

-The Breaking of Dawn-

Cathy was reading Cosmo when the receptionist called her name. She put the magazine down and was led back through the salon to a chair. A redheaded girl with a bright smile introduced herself as Dawn and asked what sort of style Cathy wanted that day. Cathy replied that she only wanted a wash and dry and a little trimmed. "Don't cut much," she said, referring to the jet black tresses that hung straight down her back to the line of her belt.

"Isn't it a hassle to wash all that," Dawn asked. "Why don't I shorten it by a foot for the summer? Be cooler for you that way."

"Oh no, my Master forbids me to cut my hair. He'd be terribly disappointed in me if I did that."

Dawn's smile vanished. "Your...Master? That makes you sound like a slave or something."

"Well," said Cathy as she settled into the chair, "that's what I am, after all -- a slave. I've been my Master's property for nearly six years now."

Dawn stared at her. "You're kidding me, right? I mean, there's no slavery in America anymore." She turned Cathy's chair around and lowered the back so the long, dark hair pooled in the shiny blue sink.

While Dawn sprayed warm water onto her hair Cathy explained. "It's voluntary servitude. I love and respect him so deeply that I want to be his property. My Master is the smartest, bravest, most wonderful man I've ever known, and he has such strength in his soul. I don't know if you can understand what I mean, but it just felt so natural to give myself to him completely. I placed myself under his protection and guidance and accepted his mark and collar. See?" With that she lifted the slim platinum chain around her neck and displayed a medallion the size of a silver dollar. There was a stylized "A" and a crown engraved on one side of the disk and on the back were words in fancy script. "This says that I am his treasured property and that if I get into trouble there is a reward for anyone who returns me safely. He loves me that much."

Dawn was massaging peppermint-scented shampoo into Cathy's hair by now. "That's his 'emblem'?"

"Yes. I also have several collars but Master doesn't usually let me wear them in public unless he's with me. They're very sturdy and he's concerned that somebody might attack me and grab the collar to choke me. This chain would break if somebody tried that and I could get away."

“Guess that makes sense. So what does a slave do? You do his housework for him?”

“Oh, yes. I wash his clothes and dishes too. Sometimes I cook his meals, but he’s a great cook so often he does that. I serve him and bathe him and make his bed. Whatever he wants me to do or be, that’s my job and my pleasure.”

“What is he, an invalid? Sounds like a baby to me.”

“Oh, he’s nowhere near helpless. You’re looking at it backwards. He doesn’t need my help. It’s ME who needs to serve HIM. You don’t know how happy it makes me to do those things for him. See, my Master loves me and protects me. He’s my teacher and mentor and best friend and lover and so much more. The only way I can possibly repay such love and care is to give all of myself to him. I adore my Master and express that adoration through my servitude.”

Dawn began to rinse the shampoo out of Cathy’s hair. “Girl, you must be crazy. I’d never let a man order me around.”

“You’ve never been owned, body and soul, by a good and dominant man. You don’t know how fulfilling and beautiful it can be.”

“Yeah, and I’m never gonna try it to find out, either.” She grabbed a big towel. “Okay, hair’s clean. Let’s sit up so I can dry it.” Dawn adjusted the chair again until Cathy was sitting erect once more. As she used the blow dryer she was quiet, but when she turned it off again she asked, “You said he’s your lover. Is he any good?”

Cathy’s face broke into a big smile. “The best. Absolutely the best!”

“Too bad he’s not with you. I’d like to give him a piece of my mind. This is the 21st Century, girl. Can’t go draggin’ women ‘round by the hair anymore,” she grumbled as she began to brush Cathy’s long, shiny hair.

“Well, why don’t you come over to the house for supper tonight? Then you can meet my Master. I’ll have to call home and make sure he doesn’t mind, but I’m sure you’ll be welcome.”

“Nooo, I don’t think so. He sounds like a nut-case to me. Probably worships Satan or something like that.”

Cathy chuckled. “No, we don’t do that. But hey,” she said, looking sideways at Dawn, “I didn’t mean to scare you. If you’re afraid of him you don’t have to come.”

“Now wait a minute. I never said I was scared. They haven’t built the man who scares me.”

“Then you’ll come?”

The redheaded woman stood for a moment, staring at Cathy. She seemed to be weighing her options, and then she said “if I do, I’m not going to take any crap from him. I’ll tell him where to stick his Master routine if I want to.”

“Deal. While you finish my hair I’ll call home and get permission.” She reached into her pocket and pulled out a tiny portable phone.

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The sun was halfway below the horizon as Dawn followed the hastily-written directions Cathy had given her. She guided her VW down a suburban street and spotted the house immediately. Well, she said to herself, at least there’s no drawbridge on the thing.

