

Lanie's Terrible Day

Lanie carried the tray with her Master's hot cocoa into the living room and placed the hot mug on the end table at his elbow. "There you go, sweets," she chirped. "Anything else you need?"

He did not look at her as he answered, "Go to the dungeon and bring me the long, black leather paddle."

"What do you need that for, baby?" Lanie was confused. Was her Master about to start a scenario without telling her first?

Now he did look at her, but his slate-blue eyes were cold and angry. Furtive shadows danced in their depths. "Go and GET it," he growled.

Lanie felt the hair stand up on the back of her neck. Master was acting very angry. But why? What had she done to displease him? She hurried towards the dungeon with those thoughts whispering at her heels every step of the way.

Returning with the paddle, Lanie found her Master was now standing in the middle of the room. He'd removed his shirt and his arms were crossed over his furry chest. She handed the leather instrument to him and said, "As you ordered, Master."

Master took the paddle and slapped his open palm with it twice, as though testing the sting of its bite. He looked down at her and took a deep breath. "Slave," he rumbled, "I have noticed lately that you've gotten sloppy in your behaviour. That will now stop. I will administer punishment and correct your errant ways. Get your pants down and bend over."

Ice ran through Lanie as his words hit home. Oh, man, I've done it now, she thought to herself. Her jaw worked silently as she tried to find an apology that would stop what was about to happen.

Master saw her hesitation and slapped the thick paddle into his palm again. "NOW!" he bellowed.

Lanie's stomach was twisting into a knot inside her as she quickly slipped the pastel orange shorts down her legs, followed by the white lace panties. She stepped out of them and bent forward slightly. Master stepped in behind her and she felt the coolness of the leather paddle brushing smoothly over the cheeks of her hiney. "Spread your legs wide, slave," Master commanded. Lanie did as he ordered, until her feet were a good three feet apart on the floor. "Now, grab the floor, slave," Master demanded. Lanie quickly bent further until the flats of her palms were on the carpeted flooring. The weight of the paddle lifted off her rump and she gritted her teeth in anticipation.

"You have shown me disrespect," said Master, his voice stern and disapproving. With that, the paddle came down and slapped across Lanie's tender fanny. Bright pain splashed over her seat. "You have failed to address me in the proper manner," he added, and again came the sharp smack of leather on her ass. "You have questioned orders and been slow to obey commands," and another blow. Lanie's hiney was on fire by now and her teeth ached from

being clenched together. "Twice in the past week you were not waiting for me when I arrived home. You disobeyed my rule and wore a bra in my presence." Two more slaps across her burning behind. Now his voice became louder, angrier. "This will not continue!" he added, the words punctuated by harder blows of the paddle across her bright, glowing red rump.

"I'm sorry, Master," Lanie gasped, tears beginning to run down her pretty face, "I'm so sorry," but he interrupted her.

"Nobody told you to speak, slave," he shouted, and now the paddle rained three brutal slaps across her ass and thighs. "You've forgotten your training, property," he snarled. "But I'll teach you so you never forget again!" Now a new, uglier pain began in the girl. He'd called her "property." It was a cruel term, a term denoting that she was only a possession -- like a car or a pair of shoes -- with no feelings or soul or rights at all. Less valuable even than a dog or other pet. It was a term that struck like a dagger in her heart. Oh, how she must have angered her Master that he would use such a mean, vile term for his loving slave!

"That's enough punishment for your ass, property," Master grunted. "But it's not only your ass that's been misbehaving. Stand up and take your shirt off." Lanie hurried to do what he'd ordered. Her backside was aflame and she didn't want to do anything to make Master more angry. So she stood, at attention, as he walked back towards the bedroom.

When Master returned he had a switch in his hand. A thin, flexible wooden reed, three feet in length, like the ones they attach to balloons at the circus. He also had a plastic ping-pong wiffle-ball with nylon cords through it. A ball gag. He stepped in behind Lanie and growled into her ear, "Your mouth has spoken disrespectfully, so we will stop its foolish tongue." Then he stuffed the ball into her open mouth and tied the cords behind her head.

