

# Honor Thy Master: Journals of a Submissive

By : Eros Cupid

Taken from the journals of a BDSM slave, twenty three year old Enrique "Ricky" Quinn offers himself to forty year old drug boss Jason Kendall in order to pay off his drug addicted brother's debts. What begins as a reluctant agreement between both parties turns into something sinful, wicked and sensual as the two men explore their sexuality and their fantasies which forces them to build an even deeper connection. What starts out as innocent fun turns even more complicated when Ricky becomes involved with police detective Lauren Morrisey who is investigating Jason's drug and mob connections. Soon a love triangle forms which leaves Ricky torn between two people he deeply cares about. Will he make the right choice before it's too late?



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# Honor Thy Master: Journals of a Submissive : Chapter 1

## *Prologue*

Dear Diary,

The pain sets in again.

I've tried to not think about it but three months of being holed up in my apartment is not doing me any good. I'm still wearing the frayed gray tank top that perfectly outlines my nipples along the vertical stripes of cotton fabric that clings tight to my breasts. He always loved that especially when he got the chance to run his mouth over them, taste a bit of the lint on his tongue, and wet the thin material with his eager saliva. It was a turn-on of his. Something I had no problem carrying out since he was a patient lover and enjoyed the teasing foreplay of our exploration before continuing on to the actual act of copulation.

Most of the men I've been with cared only for their pleasure. He was different. A firm believer in synchronicity, he wanted us to be on the same playing field, to meld our bodies into a unified plane of sensations and feelings, and to orgasm together as one entity; one being; one soul. No other man would measure to the emotions he had released within me and for that I am grateful. He had shared and taken a part of my soul and each piece that is no longer with me still aches and burns for his presence. However, the realization hits me hard. He's no longer here. I can't believe he's gone.

Tightening the drawstring of my flannel pajama bottoms, I debate whether or not I'm going to the kitchen cupboard to fix myself a bowl of cereal with some leftover milk that more than likely has gone sour. I really need to go grocery shopping but even that doesn't motivate me as I scrape off a piece of day old, cold pizza from a delivery box on top my coffee table and chew on the rough, doughy texture of salty cheese. Flat on my back, I lay down on my couch cushions until my entire body has burned an imprint into the furniture and continue to gorge on the overly processed concoction. My stomach growls but I ignore it. Instead, I reach over to grab the half-filled bottle of Absolut Vodka and pour out the contents in a glass. With my hand still shaking, I hold the glass and sip a little of the dry liquid in the hope that it drowns out my sorrows. It helps a little.

Then my answering machine rings.

*"Detective Morrisey. You there? Please pick upâ"*

I recognize the voice. It's my therapist. Dr. Cornelia Parker.

*"Detective Morrisey, this is Dr. Parker. You've missed the last two sessions. Lieutenant Price is worried about your state of mind. Do note that I have to report your absences to him. Should you refuse, your badge will be suspended indefinitely. Please contact me as soon as you get this message."*

My machine performs the common beeping tone after end of the call. I glance toward the corner of the coffee table to see my prescription bottle of the anti-depressant drug Celexa. I've been drinking and I consider take a couple pills with my Absolut but refrain. Even I haven't dropped so far deep that I would even think about doing something so drastic. Placing my vodka glass on the table, I wipe my mouth and force myself up. Bare feet rub against the carpet, my arms stretch up high and I could hear the crack of my joints echoing inside my ears. I feel the instant need to pee and pad into the bathroom to do my business.

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After relieving myself, I wash my hands under the sink only to glance up in the mirror to see some eye crust forming along the corners of my face. I slip my hands back into the running water, splash my face to remove the offending remnants, and grab a face cloth to towel off the excess drops. Cool damp moisture tickles my skin as I rub the towel along the epidermal layer and dry it off. Returning to my reflection, I notice a few gray hairs near the front of my dark mane and quickly yank them at the root.

I make a silent curse and remark about how old I'm getting even though I'm still only twenty six. Ironic, considering the work that I do, I feel like I'm pushing fifty. I toss the few strands in the wastebasket nearby and return to the living room where I pick up the phone to call Dr. Parker.

I count the number of rings. After the fourth attempt of an unanswered call, I decided to hang up. She picks up on the third.

"Hello?"

"Dr. Parker?" I greet her with an exhausted tone in my voice. "It's Detective Lauren Morrisey."

"Detective Morrisey!" The therapist replies. "I'm sure you've received my message."

"I have," I tell her. "I'm willing to come in next week and discuss my issues."

"Wonderful!" Dr. Parker seemed pleased. "I have an opening at my office Wednesday at three. Is that okay?"

"That'll be fine," I reply. "I'll see you then." I prepare to end the call but she mutters something on the other line.

"Oh and Detective?"

"Yes?"

"You're making progress," she informs me. "It's going to take some time but you coming back to counseling is the first step."

"I know," I whisper. "I'll see you next week. Goodbye."

I quickly hand up the phone, place it back on the stand, and lie back down on the couch. I stare at the ceiling and count the number of cracks above me before the few minutes of this activity bore me. I still want to go back to sleep. At least in my own bed, I feel safe tucked away underneath the covers and away from the agony of having to face the day to day rituals of loneliness and overwhelming sadness. Finally, I decide that this would be a better choice for me.

Rolling off the couch, I walk over to my bedroom, see the tussled mess of blankets and sheets and prepare myself to jump in. Immediately, I could feel the softness of cotton fabric and polyester thread counts calling my name that I reach out my arms for the mattress to catch me. However, something catches my eye. By side of the bed of where the metal bedframe covers the carpet in one huge shadow, I see a torn white envelope and stack of tiny books scattered upon the floor.

Quickly, I move the comforter and sheets to gain access to the clues. I can't help it. I'm a police detective. It's part of my nature. Picking up the torn, white envelope, I pull out the sheets of office stationery and begin reading.

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*Dearest Lauren,*

*You receiving this letter means that I've been placed in a precarious position or that I'm no longer part of this world. Either of which I hope will shed some light on my actions and the reasons behind the situations I've been exposed to and participated in. Just to make one thing clear, I confess that I did know and I was aware of the illegal activities of the Russian mob linking to the police case concerning the Zagreski Circle.*

*Though I never actually participated in any criminal activities, I did willingly associate with one of their lead bosses, Jason Kendall. Let it be known that what began as a desperate attempt to save my little brother Alex from Mr. Kendall's clutches ended up turning into a twisted and bizarre working relationship which later became personal and intimate.*

*Not once did I lie to you, Lauren. I did genuinely fall in love with you but I fell even deeper in love with Jason. The man understood me more than I knew myself and the connection and the bond that we shared was one that can't be easily comprehended or rationalized. Yes, Lauren, I willingly became his slave and he became my Master and in the end it destroyed us but I have no regrets.*

*Enclosed are my journals detailing every interaction with Jason Kendall and his mob ties. Please read them without prejudice, judgment, or condemnation. It is what I experienced and lived through. Use them to build a case against the Zagreski Circle if you need to but always remember me as the good natured, handsome man you fell in love with.*

*I'm sorry.*

*With love,*

*Ricky*

I could feel the turns burning my eyes. I didn't know what to feel but sadness, rage, anger, and fury. I ripped apart the letter, crumpled it up, and threw it to the floor. I couldn't believe it. I didn't want to believe it. My lover, the man I fell in love with, was dead.

The one who murdered him, Jason Kendall, died alongside him. Some would consider it poetic justice. For others like me who vowed to uphold the law, it meant that the criminal should have been kept alive to stand for his crimes. Now that would never happen.

Reaching over, I grab one of the journals and consider tossing it out the window but then I open it and notice the lovely penmanship and flawless cursive handwriting Ricky decorated each page with. I almost forgot how incredible Rick was as an artist. Then it dawned on me. He left a painting for me. Racing to my closet, I slid open the panel to locate the medium size canvas that had been turned backwards. Finding it covered among the endless supply of shoes, handbags, and pile of dirty clothes, I yank it out and stare at it.

Rick had painted me nude. He told me he wanted to compliment every curve of my body and requested me to be his muse for the day. I agreed and posed naked for him. The man sure knew how to work a paintbrush. He made captured every essence of my physical presence from the arch of my back, to the curve of my ass to the symmetrical lines of both my breasts. I remember feeling beautiful that day and Rick knew how to display that part of me on canvas. Sighing, I return the painting back to its spot and shut the closet door.

Marching over to the bed, I take a seat at the mattress and stare at the outside hard over the journal. Inside detailed several months of his relationship with the criminal Jason Kendall. Could I really bring myself to reading every intimate detail of his involvement with him? The thought scared me. I had loved the twenty

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three year old man, learned all the goodness that kept hidden in his heart, and became attracted to his sweet natured soul. Now I discover that part of him was all lie. I just couldn't bring myself to open the cover.

Enrique "Ricky" Quinn was a good man. A good man who deserved better than Jason Kendall. The older gentleman manipulated him, warped his mind, and used him for his own perverse deviancy. I couldn't forgive that bastard for what he did to him.

I still needed answers. Breathing heavily, I could sense my heart beating fast as I slowly opened up the journal and read the first line of the page.

*"Hello, my name is Tyrell and I'm gayâ€ !"*

## Chapter 2: Introduction

*"Hello, my name is Tyrell and I'm gayâ "*

I stare at the African American kid. He couldn't be more than eighteen or nineteen with a robust figure and a boyish face. He stands at 5'5, with short curly black hair, brown eyes, wearing baggy jeans and a Chicago Bulls jersey with the name of someone who obviously isn't him. Apparently, he's a basketball fan but I was never really into organized sports so identifying one NBA player from the next was completely lost on me. From what I could tell, he seems a bit nervous in regards to sharing but somehow he reaches deep inside himself to speak from his heart.

"My parents don't know," he tells everyone inside the room. "My dad thinks it's wrong. He says really homophobic things. I don't know what how to handle it."

"Come out and expressing your feelings is the first step."

That advice is offered by our moderator, Douglas. He's tall man about 5'11, in his late sixties, exhibiting a crown of gray hair and a beard, and loves to wear Hawaiian shirts, khaki shorts, and Birkenstock sandals; a look that I've noticed fits his laid back personality. Crossing his legs, he clutches a clipboard and listens to the young man before dispensing advice and offering support.

He shoots a smile at Tyrell as a gesture of comfort and acceptance. "Like I said, attending this men's group is the first step. The fact that you can say that you self-identify as gay is commendable."

Tyrell takes his words to heart and smiles giving time for Douglas to turn to me. "We haven't heard much from you, Ricky. Do want to share with the group?"

I hesitate for bit. It has been two weeks since I first came to the men's coming out discussion group at the GLBTQ facility, The Spectrum, and I haven't really opened up to these circle of strangers except for revealing my name and how I self-identify. Questioning. It's a relatively new word to the community but a legitimate one. Individuals like myself are going through a path of self-discovery and though we share some queer thoughts about our sexual orientation, we haven't clearly made up our mind of how we wish to be acknowledged. I don't consider myself gay nor do I consider straight. Though bisexuality would be an easy route to take, I still skirt around the label as I find myself attracted to a wide variety of genders. That's how I reason it out in my head, anyway.

Muttering a few words, I let each syllable fall from my lips. "Hello, I'm Ricky. I identify as questioning." Glancing around the room, a few nod in support while others I see shoot me a disapproving look. Still, I continue. "I say that because I'm trying to find out what and who I am. I know I'm attracted to men but I'm also attracted to women. For a time, I considered myself bi but then I noticed I'm attracted to people who are transgendered or even intersexed. So I guess that puts in me in the questioning phase of things."

A chubby member with a bushy mustache and faded polo shirt raises his hand. Douglas points to him.

"Then that means you're bi!"

"No, not exactly," I correct the chubster. "I mean I like guys but I like girls too. I'm an artist. I find the beauty in both. Yet, in the back of mind I have this lingering doubt of my feelingsâ "



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Not satisfied with my answer, chubby mustache persists. "What's there to question? You are sexually attracted to men and women. Therefore, you are bisexual. Accept it! End of discussion!"

Douglas intervened. "Now, there's no need to go on the attack!" He warned my antagonist. "Ricky has every right to identify himself as questioning. That is what the Q in GLBTQ community stands for. We all about acceptance and support so please respect his views and every other member in the group."

"Douglas is right."

My eyes shifted toward a burly looking gentleman in a suit sitting at the other end of the circle. Everyone in the group remained quiet. At 5'11, dark curly hair, a hint of a five o'clock shadow and a heavyweight boxer complexion, my supporter stood up from his chair and directed his attention toward me.

"Ricky has every right to self-identify as questioning. The GLBTQ is all about accepting others for who they are. Showing tolerance and understanding is part of brings us closer together as a community. Sexuality is not black and white. It's gray. It has fluidity according to the Kinsey scale. Many of us men here identify as gay, others bisexual, and our female counterparts are lesbian. We can't forget that we also have our transgendered brothers and sisters and the intersexed community. They're much a part of us as we of them. So let Ricky find himself and allow him the chance to search on his own path of self-discovery."

"Thank you, Mark, for your insight." Douglas applauded the member. "You said it so eloquently. It's all about supporting everyone no matter who they are."

My savior Mark returned to his seat as I gave him a friendly smile of thanks. On the other side, my mustache antagonist folded his arms and stewed in frustration in his chair. I hate to say it but I found a certain sense of satisfaction in seeing my rival get his comeuppance. It's always good to see the bad guy lose for a change. Our moderator said few words of encouragement before finishing up the meeting for the night.

"We're going to wrap up tonight's meeting with some food for thought," Douglas advised. "Always accept others and be tolerant of them. We're the GLBTQ community and we need to love and embrace each other so that others can learn to do the same for us. Amen."

"Amen!" We all replied in unison.

Gathering up the folding chairs, we lined up the seating against the wall as everyone quickly departed from the room. I noticed Mark heading toward the entrance and I decided to thank him for rescuing me from my foe's earlier remarks. Tapping the tall man on the shoulder, my brutish rescuer turned to face me.

"I want to thank you earlier for sticking up for me," I told him.

Mark grimaced and responded with short nod. "It wasn't a big deal. I just don't like it when I feel someone is being bullied."

I decided to be friendly. "Look, Mark. I don't know anyone really in this group but if you want to hang out for coffee sometime just to talkâ"

"I'm busy!" The burly man snapped. "Excuse me, I have to get to work!" He ignored me and followed the rest of the group out of the door leaving me a bit surprised by his sudden abruptness. Shrugging my shoulders, I head out too and make my way outside to my car.

I also had to go to work.

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I work the graveyard shift for the high end retailer Gordenthal's shipping and receiving warehouse where I'm the manager of a group of hardworking and dedicated employees. The building is situated off the pier of the small beach town of Guillermo. Our main focus to ensure that vendor shipments coming in and out of our facility make it to customers and to the various Gordenthal's department stores within the southern California region, I can say with the utmost pride that my base of operations is ranked number one within the company in regards to productivity and efficiency compared to the other shipping warehouses in other districts as well across state borders. We've been recognized and awarded two years for our service and I'm planning on making it another year for our company to acknowledge my team for our efforts.

My work is located in Guillermo, California with a population of three thousand residents. Founded during the early 1800's by Spanish padres who hoped to build a religious order for their monks, the small beach community saw an economic boom by the early 1900's when wealthy business saw an opportunity for the tourist trade and began building resorts and marketing them to rich clients as a vacation hotspot destination. Since then, it has grown into a little county where locals and tourists flock to the small coastal town every year during the summer to take advantage of the quiet atmosphere and beautiful beaches.

The county of Guillermo is part of a larger metropolitan city, Las Padres, California, boasting a population of over one million people living in the area. Situated near the Mexican border, Las Padres was founded after the Mexican-American war where Mexico ceded the area to the United States around 1845 and California government named the city in honor of the Spanish padres that established missions around the area. It was here that my parents had met and settled and where my brother and I were born.

I was born Enrique "Ricky" Quinn in the southern region of Las Padres just on the tip of the Mexican border in the county of Santa La Diaz to a Mexican immigrant nurse named Bianca De Guzman and a Caucasian truck driver named Steven Quinn. Born as a biracial child of two cultures, I inherited my mother's dark eyes and long curly hair and got my pale, ivory skin of my father's. My little brother, Alejandro "Alex" Quinn, who was born four years later received the opposite. Light, pale brown hair and green eyes from our father and dark tan skin from our mother which made him quite attractive among largely Hispanic community we lived in. Whereas Alex flourished and got accepted within our Mexican neighbors and peers, my pale, white skin made me a pariah among my fellow classmates that often I got called the derogatory term for white man, "*gringo*". Eventually, I learned to accept their cruelty as a way to justify their ignorance but in doing so left me with inner scars that I'm still dealing with today. Open wounds that have affected every aspect of my life and manifested into trust issues with people, the same painful sores that finally brought me to the Spectrum and gave me a reason finally deal to with traumas of childhood. Hopefully, these sessions would be instrumental in my healing.

I'd like to say that growing up was a bed of roses. Sadly, it wasn't. After the birth of Alex, my parents divorced. Steven split, leaving Bianca a single mother raising two kids on welfare and food stamps. Forced to accept several late shifts at the hospital, we hardly ever saw her and we spent our time with babysitters and caregivers and only saw her maybe every other weekend when she wasn't working. With Alex's beauty, he was able to make friends easily and often got into trouble as he bounced from one rambunctious group to another. Me, I found solace in art.

I knew I had talent for it when I at the age of five, I drew an exact likeness of Bugs Bunny using pen and paper. Mom recognized my skills immediately and bought me my first art kit. I can't tell you how overjoyed I was to be able to use every type of crayon, color pencil, and paint and recreate images that I had in my head. Alex was a bit jealous but I didn't care. The fact that I could bring my imagination to life with a paintbrush excited me and I couldn't wait to put each and every one of my ideas on display.

My gift didn't go unnoticed either. Once I finished high school, I received a full scholarship to the Los Angeles Institute of Art and received my bachelor's degree. I had several offers from big companies to join

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their art marketing department before tragedy struck my family. Due to her years of overworking herself, Bianca suffered a stroke which forced her to step down to a part time position at the hospital. I returned home, accepted a good paying job as a warehouse manager of Gordenthal's to help support the family, and forgo any dreams of being an artist.

I've found an apartment in Guillermo close to my work as well as it being a fifteen minute drive away from my family and settled in my role as the family breadwinner. On weekends and holidays, I would visit Mom and Alex before returning to my place and starting work the following day. This became a regular routine for me which left me very little time for having a life. Sadly, I became so use to this mundane existence that I simply accepted it as my lot to bear.

On the hand, Alex experienced life to the fullest. Dropping out of high school at age seventeen, he flitted from one lousy job to the next only to quit or get fired before accepting another position elsewhere and repeating the same vicious routine. Mom threatened to kick him out of the house if he didn't get his life together but being the fierce lioness that she was, she never followed through. Instead, she enabled his bad behavior and allowed it to continue. Then there was the alcohol and drug use.

Ever since high school, I knew Alex was hanging out with the wrong crowd after I caught him several times smoking pot behind the bleachers on campus. I've warned him several times about it but he simply laughed in my face and ignored my advice. Eventually, he graduated to harder substances like LSD and crystal meth. It got so bad that he stole Mom's credit card to charge a bunch of expensive merchandise that he could pawn for drug money that we finally got him arrested for theft and fraud. We both tried to get him into rehab but he refused so I gave up on him while Mom, being the bleeding heart that she was, continued to support him while he continued his downward spiral of substance abuse.

It's been four weeks since that incident that I've decided to work on my own conflicted baggage. Hence, I began enrolling in the men's group sessions at the Spectrum and started my own journey into self-discovery. I guess being the responsible one and always compartmentalizing my feelings started to take its toll on me that I began to grow depressed and lose some sense of direction in my life. I knew I needed to talk with someone and I figured joining the coming out group would be a good way to express myself and resolve my feelings.

Understand before coming to the group, I've always been introverted. I suppose the years of bullying and being ostracized had taken its toll on me even into adulthood. I didn't have very many friends and the ones I did have I ended up pushing away. It's like I had built this wall around me where I refuse to let anyone in and I constantly kept laying more bricks to my citadel of isolation until finally I became a prisoner of my own solitude which made dating difficult.

Ever since I could remember I've had feelings for both girls and guys. It started when I was ten and I've noticed how pretty girls look in their frilly dresses. I remember developing crushes on my female classmates and found myself hanging around them even more. Then puberty hit and my world took a confusing turn for me. When I was twelve I suddenly developed a fascination with boys to the point I started to admire how handsome and strong they were. I knew I still liked girls but my attraction toward boys also made me ashamed and guilty of my feelings.

Growing up, Mom was very religious. As a good Mexican Catholic, she raised us with sense of God and instilled in us the fear of sin on all things immoral including homosexuality. She followed the Biblical teachings and warned us of the dangers of being around anyone who didn't follow the faith. Therefore sharing my feelings of sexual attraction to both genders wasn't something I could do within my household. The best thing to do in regards to my burgeoning sexuality was to suppress it and keep my feelings in the closet.

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Eventually, it took its toll on me. Upon graduating high school and attending the Los Angeles Institute of Art, I thought I was finally given a reprieve to explore my feelings. I began dating both women and men but my years of religious baggage made intimacy very problematic for me. It would start off with some kissing, a heavy make-out session but as soon as things escalated I would immediately squelch the moment from progressing any further. This continued routine of teasing and constant blueballs finally made me give up dating all together. I figured since I couldn't consummate the deal with anyone, then I shouldn't be with someone period. This led me to joining the coming out group.

Tired of feeling ashamed and alone, I reached out to the Spectrum. I perused their internet site that offered services for GLBTQ members who were struggling with their sexuality. Reading their available schedule for their next meeting, I decided to give it a shot and attend the first meeting. I'll admit I was a bit apprehensive. Immediately, doubts entered my mind. *Will they judge me? Will they accept me? Am I going to feel like a freak in front of a room full of strangers?* All that went away when I attending the first night and heard stories similar to my experiences; suddenly, all the fears and apprehensions went away and I could finally feel comfortable in my own skin and be willing to share my story with the rest of the world. I had finally found a safe, comfortable place. A home. Gradually, I began to open up and allowed my catharsis to be relieved. I finally found a place that I fit in to. From there I came to the second session and then the one after that. I still intend on continuing to come to each and every meeting for my benefit anyway.

On my drive home, I ponder some of the stories some of the other member's shared tonight. From one who came out to his wife and kids to another who is being shunned by his family, I can relate to each of their tales of confusion, frustration and sadness. I'm in a similar state. I haven't come out to Mom about my feelings to both genders. Maybe one day, I'll find the courage to tell her but for now she has too much on her plate to worry about from her ailing health to the troublesome activities of my younger brother. I decided to not burden her with the news of my orientation.

I pull up my car to the designated parking spot of my complex and get out. Racing up the stairs to my apartment, I quickly shower and change from my casual attire to a dress shirt and tie and make myself presentable for work. Stroking the long dark curls of my hair in the mirror, I press my fingers against the pastiness of my skin and wish I had the same tan pigmentation of my brother Alex. At least, I would look more Mexican than some *gringo* that everyone back home would refer me to. I raise my sleeve, hoping to feel some muscle on my bicep but no matter how hard I workout, I'm still the skinny, gawky 5'9, pale face, mutt that I see staring back from my reflection. Sighing, I adjust myself one last time and head out to my car for work.

Gordenthal's shipping and receiving warehouse was especially busy tonight. The high end department store was having their annual fall sale in a few weeks and orders were coming in and out of the facility to be shipped to customers and to the main stores. Assistant Manager Sherry Deville greeted me instantly as soon as I arrived to work which meant that there was a problem. The 5'7, full figured African American woman usually had things under control but having her meet me at the warehouse entrance as soon as I walked in meant something was up.

"Good you're here!" She panicked. "The computer's system down and everything is offline! We need to get these orders out by three before the trucks arrive for pick-up!"

I sighed. "Okay, let me make a couple of calls to corporate's main IT and I'll see if we can get the system up and functioning in time for the shipments to go out. In the meantime, have everyone prepare the cargo in case we have to inventory everything manually."

Sherry gave me a thumbs up. "Righty-O, Ricky!" Spinning on her heels, she raced back to our coworkers to provide them their instructions.

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I then spend the next hour on the phone with our corporate technicians trying to bring the computers systems back up. After a few minutes of button pushing, software reprogramming, and rebooting of machines, we were fully operational. Cheers of triumph lit up the warehouse as Sherry raced back to give me a congratulatory hug.

"Ricky! We're back in business!" She laughed. "The shipments are ready for pick up for the incoming loading trucks!"

Giggling, I gave her a playful slap on the shoulder. "That's why they pay me the big bucks. I solve problems."

Her eyes rolled at me with sarcasm. "Corporate needs to pay you more. I'd ask for a raise."

"Can't," I reply. "I've already reached the ceiling for this position. The only way I'd make more money is if they promote me to regional manager."

Sherry stepped forward. "If that opening comes up, you should take it!"

I shook my head. Being a regional manager meant more stress and even longer hours, I already was putting too much overtime at work as it was. I had no interest of moving into another position that would double my workload.

"Nah," I smiled at her. "I've got enough problems with dealing with you miscreants. I mean what would you guys do without me?"

With missing a beat, my African American coworker folded her arms and pressed her lips. "Celebrate."

Both of us erupted into laughter at our inside joke. My two years of working for the shipping warehouse made me very close with my assistant manager and my employees. I had built friendships and a rapport with them and the idea of leaving them behind made me sad. Sherry comforted me by embracing me in one big, bear hug.

"Well, Ricky," she snickered. "In that case, you're not going anywhere. You're staying right here with your people where you belong."

Nodding, I agreed with her. "I wouldn't have it any other way, Sherry." She released me and I remembered something from my desk drawer. Pulling open the compartment, I hand her the sheet of paper where I sketched a portrait of her in pencil. "I almost forgot. I finished this drawing of you."

Her fingers gripped the sheet tight like a metal vice and she grinned. "Ricky! This is beautiful! I can't believe how talented you are! You should sell your drawings and stuff at street fairs or the flea market!"

I soaked in compliment. "I've thought about it but I'm so busy that I don't have to time to even do any that!"

She frowned. "You're wasting your talents, Ricky. You should be showing your art to the world not worrying about shipments."

Sherry was right. Ideally, I would love continue to painting and selling them to interested buyers but realistically it doesn't pay the bills nor support my family. Being an artist is simply a hobby. A pipe dream. I had to be mature and weigh in my options in order to ensure financial security for myself, Mom, and Alex.

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"Maybe someday," I suggested to my assistant manager. Often, I used this excuse as a way to avoid the real truth. That being an artist was never going to happen.

The older woman clucked her tongue in disbelief. "In other words, you're not going to do it!" A sigh escaped her breath. "You're such a procrastinator, Ricky. When was the last time you went out on a date? Aren't those coming out groups even helping?"

Sherry was the only person I confided in at work regarding my sexuality. All my other employees believed I was as straight as an arrow and my assistant manager even shared with me that some of my female coworkers had developed an infatuation with me. None of which I overstepped my bounds or crossed the line of unprofessionalism to pursue them. Instead, I played the role of dedicated, heterosexual boss and treated my team with the utmost courtesy and respect.

"The men's group is helping," I answered her. "I'm finding it very therapeutic in sharing my feelings and concerns. As for the dating part, I'm working on it."

Cocking her eyebrows, the African American supervisor remained skeptical. "Mmmhmm. Dating means asking someone out. I'm betting you didn't even do that recently with any members of the group."

"It's discouraged," I explained to her. "Though I did ask one of one of them for a friendly chance at coffee."

She grew excited and clapped her hands. "And?"

"He turned me down."

She frowned. "It's his loss. He doesn't know a good catch when he sees one." Patting my shoulder, she offered me her sympathies. "Now what man or woman wouldn't want you, Ricky? You're a prize catch! In fact, I have two cousins, a guy and girl, who claim to be both bi. Maybe I could give them your number?"

Raising my hand to protest, I shook my head. "Thanks, Sherry, but I'm doing fine on my own." I emphasized my point. "Don't worry, I'll ask someone out soon. I promise."

Waving a finger at me, the older woman administered one final warning. "You better, Ricky. I won't have my boy here growing up old and alone."

"Don't worry, I won't." I grinned as I shoed her away. Still unconvinced, she returned to manning the warehouse crew as I returned to my desk to prepare the schedules for the next week. My cell went off and I picked it up to answer it. "Hello?"

"Enrique?"

It was my mother. I could sense worry in her voice.

"Hola, Mom. Que paso?"

She began to cry. "It's your hermano, Ricky. He hasn't come home for days. I'm worried."

I inhaled a breath. Alex did this frequently especially when he began abusing drugs. I had to let my mother down gently with this fact.

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"Alex is probably using again, Mom," I said bluntly. "You know him! He'll get high and then come home strung out and you let him back in the house!"

"Mijo!" Bianca Quinn gasped. "Alejandro is your brother! Have some respect for your blood! He's family and we have to help him!"

I sighed. "Fine, Mom. Let's give it one more day. If he hasn't shown up by tomorrow night. We'll contact the police and file a missing person's report."

"Por favor, Enrique," said my mother. "Let's pray that he's all right. He's troubled nino but he's still a good boy."

Not wanting to upset her, I offer some words of encouragement. "He is Mom. I'm sure he'll turn up. Look, Mom, I'm at work so I'll call you tomorrow, okay?"

"Bien," she responded. "Hopefully, Alex returns home."

"Me too," I tell her. "Goodbye, Mom. Te quiero."

"Te quiero," she answers back as she hangs up.

Placing my cell on my desk, I go walk over to observe the rest of my team working tirelessly to meet our shipping deadlines. This is my life. Work, solving problems, and supporting my family. This is the cycle that I live.

I honestly wish for something more.

## Chapter 3: Sexuality

E. L. Doctorow once said that, "Writing is an exploration. You start from nothing and learn as you go."

I began journal writing back in college when I was still learning about how to interact with others. As I said before, I've always been introverted so coming out of my shell was a new thing for me, as was learning about my sexuality. Since I had no one to talk to in regards to my feelings, I began jotting down my thoughts and experiences in notebooks and started to analyze the person I was and who I wanted to become. I have to tell you that the whole process was very therapeutic and so I continued to use journals as a way of expressing my feelings and to let out all my frustrations; it's a feat that I can say I'm most proud of since I made it part of a my daily ritual.

There was still no word of Alex's return the following day so I contemplated getting in contact with the Las Padres police department and filing a missing person's report. However, I did have reservations since Alex was now nineteen, an adult, and had a history of substance abuse issues so expediting the search for him would be a fruitless effort especially when the cops had other crimes to worry about. Instead, I retreated to my nightly meetings at The Spectrum and the men's coming out group.

Sitting at the corner of the room of the door, I noticed Mark once again looking dapper in a suit as he observed the other members speaking and sharing their struggles within the group. He noticed me stealing a few glances at him and he had to shift his face away from mine for bit as he turned his focus toward an older gentleman in his fifties who offered to tell his story.

"Hello, my name is Greg," announced the fifty year old man. "I'm a gay man and I'm going through a bitter divorce right now with my wife. I revealed to her about homosexuality and she is threatening to take me to the cleaners so it's been a difficult time for me."

"That's okay," comforted our moderator, Douglas. "Understand that she is doing this out of pain. The sense of betrayal of your truth, Greg, is hard pill to swallow particularly with a spouse who is in her position."

Reggie looked down. "Yeah, I guess. I wish she really understood my pain, my struggles of being gay."

"Nobody does," continued Douglas. "That's why we're all here at this meeting, to support each other, and to socialize with other men who are in the same position are you."

I decided to speak up. The man was clearly hurting and my heart broke for him. If I could offer Greg some kind words of encouragement, then it might be help to brighten his day.

"You're among friends," I said to the fifty year old. "No one is here to judge but to listen with an open mind. You've come to the right place."

Douglas smiled at me. "Thank you, Ricky. I'm sure Greg appreciates the sentiment."

"Iâdo," Greg responded to me. I could hear a tremor in his throat as if he wanted to cry. "I kind need this group right now."

"And the group needs you, Greg." Douglas patted his hand. "Good to have you aboard." Scanning the room, the moderator turned to me. "Ricky, since you paid Greg a wonderful compliment of advice, why don't you be the next person to introduce yourself?"



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Swallowing a gulp of air, I stood up from my chair. "Hi, I'm Ricky and I'm questioning my sexuality. For many of you that are familiar about my self-identification, I am attracted to girls and guys but I don't label myself as bisexual. I'm still trying to figure this whole thing out in the process." My eyes glanced at the ceiling as I attempted to gather my thoughts. "Let's see. I've had a crazy week. Work keeps me busy. I'm graveyard shift manager of a shipping warehouse for Gordenthal's. My junkie brother is sadly missing and I have to deal with that right now."

Douglas frowned. "I'm sorry to hear that, Ricky. Have you contacted the police?"

I scratched my head. "I'm going to. The thing is my little brother, Alex, has always struggled with drugs and he tends to come in and out of me and my mother's lives. We've tried getting him help but he always refuses so I've finally cut him off but my mother still continues to support his destructive behavior."

"You can only do so much," said Douglas. "You have to concentrate on yourself, Ricky. You can't be your brother's keeper."

"I realize that," I told him. "But ever since my dad split on us, I've always been the one to take care of the family so it's hard having to be the one to handle all my family issues. Add to the fact that I'm struggling with my own sexuality and I feel like my world is being pulled apart."

"You're only one person. You shouldn't expect to be in control all the time."

Surprised by the member who interjected, I rotated my head to see the baritone sound of Mark referring to me. He folded his arms so that the long sleeves of his sportscoat rose up over his wrists and voiced his opinion.

"Yeah, I know," I replied. "However, I feel that someone has to. Being in control means lack of organization, chaos, and without it everything falls apart. Someone in my family has to be the responsible one, the mature one. It might as well be me."

Mark shot an arrogant smirk. "True, Ricky, but it also can be a wonderful thing if you give up control. If you allow yourself to submit for once and allow the unlikeliest of pleasures to consume your body, then you finally begin to understand that it's okay to release, to not be in control."

Confused by his comment, I disagreed. "I'm not quite sure what you're getting at, Mark, but without some sense of order, there is anarchy which leads to a various problems down the road. Control is important in the context that it represents order and responsibility so that everything runs smoothly. Take my job for example. I have to make sure that all shipments going in and out of my department are on time and ready. If I drop the ball on any of it, then it leads to customers and stores not receiving their merchandise and directly affects the productivity of the company. Without my full control of my team and my department, then everything else fails and employees are terminated. That to me is the real truth of it all."

Sighing, Mark shook his head. "I wasn't speaking in economic terms, Ricky. I was referring to socialization and one to one interpersonal interaction. You have difficulty in coming to terms with your sexuality and you refuse to take risks. If you would allow yourself a moment to lose control, then you'll comprehend that sometimes the risks are well worth it if you submit to them."

I couldn't believe the tall man's gall. He had the nerve to question my self-awareness and personal journey. He wasn't the one who felt confused by how he self-identifies. He wasn't the one who worried about his family denouncing him if he shared his sexuality with them. He wasn't the one who seemed to bear the weight of the world on his shoulders. He wasn't the one who had to worry about losing control and seeing how his consequences might affect his actions. This Mark person was simply a sadistic queen who got his rocks off by

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ripping apart others.

Clenching my fists, I cocked my head from side and side and gritted my teeth. "I'm a bit offended by your assumptions, Mark! I came here to share what is going on with me not to be shot down and criticized for my actions! You know nothing about me!"

Douglas quickly intervened. "Mark, please refrain from making comments and assumptions that might offend other members of this group. We're all about supporting one another and not tearing each other down."

Mark raised his hand. "I do apologize, Ricky, if my remarks are a bit harsh. I'm just honest and that might be off-putting for individuals who might not have thick skin."

There he goes again. This time he insulted me. An inner rage built up inside of me but I quietly suppressed it as I didn't want to lose my cool.

"Oh and you'll hear from Alex real soon," the bastard grimaced.

I started to probe into his comment when Douglas decided to end the group meeting.

"Okay, that's it for tonight's meeting," the moderator declared. "Be sure to take flyers on your way out that announces the Las Padres Gay Pride Festival in several weeks!"

Everyone grabbed the sheets and headed out the door. Once outside of the center, I sprinted toward Mark's car in the parking lot. The tall, brute barely noticed me as he tapped him on the shoulder.

"Can I help you?" He greeted me with a sarcastic tone in his voice.

I stood firm. "Yeah, I want to know what you meant back there about submitting and control? You don't know a goddamn thing about me, Mark!"

He nodded his head and laughed. Pulling the car door of the driver's side open, he stared at me hard. "I know you're confused by how you self-identify. I know you have a lot on your plate to worry about. I know that you have to constantly be in a dominant role, to always be in authority, and to always be in control. You're suppressed, Ricky Quinn. You need to be trained properly in allowing yourself to let go."

My anger boiled. How dare this man try to judge me and make conclusions about my life that he knows nothing about? I stomped my foot and balled my hand into a fist. I wanted to punch this asshole.

"Who the fuck do you think you are?" I shouted. "You don't know me! You're just some closet case who thinks they know more than anyone else does! Well, fuck you!"

Mark grimaced as he shook his head and got into his car. Slamming his door shut, he rolled down the window, and turned on the ignition. I jumped out the way as he put the vehicle in reverse. Seeing him stick his head out of the open window of the driver's side, he yelled at me.

"YOU'VE GOT MORE SPIRIT THAN YOUR BROTHER! I WISH ALEX HAD YOUR PERSONALITY!"

His words slammed into me. He hinted at knowing Alex. I ran after him just as his car peeled away and screamed toward his back bumper.

"HOW DO YOU KNOW ALEX? HOW DO YOU KNOW ALEX?"

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He didn't hear me as his car disappeared down the street. Unsure of what was going on, I shrugged and returned to my own car as I got ready to go to work.

Things seemed to be going smoothly at Gordenthal's shipping warehouse. Goods were coming in and out on time and trucks were stopping by every couple hours to pick up shipments. Sherry walked over to my office with large box of shredded fabrics. Plopping the package on top my desk, she gave me a frustrated look.

"Look what those vendor assholes sent us!" She scowled. "Defective merchandise!"

Digging my hands into the crumpled, wrinkled mess of torn material, I pulled up the remains of what appeared to be a skirt.

"Damn," I remarked. "They must have overlooked this from the factory!"

"What are we going to do?" She huffed. "Store 50 is expecting this Gucci shipment in two days and they're going to freak when they don't receive it in time!"

"Simple," I answered. "Call Gucci's American vendor. Have them ship a replacement supply of goods to Store 50 and we'll send this bad package back to them. Then leave a message for that Store 50's stock manager that the Gucci supply will be delayed due to factory defect with the original packaging. Problem solved."

"Fine," Sherry clucked as picked up the box. "This all could've been avoided if they sent us the right clothes in the first place." Sifting her fingers through the shredded labels, she pulled out a price tag. Her eyes widened as she noticed the price of the time. "Two thousand dollars? For a ratty ass skirt?"

I grip the torn fabric. "Yup. Customers will buy anything designer if it's in front of them. It could be the cheapest material, the most basic thing like t-shirt, or an ordinary purse. You stick a name brand on it and mark it up eighty percent and people will be dumb enough to buy it."

"Shit!" Sherry curled her mouth. "I'm in the wrong profession. I need to pull out my old bell bottom jeans and platform shoes, slap on a designer name on it and charge a millions dollars for it!"

"Then we can call it vintage!" I teased her. We both laughed as she grabbed the box in in her arms. "Have you heard from Alex yet?"

Shaking my head, I exhaled. "No. I'm sure Mom is freaking out. I'm going to cops after work to file a police report."

Sherry headed out of the door of my office. "Don't worry, Ricky. I'm sure he's fine." She vanished back inside the warehouse.

The buzzing tone of my cell vibrated inside the pocket of my slacks. Pulling it out, I glanced at the menu screen to read the text.

*ANSWER UR PHONE.*

The number came from Alex. Immediately, I texted him back.

*WHERE ARE U?*

No response. Then a buzz on my cell's ringtone went off. I picked up the call.

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"Hello?"

"Listen to me carefully, Ricky."

A low baritone voice came from the other end of the receiver. I recognized the person instantly.

"Mark?"

He wouldn't verify his identity but I could tell it was him.

"I have your brother, Alex, here." Static and weird sounds came on the speaker before I heard a panic wail screaming from the other line. I recognized the frantic cries of my younger sibling.

"Ricky! Help me! They're going to kill me!"

Rushed air vibrated through the receiver before I heard the low growl of Mark's voice. Gripping the phone hard, I could feel my heart beating fast inside my chest as I tried to make sense of what was going on.

"Mark!" I shouted through my cell. "What the hell is this? Do have Alex there?"