In fact, the house looked no more sinister than the other homes on the block. It was a two-story Cape Cod with a neat, fair-sized yard and chest-high privet hedges defining property lines around it. The porch light was already on and as she pulled into the driveway Dawn could smell wood smoke. A pale plume of white drifted from the chimney, and the windows of the main floor glowed a warm welcome.

The front door sported a heavy, metal knocker and at her knock the knob turned. As the door opened, Dawn was greeted by an ordinary-looking, 40-ish man. “Good evening,” he smiled roguishly. “You must be Dawn, Cathy’s friend.” She nodded. “I’m glad you came. Come on in.” He was dressed in black, acid-washed jeans and a tan dress shirt with half the buttons open to reveal the black tee-shirt beneath.

Closing the door behind her, he extended his hand. As he took her jacket he flashed his buccaneer grin again. “Cathy told me about the conversation you two had. Guess you’re kinda surprised that the title ‘Master’ doesn’t come complete with pitchfork and horns.” Then the smile softened to a milder version. “Don’t sweat it. Everything’s cool. You’re among friends here, Dawn. Hey, I’ve gotta get back to the kitchen. Can I get you a Coke or anything while I finish dinner?”

She looked about, not quite nervously. “No, thanks. Is Cathy here? I was expecting her to be with us.”

“I sent her out to buy a good bottle of Chablis for later. She should be back soon.” Then he was headed out of the foyer. Dawn followed him. As they walked down the hallway she was able to look into other rooms. The living room was a Good Housekeeping photograph, with contemporary, comfortable furnishings. A lively blaze crackled in the fireplace and a mirrored coffee table stood between two facing green sofas. Centered before the hearth was a large, heavy, padded wooden chair. To call it a throne would have been an understatement. Across the hall from that was a closed door. Dawn followed the sound of his voice to the kitchen. “Hope you’re not a vegan or

orthodox Jewish,” he was saying. “I didn’t have much time to prepare anything, so I threw together some clam chowder and I’ve made bacon-wrapped shrimp kebabs for the indoor grill. Why don’t you set the table -- two bowls and a plate per person, please -- while I do the shrimp?”

Dawn found the dinnerware and began to place the plates around the oval table. The chowder was smelling awfully good and her stomach was starting to growl a bit. While she worked she appraised her host. He wasn’t overly handsome -- kind of average, in fact -- but she had to admit he knew his way around a kitchen. His movements were self-assured and smooth as he cooked. He had short hair and sideburns and a sincere, ingratiating smile. “So, Cathy says you’re her master,” she began, awkwardly. “Isn’t that in violation of the Emancipation Proclamation?”

He flashed that smile again. “It would be, if she wanted to press that issue,” he grinned. “But my manners are lacking. Let’s start off with the basics. My name’s Adam, and yes, I’m Cathy’s master. We met about eight years back, dated for about a year and a half, and she took my collar almost six years ago. You can ask her yourself on this score, but I’d say we’re very happy together. Hey, there’s two pitchers in the ‘fridge; iced tea and spring water. Put them on the table, please.” Dawn turned to the task and then stopped. Did I just obey an order from him, she wondered, then she set the pitchers on the table.

The front door opened and Cathy came in carrying a shopping bag from the spirits store. She placed the bag on the counter and walked to Adam’s side. Kneeling on one knee she took his offered hand and kissed the back of it. “I’m home, Master,” she said, “and my heart is joyful in your service.”

He smiled. “Welcome back, pet,” he replied. “Go change into your black toga and brush up a bit. Hurry back.” She quickly rose and kissed his cheek, then darted out, waving to Dawn as she passed.

“You even tell her how to dress?” Dawn’s frown left no doubt that she didn’t like this idea at all.

“Usually it’s not necessary. Cathy knows what I like and she has enough clothes for almost any occasion, but I have something special in mind for tonight and I want her to be ready for that. Now, hand me that big platter, please.”

“And suppose I don’t want to follow your order, Mr. Master?”

He looked at her as though she had asked a patently foolish question. “Then what will I put the shrimp kebabs on before they burn?”

Scowling, Dawn handed Adam the platter. “Just remember that I’m nobody’s slave, Adam,” she stated.

The buccaneer smile flashed again. “Yet,” was all he said.