Lanie had been the recipient of a ball-gag before and knew the routine. It was uncomfortable, the way it held her mouth open, but at least Master used a ball with holes through it so she could breathe easily. But what did he plan on doing with that switch?

The girl didn't have to speculate long. Master stepped before her and ordered her to put her hands behind her back. She did so, and he leaned closer. His tongue snaked out and wetly massaged her sensitive nipples. It felt so good that Lanie had to purr deep in her throat. Even though her hiney still burned this influx of pleasant sensation hit her quickly. Then, Master stepped away and to her side. "Your breasts betrayed you also," he snarled. "They came into my presence bound in a bra. Yet my standing order is that you may only wear one when I've ordered it. So we must teach them also." He raised the switch and brought it down across her creamy tits. The reed whistled through the air, and it made a smacking sound as it cast a bright pink stripe over Lanie's breasts. Again and again Master struck, the slightest smack with the thin switch sending jolts of pain through the girl's skin. Tears welled and ran down her face, dripping onto the hot, red skin of her chest, but with the ball in her mouth she couldn't cry very loudly.

After a dozen blows with the reed, Master stopped. "I think your body has had enough learning for now, property. Now we will re-educate your mind. Get on your knees." Lanie quickly did as ordered and now Master, taller than her by a foot anyway, towered like a giant above her head. "You will keep your head down and stay on your knees until further notice," he stated. "The kitchen floor needs scrubbed. Scrub it by hand, property."

Master leaned back in the doorway that separated the living room from the kitchen, watching as Lanie walked, on her knees, to the closet and got a bucket and the cleanser. She had to reach high to put the bucket into the sink for water. He watched approvingly as she began to scrub the soapy, hot water across the linoleum floor. After a few minutes he turned and went back to his couch.

Muffled sounds drifted to Lanie from the TV. Master had found a program to watch. Silently, Lanie scrubbed the kitchen, her knees growing tired and her back starting to ache. As she worked, her mind flitted from thought to thought. First, she was angry with her Master for punishing her like this, and then she was sad because she realized she'd brought it on herself by not obeying his rules. Then she was promising herself she'd do better in the future, and after that her mind was worrying what else Master might do to punish her. This went back to anger with him, and the cycle would start all over again.

Lanie was so wrapped-up in these thoughts that she didn't realize the TV was becoming louder until it became very obvious. The sounds were moans of passion. Master must be watching the porno channel again. This always bothered Lanie, making her feel as though he wasn't satisfied with her body and was looking for something better. By now, Lanie's movements had brought her close to the open doorway between kitchen and living room, and as she scrubbed she could hear Master talking. Whether to himself or to the TV, she couldn't be sure. But he was muttering "Oh man...look at that. Damn, I've got to get in on that. I should get another slave, then she and property can put on shows for our good friends." He chuckled. "Won't Davey be jealous as Hell! He's got a thing for lesbos. No two ways about it, gotta get another girl slave."

The girl's heart sank into her stomach. Lanie was straight as an arrow and just couldn't imagine... Her Master was talking about bringing another woman into their home. Worse yet, a woman that she'd be expected to have sex with! Lanie wouldn't dare refuse Master's orders, otherwise he'd punish her even worse than he'd done today, and if that didn't work then he'd dismiss her and toss her out on her butt! She tried to fight back tears, but was unsuccessful. For a moment she stopped work as she knelt on the wet floor, her tears dripping onto her bare thighs. Then Master's gruff voice broke her reverie. "I don't hear that brush moving, property. Get busy before I come out there with the switch!" Frightened by the threat, Lanie quickly dried her eyes on the back of her arm and went back to scrubbing.

Several minutes passed. Lanie was more than half-way through her task when her master called to her. "Stop what you're doing and come in here, property." She quickly put down her brush and grabbed a towel to dry her hands, then she scurried into the other room as fast as her sore knees would take her.