There was few seconds of silence before the tall man picked up the line. "If you want to help your brother, I suggest you come to Oceanview at the Wharf Cannery Row at 1286 Bryan Avenue."

"Wait!" I told him. I scrambled on my desk for a post-it note and pen. "Okay, I'm ready. Please give me the address." I scribbled down the information.

"Again, it's Wharf Cannery Row at 1286 Bryan Avenue, Oceanview Shores. Zip code 92118. Look for Warehouse 18. Don't tell anyone and come alone or else. You have one hour." Mark ended the call.

Bewildered and in shock, I raced to my computer to pull up Google maps. Oceanview was a forty minute drive from my area so I knew that I needed to hightail it out of the warehouse. Rushing toward Sherry, I explained to her that I needed to leave work early to due to a family emergency and requested if she could take over the last few hours of our shift. Thankfully, my assistant manager agreed to it and I ran to my car and sped off toward the freeway. I prayed that Alex was okay.

The affluent seaside community of Oceanview occupies nine miles of the coast of the Pacific Ocean. With a population of 46,000 people living within its wealthy suburban area, the small city has attracted many tourists and locals because of its beautiful beaches and gorgeous blue waters. As one of Las Padres's more wealthier neighborhoods, the tiny county has built a number of high profile businesses and corporations that have settled in the area. One such business was the Wharf Cannery Row which became well established fishing enterprise specializing in canned sardines and high end caviar.

I pulled my car up to the fence laden with barb wire and aluminum walls. My pulse raced as I inhaled a breath and found the courage to go inside the area to search for Alex. Something inside me told me that my little brother had gotten into some serious trouble and from the threatening message Mark left me, I knew I was risking my own life in the process as well. However, Alex was my brother and I was his only hope. Turning off the ignition, I got out of the car and locked the door. Slowly, I made my way toward the open gate of the pier to look for Warehouse 18.

Small bits of light guided my path as I made my way through the darkness to search for the building with the number 18 on it. I glanced down at my watch to see that it just turned 3:00 a. m. in the morning and made a

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silent prayer to God that I wish I was back at work as I stared at the full moon shining above in the evening sky. Stopping for a bit to calm my nerves, I noticed the chronological numbers of 12 and 13 adjacent from each other and followed the walkway where the numbers ascended on each building.

Finally, I located Warehouse 18. It looked dilapidated from the rusted worn metal of the architecture to the smashed, cracked, and broken glass on the side windows. Seeing the door in front of me, I gulped a breath and knocked.

The imposing figure of a suited Mark opened the door. Clouded by the dark shadows of the building, he eyed me up and down before rubbing the five o'clock shadow on his chin. Pulling open his sportscoat, he showed me the holster tucked across his dress shirt and the concealed pistol inside and grimaced.

"Now don't get any ideas," he grunted. "Got it?"

Nervously, I nodded. He then pointed to me and began spout off instructions.

"Raise your hands and don't move!" He sneered. "Did you tell anyone where you're going tonight?"

I shook my head. "I didn't call the police, if that's what you're asking."

Mark growled at my comment, got behind me and kicked my legs apart. Suddenly his hands patted me down my sides down to my ankles and back up to hips. His fingers roamed my backside before his hands stroked my inner thighs and gently squeezed my groin. I flinched.

"Hey!" I was pissed. This asshole was molesting me.

He released. "Nice." He grinned. "I can see you're not packing any weapons. Though that bulge in your pants might be something Jason would be interested in."

"Fuck you!" I wanted to spit in his face. "Why the hell am I here? Where's my brother? More importantly, what do you have to do with all this shit?"

Giggling, Mark kept a shit-eating grin on his face. "You'll find out soon, Ricky." Once again, he got behind me and shoved me toward the entrance. "Keep moving forward." I did as instructed and made my way toward the shadowed aisles of crates and boxes until we got toward the center of the building where I noticed two large figures standing side by side next to a young male tied to chair. A wisp of light, brown hair caught my attention for I recognized the person being held captive.

"Alex!"

He looked up and me and began to cry. "Rickyâ I'm sorryâ !"

I had been a month since I last saw my little brother and his appearance had shocked me. His tanned skin had turned completely white, his body had become emaciated, and his teeth had nearly rotted and turned yellow. Bad acne scars did very little to hide the shallowness of his eyes that contained blacked bruises and a cut lip from where his captors beat him up including the bloody nose that dripped down to his mouth. I didn't know what scared me the most, the fact of how far down my sibling's drug use had gone or the notion that these thugs had beaten him.

I roared. "WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU TO HIM?"

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Mark flared his nostrils. "Believe me, Ricky, your brother had it coming."

I attempt to race toward him but a pair of strong hands pulled me back. Mark gripped my arms and as much as I struggled, I couldn't break free from his hold.

"LET ME GO FUCKER!" I shouted.

He shook me. "Chill. My boss wants a word with you." I stopped struggling. Lifting my face, I noticed the two thugs parting leaving Alex at the center and sobbing incessantly. From the shadows, another figure appeared. He looked to be about 6'1, broad shouldered, muscular, and impeccably dressed in a designer gray suit. Short, dark blond hair crowned his head as each strand kissed the laugh lines of his forehead into little small curly bangs that touched the perfect arch of his dark eyebrows. His sapphire blue eyes observed me for a bit before large, masculine fingers massaged the dark stubble of his chiseled, square jaw and face and then decided to shoot me a dimpled smile across the room.

"You must be Ricky," said the stranger. "I'm so happy to finally meet you."

My anger raged. "Sorry, I can't say it's the same for me! What the fuck do you want? What did Alex do?"

The figure glanced at Alex, stroked his brown hair with his fingers which caused my brother to cringe. He then returned his focus to me.

"Let's just say, your little brother owes me some money."

"How much money?" I asked the dark haired, blond man.

"Five thousand dollars."

My mouth dropped. "Five thousand?" I turned to Alex who continued to weep. "Alex! What have you gotten yourself into?"

Mark gripped my arms tight. "Your brother was working for us by doing a special job as a salesperson of our product. Sadly, he was stealing the profits and sampling the merchandise!"

The blond stranger waved his hand at my captor. "You can let him go, Mark. I'll doubt he'll try to something. He's not strong enough."

I gritted my teeth. "Go to hell."

The figure smirked. "I see you have spirit. Mark was right. You're nothing like your younger brother."

Clenching my fists to side, I curled my mouth in anger. "What do you plan on doing with us?"

"Nothing," said the stranger. "As long as you both cooperate. I'm willing to overlook Alex's indiscretion only if the money his money is paid in full and no one speaks to the police about our business."

It seems so easy. Pay Alex's debt and forget about the incident but the only problem was the coming up with the financial solution.

I nervously exhaled. "And if Alex can't pay, you'll kill us both."

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"I hope not," smiled the mystery man. "However, this is the way business is done here especially in these circumstances." He looked to me. "I hope you understand."

Alex whimpered. "Rickyâpleaseâgive him anythingâdon't let him hurt meâ!"

"Shhh, Alex," I whispered. "Don't worry. I'll figure this out." I stood up straight and swallowed hard ready to speak up for the both of us. "I can give you what I can. I have two thousand in my savings account that I get for you from the bank this morning and you can take my car. It's old but it's worth two or three thousand, I'm sure."

The stranger laughed. "I don't want your car, Ricky. I'm not a fool. You don't have the money so I guess we'll have to think of another alternative. Are you willing to gamble something else for your brother?"

I hesitated. "Iâwhat do you mean? What are you asking?"

"I'm offering another position. One which I'm sure you might be intrigued by, something just for me that will allow you to repay your brother's debts. What do you say?"

I stepped back for a minute. This mysterious figure was offering something that I might save me and Alex from being killed. Then it suddenly dawned on me what he was asking me to do.

"You want me to prostitute myself for you?" I directly asked.

The man grinned. "To boldly put it. Yes."

"DON'T DO IT RICKY!" Alex screamed. "YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S LIKE!"

"SHUT UP SLAVE!" Anger flashed in the stranger's eyes. Reaching his hand back, he slapped my brother hard across the cheek which drew a little bit of blood from him mouth.

Fearful of any further retaliation, I fell to my knees and pleaded. "Stop! Fine, I'll accept your position! I'll prostitute myself for you! Just don't hurt him, anymore!"

Rubbing his hands, the mystery man smiled. "Good. I'm glad you're finally coming around, Ricky. We'll iron out the details at my home. Please follow Mark to my car outside and we'll discuss the matter further."

Mark gripped my arm like vice and dragged me toward the back entrance. Shifting my head around, I notice the other two thugs carting Alex toward the other entrance.

"Where are you taking him?" I demanded to know.

"He'll be fine," said Mark. "He's coming with us on the other car. My boss promised that he won't be harmed anymore as long as you cooperate so you better make good on your word." He threatened.

The next thing I was taken outside, shoved into an awaiting limo, and made to sit across from my captor, Mark, and the mysterious stranger who now forced me into a life of prostitution. I bit my lip as I glared at the figure holding me prisoner.

"You still have questions, I'm sure," said the man. "Please note that you and Alex won't be harmed, I assure you."

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"How do I know that?" I muttered. "I don't even know you. I don't even know your name."

The stranger grinned widely. "My name is Jason Kendall and I'm going to be your Master."

Somehow the word *Master* instilled fear into me. What had Alex gotten me mixed up in?



## Chapter 4: Captive

The blackness of night soon began to blossom with the few hints of the morning dawn. I don't know how long the drive was to my captors' mysterious destination but I tried to focus around on any landmark, street sign, or business that I could see from the tinted windows of the limo. My plan was to ensure I remembered each and every part of the trip should the opportunity for escape were to occur; I wasn't about to allow these men any chance of torturing or maiming me and I devised fantasy scenarios in my head of how I was going to free Alex and me from their clutches.

Enigmatic and holding an authoritative presence over me, Jason Kendall noticed my nervousness and offered me a drink from the mini-bar next to him.

"Scotch?"

I politely declined as I looked away.

"You seem anxious," he remarked. His voice held a deep timbre, almost like a beastly growl, as I imagined Jason to be some monstrous creatures waiting for the right time to devour me. "I did promise you, Ricky, that you and Alex wouldn't be harmed."

Any assurances made by this man went through one ear and out the other. I had no trust or faith for the man who physically abused my younger sibling in front of me and his companion, Mark, fared no better. Jason Kendall's right hand man sat to the other side of me and kept silent as I pondered this whole situation. Though I had not known Mark except for the two weeks that he attended the coming out group, he seemed to share the same aggressive tendencies as his employer. I decided to confront him.

"So what's your story?" I interrogated the tall, dark, curly haired thug. "Do you make it habit of kidnapping and threatening people you know so you can look good for your boss?" My eyes scowled at Jason Kendall. "Or was all that hullabaloo you said at the coming out group all bullshit?"

Mark cast his eyes down for a minute and then inhaled some air. "No, Ricky. What I said during the group sessions were all true. I'm struggling with my sexuality as you are. I'm trying to find out who I am and how to identify myself in relation to the world around me."

I snorted. "Bullshit!" Folding my arms, I lounged back against the seat and frowned. "I find that hard to believe! You were stalking me! I finally understand it now! Alex got himself into trouble, owed you guys money and you went after me because you thought I could offer something in return so his debt could be repaid." My eyes stared daggers into the tall, brute. "Admit it, Mark! You weren't seriously there seeking support! You were there to spy on me!"

Prying his eyes away from mine, Jason's henchman stared outside the passenger window of the limo. "You're right, Ricky. Originally, I wasn't there for help but then as I got to know the people I began to get immersed in the whole situation. I began to find a sense of camaraderie with the other gentlemen who seemed to comprehend what I'm going through, that I honestly felt more at home than I ever have the last couple of years." He sighed again. "It wasn't my intention to get too caught up with the coming out group but I did and now I don't want to give it up."

His words appeared sincere but given the circumstances, I refused to believe him. Here was a man who had abducted me and sold me to his boss so trying to be sympathetic toward his struggles did not exactly make me compassionate.

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I curled my lip in disgust. "And now you want me to be more empathetic toward you! Well fuck you, Mark! Fuck you and your boss right there!" I hissed at Jason Kendall.

What happened next shocked even me. Grinning like the Cheshire Cat, the dark blond man seemed cool and collective then he finally snapped. From the position of his seat, he lunged at me, gripped his fingers around the bottom of my chin and squeezed hard. The pressure of his hold on my face hurt as I clutched his wrist and tried to force him to release me. His strength only provided a tighter vice around my face. Mark jumped around him, wrapped his hands around his boss's waist and attempted to pull him off.

"Let him go, Jason!" His henchman pleaded. "He's just upset! He doesn't understand!"

Jason Kendall refused to budge. His fingers squeeze even tighter which made breathing even more difficult. I could sense my eyeballs ready to explode as I felt the hot breath of mysterious captor grazing my skin.

"APOLOGIZE!" He roared. "APOLOGIZE TO MY BROTHER OR ELSE!"

His brother? Mark was Jason Kendall's sibling? I couldn't believe it but the stalking situation began to make sense and the connection he had to the dark blond haired gentleman explained how he became involved with the Spectrum's coming out group. The wheels in my head began to turn but my mind's assembly line began to slow down as the oxygen in my lungs started to close off. I furiously tapped Jason's arm and muttered as best I could an apology.

"I'mâ ¸sorryâ ¸!" I wheezed. Jason let go and I gasped for as much air as I could while my arms wrapped around my stomach. The thug boss returned to his seat as I gathered my bearings and shot the dark blond man and angry look. "Bastard!"

Flaring his nostrils, Jason reverted back to his calm, cool, and collective self. He adjusted the tie on his suit and released a somewhat tranquil breath inside the vehicle. Still, my venom for the man made me trust him even less as I soothed the throbbing ache on my jaw. Tender fingers rubbed my cheek as Mark pushed my head to the side and stroked the surface of my skin.

"Jason, you were too rough with him!" He clucked his tongue. "A proper Master always knows when to hold back his anger and practice control!" The big, boss folded his arms and stewed for a bit while ignoring his brother. His hands started to massage the aching pain on my face but I flinched back. Mark twisted his mouth into a smile and moved back to his seat. "I'm sorry about that, Ricky. Jason can be overlyprotective of me. You have every right to be upset with me. I did, in fact, lie to you."

Cracking my neck, I rolled my eyes at the man. "So how long have you been stalking me? Was it a coincidence that you joined the men's discussion group at the Spectrum?"

"A few months," answered Mark without missing a beat. "We noticed Alex was acting strangely and that he was behind on making his payments for us. Realizing that he was stealing money from us, we began to scope his whereabouts and discovered where he had been hiding. You and your mother, Bianca, were collateral in case he refused to pay up."

I sneered. "And what if he didn't? You would come after me and my mother, is that it?"

Jason Kendall twiddled his fingers. "It's business, Ricky Quinn. My people never harm the innocent unless they deserve it. I usually offer several alternatives before we result to any extreme."

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Throwing him a defiant look, I blinked and raked my fingers across the leather interior of the limo. "You mean like forcing your targets into prostitution like me!"

The dark, blond gentleman exhaled. "No, Ricky. You're a special case. I'm not going to, what's the word? Turn you out. I'm not your pimp, if that's what you're worried about. I'm offering you something different. Something much more intriguing that you might actually find some interest in.

"Don't bet it!" I gritted my teeth.

"We're here." Mark announced. The limousine turned the corner and drove up a long driveway where huge gates opened to allow the vehicle inside. Similar to the cheesy reruns of the 80's soap *Dynasty*, I peeked through the tinted windows of the vehicle to see a huge mansion in front of me. Painted in white and cream peach colors, the exterior of the home had huge pillars in front that shaded the entrance that contained a dark mahogany door with tinted glass on the windows. Spanish tiles covered the roofing and arched around the frame of several towering rooms that overlooked the front entrance of the home. Each window was carefully crafted and shaped to form a modern picturesque appearance while the rest of the structure displayed the finest brick, stone, and marble materials used to construct such a marvelous residence. From behind the gated fence, I could hear the roar of the waves and sound of seagulls overhead which made me aware that the mansion was built near the edge of the beach. Despite the opulence of the place, I then came to the realization that this place was purchased with drug money.

The limo finally stopped and Mark opened the passenger door to let me and Jason out. I glanced behind his shoulder to see a dark car pull up and Jason Kendall's two thugs getting out and pulling a bound Alex out of the car. My little brother gave me a look of helplessness before our dark, blond captor approached his goons.

"Take Alex upstairs and lock him up in his room," he ordered. "Make sure he's not harmed and that he doesn't escape. He's going to go through some withdrawal symptoms and he might do something drastic. Is that understood?"

Both men nodded as they yanked my younger sibling toward the other side of the house. Alex screeched at me as they took him away.

"DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, RICKY! DON'T TRUST HIM!"

His voice vanished within the early morning air. I watched with concern as they disappeared around the corner before Mark grabbed my arm and pulled me through the front entrance of the dark, mahogany door. What came next surprised me.

Standing in the foyer of the mansion, I noticed the expensive black and white tiles in front of me as I soaked in the atmosphere of the place Mark and Jason Kendall called home. Priceless artwork and antiques surrounded me that I felt like I was at the Las Padres Natural History Museum. My eyes drifted to each painting, each sculpture, and each piece of architectural brilliance that for a moment the artist in me got lost in the wonderful world of creativity and imagination.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Mark remarked as he noticed me admiring several of the art pieces. "Many of the pieces have been in my family for generations. The Kendalls have collected artwork for years. They're heirlooms."

My eyes focused on a picture of nude male and female embracing. "Is that *Adam and Eve* by Tamara de Lempicka?"

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"No it's a reprint but we have smaller one made by the artist," said Jason. He pointed to a smaller canvas on the wall of table with set of flowers on it. "She knew my grandfather and did this a birthday gift for him. It's called *Table Setting*."

I approached the picture to notice the late artist's glamorous approach to her work. Tamara de Lempicka distinctive and bold soft cubist style epitomized a sensual side that was clean, elegant, and precise. Celebrity fans became influenced by her work including Madonna who featured the late artist's work in her old videos *Express Yourself* and *Vogue*.

"Wow!" I remarked at its beauty. "I can't believe you have something of Lempicka's."

"It's really nothing," grinned the dark, blond man. "Just one of the many material things my family has collected over the years."

"Meester Kendall?"

Turning my head, I noticed a plump, older Filipina woman dressed in a frayed nightgown and robe rubbing her eyes.

"Did you need sumpting por dis morning?" She asked. Then her face focused on me. "Oh, you hab a guest. Should I prepare a room por him too?"

"No, Filomena," smiled Jason. "It's your day off. I can handle it from here. I'm sorry to wake you at four in the morning. You can go back to bed."

"Okay, Meester Kendall." The Asian housekeeper replied. She retreated to the back end of the house as I observed her leave.

"Filomena," added Mark. "Our maid. She's a sweetheart so we keep her ignorant of our family business. I'm sure you can agree to keep up the charade." He hinted at me with his insinuation.

"It's not like I have a choice," I shot back.

Jason stepped in and gestured me to trail after him. "Come into the library. We have much to discuss."

Shrugging my shoulders, I followed the duo inside another room of the house as they led me inside an even larger room filled with endless parade of books alongside the walls. Exquisite oak and fine wood encircled me as I found a leather couch to sit at while Jason crossed over to a desk while Mark shut the door and guarded the entrance like a hawk.

"You're probably wondering what kind of arrangement I have for you," said Jason. "Trust me, it's not what you think it is."

"You mean not being a whore for you?" I clucked in a sarcastic tone. "I find that hard to believe."

Pulling a drawer open, he pulled a stack of documents out and handed them to me. It took me a second to read the first paragraphs as I had to ignore his presence standing over me as he leaned against the desk to witness my response. I quickly perused the details of the paper.

***I, the willing participant of this arrangement solemnly swear under this verbal agreement to be a willing participant of said Master, Jason Kendall, to act as servant, submissive, and slave and to consent to a***

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***BDSM relationship as long as both parties agree and adhere to the boundaries displayed within the confines of the experience.***

***As noted, both the Dominant and Submissive will have equal partnership in the relationship and respect the boundaries of both parties in the areas of kink, fetishes, and fantasy exploration. In addition, it shall be the Master's job to care for and protect the well-being of his slave in all aspects of his life including respecting any connections outside of the relationship and ensuring that their present situation remain discreet and secretive.***

My mouth widened. I dropped the piece of paper. "BDSM? THIS IS SOME FIFTY SHADES OF GREY BULLSHIT! FUCK NO!"

Giggling like a schoolgirl, Jason held his composure. "No, Ricky. This isn't some Mommy porn, E. L. James story. This is the real deal. I want you to be my submissive, my slave, and I want to be your Master."

Rage bubbled from the pit of my stomach. I refused to consent to any of this. "HELL TO THE NO! I'M NOT AGREEING TO THIS!"

Mark intervened. "Ricky, you mentioned back at the coming out group how you're struggling with your sexuality. How you're still trying to find yourself. Believe it or not, my brother is certified therapist. He has a degree in psychology and has counseled many clients in the issues of sex and relationships. I specifically selected you because I think you two could be a good fit for one another. You could help each other out and learn to overcome your personal struggles."

"By getting involved with the whole whips and chains things?" I said in disbelief. "No thank you. I've seen the way you struck Alex out of anger or when you tried to squeeze my face when I insulted Mark. I might have some issues but I know I won't let myself be abused."

The dark blond raised his hands. "I promise you, Ricky. It won't be abuse. I'll admit that I have an issue with my temper. It's a control thing with me. As your Master, I agree to be on equal footing with you and never pressure you or force you to overstep any boundaries. I try to treat my slaves with respect and care for them accordingly. Alex was aware of this when he entered into this arrangement but he constantly broke the rules and as much as I tried to save him, he kept getting lost in the shuffle. He allowed the drugs to take over and putting his life at risk over and over again to the point that I couldn't protect him."

His confession floored me. Alex was a part of this? I couldn't and didn't want to believe it but somehow it didn't surprise me. I had to know the truth.

"What do you mean Alex was putting his life in danger?" I inquired. "It seems to me you're the ones going after him for the money he owes you."

A shiver of sadness emitted from Jason. He folded his arms, glanced down at his feet, and then turned to me with a melancholy look in his eyes.

"Do you really know what kind of business I'm really in, Ricky?" He asked me. "What my occupation is?"

I shrugged and pulled up my preconceived notions about him and Mark. "Drugs. You're drug dealer or from the way you live, some drug lord. Don't tell me you're the real *Scarface* like Al Pacino's character?"

Jason let out giggle. "No. Yes, I deal in the drug trade but my family truly is wealthy. The Kendalls have worked in the fish and gaming market for decades and the cannery warehouse is one of my family's many

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businesses. We also own several international shipping ports and much our income is derived from there."

I was shocked. "If your family is so affluent and lucrative, why get involved in the drug business?"

The blond gentleman sighed. "Many of our shareholders who invested in our company come from a criminal background. Have you heard of the Zagreski Circle?"

Of course I did. I was well versed in reading a newspaper and watching the news.

"You mean the Russian mafia?" I stuttered. "You're involved with the Russian mob?"

Mark jumped in. "Twenty years ago, the Kendalls were struggling financially in the market due to heavy competition from other fishing corporations and the shipping industry. The Zagreski family came in and offered their help in exchange for being partners in the company. We didn't know about their criminal activities then."

"So when did you discover that your business associates were not who they appeared to be?" I wondered.

"Ten years ago," said Jason. "I noticed a couple strange things on the books and began to pry into the Zagreski's other holdings. Mark and I did some digging and found out about their drug trade and we tried to break away from them but, as you know, severing ties with the Russian mob isn't that easy."

I rolled my eyes. "So you decided to join in and be an accomplice rather than doing the right thing and separating away from them. Real classy!"

"It wasn't like that!" Mark defended. "Do you know how influential the Kendalls are to this city? We're involved with philanthropic work! We donate to several causes! If anyone knew that we were involved with drug dealers or the Russian mob, it would ruin us! Even our parents didn't know about the Zagreskis and we kept them ignorant from it!"

"It still doesn't make it right!" I argued. "I mean you're pushing drugs on the streets! How can you sleep at night?"

"You learn to ignore it," commented Jason. "You learn to continue living even if your life is lie and you find other outlets to relieve your stress and frustration."

"Like BDSM?" I twisted my mouth. "Why did you choose Alex to be part of your sick game?"

The blond man exhaled. "I didn't choose Alex. He found me. I ended a relationship with a former slave and Alex did some research on me a few months ago and sought me out at a fetish club that I sometimes frequent. I rejected him because I don't like to accept submissives who are quite young but he persisted and we began our arrangement. He eventually found out my involvement with drugs and kept pushing the issue to be a seller for us and I finally relented and allowed him to participate."

I seethed. "So you let him push your shit? You didn't turn him down?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Jason frowned. "I tried but your brother is persistent. He was going to do it with or without my permission. I figured if I allowed him to do it that I could monitor his activities and prevent him from getting into trouble. I was wrong."

"What do you mean?"

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"I've never been a drug user. Neither has Mark. I know how those things can mess up one's head. I didn't realize how deep Alex's addiction was until he started using the product and began offering his services to rival families such as Yuri Anatole. Alex started to sell to Anatole but skimmed some of the money from him until it totaled five thousand dollars. The Anatoles went after Alex and it was Mark and I who had to come in and pay the drug czar his cut or they'd hurt Alex."

Mark approached me. "Last night, you saw a beaten and bruised Alex. We didn't do that. Yuri Anatole's people did. We came in and offered a trade for your brother in exchange for the money he stole from them. If we didn't, Alex would be dead and we would be blamed for his murder. The last thing we need is have the cops involved. The Anatoles are a dangerous family. Even more deadlier than the Zagreskis."

Inside my gut feeling started to believe these men but I still did not trust them. Mind you, they were still drug dealers and they openly admitted to being involved with the mob.

"Then why drag me into this? I mean I have nothing to do with Alex's problems?"

Jason nodded before directing his attention toward me. His gaze was intense to the point that I could feel him analyzing every goosebump on my body.

"Like I said before," he continued. "I need a new slave. Alex is damaged and needs help. I knew you wouldn't turn away from your own brother even if he was in trouble so I had Mark lure you here with the sole purpose of bestowing upon you my offer. I need a submissive who I can mold, teach, and engage with. Someone who consents and who is willing to explore the boundaries that we both agree upon. Mark selected you because he saw something inside of you that is a direct opposite of your brother. You have a strong spirit and I think you could give me a run for my money. I'll admit I'm very much intrigued with you and I would like to see where this leads."

To say that I wasn't enticed by the offer would be a lie. The fact is I was interested in exploring this strange world of BDSM but as a person who was still struggling to discover their sexuality, I was still afraid of my own fears and apprehensions. Could I really be this slave, this submissive? I had to find out.

"If I agree to this," I said. "What do I get out of this? Are you going to beat me and bloody me up?"

Letting out a laugh, Jason shook his head. "No. The whole point of this arrangement is to explore fantasies, to push boundaries. The whole point is to experience pleasure, to make the giver and receiver feel good. There has to be balance. Of course, there will be instruments involved in the whole play of it all. Ropes, blindfolds, handcuffs, a riding crop, maybe a whip or two. Again, it is all about respecting your boundaries and building that sense of trust. Without it, then a Dominant and Submissive relationship shouldn't exist."

"And this whole thing will be kept secret?" I probed. "No one will know about this arrangement. Not my family, my friends, or even people I work with."

"Of course," smiled Jason. "As long as you don't tell anyone especially since you know my family is not involved with any of our criminal activities."

"Point taken," I responded. I wasn't stupid. Sharing the Kendall's involvement with the Russian mob might have me sleeping with the fishes. I knew when to keep my mouth shut.

"In addition," explained the blond man. "I will care for your needs. I've been doing some research on you, Ricky, and I know you're trying to support your mother, Bianca. I'm willing to financially support the both of you if you want."

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"No!" I protested. I didn't want to feel obligated to this man. "I can take care of my mother. It's bad enough that you making me feel like a whore but you don't have to cheapen me by paying me for services rendered."

Stepping forward, the dark blond stroked my cheek with the back of his palm. Soft hairs tickled my skin as weird butterflies danced in my stomach. I didn't realize his close proximity to me made me nervous but it did.

A low growl vibrated from him mouth. "I'm only going to say this once, Ricky. You're not a whore. You might be my slave but you're someone with integrity and courage. You're worth something. Remember that."

Surprised by his compliment, I nervously nodded.

"As for Alex," he continued. "I want to get him to rehab. There's a ranch two hours away from here in Long Beach that specializes with clients who suffer from substance abuse. If you agree to be my sub, I'll finance your brother's treatment."

"You would do that?" I slowly lifted my face. Perhaps it was the shock of my present circumstances, or the hope that I could finally get Alex the help that he needed. Hell, I'll even throw in the possibility of Stockholm Syndrome but I began to notice how different Jason Kendall looked in front of me. I'll admit the man was handsome. Angelically handsome. The dark, blond hair and chiseled sculpted good looks and that way his muscular physique matched the beauty of the entire package. To me he was Michelangelo's *David*, all rolled into one. An angel incarnate. All I needed was a pair of heavenly wings and a halo and the man could pass for a Renaissance painting full of cherubs and Medieval robed holy men. I'm sure my mother would have loved to light a candle under such a masterpiece. I could only guess.

"Of course," Jason agreed. His devilish smile brought on a certain secret wickedness within me. I tried to remain calm.

Weighing my options, I still had my reservations concerning our arrangement. Participating in something so illicit and deviant scared me. Could I really be this submissive person that he saw in me? Could I measure up to the fantastic idea of being a bound and gagged slave that I've seen in horror films and read in dirty joke books and watched on raunchy internet porn sites? Did I even have in me to be a slave? I've always been prudish. There was no way that I could do this.

"You're still nervous about this deal?" The tall man could sense my apprehension. I didn't reply but simply nodded in shyness. "You have nothing to worry, Ricky. I assure you our arrangement will be absolutely safe. Do you still need time to think about this?"

Of course, I needed more time. I was about to become a reluctant slave of a man I hardly knew and who embodied an aura of danger. Being someone's submissive wasn't something I aspired to be nor had any interest in but seeing how I wanted to save my younger brother, Jason Kendall had left me no other choice. Releasing a sigh, I bent down to pick up the scattered documents on the floor.

"Where do you want me to sign?" I listened to the words escape my lips. It was like I was having an out of body experience where I had no control over my own actions. All I could see was my physical from handing him the stack of papers.

Jason removed the contract from my hands. "No need to sign. This isn't set in stone. This isn't a legal document. I won't force you to do things you don't want to do. I want this to be a verbal consent between the two of us where we both can walk away from this arrangement unscathed."

My eyes opened wide. "You mean I can walk away? At any time?"



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He grinned. "Absolutely. I'm not your keeper or your warden, Ricky. You're not obligated to me. All I ask is that you at least try to this arrangement out to see if you want to pursue it further. Do you think you can do that?"

I gulped. "Yes, Mr. Kendall!" I stuttered. "I think I can."

"Good," his face displayed with approval. Tossing the documents on to the desk, he signaled to Mark some silent instruction who accepted the hint and began to walk toward the entrance of the library. The tall, curly haired sibling opened the door, slipped outside, and shut it behind him leaving me alone with the mysterious blond man.

My curiosity got the best of me. "Is he guarding the door, Mr. Kendall?"

"Yes," answered Jason. "Oh and you can stop with the formalities of calling me, Mr. Kendall. When we are alone, please refer to me as Jason and when we're intimate, refer to me as Master."

"Ookay," I managed to reply. "I will Jason sir Master."

Releasing a guffaw, the mystery boss folded his arms and eyed me strangely. "For your first lesson, I'm going to give you an order and you must follow it. Understood?"

A bit put off his request, I slowly nodded. "And what would that be?"

"I want you to strip for me."

## Chapter 5: Lesson

I was surprised by his request. I've never taken my clothes off in front of anyone except in the locker room in high school gym class and even that was traumatic for me. My hands rubbed the pockets of my trousers before slowly making its way up to the tie of my dress shirt.

"Are you going to try and fuck me now?" I asked bluntly.

To be honest, I've never been physically intimate with a man. The fact is that I've never been intimate with anyone, not even a woman. Yes, it's true. I'm a virgin. A twenty three year old, honest to God virgin. It's not like I didn't want to engage in any kind of sexual intercourse. It just that the opportunities that presented itself never came into fruition. Sure, there was the occasional heavy petting and make-out session with my dates but it never progressed any further than that. As soon as things got heated, I would suddenly turn cold, my body so completely frigid that the act of sex never could be consummated. My dates finally had enough of my teasing that they refused to call me for a second date. I eventually accepted the idea that I was going to end up a male spinster or monk in my golden years.

So here I was being told to strip down in front of a man who I agreed to be his slave and regretting my acceptance of his terms.

Parking his bottom against the large desk, he folded his arms and grinned. "Don't worry, Ricky. I won't touch you now. I just want to see what sort of Submissive I'm inheriting. Please strip for me."

Gulps of air filled my throat as I began to loosen the knot of my tie. It took me a few seconds to unwrap the fabric before I finally unlaced the silk material and dropped it to the floor. Next came the buttons on my wrists. I undid each cuff, opened up the links on each sleeve and proceeded to move my fingers to the collar of my white dress shirt. Jason watched me intently as I opened up the buttons of the cotton and polyester material, stripped off the garment to reveal the crewneck undershirt underneath and allowed it to join the beginning pile of my discarded clothing.

Licking his lips, Jason pointed to my undershirt. "Now the shirt."

I reached over shoulder to the back of my neck, grabbed a handful of the cotton fabric and pulled it over my head. Tossing it with the other clothes, I covered my arms around my small chest as the dark, blond man eyed me up and down. Slowly, he walked toward me and pushed my slender arms apart.

"Don't cover yourself," he ordered. "I want to see your chest."

Sighing, I let his blue eyes roam across my tiny frame. Pale, white skin illuminated before him as he turned the back of hand and allowed his knuckles to graze the tiny curves of my torso.

"So innocent." He noted. "So beautiful."

His fingers touched my small nipples and I flinched. I began to back away.

"Please don't do that," I blushed. "You said you wouldn't touch me."

Jason smirked and returned his hands to his side. "You're right. I'm sorry. You're not ready yet. Please continue to undress."

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More saliva dropped down my throat as slipped out of my dress shoes, pulled up each leg one at time to remove my black dress socks and stand barefoot in front of the tall drug boss. Pausing for a moment, my hands went to my belt buckle and I began to undo the fastener until the only left was the black trousers that covered my bottom area.

"I'm sorry, Jason, that I'm so pale." I apologized. I wasn't ready to call him Master. The idea of being a slave still had not sunken in yet.

The blue eyed, dark blond giggled. "Your creamy skin is a gift. It's exquisite. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

I slowly nodded. Once again, I fumbled with the button of my pants, removed it from its loop, and gently slid down the material all the way to my ankles. Kicking them off, I stood almost naked in my white Fruit of the Loom boxer briefs and tried to hide the small groin with my palms.

"Just one more, Ricky," remarked Jason who licked his lips. "I want to see all of it."

Biting my bottom of lip, I nervously pinched the elastic of my underwear and gently peeled away the last remaining fabric that covered me. Helpless, bare, and afraid, I swung my hands back and forth across my hips and waited for him to take a full glimpse of me.

He remained quiet for a few seconds as I noticed his jeweled, blue eyes analyzing every limb, curve, and line of my pale skin. His face darted to the tiny black, hairs on my hairs and legs before focusing on the next of dark curls surrounding my penis. Bit by bit, he moved away from the desk, approached me with in a cool and collective manner, and began to encircle me as his eyes examined every part of my body including my back, my flat stomach, and tiny bottom. It was then I noticed his hands lifting up to touch my shoulders.

I began to back away. "Remember, Jason!" I protested. "No touching!"

His eyebrows darted downward in an angry, frustrated, expression. "Remember, Ricky. During our intimate moments how I want you to refer to me as. Need I remind you of our agreement?"

A lost feeling exhibited in my dark eyes. I exhaled. "Fine, Jasonâ I mean Master. What do you want me to do, Jaâ I Master?"

He grinned. "Good. You're learning. I want you to stay still. Keep your hands behind your back and allow me to examine you. Do not object and do not shy away from me. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Master." I whispered. Pulling my hands behind my back, I cupped my fingers together and stood completely still. Once again, Jason paced around me, looked me up and down before reaching his hands up and placing his fingers on my shoulders. Little by little, his hands kneaded the flesh as a weird tingle caused goosebumps to form upon my skin. Miniscule ridges rose upon every pore that I could sense his warm breath tickling each part of my epidermis. He came up behind me.

"You're truly are beautiful," he growled in my ear. A strong, muscular arm came up in front of me, wrapped around my chest as his tongue licked at lobe and drew a line of saliva. I started to panic.

"Get off me," I muttered.

"What?" Jason asked confused.

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"I SAID GET OFF ME!"

Violently, I shoved him. He stumbled for a bit before steadying himself and gaining his balance. I expected him to be completely enraged with me for disobeying him. Instead, I hugged myself and prepared for the worst.

Rubbing the stubble on his chin, Jason put both arms up in act of surrender. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have pushed. It's too soon."

I couldn't agree him more. Tightening my arms around myself, I looked away.

"Tell me something, Ricky."

His voice became an interrogation. "Have you ever had sex?"

He hit the nail right on the head. I didn't answer right away. There was a sense of humiliation and shame about being a twenty three year old virgin that I didn't want to admit to him. I continued to say nothing.

"I see." His eyes blinked. "Not with anyone, male or female?"

I shook my head.

"But you confessed to Mark that you're attracted to both?"

I nodded.

"Well then," he sighed. "This is a predicament. You're inexperienced in the ways of physical intimacy. I suppose we'll have to remedy that."

Lowering my eyes down, I opened my mouth to speak. "You'reâgoing to take my virginityâaren't you?"

Jason exhaled. "I hope so but again I want to be sure that it's what you want." Bending his head a bit, he directed his attention toward me. "Is that what you want?"

I wasn't sure how to answer. "IâI don't know." I shrugged.

His blue eyes widened. "What do you mean, Ricky? You do want to lose your virginity eventually, I'm assuming?"

Mouthing the words, I attempted to let them out but nothing seemed to come forth. "IâIâI don'tâknow what I wantâI'm not sure if I wantâto be touchedâ!"

Taken aback by my remark, he raised an eyebrow. "Do you like to be touched?"

I pondered this idea for a while. I know my body craved sex. It wanted to be touched, caressed, and kissed but the actual physical act was a whole other story. As much as I tried, I couldn't bring myself to the actual consummation of deed. It was as if a mental block had forced my body from experiencing such thing. I couldn't explain it. I just didn't know why.

Jason continued to probe. "Have you ever been kissed?"

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"Yes," I replied. "I've kissed before. Men and women but I've never had sex."

"Do you want to kiss me?"

This left me speechless. I didn't know what to say. I did find the man attractive, handsome really, but locking lips with him left me unsure and bewildered. I wasn't sure if I was ready.

Opening his arms wide, he slid his hands around my back and held me. A strange but comfortable feeling washed over me as I welcomed him. Bare skin rubbed against the rough material of his designer suit as I stood frozen while his strong hands explored the top of my shoulders and down my spine. Sweet tingles of bizarre feelings shot through my body, bringing wonderful, electrical sparks at each nerve and vein while I find myself sinking into the comforting cocoon of his embrace. Perhaps it was my mind playing tricks on me or the beckoning of wild, untamed uncertainty but all I knew at that point that I didn't want him to release me.

Gradually, I lifted my face to meet him at eye level. Clear, jewel blue eyes stared in my dark, opaque ones and slowly he brought his mouth on to mine. It was sweet, tender, and wonderful. I've shared kisses with other men back in art school but this one was different, profound, and moving. My stomach tumbled with a flurry of butterflies as allowed him to savor me with his tongue and allowed him to taste me, massage my teeth, and invade my lips to join my own tongue with his.

Small bristles of hair stood on end along my arms and legs as I leaned in close and pressed my stomach along his straining erection. I could his blood bumping near the bulge of his zipper while mine began to grow and rubbed against the side of his right thigh. Together we created a friction and rubbed against one another. Covered polyester fabric went against bare skin stroking, caressing, and brushing while tongues, mouths, and teeth collided in a fury of wicked delight; my hard erection pressed against his thigh and waited for some kind of fulfillment while I continued to work in rhythm to his moving body.

Jason moaned for a bit and continued to devour my mouth as I enjoyed the wonderful light surrounding me. Then all of the sudden the light went out. Total blackness came forward and all I could experience was the shadows surrounding me, choking me, and pulling me down into some sort of abyss. I was sinking, falling down fast, and gasping for air. I tried to pull away but the dominant man held me even tighter. I attempted to push but to no avail. He tightened his hold. Once again, panic overtook me. I freaked.

