhere except in his fantasies.

When she had put on all her clothes, the corset squeezing her, holding her so firmly, she sat down at the computer to see if there were any instructions about perfume or make-up. But there was nothing. She was just about to email asking if she should apply eye-liner or eye-shadow or both, when there was a ring at the door. She frowned. She was expecting no one at this hour of the morning. Then she remembered the promise of a surprise. Perhaps it was the UPS man with a lovely present for her.

As she walked to the door she glanced outside. Parked in the road was a large black car of recent make. She squinted through the peep-hole and saw two men standing outside, each wearing a suit. She opened the door a fraction on the chain.

“Yes?”

“Emma?” one of them said. He was about her own age, with long black hair tied in a ponytail.

“Who are you?” she demanded.

“We have been sent by your Master.”

She hesitated. How could anyone know about that?

"I don't know what you mean," she said. She made to shut the door.

"Wait," the man said. "Haven't you been informed?"

"Informed of what?"

"You can check on us. Email him. Say Gerry and Clyde are here."

"Gerry and Clyde?" She felt foolish repeating his words. But she could not imagine what he was talking about.

"Email. Ask for the password," the man said.

She shrugged. "Very well," she said. "Wait here."

She shut the door and went to the computer. When she'd sent the email she tiptoed back to the door. The men were still there. The other one was younger, barely out of his teens, she thought. He had long blond hair, which he wore loose.

Her computer beeped and she downloaded the message. "Gerry and Clyde have arrived earlier than I thought. They are there on my instructions. Let them in. You will do as they tell you. The password is Lubricious."

She went to the door and opened it on the chain.

"Password?" she demanded.

"Lubricious," the dark-haired man said.

She undid the chain and let them in. The blonde one, whom she thought rather good-looking, gazed around him as he entered, taking in her taste in soft furnishings, looking at the pictures on her walls. The one with the ponytail, who carried a black leather briefcase, sat on the sofa.

"I'm Gerry," he said. "This is Clyde. We are here to make arrangements for your journey."

"My journey?" Why must she keep echoing him?

"You are going on a trip."

"Where?"

"You will discover eventually. Now we have to get ready. Clyde will pack for you, with your help."

"Pack? You mean I'm going away? I can't do that. I've got a date this evening. And what about my dog?"

“Cancel the date. Clyde is going to look after the dog.”

“What do you mean, look after it?”

“I told you to help Clyde. There is no need for any more questions.”

“Look,” she said. “Two strange guys come to my house and start ordering me about. Of course I’ve got questions.”

Gerry looked at her. His gaze was stern. “Don’t take that tone with me. Should you like me to tell your Master you are being uncooperative?”

She’d taken an instant dislike to Gerry. She didn’t like the way he spoke, for one thing. His accent sounded like New York, one of the outlying boroughs, the Bronx perhaps. Not an area she would care to visit, she thought sniffily. She didn’t care much for his appearance either. A ponytail wasn’t her idea of a gentleman’s haircut. On his wrist he had a chunky gold bracelet and round his neck, above the black hairs that emerged from his unbuttoned shirt, was a matching gold necklace. Her mother had always declared that jewellery on men was vulgar. A wedding ring, and a watch if you must, she used to say. There were many things about which she did not agree with her mother, but that was something on which they concurred.

“You can tell my Master what you please,” said Emma. She didn’t care for his manners.

“Go and help Clyde pack,” Gerry said, dismissive, and busied himself with the contents of his briefcase.

Emma shrugged, a gesture she knew she would never have made to Master, then went into her bedroom. Clyde had opened a drawer and was rummaging through her underwear.

“Just a minute!” she said sharply. The cheek of the boy, she thought. “Stop doing that!”

“I have my orders,” Clyde said. “Only silk and satin, only black or white.”

He tossed aside several flimsy garments of varied hues. On her bed he’d put a large suitcase. He turned and threw a

handful of underwear into it. He opened the drawer below and started rifling through her hosiery.

"Only stockings," he said. "No tights or pantyhose."

Emma stood by, feeling helpless. Clyde appeared to know exactly what he was looking for. He didn't seem to need help.

"You are going to look after Bobby?"

"Bobby?"

"My dog."

"I'll come over every day, feed him and take him out."

"You're going to be coming into my house, on your own?"

"Of course," said Clyde. "You won't be here."

"How long is this going on for?"

"Don't know," said Clyde. "Couple of weeks, maybe more."

"A couple of weeks! I can't be gone that long. What about my work?"

In fact that was the least of her worries. She had just completed a major project, had sent it off two days ago, and had promised herself a week off. She tried to remember if she had told Master that.

"Orders are orders," said Clyde.

He walked over to her closet and started selecting dresses and skirts. Emma went back into her sitting room. Gerry was sorting through some papers.