Lanie found her master watching porno actress Cara Way furiously giving head to Randy Richards on the screen. When she approached Master he spread his legs and pointed to a spot on the floor before him. "Here, property," he snapped. "Your master's dick is hard. Get over here and suck my cock."

The pretty slave girl hurried into position, kneeling between her master's knees, and he untied her gag and removed it from her mouth. Lanie worked her jaw stiffly as she began to open his pants. Ordinarily she would take her time doing this, knowing how it teased Master

when he was aroused, but today she moved quickly and efficiently, not wanting to anger him further. She undid his belt and zipper and pulled down the front of his briefs and his semi-stiff rod popped up like a fat jack-in-the-box. Master's penis was already turning dark as blood swelled its tissues, the bullet-shaped head rising like a wary snake.

Lanie slipped her warm hand around the shaft of Master's manhood, stroking it up and down. He usually liked this a lot, but this time he slapped her hand away, so hard that it made her fingers sting. "I said SUCK IT, property," he growled. "Or do I have to use this belt and beat the definition of SUCK into you?" He grabbed the buckle end of his black leather belt so the silver buckle tinkled like a bell, emphasizing the reality of the threat.

The slave forced back the tears which crowded behind her eyes. "Forgive me, Master," she whispered. "Your little slave is sorry and begs to please you." She knew her master's mind well and that her response would reach a soft spot in his heart.

"That's better," he replied. "Now get to it."

Lanie's heart was sick inside her. Master was being so cruel, so cold and harsh to her. He was never like this. Usually he was kind and loving but today he was being a real monster. But she did her best to put the pain behind her and act enthusiastic about giving her master head. She didn't dare do a bad job or she'd be punished worse. "Swallow it, property," he said, "Take it all the way down." She tried to relax her throat and suppress her gag reflex but it wasn't easy. Master's prick was not especially long but it was thick and when it slipped deep into her mouth it pressed down on her tongue, which made her feel claustrophobic.

His hands suddenly gripped the sides of her head, wrapping in her hair. "I said all the way down," Master rumbled, and then he was lifting his hips. Lanie tensed as his hot member pushed down her throat. Master's hands pushed down on her head until her nose was touching his curly pubic hair, making her deep-throat his stiff penis. "That's better," he murmured. Lanie was trying to keep from gagging, seeking memories of all the times she'd voluntarily done this very thing, swallowing her master's cock as deep as it would go. But it wasn't easy. Her heart was stinging from his mean words and her butt and boobs still ached from the spanking, plus her knees were hurting from being leaned-on so long.

Master allowed Lanie to raise her head, but she had only enough time for a breath of air before he stabbed down into her throat again. He began moving her head, fucking her mouth. She grabbed the couch on either side of his butt, trying to steady herself as he used her for his pleasure. Already, he was grunting softly, signaling his imminent climax.

"Gonna cum, property," Master rasped. "Yesssss, suck that cock, you cunt. Swallow your Master's cock." Lanie's spirit sank even lower at being called a cunt, but she didn't dare stop or she'd further anger her master. He moved her head up and down, piercing her mouth and throat. His moans grew louder and Lanie knew his orgasm was approaching. She was beginning to enjoy this. The feeling of being used and controlled was actually stimulating, and she always enjoyed pleasing her master. His pistoning member sliding back and forth over her tongue brought to mind all the times he'd brought her to orgasmic ecstasy with that same stiff muscle, and her body was reacting to the memories. She was growing aroused by it all, and secretly hoped that Master would still be horny after his climax so he'd bend her over and give her a good screwing.