"Let go!" I pleaded with his mouth still pressed against me.

He didn't listen.

"LET GO!" I screamed. "FUCKING LET GO OF ME!" I beat my fists hard against his chest. Jason finally freed me. Tears streaked down my face as I collapsed to the floor, curled up into a fetal position, and began to sob.

Cautiously, he kneeled next to me and stroked my head. "Ricky?"

"DON'T TOUCH ME!" I wailed as rocked back and forth. My eyes welled up. "JUST LEAVE ME ALONE! Please! I don't want to touch me!"

He bent down and kissed my forehead. I flinched.

"Ricky, get your clothes on."

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Wiping my face, I sniffed a bit and scrambled to gather my work clothes. Quickly, I dressed as I tried to hold back any tears from my eyes. Raising my face, I turned to a frustrated Jason Kendall who observed me with sadness.

"IâI'm sorryâ Master," I tried to apologize. "IâI didn't mean to be a cock tease."

Jason curled his mouth and frowned. "No need to apologize, Ricky. I think I'm beginning to understand." He scratched his head. "Ricky, when are your days off?"

"Wednesdaysâ and Sundaysâ !" I stammered.

"I want you to come see me once a week on your days off," he instructed. "Twice if you need to."

I sighed. "You want me to follow the agreement?"

"Yes and no," answered Jason. "There's some things I wish to explore with you. As my sub, I have to see to you well-being. Please be aware that I wish to question everything about you so do answer me truthfully."

"I guessâ !" I paused. "I willâ Masterâ !" Adjusting my clothes, I tried to look presentable even though I visibly upset. The dark, blond gentleman came up to me and helped straightened the buttons on my dress shirt and fixed my crooked tie.

"Mark will drive you and Alex home to your mother's this morning," he said. "Please sure to tell her nothing to her other than the fact that you found a treatment facility for your brother. My men will drive your car home from the wharf."

I lowered my face but Jason placed his thumb around my chin to make me look at him.

"I expect to see you next week," he said.

I nodded in agreement.

Heading for the entrance of the library, Jason opened the door for me to let me out where Mark was waiting for me outside in the hallway. Grabbing my arm, the tall, dark haired henchman dragged me outside to a parked van where a passed out Alex laid out asleep in the backseat.

"Time to head out to Santa La Diaz," said Mark.

Two great minds obviously think alike as he turned on the ignition and set off to my mother's house.

It was 6:30 a. m. when we arrived at Mom's house in Santa La Diaz. Mark parked inside our driveway and unbuckled his seatbelt to assist me in helping me get Alex into the house. In the backseat, I heard my younger sibling snoring like the sawing of heavy lumber.

"Are you going to be okay?" Mark asked me.

I had trouble answering his question. It had been a crazy early morning for me. I had to save my brother from drug dealers. I was sold to as a sex slave to blond, male dominatrix. Now I was sharing a conversation with a man who had been stalking me for weeks. It wasn't an easy discussion to have over morning coffee.

Sensing my resentment, the tall, dark curly haired drug dealer frowned. "You're still mad at me, aren't you?"

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"Furious."

He cocked his head from side to side. "I understand, Ricky. I deserve it. Will you let me explain?"

"I'm listening."

I was going to be open-minded upon hearing his explanation. Almost.

Mark gripped the steering wheel hard and stared straight ahead at my mother's garage. "I'm not what you think I am."

Clucking my tongue, I had to roll my eyes. "Really, Mark. Maybe you should enlighten me."

He twisted his lips. "I'm not born a certain way."

"Yeah, I know," I groaned. "You're gay. I know all about your self-identification at the coming out group, remember?"

Stroking his dark, curly hair, Mark hesitated. "No, you don't understand. I'm not exactly gay or straight or even bi. I'm something entirely different."

My voice dripped with sarcasm. "You're a unicorn? Come on, Mark. I've been through a lot today. You might as well spill it!"

Sighing, he shrugged his shoulders. "I was born a female!"

My mouth and my entire common sense dropped to the floor. "You're a..."

"Transgendered." Mark directly stated. He tore open his dress shirt to reveal his chest. Two small scars appeared underneath the muscular pectorals that had been formed around what seemed to be female breast tissue. I had seen enough MTF and FTM documentaries to know how female to male trans chest surgeries worked. He quickly closed his shirt.

I was speechless. Absorbing all this information, I became overwhelmed. I gulped another bit of air before speaking. "So your family knows?"

"Of course," he remarked. "I came out to them years ago and they supported my surgery. The Kendall name might be influential in this city but the public only knows my family had some children. They didn't know what kind of gender. As far as the world is concerned, my parents had two sons not a son and a daughter. Little Michaela Kendall doesn't exist anymore, only Mark Kendall."

Then the other question loomed in my mind. "Have you... did you..."

"Have bottom surgery?" Mark answered my question. "No. I'm still waiting until the technology is advanced enough for that kind of surgery. I'm not ready yet."

"So how do you identify yourself?" I asked. "I mean when you were female, were you a lesbian, straight, bi?"

"I was definitely bi," Mark pointed out. "But now that I've completed the process of becoming a man, I'd say that hasn't change. I'm attracted to both females and males."

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"During those times you shared at group," I mentioned. "You were being truthful about your confusion, dealing with your sexuality and with coming out."

Mark nodded. "I was also dealing with accepting what gender I always believed I was. Yes, I was born a woman but I always felt like I was born in the wrong sex. I've struggled with it for years until I bravely decided to undergo the process of being the person I always believed I was meant to be. Jason and my family have always been supportive of my decision and they've been behind me one hundred percent. That's why I'd do anything for my brother, even hiding his proclivities concerning BDSM."

I started to understand. Mark was a fiercely protective of his sibling as I was with Alex. I had to admire his need to protect his brother.

Folding my arms, I glanced at the tall gentleman. "How many slaves has Jason had? I mean aside from me."

"Not many," he answered. "A few. The relationships were always short-lived. Jason never got too emotionally involved with any of them and quickly ended each one. Alex stayed a bit longer because he was pushy and Jason felt sorry for the young man. He was troubled and my brother had a sense of duty to protect him."

I cast my eyes down. "That much is true. Alex's involvement with drugs has been thorn for both my mother and I. I'm hoping this time this new facility will get him the treatment he needs."

"It will," reassured Mark. "The Sierra Ranch in Long Beach is a well-respected and recognized rehab place. I'm sure Alex will benefit from it."

Both our eyes turned to my sleeping brother completely out in the backseat.

"I hope so," I responded. "He always runs away from the ones we take him to. This one has to work."

Placing a hand on my arm, Mark smiled. "It will. I promise." He stared at me for a bit and grinned from ear to ear. I noticed him looking at me and became annoyed.

"What?"

"Nothing," he snickered. "I just think you and my Jason will make the perfect Submissive and Dominant couple. You have that perfect balance."

I rolled my eyes. "It's an arrangement. A way to save my brother. That's all. We both can walk away from this if we wanted to."

Mark inhaled deep. "The question would be then, would you want to? I mean walk away from each other?"

Floored by his remark, I clucked my tongue. "I have no idea where you're getting at. Don't forget you forced me into this situation. You stalked me, remember? You scoped me out. I'm not exactly doing this out of my own freewill."

He smirked. "You will, eventually."

Annoyed, I opened the car door and got out. "Whatever. Help me get Alex inside the house."

Slipping out of the driver's seat, the towering, transgendered male opened the passenger door of the backseat and hoisted an unconscious Alex from the back. Curving my brother's arm around his neck, Mark signaled for



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me to assist him and I ran over to push my head underneath Alex's other arm. Together we dragged my sibling from the vehicle and into the front door of my mother's house.

Gently laying him down by the entrance of the doorway, Mark gestured to me that he was going to leave. I waved to him as he made his way back to his car but not before sharing some final words of wisdom.

"Submit to him, Ricky," he said as he opened the door of the driver's seat. "You need him as much as he needs you."

With that said, I watched the tall man pull out of our driveway and drive off down the street. Small cries caught my attention as I heard the pitter patter of someone coming up behind me.

"Enrique!"

At 5'6 with graying black hair, Bianca Quinn stood in her flannel pajamas and terrycloth robe as tears filled her worn down black eyes. Even after surviving a mild stroke, she still was fragile and I had hoped to avoid upsetting her any further by shielding her away from my younger sibling's gaunt appearance. My mother clapped her hands as she hugged me, then noticed my sleeping brother slumped near the front doorway.

"Gracias, Santa Dios!" She held her hands up. "You found Alejandro!" Rushing to her son, she embraced his sleeping form and kissed his cheek before he eyes turned toward me. "Enrique, what is wrong with him?"

I exhaled. "I'm sorry, Mom. Alex is using again. This time it's really serious."

She couldn't deny it. From looking at her offspring, she could see how rail thin he had gotten, the horrible welts on his face, and the pale complexion of her normally handsome son. Drugs had taken a heavy toll on him. She began to weep.

"Aye mijo!" She sobbed as she hugged Alex and rocked him. "What have you done, mi hijo?"

Kneeling down, I touched my mother's arm. "Mom, listen. I got financial assistance in sending Alex to a treatment center. The only catch is that it's two hours away in Long Beach at the Sierra Ranch. I'm considering bringing him there so that he gets the help that he needs."

Sniffing through her tears, she lifted her saddened eyes at me. "Do you think it'll work this time? The other rehab centers failed because he kept running away from them."

"This one is different," I told her. "It comes highly recommended and from what I understand boasts a high success rate of sobriety. It's our only chance with Alex."

Mom agreed. Wiping her tears, she nodded. "If it's the only way to save tu hermano, then we should at least try. When are you planing on taking him?"

"We could start tomorrow," I suggested. "The sooner the better. You know I don't work until the graveyard shift so I could drive up there, review the facility, and then drop him off before returning to back to Las Padres."

"But won't you be tired?" Mom asked. "It's four hour drive to Long Beach and back."

"I'll be fine," I reassured her. "It's for Alex's good."

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"If you say so, hijo," said my mother. "But I want to come to. I want to see my son off."

"Sure, Mom," I responded. "Be ready in the morning. Traffic might be a bitch."

I left Alex sleeping near the doorway as Mom locked the store behind me as I went to grab a bus to head back home to the town of Guillermo. If I doubted Jason Kendall's claims that my car would be returned to me at my apartment, those fears were laid to rest as I saw my vehicle parked in my spot at my complex. Grabbing my keys, I headed to my apartment to shower and head off for a long nap.

It had been a trying day dealing with Alex, my foray into being Jason's sub and learning more about his brother Mark's true identity that my head swirled with too much information. All I wanted to do now was sleep. Suddenly I felt the vibration of my cell in the pocket of my pants as I pulled out the phone and read the text message on the screen.

*HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON. MEET ME ON YOUR NEXT DAY OFF. ADDRESS 905 DENTON LANE. OCEANVIEW, CA 92118.-Jason*

A happy face appeared at the end of the text. I wasn't sure if he was being facetious. Either way I had to obey the terms of our contract. I had to see him Wednesday. Jumping into the shower, I washed all trace of the early morning events. I felt completely dirty.

## Chapter 6: Secrets

*Fire and brimstone. Smoke and ash. I could smell it. I dread it. It means the monster is here. I see my arms and legs sprawled out upon the altar. To my right is Alex crying for our mother. She doesn't come. No one can hear our pleas. We are cold, starving and naked. A small breeze chills our skin as we fear what was about to come next.*

*I can hear Alex crying. He's scared. Of course, he is. He's only four. Little kids like that are more susceptible to all kinds of scary things. Me, I'm eight. I'm a bit tougher but right now I'm not. I hear noises. I know who it is. It is the monster.*

*He finally appears out of the shadows. Bald and bearing religious tattoos. One of the markings I recognize. It is of Jesus on the cross surrounded by the Virgin Mary. Mom taught us about that. The monster grins and I can see on his face a tattooed tear on his left eye. Then he pounces.*

*He devours us.*

"CHUEY!"

It's five in the morning and I'm drenched in sweat. It's been thirteen years since I've had a nightmare and with my sheets soaked in perspiration, I'm a bit pissed that I starting again with childhood traumas. Yanking the soiled bedsheets off the mattress, I dump them inside the hamper and head off toward the shower. I figure a good hot soak in under the faucet would do me good.

It does.

After toweling off, I slip on a basic t-shirt and jeans and march down to the kitchen and pour myself some Captain Crunch with milk. The sugar goodness fulfills the hunger pangs and I slip back in the bathroom to brush my teeth and floss. Checking my watch, I've noticed I've only killed an hour and since I was going to pick Mom and Alex for our trip to Long Beach at eight, I settle on to the couch to watch some television.

By seven thirty, I shut off the t. v. head out the door to my car. The fifteen minute drive to Santa La Diaz had me thinking of my nightmare. I could still recall my eight year old self screaming, pleading for help as the unknown monster arrive to attack me. I wonder what that was all about. My curiosity soon faded the moment I pulled into my mother's driveway.

Wearing a simple Sunday church dress, Bianca waved to me as she got into the passenger's side of the front seat while Alex who looked like he had been dragged through the mud, scuffled his feet across the ground and tossed his duffel bag of clothes into the backseat of my car. Covering his sunken eyes with a pair of dark sunglasses, the nineteen year old crawled on to my upholstery and went to lie down.

"Obviously, you told him, Mom." I said to my mother who appeared sad.

"Si, mijo." She replied. "He's not very happy."

"Don't think this rehab place is going to help me!" Alex snapped from the back of the car. "None of the others did!"

Mom turned her face behind to address him. "We have at least going to try, hijo. Tu hermano went to a lot of trouble to get you help. I'll pray that you get better real soon and I'll visit you as much as I can."

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Alex clucked his tongue. "Whatever." Pulling some headphones from his pocket, he drowned her out with his I-Pod.

"Aye mis Dios!" Bianca Quinn shook her head. "Hopefully, this place will change his attitude as well."

"We can only hope," I agreed.

I backed the car out of the driveway and headed out for the two hour drive to Long Beach. Luckily traffic wasn't that bad but Mom and I sad very little as the long journey to the Sierra rehab facility kept us silent the rest of the way. Exiting off the highway, I turned into a long stretch of road right down to where the rural valley met us and nothing was around except for some small bits of farmland, mountains, and desert sand over the other side of the horizon.

We drove for another ten minutes before a sign passed us that indicated that there was an Indian gaming casino nearby. This caught Alex's attention to which his sunglasses moved in the direction of the fading sign behind us in the background.

"Thank you fucking God!" My younger brother remarked. "At least I'm not stranded in some fucking wasteland!"

Mom frowned. "Alex, don't swear! It's rude!"

I intervened. "Don't even think about it, Alex. You're in the middle of nowhere so there isn't anything here that will distract you from getting clean. The only reason there's a casino here is because the Ilycuan Indians have a reservation nearby that supports their land."

Alex folded his arms and pouted. "We'll see about that."

Ignoring him, we drove for another fifteen minutes before I saw huge modern pueblo structure up ahead. Reading the sign that said *Sierra Ranch Rehab Center and Facility*, I followed the trail of arrows that led up the hill to the building. A row of beautifully trimmed cactuses appeared in the front as several interesting shaped rock structures decorated the surrounding area. Outside, an older gentleman in a lab coat with white hair and glasses and who resembled Dr. Drew met us at the front entrance as we got out of our car.

"Hello!" He greeted. "You must be the Quinn family. I'm Dr. Henry Breckenmeyer. I spoke to one of you earlier?"

"That was me," I raised my hand. He offered me his hand to shake to which I did. "Hi, I'm Ricky Quinn." I then introduced my family members. "This is my mother, Bianca. And the one sulking in the back is your client, Alex."

Dr. Breckenmeyer extended his hand to Alex who refused it.

"Fuck off!" My younger sibling sneered. "I'm not planning on staying long!"

I had to apologize for Alex's behavior. "Dr. Breckenmeyer, please forgive my brother. He's refusing to cooperate with getting clean and sober."

The white haired professional smiled. "No need to apologize, Mr. Quinn. Many of our patients the first time they come here are always defiant and defensive. It's a coping mechanism. However, in time, they soon realize that there are other ways to channel their anger to help them overcome their addictions." He flagged

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down several burly staff members to assist him.

Alex became nervous the moment several large men surrounded him.

"This is a new patient. Alex Quinn." The doctor informed the staff. "Please escort him to his room and review him the rules of the facility. I'll check with him later to evaluate and have him submitted for a drug test."

The men nodded and began to escort a reluctant Alex to his chambers. Bianca rushed over to embrace her son one last time.

"Get better, mijo," she whispered. "I know you can get through this."

Alex scowled. "Fuck you! I hate you both!" He spat venom at both of us as the burly staff led him down the hall to his new living quarters.

Mom began to cry and I held her close as Dr. Breckenmeyer addressed his concerns.

"I know this is difficult but sometimes the drugs can affect their sense of reality," he informed us. "I haven't done a full evaluation of him yet but just from the sake of his appearance and the needle marks that are visible on his arms, I'd say that he has been taking Hard Rock."

"What's that?" I asked since I had no familiarity with the drug subculture.

"It's fairly new kind of street drug," said the doctor. "A mixture of methamphetamine and crack cocaine. Do you know if Alex has been using it?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. I know he admitted to using pot, taking acid, and smoking crystal meth once in a while. It wouldn't surprise me if he started using that too. Exactly, what does it do?"

The doctor continued. "It's been out on the street for about a year. The mixture in solid form looks exactly like mineral rock. Hence, the name Hard Rock. However, once it is burned down to liquid form it can be smoked or injected which produces an ultimate high that is highly addictive. Abusers experience bizarre and surreal hallucinations that can either make them a danger to themselves or extremely violent. It's hard to come by so drug cartels are making it expensive for its users to purchase. Only a select few can afford it and would go to great lengths to purchase it."

I was shocked. "A high end drug? I've never heard of such a thing."

"Believe it," said Dr. Breckenmeyer. "That's how why the drug trade is big business and crime groups are cashing in on it. I'm surprised your brother was even involved with Hard Rock. It's hard to come by."

"He admitted to me he was also selling it." This was a partial lie. I didn't want to reveal to anyone Alex's or my involvement with the Kendall family and their connection to the Russian mob. "Obviously, he was using the stuff too. I just don't know who he was working for."

"Hopefully, he stopped all contact with them," commented Dr. Breckenmeyer. "The people who manufacture and sell Hard Rock are extremely dangerous. I'm betting he was getting a little of it from some common street thug."

"Possibly," I nodded even though I knew the truth.

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Mom shook her head in disbelief. "My son is using and selling drugs! Where did I go wrong?"

Placing a hand on her shoulder, I comforted her. "It's all right, Mom. All of Alex's decisions in life were entirely his own. It's not your fault."

It did little in appeasing her. "Yes, it is, hijo. I should've known he would be going a bad road. I should've done more to help him."

"You are, Mrs. Quinn." Dr. Breckenmeyer reassured her. "You brought him down to our facility. Treating Alex for his addiction is going to be a long road but hopefully he'll stay dedicated to being clean and sober. Sierra Ranch is unlike any other rehab facility. We teach our patients how to cope with their problems in a positive and constructive manner without resolving them with the usage of harmful substances. I'm optimistic Alex will pull through."

"See, Mom?" I supported the specialist's claim. "Alex is in good hands."

Wiping her eyes, Bianca placed her hands into Dr. Breckenmeyer's palms and smiled. "Thank you. You have no idea how this means so much to me!"

"I think I do," the doctor laughed. "Come, let me tour you around the facility and what we do here."

For the next half hour, Dr. Breckenmeyer showed us the various activities the rehab center offered. Other than treatment and medical therapy, the facility had a recreational room, a gym, spa, pool, and even offered horseback riding lessons. Down below the hill of the building, a huge acre of crops grew near the ranch that allowed patients to focus their energies into participating in agriculture and volunteering at the nearby Ilycuan Native American reservation. The whole point was to provide each client a safe and positive outlet to focus their energies into something positive that didn't involve drugs or alcohol. Impressed by the place, we returned from our tour back to the center as Dr. Breckenmeyer left us along to discuss the treatment facility.

Sitting outside on a park bench in front of the building, I turned to my mother to listen for her feedback.

"So what do you think?" I asked her.

Bianca Quinn nodded. "I like this place, mijo. I think Alejandro will flourish and finally get clean for once. How do you find this place?"

"The internet." I lied. I wasn't going to reveal to my mother that a drug, mob boss was the one who recommended the treatment center and was offering to foot the bill. "Also, the government aid bill helped."

"I'm just happy Alex is finally someplace where he can get help," she noted.

"Me too," I sighed.

A few minutes of awkward silence passed between us before my intrusive thoughts began to weigh heavily on my conscience. I decided to broach the subject.

"Mom, there's been something that's been bothering me." My eyes cast downward. "I've been having nightmares again just like when I was eight."

Her eyebrows rose. "Oh? What kind?"

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"The usual," I confessed. "About the monster coming to get us."

She grinned and playfully slapped my arm. "It's just nightmares, mijo. They don't mean anything. I'm sure you're just stressed out. Who wouldn't be? You're worried about work, your brother, me, and having to take care of us. You shouldn't worry too much. You're young. You should live life. Start dating. You're a handsome man, mijo. You should meet a nice girl and settle down. I would like grandchildren someday."

The idea of dating scared me. I never admitted to my mother that I also was attracted to men. The thought might sicken her. She would never understand. I decided to change the subject.

"Mom?" I asked. "How come we never hear from Tio Rodrigo?"

Rodrigo De Guzman was Alex's and my uncle and my mother's older brother. I remember after our parents divorced and our father left us that our mother requested him to come live with us for a few months. He was a huge, extremely overweight man who reminded me of a Mexican Santa Claus because of the way he'd make my brother and I laugh. He loved to slap his stomach, call himself *gordito*, an endearing Spanish word for fat and scoop us up in his big, bear arms and shower us with kisses. Despite not having a father figure in the house, he more than made up for it as he became our substitute dad for the few months that he was with us. I recalled those moments as the happiest for me and Alex.

Bianca Quinn exhaled with sadness. "I didn't want him around you boys. He was a bad influence. *Muy mal*. You and Alejandro were too young but your Tio Rodrigo was involved with street gangs. He was a cholo and ran with the Santa La Diaz La Guerra. One of his gang member friends got involved with an attempted murder so the cops were after them. I told your tío that he had to leave the house. I didn't want his bad influence affecting my children. The last I heard, he was living in Arizona and turning his life around as a landscaper."

Even as she said that, I doubted her. "But wouldn't you at least have contacted him?"

At his point she got defensive. "Why are you asking questions about your uncle? I told you he was a bad influence! If I'd let him stay, you and Alejandro would be running around on the streets as cholos and thugs!" She stood up from the bench. "Look at your life, Enrique! You're a talented artist, working hard in a respectful profession! I'm proud of you! Yes, Alejandro screwed up his life but I still have faith that he will turn his life around eventually! I made tough choices but I did for you both!" Her voice calmed down a bit before she returned to sitting down on the bench. "Look, Enrique. I think you're bringing up your Tio Rodrigo because you don't want to deal with the fact that tu madre is prying into your love life. I think you're scared that if you meet a nice girl and want to marry her, you're scared you'll end divorcing her like your father and I did."

I flinched. "Yeah, that's it." I fibbed. There's no way I was coming out to my mother about my struggling sexual orientation.

Mom blinked and held my hands. "Mijo, you have to understand that I loved your father but I was really young and foolish when I married him. Steven and I weren't ready to be husband and wife so we decided to end it but the one thing I don't regret was having you and your brother. Steven gave me the best gifts out of our union. You two." She patted my hand. "Now promise me, you'll start going out there and dating and hopefully bring me some grandchildren. I'm not getting any younger."

I smiled at her. "I promised, Mom." We ended up hugging at the bench.

My only regret was not being able to admit my true feelings to her.

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Surprisingly, the two hour drive back home from Long Beach didn't tire me out. I dropped Mom home, rested for a bit at my apartment, before heading off to the coming out group at the Spectrum. Douglas takes the moderator spot as everyone is gathered in a circle. To my surprise, Mark has decided to not attend tonight but I wouldn't blame him. After revealing his transgendered secret to me, I doubt that he'd want to discuss that factoid with the rest of the group.

"Tonight, I want to do something a little bit different." Douglas stated. "I want each us to share your fears you have with your coming out process. Who would like to start?"

I raised my hand.

Douglas pointed to me. "Oh good, Ricky, is brave enough to share with us. Go ahead."

Standing up from chair, I waved to everyone. "Hi, I'm Ricky and I self-identify as questioning since I'm decided whether or not I'm more attractive to men than to women. Anyway, my biggest fear with coming out is telling my mother. She's always been my greatest supporter so I'm afraid she'd reject me if I told her the truth about my sexuality."

Everyone nodded in agreement. Being rejected by their closest family member was the biggest fear many of them had in common. It's bad enough having to admit to yourself that you are gay or bi but to explain your sexual orientation to your family was even more gut wrenching.

"What do you fear the most if you told her?" Douglas asked me.

"That she would no longer love me," I admitted. "That she would toss me aside like some discarded trash. She raised me and my brother as a single mother so to shame her in the eyes of God would be devastating."

The moderator continued to probe. "And you would rather sacrifice your well-being by remaining in the closet and never telling her about your feelings?"

I exhaled. "Sometimes, Douglas, staying in the closet is easier than admitting the truth to yourself and everyone else around you. It seems more acceptable."

"As long as you forgo your own happiness?" He inquired. "You're willing to sacrifice the truth at your own expense?"

Shrugging, I frowned. "It just seems like a viable solution. Suffering with the truth and lying to yourself provides an easy way out sometimes. I guess I'm not that brave yet."

"Oh you're brave, Ricky. I can vouch for that."

Shifting my body around my chair, I saw Mark Kendall head into the room as he quietly closed the door behind him.

"Sorry, I'm late." The statuesque male announced. "I had to take care of something first." He sat in a vacant seat across from me. "As I was saying, Ricky. You're extremely brave. You selflessly sacrifice yourself to help others and inspire people like me to open up about their own truths."

I smiled as Douglas and everyone in the group stared at Mark completely confused.

"Care to explain, Mark?" Douglas asked the dark haired curly man.



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Rubbing his large hands together, he breathed deep for a bit before addressing all the members in the room.

"Since we're discussing secrets," he began. "I have one to share of my own. You see, Ricky, is not the only one struggling in how he self-identifies. When I told the group that I said I was gay, that was total lie. You see, like Ricky, I too struggle with how my feelings to both women and men and with good reason. Some call it bi. Others questioning. Mine is a unique case."

All eyes directed their focus to Mark. Sensing everyone's confusion, I knew the tall man was ready to admit his secret.

Douglas led the conversation. "It's okay, Mark. You're among friends. Tell us what you mean by that."

"You seeâ!" the dark haired member paused. "I'm not exactly what you think I am. For many years, I've lived in lieâ as a different personâ in a different body. I guess what I'm trying to say isâ that I was born biologicallyâ a femaleâ!"

Some mouths opened. Others made a collective gasp. Douglas displayed a supportive smile as I cheered for Mark on the inside.

"So you're saying you're transgendered?" Our moderator questioned.

Mark nodded. "Yes. I'm in fact a female to male trans man. That's my story."

One of the younger members, Tyrell, scratched his head completely perplexed. "So you're a woman? I mean did you have the full operation?"

Douglas stepped in. "Tyrell, that's very personal." Addressing Mark, he palmed his hand to stop him. "Mark, you don't have to answer that question. You're very much welcomed to the group and there's no pressure for you to share."

The curly haired man grimaced. "No, it's okay, Douglas. I want to." His face gestured to the African American lad. "No, Tyrell. I haven't had any bottom surgery. I'm gone through the full transition of taking testosterone and having my breasts removed."

"But your chest looks like a guy," remarked the young man. "You have facial hair, your voice is deep and you look completely like a dude."

"Thanks, Tyrell," Mark smiled. "Trans men like me definitely go through the transformation of gender reassignment after taking T or testosterone hormones. We start to develop masculine traits that very similar to bio males like gaining a deep voice or growing hair. Then there's the chest surgery. The majority of trans men start by having their breasts removed which gives them a more male appearance. It's one of the first steps to surgery."

Tyrell lowered his eyes to his crotch. "And the bottom part?"

Mark giggled. "No, I haven't had bottom surgery yet. That's a big decision. Plus, it's extremely expensive. Many trans men elect not to have it done since there's not enough advancements in medicine to create a penis that functions like a regular biological male."

Not satisfied with the answer, the African American youngster continued to interrogate him. "Can they do that? I mean can they make a penis for someone like you?"

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"Yes," said the tall gentleman. "There's a surgery called phalloplasty where you can surgically reconstruct the vagina into a penis and elongate the clitoris to make it resemble a male penis. Another method is taking skin from the patient itself and forming a penis and there's implants and silicon insertions to resemble a male scrotum. It's all very complicated. However, bottom surgery is very risky and there are complications like losing all sensation and problems with urination. It's not always one hundred percent effective so it's a big decision. That's why many trans men choose not have it done."

Tyrell wasn't easily swayed. "But if you still have a vagina, then technically you're still a woman, right?"

"No," he corrected. "I'm a man. I see myself and identify myself as male. What's between your legs doesn't dictate your gender but how you feel inside. I work out and develop muscle tone to look like a guy. I sit like a guy. I share the same mannerisms of a guy. I speak like a guy. Hell, I even pee like guy standing up. Therefore, I'm all male."

The lad's eyes opened wider. "You take a leak like a guy? How's that even possible? I meanâyou don't have a dick!"

Mark smirked. "I have my ways. That's one secret I won't reveal."

At this point, Douglas interrupted. "Okay, Tyrell, Mark has been kind enough to share himself with the group. Let's respect some of his privacy, please." His face signaled to the trans man. "Thank you. That takes a lot of courage."

He folded his arms and grinned. "Yeah and I guess one of the reasons why I joined was because I too am struggling with my sexuality. I mean I like guys which as a trans men makes me gay but I like women too which makes me straight. I guess I see myself as bi now."

The moderator smiled. "You see yourself in any way that you like no matter your gender. Only you can evaluate your own sexual orientation and no one else. Believe that."

"I do," answered Mark.

Group session ended a quarter till nine and I waited for Mark outside of the center before I went home to get ready for work. The dark, curly haired trans man met me by the entrance and together he escorted me to my car in the parking lot.

"I commend you, Mark," I told him. "That took guts to come out to the group like that."

For moment he paused and kicked the dirt along his feet. "I was tired of lying, Ricky. I'm not ashamed to admit that I was born a bio female but that's not who I am anymore. I'm entirely a different person and I'm happy being who I am."

"And don't let anyone tell you otherwise," I agreed. I pulled open my car door to get in. "I have to go. I have to get ready for work."

"It's your day off tomorrow, right?" He asked me.

"Yeah."

"Jason would like to see you," he said. "Around noon. You remember the address?"

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"I saved it on my phone."

Mark shuffled his feet. "So are you going?"

Sighing, I glanced at the steering wheel of my dashboard. "I guess I don't have much of a choice. I have to honor our agreement."

"Go, Ricky." Mark suggested. "It'll be good for you. The both of you."

"I will," I whispered.

Turning on the ignition, Jason's brother stepped out of the way so I could pull out of the parking lot. I turned on to the street toward my apartment and thought about my contract with the drug boss.

*I guess my next lesson was tomorrow afternoon.*

## Chapter 7: Trust

*I inhale the smoke. It burns my lungs. Forcing my face toward the right side of the altar I see Alex naked and crying. I reach my hand out to comfort him, touch his fingers but I'm rendered immobile, trapped, and unable to move.*

*Then I hear him. The monster. He's coming. The shaved head and tattooed teardrop by his left eye. He pounces.*

*I scream.*

"STOP!"

Once again I'm drenched in sweat. Pissed at how soaked my fresh sheets are, especially when I just changed them last night, I scramble out of bed, yank them off the mattress and dump them inside the hamper of the bathroom. My eyes shift toward the clock in the hallway and I see that it's already eleven in the morning. I jump in the shower to get ready.

After drying off and brushing my teeth, I meander into my room to grab something to wear from my closet. I opt for a basic navy V-neck tee and faded Quiksilver jeans that I purchased at the local thrift store for two dollars, slip on a pair of clean white sneakers and head out the door of my apartment to my car.

The drive to Oceanview took less than half hour due to the lack of traffic on the highway. I make it to the Kendall mansion as the private gates open up for me to let me inside the driveway. Seeing an open spot by the sparse garden in front, I park along the edge, get out, and head up the front steps of the manor to ring the dark, ornate mahogany door.

Filipina housekeeper Filomena answers the front, smiles to me and lets me in.

"Meester Kendall is in the library," she informs me. She leads me through the spacious corridors and past the gorgeous art that I remembered from several nights ago and points toward the large room filled with the books. "Have fun." She winks at me. I guess she's used to Jason's habits of frequently inviting strange men to his mansion. I make way in to which she quietly shuts the door behind me.

His back is turned in front of me. Jason Kendall stares outside of the curtained windows that overlook the back gardens of the estate. His 6'1 silhouette stands imposing as he wears a fitted, tailored black suit which I assume was specially created just for him. Big, broad shoulders flatter the inverted, pentagonal shape of his back as his fitted trousers hug every curve of his muscular thighs, and well developed buttocks. I find myself staring at his body before he turns around to look at me. I suddenly blush.

"Enjoying the view?" He smirks. His angelic, chiseled face glances at me suspiciously while the blue tint in his jewel tone eyes distracts for a few seconds. I ignore the remark due to the fact that I'm now staring at the flawless jawline and stubble of his mouth that had kissed me several nights ago and brought upon strange and wonderful feelings that I never thought were possible.

"Iâ Iâ !" I began to stutter. Not able to defend myself, I muttered something. "Umâ nothing." My face had turned crimson again.

"It's okay, Ricky," Jason giggled. He parted a stray curl of his short, dark blond hair with his large fingers. "If we're going to be lovers, you might as well be open about your desires. I don't ever want you to refrain."

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I had difficulty looking at him. This whole sex and slavery thing was new to me and I either was going to succeed or fail in our agreement. Instead, I drew my face toward something else hanging on the wall. It was portrait of woman that was topless except that it had been distorted and redone in a series of cubicle forms and shapes. Fascinated, I gravitated toward it.

Noticing my admiration of the painting, I heard Jason's voice coming up from behind me. "You like it?"

"It's magnificent," I replied. I was in awe. "It's very similar to the neoclassical and surrealist paintings that defined the early 1900's." I pointed out the lines, curves and textures used. "Look at the colors the artist used. He or she obviously wanted to tell a story. There's a certain emotion expressed there either frustration or passion. It's simply exquisite! Who's the artist?"

His breath caressed my ear as he whispered. "Look at the bottom of the right hand corner of the painting and you'll see his name."

Casting my eyes down, I saw it. My mouth dropped. There in semi-cursive was the artist's signature.

*Pablo Picasso.*

"No fucking way!" I exclaimed. I turned around to face Jason. "You own an original Picasso?"

"More like inherited it." He laughed. "My grandparents were great admirers of the arts. My grandfather knew Pablo and had a smaller piece commissioned by him. This one is called *Marie-Therese*."

"Picasso's French mistress," I interrupted. "I learned about her back in art school when I was studying Picasso's works. He was a fascinating man."

"But not the most faithful," Jason added. "He had a dozen affairs even while he was married. One of them happened to be my late grandmother. He dedicated a sculpture to her."

"Can I see it?" I asked. I was excited to view anything made by the late artist. "Sorry, it was donated to the Las Padres art museum. It's nothing special but some misshapen ceramic egg."

I corrected him. "Yeah, one misshapen egg is another artist's treasure." I decided to educate him. "Art doesn't have to have any rhyme or reason to it. It's all about how others perceive it, interpret it, and what message the artist wishes to convey. It's all about willing to go on a much deeper level and exploring what ideas are beyond the norm."

"Kind of like BDSM," Jason taunted. "The Submissive and Dominant explore it each other and analyze the concept of pleasure on a much deeper level by pushing the boundaries of the extreme that is not norm."

I didn't think of it that way. Then again art and kink were entirely different things. I failed to see the connection.

"You might think of what you want, Jason," I scowled. "But my idea of art and your idea of sex have no correlation."

He snorted. "I beg to differ. When you think about the positioning of the bodies, the admiration of expressed emotions, and the philosophical and psychological concepts behind the actual act of sex, there is a bit of art behind it I think. We just see the colors, textures, and shapes differently."

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Rolling my eyes, I curled my mouth. "And you consider the whips and chains thing along the same lines of Picasso and Georgia O'Keefe?"

"Well O'Keefe did paint plenty of flowery petals which were a metaphor for vaginas," he argued. "If that doesn't say sex right there, then I don't know what is."

Shaking my head, I decided to stop him. "Let's stop with this debate. It's getting us nowhere."

"I agree," Jason responded. "Let's discuss something else. How is Alex settling in at the rehab facility?"

"Rebellious and defiant as usual," I answered. "But it seems like a great place and he's in capable hands with Dr. Breckenmeyer."

"I'm glad," he said. "Sierra Ranch has an amazing success rate. Alex should be able to stay clean with their program."

I exhaled. "I hope so."

Smooth, strong fingers caressed my cheek. One glimpse from Jason Kendall offered me a glimmer of hope. "I know so," he smiled. Still my worries bothered me. I needed to know more.

"How long have you've been dealing Hard Rock?" I blurted out.

The blue eyed drug dealer cocked his eyebrows and leaned back. "How do you know about Hard Rock?"

"Dr. Breckenmeyer explained to me what it is," I replied. "Many of his patients are suffering from it and he suspects Alex got addicted to it too."

Jason walked right by me and slowly sat down in front of the edge of library's desk. Gripping the sides of the counter, he sadly focused his attention on me. "Five years. The Zagreski Circle found out how pure the high was and began manufacturing it. Being the newest narcotic on the market, it became greatly in demand that the Zagreski's decided to make it really expensive for our consumers. Only high rollers are able to afford it. They've been using one of the Kendall shipping businesses to export the product domestically and overseas."

"Yet you do know that your victims suffer from paranoid hallucinations and can sometimes be violent?" I asked.

Jason breathed deep. "You're wondering where my conscience lies regarding this. I'll admit I don't like contributing to an addict's problems but I've made a bargain with the devil and if it's my life or a junkie's I choose my own. When I became involved with Alex, I tried to make sure he stayed away from Hard Rock but your brother is too stubborn to heed advice and began using it. I tried to cut him off but he constantly got himself into trouble and eventually became involved with the Anatole family."

"These Anatoles?" I wondered. "Are they really dangerous?"

"Extremely," the dark blond haired gentleman informed me. "The body count of their victims are too numerous to even try to calculate. That's why the Zagreskis keep a watchful eye on them as they do of us." He kept silent for a minute before speaking. "But enough about talking about me, Ricky. You're my sub so let's get to know more about you."

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Shrugging my shoulders, I paced the room. "What's there to say? I'm twenty three years old. I'm half Mexican, half white. My parents got divorced when I was eight and I haven't seen my dad since. My younger brother Alex is a troubled drug addict and I work a dead-end job as a warehouse manager during the graveyard shift. Oh and I'm now a slave of rich, drug dealing crime boss!"

My directness made him laugh.

"But that's not all," Jason pointed out. "According to Mark, you're a talented artist who sees things and admires creativity as you've demonstrated by the numerous art pieces of my home. You're struggling with your sexuality because you're confused by whether or not you're attracted to men or women more than the other. Finally, you're afraid of physical intimacy which has affected any possible relationships."

"Afraid of physical intimacy?" I clenched my fingers. "That's ridiculous!"

Raising a finger toward me, he shook it. "Don't lie, Ricky. The first night that I touched you, you were receptive to my kiss but when I held you, your body shut down and you panicked."

He hit the nail on the spot. I did freak out but I reasoned that it was due to other things. "I panicked because you're a complete stranger. I need to trust you in order to get physically intimate. I don't even know you and the circumstances of our introductions are not exactly a turn-on!"

Jason didn't believe me. Shaking his head, he folded his arms and glared. "I think there's something else, Ricky. Something that you've been hiding and that you wish not to let out. Have you ever experienced abuse?"

The idea bothered me. A flood of images flashed in my brain and I hesitated to speak. "I don't know."

"What do you mean, you don't know?"

I clucked my tongue. "I mean I'm not sure. I used to have nightmares as a child. It began when I was eight and lasted two years before they went away. I dreamt about a monster attacking me and Alex. Then I stopped having them until recently."

He nodded. "The nightmares are starting again?"

"Yes," I whispered. "I don't know why." My fingers dug into my skin in attempt to forget the childhood traumas that haunted me. "It's like a continual Ferris wheel going round and round in circles."