As they were setting the food on the table, Cathy bounced into the room. Dawn eyed her outfit carefully. Black silk pantsuit, with a low-cut top held shut by a pair of pearly buttons. She was obviously braless, and her nipples formed pyramids against the shimmering black material. The sleeveless shirt revealed a nickel-sized tattoo on the girl’s shoulder; a stylized “A” with a crown floating above it. She gave a quick turn to show her garb off and smiled at Dawn. “This is one of my slave togas. My master designed them for me.” There was a black velvet ribbon choker around her throat and she touched it. “This is one of my ‘at home’ collars. Master loves to see me in a choker -- it makes him very frisky.” Her face was glowing as she spoke about her beloved owner.

Adam came into the room, carrying the platter of kebabs. Cathy dashed forward. “May Your slave help with that, Master?”

“I’ve got this,” he answered. “But you could get the salad and dressing. Dawn, why don’t you get the glasses and ice. Cathy will show you where the good crystal is. Get out the decanter too, and I’ll decant the Chablis after dinner.” Then he turned his attention back to what he was doing, as though he just assumed his commands would be carried out automatically. Grumbling under her breath, Dawn followed the smiling Cathy back to the kitchen.

When the two women were alone Cathy turned to her guest. “What do you think so far,” she asked.

“Well, he sure doesn’t hesitate to boss folks around, does he? He’s been telling me what to do like we were both his property.”

“He’s a natural-born Dom, no doubt of that,” Cathy answered. “But that’s just his nature. People follow him. Put him in a group of strangers and in nothing flat he’ll be leading them around like a basketful of puppies. I’ve seen it happen. He controls me the same way. Well, not exactly. With me he’s quieter, more loving.” She smiled wistfully. “When he gives me a command I know he still loves me. I can tell.”

“I think you must be nuts. Let him try to put a collar on me and I’ll give ‘im a fat lip.”

“Dawn, nobody’s going to kidnap you. My Master wouldn’t want you if you’re not willing to serve Him well. You’re a guest, and free to stay or go as you wish. But I invited you here so you could learn about our lifestyle. If you can’t approach it with an open mind, then you’re not going to learn anything at all. And that would be sad.” Without waiting for an answer, she grabbed the salad dressings and headed back for the dining room.

Dinner was excellent. The chowder was thick and full of clams and its odor was almost intoxicating. The kebabs were spicy and tender, and the salad was fresh and varied. During the second course, Master Adam turned to Dawn. "I was pleased with your work on Cathy's hair," he told her. "I was afraid it would be too short and I wouldn't like that. I find long hair on a woman very attractive. Cathy hasn't had hers appreciably cut since we became a couple."

"He loves to touch it," added Cathy. "Especially when we make love. He buys me the best shampoos and such to keep it soft and healthy."

"I'm a very fortunate man, Dawn, to have a woman who keeps herself beautiful for me. I never tire of looking at her. Do you have a Special Someone in your life, Dawn?"

"Not right now. My "Someone" and I broke up about seven weeks ago. I date some but just haven't clicked with anyone yet." She sipped her drink. "How'd you two meet? The local leather bar or something?"

"Actually, Cathy was an adult student at the college where I teach. She was finishing her degree in English Lit through night courses while I was teaching European History. We met on campus one evening and we've been in love ever since."

Dawn turned to look at Cathy. "You're a college grad? I'd've thought that..."

"That I must be a dope because I'm a slave?" Cathy finished for her.

"Well, not exactly, but...I mean..."

Adam answered her. "Watch out, Dawn. Prejudice is a terrible thing. We're just ordinary folks, really." Then he flashed that cute buccaneer grin again. "Why, we haven't even been on Jerry Springer." They all chuckled at the joke.

When dinner was done, Adam poured a goblet of Chablis for each of them while Cathy and Dawn cleared the table. Then the three of them sat in the living room. Master Adam sat in the big, throne-like chair and Dawn took a seat on one green couch. Cathy curled up on the floor at Adam's feet, her head resting on his knee. The fire snapped and crackled in the hearth, making strange light-shadows on the walls.

Adam broke the awkward silence. "Dawn, we don't ordinarily invite strangers into our home. And we certainly don't tell just anybody about our lifestyle. As you can imagine, many of them wouldn't understand and might be openly hostile about it."

"Master's right, Dawn. We have to be careful. Adam still teaches at the college and if the wrong people found out about this it might make trouble for him. So we kind of keep it on the QT."

Dawn immediately became cautious but hid it by taking another sip of her wine. “Then why did you tell me?”

“It wasn’t by accident,” Cathy explained. “Actually, I’ve been watching you for several weeks.”

Dawn drank more of her wine. She took a deep breath. The room seemed so warm all of a sudden. “Watching me? What do you mean, watching me?”