“Suck it...ohhh yeah...SUCK that dick,” Master chanted. “You’re so good...such a good cocksucker...so good, Cara.” A blade of ice tore through Lanie’s heart. He’d called her Cara! Her eyes strained upwards, finding Master’s face. He was staring at the TV screen, watching that...that whore, and imagining... The slavegirl struggled in his grip, desperate to get away, but it was too late. Her master began to peak, and thick, salty semen started to flow from his stabbing dick. “Oh, GOD, Cara!” he gasped as Lanie fought his hands, but there was nothing she could do. She had to swallow or she’d choke, so she gulped the sticky cum around his thrusting prick.

It seemed an hour, but had to be only seconds, until Lanie’s master relaxed, his cock having emptied its load of spunk. His hands slid away from her head and he groaned softly. Seizing her chance, Lanie pushed away from him. Her stomach was flipping inside her and she began to retch. Instinctively, she started to rise, but Master’s voice froze her in position. “On your KNEES, property,” he rumbled.

“Master, I have to...gonna be sick.”

“Then go to the toilet on your knees, property.” She quickly dropped to her hands and knees and scurried from the room. Behind her she could hear him calling after her, “and don’t be long or I’ll come in there with the paddle. You’ve still got a floor to finish.” Lanie clutched the toilet bowl as she heaved up her master’s sperm. “And for wasting your master’s seed you will sleep in your pen tonight, property.” The heartsick girl’s tears rained into the dirty water in the bowl as she sobbed silently.

Later that afternoon Lanie emptied the scrub bucket and put it away. The kitchen floor was spotless at last. When she’d returned from the bathroom her master had looked at the unfinished floor and said that since he couldn’t tell where she’d scrubbed and where she hadn’t, she’d have to start over again. But now the job was done. Her back and knees ached miserably from the strain, but at least her stomach was unknottling from puking. Still on her knees, she crept to Master’s side and knelt at his feet. “Great Master,” she said softly, “the floor is finished. Your slave asks to please stand up now because her knees hurt.”

“Stand up, then,” he said. “Then go to your closet and bring me a pair of your jeans and that yellow silk blouse you like so much.” Lanie got to her feet, wincing as her knees unbent painfully. She didn’t know why Master would want her clothes but she hurried to get them anyway.

When she returned, Lanie’s master told her to put the jeans on, and she obeyed. Then he took the yellow blouse and laid it on the coffee table, smoothing it out carefully. From his pocket he pulled a fat, black magic marker. The sharp odor of toluene filled the air as he pulled the cap off the instrument. As the slavegirl watched in misery, her master wrote on the back of the garment, “I AM A BAD SLAVE AND MY MASTER IS PUNISHING ME.” Then he tossed her the shirt. “Put that on, property.”

Lanie was on the verge of tears as she slipped the blouse over her arms. It had been her favorite shirt, but now it was ruined forever. Anger tasted bitter in her mouth. Master was being so cruel, so mean to her. She realized her behaviour hadn’t been the best lately, but did it

deserve all this? Her reverie was broken when Master said, “Now, go out and wash the van. Do it quickly, we’re going out soon.”

It took her nearly an hour to wash Master’s black Dodge van. An hour in the spring sunshine, where the van was parked at the curb, in full view of passersby. Eyes stared, whispers hissed, tongues clicked as people read the message across her back and learned that not only was Lanie a slave, but that she wasn’t even a good slave. She hated this, being humiliated in front of strangers this way. And Master knows that, she thought to herself. That’s why he chose this punishment.

When the job was done Lanie went to put the bucket and stuff away. She returned to find her master in the driver’s seat. “Get in, property,” he ordered. “We’re going shopping.”

Lanie balked. “Oh, Master, no...please, no. Please don’t shame me by making me wear this shirt at the mall. Please don’t be so cruel, Master!”

In response he held up a short chain leash. Dangling from the end was a black, leather dog collar. One of her slave collars. “Put this on, property,” he commanded, “and get your ass in this van.” Tears spilled from the pretty slave’s eyes as she obeyed.