Jason frowned for a minute and twisted his mouth. "Ricky, let me ask you something. Has there been any abuse that you can remember from a very young age?"

I tried to recall but a mental block came in my head. I couldn't remember anything frightful or huge happening in my life, though I would get a bit of puzzle piece of a memory here and there. Like missing jigsaw pieces, they never completed the full picture.

"None that I can remember but I do get some weird images in my head from time to time."

This attracted the dark, blond man's curiosity. "What kind of images?"

"Crying. Sobbing. Then noticing my uncle, Tio Rodrigo gone."

"Who's Tio Rodrigo?" Jason probed.

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"He's my uncle from my mother's side," I informed him. "After my father split, he moved in and helped my mother with us around the time I was eight and Alex was four. We grew close and he became only father figure in my life."

Continuing to question me, I could tell that Jason was beginning to grow intrigued. "What happened with him leaving?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know. He had some fallout with Mom and then he up and disappeared. Mom never explained his abrupt departure."

"How did that make you feel?"

"Sad," I said. "I cried for days. I mean the man was always very kind and loving to us. I never understood why he left."

Jason pressed his two index fingers together. Apparently, he had a plan and I wanted to know what it was.

"Ricky, with your permission, I want to try something."

My ears perked up. Exactly, what did he want to try?

"I told you that I have a degree in psychology and a specialization in hypnotherapy," he explained. "I want you to undergo hypnosis so I can delve deep in the reasons why you cringe when someone touches you. I have a theory but I won't know until I subject you to my little experiment."

I hesitated. "Will it hurt?"

Jason shook his head. "No. I can comprehend your concern. I'm not going to flog you or use any special instruments if that's what you're worried about. As your Master, I have to make sure we have to build up to that level of trust."

A sigh of relief washed over me. "Good." I wasn't sure if I was ready to progress to the whips and chains part of our contract yet I was bit nervous about what his plan was. "So what is it?"

Jason cracked his knuckles. "I find out that hypnotherapy works best when the patient is relaxed. The best method for that would be for me to give you a nice massage which will help initiate a sense of trust and physical contact between the both of us."

My head itched a little and I brought my finger up to scratch it. There remained some uncertainty on my part. I knew I didn't like to be touched but inwardly being physically close to the Dominant proved to be enticing. I'll admit I was intrigued.

I had other concerns. "Are you going to have sex me during or after the massage?"

He shook his head. "No, Ricky. Like I said, I want to establish a bond of trust with you. Yes, I am your Dom, your Master, but in order to create that level of intimacy we have to go through each level. I want you to feel comfortable with me touching your skin and in time you'll be susceptible and willing to engage in sexual intercourse. This is what I'm asking from you. Again, the choice is yours. Do you accept?"

I took a moment to let it sink in. Then I allowed a few words to flow. "Îâ ðÎâ ðI accept." I finally said. Then I ended it with a formal sign of respect. "I accept, Master."



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His face grinned from ear to ear. Pushing himself off the desk, he unbuttoned his suit jacket and tossed it on the counter. Then he walked around the desk, opened up the bottom drawer of the table, and removed some objects which he dangled in front of me. In his hands were two red silk scarves and a black velvet mask. Immediately, I became curious.

Pointing to the items, I asked him. "What are those?"

Jason grinned. A bit of wickedness glint in his jewel toned, blue eyes. "I thought we would begin our lesson with a little light bondage."

My heart began to beat rapidly. My nerves told me to bolt for the door but I stood frozen and unable to move. Clenching my fists to my sides, I swallowed hard. "I thought you said we would progress to that point. Bondage and blindfolds weren't something I wanted to get into right away. You said it was only massage and some hypnotherapy?"

"Oh it is," he smiled. "However, hypnotic therapy can get a bit intense. As I'm massaging you and putting you in a relaxed state of a trance, you might panic and hurt yourself. The silk scarves are soft so you won't bruise yourself during the session." His body approached me slowly as his cupped my right cheek with his hand. "If you're having second thoughts, Ricky, I won't pressure you. However, I want to get the root of your mental blockage and try to understand why physical contact scares you."

Lifting my eyes to look at him, I noticed how angelic he appeared. There was something ethereal about him and even though my mind constantly told me to refuse to go through with this, my body wanted him to continue.

"I don't know, Jason!" I stammered. "I don't think I'm ready for this. Sorry."

He lowered the items. "It's okay, Ricky." He caught me by surprise. I thought he would be angry. Showing his support for me, he leaned down and kissed my forehead. The sudden touch of his lips on my skin made me shiver. I shut my eyes and breathed in his kindness. "I don't want to force you into anything you're not ready for." He returned to his desk to put back the objects in the drawer.

Then an outburst of protest erupted out of me. "WAIT!" I inhaled. "I want to continue. Please, Master, I want to understand why I'm the way I am."

Jason didn't judge me. He simply nodded and smiled. Clutching the items in his hands, he slowly walked up to me, place both hands to my shoulders, and glanced at me with supportive eyes.

"Very well, Ricky." He responded. "Before we begin, please remove all your clothes."

I lowered my eyes and then allowed my hands to act out of their own accord. Grabbing at my t-shirt, I pulled it over my head while my feet kicked off my sneakers and bent over to yank off my socks. Once I was barefoot, I reached down to my belt, unbuckled it and shucked off my jeans as I noticed Master Jason admiring every inch of my skinny, pale frame. Finally, I reached the elastic of my boxer briefs and slowly slid those down to my ankles. As I stood naked in front of my Dominant, the dark, blond mobster encircled me and soaked in my pasty appearance.

"Marvelous as always." He remarked. "Just like I remembered you the first night you were here." His eyes darted to my hairy pubes and my package.

I noticed him catching a glimpse. "What? Is my dick that tiny?"

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He laughed at my comment. "No, Ricky. Perfect. Not too small. Not too big. Just right."

Embarrassed, my hands covered my groin. "You make me sound like the Three Little Pigs."

His face neared my neck that could feel his warm breath tickle my cheek. "Would you like me to be the Big, Bad Wolf? I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow you when you're ready?"

I blushed. "Masterâ Jason. Pleaseâ not yet."

He stepped away. "I'm sorry." His hand went for his tie to which he unknotted it and pulled it from his collar. Tossing the accessory on to his sportscoat, he went behind the desk to a shelf that housed a high-tech stereo and pushed play on the CD button. Soft classical music echoed within the library as a wonderful orchestra filled the room with glorious harmonies.

"That's beautiful," I noted. "What is it?"

"It's very little known piece by Tchaikovsky," explained Jason. "It's called *The Lovers*. It was originally written to be the ballet *Swan Lake* but he scrapped it because he became too emotionally invested in the piece. Only a few bits of pieces of the score still exist. The Zagreski Family gave it to me as a birthday gift."

I became surprised by the identity of the gift givers. "The Russian mob gave you a birthday gift?" My skepticism astounded me.

"Don't be surprised, Ricky." He remarked. "The Zagreski's occupation might be questionable but their intentions are still very much compassionate. They are human after all. They laugh, love and cry like anyone else."

"And they sell drugs like other common criminals," I clucked. "Yeah that makes them human."

The tall, blond man sighed. "Everyone has faults. We're not perfect. The trick is learning to deal with them and trying to not lose too much of your soul in the process. Do you know what I enjoy Tchaikovsky's *The Lovers* so much?" I shook my head. "It's because it represents the composer and his flawed traits. Many people don't know this but Tchaikovsky was struggling with his sexuality. His marriages to women were unhappy and he suffered from multiple bouts of depression."

"I didn't know that," I replied. "I guess I can relate to what he's going through. I'm still struggling to understand my attraction to both men and women."

He nodded. "Exactly. Look at the plot of *The Lovers*. A Russian princess is forced into an arranged marriage with a Russian prince but she's secretly in love with a flamboyant sorcerer who returns her affections. In order to be together, the sorcerer transforms them both into white doves where they finally fly away into their happily ever after."

It finally dawned on me what the score represented. "So the princess symbolizes Tchaikovsky and the flamboyant sorcerer is his gay lover while the Russian prince is the wife. I can see why he decided to compose *Swan Lake* instead."

"Russia is a very conservative, homophobic nation," said Jason. "I doubt the country would allow him to create such a controversial ballet piece."

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"In the end, he died tragically and sad." I added. "I studied some of him in art school. No one truly knows the cause of his death but many believe his struggles to accept himself was one of the major facts that impacted his life that he became an alcoholic afterwards. It's horrible to think that one's own sexual orientation can consume your life." I frowned. "I pray that won't be me."

"It won't." My Master reassured me. "You're taking the first steps by dealing and coming to terms with your struggles." He lifted the scarves and masks to allow me to view them. "And I'm the person to help you with that." Gesturing toward the leather couch, he signaled me move toward the cushions. "Ricky, would you lay face down on the seat and place your hands up so that they rest up around the armrest?"

I nodded and followed instructions. Bending my right leg, I got on top of the leather cushions so that my stomach touched the sticky, upholstery while my penis grazed the soft indentation of the material. My arms stretched over my ears so that the right side of my cheek touched the leather interior while my fingers gasped the edge of the armrest and my legs spread wide across the couch so that the bottoms of my bare feet could touch the other side of the armrest on the opposite end.

Jason walked over to the edge of the armrest where my hands were and began to wrap the silk scarves around my wrists and knotted them. The restraints weren't too tight and they felt soft and smooth against my wrists. Then my Master drew the scarves down even further which pulled my arms up even more. A strange but wonderful discomfort lengthened my limbs as the tall, dark blond man finished attaching the material to metal bar that was attached underneath the couch.

A few seconds later, he came up behind me and straddled the bottom of my back. I'll admit that the weight of his muscled thighs clothed in the tight trousers that he wore tickled the base of my ass that I started to notice myself getting excited. My dick pushed into the leather upholstery that I had to force myself to think about something else other than the attractive hunk that was rubbing against my bare buttocks.

Sensing my erection, the blond Dominant giggled. "You're already getting turned on? Down boy! We're not going to do anything today. A good slave knows when to control himself."

"I'm sorry, Master." I found myself saying. Actually, I wasn't. I wanted Jason especially to touch me down there and help me please my erection but I doubt that he was going to compromise his original intentions. Gradually, my hard-on grew limp.

He reached around my head, placed the velvet mask over my eyes, and gently knotted the clasp behind my head. I was now in complete, total darkness as my eyelashes struggled against the material and the weight of Jason Kendall lifted off my body. A tender peck on my lips made me aware that he was still around as he whispered some encouraging words in my ear.

"Now relax, Ricky." His voice cooed in my earlobe. "I'm going to put on a metronome as the music plays so you can enjoy the moment that I massage you. Pay attention to my voice and listen to only thing but me and don't be afraid. Remember, I won't hurt you. Do you trust me?"

My eyes burned behind the mask. "Yes, Master. I trust you."

"Good then we can begin."

## Chapter 8: Revelation

The music swelled. From what I studied of Tchaikovsky, his melodies were inexhaustible and supersensuous, clearly expressive and with a clear periodic structure. The violins in *The Lovers* playing in the lovers started slowly before an overture of oboes, wind instruments, and drums brought on a dramatic effect. Then finally the strings replayed again and drifted through the room as I sank into a relaxed state as the beating sound of the metronome swung back form with each beat of the music playing on the CD.

My eyes strained against the blackness. The mask my Master placed upon my eyes tickled my lashes as I heard Jason stomp around the room gathering what I believe to be more pleasure seeking tools to enhance the Sub-Dom experience. Could it be some sex toy like dildo or vibrator? I wasn't sure but the thought intrigued me. The farting noise of expanded gas made me giggle before I realize it was the blond hunk squeezing some liquid out of a tube. My mind raced at the possibilities. KY? Astroglide? Lube? What was it that he had on his hand? I soon would found out.

The soft scent of lavender and jasmine filled my nostrils. It was a pleasant smell, not too odorous or too overpowering, just the right combination of aromas that complimented each other. Slowly he worked it against the back of my thighs and down my ankles as the sweet smell of the liquid soothed and massaged my skin.

"Hope you don't mind scented lotions?" He asked. "These are specially imported from India."

I inhaled the wild aroma. It was heavenly. "No, it's great." His hands pushed into the bottom of my ankles. His fingers felt strong, gripped my legs hard and unloosened the knots that tightened around my calves. Little by little, I began to experience my nerves and the deep tissues of my body start to sink and give in.

Opening and closing my hands, I pulled against the silk binds of my wrists. My arms cramped a little and I writhed a bit before rough hands braced me and held me down against the leather couch. Normally in this situation, I would have fought against being restrained but Jason's smooth hands comforted me and soothed the aching discomfort in my muscles. I heard him squeeze more of the lotion into his palm as he worked and kneaded my bottom and rubbed them with his strong, masculine fingers.

"I'm not hurting you, am I?" He inquired with concern.

Shaking my head, I released a gentle hum and enjoyed the feel of his hands squeezing, stroking, and rubbing my skin. Surprisingly I didn't flinch as I usually would have. Instead, I allowed him to explore the back of my body as more of the warm liquid slid up from my bottom to the curve of my back and shoulders. The lotion was quickly replaced by his hands and he made good work of it as he caressed my back and unwound the stress of my muscles and shoulders. A feeling of euphoria overtook me as I pulled hard at my silk bonds only to feel an uneasy cramping in my arms.

Jason soothed those too. "Here let me." He said. Rubbing the lotion on both my arms, the discomforting pain soon went away with each massage of his fingers against my aching muscles. My body gave way and I found myself drifting, no longer battling back but instead submitting to the exploratory methods of my Master's roaming hands. I was now relaxed.

"MasterâJasonâ!" I whispered as I noticed myself falling.

"Shhh," he stroked my back. "Give in, Ricky. Allow yourself to sleep for once."

## Honor Thy Master: Journals of a Submissive

The rhythm of the violins, the beating of the metronome, and Jason's wonderful fingers finally did me in. I descended and allowed the full REM to claim me. I fell hard.

Was I snoring? Could he tell that a bit of drool had fallen from my lips? I couldn't tell but Jason could as I heard his voice all around me as a series of images played inside my head.

*Where are you?*

"I'm outside a house." I said. "I remember it. It's the same house I grew up in at Santa La Diaz."

The picture was much more vivid. An old house built from the seventies with faded cream and brown concrete and a faded, burnt colored roof. Patches of worn grass that had dried up and left with pieces of dirt and weeds and a rusted chain linked fence surrounded the structure. A wind of sweet music entered my ears as I heard Tchaikovsky playing and passing by like a soft gale before something white drifted down and perched itself on top of a rusted mailbox. Glancing at the object, I notice it was white dove all pure and soft like ivory snow while a crown of dark, black feathers decorated the top of its head. I reach down to touch it but in fear it flies away as the wonderful melody engulfs itself and makes it disappear into the air. Then the giggles of innocent laughter attracts my attention from inside.

*What are you doing?*

"I'm going inside my house," I tell him.

I step though the doorway. Old faded tiles meet me at the front as I see a pair of young boys scampering around nearly knocking things over. One has light brown hair and tanned skin and looks to be about four years of age. I identified him as Alex. The other boy is eight and had dark hair, pitch black as the night, and light white features. That boy is me.

"I see myself and Alex playing. I think it's tag."

*Are you having fun?*

"Yes," I reply. "We're a bit rowdy back then."

A loud grumble vibrates from around the corner of the house. An overweight man with a shaved head and tattooed tear near his left eye scowls. He's wearing a baggy white undershirt, long jean shorts that came close to his ankles and a plaid quilted jacket. He didn't appear to look happy.

"Mijos! Alto!" He bellows. Alex and I grow scared at his loud voice.

*Who's in the room with you, Ricky?*

"It's my uncle, Tio Rodrigo. He's upset that we almost knocked down a vase."

"Stop!" Raising a finger to warn us. "You almost broke something! Tu madre is going to be very upset when she gets home from work!"

"Los cientos, Tio!" We apologized in unison.

"Do something quiet, por favor," he suggests. "I'm out of cigarettes so I have to run down to the liquor store to get some. You're going to stay with Chuey."

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*Who is Chuey?*

"Tio Rodrigo's friend," I explain. I glance at him. Head shaved like Tio Rodrigo, he wears a wife-beater t-shirt, baggy khakis and sports dozens of religious tattoos on his body. A bit on the skinny side, he reminded me of a lot like the alien monsters that I watched on those cheesy horror films on television. "He's a gangbanger like Tio Rodrigo. They're part of the La Guerra gang in the area."

"You stay with Chuey and be good," said Tio Rodrigo. "I'll be back in fifteen minutes."

"Si, Tio!" Alex and I respond.

The big gangster shuts the front door leaving us alone with the skinny cholo.

*Then what happens.*

"Hey kids, you want to play hide and seek?" Chuey asks with strange look in his eye.

Of course we do. What did our age wouldn't? He points toward the hallway.

"Okay, you hide together in one of the bedrooms and I'll go to find you!" The cholo instructs us.

We follow. Chuey covers his face and begins to count to ten. Alex and I hide in Tio Rodrigo's room behind his bed and wait. After the count of ten finishes, we hear him coming near. The monster finds us but instead of playfully teasing us, he has this strange look on his face. He shuts the door and cracks in his knuckles.

"Let's play a different game," he licks his lips. "It's called let's make Tio Chuey happy."

My heart raced. I feel the pulse of my heart beating out of my chest. Jason must have sensed it as I began to cry.

*Ricky! What's happening?*

"STOP! NO! NO QUIERO! NO QUIERO!"

I couldn't hear Jason's voice. Instead I was drowned in the moment. Fear and pain overwhelmed and consumed me.

*Ricky! What's going on?*

"CHUEY! He's grabbing Alex and me! He's pinning us against the bed and won't let us move! We're screaming and crying but he won't get off us! He's tearing at our clothes!"

Frightening images come and go almost like a strobe light effect. All I could experience at the moment was total fear, panic and pain. I wanted to run but I couldn't escape. Jason's voice weaved in and out.

*RICKY! LISTEN TO ME! IT'S NOT'S REAL!*

It very much was real. I couldn't escape it. The violation. The humiliation. The shame. My own voice took over my body.

"HE'S MOLESTING US! HE'S RAPING US! NO!"

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*RICKY! THAT'S ENOUGH! WAKE UP!* "

My dream state refused to. Instead the agony of the moment trapped me and drew me back in. I knew there was no escape. The monster devoured us.

Then the light illuminated through the doorway. Tio Rodrigo's bedroom flew open as Bianca Quinn screamed and held a sharp blade in her hand. Rushing toward the monster, she struck him several times while her heroic sword sailed through the air and made contact with the creature. Blood splashed the walls as I saw Chuey fall to the floor dead.

"MOTHER FUCKER! MARICON! PINCHY CABRON! DIE BASTARD! DIE!"

Weeping and crying, she continued to inflict her knife into the lifeless body of the cholo as Alex and I remained sobbing on the bed completely in pain and in shock, at that moment, Tio Rodrigo entered the bedroom to see the corpse of his comrade lying in a pool of blood. Clutching his stomach, he vomited toward the corner of the closet.

"Bianca!" He gasped wiping his mouth. "What have you done?"

She raised her knife at him. "YOU MOTHER FUCKING BASTARD! YOU BROUGHT THAT MARICON HERE! THAT FAGGOT RAPED MY CHILDREN! I CAME HOME EARLY FROM WORK AND WATCHED HIM RAPE MY CHILDREN! GET OF THE FUCK OUT! STAY AWAY FROM THEM! YOU BROUGHT NOTHING BUT SHAME TO THIS FAMILY BECAUSE OF YOUR GANGSTER WAYS!"

Tears streaked down Tio Rodrigo's face. "Bianca! I had no idea! Chuey was like that! I'm sorry!" His sad eyes turned to me and Alex who clutched each other naked and sobbing. "Ricky, Alex, I'm sorry! I didn't think! I was only gone for fifteen minutes to buy cigarettes!"

Mom's face ignited with rage. "YOU LEFT THEM ALONE WITH THAT MARICON!" She swiped the blood knife at him but missed. "GET OUT! GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE! I DON'T WANT YOUR THUG LIFE AROUND MY CHILDREN! YOU'RE DEAD TO ME! GET THE FUCK OUT!"

Falling to his knees, he begged for forgiveness from her. "Please! Bianca! I'm sorry. I would never hurt Ricky and Alex! I love my nephews." He stumbled back up. "I'll prove it! I'll get rid of the body! I'll make sure no one knows what happened here!"

She breathed heavily. "I DON'T CARE!" She snapped. "Just get that faggot out my house! Dump it by the side of the road for all I care! I want him out and I want you out! Don't come back here!"

Wet with tears and attempting to wipe away his guilt, Tio Rodrigo nodded. "I'll do that! I owe them that." He bent down, grabbed the bloodied body of Chuey, wrapped him with a comforter from the closet, and dragged him down the hall. Within a few minutes, we heard Tio Rodrigo's car start up and him pulling the vehicle out of the driveway.

I held Alex as he and I continued to cry. Mom wiped her bloodied hands on the nurse's uniform she was wearing, embraced us and kissed us.

"Don't worry, hijos," she whispered. "You'll soon forget everything. It didn't happen, mijos. It didn't. You're not maricones. You're not faggots. Don't every let a man touch you! You're not a faggot? Entiende?"

I whimpered. "What! What! Did the Chuey do! To us! The monster!"

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Mom shook me hard. "IT DIDN'T HAPPEN!" She stroked my dark hair and her voice calmed. "It didn't happen. Tell yourself that. Say it, my sons. It didn't happen."

"It didn't happen." Alex and I began to stutter.

"Good," smiled our mother. "Now say it again."

"It didn't happen."

"Excellente. Keep saying it."

"It didn't happen."

"It didn't happen."

"It didn't happen."

"IT DIDN'T HAPPEN!"

My eyes opened. The velvet mask was gone. Anxious hands reached out. Large muscular arms held me close as the stickiness of the leather upholstery glued itself upon my bare bottom. The soft material of the silk scarves tickled my skin as I realized that Jason had untied my restraints that were attached to the couch and allowed my limbs to be now set free.

His mouth caressed my forehead as he hugged me. He smelled of soap and expensive cologne and my face teared up a bit as I buried my face inside his dress shirt. His fingers soothed the back of my head.

"It's okay," he said. "I'm here now. The nightmare is over. You're awake now."

Anguish shot through me and I allowed him to hold me close. His chest was hard as stone but his toned biceps entwined around me and kept me safe. I sunk into his warmth and allowed his embrace to release all my pain as I wet his dress shirt with my tears.

"I'm sorryâI'm sorryâ!" I cried. I couldn't stop myself.

Smiling down at me, his blue eyes stroked me with comfort. "There's nothing to be sorry about. That blockage you had, the nightmares, it all makes sense. You were molested and the trauma of that has affected why you're struggling with physical contact as well as your sexuality."

He was absolutely right. I allowed the incident of a suppressed memory to dictate my life and make me afraid. I allowed it to consume me, to make me afraid to take risks, and let it be my crutch. Then the realization hit me. Alex was suffering from it too. As much as we tried to forget it, it manifested in different ways for the both of us. I decided to be extroverted and afraid while my younger sibling began to act out and use drugs to deal with the pain. In short, the both of us were royally screwed up.

The dark blond man wiped my eyes. "But you don't have to be this person that you are now. You can change that. The fact that you're here with me and willing to take a chance shows courage on your part. The rest is up to you." He released his arms and gently placed me against the leather couch. With nimble fingers, he undid the knots of the scarves on my wrists which surprisingly left no marks. Then he lifted himself off the couch.



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"I think we had a breakthrough," he said. He picked up his sportscoat off the desk. "For now, I'll leave you to ponder the situation until we meet again. Perhaps, when you're ready we can engage in more intimate activities. Please get dressed and you can show yourself out. Again, Ricky, it's all about to you. I'll respect your boundaries. The whole point of this relationship is to experience pleasure. I won't force you into anything you're not ready for."

Shifting my face toward the back of the wall, I analyzed my circumstances. Jason Kendall dove into my personal issues, my traumas and brought it out of me. He was being patient and allowed me to comprehend my problems with physical contact and provide me a chance to explore and resolve my inner demons. More importantly, he allowed me the chance to trust. That sense of trust was the most significant part of being in this kind of agreement and I had to admit it. I fully trusted Jason Kendall.

Standing up from the leather couch, I scratched my chest and swallowed a bit of courage in the process. "Master Jason."

He focused his attention at me. "Yes, Ricky?"

"Iâ€¦" I kept trying to find the words. "I don't want to go." I pouted. "I want to stay. I want to be physically intimate with you. I want to know what it's like to be physically close to a man but I'm not sure if I'm ready to fuck yet."

My Dominant flashed me a wicked grin. "There are other ways to experience male on pleasure without actual penetration."

Apprehensive, I curled my mouth. "Could you please show me? Please, Master?"

He smiled. "Of course." Dropping his suit jacket back on the desk, he unhooked the buttons on his dress shirt. "First lesson of a proper sub is to observe. Watch, slave, and admire." He stripped of his shirt and dropped it on the desk next to his sportscoat. Wearing now his crisp, white undershirt, I noticed how perfectly muscled his chest was beneath the fabric and wondered what it looked like without it. I was about to find out.

Pulling the fabric over his shoulders, he tossed it next to his other pile of clothes and gasped at the flawless tanned muscles of his pectorals and rock hard abdomen. Tiny bits of dark, blond hair covered the square line of each curve as the tiny peach colored nipples was perfectly positioned toward each end of the man's chest. A row of six ridges formed a ladder at the base of his belly which complimented the flat stomach and oval shaped belly button. It turns out he's an innie.

I noticed myself staring at his gorgeous chest for a minute before the tall drug dealer became aware of my ogling of his bare chest. I blushed.

"Admiring the building?" He teased.

"I'm envious," I admitted. "I wish I had a body like yours."

"Your body is fine," he replied. "I like skinny guys." He place his hands on his belt buckle and he slowly undid the leather belt while kicking off his dress shoes and pulling off his socks. Slipping off the belt, he threw it to the floor and then undid the button of his trousers and unzipped his pants. Gradually, he peeled his slacks until they reached the ground and kicked them off with his large feet. Enormous feet, I might add which looked to be a size thirteen which greatly matched the large bulge in his navy boxer briefs he was wearing. The words Giorgio Armani was printed on the elastic band that surrounded his perfect torso.

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"Designer underwear?" I asked. "Why am I not surprised?"

He shrugged. "What can I say? I can afford it! I'm a label whore. You're one to talk Mister-Hanes-Three-In-A-Pack!"

My face must have turned a deep shade of crimson because financially I was a cheapskate when it came to undies but he overlooked my socio-economic status. Instead, he proceeded to pull down his expensive undergarment to the floor. I lifted my eyes and finally soaked in his full magnificence. He was huge! I mean not above average large but enormous! That thirteen inch shoe size didn't lie. Hanging from the hairless groin of his torso, his circumcised penis hung down low from his hairy, muscular thighs to where he knee connected to his perfectly sculpted calves. I'll admit that I haven't seen very many penises. Okay, I haven't seen any except for mine but in the fantasy realm of length and girth, Jason Kendall was blessed with the perfect one. I had to turn away.

Noticing my embarrassment, he laughed. "Don't worry. You'll come to enjoy it in time but for now, let me teach you in the ways of pleasing a man."

I bit my lip. "Yes, Master."

Standing up and refusing to move, he approached me. His statuesque body came close as I stared full on at his wonderful chest as he grabbed my hands and brought it across his pectoral muscles.

"This is a man's chest." He told me. "It's hard, different, and virile. I want you to feel it."

I did. Eager fingers wandered, pushed across the dark curls of his flesh and touched the hard curves and lines of his muscles. It was too indescribable to explain. Underneath my fingers, it felt like stone but softer and masculine as I caressed his nipples and brought down my hands to the rough ridges of his abdomen. Sure enough, the ladder formation of his stomach intrigued me and I wanted to continue touching him some more but he grabbed my wrists and stopped me.

"Not yet, slave." He announced. "It's my turn."

Spinning me around, he caressed my shoulders. His fingers massaged the hard bone of my arms and surprisingly I didn't flinch this time. Slowly, the hands lowered, and made a smooth passage to my small chest, my tiny nipples down my stomach to the bushy dark hair that covered my penis. Jason decided that he would start there.

"Mmm, nice and cut," he growled in my ear. "Just the way I liked you. Is Alex circumcised too?"

Taken aback, I turned to him. "Don't you know?"

Tossing his head back, he snickered. "No, I don't. I never saw him naked."

I was surprised by his comment. "I thought you and Alex were intimate? He was your slave?"

"Yes," grinned the tall dark, blond. "But I never undressed him. He was far too young and too rebellious to be a proper sub so I hardly bothered with exploring his body." His face nuzzled my neck. "His older brother though is another story. I like my slaves closer to my age."

"I'm twenty three," I muttered. "Alex is nineteen. I'm not that old. You can't be more than thirty."

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"More like forty," he remarked.

My eyebrows rose. "Wow! You look good for you age!"

"Leave it to good genes," said Jason. "Even Mark before his transformation was a drop dead supermodel. I guess we're just born lucky."

"And arrogant," I clucked my tongue.

"I'll show you arrogant," he purred. Wrapping his fingers behind my neck, he pulled me close so that our mouths touched. I quickly sank in to the feel of his lips on mine. Shutting my eyes, I submitted. A strong, wet tongue invaded mine and I paused. I groaned in response as Jason's jaw was incredibly unmoving and at the same time remarkably gentle. His tongue explored my mouth, savored my tastebuds and together we shared a gentle yet appreciative kiss as the rest of hands roamed across each other's bodies.

Jason broke away from the kiss for moment to let his blue eyes rake over me. "I want to taste you." He held my hand, led me to the couch, and slowly lowered me down. Reclining against the leather interior, he found my mouth again as I eagerly responded to his touch without reservation or fear. His fingers found my small, pale chest and planted a tender kiss on my nipple before suckling the nub with his mouth. I moaned for a bit before he finished and dropped more kisses down my stomach and kneeled in front of my spread legs.

His fingers pressed hard into my thighs, forceful but gentle, and allowed his hands to stroke the hairs of my flesh before lowering his mouth to kiss the surface of my skin. Then his hands moved up, palmed underneath my scrotum while his other hand slipped around my shaft and clasped around it between his fingers. I glanced down at bit as he squeezed my penis between his hands, pushing down on the inner veins that pulsed with blood as it slowly arose and grew hard inside his fist.

Small strokes upward and downward caused me gasp as I closed my eyes and allowed the pressure of his hand to stimulate me.

"Ricky, look at me." Jason ordered. I opened my eyes, watched him masterfully massage my erection as neared his tongue near the base of my urethra and flicked his tongue across the tip. I clenched the leather interior of the couch as the weird sensations vibrated my body and made me tingle with excitement. "I want to suck your cock, my slave. Will you allow your Master to please you?"

"Yes, Master," I moaned. "Please do."

He accepted my response. Gripping my hard-on tight, he continued to stroke my cock while his lips latched on to the base of my cock and gradually slid down my entire shaft. His mouth was warm, slick and inviting as I leaned back and enjoyed the sensation of his saliva moistening and suckling my erection, forcing me to lose all control of my senses and allow him to have full control over me. Keeping my hands stilled on the leather couch, my body writhed and quivered as continual waves of desire and carnal lust overtook me.

At that moment I became Jason Kendall's Submissive and him, my Dominant, and I was content and unafraid to please him. Lifting his face away from shaft, a thin line of saliva mixed with small droplet of my pre-ejaculate connected from the base of my urethra to the tip of his tongue. He didn't seem to care as he grinned lasciviously at me.

"Mmm, very tasty, my slave," he smirked. Moving up from his knees, he pushed me down against the couch so that my head rested against the armrest. He climbed on top of the leather seater, parted my thighs even wider with his knee, and slowly covered me with his large body. His own enormous erection pressed against

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my belly as the bristles of his hair grazed and tickled my pale white skin. "I want the both us to experience an orgasm, Ricky. Together."

Jeweled blue eyes cast down at my face. My Dominant angel comforted me. His muscled arms reached behind my back as he held me, made me feel safe, and sheltered me from the traumas that haunted my childhood. With Jason, I no longer cringed or backed away from his touch. I welcomed it. I knew he was lover I could trust and I willing gave him all of me. Proving this, I lifted my neck to kiss him. He reciprocated.

"Masterâ !" I whispered. "Jasonâ !does this mean you want to fuck me?"

"Not yet, my pet," he grinned. His mouth teased my lips. "I'll take you when you're ready. It's not your time yet. Instead, let me masturbate you."

"Yes, Master," I found myself saying. Natural instinct kicked in. I threw my arms around his bare back and clutched my hands for support to his muscular spine. Hard ridges pressed against my fingertips as I shut my eyes as his gifted endowment found my erection and placed the two together. Slowly, he moved.

Up and down.

Up and down.

The friction of our skin burned in very decadent and sensual manner. I bit my lip as a myriad of feelings, emotions, and sensations sent amazing joy through my body. My soul sung, danced around the room as I finally tuned in to the sound of the classical Tchaikovsky playing in the background. Like the rhythm of the orchestra, my body became an instrument as I saw myself flying, soaring like the white dove of my dream toward the sky, the heavens only to meet the one person waiting for me.

Jason Kendall.

"You're doingâ !goodâ !uhh," the dark blond man grunted. Eagerly, he grabbed both our erections and began rubbing our two cocks together. The additional grind and rapid pressure brought on a ferocity that I hadn't ever experienced. I groaned.

"Jason! Master!" I panted. "It's too much!" It was true. I couldn't bear the intensity of his skills. His pleasuring actions had made my toes curl and my cause my body to convulse. I thought I was about to explode.

"Masterâ !something is happeningâ !" "

His breath was heavy. "Uhhâ !uhh! Cum with me, Ricky!"

Still tightening his hold on both our cocks, I couldn't hold back any longer. I contorted my spine against the leather couch as I reached the pinnacle of climax.

"Jason! Master! AAAHHHHHH!"

Intense pressure shot from my scrotum as a stream of semen erupted from my urethra and splashed my stomach. The tall hunk laughed as he applied extra pressure and continued to stroke our cocks together. Then I saw his orgasm arrive right after.

"I'm cumming! I'm cumming! AAAHHHHHH!"

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A gusher of white joined my own puddle of seed on my belly. Releasing both our shafts which by now were starting to grow limp, Jason wiped his cum soaked hand on his chest so that the remnants of our pleasure served as reminder of our intense lovemaking. Leaning down, he connected his lips to mine as he dipped a finger into the pool of jism scattered across my stomach. Whether it was mine or his, neither one of us cared as he placed a droplet of our combined ecstasy on to his tongue and lowered his face to mine.

"Taste it," he ordered. "Taste your pleasure."

I complied, licked a piece of seed from his tongue and sank in the flavor of our cum. Salty, viscous and texturally unappealing, I would have regurgitated the flavor. Instead, I relished it, acquired a taste for the forbidden and the illicit and performed the unthinkable. I swallowed it. A piece of both our souls were consumed and the sharing of bodily liquids cemented the agreement.

Jason Kendall was truly my Master and I was meant to be his slave. I pondered this for a moment before aggressive strong lips touched mine and the blond hunk embraced me tight kissed the side of my neck. Weird butterflies tumbled in my stomach as I clutched my lover tight and played with the blond curls at the back of his head. He shifted his weight and allowed himself to look at me.

"How are you feeling?" He asked me.

My smile was so huge that I thought my face would crack. "Free. Released. I'm no longer afraid, Master. Nothing is holding back now. I'm ready for the next thing. I'm ready to take a risk."

"Wonderful," he purred as he caressed my cheek with his mouth. "When we meet next time, I want to take your virginity."

Confused, I tried to cock my head but bumped my head against the leather armrest. "Did you just do that now?"

He shook his head and laughed. "No. What we did was foreplay. I sucked your dick, masturbated your cock and teased your body to respond. No, my slave. I want to move to the next step of losing your virginity."

"And what is that?"

"I want to have anal sex with you."

## Chapter 9: Session

For some reason, the bluntness of his request didn't seem to shock me. How could it especially when I just shared a very intimate moment with Jason Kendall just a few seconds ago? When he referred to anal sex, dirty thoughts raced through my mind involving gross, toilet humor and the embarrassing idea of shitting out a flood of diarrhea from my bottom.

I mean I've heard about anal sex. Butt fucking. Bottoming. Sodomy. What homosexual man hasn't? It's part of the vocabulary in the glossary of words in the coming out dictionary. The concept of anal where the penis penetrates the rectum has been "excuse the pun" the butt of many jokes and homophobic comments made since the dawn of time. It's the basic Gay Sex 101 lesson being taught in the *Masters and Johnson* manual and *Kinsey* study. For me, it was another territory that intrigued me but I was too afraid to explore.

Lying sprawled against the leather couch, I glanced down at the shared, sticky goo of our spent pleasure that tangled itself in the hairs of my pubic groin and small folds of skin on my tiny belly. Jason moved toward the desk, looking like the perfect naked Adonis, as he padded behind the counter and allowed me to bear witness to the sculpted square roundness of his buttocks. As the old expression goes, "You can bounce a quarter off that ass!" I imagined myself pulling a coin out of the pocket of my jeans and testing out that theory but I digress. Pulling one of the drawers open, he took out a small, cotton handkerchief and marched back toward me.

His gifted endowment slapped against his thigh with each movement of his muscular limbs walking in my direction. My eyes tried to look away from the large flesh that had touched me a few minutes ago but my mind still stood fixated by it. He caught me staring and lifted a single blond eyebrow.

"You know it's rude to stare," he smiled. "But since you're in full admiration of my cock, I might just let you touch it later."

I blushed and turned my eyes away. Though I'd have to admit that I would have loved to touch his cock; it had power, girth, length and its width which made any gay or even straight man envious. I fought the urge to wrap my fingers around it just to remember the feeling of it.

With a tender gentleness, my blond Master dabbed bits of the semen off my stomach and pubic hair as the scent of bleach filled my nostrils. The aroma was intoxicating, overwhelming male, and I drew my eyes upward to see the glistening beads of masculine sweat pour off Jason's brow. He was the embodiment of lust, sex incarnate, and at the same time emitted an ethereal presence to the point he left me speechless and completely lost in his closeness to me. I shut my eyes as his fingers rubbed the soft material across my skin.

Warm breath and male musk invaded my senses the moment he stopped stroking me with the handkerchief and too a place next to me on the couch. Tossing the cotton cloth behind the armrest, he slipped his arm around my shoulders and underneath my neck to support the back of my head. His other hand reached over, stroked the back of cheek with his palm as I gazed in wonder at his jeweled-toned blue eyes. They reminded me of the beaches of Guillermo and I was swimming in them.

"What are you thinking?" He asked. His voice was low and very macho. I managed to return a smile at him.

"Nothing." It was typical answer where one doesn't have anything pertinent to say. I twiddled my thumbs as he leaned in and kissed me. His mouth felt wonderfully invasive. A swirl of the tongue caressed my bottom lip, tasted my teeth, and then slipped into union with my own tongue. Our mouths danced for a minute while my nervous hands remained where they were and his touched both sides of my cheek and positioned me in

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place. Then with slow strokes, he withdrew.

"You nervous about my proposal?" He finally asked me.

I swallowed. "Anal sex? Yeah, a little." I wasn't shy about admitting this to him. "I've neverâ I mean I told you I was virgin. I've heard about topping and bottoming in regards to gay sex but I've never tried it because you knowâ all those suppressed memoriesâ of beingâ you knowâ touched inappropriatelyâ!"

He pressed his thumb to my chin while his finger supported the bottom of my face. Jason's blue eyes welcomed me, offered me support and protection, and I accepted it. "Ricky, what happened to you was traumatic and tragic. No child should ever be subjected to such a heinous act done to them by a pedophile. However, you're stronger now. You're no longer helpless. You're not that eight year old boy who someone in power decided to take advantage of. Rape is about power and control, not about sex, pleasure or building a physical connection. You're an adult now and you can gain back that control."

I hugged myself and fought through my sadness. "How? Master Jason, you speak of gaining back control. How do I do that?"

He grinned and rubbed my face with his thumb. "You're already begun. You've allowed yourself the ability to take risks, to no longer cringe when someone like me touches you intimately and to allow yourself to release. You've submitted to me willingly by your own accord. That is your power you're your control. You're an adult and you now have full access to your boundaries. You can dictate what you're willing and not willing to do. You now hold the cards. Don't let anyone take that away from you."

His advice was self-motivating. It's true. I wasn't the little eight year old molested by some cholo bastard. I'm a twenty year old adult who can pick and choose what I want to do with my body and right now my physical needs were wanting to explore more illicit activities with my blond Dominant.