Adam was gently stroking Cathy’s long, dark hair as he explained. “We were at the mall one afternoon and you were coming out of the salon. Going to lunch, I believe. We saw you at the same time and my slave said she thought you were so pretty that she’d like to get to know you better. I thought that sounded like a fun idea.”

“So,” added Cathy, “I’ve been spying on you ever since. Learned a lot about you in that time, Dawn. Where you live, what you like to do in your spare time. Even,” and Cathy took a sip of Chablis, “that you’re bisexual.”

Dawn’s head felt like it was full of fog. “I...who gave you permission to... follow...” she faltered. Why did she suddenly feel so sleepy?

“Relax, Dawn,” Master Adam crooned. “Let it happen. I told you, you’re among friends here. Give in to the drug.”

Dawn tried to answer, but the darkness fell before she could get the words out.

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Reality returned in stages. First there was sound, a gentle susurrus that ebbed and receded in her ears. Surf, maybe, far away. But too fast for the ocean. And something else...a rhythmic drumbeat in her head.

Then physical sensation arrived. A flame, warm and pleasant, was growing inside her belly. It felt wonderful. It was like she was floating in a hot bath and somebody was...ohhhh, somebody’s soft tongue was licking her pussy. And fingers...angel fingers danced over her sensitive nipples. It was so pleasant and light, like being made love to by a swarm of invisible butterflies.

Scent of raspberries. Then the light through her eyelids, muted, soft and gentle, began to pierce the clouds in Dawn’s mind. At last she struggled her eyes open. She was confused at first. The world was red. Bright cherry red cloth covered her eyes like a blindfold.

Where am I, she wondered. She knew that she was lying down and that someone, probably a woman by the sensations, was lying between her legs and giving her some of

the best head she'd ever had. The woman's arms were over her stomach, the mystery hands caressing her breasts tenderly.

Dawn tried to move, but something was holding her down. Her wrists seemed to be restrained somehow. Suddenly, memory returned with razor sharp clarity. "Cathy?" Dawn gasped. "Is that you?"

The mystery woman gave a soft chuckle and began to tickle Dawn's clit with her tongue. Sparks danced through her pelvis as her body responded. Dawn didn't want to feel good. She was being raped, for crying out loud! It wasn't supposed to be pleasurable. But it felt too good to deny and her body was responding. Involuntarily, she gasped as a tiny climax fluttered through her belly.

"No, Dawn. You're not permitted to orgasm yet. Not until I give you permission." Adam's voice. "You are a slave, my property, and you will not cum until I give you permission."

Part of Dawn's mind wanted to tell him to go to hell. But her body wouldn't pay attention. Instead, it trembled joyfully, and she felt a fresh rush of heat spread through her crotch.

"Mmmm," purred Cathy. "She liked that, Master. She just got even wetter."

"Keep eating her, little one," answered Adam. "Don't stop until I tell you to."

"Oh, yes, my sweet master," said Cathy, and then went back to bathing Dawn's pussy with her soft, rough tongue.

Dawn shook inside. She was afraid. She'd been taken hostage by two lunatics! But they weren't hurting her, really. In fact, she thought as Cathy slurped her long tongue up into her vagina, it felt fantastic.

"Say that I am your master, Dawn," ordered Adam. "I will not permit you to cum until you acknowledge me as your master. Say it, or you will be unsatisfied." Now his rougher fingers replaced Cathy's at Dawn's breasts. He rolled her nipples, pinching them until they almost hurt. "Say it, Dawn," he repeated. "Say that you are my slave and you will know joy beyond anything you've felt before. Say it and I'll let you have your orgasm."

Dawn's body was reaching for its climax. She could feel how her belly pulled upwards inside her, how her breasts burned as she sought release. But Cathy was going too slowly to push her over the brink. "Please," Dawn gasped, "please..."

"No, Dawn," was Master Adam's response. "Not until you say 'Please, Master Adam, may your slave cum now?'"

“I...uhhhhh...please, Cathy,” she moaned. Cathy’s response was to begin sucking on her erect clitoris.

“She can’t help you, Dawn. She is my loyal pet and will only do what I command. She will keep you hanging on the cusp of climax all night if I order it, not letting you cum for hours. And that’s what will happen if you don’t ask my permission.”

“Nooooooo,” Dawn whimpered. Her head lashed back and forth on the bed “Pleeeeeeezzzz,” She was so close...so very close. But the specter of ecstasy stayed just out of her reach.

Adam stopped playing with her nipples, and a moment later she felt his hot, wet tongue begin to slide across the sensitive buttons. Dawn gasped loudly at the surprise. “Oh, god,” she gasped. “Ple...please, Master Adam...please let your...your slave cum. Please, Mas...Master Adam, may your slave cum now?”