The mall was hell for Lanie. The whispers and staring eyes she’d had to endure on the street while she washed Master’s van were multiplied a dozen-fold at the shopping mall. Master led her by the chain, pulling her along from time to time. They had been stopped by security guards who questioned whether she needed rescuing, and she had answered as Master had instructed her while they’d driven along. “No, I don’t need any help. This man is my beloved master, and I am his lowly slave. But I’ve been bad and must be punished.” She said the words bravely, but inside she was fighting not to cry or to start throwing up again.

In the mall the two stopped at many stores. They bought shoes for Master in one store, and Lanie had to kneel on her hands and knees, with his heavy legs resting on her back, so the attendant could fit the new sneakers to his feet. They went to a pet shop and Lanie had to endure stares anew while her master examined many collars and leashes, trying them on her for fit. When a salesgirl asked if she could help him, he had the girl measure Lanie’s neck, wrists, waist, and ankles, then he explained his “half-assed whore slave” was being punished and might need new restraints.

Eventually he led Lanie to a lingerie shop. Here he chose the most revealing garments in the store and handed them to his slave. “Go try these on, property,” he ordered. “Then come out here so I can see them.” Embarrassed beyond words, Lanie had no choice but to obey him. She went to the changing room and slipped out of her ruined silk blouse and jeans, then put on the open-cup bustier she’d been given. Now her breasts were exposed and she turned flame-red all the way down to her nipples as she walked out of the little room. Where was her master? Then she saw him...standing by the main picture window of the store. The window that looked out into the mall with all those people passing and window-shopping.

Forcing herself not to show how horrified she was, the blushing girl walked to her owner. He appraised her, telling her to turn around slowly. Many eyes watched her through the plate glass and for the first time she thought about defying Master and telling him she wouldn’t obey

ever again. But she knew that wouldn't happen. Her love for her Master was too deep, too strong. So she bit her lip and endured the humiliation.

As Master led her from the lingerie store, having allowed her to change back into her street clothes, he turned to her and said, "I'm hungry, property. Let's go to the food court."

At the food court he sent her to a table and told her to sit and wait. Shortly, he arrived with a grilled chicken sandwich, a bowl of soup, and fries on a tray. He sat down and began to eat. She stared at him, waiting for him to pass some of the food her way, but it wasn't happening. The hot soup smelled wonderful and her mouth watered as she pondered how delicious it would be. She'd almost given up on eating when her master put his sandwich down and lifted the soup bowl. "Hungry, property?" he asked. "Have something to eat." Then he bent down and sat the bowl on the floor.

Lanie stared at him in amazement. He just couldn't be serious. He returned her gaze impassively. "I won't order you to eat, property," he said, "but it will be the last food you get until dawn, so I wouldn't waste the opportunity."

The girl's jaw dropped. He was serious! He actually expected her to get on all fours, right here in front of God and everybody, and eat out of a bowl on the floor like a dog! But her stomach was beginning to growl, and morning was a dozen hours away. Silently, she clambered to the floor and lowered her head to the plastic bowl.

By the time they returned home Lanie was exhausted, mentally and emotionally. The soup she'd eaten had tasted good going down but had quickly soured in her stomach. Her slave heart was sick inside her because she had displeased her master enough that he'd treated her so callously all day. She was not His slave because she had to be, but because she loved Him completely, and so had given herself into His care. She had taken His collar because He was a naturally dominant man and she was enthralled and entranced by the quiet power He wielded by virtue of His very presence. Hers was the soul of a wild falcon that has been captured and trained by a man to obey his direction. She adored her master and wanted only to please Him. All the punishments she had suffered today were awful, but they paled beside the knowledge that she had failed Him.

Master took his time walking into their house, not offering to help Lanie carry their purchases. Once inside he ordered her to put the bags down, which she did. Then she hurried to his side to remove his shoes (his usual pattern when returning home).

"After you've put that stuff away, property, you can join me in the bathroom." Master was already heading back the short hall and he called back over his shoulder, "and bring my robe." Moments later she heard water running as he filled the tub.