"Thank you, Master Jason." I said in appreciation. "I didn't realize how much my baggage affected me until I came here this afternoon." I rubbed his bare chest with my fingers, played with the small blond hairs on pecs and allowed every ridge and curve to vibrate underneath my palm. He felt gorgeous, beautiful, and absolutely masculine. I didn't want to remove my hand. "I guess I still have a lot to learn."

A chiseled grin grew from ear to ear and exhibiting the cute dimples on both his cheeks. "You're very much welcome, Ricky." He snickered. "Eventually you'll learn to deal with the pain and allow it to diminish over time." Taking my hand, he kissed it. "Rest assured, I'll be here to help you." He clapped his hands together and rubbed them furiously. "Now, let's discuss your apprehension with anal sex. I do have to ask, even though I know you're are a virgin, if you prefer to top or bottom or see yourself as versatile?"

I had to self-analyze. In the world of gay sex, there were three aspects to the roles lovers play in regards to anal sex. Topping was recognized as the aggressive, dominant role. The pitcher. The one doing the penetrating. Bottoming, the submissive, weaker position who is on the receiving end. The catcher, if you will. The one being penetrated. Finally, there was the versatile. The one with the talent to go both ways and please any partner in either form. I had to consider my own stance on the position.

"I'm not sure, Master," I answered. "I meanâ I'm fascinated by topping and I do like playing the submissive role in bottoming similar to being your slave. Maybe I'm just versatile."

Jason laughed. "Maybe you are. Versatility is great especially during various types of play."

"So what are you, Master?" I dared to ask him.

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"Mostly a top," the tall blond replied. "I might bottom if the right person came along but I like being in control. Hence, I'm a Dom."

I cocked my head in agreement. "Good point."

"Would you say that you're willing to bottom for me?" He asked me.

A bit of trepidation on my part made me silent. I mean the idea of being penetrated did present some fascination but glancing down at his gifted endowment scared the shit out of me! I wasn't sure if I could take that huge monster up my ass.

Noticing my concern, my Master slipped his around me again. "You're worried if my huge dick is going to hurt you, huh?"

I nodded shyly.

He inhaled a breath, placed both his hands into my face, and gave me a sweet peck on my lips before flashing a smile of assurance. "You don't have worry, Ricky. I'll make sure that you're first time is special and, more importantly, pleasurable for the both of us. I am your Master. Your Dom. I vowed to never hurt you, okay? Trust me?"

I nodded again.

Pushing himself off the leather couch, he extended his hand as signal to hold it. I grabbed his fingers to which he gripped me tight and hoisted me up.

"Wait here." He ordered.

I complied as I watched him head out in his full naked glory toward the door of the library. He turned the handle and stepped in front of a nonchalant Filomena holding pair of terrycloth, white robes in her arms.

The portly, Filipina maid winked at me as she handed her employer the robes. I blushed and covered my privates with my hand as she ignored my naked presence and addressed her boss. "Will that be all, Meester Kendall?"

"Yes, Filomena," said Jason. "I'll call you up later to fix a light lunch for our guest."

"Of couse, Meester Kendall." She smiled. She began to walk away but stopped to remind her him of something. "Oh, Meester Kendall, I almost porgot! Your spa appointment just arrived upstairs. It's Miss Svetlana."

The drug dealer beamed. "Wonderful. Tell her, we'll be right up."

Filomena nodded and exited down the hall. Slowly shutting the door, he handed me a robe and instructed me to put it on. I hesitated for a bit as I allowed the smooth sensation of the wonderful cotton to massage my skin. Observing my doubts, the blond hunk spoke up.

"Don't worry, Ricky," he said. "Everyone that works for me is discreet. They'll keep our relationship a secret. You don't have to feel embarrassed or ashamed about what we do together."

I countered. "You pay them that well, huh?"



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"Of course." He openly admitted. "I'm rich, remember. Money does wonders in buying off secrecy especially for someone like me who is involved in criminal activities as engages in BDSM practices. I doubt that my ex-slaves would appreciate their past history with me being advertised to the world."

Still, I wasn't convinced. "So, you're sure that no one will blab about this to anyone?"

"Absoutely," Jason nodded. "Besides, if I discover who is spilling my secrets, they'll find themselves at the bottom the ocean wearing cement shoes."

"Master Jason!" I gasped.

The mobster giggled. "I'm kidding, Ricky! God, don't take things too serious with me. Just because I'm a drug dealer and have mob connections doesn't mean I don't a sense a humor! Lighten up!"

Exhaling a breath, I attempted to remain positive. "It's not that easy, Master Jason. My head is still trying to process this whole situation. I mean I was this closeted, average Joe living some boring, mundane life and now I'm a sex slave to a wealthy mobster and drug kingpin."

"Don't overthink it," grinned Jason. "Just go with the flow and we'll figure this out together. Right now, we're late for an appointment."

"What do you mean by we? What appointment?"

I grew curious of his intentions as I slid the robe over arms and wrapped the belt around my waist. Jason didn't answer as I watched him put on his but even though the soft fabric of the terrycloth was incredible and heavenly, I was more distracted by my lover's muscular bare chest that bulged out of the deep shaped-V of his covered robe. I don't know what came over me but I really wanted to rip open the lapels of his cotton covering, unloosen the belt, and strip him until he was completely naked once more. Then my fantasies drifted into scenarios involving whip cream and a lot of mutual masturbation but I quickly awoke from my dream.

Exhibiting a smirk, Jason finished tying the knot of his robe. "I have surprise for you, Ricky. If you're a good slave, I might just let you find out what it is."

I was skeptical. "Does it mean being tied up to a rack and being beaten?"

"Of course not," he giggled. "The rack is out for repairs. We now have suspension cables and electrical duct tape!"

My face turned white as I stopped dead in my tracks.

"I'm kidding, Ricky! Boy, you're gullible!" Jason guffawed. I tried to smile but to be honest I inhaled a sigh of relief. "I told you we won't progress to the extremes until much later when you're ready for it. Like I said, you hold the cards. It's all about your boundaries and what you're willing to consent to."

I rubbed my face. "So, what's the surprise you keep talking about?"

"Come upstairs," he advised. Normally, the idea of going upstairs meant sex in general but again I did put my faith and trust in this man. I had to trust my Master's better judgment and agree to follow his orders. Stretching out his hand to me, I accepted and together we left the library and headed up the marble steps toward a lavishly decorated hallway where an open bedroom appeared at the very end.

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Passing through the entryway, we arrived at expensively decorated bedroom right of *Better Homes and Gardens* where at the center of the chamber a bulky European auburn haired woman with big mole on her forehead had a collapsible table waiting.

Her face held an angry expression as she pointed to the table. "Da! Remove robe! Lay down!"

Shocked that a complete stranger would demand that I strip in front of her made me wary, I stood in place and refused to budge. Jason came up behind me and began conversing to the woman in a language I assume was Russian as they discussed my presence for a minute or two. Once their chatting was over, the blond hunk walked over to me and stroked my dark hair.

"Ricky, remember when I told you that I expect my slaves to obey me?" He stated.

"Yeah, Master," I muttered. "Who is this woman and what is she doing here?"

He pointed to the woman. "This is Svetlana. She's the world's leading esthetician who specializes in removing body hair."

It still didn't sink in. "Okayâso she does waxing and this is importantâbecauseâ!"

"I want you to be groomed," announced the Dom. "That means your body shaved, trimmed, and your pubes maintained."

I was floored. "What? No way!" I folded my arms and shook my head. "Sorry, Master, but I'm not agreeing to this!"

Jason grabbed my arm and stared at me. "Ricky, this is all about bringing a positive change in you. Yes, I desire obedience from you but my actions and decisions are for your own benefit. I want you to bring out the inner beauty that I know remains hidden within you and that includes monitoring your personal hygiene. As your Master, I order you to follow my instructions and to submit to my oversight of your personal care! Do you comply?"

Part of me wanted to rebel, refuse him but other part wanted to please him. I did agree to our Sub-Dom arrangement and including all terms of our contract. Nullifying our agreement would mean forgoing any chance of financial support for Alex's rehab treatment. Stuck between a rock and hard place, I had to agree. I figured a little less body hair wouldn't hurt.

"Fine," I clucked. "I'll get waxed and shaved."

My Master seemed pleased as he released his hand from arm and allowed me to strip my robe off in front of Svetlana. Shocked by my own lack of inhibitions, I kept telling myself that the mob boss had employed workers who followed a policy of discretion with him. The mole face Russian seemed to care less about my pasty, naked body since she obviously seen plenty of it in her chosen profession; I guess if you've seen one naked man or woman, you've seen them all!

Jason pulled up a nearby ottoman and sat close to the folding table and my eyes caught a glimpse of his long donkey dick flopping limp and lifeless near his thigh. I fought the urge to laugh as the auburn Russian lady began to rub a series of lotions and creams over the top of my body and began tickling with the combination of weird moisturizers and scented oils.

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I quickly learned why as she raised an electric razor and began trimming off the small hairs of my skinny chest, my armpits, and both areas of my limbs. Then she started shaving around my belly, my pubic hair and scrotum before gesturing to Jason and speaking to him in Russian. The blond mobster responded back in her native tongue as she slipped on a pair of rubber gloves and began rubbing more lotions and creams all over my body. Bits of shortened stubble appeared on my body as my lover perused me for his approval.

"You know this shaving thing isn't so bad," I remarked. "I mean it didn't hurt."

He smirked. "She's not done yet. Wait until the waxing."

Confused, I watched as Svetlana poured warm sticky wax on around the tiny hairs around my nipples and chest. Then with a tiny cloth she covered them both.

"What's this?" I inquired. "A seaweed body wrap?"

"Nope," grinned my Master. "A little bit of enduring pain."

I started to question him before Svetlana ripped off the tape off my nipples. I yelped at the flaring pain surrounding my nubs.

"HOLY SHIT!"

Reddish marking appeared around the areolas and surface bumps as I winced and looked up to see Svetlana clutching the cloth containing the stray hairs of my chest.

I started to panic and proceeded to get off the table. "No way! No how! I'm not doing this!"

Pressing a finger to my lips, he kissed my mouth. Instantly, I melted as his muscular arms embraced me and gently lowered me back down to the folding table. He released me, withdrew from my lips, and slid his tongue down the throbbing pain of my nubs as he gently encircled the reddened nipple and suckled it. I know Svetlana stared at our interaction but I didn't care. Desire and passion possessed me and come Hell or high water, I was going to let my lover touch me!

Caught off guard by his soothing touch, I closed my eyes and groaned. "Master! Jason! I don't stop!"

He lifted his mouth away and smiled up at me. "I won't, my slave. But you must endure the pain. That is part of the comprehension of understanding the Sub-Dom role, learning and processing the pain. Yes, it will hurt, Ricky, but the agony doesn't have to be torturous. It can be pleasurable. Give in to the mindset. Allow it to be pleasurable for you. Each time Svetlana rips a piece of stubble away, I shall massage and soothe the pain and make it all better. All you need to do is want it. Tell me that you want me it, Ricky."

Unable to control myself, I whispered. "I want it, Master!"

"Excellent!" He smiled.

So began our a little routine. For each hair, Svetlana yanked with her waxing, Jason Kendall soothed it with his kisses or massaged the flaring pain with his fingers. She began with my arms, waxing off the hairs of each limb before proceeding to my legs removing each hair of my thighs, ankles and calves. I hollered at each tug of hair being extracted from my body. A fire had ignited across my skin as Jason quickly extinguished it with his kiss, lips, and tongue.

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Waxing away the hairs off my back, shoulders, and surface of my behind didn't hurt so much but then she advanced toward my groin and began applying the wax around my penis. Master Jason clutched my hand as she ripped away the cloth.

"Yeeouch!" I wailed. My groin flared with intense pain. It burned, throbbled, and created a tremor of agony that only my Dominant had the power to take away.

Lowering his head, he kissed and licked at the small bumps of near my shaft and he drew his face even lower until he could fit my whole cock in his mouth. It instantly grew hard as his warm mouth consumed me and invited me to tickle his throat while his wet tongue soothed the aching pain of my hairless groin. Drawing a thin of saliva from surface of my dick, he raised his mouth away and allowed the esthetician to apply wax along my scrotum. Sure enough, she ripped the hairs out of there too.

"Ouwee! Ouwee! Ouwee!"

Like my balls had been lit with a match, the wrinkled flesh of my sack burned, flamed with intense aching. Jason descended toward the bitter stinging on my scrotum. Encircling his tongue in a rotational pattern, the twinge of tenderness put an end to the discomfort and continual hurting of my lost follicles.

He moaned. "Mmm, your balls taste amazing!" He wanted to prove his point as he consumed the right side of my scrotum into his mouth, made a popping sound with his lips, and tongued the wrinkled flesh with his drenched saliva. Then he released my sack and touched my left testicle with his mouth and repeated the process.

I groaned his name in response. "MasterâJasonâ!"

The tall hunk smiled as he withdrew his mouth. Winking at Svetlana, the Russian slapped my thigh for the final waxing. "Da! On all fours! Last one!"

Unsure of what she was going to wax next, I got up, rotated my waist so that my body performed a full plank. Crouched in a forty five degree angle, my elbows remained perpendicular to my arms on the folding table while my knees were kept separated with the surface of my feet slanted and touching the top of the counter. Svetlana smacked my ass and shouted something in Russian.

"What did she say?" I glanced at Jason.

"She said she's going to wax your asshole!" He smirked.

My mouth dropped. My eyes rolled as I tried to argue against it. "Oh come on!"

It was too late. Squirting the waxing lotion around the rim of my rectum, she applied the cloth with her rubber glove and pulled hard. I hollered like a banshee.

"AAAAAARRRRRRGGGGHHH!"

All I could see was white. This hurt more than falling off bike or skinning your knee, possibly more than childbirth but then again that's a chauvinistic way of looking at it. I can't begin to describe the pain. A hundred needles has pierced my skin, raked it over the coals and burned it with intense heat. I was utter agony. I thought the worst was over until the Russian bitch placed more lotion the other side of flaring hole, covered it in cloth and then ripped it out again.

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"AAAAH! NO MORE! NO MORE!"

Small tears filled my eyes as Jason cupped my face and kissed me.

"It's all right, Ricky." He purred. "It's all over. You're hairless now."

I choked through my sobs. "Am I bleeding?"

Sliding a finger across my back, he pulled apart the flesh of my bottom globes with his rough hands and slid a digit through the small crease of my butt cheeks. "No, Ricky. Just a little red. Here, let me take care of that."

Suddenly a moist tongue raked through my outer edge of my rear entrance. It stroked the raw, sensitive rim of my hole and plunged near the top of cavern, teasing it and massaging the twinge of tenderness that came with the process of hair removal. Once again, Jason circled his tongue near my opening, teased it mercilessly, and tapped into the tiny sensors of pleasurable wickedness that caused me to gasp in desire.

I gave in, submitted to his eager mouth, and clapped my fingers together while his lips ate me out.

"Master Jasonâ€" I whispered.

Growling, he made hungry sound with his mouth as he released himself from my hole and gestured to Sventlana. He walked over the bureau, removed an envelope which contained a wad of cash, and handed it to the mole faced Russian.

"Da! Hair gone! Done!"

Those were the only words she said as he picked up her bag of torturous hair extraction devices and exited from the chamber. Left alone with my lover, Jason assisted me up and my whole body ached from being tugged and pulled for the entire hour. Sliding his muscular right arm underneath my legs, he braced me tight and swept me up into his arms. I clenched his neck tightly as he swept me from the folding table and carried me over to the bathroom.

"Where are we going?" I asked him as I felt like Scarlet O'Hara being whisked away by Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind*.

"To the bathtub," he explained. "I have a bath drawn for us there. I want to bathe my slave."

For this next lesson, I willingly submitted.

## Chapter 10: Bathing

To say that I appreciated being spoiled would be an understatement. Jason carried me into the bathroom that resembled more like the inside of Grecian temple than an average lavatory. Expensive marble tiles and stone pillars filled the chamber as he gently lowered me into a large Jacuzzi size tub filled with soapy water and red rose petals. Vanilla candles were perched in various areas of the room, brightening the ambience, and setting the atmosphere into a romantic mood. More pleasant Tchaikovsky music chimed into the hidden speakers of the private quarters as my lover stripped off his robe and slipped into the water next to me.

Reciting a line from *Pretty Woman*, I went for Julia Robert's hooker bit. "I appreciate this whole seduction thing you got going on here but let me give you a tip. I'm a sure thing."

He eyed with like a lion stalking his prey. "God, I hope so."

My head resting against the back of the porcelain edge as I tried to soak in the entire background. "Did you plan all this for me?"

"Absolutely," he admitted. "I do try to treat my slaves well. Though I added the candles and rose petals especially for you."

Surprised by his generosity, I said nothing and dropped my head underwater to allow the soap and bubbles to wash over my throbbing skin before floating back up to the surface. Warm liquid soothed the aching stings of where Svetlana had plucked, stripped, and ripped every follicle of hair off my body as Jason got behind me, massaged my shoulders, and poured some of the soapy water over my head and began shampooing my scalp with his strong fingers.

"You have a gorgeous mane there, Ricky," he commented. "I love dark hair on a guy."

"Thanks," I replied as I wiped away the soap from my face. He cupped more in between his hands, continued to pour it over my head and proceeded to rinse out the excess soap from my tendrils of black hair. Taking a bit of water by accident, I coughed a little. To ensure I was okay, he softly patted my back. "I'm fine. I shouldn't have opened my mouth, that's all."

The blond hunk smiled. "Good. You had me worried there for minute that I drowned you." Placing a muscular arm around the front of my shoulders, he positioned himself so that my back rested against his well-sculpted chest. He spread his legs so that my bottom rested against his flaccid cock while my own laid limp underneath the bubbles of the tub. Caressing the back of my neck with his lips, I moaned softly as I hugged my knees and brought it closer to my slender frame.

Something bothered me earlier. It was something that he remarked concerning his previous slaves. I knew I had to get to the bottom of it. I inhaled a breath and brought it to his attention.

"Master Jason?"

"Hmm?" He murmured as he mouth continued to massage the back of my neck.

"I was wondering," I began. "You mentioned that you never saw Alex naked. Why is that? He was your former slave before me?"

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Jason stopped kissing my neck and sighed. "Like I said, Ricky. Alex had issues and I didn't feel that he would make an appropriate Sub for me if he wasn't able to resolve his troubles."

I still needed a better explanation. "But if he had the same issue as meâbeing raped as a childâwhy didn't you go out of your way to help him like what you're doing for me?"

A sad quality appeared in his voice. "I wanted to. Believe me, Ricky. I wanted to help your brother but he was too far gone in his substance abuse problem to be helped. I had an inkling that he was molested from the way he hinted to me as he would self-medicate but he refused to deal with the issue and instead decided to rebel and get himself into trouble. After a while, I stopped being concerned for his well-being since he constantly rejected my offer of assistance. In the end, he got himself in a sticky situation by involving himself with Yuri Anatole and his group."

"But you still engaged in BDSM practices with him?" I asked with curiosity.

"Certainly," answered the dark blond gentleman. "But nothing too extreme. Just some light play like blindfolding, small bondage, spanking, and paddling. Remember, your brother pursued me and requested to be my Sub and in return I financially supported him and offered him a job as part-time dealer to which I was unaware he had been using the money to buy more drugs and experiment with Hard Rock."

I frowned. "If you were so concerned with him in the beginning, why did you get him involved with your drug business?"

A frustrated breath exhaled from the Dom. "It was never my intention. I know how dangerous the drug trade is. I didn't want him connected to it in any way but your brother is headstrong and is determined to do what he wants. I figured that if I allow him to participate in the business, I could watch over and monitor his activities. I'll admit, Ricky, it was a mistake and I've regretted it ever since."

"You should," I griped. "It's like dangling a toy over a spoiled child. He accepted it without any consequence to his actions. The drugs finally took his toll on him."

"That's why I agreed to fund his rehab," Jason defended. "I feel guilty for contributing to his addiction to Hard Rock. Look, Ricky, I'm human. I'm not perfect and I make mistakes. However, I try to make up for it by trying to resolve them and make amends. I'll be forever haunted by my demons but I deal with them as best I can. You of all people should understand that."

I did. The breakthrough of our hypnotherapy session of realizing the sexual abuse I had suffered that I've suppressed and the murder of my victimizer made me sympathetic to my Master's plight. I too shared dark secrets in my past so to judge the drug dealer for his actions made me a completely, total hypocrite. It wasn't fair to make assumptions about him especially since he had his own baggage to deal with.

Changing the subject, I rubbed my knees and brought up another topic which concerned my younger sibling. "How come you were never intimate with Alex?"

His blue eyes looked away for moment. "I guess I feel little weirded out about taking a slave so young. Usually, I prefer Submissives who are closer to my age since they're more mature to handle the relationship than to someone who is new to the lifestyle. That's why my BDSM practices with him were usually fully clothed. In my head, I didn't feel guilty about taking advantage of someone who wasn't ready for it."

"But I'm twenty three and you're forty," I noted. "Our age difference sort of cancels that idea of yours."

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"That's where you wrong, Ricky," he argued. "You're different. I can't explain it but all my former slaves went through the motions to try to please me but I felt I was missing something when I was with them. I hoped to meet someone who I could consider myself as an equal."

"And then you met me?" I questioned. "What made me so special?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. There's something about you that Mark had discovered. You're brave, courageous, and compassionate. You see the world differently. I'll admit I was intrigued. I wanted to find someone who I can engage with, challenge me, and keep me interested. I wanted someone who I can train, teach, and bring out their innermost desires. I wanted a slave who is nothing like my previous partners. Someone innocent I can mold and shape like clay."

"A blank slate." I muttered in a sad tone. "Someone like me."

Huge masculine arms tightened around my chest as my Dominant kissed my cheek. "Someone unique and different. Someone special."

Most normal people would be accepting of the compliment. To have someone who views and worships you in such a positive light would be considered a great self-esteem boost. For me, there was still that lingering doubt of why I was chosen.

"Have you hadâ€¦" I tried to form the words. "Have you had many slaves?" Part of me didn't want to know but I needed to.

Jason twisted his lips. "Not many if you worried about it. A total of ten in my lifetime. The current one being you, of course, and ninth being Alex. The other eight were in passing. I was only intimate with two which were long term and even then I didn't partake in the same activities as we are participating in right now. I've never had them groomed or taken a bubble bath with them."

I hated to admit but I was relieved I was the first. Though I have to say I was cocky about it.

"Who were the others?" I asked.

"Just some business associates, a few men I experimented with back in college," he confessed. "It was a few weeks and then I grew bored with them. Nothing special. However, there were two that I will say lasted a few months. One brought me into the world of BDSM and the other I met in the subculture."

"Who were they?" I wondered. I mean as his current slave I had a right to know.

"Her name was Aungelique," said Jason. "She was my first."

My mouth opened wide. "You were with a woman? I thought you were gay!"

The blond hunk frowned. "I don't believe in labels, Ricky. Like you, my sexual orientation is interpreted by me and not by someone else so I do admit to being attracted to women as well."

"I'm sorry, Master," I apologized. "I didn't mean to offend you."

He giggled as he rubbed my skinny, wet chest with his fingers. "It's okay. Now where was I? Oh right. Back I college, I was curious about BDSM so I boldly went to a sex club where I met Madam Aungelique Bouchier. We became lovers and she taught me how to be a good Dom and experience a world of pleasure through the



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journey of exploring the side of kink. She and I would switch roles where she would be the slave and I the Master and vice versa."

"How long did it last?" I asked.

"Six months. She eventually grew bored with me and got involved with a banker and retired from the BDSM lifestyle. Last I heard, she's now a born again Christian and now condemns anything dealing with sex."

"Wow!" My eyebrows rose. "I never figured you be the corruptive type of some church lady."

"There's much about me that you'll get to know," he purred in my ear. I continued to interview him.

"And the long term slave?"

"His name was Stanley Reeves," the mob boss revealed. "He did charity work for various organizations. We met through the mutual friends of the lifestyle and together we explored a more extreme side of kink."

"What could more extreme than whips and chains?" I asked.

"How about fisting, golden showers, and scatting?" Master Jason answered.

Completely shocked, I almost scrambled from the tub and ran out of the bathroom. I couldn't believe that my Dominant had engaged in such disgusting acts of perversion. I've Googled enough internet sites to know what those terms meant and none of them in the least appealed or even remotely attracted me. From fisting, putting your entire hand, arm, elbow, etc. inside a person's rectum to "golden showers" where the person is pissed on or "scatting" where shit play is involved, there was no way I was going to participate in any of those things.

"Don't tell me, you've done any of those?" I scowled.

Jason clucked. "No! Even I'm not that daring! But I've watched Stanley participate in that kind of behavior with other Doms and I have to tell you that it scarred me for life! I was so sick to my stomach with his personal preferences that I ended up breaking it off even before we even got to the third month of our relationship!"

I turned to him. "Speaking of which, Master." I stated. "If you're going to teach more about the lifestyle, I want to exercise my right to object to certain aspects of our agreement. This includes not participating in any kind of toilet sex such as golden showers, scatting or defecation and fisting. Oh and I put my foot down on maiming, cutting, burning, branding, electrocution, and anything involving fire."

"And with that, my slave," he replied. "I wholeheartedly agree. Though there are other ways to induce pleasure by inflicting a little pain."

"Like what?"

He grinned widely. "I guess you'll just have to wait and see." His right hand slid down my belly and to newly shaved area of my groin. Finding my semi-erection in his hand, he gripped it gently, placing the thumb at the base of my head while his other fingers encircled the entire shaft and began to stroke me slowly.

Shutting my eyes, I groaned.

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His small blond hairs of his back tickled my back as his huge cock poked the bottom of my spine. With his left arm, he flexed his bicep and clutched the front of my chest as his palm spread across the tiny curve of my pecs and pinched my nipples with his fingers. I felt the warm breath of his mouth caress the nape of my neck as he moved on to my earlobe, nibbled it and whispered.

"You know what I prefer my men cut?" He growled as he thumb pressed hard against the base of my cock. Blood pumped furiously as it began to grow in between his fingers.

"Thank my mother," I squinted as he began to tug at me. "She's a nurse. She had some idea that circumcision would help with personal hygiene so had it done with me and Alex. Personally, I wouldn't mind having some foreskin left."

"I still prefer you cut."

Shifting my face around, I caught his lips with my mouth. "You have thing for circumcised men? It's your fetish?" I loved to tease him.

"That," he licked my tongue. "And that the triangular shape of man's circumcised head reminds of me of the point of a spear. Powerful, dangerous, and deadly. Many warriors of throughout history have used such a fine weapon and I admire the grace and skill of someone who wields it." Our tongues danced together as he moved his clenched hand up and down on my erection.

I moaned breathlessly as I enjoyed the sensation of his large hand enclose around me. He had a gift for masturbation and I appreciated every gesture of his movements.

Up and down.

Up and down.

Yet, I felt the need to question his logic. My erection squirmed mercilessly as I interrogated him in between kisses and groaning pants.

"Uhhâ 'tell meâ 'what you'reâ 'uhâ 'not shaved all the way?"

His voice grunted as his mouth captured me again and again. "Because I'm the Domâ 'plus I hate waxingâ 'because it hurtsâ 'and I look good with a little body hairâ 'that's why I only manscape my dickâ '!"

I had to agree with him. Master Jason without any body hair would look ridiculous. He was extremely masculine, aggressive, and authoritative and I'd completely admired and appreciated him for it.

"Now, slave," he cooed. "Please your Master. I want you to sit on me so that your cock slides on top of mine!"

Eagerly, I complied. Swimming though the soapy water, bits of suds splashed over the edge of the marble and porcelain tub. I scooted my bare butt up to his belly so that I my back faced him, parked my rear end near the top of his massive dick, and placed my erection over his already huge hard-on. Master Jason knew what to do next. Pushing his muscular arm around my waist he had me lay back against his flawless sculpted chest and torso as his left hand gripped both our dicks together. Squeezing them in unison, he began to stroke slowly.

Wet black hair rested against the his hairy nipples as I gradually closed my eyes and allowed the friction of his large hands to massage, stroke, and masturbate our hard dicks together in one pleasurable unison.

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I moaned.

"Don't stop, Master. Don't stop."

His right hand, which was free, stroked my cheek as he pushed my face around so that our lips and tongues met. A joining of mouths signified our unified agreement to please each other as Jason's masterful hands continued to pulse and race in such a feverish rhythm. His pace quickened.

Up and down.

Up and down.

My body began to free itself. I couldn't hold back.

Up and down.

Up and down.

"Master! I'm going to cum!"

"Cum for me, Ricky!" He declared. "Cum for me!"

I exploded.

"AAAAAHHH!"

A white serpent erupted from the urethra of my dick and coiled in various loops underneath the soapy water. I panted breathlessly as my Dominant continued to clutch me tight in between his enormous fingers as he too shot his load into the water.

"I'm gonna cum! I gonna fucking cum! !AAAAHHHHH!"

Another stream of seed joined with mine. Together the two lines of jism intertwined, forming an almost underwater synchronized ballet before the joining together to form one blank ink splatter. Jason cupped a large bit of water in his palm, splashed it against my belly and proceeded to wash me with his hands. Relaxing in the feel of his fingers caressing me, I drew my hands around his neck, pulled him down, and captured his mouth one more time.

He spent the next minutes kissing before he pulled away and stroked back the tendrils of my wet hair with his fingers.

"Come," the dark blond man offered. "Let's towel off. Filomena went through a lot of trouble to make a wonderful lunch for us so I don't want to keep her waiting."

I nodded as he grabbed my fingers and pulled me out of the tub. Picking up a white terrycloth towel, he dried my head and body carefully rubbing and wiping away the excess water and soap that laid dripping on the bathroom floor. In between his attention to me, he offered me a couple kisses before we padded naked back into the bedroom where mole faced Svetlana returned holding a pair tiny scissors. I almost ran back inside the lavatory but Master Jason stopped by.

"What now?" I groaned. "More waxing torture? What other hairs do I have? You're pulled out the rest of it!"

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Jason laughed. "No, Ricky. The worst part is over. Svetlana is here to give you a haircut. Your hair is too long. You need a little trim. I want my slave to look presentable."

I frowned. "Isn't this taking a little too far?"

He shook his head. "It's just a little grooming. Come on, you do want to please me, don't you?"

I sighed and followed Svetlana to a stool where I sat my bare bottom on as she wrapped a large apron around me and began to trim away some of my long black tendrils.

"Da!" She said. "You look good!"

For the next few minutes, she cut, shaved, and styled my bangs as she styled it and finished trimming my black hair to perfection. My Master watched with interest as she finished and placed a hand mirror in my hand to have me look myself.

"Good? Da?" Svetlana asked.

I was shocked at my new look. I've never really bothered with appearance since I've always been conservative and presentable but after the Russian mole lady's handiwork, I looked like I had stepped out of the pages of a *GQ* magazine. She had spiked my hair a bit and I even noticed Jason staring at me with approval. I hated to admit but the Dominant was right, a little haircut was all I needed.

"Good. Da." I smiled to Svetlana as she grabbed the mirror in my hand. She nodded to the blond mob boss and left the room as my lover removed the apron and helped me from the stool. He touched my hair and grinned.

"She did great work," he commented. "You look a completely different person."

"I feel like one too," I nodded. Scrambling to pick up my underwear that had been scattered on the floor, the tall blond touched my arm.

"You're not going to wear those, are you?" He asked.

I cocked my eyebrows. "Of course. I'm naked if you haven't notice. I'd liked to wear some clothes now."

"At least, wear something that fits your new look," he offered. Padding to the closet, he opened up the door to reveal a huge wardrobe of designer clothing. "Here, these are for you. I hope I got your size right. I was guessing a medium and size 30 waist from the way you wear your regular clothes."

He did get my dimensions right. Though I have to say that I was shocked by the amount of expensive apparel that he was giving me from designers like Tom Ford, John Varvatos, and Giorgio Armani to well-known favorites like Donna Karan and Calvin Klein; as someone who works for a high end company like Gordenthal's, I was used to seeing these names pass through my warehouse. I didn't think I'd ever see the day that I would be wearing them. Then the realization of the implication of our relationship started to make sense which angered me.

Clenching my fists, I glared at Jason. "You're really pushing the whole prostitution thing, aren't you? What's next? You're pimping me out to your drug dealing clients? The Zagreski family?"

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He folded his arms and exhaled. "Ricky, you've got the wrong idea. You're not a prostitute. You're not a whore. You're my Sub."

"That's now how you make me feel!" I gritted my teeth. "The grooming! The new haircut! The expensive clothes! The only thing now is having you pay me for sex except we haven't progressed to that yet!"

Jason curled his mouth, grabbed my arm and spun me around. "Listen, Ricky! You're not my whore, my prostitute or whatever you think you are! You're my slave solely for me! Yes, I wish to treat you well and take care of you but I don't want you to ever think that I'm buying your affections! You're free to come and go as you choose but I want to offer gifts to you as a testament of our friendship! That is all!"

I sneered. "Friends don't have to buy other people's approval! I am not a sugar baby and you're not my sugar daddy! I don't want your money! Go that?"

He sighed again and stepped. "Understood. Look, I'm sorry if I overstep my bounds. I thought I was being nice."

In a way, I felt bad for him. He did go out of his way to make this first meeting of our arrangement very pleasurable. I mean the man was loaded. He was used to lavishing gifts on his slaves but accepting such things would make me less of a person, someone with no integrity. Was I willing to lose that? I stared at a black V-neck John Varvatos long sleeve sweater. The material was extraordinary. I pressed it against my fingers.

His voice purred behind my shoulder. "I think it will look good on you."

Damn, my superficial, materialistic inner self. I grabbed the sweater, slipped it on and found matching pair of Calvin Klein jeans to go with it. Adding to the ensemble was a D & G black boxer briefs I wore underneath and the Ferragamo dress shoes. Jason observed me dress and beamed with pride. I turned to him and waved a finger at him as a warning.

"Fine." My tongue clucked. "I'll accept the clothes but nothing else! We got that clear?"

His hand saluted. "Aye. Aye, captain. No more gifts."

Rolling my eyes, I stepped out of the bedroom while he found a shirt and pair of simple slacks to dress in. In a few minutes, we headed downstairs to the dining room where the Filipina maid Filomena prepared a sumptuous lunch of butternut squash soup, an arugula salad with a berry vinaigrette dressing, a side of a cheese crostini, and a glass of wine. We ate in silence as I enjoyed the delicious meal.

After eating, the housekeeper cleared the table leaving Jason and I to discuss our arrangement further. I tapped my fingers across the table as my Master dabbed away the corners of his mouth with his cloth napkin.

"So, how do you want this to work?" I asked. "Do you want me to visit you on my days off?"

He smiled. "No, Ricky. You might be my slave but I want you to come to me willingly when you want to. Now there might be some days I might request for you, which I do ask that you obey me but for the most part, I want you to have the freedom to come and go as you please. You're not indebted to me."

"Oh," I shyly replied. "I would've thought you would want me at your beck and call 24/7."

"No," he shook his head. "You're not my property, Ricky. I don't own you. You're your own person. I don't want you feel like you have to come to me considering our unique circumstances. I want you to be

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independent and be able to explore yourself outside of our relationship."

I nodded. "That's very kind of you, Master Jason. I guess I'm new to this whole BDSM world so I'm not sure how I'm supposed to navigate through it."

Leaning in, the blond hunk grinned. "Don't worry, I'll help you. Speaking of which, I want you do understand something."

"What?" I wondered as I sat back.

"This relationship." He explained. "This arrangement and agreement is based upon mutual caring and friendship for the both us. This is simply sex and exploring the boundaries of pleasure. This isn't a real situation where we both develop feelings or some emotional attachment. We both cannot and shall not and will fall in love. I'm not the type of Dom who wants that kind of commitment nor do I want to pursue it. I want you to find others outside of our circle who you can date, possibly build a connection to and fall in love with. All of which will kept secret as we agree to the terms of our contract. Is that something you can handle?"

"Iâ Iâ I guess so," I stuttered. "I supposeâ Yes, Master. I'll agree to it." Truthfully, I wasn't sure how to answer this question. I've never fallen in love with anyone and despite my attraction to Jason Kendall, our relationship was based purely on lust not love. I had to agree that I wasn't in love with the man but I did share a strange admiration for the man that I could only explain as a deep respect and a caring friendship for him. I guess that was enough to internalize for the time being. For now, I would play the field as he suggested me to do.

"Good," he closed his fingers together. "Since we got that uncomfortable issue out of the way, I have something for you."

I rolled my eyes. "Not another gift, Master. I told you no more gifts!"

"This one is necessary," the blond hunk informed me. Clapping his hands, Filomena came out into the dining area carrying a laptop with a tiny camera on top. She placed it on the table including a large shopping bag and left. Jason pushed the laptop toward me and had me open it. Lifting the cover, the screen appeared to showcase the back of the room behind me. "The camera has a built in SKYPE program. I can contact you via the internet to discuss and participate in any private moments."

Suspicion showed on my face. "What do you mean participate in private moments?"

"Have you ever heard of a webcam?" He asked. I nodded. "Well, we can SKYPE together and participate in couple of fun activities if we ever we can't meet. For our next session, I thought I would help you prepare you for anal sex when the time comes." He pulled out a couple accoutrements out of the shopping bag. "We got lube, an enema bottle, some butt plugs, dildosâ !"

I paused. "Um, Master? Are you sure I need all that?"

"Of course," he giggled. "How else are you going to prepare when I fuck you? He pushed the shopping bag over to me. "Now take these and I'll SKYPE you tonight. Is eight all right?"

"Let's try nine." I suggested even though I had no idea what I was saying. "I have to have dinner at my Mom's."

"Nine it is," he agreed. "Hope to see you then."

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We exchanged cell numbers and I picked up the laptop and bag of dirty sex toys and began to walk away before I heard Jason calling out to me.

"Oh and Ricky?" The tall blond hunk called out to me. I turned to him. "I want you to know you're progressing really well as my slave."

"Uh? Thanks?" I meekly responded. I went outside to my car to find Filomena and Svetlana loading the trunk of my car with piles designer clothes gifted to me by Jason. Both the Filipina and the Russian winked at me as I got into the driver's seat and began to back away.

In the next few minutes, I drove down the highway from Oceanview to Guillermo as I thought about all that happened this afternoon with me and the blond drug dealer. Strange new passions emerged throughout my body as I glanced at my rearview mirror and saw an entirely different person.

I only wished that this new persona I've become doesn't wind up like the late Anna Nicole Smith.

## Chapter 11: SKYPE

I drove to my Mom's house in Santa La Diaz, pulled into her driveway as she waved to me outside from the lawn and row of flowers she was watering. Shutting off the ignition, I climbed out of the driver's seat and kissed her cheek while she set down her watering can.

"Mijo," smiled Bianca Quinn. "You're early. I was expecting you around six for dinner."

"I was running errands and I finished early." I told her. It was a completely fabrication but I wasn't going to tell her that spent the better part of the afternoon being seduced by a drug dealing hunk. "I figured that I'd spend some of the day with you."

She clapped her hands in joy. "Excelente! Come inside. I made horchata!"

Her feet shuffled toward the front door, closing it behind her as both of us entered the home that I grew up in. Pulling a chair to sit in front of the dining table, Mom went to fridge to pour me a glass of the cinnamon rice drink and handed it to me. Then her eyes absorbed my new appearance.

"Enrique!" Her voice giggled. "You look muy guapo. Very handsome." She touched the small curls of my dark bangs. "You finally got a haircut. I was going to tell you that your pelo was getting too long." Lowering her face to the black John Varvatos sweater, she pinched the soft cotton off my arm. "Me gusto el sueter. Did you get it at Walmart?"

"No Target." I lied. "It was on clearance." I doubt high end fashion designers would consider marketing their overpriced duds to discount stores especially when their name is highly valued but then again Ralph Lauren, Vera Wang, and Issac Mizrahi did make a smart business decision by coming out with a cheaper line of clothing for the middle class consumer. Ralph Lauren had Chaps. Vera Wang created Vera and Issac Mizrahi brought his clothes to Target. Technically, it is all about the name. Label whores would spend big bucks for the basic ratty t-shirt if the name Missoni, Pucci, and Dolce and Gabbana were listed at the back of the tag. It's all about the selling psychology. For my mother though, if it was bought on sale at eighty percent off on the clearance rack at Ross, it was a highly desirable piece.

"You're finally taking care of your appearance, mijo," noted my mother. "Soon you'll have the chicas fighting over you and hopefully one day, you'll bring one home to marry."

An itch formed on the side of my head and I had to scratch it. I had to avert my gaze. "I don't know about that, Mom. I mean I'm really busy with work and having responsibilities. I don't really have time to date."