"About my date tonight," she said. "I guess I'd better phone."

"I guess you better had," said Gerry, not looking up.

She went into her study and closed the door. She'd known Richard about six weeks. He'd picked her up at a party; or had she picked him up? It was her first sexual activity since encountering Master. The next day she told Master in an email what had happened, how she'd gone home with Richard, had sex. She'd been terrified of Master's reaction, fearing his anger. After all, she'd signed her contract by then. She'd given him total ownership of her

body. He'd made it crystal clear her cunt was no longer hers to dispose of. "Breasts and nipples, cunt and ass", as it stated. And now she'd let another man use it.

In fact Master had been amused rather than angry. Of course, he said, you must be punished. Rules are rules, you have broken them. But you are a beautiful and highly sexual woman. It's not surprising men will want to fuck you. From time to time you may weaken. As long as you are willing to pay the price, we can live with that.

For a whole day he didn't tell her what the price would be. She paced the house in an agony of suspense. At last came the instructions. She was to strip naked and clamp herself, putting the fierce little Japanese clover clamps on her nipples, and then attaching the big steel clamp he had bought for her cunt, which pressed the labia tightly together like a vice. She must sit for half an hour, meditating on the nature of obedience. Well before the end it felt as if red-hot needles were piercing her nipples, while her cunt ached most awfully. She had to send him messages as she sat, to convince him, as he said, that she was in a penitent frame of mind. Right at the end, he had said put a clothes pin on your clit. She had nearly fainted with the pain. At last he let her take the things off. She had to get down on her knees, face to the ground, naked ass stuck up in the air, and thank him out loud for her punishment. It sounded silly, speaking to an empty room, but she did it anyway. Then he told her, no orgasms for a week. Every day afterwards he'd tormented her, making her use her fingers or a vibrator to bring herself to the brink of a climax, then stop. By the end of the week she was almost out of her mind with longing. Then Master had told her she might fuck Richard again. But only on certain conditions.

"What conditions?" she had asked. Richard was good-looking and attentive, lively company. She needed a friend, needed a man for sex. Woman cannot live online alone, she told herself. She'd submit to any conditions.

“After every sexual encounter you will provide me with a full and detailed account. I want to know exactly what you did, which positions you adopted for intercourse, whether fellatio or cunnilingus took place, how long you fucked, whether you came. You will award each session a numerical rating out of five.”

It excited her, the idea of fucking under licence. Yet it was shaming, in a way. Was it fair to Richard that his actions should be described with such intimacy to another man, one of whose existence he was completely ignorant? How would she feel if she were herself used in this way?

“Must I tell?” she asked. “Really, I don’t feel comfortable about that.”

But she knew the answer. The conditions were not negotiable. Well, she thought to herself, Richard will never know, so it cannot hurt him. And I need this, I need it so, not just the companionship of a real man in my life, but even more the dictation of my actions by a stern Master. The more he regulates me the greater my pleasure. To rebuff his orders would be unthinkable now.

So that weekend she fucked Richard again and thoroughly enjoyed it. In a way it was refreshing to indulge in some vanilla sex, a cooling draught after the steamy heat of her email sessions with Master. Richard was a skilled and energetic lover, but she knew even after the first encounter that he would never engage her in anything that deviated from the straight and narrow. Once she realised that, she could accept it. It was tempting to daydream that suddenly Richard might transform himself into a strict disciplinarian and beat her black and blue. But she knew it would never happen. One day, she mused to herself, it might happen with Master. Until that time she must be content. Still feeling a little guilty, she had emailed Master a detailed report of this sexual encounter.

She had been looking forward to her date this evening, her third with Richard. They planned dinner in his local

restaurant, a very high-class establishment, and then they'd go back to his place and she'd stay the night. She could hear the keen disappointment in his voice when she told him she'd have to cancel, though he was too well-mannered to complain. I'll make it up to you, she said, with a throaty chuckle. I'll hold you to that, he replied. He wanted to know how long she'd be away and was perplexed at her vagueness.

"Where are you going?"

"It's business," she said. "Tell you all about it when I get back."

Though I think that's rather unlikely, she smiled to herself when she put the phone down. She still had no idea what was in store, but if Master was behind it then it would hardly be something she could tell Richard about. Oh, well, she'd invent something. He was a trusting soul.

When she went back into the sitting room she saw her suitcase and another small travel bag standing on the carpet. Clyde had evidently finished his packing.

"It's all there," said Gerry. "Clothes, toiletries, make-up. We just need your passport."

So it was a foreign trip. She suspected where, yet hardly dared hope. Was this it at last, the so-long-delayed meeting?

"I don't suppose you'll tell me where we're going?" she said diffidently to Gerry.

"I don't suppose I will," he said, without the hint of a smile.