When the slave joined her master in the bathroom he commanded her to undress him, and once she was naked also he stepped into the bathtub. "Wash me," he directed.

Lanie had bathed her master often and was pleased to do the task. She enjoyed the way his skin felt when it was all slippery with soap. She found him to be a very sexy and attractive man and she looked on this job as being a form of worship, to remind him that she loved and

desired him. A bath also allowed her ample opportunity to arouse him when she was horny, and then she'd get some good, solid fucking.

Using a blue washcloth, Lanie gently scrubbed her master's fuzzy chest, and she couldn't help but smile at the sight of the little bubbles sparkling in the hair on his belly. She washed down lower, taking extra care while washing his heavy, dangling testes. Nearly the size of two ping-pong balls, they were very sensitive, and she didn't want to hurt this man who had stolen her heart. Her caress was knowing and light, but nothing compared to how her hand moved when she slipped her soapy, warm fingers around the length of Master's penis. Using the soap for lubrication she stroked him slowly, tilting the flaccid organ up towards his stomach. She knew he loved this kind of touch, and this was confirmed when he closed his eyes and moaned softly. "Your slave is glad to please you, beautiful master," she murmured. "I am so sorry that you've been displeased with me lately. I promise to do better in the future."

Lanie's hands brought her master to the brink of orgasm before he stopped her. "Not yet," he rasped, his voice thick and throaty from his arousal. "Finish washing me first." The slave-girl's ears perked up at that. Master hadn't called her "property" that time. Maybe he was getting in the mood to forgive her. She smiled inside and her washing of Master's body became even more joyous for her.

She scrubbed his back, her nails gently scratching down his spine to the sensitive split of his butt. She tickled him there, knowing how it teased and excited him. Then her soapy fingers slipped between the cheeks, washing and then tickling the tight ring of his anus. It made her master squirm at the touch and she almost giggled out loud at how he tried to be in-control even though he was wiggling so at her touch.

Finally he was clean from top to bottom. After Lanie had dried him with a fresh towel she knelt before him and bowed her head. His penis, now only semi-hard, arched just above the crown of her head. "My beautiful Master, your loving slave waits for your next wish. How may I serve you now?"

Wordlessly, Lanie's master reached into the linen closet and withdrew a fat tube. He popped the lid open and handed it to her. "Lube my cock," he said.

Immediately she knew what was coming. Master wanted to fuck her up the ass. "Yes, Master," she replied. Lanie wasn't really into anal sex. She couldn't orgasm from it and it actually hurt some because Master's prick was so thick. Fortunately he didn't want it often. It was a power thing with him. When he wanted to exert his authority over her then he'd sometimes want her backdoor to open for him.

Lanie quickly began to spread the slippery lotion over the head of her Master's penis. Almost immediately the fleshy organ began to thicken and swell as his arousal increased. Soon it was standing out straight like a limb on a tree, and it glistened in the bright lights of the bathroom. "That's enough," he said. "Get up and turn around."

The slave quickly did as she'd been told and her master stepped in close behind her. He pushed her forward until she was bent forward and holding on to the porcelain sink. The white, smooth surface was cold to her touch but that wasn't why Lanie was gritting her teeth. She knew what was about to happen. Master was pressing the pointed tip of his cock into her sphincter,

and faint sparks of pain were already beginning to burn in her ass. She closed her eyes as the head entered her...it was really hurting today. Has he grown a bigger dick, she wondered to herself.

Without warning, Master rammed hard. Lanie's hands slipped off the sink and her thighs slapped the cold porcelain painfully. Flames leaped up her rectum as her master jammed his thick rod deep into her guts.

He grabbed her hips and immediately began to pump. "Ohhhhh, Masterrrr," she cried, "it huurrrts!" She knew Master wanted her ass to hurt when he fucked her there, but she wasn't kidding. It did hurt! She hadn't really been ready and he was moving so fast and hard that it felt like he was tearing her open.