Bianca Quinn clucked her tongue. Her eyerolls were notorious especially when she needed to prove a point. "Naco! Escucheme, mijo. You are a very handsome man. You're just shy around women. Muy timido. You need to put yourself out there so that you can meet a nice girl and find a wife. You don't want people to think you're a maricon, do you? You don't want others to think you're a faggot?"

I didn't answer as I gulped down my horchata. The cinnamon rice milk drink scratched my throat, preventing me from answering her question. As someone who is struggling with his own self-identity, I didn't want to press the issue further even though I already knew how my mother felt about the GLBTQ community. I thought she had finished with her hateful comments. Sadly, it only just begun.

"Mira!" She frowned. "Look at that gay marriage bill passing! It's unholy! It's sinful and it's an act against God! Marriage is between a man and a woman, not two faggots! Two maricons can't make a baby! Mark my



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words, mijo. God shall punish them! They'll burn in hell for their sins!"

Gently I set down the empty glass of horchata on the dining table. My mouth released a sigh. Listening to my mother's hateful diatribe hurt but there wasn't much I could do. She was my mother after all, my flesh and blood. I decided to bring it up to her attention.

"Mom, I wish you wouldn't say such hateful things," I remarked. "Gays and lesbians are people too. I have to work with these people and some are my employees. I can't discriminate against them. They're nice people if you got to know them."

She raised a finger and wave in my face. "Porque you have to work with them doesn't mean you have to agree with their sinful lifestyle. You are forced to deal with them because it is tu trabajao pero you don't have to share in their beliefs! Enrique, promise me that you won't have those maricons influence you with their sinful choices!"

I shook my head. "Mom, being gay is not a choiceâ " "

"It is!" The older Mexican woman argued. "God doesn't make faggots! Those sinners chose to lie down together. If a man also lie with mankind, as he would with a woman, both have committed an abomination. It says so in the Bible. Homosexuality is wrong! God knows the sinful ways and wukk burn those faggots in hell! Now promise me, Enrique, that you won't allow those maricons to corrupt you!"

Continuing the argument would get us nowhere. I finally surrendered just to appease her. Nodding my head, I exhaled and muttered. "I promise."

Mom smiled and hugged me. "Muy bien. Now go watch some television while I prepare the enchiladas for dinner."

I crossed into the living room, took a seat on the couch and grabbed the remote next to the armrest. Turning on the television, I cranked up the volume on the tube as I listened to my mother chopping up onions and peppers in the kitchen.

"By the way, mijo," called my mother in the next room. "I was thinking of visiting Alejandro at rehab at the end of this Friday. Are you free to come along?"

"I have to work." I told her. "I was thinking of visiting him next week on Wednesday. It's my next day off. Have you got a report from Dr. Breckenmeyer?"

"He says Alejandro is responding well to the program," Mom explained. "I think we finally found a treatment facility that your brother is finally cooperating with. Hopefully, he will stay clean and sober this time."

"I hope so too," I replied.

She continued to chop her vegetables on the cutting board when her voice turned to me. "By the way, I paid the utilities, the cable, and phone from the extra money you gave me this month. I'm still waiting on the paperwork from Alex's rehab center so I know how much I need to make for the payments."

Shifting my head in her direction, I addressed her financial concerns. "I told you, Mom. I'm taking care of it. I got government aid that qualifies Alex for drug treatment. I have the paperwork at my apartment so I've already sent in to the payment. You don't have to worry about it."

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"But Enrique, you're already spending all your money supporting me," Bianca Quinn frowned. "You won't have any money left for yourself. Let me help you with that!"

I shook my head. "It's okay, Mom. I told you I got it. I'm expecting a pay increase soon and I've already paid my bills for the month. I can cover Alex."

Truth be told, Jason Kendall was footing the bill for my younger brother's treatment but I wasn't about to share that with mother.

Mom curled her mouth upside down. "Aye mijo! No wonder you have no time to date! You're too busy working. Much trabjando! You need to support yourself and your family. Los siento. I'm sorry that I'm putting too much pressure on you to start dating. You should enjoy your life. Stop worrying about me and your brother."

My chin rested against the armrest of the couch. "It's my job to worry, Mom. I'm the man of the house. It's the role I needed to take."

She pointed her knife filled with the remnants of the vegetables she just chopped at me. "And it's a role, mijo, that will make you old and alone. You don't want to be single all your life. You need to go into the dating world and play the field. That's how I met your father! Steven Quinn courted me when I was seventeen at club in Tijuana and a year later we were married."

My mouth did a disproving slant. "And a couple years later, you were divorced and burdened with two kids."

"Dos ninos that I don't regret having," she emphasized. "Just because it didn't work out with your father and me doesn't mean that same thing will happen to you. My advice, Enrique, is to start going to bars and enter the dating scene. There's muchos mujeres here in Las Padres that might attract tu atencion! You need to go out there and find it! Buscando!"

"I will, Mom." I answered. "I will."

Even with this vow, I kept series of empty promises to her. I mean I was still trying to find myself and suddenly tossing myself to the wolves of the wild untamed woods of the dating world seemed a bit scary. My face returned to the television screen as some late breaking news appeared on the tube.

*"This just in. Las Padres Police are investigating the suicidal death of a young man in his early twenties who had leaped off his apartment balcony and plunged ten stories to his death. Investigators are claiming that drugs were involved, particularly the newest street drug Hard Rock that has been making news both in the U. S. and internationally. According to narcotics specialists, Hard Rock is more potent than crystal meth and crack cocaine which causes the victim to experience vivid hallucinations that can result in violent and uncontrollable behavior in its users to the point they lose all control of their sanity.*

*Now neighbors and witnesses claim that the victim allegedly began making incoherent statements that he had the ability to fly and attempted to prove it by jumping off the edge of the balcony. Tenants had tried to stop the man before police could arrive but it was too late as the victim had jumped to his death to the pavement below.*

*Las Padres Police Department have no leads at this time and are asking for any help in the connection to this unfortunate man's death. If you have any information, they ask that you please contact the LPPD and provide any information concerning this caseâ !"*

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"That poor boy!" Mom came out of the kitchen and was wiping her hands with a dish cloth. "That could have been Alejandro."

I nodded. "It could've been, Mom. Dr. Breckenmeyer said that Alex was messing around with Hard Rock. Good thing he didn't too far deep in the drug."

"Well it's wonderful that he's in rehab," she commented. "He won't be able to touch that junk."

"You and me both." I responded.

Unfortunately, I was involved with the man who was selling it.

Dinner at my mother's is always a pleasant experience. Her homemade enchiladas are always a guilty pleasure though at times it can leave you running for the border. I sped back home to Guillermo where I spent the next fifteen minutes shooting the Hershey squirts in the bathroom before I grabbed a bottle of Pepto Bismol to relieve my continual runs.

Tossing myself on to my bed, I rubbed my belly until the aching cramps subsided before the buzzing noise of my cell caught my attention. I reached over to it to stare at the screen.

### *TURN ON SKYPE.*

It was Jason. *Shit! I almost forgot!* I glanced at my alarm clock to see that it was 8:30 p. m. I almost forgot about your webcam meeting. Pulling my legs, I rocked my body and leaped off the bed to race outside to grab all the bags of clothes, sex toys and laptop from my car. After taking two trips, I toss the new clothes in my closet, drop the bag of sex toys near my mattress, and plug in the laptop with the camera mounted on top.

Luckily Jason left me a ton of yellow post-it notes to access the user name and password on the software so it took me about ten minutes to bring up his image on screen. I guided the laptop to my bed and watched as the gorgeous drink of water sat in front of his desk of bedroom wearing a barely there blue robe and nothing else underneath. His hair was wet which made me guess that he just got out of the shower.

"About time!" Jason snorted. "I thought you almost forgot about our SKYPE date!"

"Sorry," I apologized. "I just got back from dinner with my Mom. Let's just say that her enchiladas didn't agree with me."

His face showed concerned. "Are you all right? If you're feeling sick, we can reschedule."

"No!" I found myself protesting. I don't know what got into me but I didn't want to end our conversation or our meeting. For some reason, seeing Jason's angelic face gave me sense of fulfillment. My body felt like doing a happy dance though I couldn't explain why. Instead, I engaged with him in conversation. "I mean my little bout of diarrhea a few minutes ago is starting to go away." My face immediately turned crimson the minute I opened my mouth. Why did I say that? Why the hell did I just admit to?

Jason clutched his sides and laughed. "I guess we don't have to talk about enemas then."

I leaned in and shook my head. "No! We should!" There I went again. I was having a shit of the mouth situation. I needed to shut the fuck up and fast!

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Thankfully, my Dominant didn't address the comment. "Okay then, Ricky. I want to pull out the enema package from the bag."

Rolling to the side of the bed, I reached over and grabbed the tiny box from the shopping bag. Jason placed a rectangular one in front of the camera on the monitor screen and held it up. I stared at the image as it showed a small plastic tube-like syringe with a rubber squeeze ball with liquid inside the container.

"This is what is called an enema," he explained. "There's a squirt bottle inside similar to a turkey baster that is used to douche the inside of your rectum. It acts like liquid laxative to remove all fecal matter in preparation for anal sex. Now this is water based so use only a tiny bit otherwise you'll be shitting for days."

"Tell me about it!" I rolled my eyes. "I just experienced that with my Mom's cooking a few minutes ago." I don't know what's gotten into me but I couldn't stop talking about shitting. *Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!*

Jason giggled and then continued. "After relieving yourself, you'll definitely feel like you had a colonic but don't get too crazy. Enemas can get be abused like drugs if you're not careful. Constant usage can lead to dehydration, internal bleeding and other health complications so use it wisely and with some common sense. Only douche once before seeing me if you're concerned that you might have an accident during sex."

Gross thoughts entered my mind of shitting during anal sex with him but I quickly put that idea to rest. I guess I would be careful about eating before engaging in any kind of intercourse with him. At least, I wouldn't subject myself to any unfortunate accidents.

"Now on to the important stuff," the blond hunk continued. "Anal sex." He reached down behind the desk, pulled a series of rubber shaped phalluses and placed them side by side on the counter. Then he pulled out a small bottle with a flip on cap and sat it next to the other items. The first phallus he picked up resembled a pacifier with a tiny oval shaped tip. He displayed it in front of me. "This is a butt plug."

I stopped him for a minute and grabbed the same one from the shopping bag. Mine was black and looked once of those candy ring pops.

"The purpose of this is to loosen you up before I penetrate you," he informed me. He took the small bottle of liquid, flicked the cap off and squeezed it on the oval shaped tip. "Apply the KY lubricant and you might want to put some on your finger so that you can moistening your hole and gently insert it inside your anus and leave it there. By doing this, you can loosen up a bit so that you're not too tight so that the experience won't be uncomfortable or painful for you."

"How long do I leave it in?" I asked.

"Just long enough to make you feel at ease," he said. "You decide." He then pulled out a second phallus to which I grabbed the same one from the bag. This one was arrow shaped like a diamond and longer with a flat base and ring at the end. It was also turquoise colored which caught my eye. At least, it was pretty. "This is larger butt plug. I want you to work your way up to it. As you well know, Ricky, I'm a large man so I want you feel comfortable taking all of me in. I want to make sure your hole is ready for me."

That concern did work me. I mean Jason was huge and I doubted my ass could stretch that much but if gay porn stars could endure such horse cock penises, then why can't I? My eyes then drifted toward the shopping bag to see the final phallic sex toy sticking out. It was flesh colored, measured up to fourteen inches in length and was about an inch and half wide in girth. A pair of large balls appeared at the end with a suction cup behind it. It looked strangely familiar. Then it dawned on me. *Holy shit! This is a replica of Jason Kendall's cock!* I yanked it out of the bag.

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My Master began to snort. "Aww, I see you find the special mold I made for you! That, Ricky, is your final test. After you've endured both the two butt plugs, your last one is a special. I want you to see if you take all of me in you. There's a suction cup at the end so that you can mount it against the wall and fuck it whenever you want to."

"Umâ 'uhâ 'thanks Jasonâ 'I mean Master," I stuttered to the point I didn't know how to address him or even thank him. "I'm sure I'll figure it out."

"You will," he smiled.

Then another question danced around my head that I boldly decided to ask him. "Master, I have one question in regards to preparing for anal sex."

"Go on. Shoot."

"You seeâ '!" I shyly began to form the words. "I've heard of these other tools that the other members of my coming out group told me about in regards to anal. It's supposed to help open up your ass when you use them. Poppers?"

Jason angrily slammed his hands on the desk to the point the camera shook. The noise startled me. "RICKY! DON'T YOU DARE USE THOSE, YOU HEAR ME? AS YOUR MASTER, I FORBID YOU TO USE THOSE! UNDERSTAND?"

I swallowed hard and slowly nodded. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you. What exactly are those things?"

The blond drug dealer leaned back in his desk chair and slowly calmed down. "They're inhalants. Gay men use them because they think it helps them with bottoming. However, they're made up of alkyl nitrates and when overused could stop your heart. One of my former slaves got addicted to them and died of a heart attack."

His confession floored me. I felt my heart break for him. "I apologize, Master. I didn't know. I promise not to touch the stuff or bring it up."

"Good," he responded. His blue eyes exhibited a kind of sorrow about the incident. "Ricky, I know this is hypocritical of me to tell not to use drugs because my chosen profession but I want you to know that I do genuinely care about your well-being. That's why as you Dom it is my duty to oversee that you're not harmed in anyway. Speaking of which, I want to make one thing clear."

"Which is?" I asked.

"Anytime we're together, we engage only in safe and even safer sex practices." He emphasized. "Don't worry. I'm safe. I'm HIV negative and I've never had an STD of any kind. Condoms are part of agreement and you are too never participate in any unsafe or barebacking activities. Understand?"

"Of course," I shook my head up and down. "I'm a virgin, remember? I wouldn't think of nothing playing it safe."

"Good," he smirked. "Now that we got that settled. I want you to show me your obedience to your Master by removing your clothes and doing exactly as I say."

My eyebrows lifted. "Here? Now?"

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Jason displayed a wicked grin. "Well we are on SKYPE and I don't want to this webcam to go to waste. Now slave, strip!"

Releasing a sigh, I pulled up my John Varvatos sweater, kicked off my shoes, pulled off socks and began unbuckling my belt. My Dominant, in turn, unknotted his robe to reveal part of the small blond hairs of rippling chest and the huge cock already standing in attention of me.

"Now the pants," he ordered.

I slid the leather belt off the loops, dropped it to the floor, and began unbuttoning the black trousers he gave me. Slowly, I slid out of my pants to reveal the designer boxer briefs in front of the monitor screen.

"The underwear too," Jason instructed.

Inhaling a breath, I pinched the elastic of my cotton and gently lowered them until they were completely off. My Master seemed pleased as I placed my hands to the side of my hips and allowed to take a gander at my newly hairless body.

"Beautiful," he complimented. He then pointed to the direction of the shopping bag by the side of my bed. "There are two packages at the bottom of the bag. Take them out."

I complied. Crawling over the mattress, I pulled out gift boxes with the words *Hustler Hollywood* that had been tied neatly with a pretty bow. Cutting off the ribbons with my hands, I grabbed the two objects and placed the neatly on my bed. One was a black cylinder with a tiny rubber slit for a mouth while the other was a flat square silicone object made to look like female genitalia. Instantly, I knew they were more sex toys.

"What this?" I asked him from the screen of my laptop.

"You've learned some physical intimacies with man," commented Jason Kendall. "This time I want you to know the same connection with a woman. You were apprehensive about exploring your attraction with the female variety. I think this will give you good practice in learning how to fuck and please a woman." His face gestured to the black cylinder. "Pick up that toy." I did. "That, Ricky, is called a Fleshjack. It's great a simulator for the feeling of a blowjob. I want to take the bottle of KY and I want you to fuck your Fleshjack."

Somehow I managed to not feel weird about his request. I mean this was sex after all. No shame or inhibitions, only the exploration of fantasy. Reaching over the flip cap bottle of lube, I opened the top and poured some of the transparent liquid over my rising cock. Working the lotion over my building erection, I noticed Jason stroking his enormous shaft with both fingers as he watched me apply the sex toy near my penis.

The mouth of the Fleshjack neared the tip of my urethra and I hesitated a bit before my Master glared at my attempt.

"Fuck it!" He ordered.

Gulping some air, I slid the mouth of the sex tool over the base of the head until it sank right in. Soft rubber stroked and clenched my cock as the simulator brought on an amazing sense of feeling. A nice pressure pumped blood in my shaft as the circulation pulsed from the base of my scrotum all the way to the surface of my dick. Closing my eyes, I imagined a gorgeous female licking me, tonguing the tip of my opening, before swallowing whole until she consumed me to the point that I felt I was being castrated. I grunted and groaned as the image suddenly changed and Jason Kendall had substituted the woman's face and replaced it with his

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own and my mind visualized him pleasing me with the same mouth.

"Stroke that Fleshlight, slave!" I heard my Dominant's voice echo in my ear.

I clenched the sex toy tight, raising it a bit before lowering it. Then my inner libido wanted me pick up speed so I did.

Up and down.

Up and down.

Up and down.

My hand worked the toy fast and I could feel my orgasm building. Then my Master barked on screen.

"STOP!"

Quickly, I opened my eyes to see him rotating his huge cock with his hands.

"Don't cum yet!" He instructed. "You're not allowed to."

The urge in my balls told me otherwise but I held back.

His blue eyes grinned. "Remove the Fleshlight and take out the rubber pussy!"

As his slave, I had to do his bidding. Despite my dick burning to climax, I gently removed the Fleshlight and pulled the silicone vagina close to me.

Jason's face smiled. "For this next lesson, I'm going to teach you how to please a woman. Let's begin with a little oral play. Place your fingers gently on the folds the female's labia." Pushing part the opening of the sex toy with my hands, I found the petals and waited for the next step. "Now Ricky, you want to make your female lover feel good. Lick around her folds, insert your tongue into her, and even if you're daring grind your mouth into her."

I was going to prove to my Master that I could accomplish this. Lowering my head, I tongued ever inch around the fake pussy. Saliva gathered everywhere as the taste of rubber entered my lips but I needed to obey every direction that my Dom was giving me. I licked, teased the entrance, and inserted my tongue before the edge of my teeth clipped the clitoris.

"STOP!" Jason roared. "You're going to hurt her! Ricky, as my Sub, you are to go gently and slowly. The whole point is to make her feel good. Let her guide you and tell you how she wants it. Play with her clit, tongue that little man in the boat. Taste her juices. Let your mouth and tongue please her. Now begin."

My lips continued. This time I wasn't going to make the same mistake twice. I went slowly, rubbing my tongue along her entrance, fucking her with my moistness before playing with her clit and massaging the precious pearl with both my fingers and my mouth. From the laptop screen, I could hear Master Jason's approval as the sliding of his lubricated fingers squished against the hard flesh of his erection as he watched me eat out the rubber pussy.

"Excellent, Sub!" He called out. "Now you have my permission to fuck it!"

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The blood pumping in my cock couldn't wait. Removing my slobbering face away, I got on all fours until my body had formed a planked position on the bed. My fingers spread to both sides of the mattress as I straightened my legs so that I was standing on the tips of my toes. Then in this push-up, missionary position I sank my hard cock inside the silicone vagina.

It felt heavenly. Lubricated from the KY and my saliva, I surrendered to the rubber walls of the object swallowing me. Its insides massaged, stroked and tightened its grip as a pleasurable sensation wrapped around my hard flesh. My body craved to push in and so I did, enjoyed the euphoric feeling, and continued. In and out, I entered and withdrew to which Master Jason worked his hardness in full appreciation of my performance.

"Fuck her, Ricky!" He shouted. "Fuck that pussy!"

I did. My bare bottom flexed and my hips bucked against the pressure. Sounds of illicit squishiness turned me on as my cock made wicked sounds inside the fake pussy.

"Yeah, that's it, slave!" My Master continued. "Pound that pussy!"

Eagerly I did. Surprised by sudden burst of energy, I slapped my balls against the edge of the rubber opening. Without thinking, I picked up the pace, fucking more rapidly than I did before as the surge of my climax beckoned for me to be released. I turned to Jason.

"Master!" I begged. "I want to cum! Can I cum?"

The blond drug dealer shook his head. "Not yet, Ricky."

My body disagreed. I was ready to erupt. "Master! Please! I want to cum! Please let me cum?"

His face remained serious as he stroked himself. "No, Ricky! You can't cum yet, slave!"

I couldn't hold out any longer. "Master! I can't take it! I need to cum! Please!"

Jason voice sighed. "Fine, Sub. You can cum."

The relief inside my balls swelled. I shoved my cock all the way in and screamed.

"AAAAAAHHHHHH!"

A flood jism poured into the rubber pussy leaving me panting and exhausted. Sweat poured down my brow as I slowly withdrew to see white droplets of my semen spilling out of the opening. Kneeling in front of the laptop, my Master appeared displeased.

"You came before I did." He scowled. "As your punishment, slave, you're going to help me get off." He massaged his large cock. "I'm going to teach you how to make a woman cum. Now do as I say." I agreed. "Place your left hand on the woman's pelvic bone." I followed directions and palmed my left fingers on to the top the rubber vagina right above the clit. "Now, sub, you're going to position your thumb and pinky fingers near the woman's thigh around her pussy." I did just that. "With your second index, middle, and ring fingers, you're going to insert them inside her vagina." I curled the other three and shoved them right in. "Now you're going to finger fuck the woman until you locate her G-spot and make her cum. Now do it!"



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It took me a few tries but I noticed a small section of the inner walls of tissue near where the simulated clitoris was located. Slowly, I began to massage the area with my three fingers as the wetness of my cum dripped along my hand. Gently, I finger fucked the rubber pussy as I watched my Dom masturbate himself.

"Nice, Ricky!" He growled from the webcam screen. "Now faster!"

I picked up speed. Weird squishing sounds echoed from the silicone entrance as the combination of lube, spit, and semen created some strange mixture of fake wetness. My eyes darted to the blond hunk sitting behind his desk, stroking himself as he bit his lip and shut his eyes.

"I'm gonna cumâ !I'm fucking cumâ !" He announced. I continued to finger fuck the fake pussy until Jason released. "I'm cummingâ !AAAAHHHHHH!"

Waves of jism hit the computer screen and dripped down on my Dominant's side of the laptop. Wiping away the mess with his fingers, he laughed as his enormous cock slowly began to grow limp.

"Man, Ricky!" He laughed. "You certainly caused me to make a mess."

I rotated my head from side to side. "I didn't know I had it in me. Now, Master, can I stop finger fucking this fake pussy? My hand is cramping up." He laughed and nodded as I released my hand filled with goo from the sex toy and wiped it against bare chest.

"I wish I was there to lick that mess off you," he purred. "I want to personally clean you off."

Rolling my eyes, I frowned. "I'm sure. Look, thanks forâ !uhâ !everythingâ !you know with the sex lessons. I'll make sure to prepare myself when next time we meet."

"You're welcome," he smiled. His devilish grin caused a wave of butterflies to scatter in my stomach.

"I'll make sure to see you Sunday on my next day off." I told him.

"You don't have to," he said.

"I thought I had to," I replied curiously.

He exhaled. "Ricky, just because you're my slave, you're not obligated to me. I want you to come to me because you want to not because you have to. This arrangement is consensual not a chore. I want both us to enjoy each other's company."

"Oh!" I remarked. "I thought this was expected of me."

The blond hunk shook his head. "No. We're entering this with a sense of trust and understanding. I want you to make the rules not me."

"Then I guess I see you whenever." I stated.

"Or sooner." He laughed. "The choice is yours." We stared at each other for a minute and said nothing. He would be the first one to speak. "Okay, I have business to attend to so I leave you to rest. I'm sure you have work tomorrow."

"I do." I answered.

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"Well then goodnight."

"Goodnight."

In awkward silence, we shut off SKYPE as I went to the bathroom to clean up the mess. As I grabbed some towels and soap and water, I couldn't help but think of Jason Kendall.

Why couldn't I get him out of my head?

## Chapter 12: Critique

The good thing about working the graveyard shift is being able to sleep in. After a glorious night of SKYPE webcam sex with Jason, I got up around noon and marched myself into the kitchen for some cereal and juice. I had just poured the milk into a bowl when I realized that today was payday. Excited to see a couple more bucks on my paycheck due to my salary raise at work, I ran to my bedroom to grab my laptop and log on to my bank, J. P. Morgan.

Estimating my exact direct deposit during the two week pay period, I was guessing about a total of \$3000 and some cents in my checking account and approximately \$2100 in savings. Most of the money diminished due to paying my rent, utilities, credit cards, and the cell phone bill. Then there's the extra \$1000 I gave to Mom to support her for the month so three grand in the bank was not a bad cushion to fall back on.

I checked into my accounts on screen expecting to see my bank statement as I calculated my totals when my mouth suddenly hit the floor.

Instead of \$3000, a couple more zeroes were added. More like six more zeroes.

For checking, my balance was \$503,000.53. For savings, \$12,100.

A total of \$510,000 had been deposited in my accounts! I knew this had to be some mistake. Certainly, bank errors happen all the time. Yahoo news reports these rare occurrences happening frequently and it's up to the owner to ensure that the financial institution corrects the mistake; otherwise, he or she is fined for not reporting the erroneous error. I quickly grabbed my cell.

After suffering through the endless automated system of J. P. Morgan, I finally got a representative on the line.

"J. P. Morgan Banking, please provide your name and your Mother's maiden name."

"Enrique Quinn," I answered. "Mother's maiden name is De Guzman."

"Thank you, Mr. Quinn." The rep answered. "How can we assist you today?"

"Yes," I replied. "I just checked my account online and I think there's been a serious mistake. \$510,000 has been deposited in both my accounts and I know for a fact that none of this was authorized."

"I'm sorry that happened, Mr. Quinn." The customer service employee apologized. "Let me verify some information first." A long pause on the line kept me waiting. "All right, Mr. Quinn. There's a recent direct deposit for \$2100 from Gordenthal's, Inc. Is that correct?"

"Yes," I responded. "That's my paycheck."

"Very good," said the representative. "The next one is an authorized despot for \$500,000 in checking and \$10,000 for savings by another company."

I clucked my tongue. "That's where the problem lies. I didn't authorize those huge deposits."

"Oh it wasn't you sir that authorized it," explained the customer service person. "It was the other company."

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My eyebrows rose up. "What other company?"

"A Kendall Conglomerate International." The rep stated.

*Fuck!* Damn that Jason Kendall! I decided to resolve the issue.

"Is there any way I could return the money back?" I asked.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Quinn." The customer service employee stated. "The final deposit was approved by the company. Unless, you have the company's account number to make a deposit into their account, there's nothing we can do. They did approve the original transfer of funds. The only way is if Kendall Conglomerate International disputes the deposit and then we can retrieve the funds under the express consent of the member."

"But what if I refuse the money?" I inquired.

"You would have to discuss that with the company," said the rep. "There's not much we can do since the final transfer has been approved. Thank you, Mr. Quinn; you have a nice day now."

With that, the person on the other end hung up. At this point I was seething. I couldn't believe the audacity of my Dom dropping cash in my accounts without consulting me. I began dialing his number on my cell.

The ringer went off as I heard his voice on the other line.

"Hello?"

I didn't hold back. "YOU ASSHOLE! HOW DARE YOU DROP HALF A MILL IN MY ACCOUNT WITHOUT TELLING ME? WHAT AM I TO YOU? SOME WHORE?"

A sigh came from the other line. "Ricky, I need you to calm down."

"CALM DOWN?" My tone roared. "YOU SAID THAT YOU WOULDN'T TREAT ME AS A WHORE! WELL FUCKER, YOU ARE MAKING ME FEEL LIKE ONE!"

Jason said nothing before I listen to heavy breath on the other line. Then his voice barked on the receiver. "LISTEN TO ME AND DO AS I SAY SLAVE!"

I don't what it was about his voice or the authoritative tone in his demeanor but I found myself surrendering, heeding his instruction as I said nothing and simply stopped yelling.

"YOU WILL NOT TALK! YOU WILL LISTEN! YOU WILL KEEP YOUR EAR CLOSE TO THE PHONE AND DO EXACTLY AS I SAY!"

It was if my body was possessed. I couldn't move. I couldn't speak. I couldn't respond. It was if my body had gone completely numb. All I could do was listen and wait for further instructions. Then his voice lowered in a normal tone.

"Once again, Sub," he said. "You will simply listen and not pass judgment. You will keep an open mind to everything I'm about to tell you. Do you understand?"

"I do, Master." I found myself replying.

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"Good." Jason answered. "Yes, I deposited money into your accounts. \$510,000 is a small amount than the three million I originally planned on depositing."

"Thâ three million?" My mouth stuttered.

"Yeah," the blond man laughed. "It was a bit grandiose and Mark convinced me to refrain so I did. Ricky, when you became my slave I vowed to take care of you physically, mentally, and financially. The extra money I'm putting in will help support you and your family. You wouldn't have to worry about anything."

"That's just it." I exhaled. "I don't want to be enabled and rely on you to foot every bill on my behalf. Master, I want to be independent. I don't to be a sugar baby who is looking for a sugar daddy. I want to be my own person. The fact that you're giving me a huge amount of money to play with makes me feels like a cheap whore. I don't want to be like that!"

"You're not," he reassured me. "Ricky, I know you're a man of integrity and respect. I don't ever want you to feel like you're being used like a common prostitute. Our relationship is not like that. It's one where we mutually agree to explore our fantasies in a safe and secure environment. What we do together is sacred and personal for the both of us."

I blinked for a moment. "If that's the case, Master, I want to set the boundaries of what we originally agreed upon. That includes no more depositing of large amounts of money, no more lavish gifts, and no more expensive surprises that I can't pay for myself. Let me he handle my own finances from now on. Do I make myself clear?"

"Crystal." The drug dealer declared. "Now that we've settled that problem, do you want me to take the money back?"

The phone went dead for a moment. \$510,000 was a lot of money. My conscience went back and forth. Should I keep it? Should I not? Damn, my superficial materialism!

"No I'll keep it," I sighed.

"Excellent," I heard him giggle on other line. However, I offered an alternative.

"On one condition," I told him.

"Which is?"

"You make me work off every penny!" I stated.

His voice purred like silk on the phone. I could feel my erection pulsating. "Oh you'll work it off, my slave. Trust me, I'm going to work you good and you'll like it."

I smirked. "I can't wait." I was about to hang up on him when another question kept bugging me. "Jason?"

"Yes, Ricky?"

"How did you gain access to my accounts?" I asked. "I never gave you that information."

His voice snickered. "I have my ways." Then he ended the call.

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Putting down my cell, I pondered all possibilities of how he tracked my information but decided to let it go. Instead, I focused on my stomach rumbling and returned to the kitchen to eat my cereal.

It has been only a day since my employees had seen me. Excited to try out my new look, I carefully chose a black Tom Ford dress shirt with a monochromatic gray Ike Behar tie, a stylish Ferragamo belt and charcoal colored Donna Karan trousers. Applying some product into my dark hair, I strolled into the warehouse as my assistant manager, Sherry, excitedly screamed like a banshee when she saw me.

"Boy! You look so good!" The African American woman hugged me. She took a minute to soak in my appearance. "Look at you! We gotta fight off those gay boys with a stick to get to that ass!" Her hand slapped my rump.

"Sherry!" I gasped. "That would be considered sexual harassment!"

"It's only sexual if you're getting some!" She laughed. "The rest of us gotta fantasize, Mr. G. Q.! If you haven't notice, Ricky, you got some of the other women in this place worked up too!"

Perhaps it escaped my noticed but I started to scan the area to see a couple frustrated housewives and single lonely ladies checking me out across the way. I know these women are my employees and coworkers but it sure felt damn good to be seen as a sex object for once. It certainly boosted my confidence. Just then Sherry tapped my shoulder.

"Sorry to burst your bubble, Ricky," said my assistant manager. "But Nick the prick is coming down in a couple of minutes."

My eyes rolled. Nick "the prick" Iacona was the Las Padres regional manager of Gordenthal's shipping department and my superior. As the corporate lackey of the company, the middle age, bald headed, mustache spectacle, eyeglass wearing kiss ass was the bane of every shipping warehouse manager in the area. Nothing any of the shipping departments did was good enough for him and he had bad history of getting managers he didn't like fired. His visits to our Guillermo location were rare especially since he hated having to work the graveyard shift.

"How did his other visits go in Los Angeles and Imperial Valley?" I asked.

"Not so good," answered Sherry. "He fired the warehouse manager in Anaheim because they missed one important shipment and he demoted another one because their warehouse weren't producing enough results."

I frowned. "That's not fair. Imperial Valley is a slower area. There's not much business there. Of course, their shipments are going to be minimal. There's not going to be a lot of demand in that area."

"That's not how Nick the prick sees it," noted Sherry. "If the warehouse is not producing ninety percent productivity, then he blames the manager involved and the employees. He'd rather fire people in order to make him look good."

I slapped my forehead and groaned. "Oh great! That's what I need, Nick the prick telling me what a horrible job I've been doing!"

Sure enough, Nick the prick marched right in around 1:00 a.m. already with his bald head, furry mustache and eyeglasses slipping down to his nose. His shirt and tie looked disheveled and he carried a clipboard as he marched past several our employees without so much as a hello.

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Sherry and I had been prepared for his visit and he took one look at our warehouse and beckoned us into my private office. The two of us entered as he shut the door behind us.

"First things first." My regional manager remarked. "The overweight woman I saw packing the boxes needs to be let go. She's performing really slowly."

"She's not overweight." Sherry pointed out. "She's six months pregnant."

"And we can't release her," I argued. "It's against the company's policy to discriminate against anyone who is expecting. They need to be put on light duty. Unless you want the bosses to deal with a civil action lawsuit for terminating an employee without just cause."

Nick the prick huffed. "Fine. Just make sure she's performing at full capacity. No special treatment here. Speaking of which, I wish to let you know that I've visited the other warehouses and I'm really unhappy with the results our region is yielding."

"Well don't you worry about that," I commented. "Our department has been recognized by corporate as being the number one shipping facility in the region with a nine two percent performance rate of efficiency and satisfaction."

The bald headed man shook his head. "That's not good enough. I expect one hundred percent."

I balked. "One hundred percent! That's ludicrous!"

He leaned in toward me. "Are you challenging me, Quinn?"

"No," I attempted to defend my argument. "It's just that one hundred percent performance efficiency is highly unlikely. With the probability of human error and delays with our vendors, it next to impossible to meet the one hundred percent expectation. We have to be realistic."

Curling his mouth, Nick folded his arms. "If you can't hack the job, perhaps I find someone who can."

Sherry's face showed some frustration. "Now see here, Nick!" She stepped forward. "Ricky is an excellent manager! We get those shipments out on time and everyone is willing to work hard for him!"

"I don't like your tone, Mrs. Deville!" The regional manager sneered.

"It's Miss Deville to you!" My assistant manager placed her hands to her side. "I haven't been a Mrs. until I kicked my dirty, cheating ex-husband to the curb so I'd suggest you get it right!"

Nick raised a finger and waved it in front of her face. "Deville! I'm warning you!"

Sherry refused to back down. I couldn't believe what was happening. My assistant manager and right hand was confronting our regional manager and getting her in a whole lot of trouble. Quickly, I tried to mediate. Suddenly, I stepped in.

Placing her hands in mine, I looked in the African American woman's eyes. "Sherry, why don't you check on staff? I'll continue the meeting with Nick."

She shot me a look of annoyance, glared at the bald headed supervisor, and stormed out of the office.

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Nick shrugged and displayed a look of triumph. "That woman needs to be terminated. Her insubordination is not the Gordenthal's way. I can see another person filling her position. One who knows how to be professional?"

I sighed. "Sherry's is a great leader. She knows this job backwards and forwards. She should since she's been at it for four years and the employees respect her and love her for it. I'm not going to replace her."

He disagreed. "Oh I think you should. As a matter of fact, I know a couple good candidates that can be transferred in that could fill her position. I'll look into it."

My eyes widened. "You can't be serious? You're firing Sherry?"

"Absolutely." The regional manager stated. "I can't have someone on my team who isn't cooperative and not a team player. I want each warehouse performing at one hundred percent. The same goes for you, Ricky. You were approved for a pay raise because the company believed you could achieve results and so far I want you to prove it unless you don't think you can?"

"Iâ€¦can," I muttered.

His eyes grazed over the designer duds I was wearing. "Obviously, you want for nothing. I think the pay increase is helping to finance your well-dressed clothes so I want to emphasize that you have lot to prove to justify your salary! That includes running this warehouse as a manager!"

I was floored by his harsh comment but I said nothing and simply nodded.

"Good," Nick smirked. "Now we understand each other, we're both on the same page." He placed his clipboard down. "Speaking of which, I have some exciting news!"

"Wonderful." I whispered with sarcasm.

My regional manager ignored my remark and continued. "Gordenthal's shipping department is going to make some changes this year. With the acquisition and merging of a new business, we're going to see a vast improvement in the way we handle our merchandise coming in and out of warehouses. That means new technology, new procedures and policies, and more money to efficiently and productively get our products out there to the world."

"When are these new changes expected to take place?" I asked.

"As soon as possible," he answered. "In fact, our new corporate shareholders are coming in tomorrow to view the various warehouse locations. They're so excited that they're even willing to stay up to observe during the graveyard hours of our company."

"Tomorrow?" I lifted my eyebrows. "That doesn't leave time to prepare for their visit. I mean our trucks are pulling with triple the order to be shipped out. The warehouse will be a mess."

Nick curled his mouth. "Then my advice to you is to get the department ready for their visit tomorrow. " His face exhibited a sinister grin. "You are the top warehouse for the company, are you not? I'm sure you'll whip your employees into shape. Then again, they are expendable and can be replaced."

"NO!" I protested. "I'll get them ready for the visit."



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"Perfect." He remarked as he picked up his clipboard and headed out of my voice. "Make sure they're performing at one hundred percent! No exceptions!" Turning the knob of the door, he crossed through the doorway and exited the warehouse.

Once he was gone, Sherry ran back into my office.

"Am I fired?" Her voice asked as she already knew the truth.

"Not yet." I answered honestly. "I'm not letting my best girl go right now especially when I need her the most."

The African American woman clasped both hands to her face. "What now? What did Nick the prick say?"

Inhaling a breath, I rubbed the sides of my temple. "We have unexpected visit tomorrow from some corporate bigwigs. The company is making some changes in the business and want to check out the shipping warehouses. Nick the prick wants to see us fail."

"Not on my watch, honey!" Sherry announced. "I'm getting the troops ready for the tomorrow!" Racing back to the floor, she rallied the employees in preparation for the visit the next day.

My self-reliance on her made me feel guilty. Sherry Deville was an asset to me not to mention a good friend. I refuse to let her go. Nick the prick can suck it for all I care!

Grabbing a bottle of aspirin, I down two tablets along with a bottle of water. My head throbbed from a stressful migraine. We spent the remaining hours finishing our tasks while organizing and cleaning the warehouse in order to impress our big bosses. Sherry did her best in getting our department ready. She did an amazing job.

Six a. m. rolled around and everyone left feeling tired, exhausted, and worn out. I bid Sherry goodbye, walked her to her car, and I nearly passed out as I got into the driver's seat of my own vehicle. However, I couldn't bring myself to turn on the engine.

Shaking and stressed, I hugged myself as I allowed Nick the prick's horrible methods to influence my thoughts. I could feel the tears of my frustration filling my eyes as I longed to feel a comforting presence to embrace me and make me feel good. Like drug addict, I needed a good high.

What I needed was Jason Kendall.

Acting on a hunch, I picked up my cell and texted him.

*Sorry to wake you. Leaving work. Need to see you. You free?*

I didn't think he'd respond but within a second he did.

*Sure. Come to me.*

A bit of a smile appeared on my face as my sadness started to lift. I turned on the ignition, back out of the parking lot, and drove out on to the main road heading to Oceanview.

I was acting on my impulses. I was going to see my Master.

## Chapter 13: Virginity

The euphoria of your heart racing, the feeling of leaving your body leaving this physical plane of existence can best be summed up as the ultimate high. Like a junkie needing his quick fix, my drug of choice was Jason Kendall. I needed him. I wanted him. I craved him. It's a bit of an irony since I was dealing with a drug dealer and my little brother was struggling in rehab. I guess the drug reference is a bit insensitive. I didn't care though because right now I was zooming my way to Oceanview and into the arms of my lover.

At 6:40 a. m., I finally arrived at the Kendall mansion and parked near the side of the front door. Slipping out of the driver's seat, I locked the door, and headed up the front steps to ring the doorbell of the mahogany door. Strangely enough, the Filipina housekeeper, Filomena, housekeeper didn't answer it. Instead, Jason Kendall stood at the front door with his blond hair disheveled wearing a navy cotton bathrobe that exposed the small hairs of his muscular pecs and covered the most intimate parts of him. The heart quickened and he grabbed my arm and pulled me in.