She fetched her passport from her bureau. Gerry stretched out his hand for it and put it in his inside pocket. Then he went over to Clyde and muttered a few instructions in his ear. Taking Emma's arm, with a gesture of familiarity she didn't care for, Gerry led her out of the house and down to the waiting car. Clyde followed with her bags, which he stowed in the trunk. Gerry opened the rear door for her,

then took the driver's seat. They pulled away without a wave to Clyde.

Emma knew after five minutes they were going to the airport. She sank back into the seat, hugging herself with delighted anticipation. But as they turned on to the freeway Gerry's voice brought her back from her daydreams.

"A corset is not suitable for wear in a pressurised cabin," he said. "Take it off."

"What?" she said, not sure what she had heard.

"Take off the corset," he repeated.

"Can't I wait till we get to the airport? It's a bit public here."

"If you don't do what you're told I'm coming back in there to take it off myself."

Emma glanced out of the window. There seemed to be cars and trucks all round them. Gingerly she inched up her sweater and began to undo the hooks at the back of the corset, unavoidably affording glimpses of her naked breasts as she pulled the corset away. She saw Gerry looking into the rear-view mirror. She lifted up her skirt and continued to unhook the corset, then took it off.

"Stockings and thong too," Gerry said.

Reaching again under her skirt, nervously looking around her, she unrolled her stockings then slid the tiny little thong down over her ankles.

"Lift the skirt so your naked buttocks are resting on the leather seat," Gerry said.

Emma did as she was told. She imagined it was Master issuing the instructions. That made it feel better.

"From now until we arrive at our final destination," Gerry said, "you are not to speak until spoken to."

Emma had been brought up to expect deference from men such as Gerry. She expected them to open car doors for her, show her to her table, carry her bags, and be grateful for the tips she handed out. She didn't expect to have conversations with them. And so, she thought, it will

scarcely be a hardship being forbidden to speak to such a man. She'd find a good book at the airport.

When they arrived forty minutes later Gerry put the car in a long-stay parking lot. Before they left it he made Emma pack her corset, stockings and thong in her suitcase. At the check-in desk he handed over tickets and passports. It seemed if he was coming too. She tried to catch a glimpse of the tickets, but Gerry deliberately placed himself in her way. Disappointingly, the woman at the desk didn't mention their destination, merely wishing them a pleasant trip. Only when they got to the gate later did Emma at last see their destination: London. Where Master lived! Her heart skipped a beat. She could feel the blood pulsing in her veins, feel her cunt tighten.

Once on the plane, Emma was delighted to find they were flying business class. She settled back into her comfortable seat and accepted a gin and tonic from the flight assistant, a dark-haired young man with a nice smile. Emma wondered idly what his cock was like. She didn't do this often, was not in the habit of mentally undressing men she came across casually. But she was in a receptive, sensuous mood, full of anticipation, and just for once it was pleasant to indulge herself.

Dinner was served as soon as they had taken off, with an excellent choice of wines. Emma drank a little more than she should have, but she wanted to enjoy the luxury. After dinner Gerry appeared to go to sleep. Emma pulled the blanket she had been given up around her neck. She was in a state of delicious expectancy, and the fact that she was naked under her skirt only added to her feelings of desire. She wondered if she might manage to sneak a hand up under her skirt and pleasure herself. Just to help me sleep, she said to herself. Orgasms without permission were forbidden by Master; but sometimes that made them all the more exciting.

The assistant came by. "Is there anything I can get you, ma'am?"

Better not have any more wine, she thought. "Some water?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

He scurried away. Emma watched him as he went up the aisle. He had a cute ass, she thought. When he brought the water she gave him one of her dazzling smiles.

"Thank you."

"A pleasure, ma'am," he said, and moved away.

Yes, it would be, Emma thought. How wicked she was feeling. Then she saw that Gerry's eyes were open.

"I told you no talking unless you are spoken to."

"But he did speak to me, he asked me if I wanted anything," she retorted.

"You don't speak unless I speak to you. Other people have no authority to let you speak. I should have thought that was obvious."

"Not to me."

"I don't care for your tone," Gerry said. "You'll be sorry if you carry on like that."

"Oh, will I?" Emma said haughtily. "In what way shall I be made sorry, pray?"

"In the usual way, of course. Now shut up and go to sleep."

Emma shot Gerry a resentful glance. She wasn't used to being spoken to in this manner, not by anyone and certainly not by servants.

"And keep your hands above the blanket," Gerry said.