“Yes, my slave. Master will save you,” Adam responded. Immediately Cathy slid a slim finger inside Dawn’s trembling cunt and began to massage her G-spot. Cathy’s well-trained tongue began to flick back and forth across Dawn’s engorged clitoris. Adam’s teeth bit down lightly on the redhead’s nipple, and Dawn’s head snapped back, mouth open in silent scream, as a string of the most powerful orgasms she’d ever known tore through her body like a blade. Everything went blinding white behind her eyes and reality splintered beneath her as her body went nova.

When the roller coaster ground to a halt at last, Dawn couldn’t move. She just lay, limp and exhausted, on the bed. Somebody was caressing her hair, and a soft pair of hands was gently stroking her body. At her side she could hear Adam, (Master Adam, she reminded herself) whispering softly to her. “You did so well, my slave. Your Master is very proud of you, Dawn. Tell your master; did Cathy make you feel very good?”

“Yes...Master,” she said, her voice stumbling over the unfamiliar wording. “Yes, Master Adam, she did.”

“And Cathy, my precious slave, your master is very pleased with your work. You have done very well.”

“Thank you, my loving Master,” Cathy answered.

Master Adam kissed Dawn gently on the lips. “Now, little Dawn, it is time for you to go home. Here, have some warm tea,” and a straw was touching her lips. She sipped greedily, feeling it burn as it went down her throat. Memory suddenly broke through the after-glow and she sputtered, spitting the last sip out. “That’s all right, slave,” Adam soothed her. “I don’t blame you being wary. But it’s just tea. Don’t have to drug you again.”

The red silk blindfold was lifted away. Dawn looked up to see Adam and Cathy looking down at her. They were both naked, except that Cathy wore a slender leather collar around her neck. They smiled and began to unstrap her wrists. Cathy said, "We're sorry we had to trick you, Dawn, but it was the only way to get you to open up. You're not a prisoner. We won't make you stay. But please hear us out first."

Master Adam added, "You see, Dawn, we were certain that you had the soul of a submissive, if not an outright slave. But you were headstrong and would never have allowed that facet of your personality to come through. So we had to 'break' you just a little bit. Now, you can go home, unharmed. But if I'm right, then you enjoyed having a dominant control you. If you want to come back for the weekend, we can explore that further. Perhaps you'll want to actually become my student and learn how to be a sub. You may find fulfillment as a slave that you'd never have found otherwise."

"That's what happened to me," Cathy added. "I knew from early childhood that I wanted to belong to somebody, to have an owner instead of just a husband. But it wasn't until I was in my late 20's that I learned about this lifestyle. And it was Adam who nurtured and trained me. I've never been happier."

"Suppose I call the cops on you? Tell 'em you raped me?" Dawn asked.

"Wouldn't do any good," Cathy explained. "Except for the drug in your system, which is a common street drug we could argue you took on your own and tried to get us to enjoy with you, there's no evidence. It would be your word against ours."

"You won't call the police, Dawn. I know you better than that. Maybe even better than you know yourself." Then Adam was getting up. "Your clothes are on the dresser over there. Cathy will show you out. Thanks for coming," he smiled that buccaneer grin again, and then went into the next room. Moments later they heard the shower start.

"Think about it, Dawn," said Cathy as she retrieved Dawn's clothes and handed them over. "What have you got to lose by coming back and seeing if you want to continue training? I promise we won't drug you again. There's nothing to be afraid of. Master won't hurt you...unless you're bad, of course." Then she turned and showed Dawn her backside. Pale pink stripes were painted across the soft cheeks. "Master gave me a bit of a paddling while you were out. I neglected to turn the dishwasher on after dinner."

Dawn hurriedly dressed. "Don't hold your breath waiting for me to come back," she icily answered. "Just show me to the door, please."

At the front door, Cathy grabbed her arm. "Thanks for coming for dinner, if nothing else." Dawn hurried to her car and drove away into the night.

Two days later, Dawn was at work. Rhonda, the manager of the shop, came up to her during her break. “Hey, Dawn, Micki called in sick. Wanna work till close tonight?”

“Sorry, already have plans,” she answered.

Rhonda lifted an eyebrow. “Ooooh, goin’ out on a hot date? Do I know him?”

“I don’t think so,” Dawn said as her thoughts pictured the gym bag in the trunk of her car and the weekend’s worth of clean clothes it held. “His name’s Adam. He’s a college professor and he’s going to tutor me on some subjects I never studied before.”

“Well, sounds dull to me. But hey, have fun.”

“I will, Rhonda. I will.”

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