Before I knew it, he slammed me against the door as our bodies collided against the dark oak and shut the door closed. Eager hands explored each other as my hands gripped his biceps while his rippling limbs embraced me tight. Then we shut our eyes as our mouths connected. Hungry tongues tasted and savored our lips as we kissed for a few minutes before I pulled away to catch a breath.

"Where's Filomena?" I asked in a pant. Gazing into his jeweled toned sapphire eyes, it reminded me of a large pool that I desperately wanted to swim in.

"It's her day off," Jason growled. The bristles of five o'clock shadow scratched my face as he rubbed his cheek against me. "I'm so happy you came. I couldn't stop thinking about you."

Noticing how messed up his hair was, I frowned at my rude interruption. "I'm sorry. You're probably sleeping. It's early. I shouldn't have woken you up. You've got a business to run."

His hands cupped my face. "Don't be. I hardly ever sleep. Besides being the big boss of a corporation has its perks. I can go into the office at any time. Plus, Mark is my second and handles everything."

"Don't you think it's little arrogant to dump all your workload on your brother?" I scowled. "I mean you should be pulling your weight. You own the company."

"True," he smirked. "Compared to me, Mark has always been the workaholic. The responsible one. He's always the one who has to set me back on the right path whenever I stray. He's a lot like you, Ricky. The caregiver. The supporter. It's funny how the older sibling usually looks out for the younger when in fact it's the other way around for me and Mark. He looks out for me."

"I guess I can understand that," I commented. "Someone in the family has to be the grown-up."

"Enough talk about responsibilities!" The blond hunk declared. He cupped my bottom and squeezed hard. "Let me have a piece of that ass!"

Pulling me away from the door, his hand gripped mine as he drew up the stairs, through the hall of expensively decorated guest rooms and finally stopping at a chamber that best be described as Marie Antoinette meets *Game and Fish* magazine. Antique French Revolution style furniture filled the room with end tables, dressing cabinets, and a lavish four poster bed with lacy floral curtains. Nineteenth century baroque and neo-classical paintings decorated the walls along with light pastel gardening prints and

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impressionist statues. That all would have been fine because it fit with the theme of the room but what really made me question the taste level was few deer heads adorning the walls alongside the bearskin carpet on the floor, the rustic wooden desks and a fish plaque hanging right above the doorframe. In addition, a creepy looking Native American totem pole stood in the corner facing the bed and I had to turn away because I could have sworn its multiple eyes were following me.

"What do you think?" Jason asked me.

This was one of those moments where being honest would not be a good trait to have. I ran a number of excuses in my head to come up with something positive and constructive. Sadly, I had none.

"It'sâ interesting." I managed to string out. It wasn't exactly a true critique of my opinion but it was diplomatic.

My Master laughed. "You're right it's hideous!" I exhaled a sigh of relief. "You don't have to lie about it. My parents each had a different aesthetic when it came to decorating this room. Mom was a huge antique French collector and Dad was into hunting and gaming. The argued about how this room should look and the collaborationâ well turned into this grotesque mess."

Fine, I finally understood their lack of cooperation but I was still confused by why he brought me here. "And you wanted to show me this becauseâ !?"

His voice snickered. "I want your first time to be in this room."

I nearly choked. My eyes began to roll. "Gee, how romantic. I'm going to lose it in front of couple dead animals and some old ugly furniture." I turned to my Dominant with a look of annoyance. "You know you had a better chance with me by doing me on the dining room table."

He growled as he kissed my neck. "We can do that later." Padding to the totem pole, he tapped the front with his fingers pair of small double door compartments opened. "For now, I thought I would show you why this room is important to me." Pulling open the handle, the statue revealed a pair of hanging objects hooked to the side of each door. Small whips, paddles, chains, handcuffs, and even a pair of different size riding crops were placed on the hooks while at center of a totem pole contained various shelves that carried a series of candles, lotions, scented oils, ropes, cords and a variety of sex toys of different lengths and sizes.

Folding my arms, I finally understood. "Ahh, your sex room?"

Jason nodded. "Most people prefer dim, dank, dark dungeons but that atmosphere isn't welcoming or inviting. Plus, I like to see my slaves in the light. I hate having sex in the dark." He then went over to the fish plaque hanging above the door. Pulling up a wooden footstool nearby, he pressed the eyeball of the trout and pointed toward the bed. From the ceiling, two doors opened up to show two objects descended down near the four-poster bed. One was a leather swing with a harness while next to it a long metal rod with two leather cuffs and connected to a pair of metal chains fastened near the ends. The chains were adjustable to allow limbs to be suspended in different degrees in order to enhance the S & M experience.

"A leather swing and a spread bar." I pointed out. "You thought of everything."

The blond drug dealer was taken aback by how unsurprised I was by these items. "You don't seem shocked or appalled by what I'm showing you? Why is that?"

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"I have internet," I answered. It's true. I've read and seen demonstrations online. I'm no shrinking violet when it comes to BDSM. It doesn't disgust me or weird me out. If anything, it intrigues me. I stared into his blue eyes. "I've done my research, Master. Look, I know what I'm getting into. I have to tell you that I am interested in learning about all this and that it fascinates me. Again being a Submissive means having a good trusting relationship with your Dom. Jason, I trust you. I know you'll respect my boundaries and not push me into anything I'm not ready for. I'm willing to learn how to be a good slave for you if you're willing to be a patient teacher for me."

His hand stroked my face. "I want to be." His openness to my request was proven as our mouths connected. I savored the exquisite taste of his tongue while his fingers stroked the short tendrils of dark hair behind my head. We ran our hands up and down our covered bodies before my older lover withdrew his lips from mine and pressed his forehead against the tip of my face. "Did you prepare yourself before you came here this morning?"

I could sense my face flushing with embarrassment. "I'm sorry. I didn't have time. I came straight from work. I haven't eaten anything heavy the last few hours so I shouldn't expect any accidents, if you're worried." The last thing I needed was me shitting in the middle of our sex session. Hopefully, my digestive track doesn't pass anything through.

Tossing his head back, he laughed. "Don't worry. Shit sometimes happens. We'll deal with it when we come to it." His fingers palmed my cheek as he stroked my skin with his thumb. "Have you tried the sex toys I gave you?" I shook my head. I needed to be honest about not utilizing the butt plugs or the dildo. He sighed. "You're going to be tight when I fuck you. Ricky, you're going to have to relax and breathe when I put my dick inside you."

I nodded in agreement.

He offered me a comforting smile as he grabbed my dress shirt and began unbuttoning it. Soon my tie, dress shirt, and undershirt formed a pile on the floor as I kicked off my dress shoes and yanked off my socks. Jason unbuckled my belt, undid the button of my pants and slid them off me leaving me only in my boxer briefs. However they didn't stay on too long as well. Placing both hands on my shoulder, he pushed me into a sitting position on the bed and completely stripped me of my cotton underwear to which he threw on top of my collective heap of designer clothing on the floor. Then he dropped to his knees in front of me.

Roughly, he spread apart my legs as my limp penis began to slowly rise and he gripped the straining flesh in between his palm and began licking at the surface of the tip. His wet tongue felt like heaven, drawing a line of saliva from the base of the head down the full length of my skin as his fingers toyed with the bottom of scrotum and caused me to giggle.

"You're ticklish," my Master remarked. His face returned to licking my dick as his tongue now encircled the tip. Soon he swallowed me and I emitted a whispering gasp as my eyes pointed up and submitted to the wonderful sensations of Jason's mouth swallowing my cock. My hands raked the sides of the floral comforter as he continued to work my erection sweet and slow. "Is this where you sleep? Is this your bedroom?" I found myself asking. I'll admit it was the most awkward moment especially when a blond hunk was pleasuring me but being someone who was inexperienced in the ways of foreplay, I didn't know how to react.

Jason's lips puckered as he pulled back his mouth. "No, my room is the one I groomed you in yesterday." His still clutched my cock. "This room is special because of its horrible décor. No one wants to stay here. That's why I've taken the liberty of hiding my special paraphernalia here away from prying eyes that don't know about my personal proclivities. Watch!"

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Lifting himself off the floor, he crossed to the fish plaque and pressed the eyeball to return the spreadbar and leather swing back to its original location. Afterwards, he made his way to the garden end table, pressed a lever underneath as a small compartment above the bedframe released and displayed a tiny drawer. The blond hunk crawled on to the bed to remove pair of red silk scarves and a black silk mask.

He waved the items in front of me and grinned. "You ready to progress in our little arrangement?"

I darted my face back and forth at the three objects intrigued of the prospect of trying something daring and kinky. I returned with a smile. "Ready when you are, Master."

The drug mob seemed pleased with my decision. Crawling behind me on all fours, still in his robe, he massaged my shoulders in order for me to become more relaxed, as he caressed the nape of my neck with his mouth and applied the black silk mask over my eyes until I was completely surrounded in darkness. My eyes tickled against the tight restraints of the blindfold before I sensed Jason pulling my hands together to tie both red scarves around my wrists. Within seconds, the binds were tight enough to prevent me from spreading my arms apart.

Blind and with upper limbs immobile, I heard my lover pad around the four-poster bed as the sound of him donning off his cotton robe provided me a sexy visual of him completely viral and naked in my mind. By this point, my hard-on had completely lifted toward my belly. I could feel a bit of pre-cum coming. His warm breath tickled my right ear and he blew a stream of hot air into my lobe.

"Ricky." His voice was overly masculine and authoritative. I loved that the fact that he was domineering. It was almost an aphrodisiac. "We're going to introduce you to a little pain play." Pain play? Already? You mean he's breaking out the big guns? Whips, chains and the whole shebang? I began to grow nervous. Sensing my apprehension, he squeezed my shoulder. "It's going to be okay, Ricky. I won't hurt you. Remember your trust in me but I am going to test your boundaries so it's important we begin with a safe word. What would you like to use?"

Safe word? Holy shit! I haven't even thought we were up to that level yet. A billion scary thoughts raced through my brain. I couldn't come up with one.

I heard him cluck his tongue. "You're nervous. I can tell? Tell me if you are."

"I'm nervousâ" I stuttered. "I'm scaredâ!Master."

Through the blackness, I felt his lips touch mine. His tongue grazed my mouth and helped to ease the nervous tension. I couldn't understand why but I knew Jason Kendall had my back.

"Very well then," I heard him reply. "Your safe word will be my name. If you can't stand the experience, say Jason. Understand, Ricky?"

With my hands bound in front of me, I nodded.

"Let's begin," he said. Pulling toward the back of the bed, he assisted me so that my bound hands supported my chest as I planked in a doggy style position, my legs kneeling in ninety degree angle with my back arched and my bare ass raised to the ceiling. His hands spread apart my legs as he slipped a finger down the arch of my spine and lowered toward the curve of my bottom. "Perfect. Just how I like you, down on all fours."

With the mask blinding me in total blackness, I kept my head as I waited for what strange pain play my Dom had in mind. Then it came.

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*Whack!* It arrived without a warning. His palm, strong, rough and hard. It struck the side of my butt cheek with such force that I flinched in surprise while my erection tingled from the surprise attack. Then it came again. *Whack!* This time I gasped. Once again my raging hard-on betrayed me as it shockingly enjoyed the Dominant's strike. The small sting of the assault surprised me but didn't hurt as much but I was wrong. *Whack! Whack!* The two slaps were harder than before and I yelped as a weird searing pain flared on both sides of my ass. All around me I could hear my Master pacing.

"Have you been a bad boy?" He questioned me. I didn't know how to answer so I said nothing.

*Whack! Whack!* The burning pain of my ass cheeks throbbed. I bit my lip and cried. "Yes, Master! I've been a bad boy!"

"Tell me how you've been a bad boy." My Dom demanded.

I tried to think of one but I guess was taking too long because the next assault caught me off guard. *Whack! Whack!* My ass flared like an inferno. In a panic, I came up with guilty memory. "Alex and I stole a piece of candy from the store and our mother caught us!" Somehow I formed the words from my rapid speech.

"You're a thief! A naughty boy!" Jason shouted. "You know what happens to naughty boys?"

I dreaded what the consequence was but I already knew. I managed to shake my head.

"Naughty boys get spanked!" Then he railed in me with his bare hand. *WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!*"

The pain was too much. A small tear streaked down from the mask I was wearing as I sobbed though each assault on my poor bottom. "NO! STOP! PLEASE! NO MORE!"

"Say your safe word, Ricky!" I heard him instruct me. He spanked again before I shrieked.

"JASON!"

Through the blackness of my mask, the assault stopped. My bottom flared more than ever with each stinging of rawness flailing across my skin. Exhausted and sweating, my guilty erection slid against my stomach as I brought my face down to whimper into the comforter. The blond Dom clutched my face, pressed his mouth against mine and eased my distress over the spanking incident. Seeing how visibly shaken I was, he whipped off the mask so I could see him and embraced me from behind so I could sink into the comfort of his arms.

"I'm sorry," he caressed my cheek with his mouth. "I shouldn't have pushed you in that. It's too soon."

"No," I exhaled as he wiped my tears with his fingers. "It's my fault. I pushed you into it. I'm not being a very good Sub. I think I'm sucking at it." His mouth found mine.

"You're doing fine," he reassured me. "You ready to lose your virginity?"

Reluctant and with my ass flaring from the deep scarlet pain, I replied, "Yes, Master."

Once again, my Master repositioned me on all fours. With my wrists tied together in front of me, he spread my legs apart so that my erection could visibly be seen by him. His hands gently massaged the raw agony of my flailed bottom as those same strong fingers that spanked me earlier quickly soothed the aching reminder of the attack on my innocent butt cheeks. Finally, the pain subsided.

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Instead his hands spread apart my huge mounds apart, discovered the apex of my sacred opening and steadied both sides of my round flesh into position to allow Jason to explore my manly ridge with his mouth. My head face forward toward the bedframe so that I couldn't see my Master fondling me from behind but I could feel him as I first taste of his moist tongue entered my ass crack.

I panted in surprise. "Master!"

"Shh, Ricky," he whispered. I closed my eyes and allowed his wet mouth to taste my sphincter. The blond drug dealer didn't care if douched with my enema or if I my tiny little taint was clean, which I might add was. All he was cared about was tasting and savoring my sweet entrance which he gladly drenched it with his spit before stopping to give me further orders. "One sec, Ricky. I need to get something."

He scrambled off bed to grab a few things from the secret drawer of the totem pole while I remained in position. Quickly, he returned to the mattress as I heard him flip open a cap off a bottle and squirt some liquid into his fingers. Immediately, I knew it was lube. Then spreading some of the liquid into his fingers, he spread apart my ass cheeks and slowly entered my hole with his middle finger.

My erection twitched as the pressure of the invasion warranted my body to push the foreign object out. I flinched for a bit as I tried to accept his finger inside my rectum but it was difficult for me since my inner muscles first instinct was to extract the invader. Yet, Jason Kendall was determined.

"Relax. Breathe." He told me.

I tried but I couldn't invite him in. Then another smooth finger entered me. This time the second finger joined with the first as he slowly worked his way inside. I crouched down to endure the strain of having two digits inside me but even still my ass was too tight to withstand the weight of even two of his fingers digging through my rectum. I had to bite my lip to mask my discomfort.

But there was no fooling my Dom. Gently withdrawing his hand, I heard him get off the bed to pick up a few more items from the container inside the totem pole. He quickly returned. The sound of ripped a foil wrapper caught my attention as lube was squirted from a bottle and rubbed against a rubber sheath. Jason Kendall was applying a condom.

Nervousness and hesitation crawled up my spine as I knew my Master was going to fuck me even though I wasn't ready. I prepared for the worst.

Slowly he maneuvered on to my back so that his enormous condom laced erection laid flat across is belly. My own pulsed with excitement as he yanked my legs forward so that my smooth thighs grazed his hairy blond limbs. Moving his hands toward my wrists, he untied the rest scarves, held both in his left hand while spreading my legs apart. Then his right blue eye winked at me to signal the next instruction.

"Grab your ankles and spread your legs wide!" He ordered. I complied and tried to pull a cheerleader move as held on both of my hands grabbed my feet and waited. Wrapping each red scarf around my wrist and ankles he bound both the right and left limbs together so that my legs stayed into position. Then he grabbed his cock and waved it in front of me. "Now that I have you helpless, I'm going to fuck you now, slave!" His face smirked as the tip of the head neared my nervous little hole.

In my mind, I kept telling myself, *Breathe, Ricky, breathe!* but even I knew that it would be too late as my Dom got ready to penetrate me. My breath froze and all I could do was look down. The greased up head of Jason's prick slipped through my entrance. Immediately, my muscles tightened and I tossed my head back and began spouting in protest.

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"I'm not ready! I'm not ready!"

"Breathe. Relax." The blond hunk kept repeating. "Let me in."

I could feel the tears coming through as his cock slipped even deeper. I began to freak.

"No! " I cried. "It's too big! It's going to hurt! It's going to hurt!"

However surprisingly it didn't. My erection flexed as the strange hunger in my rectum responded with almost welcoming response. Surreal synapses of pleasure coming from a combination of lube, rubber, and hard stroking from his tremendous girth caused my anal walls to cave in and consume him. It felt wonderful, joyful, and connected. More importantly, it was enjoyable. Even I was surprised by how much of my ass could take such a large man like Jason Kendall.

My balls tightened as I clutched my tightly bound wrists and ankles to the point that I surprised myself when I attempted to spread my legs even wider to allow more of my Master's gifted endowment to slide through. He took the hint and continued bury through. I closed my eyes and allowed every inch of him in as the weird discomfort and strange pain that was spreading my anus apart was giving me the most sinful and profane response. I didn't want him to stop.

"Oh God! " I grunted the pressure of my ass absorbed him. My anal walls clenched even tighter. "You're so fucking massive!"

The blond hunk had to stop for a minute. "Am I hurting you, Ricky?"

"No!" I panted. I wanted to ensure that he didn't get the wrong impression. "You're fucking me so good! Don't stop!"

He giggled and continued to slide through, more quickly, and more rapidly. My tired limbs shook as the strange built up in my balls couldn't be controlled. I needed to erupt.

"I'm cumming! AAAHHHHH!"

My dick shook as it shot off a stream of jism all across my stomach. In turn, Jason grabbed my hips and made one more thrust all the way in until my balls slapped into my opening. My insides burned like fire as he threw his head back and climaxed.

"AAAAHHHHHHHH!"

A stream of semen filled his condom and he gently withdrew from my ass to allow me to see the flood of white filling the tip of the rubber. "See what you do to me, slave? You made me cum buckets!" His blue eyes gazed at my messy orgasm on my stomach and my tied up state. "Maybe I should leave you like this just to punish you?"

I pouted and my eyes widened. "No, Master. I'm sorry."

His face laughed again as he untied me so that my limbs could relax on the bed and stop cramping. Then he lowered his face, licked away the semen from my stomach, and joined his lips to mine. Saltiness and sweaty musk embraced as we rolled around the floral covers of bed and allowed our bodies to finally touch like a normal couple. Once again the weird butterflies in belly tumbled as I submitted to my Dom's touch and gave in to my admiration and affection for him.



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So much so, that my flaccid erection began to stand on end.

Jason glanced down and smirked. "Looks like you're ready for another round."

I smiled back. "Looks like, Master."

He grabbed my hand, pulled me off the bed and dragged me across the hallway to his real bedroom where everything was decorated normally. Pushing me toward the bathroom where his marble and porcelain tub awaited us, he turned on the warm water of the shower nozzle and began soaping me down.

My hand stopped his. "Let me pleasure you this time." I kissed him and dropped to my knees. Quickly finding the drenched shaved curls of his groin, I grabbed his huge limp cock and began suckling the head.

They say imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. As an artist, I could copy any painting or sculpture from the detail work to the fine line of the craftsmanship. The same could be said about my lover's cock. Big, thick, wide and thinly veined with a large pulsating head, I managed to admire his oral sex techniques, master the skill of his blowjobs and copy the same format and use it on him.

I discovered the urethra of the surface and encircled my tongue around it. Jason hummed as my wet tongue lapped around, up and down, and licked all the way up to the top of his dick and down the full length of his shaft. Then I became daring. Covering my mouth, I sank in. Sadly, I hadn't perfected my oral skills just yet and could only go halfway. Jason appreciated that as he cast his eyes down and grinned with encouragement.

"That's good a little slave," he kept saying. "Don't choke on it! Worship it!" Indeed I did as I continued to slurp, suck and tease his cock with my mouth. Once he was satisfied, he gently pushed me away. "Enough! I want to fuck you now!"

He left me underneath the shower as the warm water soothed my aching arms and legs. Opening the medicine cabinet, grabbed a condom wrapper, ripped it open and slid it on. Then he grabbed a bottle of lube and greased himself up.

His body did a complete one eighty as his huge, hard dick faced me. I licked my lips, opened my arms and beckoned him close. Not once did he hesitate.

Slipping in the shower, he slid his hands over my wet buttocks, gripped me with support, and lifted me up. Instantly, I knew what to do next. I wrapped my legs around his hips and allowed my tight little hole to accept him in. Instead of protesting, my anus swallowed him.

"Ride me!" He instructed.

I did. Sweet, delicious pressure spread apart my ass wide. No longer were my muscles nervous and tightly knotted. Instead, they loosed up as the strange nerve endings inside my anal walls tingled with the most decadent sensations.

Furiously, I rode my Master as we grunted, panted and moaned like untamed creatures. Water soaked our skins, drenched us in the most illicit of pleasures and united us as Master and Submissive. I finally understood what the big deal with bottoming was and to be honest I didn't want this entire experience to end. Holding my lover tight, I covered my mouth against his as our bodies connected while the water washed away any reservations or feelings of guilt between us.

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It was just us now. Ricky Quinn and Jason Kendall. Slave and Master. Experiencing pleasure without any regret.

My rectum drove deep into his enormous cock as the surge of my orgasm spread through my cock. I couldn't hold back.

"Master! I'm cumming! AAAAHHHHH!"

White seed spread across his belly. The blond hunk erupted right after.

"Meâ ltooâ !AAAHHHH!"

Semen filled the condom inside me as he bucked more time to finish off the last drop of his semen. Once done, he withdrew, set me down to my feet, pulled off the used condom and tossed on to the tile floor.

"Slob," I teased him as I washed my hair.

He got up behind me and embraced me close. "What can I say? You bring out the worst in me!" The shower water soaked our bodies as we lathered up and soaped each other down. Jason kissed me, this time a bit more affectionately than before, and whispered in my ear. "Ricky, I have two instructions for you as your Master."

"Sure," I grinned as I lowered my wet head against his chest. "Name it."

"First, I want you to be no one else's slave but mine," he said. "That means you will accept no other Master but me."

I couldn't believe what he was saying. I wouldn't accept any other Dom but him. I don't trust anyone in else in this kind of arrangement. I nodded. "Of course. Master Jason, you're my only Master."

His smile was much wider as he accepted my answer.

"And the second?" I asked.

"That you spend the morning in bed with me."

He didn't have to ask. Reaching around his neck, I brought his mouth on to mine.

"Your wish is my command, Master."

## Chapter 14: Daddy

Sleeping in someone's arms can be the best feeling in the world. Jason's ripped biceps squeezed me close as we dozed off until the late hours of the afternoon. Light drifted through my eyes as I opened them slowly to see the lavishly decorated room of my blond lover and the antique clock on the nightstand showing 1:00 p. m. I reached over to feel for the masculine perfection of my golden haired Adonis only to find him missing.

Pushing myself up in a sitting position, the floral comforter concealed by naked bottom half as I rubbed my eyes for moment and heard the forty year old Dom walk right in, gloriously nude and carrying a tray of food.

"Good afternoon, lover." His smile was as wide as a city bus and he set the platter in front of me and dove into the covers. "How did you sleep?"

"Like a log," I giggled. "Then again, I'm lying on hundred thread cotton sheets next to my amazing fuck buddy." I leaned in and gave him a quick peck on the lips.

"Five hundred thread count." He corrected me. "And it's Egyptian cotton."

I rolled my eyes and teased him. "Spoiled rich boy."

"You know it!" The blond drug dealer laughed. Wrapping his hand around my neck, he pulled my face close until our lips connected. Our kiss lasted a full two minutes as we tongued each other and enjoyed the exploration of our mouths. Then gently he pulled away and palmed my slender chest with his fingers. "I hope you're hungry. I brought brunch. Hope you don't mind the runny eggs, burnt toast, and microwave pancakes. I'm afraid I don't have Filomena's cooking skills. I'm more experienced in the bedroom and the boardroom than I am in the kitchen."

"I'm sure it will fine." I grabbed a bite of the blackened bread and slippery eggs and nearly choked. The taste of smoke and liquid yolks grossed me out but I managed to swallow a bit of it while presenting a polite smile. The microwave pancakes were another story. They weren't so bad especially since my diet consists of prepackaged food.

Jason saw me feigning my approval of his cuisine and cocked his eyebrows. "You're a bad liar, Ricky. The food sucks!"

I had to laugh and tossed down my fork on the plate. "Yeah it does." My Master picked up the tray and set the awful meal on top of the nightstand as my limp dick started to twitch. Jumping back into bed, he kissed my skinny chest and suckled a nipple before I stopped him and shot him a lascivious grin. "You know I'm hungry for something else?"

Taking the hint, the tall Dominant raced to the top drawer of the bureau across from the bed to pull out a small bottle of lube and a long packet of condoms. I kneeled on the mattress ready to position myself in any way he wanted me. He got few feet to the bed before he stopped.

Sensing his worry, I questioned him. "What's wrong?"

His blue eyes appeared serious as he curled his mouth upward and grinned like the Cheshire Cat from *Alice in Wonderland*. He pointed to me. "Get down on all fours. Doggy style."

## Honor Thy Master: Journals of a Submissive

Personally I would have preferred the regular missionary because I enjoyed the closeness of his body against mine but he was my Master and I had to obey. Rolling my body down, I planked into position, my knee perpendicular to the mattress and my arms separated and placed downward on the bed. I arched my back in a perfect horizontal line and awaited his instructions.

He paced around me for moment, observing my dedicated stance, and took in every movement of my body held in formation. Then with his second index finger, he slid it down beginning from my shoulder all the way down to the crack of my ass.

His voice was very domineering and I could feel my dick twinge the moment his tone stroked my ear. There was something in the way that he controlled me that I found enticing. I can't explain it but his power over me, his authoritative hold that he had was a complete turn on. All I can tell you was that my body longed to make Jason Kendall happy to the point I lost all sense of my identity with him. In my soul and in my heart, what we were doing, these kinky games were normal, like any other couple but involved the art of sexual exploration. I enjoyed listening to my Dom. I wanted to please him. This is what my mind kept telling me and it possessed my body to the point I went through the motions without analyzing every thought, every concept or try to come up with a solution. It simply was the way that it was. Not once did I object. More than ever, I was determined to remain a good slave to my Master.

"It seems to me that you haven't quite accepted the act of pain," Jason stated. "I think we should try again. I'm going to spank you and you're going to enjoy it."

The anguished memories of this morning's pain play went horribly wrong. I couldn't endure his hard assault on my buttocks and now that the raw flesh had healed, I dreaded him going another round with me.

"Please, Master," I pleaded. "Don't spank me. It hurts. I can't stand the pain."

"You'll endure it, slave," he told me. "And like it." His hand caressed the bottom of my chin. "If you please me, Ricky. I'll offer you a reward."

"A reward?" I found myself wondering. "What kind of reward, Master?"

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

My cock easily responded. "Yes, Master. I want you to fuck me."

He continued. "How badly, my Sub, do you want me to fuck you?"

My body craved his cock. I wanted all its power, its length and longed to be touched by its girth again. I needed his gifted endowment like a drug.

"I want it badly, Sir!" I confessed. "I want it so bad, Master; I think I might die without it!" My head lowered in embarrassment at my admittance. Luckily, the blond hunk forced it back up.

"Then you shall have it, Ricky." He vowed. "But first you must learn to enjoy the pain. You must learn to find pleasure and learn to be comfortable with each time I take a hand to you. Do you understand?"

I exhaled. "I understand, sir."

"Good," he smiled. "Then we'll begin." Placing a flat palm against my bottom, he massaged both the mounds surrounding my bottom before lifted it up to lay the first blow. I pressed my mouth together and prepared

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myself for the oncoming assault. Closing my hands together, I waited. And waited. And waited. Nothing came. Curious, I shifted my head over my shoulder to see what the delay was.

Suspending his hand in the air, the tall blond looked down on my nude form and stopped. His piercing blue eyes smirked as he lowered his fingers slowly. "No, not yet."

With concern that offended him, I probed in his thoughts. "Master, what's wrong? Was it something I did? I can fix it! Just tell me!"

He lowered his face, clasped his hands together and twiddled his thumbs. "How long has been since you've seen your father?"

That was an odd question. I mean who brings up one's parent during an intimate moment? Surely, he was joking. Unsure where he was getting at, I answered the question.

"Sixteen years." I told him. "He left when I was seven and Alex was three. Why are you asking?"

"I'm just curious," he replied. "And you haven't seen him since?"

"No," I responded. "He hasn't bothered to contact us. Alex and I have learned to cut him out of our lives and move on." I shrugged my shoulders. "Why are you bringing this up now? This is really making me feel uncomfortable."

Jason began. "Usually the lack of father figure in the household can affect the child in a way that manifests into feelings of abandonment, trust issues, and often carries into problems of adulthood. I believe the reason you're afraid of me spanking you is because you feel neglected and prefer to safeguard yourself instead of allowing yourself the freedom to take risks."

I disagreed. "That's ridiculous. Yes, my father abandoned us but I dealt with his leaving just fine. I haven't thought about him for years so what does this have to do with me not wanting to be spanked. Maybe I have low threshold for pain! Ever thought of that?"

"Remember, Ricky." He emphasized. "I have a degree in psychology and a therapist's background. I can tell when your childhood traumas are rising to the surface. For the sake of this exercise, I think we should do some Daddy-Son roleplaying?"

"Daddy-son roleplaying?" I snorted. "Look, Master, I'm not into this whole incest fantasy thing. If that what gets you off, Iâ"

*Whack!* The attack took me surprise as my right butt cheek stung. I gasped.

"Stop!" I yelled.

The blond Dom didn't. He spanked even harder again. *Whack!* I clutched my fingers tight and winced.

"No more!" I shouted. He chose to ignore me. *Whack!* This time my left side of my bottom throbbed though my erection tingled for a bit. "I said stop!" This time he struck me twice. *Whack! Whack!* I hollered for a safe word. "Jason!"

It didn't work. His hand continued to spank my ass raw. *Whack! Whack! Whack!* I could feel the tears fill my eyes as he got ready to strike me again.

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My bottom roared with pain and I was forced to endure the agony of his attacks. No matter how much I begged, my Master refused to listen.

"Tell Daddy how much of a naughty boy you are!" He demanded.

*Whack!* My bare butt lit up. I bit my lip and tried to say anything to make him stop. "Daddy! I've been a naughty boy! Please stop spanking me!"

*Whack!* His fingers flailed my ass. "Why? Ricky, tell me what you want Daddy to do!"

*Whack! Whack!*

Flames raked my poor stinging buttocks. I couldn't hold out as the hard cock betrayed me and twitched like mad. A combination of fear, exhaustive pain, and pleasure took over me as the tears flowed from my eyes and I surrendered all my feelings in one giant sob. The anguished memories began to flood through me. Being left alone, having no man in the household, trying to stay strong for the family while still wishing I had some of my childhood left to enjoy. I couldn't bear it any longer. I finally snapped and released all my sadness and frustration. Taking in a deep breath, I let out a gurgling scream.

"DADDY! DON'T GO!" I shrieked. "DON'T LEAVE ME! DON'T LEAVE ME!"

I collapsed on the bed as the aching throb of my ass took second to the built up painful emotions. Hugging myself, Jason got behind me and embraced me close as I turned my head and allowed my face to bury itself into his muscular chest. He stroked my head as I cried for a few moments as the feelings of sorrow started to lift from my shoulders. In Jason's arms, he made me feel safe and in between sniffs I glanced up to see his blue eyes offering me shelter.

"Don't leave me, Master," I whimpered. "Don't leave me like my Daddy did."

Touching my hair, the angelic hunk smile down and made his vow. "I won't, Ricky. I promise." Lowering his face, he kissed me as arms roamed each other. Gently, he pressed me against the pillow so that our tongues could meet. I hooked my legs around his waist as his huge growing erection pressed against my stomach and he lifted away for a bit to reach over to the nightstand drawer and pull out small lotion bottle. Cupping my raging bottom with his bare hands, he placed my legs over his shoulder so that he could massage the strange ointment over my stinging ass. In few seconds, the strange concoction soothed the raw pain into an ease of mellowness of a light sunburn. I can't begin to tell you how grateful I was that the flaring of my ass had stopped and instead gave way for the soft caress of my Master's gentle fingers. The erection pressed against my belly vibrated as I my hungry hole ached for his touched. Without reservation, I grabbed both sides of my sore butt cheeks and spread them apart to show my willing opening required his attention. He happily accepted.

Tearing off a condom wrapper with his teeth, he slid the rubber sheath one his huge cock, applied a huge amount of lube and oiled himself as precursor to our lovemaking. His blue eyes cast a glance at me and he stroke his rubber laced dick in front of me in a form of cruel punishment just to excite me even further.

"Well, son," he taunted. "Daddy has been disappointed that you've been a bad boy." His fingers massaged his hard-on up and down. "I don't think it's fair that I should reward bad boys with a good ass fucking, don't you think?"

My body replied otherwise. It hungered for his cock. It needed to be fed and be satisfied. My fingers latched on with a firm grip as I tried to widen my entrance even wider.

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"No, Daddy," I answered as I continued to play his kinky game. "I've been a good boy. Please, Daddy, fuck me!"

He grinned and continued to rub his dick. "No, Ricky. I'm not convinced. Daddy's still very disappointed with you. I don't think I will."

My erection swelled. It begged to be stimulated with a nice shaft in my ass. I quivered my lips and pleaded some more. "Please, Daddy. I've been good. Fuck me! I can't wait! Fuck me now!"

Still torturing me, he stood his ground as he masturbated. "No, son. I don't believe you deserve Daddy's cock."

I couldn't stand it anymore. My hungry hole needed to be filled. I panted, breathed rapidly between breaths, and I cried. "Daddy! Master! Jason!" At this point I was breaking character and calling him by his real name. "Just fuck me! FUCK ME, PLEASE!"

The blond Dom grinned and edged the tip near my rectum. "All right then, slave, you asked for it!" He rammed right through. At that point I lost all sense of reasoning, morality, and good judgment. My anal walls surrendered, submitted to the pressure of his gifted shaft and consumed every inch of his masculine flesh. His arms clutched my back as I slipped mine underneath his shoulders and clawed his back as his fullness bucked, lifted and withdrew while my legs entwined around his waist.

His lips found mine. Our tongues danced as we tasted as savored every pleasure our union and allowed our desires to vocalize our approval in between groaning breaths.

"Mmmm, Jasonâ!" I moaned his name, forgetting my place as a Sub. I didn't care about roles anymore! His nearness to my skin mattered the most than the basic roles we were playing. Therefore, I placed more of an emphasis on my desire than our expected lables.

"Rickyâ!Rickyâ!" My Master echoed back. His jeweled blue eyes fixated on me and he shot a smile of happiness as his toned ass, flexed and met my hips with each ferocious thrust.

We kissed for a few more times between each fuck before he lifted me up to straddle his thighs as he sat up on the bed and spread his legs on the mattress. His toes pointed up as I kneeled in front, my erection slapping against my belly as I poured more of the lube on my hand and spread the inside of my opening with my fingers. When I was good and ready, I let my knees touch the mattress while I located his cock behind me and let the hard meat glide inside my willing hole. Then I allowed my lover to impale me.

Being on top provided me an advantage; I had more control of how I wanted Jason to fuck me. Gripping his shoulders, I reconnected with his mouth and worked my bottom up and down on his beautiful cock. Once again my inner walls surrendered. They clenched, tightened, stretched, and opened me up as I gave in the wonderful burning of my ass being stroked and my prostate being massaged. Jason, on his part, cooperated by pushing his hips up and connected with my pace as I my hips lifted and descended with each thrust of his amazing shaft.

"God, Master!" I hollered. "Your cock feels wonderful inside me!"

"Thankâ!uhhhâ!your ass for that!" He giggled between grunts. "Not keep fucking me!"

I did a few more times before the straining build-up in my balls begged to be recognized. I pounced even harder on my lover's cock before bits of seed poured from my urethra. Then I came completely.

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"I'm cumming! AAAAHHHHH!"

White jism splashed against the blond drug dealer's belly as he embraced me close and allowed me to complete my orgasm. In matter of seconds, he joined me.

"I'm cumming too! AAAARRRRRGHHH!"

The condom inside me filled with semen, completely flooded the tip as he jolted for a bit and allowed the surface of his head to empty out. Once he was completed, the blond hunk slowly withdrew, yanked off the used rubber, tossed it to the side of the bed, and brought his face toward mine. His lips felt heavenly though I'll say I was bit perturbed that he couldn't toss the dirty prophylactic in the trash can nearby.

"You know," my lips kissed him. "I need to teach you not to litter."

He teased my mouth and snickered. "It's my room. My house. My rules. I'll dirty it up if I want to."

I pulled away and scowled. "And leave it for Filomena to find your nasty cum stain? Come on, Jason." Once again I broke the Sub protocol by referring to him by his real name. "Pick it up and throw it in the garbage!"

His tongue clucked. "Yes, Mom." Giving me a quick peck on the lips, he scrambled from the bed, lifted the soiled rubber, and dropped it in the trash. Then he folded his arms and turned to me. "Happy now?"

"Much," I smiled. "Now get back to this bed and hold me."

"With pleasure," he laughed. Jumping on to the mattress, he wrestled back against the bed and began licking up the residue of my orgasm from my stomach before sharing the salty flavor of my pleasure on my lips. For record, I tasted delicious.

We made our few more times with our now limp dicks rubbing against each other as reached around and held me within his muscular arms. My dark hair buried within the folds of the pillow and I ran my fingers through the dark blond curls on his chest as I watch him look at me.

"Jason?"

He addressed me with a grin and wasn't offended by my choice to break off the Dom-Sub roles. "Hmm, Ricky?"

"Tell me about yourself." I requested. Truth be told, I wanted to know more about this man. "I mean you made it point to know all about me. What don't you share a little bit of your life story?"

Shrugging, he sighed. "There isn't much that you don't know. I came from a rich family who owns several businesses. When the company was struggling, we merged with the Zagreski family who turned out to have shady dealings and since then we've been supporting their secret drug trade."

I decided to bring up the touchy subject of their business. "Speaking of which, you've heard about the young man on the news who committed suicide recently. He jumped out of his apartment balcony apparently from using Hard Rock. Did you have something to with that?"

Jason glanced at me with concern, paused, and then frowned. "I know about that the tragic incident but believe me, it wasn't us. Yes, we deal with Hard Rock but only in small amounts and we're very selective. Only the wealthy elite can afford our product and we do supply them the tiniest dosages. When I mean tiny,



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we're talking minimal. Contrary to what you might of the Zagreskis and their mob business, they are very honorable. It comes from centuries of respecting their Russian culture. We knew how potent Hard Rock is with the violent outbursts, the scary hallucinations. We discovered that if we can extract just a tiny amount to secure a high without the horrible side effects and long term damage we could make a lucrative business."

Drug dealers with honor and integrity, who would ever thought? In a strange way, I began to understand and sympathize but I still needed to learn more. I continued my investigation.

"You mentioned no long term damage or side effects," I commented. "What do you mean?"

"Hard Rock is in its purest form is lethal," said Jason. "It affects the serotonin in the brain and kills off the major brain cells that control logical thinking, reasoning and common sense. However, the Zagreskis and I discovered a way to extract a minimal amount that will give the user a good buzz similar to alcohol or the nicotine in cigarettes which minimizes any harm to the user. However, it's still a drug and can be abused like your brother Alex had demonstrated and that poor boy who killed himself."

"But if that's the case," I added. "Why did that young man go crazy? According the news reports, he went insane and thought he could fly."

The blond hunk exhaled. "That's because he was fed the hard stuff. Hence, the name Hard Rock. If abused, the narcotic can have powerful psychotic and hallucinogenic effects. That's why we're careful how we market the item. I don't consider it any different than taking over the counter medication like aspirin or a cold remedy."

I disagreed with him. "It's still a drug, Jason." Once again, I broke the rules of our contract by referring to him by his real name. He was annoyed or angry by it. I think he appreciated the fact that we were on a more connective level. "It's still causes harm to the person abusing it."