Emma turned sideways, presenting Gerry with her back. But she did as he said, putting her hands on top of the blanket. Seemingly, Gerry had Master's authority; she had better not push it too far. What was the usual way of making her sorry, she wondered? Did it mean a beating? What else could it be? Emma shuddered, yet her heart beat faster. She had never been beaten in her entire life. Her parents had

indulged her, an only child, to the point almost of spoiling her. Perhaps, she mused, I might have been a bit less bratty sometimes if they had disciplined me more. Be that as it may, no one, man or woman, had ever laid a hand on her in anger. Nor in play either. From an early age she had had fantasies, of being scolded and shamed and punished, sometimes physically, but none of her lovers had ever penetrated her sexual reserve and discovered her latent submissiveness. Not until Master had sensed what he laughingly referred to as “the depths of depravity” that lurked within her subconscious. It was good to be able to smile about it with him, so liberating that she need no longer hide her cravings with shame and guilt. Both in the increasing explicitness of her stories and in her free and frank email exchanges with her Master, she had explored scenarios of bondage, subjection, abasement and chastisement. But only in theory. She still had never had a whipping, or even a playful spanking. She had imagined plenty; but what would it be like in real life?

She was fairly sure of one thing, that in the next few days she would find out. She shivered again at the thought. Would she be able to bear it? Titillating thoughts of a leather strap on her bare bottom might be one thing; the reality of pain and embarrassment might be quite another. Well, she was in too deep to back out now.

With these thoughts she fell asleep. When she awoke they were only an hour out of Heathrow. The assistant with the trim bottom served her breakfast and Emma amused herself by conferring a few more of her smiles on him. Gerry watched this performance with obvious disapproval. Emma had an uncomfortable feeling that he was biding his time.

At the airport Gerry took charge and Emma passively allowed herself to be processed through immigration and customs. When they had their bags, Gerry ordered her to retrieve her corset and knickers and put them on in the women’s toilet. Emma had now decided on a sulky silence

as the best way of responding to Gerry's commands, and so she obeyed, but in a surly manner.

When she was dressed Gerry escorted her into a taxi. As they drove away from the airport Gerry whispered in her ear that she was to sit with her thighs parted, not with her legs crossed as they were now. Emma glared at him and reluctantly did as she was told. Then Gerry told her she must lift up her skirt at the back so that she was sitting directly on the leather seat, as she had previously. She stared ahead, trying to decide if the driver was observing her in his mirror as she pulled her skirt from under her, feeling the cold leather against the back of her thighs above her stocking tops.

Fifty minutes later they drew up outside a large white house which, Gerry informed her, was in Mayfair. Emma had never visited London before and had only a vague idea of its geography, but it was evident that they were in or near the centre and that this was an expensive part of town. Gerry paid the taxi, ascended the steps to the door and rang the bell.

The door was answered by a stern-looking middle-aged woman with her hair tightly bound at the back of her head. She wore a black woollen dress and black stockings.

"Come in," the woman said. There was no welcoming smile.

"Thank you, Mrs Bradshaw," Gerry said.

Emma was surprised that Gerry should know this person. Had he performed his escort duties before, with other women? It was an unsettling thought. But before Emma could ponder it further Mrs Bradshaw took her arm and led her down a corridor. Gerry busied himself with the luggage behind them.

Mrs Bradshaw opened a door and ushered Emma through. It was a spacious, well-lit room, furnished a little like a doctor's surgery, with rows of wooden cabinets along the wall, a large desk at one end, a wash basin, and at the

other end a gynaecologist's couch of gleaming chrome, with stirrups at the side. Emma swallowed hard. Her mind raced ahead considering what uses that might be put to.

"You are now in the Master's house," said Mrs Bradshaw.

"Where is the Master?" Emma asked.

Mrs Bradshaw said nothing. Then Gerry appeared at the door.

"I'm afraid to say that this one has been disobedient and impertinent, Mrs Bradshaw," he said.

"Then you must chastise her, Gerry," Mrs Bradshaw replied.

Before Emma could speak, Gerry came up to her and without warning grabbed her hair in his right hand. He twisted it roughly and began forcing her over towards the desk. Emma yelled, outraged at this behaviour, but Gerry continued to drag her to the desk and pushed her down over it, face first. Emma struggled but Gerry only tightened his grip.

"I'm sorry for this unseemly display, Mrs Bradshaw," he said. "I wonder if I could trouble you for a crop."

Mrs Bradshaw crossed to one of the cabinets. Out of the corner of her eye Emma saw her open it. Inside on a rack was a range of implements, leather straps, short whips, wooden paddles. Mrs Bradshaw selected a riding crop and brought it across to Gerry.

"No," said Emma, still struggling, "you wouldn't dare!"

Gerry gripped her hair with his left hand instead of his right, and took the crop from Mrs Bradshaw. He twisted Emma's hair even harder and she squealed in pain, but stopped struggling. Resistance was clearly useless.

"Now," said Gerry calmly, "I am going to show you what happens to uppity young woman who answer back. Mrs Bradshaw, would you be good enough to raise the skirt?"

Without more ado Mrs Bradshaw lifted Emma's skirt up over her behind. Then she pulled down her thong.