Behind her he grunted like a rutting boar. His prick was sawing in and out of her brutally, plunging into her body like a dagger. She could see him in the mirror over the sink, see how his eyes were shut tight and his jaw was set hard as he ravaged her tender hiney. At first he took deep, measured strokes, but as his climax approached he began to pump less rhythmically and with greater force. Soon he was stabbing into her frenziedly, and snarling loudly.

Lanie knew what it all meant. She was ready when his fingers clawed deep into her sides and he roared with a fury that scared her every time she heard it. His cock ballooned inside her and began to spit hot ribbons of his sperm into her butt. The thick syrup washed her raw, sore rectum and new fire burned inside her.

Master stood, balls deep in her tight ass, for a full minute. Then he sagged, pulled his wilting member free of her aching sphincter and sat down on the toilet. He was breathing heavily and his genitals were bright pink. The penis was streaked with shiny, wet red. "Wash it," he commanded.

Lanie quickly soaped up a washcloth and knelt before her master. She gently washed his limp organ, being extra careful because she knew it would be tender after what he'd just done with it. As she worked, he reached out and ran his hand lightly over the softness of her hair. His voice was soft as he asked, "Who is your master?"

"You are my lord and master. You are wise and kind and sexy and beautiful and I love you," she replied, not daring to look up from her task.

"And what are you, then?"

"I am your slave, Master. I live for your pleasure and comfort. My life is to serve you and my joy is to be your possession."

"Good answers," he said. "Have you learned to be more respectful to your master, and to not shirk your duties towards me?"

Lanie couldn't help but smile to herself. Master was acting more like his old self. Maybe the ordeal was finally over. "Yes, my master, I have learned. I have learned that I was less than I should have been in your service. I am deeply ashamed for having disappointed you. If you will forgive me and accept me again I will do everything in my power to never be a

disappointment to you again.” She did not dare look up until his fingers slipped under her chin and lifted her face to meet his.

“Very good, slave. Your master is pleased with you.” Lanie’s heart leaped inside her at his words. He was forgiving her! “But there is still the matter of your behaviour this afternoon when you wasted my seed. That must be addressed.” Fresh fear washed like acid through her belly. What was about to happen?

“Master, I’m sorry,” she began. “I know it was wrong, but I was sick, and,” but he stopped her with his fingertip on her lips.

“I told you that you would spend the night in your pen for what you’d done, slave. That is appropriate punishment, I believe.”

She hung her head again, images of the prison cell her master had constructed in the cool, damp cellar-cum-torture chamber. “Yes, my master,” she whispered. “May your slave wash up before she goes to her pen?” Tears dripped from her emerald eyes as she said it. To be locked away from her master’s arms, even for just one night, was a heartbreaking torment for her.

“You may wash, slave. But you do not have to go to your pen. Your punishment is over.”

Her wet eyes lifted to his. Had she heard right? “Master?” she started.

He smiled. “Part of being in command is knowing how to admit you’ve been wrong. I know you had no choice in what happened. Your stomach was upset by circumstances and you had to vomit. You didn’t choose to do that. So you shouldn’t be punished for what you couldn’t control, should you?”

“Oh, no, Master,” she wept. “Thank you so much! Thank you for being so wonderful and loving me so!” Then she impulsively kissed him, full on his sensual lips. “I love you so much, my master! And I’m going to make you happy. I’ll be the best slave you ever saw!”

Chuckling, he kissed her back. “Clean up, pet. I’m going to get us some popcorn and a big root beer to share, and when you’re done you can pick a movie from the rack and join me in the bedroom. We’ll hold each other and watch the flick and love each other. Sound good?”

“It sounds wonderful, Master. Thank you so, so much!”

He pointed his thumb towards the tub. “Better get started on that shower, little one. We’ve got a lot of making up to do.” He kissed her again, and she shivered inside at the touch of his tongue to her own. God, she loved this powerful, beautiful man. Lanie sang happily in the shower as she scrubbed away all the sorrow of her terrible day.

End