"Good point," he remarked. "But even aspirin and a cold tablet can be abused too yet the FDA approves it. Hard Rock isn't any different."

He had a point. He continued to argue his case.

"We manufacture our drug with the purpose of only bringing a small bit of a high for the client while others would rather produce more dangerous results no matter the cost. You know we're not the only drug dealers in town. The Anatoles discovered a way to create a cheaper version of the drug which is even more toxic and deadly and the Zagreskis and I have reason to believe they're involved with that poor boy's death. Remember when I told you that I ended things with Alex?"

"Yeah," I nodded. I almost forgot that my little brother was the previous slave before me.

"Well he was angry at me for rejecting him," he explained. "So he turned to the Anatoles and got involved with them. My theory was they offered him a lot more money and the opportunity to get free Hard Rock if he sold their product on the streets. He got way in over his head and the rest, as you know, is history."

How could I forget? The night of the phone call by Mark Kendall that revealed all about my younger brother's secretive activities, the five thousand that he stole, and my decision to trade his previous position as a Sub for his. My mind wondered what would happen if none of these events occurred and I went about the motions of my daily, mundane life. I shudder to think about it since meeting with Jason Kendall opened my eyes and my body to a new world of wicked delights. Strangely enough, I would say I was grateful.

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Jason continued with his explanation. "Ricky, no matter how you feel about our business, I want you to understand that it's not done out of malice or disregard for people. Yes, we're supplying drugs but we're offering an enhancing experience for any guest who comes to the party. We're careful who we conduct business with and there are rules of secrecy that we adhere to. That way, law enforcement isn't involved and government security doesn't crack down on our enterprise. People like the Anatoles are making it hard for us since they are putting me and the Zagreskis in the line of fire. They're exposing us and making us an easy target for the police. That's why we have to take extra precautions."

"Like what?" I wondered.

"Beefing up security, having weapons ready, and spies everywhere." He informed me. "You can never be too careful."

"You make it sound like you're ready to wage war," I noted.

"Hopefully, it never comes to that," the blond man explained. "However, you never know. That's why I'm trusting you to always be safe and to always watch your back. You're involved with me now. My enemies might come after you to get to me."

I gulped in fear. "Why me? I have nothing to do with your drug business!"

Jason shook his head. "It doesn't matter. The Anatole family has no souls. Unlike the Zagreskis, they are your stereotypical Russian mafia. Evil, conniving, and dangerous. I want you to stay close and be aware of your surroundings. Mark will be nearby just in case."

"Mark?" I inquired. "You're sending your own brother as a bodyguard?"

"Not a bodyguard," he corrected. "A friend. Look, Ricky, he will respect your privacy and your space but once in a while he might check up on you just to make sure you're okay. Plus, he trusts you since you helped inspire him to come out of his shell as a trans man. When he came to those group meetings at the GLBTQ center, he didn't want to discuss his feelings but after listening to you and observing your story, it kind lit a fire under him to deal with his own issues. Thank you for doing that."

"You're welcome," I said. "I would have wanted for someone to do the same thing if I were in his shoes. It's hard dealing with your sexuality but it's another to be transgendered and trying to make sense of your identity."

Jason nodded. "Believe me, I completely agree. Growing up as rich kids, it was just me and my little sister Michaela, the man you know now as Mark, who were left with nannies and butlers while my parents traveled the world engaging in their own affairs." I glimpsed him differently after he revealed that part of him. I continued to listen. "Michaela and I grew close and we vowed that we would watch over each other no matter what happens. After spending our childhood in boarding schools, we both threw ourselves in our education because we felt that we could gain power through learning. We excelled in every subject from literature to math to science and even picked up multiple languages in the process. Then by the time we reached our teen years, we came to understand that power can be achieved another way."

"How?"

"Sex." He bluntly responded. "You see, Ricky. No matter how much money you have or how much wealth you amass, it all boils down to what you can do between your legs. I found that sex is very controlling and you gain authority especially when lust is involved. Combine that with BDSM behavior and you somehow

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can correlate the two in the corporate world using the same tactics of dominance, authority, power and confidence."

What he was saying made sense. The opportunity to be domineering, to wield control over another and make others bend to your will, it all boiled down to sex and my Master seemed to have a good grasp of the concept.

"How does Mark fit into the sex part of it?" I asked.

"Not so much sex," he explained. "But the control over his own gender. You see, Michaela was always conflicted by her identity and many men have used her because of her beauty. You don't see it now but she had the body of supermodel and she dated a million playboys who only wanted her as another notch on their bedposts. Michaela finally gained the courage to explore her inner self, find out her who she truly was, and courageously made the decision to make steps to change her identity. Thus, Mark Kendall was born. Strong, brave, masculine, in control and no longer a victim to others who wanted to abuse her."

I shrugged. "You make it sound like you both have it all together."

The tall blond frowned. "Not always but we definitely try to keep a balance whenever we exert any kind of authority. That's why I enjoy being a Dom because I like the power I get to yield over someone who is in a lesser role. There's a certain turn-on when it comes being dominant and masterful and that part of me has always appealed to my interest in exploring the dark nature of my fantasies."

"It certainly has," I commented. "Then again, the actual sex part isn't half bad either. Speaking as your Sub, I think it's one of your best qualities."

His finger tapped the edge of my nose. "You would, you little eager minx." His face turned a bit more serious. "Ricky, sex or the actual physical mating aspect of the BDSM relationship isn't always the norm. I usually never have sex with any of my slaves. I like to keep it strictly professional like I did with your brother."

Surprised by this, I decided to probe for more answers. "Then why do you engage in physical intimacy with me?"

Shrugging, he gave me look that showed that he didn't have a definite answer. "I don't know, Ricky. I just know that you're different than my other Subs. I enjoy having sex with you. I can't explain it but whenever we are intimate, my mind and body changes all of sudden. I want to go beyond the Master-Slave roles and invest some sense of physical emotion in our sessions. I want to have some semblance of physical connection even for a brief moment."

"Or maybe you needed some way to release your anger and frustrations," I suggested. "You needed to feel some sort of physical closeness to escape the realities of a harsh world, to experience bliss, and to forget all the troubles that have been consuming your life."

His eyebrows arched. "Are you speaking for me or about yourself?"

"Maybe both," I sighed. "Well me, especially. I mean I'm dealing with a lot of stress at work and needed to be with someone who makes me feel good even if it is only a brief moment."

An epiphany struck his brain. "So that's why you insisted on seeing me this morning?"

Embarrassed, I scowled. "I'm sorry, Master. I didn't want to make you feel like I'm using you."

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"That's fine, Ricky." He snickered. "Use me. That's part of our arrangement. Let's make each other feel good through our intimate encounters." His hand stroked the side of my face. "You have nothing to be ashamed about."

I felt relieved. I hated myself for looking at Jason Kendall merely as a sex object. Then again, I was his personal sex toys so it was like the pot calling the kettle black. I thought up ways to make it up to him when my stomach started to grumble. Loudly. It was more than a rough and tumble growl but more like rapid wolf ready to pounce on its prey type of sound.

My Master heard the rumble in my belly and soothed his palm over my stomach. "Sounds like you're hungry."

"It is the afternoon," I noted. "I haven't eaten anything except for a few bites of your disgusting breakfast tray." Our eyes gazed at the lumpy mess on top of the nightstand. Even flies wouldn't touch it.

He laughed. "Fine. Let me treat you to lunch."

"On one condition," I warned him. "No fancy restaurant where the food is extremely gourmet and the price on the menu cost more than a designer handbag."

"Deal!" Jason giggled. "I know the perfect caf  where the food is cheap and won't cost me barely next to nothing."

"It's not some French foo foo place, is it?" I inquired.

"Sort of," he grimaced. "It's called Chez IHOP and you can order the Rooty Tooty Fresh N' Fruity breakfast!"

"Hellooo IHOP!" I jumped up and sang. I don't know why I chose this song but I went with a *Sweet Charity's* Big Spender number and belted it out. I'm tone deaf but I have a sense of humor about it.

Obviously, my Dom didn't appreciate my vocal stylings as he plugged up his ears with both fingers.

"Hey Big Spender   Spend a little time with me   "

I guess I'm not going to audition for American Idol anytime soon.

## Chapter 15: Promotion

"Damn!"

Completed frustrated, bare ass and crawling on all fours on the floor, I went through the pile of wrinkled, crumpled mess of work clothes that I tossed around Jason's bedroom when we both decided to engage in the horizontal mambo. During the heat of the moment, my coverings had been strung about all over the place and I had to engage in a scavenger hunt in order to locate each and every item so that I had something to wear for my lunch date with my Dom.

I manage to collect almost all my garments before I notice that the most important piece, my underwear, was missing. I had forgotten that my blond lover had stripped me naked and tossed my designer boxer briefs somewhere in the room. Scanning the area, I finally found them but they had gotten caught on a metal hook of a priceless antique end table. I tried to yank them off.

One hand gripped the edge of the cotton fabric while the other clutched the front pouch of the elastic and together they pulled. A horrifying rip emitted from the metal hook as I scrambled back to see my Dolce and Gabbana undergarment torn in two dangling in between my fingers.

"Shit!" I cursed.

"Problem?"

Shifting my weight around, I faced a dashing Jason Kendall already dressed in a casual gray V-neck t-shirt and tight denim jeans. The fact that the man could wear anything made me envious. Clothes fit him to a tee and hugged every part of his flawless physique while I had to hunt for things that didn't look baggy and oversized on my gawky frame. I resented the fact that my Adonis never to worry about such trivial things. What should he? He was perfect.

Seeing my troubles, he walked over and grabbed my torn underwear from my hands. "Darn." He remarked with a smile. "I suppose you're going to have to go commando then."

"No way!" I disagreed. "I'm not going out in public with my junk hanging out!"

He laughed. "I'm kidding, Ricky." Leaving the room, he dashed out for a few minutes only to return with a baggy hoodie, sweatpants, socks and a package of three pack Fruit of the Looms underwear in his arms. "These are Mark's. You can borrow them since your own clothes are all bunched up."

I glanced down at my wrinkled pile, ignoring the fact that I was about to wear underwear that belonged to a trans man, and was grateful that I had some replacement clothes to wear. Grabbing the hoodie, sweatpants, and socks, I sat them down next to me while I ripped open the prepackaged underwear and pulled one out. Slipping on the white cotton brief, I pulled it all the way to my chest in order to make it stay as the baggy undergarment made me look like I was wearing a diaper. It made wonder how Mark Kendall even wore men's tights especially when he hadn't had his bottom surgery done. I wasn't about to ask him.

Jason snorted. "I have to say that it's not flattering look but a look nonetheless."

I clucked my tongue. "Mark's bigger than me so of course his stuff is going to be oversized. I doubt he'll want his undies back especially after I wore them."

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"I'm sure he'll be fine donating them to you," he replied. "Though his underwear does seem a bit baggier on you."

"Tell me about it," I responded. "It makes me feel like I'm wearing Pampers."

His eye grazed me up and down. "You still look too cute even in diapers."

My eyebrows lifted in an uncomfortable curiosity. "Don't tell me you're into infantilism kink?" I was referring to the fetish where grown men had a thing dressing up in baby clothes, diapers, enjoyed feeding from a bottle and got off on having their soiled diapers change. It shocked me that my Master has any interest in this type of behavior. "I don't see you as the type who enjoys changing adult diapers and handing your lovers a bottle."

His face cringed with disgust. "Oh God no! I might be into a lot of kinky stuff but infantilism isn't one of them! Though I've met a few Doms in the BDSM community who were into that sort of thing. Maybe it stems from taking their Daddy-Son fantasies a little too far. Personally anything where it involves having to deal with piss and shit isn't my kind of fun!"

"Just as long as you don't bring in a crib and expect me to wear a bib, we should be fine." I warned him. "Even I have my limits."

"Point taken," he giggled. "Now finish getting dressed. I'll meet you downstairs." He exited the room as I gathered the rest of Mark's clothes and slipped them on. Sure enough, my Master's sibling was much taller and wider in both the shoulders and hips as I was swimming in his hoodie and sweatpants but since I didn't have extra spare clothes to change into, I bit the bullet and laced up my dress shoes with the sports socks the blond hunk lent me. Taking one more look in the mirror at my clashing ensemble, I sighed. "It'll have to do." I gathered the rest of my things and joined my Master downstairs.

After loading my car with my stuff, Jason and I agreed to take separate cars. I drove mine and followed my Dom's flash BMW to the nearest IHOP where we got out and entered the restaurant chain and were promptly seated in a booth by a waitress named Mabel. She was older woman with graying hair and it showed in her eyes. Acknowledging the both of us, she shot me a puzzled look over my appearance and instead focused her attention to Jason.

"What can I get you, hon?" She asked as I noticed her being extra friendly to my Master.

"The Rooty Tooty Fresh N' Fruity and also the Belgian waffles," he told her.

Her mouth scowled. "Oh hon, are you sure you can eat all that? You don't want to blow up that handsome face or yours." She winked at him.

I couldn't believe it! Our waitress was flirting with Jason. Jealous rage built up inside me that I couldn't explain it and I didn't know why but I wanted to scratch this bitch's eyes out. *Stay away from man, you homewrecker!* What the fuck was wrong with me? Why was I thinking these thoughts? Jason Kendall is his own person. We're not together. We're not a couple. We're not even in a real relationship. Our connection is merely based on sex and that's it so why was I fighting the urge to yank every gray hair out of this woman's head? Trying to gain a grip, I counted to ten in order to calm myself down as I spoke aloud my order.

"And I'll have the pancakes and bacon and coffee too," I interrupted.

Her eyes rolled. *Oh no, she di'n't!* Letting out a sigh, she soaked in my baggy clothes and twisted her mouth. "Don't you want to order anything else, hon? I mean you look like you could use a burger or two since you're

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so skinny."

"Just the pancakes, bacon and coffee!" I shouted. "That's it!"

"Fine," she twisted her mouth. "I'll be back with your order." She sauntered off as the blond drug dealer leaned across the table and frowned.

"You know, Ricky." He started. "That was rude. Just because she works as a waitress doesn't mean you should treat her with disrespect."

I scoffed. "Are you serious, Jason?" No way was I going to refer to him as Master especially outside in a public setting. "She was the one being rude. She called me skinny and I swear she rolled her eyes at me!"

"Skinny is a compliment," he remarked. "If you haven't notice, you are quite slender."

I cocked an eyebrow. "Oh why don't you say it, Jason? I'm a twink. You know, the kind that everyone in the GLBTQ community refers as the smooth, hairless underage lover of older men? I'm the gay version of a bimbo."

The blond man folded his arms and shot me a disgusted look. "Now stop it right there! No more stereotypes and labels. How you see yourself is one thing but how the world views you is another! You're not a twink or bimbo or whatever. You're a smart, talented, and unique young man that can sometimes be oversensitive whenever others make a funny comment about them. You need to get over your hang-ups."

My mouth opened. "My hang-ups? Jason, you're the one involved in a shady business and have tons more issues than I do. Don't talk to me about being oversensitive!"

Then an epiphany hit him. "Oh my God!" His face smiled with laughter. "It's not really about any your own issues. It's the fact that our waitress finds me attractive! You're jealous!"

I was speechless. I hated to admit it but he was right. However, I was going to tell him that.

"I am not!"

His finger pointed at me. "You are! I can see it in your eyes! You have the green eyed monster look written all over it."

I sighed. "Fine." I surrendered. "Maybe I was a tad bit envious that she was paying a little too much attention to you and yes, I have my own insecurities. There, I said it! Are you happy now?"

His eyes lowered and smiled. Slowly, he slid over to touch my hand across the table. "Ricky, you have nothing to be jealous about. I'm here with you. Look, this thing that we have, this arrangement, it's not always going to make sense but throughout this experience I'm going to watch you grow. You've progressed so far with building trust back concerning physical intimacy. You're willing to take risks that you otherwise wouldn't do before. You're learning to build your confidence. I want to make sure that I can help you become the person I know you can be and I'll be here with you every step of the way."

His words had meaning. I absorbed his suggestion and felt guilty for my allowing my own selfishness get in the way of my Master trying to improve me. He had so much for me already from helping me deal with my childhood traumas, provided Alex a rehab facility to help with his addictions, gave me financial support for me and my mother, and instilled confidence in me both in the areas of sex and life. For that, I was grateful.

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I apologized. "I'm sorry, Jason. I shouldn't have acted like an ass. I have to get over my own insecurities and I do appreciate you helping me through everything. I don't know what got into me earlier. You're an attractive man. Woman and men are going to flirt with you. I have to accept that."

He grinned. "Accept the fact that no matter if they do, I'm here with you. That's all that matters. My attention is solely focused on you."

A sneaker rubbed against the fabric of the baggy sweatpants I was wearing and stroked my leg. I couldn't believe he was playing footsies with me underneath our table. *Dirty old man!* I giggled to myself. Our waitress, Mabel, finally returned with our plates of food including some complimentary muffins which she nicely put in a takeout bag for us. I guess being with Jason Kendall does have its advantages especially when it comes to getting some free food. We thanked the older woman and enjoyed our meal.

As I gorged on my pancakes and bacon, I sipped my coffee and I watched my lover loaded up on protein and carbs from the two breakfast platters. He noticed me observing me and shrugged.

"What?"

"How you do it?" I asked. "How can you consume so much and manage to stay fit with that drop dead body of yours?"

"Other than sex," he growled. "I do workout excessively. Yes, fitness is my drug of choice so sometimes I do get to treat myself once in a while."

I laughed and decide to stop teasing him about his eating habits as he continued to finish up his meal. Once we were finished, we drank our coffees as my Dom decided to dispense some advice.

"I think you should start going back to doing your artwork again," he suggested.

Tossing my head from side to side, I paused. "I don't know. Art is a hobby for me now. I'm real busy with work especially with the corporate changes and taking care of Mom and Alex and seeing you. I just don't think I time in my schedule."

"Then make time." The blond man demanded. "You're a talented man, Ricky. I hate to see all that inspiration and creativity go to waste. Tell you what, I'll commission a painting from you. Name your price."

My eyes opened wide. "Are you serious? I haven't thought about going back and doing my art. Besides, what would I paint?"

"Anything," he declared. "I want you to go out and find your inspiration, your muse, and paint something. I'm sure you'll come up with something spectacular."

"But what would I charge you?" I questioned him. "I've never done a commission before."

"We'll figure it out," he reassured me. "For now, I want you to get back into doing your art. You have so creativity to show the world, Ricky. You have so much talent that you need to take advantage of it."

He was right. I had strayed from my path of being an artist and instead of life of boring, office work and earning a paycheck. I've lost much of myself when I neglected my artwork and it was about time that I returned to what I loved and enjoyed it, showcasing my creativity and imagination.



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Mabel returned to our table and handed us the check. "You boys all done? Any dessert?"

We shook our heads.

"Such a shame that you two handsome fellas are gay," she bluntly commented. "I know there are plenty of pretty gals out there that would love a piece of you two!" She winked at us both and waited on her other tables.

Dumbfounded, I stared at Jason and blushed. "How? Could she tell we were gay?"

The tall blond man, sat back, and released a loud snort. "I'm a regular here! Mabel's been my server every time I come in. Sweet woman. She's a single mom with four kids to support so I always tip her generously." He pulled a fifty out to include with our twenty dollar bill. The rest he charged on a credit card. "She knows about my sexual orientation and doesn't care. Her daughter just came out as a lesbian. We have this playful flirting thing going which makes her job really enjoyable when I come in."

I was shocked, even more at the fact that my Master eats at fast food diners like IHOP. I always pictured him to be more of an expensive gourmet type. "So this whole time you knew I was jealous, you played along just to get a rise out of me?"

"Of course," he grimaced. "Plus, it was flattering that you wanted me all to yourself. I didn't know you cared that much."

"I don'tâ I mean I doâ !" I began sputtering. "I mean I like youâ as a friendâ !"

"And as a lover," he finished my statement. He leaned in close. "If it makes you feel any better, I like you too."

My cheeks must have gotten even redder. Mabel walked by, picked up the bill and her large tip, smiled at Jason and charged his credit card. Once he got his receipt, he moved out of the booth and outside to our parked cars. Being the gentleman that he was, he walked me over to my vehicle and opened the door to the driver's side.

I glanced at his jewel blue eyes and nodded. "Thanks, Jason. I had a great time. I call or text youâ !"

He caught me off guard. Wrapping his arms around me, he pressed me against the side of my car and planted a huge kiss on my lips. Warm feelings stirred in my belly as the butterflies danced around. I shut my eyes and gave in to his mouth.

"Faggots!"

A pair of skater punks shouted at they passed out. Jason broke away from me and flipped them the bird.

"Takes one to know one, posers!" The blond hunk shouted as they responded with middle fingers of their own. They skated away as the gorgeous drug dealer smiled down at me. In his arms, I felt safe and secure with myself and even with the homophobic teens yelling their slurs it didn't affect in any way. I now was in my own skin. Backing away slowly, I got in my car and politely smiled at my lover.

"I'll contact you soon!" I said through my open window as I backed out my car.

He waved. "Count on it!"

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Experiencing the biggest spring on my step, I pushed the gas pedal and drove all the way home happy as a clam.

For the next few hours, I slept and awoke around 10:00 p. m. feeling rejuvenated and ready to handle the corporate meeting at work. After showering, I carefully chose the most simple attire to meet with the company bigwigs in the hopes that I impress both them and Nick the Prick. My regional manager criticized me for being too flashy with my new designer duds so I hoped to change his mind by wearing something less extravagant.

Selecting a simple pair of black Dockers, a basic white dress shirt I got on sale at Walmart, a boring black tie, and corduroy dark gray sport coat I got from the thrift store, I was ready to go to work looking as plain and ordinary as the average Joe. I even completed my style by slicking my hair back with hair gel and chose a basic pair of moccasins in the hopes that Nick the Prick wouldn't nitpick my appearance while he entertains the bigwigs visiting the warehouse. Staring at my drab, dowdy presence, I sighed and left my apartment to deal with the oncoming hell at work.

Sherry waited outside for me of the building wearing a nice dress suit as she smoked a cigarette and ran up to my car. Immediately, I could tell my assistant manager was nervous because she never lights up unless she was really stressed out or frustrated.

"Thank the Lord!" She leaned into my open car window as I parked the car. "Nick the Prick's inside and causing havoc on our employees. Many of them are threatening to quit or walk out!"

"Fuck!" I hissed to myself. "Couldn't he give everyone a break just once especially with the corporate visit?"

The African American woman shook her head. "Not Nick the Prick! He would do anything just to kiss up to his bosses! You better can in there quick!"

I stared at my watch. 11:00 p. m. Figures that Nick the Prick couldn't even wait to start abusing his power before I arrived to work. I locked my car and together with Sherry we rushed into the warehouse. As usual, Nick was standing over a group of our female employees and reading them the riot act. Next to the bald headed, mustache man was an overweight, bleached blonde woman wearing a skimpy gold sequent dress and fishnets. She fawned all over my regional manager.

"YOU EMPLOYEES ARE LAZY!" Nick the Prick roared. "THOSE BOXES ARE TO GO IN THE OUTGOING BINS! YOU'VE JUST WASTED TEN MINUTES OF EFFICIENCY FOR THE COMPANY! ALL OF YOU NEED TO BE REPLACED!"

Some of the women cringed while others erupted into tears. One Korean woman in particular began to weep as she continued to apologize in her broken English.

"I'm sorry. Sorry, Mister." The Asian employee kept muttering.

The bald headed man wouldn't let up. "YOU SHOULD BE SORRY! YOU NEED TO GO BACK TO CHINA! YOU FOREIGNERS ARE TAKING AWAY JOBS FROM US HARD WORKING AMERICANS!"

My blood boiled. Nick the Prick had crossed a line. I stomped right up to him. "Now hold on, Nick! That was totally uncalled for!" I patted the poor woman on the shoulder and told her to take a break. She was grateful and scurried off. The rest of my female workers disbanded as well. I then stood toe to toe with the mustache baldy. "Let's get one thing straight! Ma-ran is Korean and she's model employee. She's got all our shipments out on time! Second, you're out of line with your racist comments!"

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As usual, Nick balked. "I'm out of line? Who's your boss here? Me! I'd watch it if I were you, Quinn! I can find a dozen monkeys that could fill your position!"

"You tell him, Nicky baby!" His side piece cooed. She rubbed his chest and rested her head on his shoulder. "I love it when you take charge!"

"Who the hell is this?" I demanded.

His face smirked and then turned to Sherry who looked confused. "This is Tina. Your new assistant manager! She's transferring from one of the Gordenthal stores for this position!"

"WHAT THE FUCK?" Sherry screeched. "YOU'RE FIRING ME? FUCKING HELL TO THE NO!"

"You're already fired!" Nick snapped at her. "I told Ricky to let you go yesterday!"

I clucked my tongue completely annoyed. "I did no such thing! I didn't make any decisions of letting anyone go and I'm not going to start now!" Infuriated with his audacity, I refused to hold back my tongue. "This is ridiculous! Sherry is my number one supervisor and I sure as hell not replacing her especially for that bimbo you brought in!"

The side piece named Tina pouted and stomped her feet like a petulant child. "Don't call me a bimbo! I'm a Gordenthal cosmetics counter girl! I'm a popular make-up artist with the Gordenthal store in Riverside!"

Sherry snickered. "You call yourself a make-up artist especially with that war paint you have on? I've seen more hos in the hood who look better than you!"

My assistant manager was right in her critique. Tina had caked so much make-up on her face that it would require a putty knife to get off. I clenched my fists to my side and refused to back down.

"I'm not firing Sherry for that skank who's sucking your dick!"

She frowned and whined to Nick. "Nicky baby! He called me a skank! Make him apologize!"

Baldy approached aggressively. "Apologize to Tina, Ricky, or else?"

"Or else what?" I threatened.

"That's it!" Nick yelled. "You and Deville are fired! Pack your things in your office and leave!"

"FUCK YOU!" Sherry shrieked. "IF ME AND RICKY ARE FIRED, I'M GOING TO GO DOWN FIGHTING! CALL THE PO PO MUTHAFUCKER!" She cracked her knuckles. She shifted her gaze at me. "HOLD ME BACK, RICKY! I'M GONNA BEATDOWN THIS WHITE BOY!"

Tina screamed. Nick covered his face as I grabbed my assistant manager by the waist and had to drag her away. Sherry extracted her nails and tried to claw the man's face but I kept her away at a safe distance. Suddenly, Nick's cell phone rang. He answered it.

"Hello?" His face went white. "Of course, sir. Right away, sir." Putting down his cell, he sneered at the two of us. "Our corporate visitors are here! You two are still unemployed but we're going to act like everything is okay. If you mess this up for me, I'll make sure that you two won't be able to find a job anywhere in this city! I have friends in high places and I'll screw up your references so bad, you'll wish you moved from Las Padres!"

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Stuck between a rock and hard place, Sherry and I complied. We needed a good recommendation on our next jobs and a vengeful Nick was someone we didn't want cross. Staring at the entrance of the warehouse door, Sherry and I watched as a tall gentleman with dark hair walked in. Dressed in an expensive suit and looking quite handsome, my mouth dropped when I recognized him.

"Mark?" I whispered.

Sure enough, Mark Kendall entered the building accompanied by a dapper dark blond Adonis. Forty year Jason Kendall passed through the walkway as both men came up to Nick the Prick and shook his hand.

"Mr. Jason Kendall and Mark Kendall," the regional manager greeted. "It's good to finally meet you. I'm sorry you had to come in during the graveyard shift. I'm sure you have a busy schedule after the corporate merger."

"Think nothing of it," said my blond Master. "It's expected in business and I don't mind coming in this early in the morning to check out the company's shipping facilities. Though I appreciate the sentiment, Misterâ!"

"I'm the regional shipping manager, Nick Iacona, and this is our warehouse manager here in Guillermo, Ricky Quinn."

My Master extended his hand to which I shook it and feigned our introductions. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Kendall." I then shook the younger Kendall's hand who went along with the lie. "You too, Mark." Jason's younger brother winked at me. I rolled my eyes and continued with the charade.

"The feeling's mutual, Mr. Quinn," smiled Jason. "I've heard so much about your tremendous work that your department is doing for the company." Leaning in close, he purred. "I'm so happy that you'll be working under me now!"

*I'll bet.*

I gulped. His attention then focused to Sherry. "And who is this beautiful woman?" My Dom picked up my assistant manager's hand and kissed it. "Enchante."

Sherry blushed. "Lord! If I was ten years younger, I'll be over you, Mr. Kendall!" I laughed. Leave it up to Sherry to not have a filter. "Damn, you fine!" Nick wanted to slam his head against the wall. He was so embarrassed.

Jason giggled as Mark had to cover his mouth to stifle his laughter. "I'll take that as a compliment."

Annoyed, Nick cleared his throat as he pushed Tina forward who was too busy filing her nails. "Actually, this is Miss Deville's last day. Miss Tina Bardo would be taking her place here."

My Dom became surprised. "Oh?" He turned to Sherry. "Where are you going?"

Sherry twisted her lips and shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know yet." Her eyes glared at Nick. "It all depends on where Mr. Iacona decides to put us."

"Us?" Mark joined in the conversation. "What do you mean by us?"

I stepped up. "Looks like Nick has make some new changes to better improve the department. Sherry and I are going somewhere. We just don't know where yet."

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The blond man shook his head. "No. No. That won't do. Our corporate division needs you here. You're performing at a ninety two percent efficiency rate. That's quite impressive! I think we'll need to discuss this further. Mr. Quinn, I'd like to talk with you in your office?"

"Of course," I grinned.

Nick ran up nervously. "I'll come up too! I have many things I want to share with you, Mr. Kendall."

Waving a finger, my Master cut him off. "No, Mr. Iacona. Mr. Quinn is the perfect person I can talk to since he knows this warehouse inside and out. I'd like to talk to him in private." Nick the Prick got the hint and backed off. The Dom gestured to his brother and then to Sherry. "If you wouldn't mind, Miss Deville, could you please show my brother around the building and the inner workings so he can get a feel of what to expect?"

"Of course," agreed Sherry as she took the dark haired man's arm and escorted him around.

Forced to join the pair, Nick dragged a pissed off Tina Bardo after the couple around the building as she began to whine about the tour.

"But Nicky baby!" She pouted. "You said we wouldn't have to do anything boring! I want to go clubbing!"

"Shut up!" The bald headed man snapped. Tina whimpered.

The group walked off leaving me alone with my blond lover. Pointing my office, Jason followed up the stairs and inside the room to where I locked the door behind us and drew down the blinds.

Standing alone and facing my Master, I folded my arms. "What are you doing here?"

He acted nonchalant. "Checking out my investment. I'm now a shareholder of Gordenthal's shipping division. I do own at least half the stock in this company. I should know where my money's going." He scanned my dowdy attire. "What the hell are you wearing? Where's the designer clothes I gave you?"

I shook my head as my eyes widened. "Never mind that. You invested in Gordenthal?"

"Of course," he answered. "Gordenthal's is the number one high end retailer. It's only feasible that Kendall Conglomerate International merge some of our foreign shipping markets so that we can reach a more global setting with many of the wealthy and jetsetters."

I cocked my head from side to side. "But you're a drug dealer! You import and export illegal substances!"

"No," he corrected. "I have small investment in the drug trade. My partners the Zargreskis manage the drug market but they do it incognito so that none of my overseas warehouses know anything about it and law enforcement has no clue about what we do. Don't worry, they're not going to use any of the Gordenthal's facilities to smuggle Hard Rock. This is simply a normal business transaction of investing in a profitable company."

Still, I had my doubts. "And it's not another reason to watch over me in order to get close to me?"

"Maybe," the blond man replied. "Okay just a little but this merger deal was already in the works before you came in the picture." I shot a look of disbelief. "No really, Ricky. This negotiation was happening for over a year and we finally finalized the contract. It's your normal, regular, run of the mill corporate merging

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scenario."

"Fine," I said. "Say I believe you. You're going to show up at my job now? Are you going to interfere with every aspect of my life?"

Raising his hand, he shook his head. "No. I did promise to give you space. However, I will have Mark watch over you in order to keep you safe."

"Mark?" I questioned. "What do you mean?"

Small knocks on the outside of my office door caught my attention. I unlocked it to let in Mark, Sherry, Nick and Tina. Nick the Prick raced through the doorway ahead of everyone. He made it a point to barge through.

"I'm sorry to interrupt but I wanted to say, Mr. Kendall, that I think it's appalling that this warehouse in Guillermo is only performing at ninety two percent. It's my belief that we should be at one hundred percent. I intend to be proactive and make the necessary changes."

"In a perfect world, Mr. Iacona, that would be true." Jason responded. "However, that is not the case. We must take into consideration reality and the probability of human error. I'm very satisfied with the Guillermo facility. Under Mr. Quinn's management, there's a reason why it's rated number one with the company. It's all due to Mr. Quinn's amazing expertise in his position. That's why I would love to offer a promotion to him."

"A promotion?" I asked.

"Yes, Mr. Quinn," smiled my Dom. "It seems like Mr. Iacona here has been dropping the ball lately. I'm really not pleased with his results so I'd like you offer you his position. I think you'll be a worthy candidate that can help with improving department profitability within the region."

Nick's face became pale. "Butâ 'butâ 'I single handedly made efficient changes within my department. My numbers speak for themselves."

"By what stretch of the imagination, Mr. Iacona?" Jason questioned. "I've done my research on you and within the last four years you've held this position, your numbers have dropped forty percent every year compared to the previous regional managers who've met expectation or increased their numbers. Plus, your constant revolving door of employees you keep hiring and firing seems to affect profitability. No, Mr. Iacona, you're not the right person for the job."

"I AM THE RIGHT PERSON!" His voice rose. "IT'S THESE IDIOTS THAT ARE WORKING IN THIS DEPARTMENT THAT DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO THEIR JOBS! THEY ALL ME NEED TO BE REPLACED!"

Jason kept calm and grinned. "I beg to differ, Mr. Iacona. Your unrealistic expectations and bullying have gone far too long! You have no people skills and lack communication within the professional setting. From what I've seen and witnessed, even the employees have no respect for you. Therefore, I'm demoting you to the Imperial Valley location as an assistant supervisor for their shipping facility. Hopefully, the manager there can keep you in check!"

"I WILL NOT GO! YOU HEAR ME?" Nick the Prick hollered. "I'VE WORKED MY BUTT OFF FOR TEN YEARS WITH THIS COMPANY! I HAVE FRIENDS IN CORPORATE! THEY'LL VOUCH FOR ME! I WON'T BE LET GO OF MY POSITION!"

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All of sudden Jason Kendall slammed my desk hard with his fist. The walls of my office shook as Sherry, Mark, and Tina gasped at the loud vibrations bounced clear across the room. I glanced down to see Nick the Prick clearly wet himself.

"LISTEN AND LISTEN WELL, YOU GOOD FOR NOTHING PIECE OF SHIT!" His voice commanded a presence that only I secretly I knew a Dom had the skills to do. His face stared daggers into Nick the Prick. "IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT YOUR SO-CALLED FRIENDS IN CORPORATE, THOSE SHAREHOLDERS ARE NOW FACING TWO TO FIVE YEARS IN PRISON FOR FRAUD, EMBEZZLEMENT, AND INSIDE TRADING! IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, GORDENTHAL'S WOULD FILE CHAPTER 11 AND YOU WOULD OUT ON THE STREET PEDDLING YOUR SORRY BALDING ASS TO CRACKHEADS AND DEVIANT SERIAL KILLERS! YOU WILL TAKE THE POSITION I'M OFFERING YOU OR QUIT! TRUST ME, THE NEXT JOB YOU'LL GET IS WORKING BEHIND THE COUNTER OF A FAST FOOD RESTAURANT MOPPING UP SHIT FROM A CLOGGED TOILET!"

Nick cowered as his side piece Tina whimpered.

"NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT, VERMIN, AND TAKE THAT NASTY ASS SKANK WHORE WITH YOU BEFORE I REALLY LET YOU SEE HOW MAD I CAN GET!"

The bald headed man shook in his pants as he yanked his overweight girlfriend with him and left my office. From the distance I could hear, Tina Bardo complaining.

"But you said, Nicky baby, that I could be assistant manager and that I wouldn't have to work so hard anymore!"

"Shut up, Tina!"

The pair finally disappeared through the main entrance as Sherry applauded and clapped her hands.

"Glory Hallelujah!" She cheered. "Praise Jesus!" Wrapping her arms around me, she hugged me tight and refused to let go. "I'm so happy for you, Ricky! You're gonna be an excellent regional manager!"

"I agree," smiled Jason.

"Ditto," added Mark who signaled to me.

I exhaled and sadly glanced at my Master. "Thank you so much for the offer, Mr. Kendall, but unfortunately, I can't accept it."

The blond hunk's mouth opened wide so did Sherry who clucked her tongue.

"Why ever not?"

"Being a regional manager requires someone who is willing to go above and beyond for their department," I explained. "It's also very time consuming. I don't think I could commit to such a position especially when job requires my attention the majority of the time. I might not have time to explore other interests outside of work." I emphasized my point to my Dom. "I would really hate to miss out on some many pleasurable activities due to such a busy commitment."

Jason Kendall slapped his forehead at the realization. If I were to accept this position, we would see less of each other resulting in a breach of our illicit agreement. None of us wanted that to happen.

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"You're absolutely right," he remarked. "I don't want you to miss out on outside pursuits. It would break my heart that I'm preventing you from exploring various sides of your other interests. This is a big responsibility. I wonder who would be the perfect candidate for this position."

"I nominate Sherry Deville!" I raised my hand.

The African American flinched. "Boy, are you crazy? Me? A regional manager?"

"Consider it," I nudged her. "You're great with people! You're organized, reliable, and can get the job done! More importantly, the workers like and respect you! You're perfect for this job!"

"Butâbut who would fill in my position?" She hesitated. "Ricky, who would be your right-hand man?"

"I'll do it!" Mark offered. "I mean it's good for me to be know the shipping side of things especially with this corporate merger. I can bring some feedback to the company meetings."

His older brother agreed. "See, Mark can fill the position. Problem solved." He focused on Sherry. "Expect a huge salary increase, bonuses, and some extra perks now that you'll be taking over for Nick Iacona." Extending his hand, he offered it to the older woman who happily accepted it.

"Oh thank you, Mr. Kendall!" Sherry rapidly shook his palm. "You have no idea what this means to me!"

"I do," laughed Jason. "Now why don't you show my brother, Mark the ropes of your position so that he gets a feel for it?"

"With pleasure!" She clapped her hands, grabbed the younger Kendall's hand, and marched down to the warehouse floor leaving my Dom to lock the door behind them and making sure that the all blinds were drawn and hid us away from prying eyes.

"They're gone now," he smirked. "I know have you all to myself now! You don't have to deal with that really mean regional manager anymore.

"Thanks, JasonâI mean Master," I caught myself addressing him appropriately. "Now I can stop wearing these hideous clothes!" I pulled at my corduroy sports jacket.

"Let me guess," the blond hunk sighed. "Nick Iacona requested that you wear those hideous things?"

"Yeah," I answered. "Apparently, Nick the Prick thought Gordenthal's was paying me too much money to spend on designer clothes that I was too preoccupied to do my job and that I didn't deserve my position."

Folding his arms, Jason raised an eyebrow. "I tell you what position you're more suited for. Get on the desk and bend over!"

Wicked feelings possessed my body as I did exactly what my Dom requested of me. I smashed my chest against the wooden surface as strong, masculine hands rubbed against the fabric of my black Dockers and over my behind.

"Naughty son," he started the game. "I told you never to wear such ugly clothes in my presence and instead you defy me! Bad boy. Daddy spank."

"Mmm, yesâ!" I moaned as I waited for him to throttle me. "Spank me, Daddy. Please spank meâ!"



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He eventually did. However this time, I enjoyed the rough slaps of his hands on my ass. I finally understood what my Master meant by experiencing pleasure through pain.

## Chapter 16: Investigation

*From the diary of Detective Lauren Morrisey.*

Dear Diary,

Lieutenant Price is riding my ass again. Apparently, the drug dealers are out in full force and we're feeling the pressure to take down these criminal organizations. We got lucky and picked our latest perp named Boots. He's a local drug dealer who got caught pushing heroin a few months back. Now my partner, Sylvia Vargas, and I arrested him for possession of the newest street drug Hard Rock and we plan on grilling him until he reveals what he knows about the latest narcotic being sold on the streets of Las Padres.

Apparently, this new drug provides the user with the ultimate high to the point the hallucinations became all too real and scary that the addict no longer has any control of their sense of reality. A few weeks ago, a twenty year old college student by the name of Jeffrey Anderson leaped off the balcony of his apartment building because he was convinced he could fly. Sadly, he couldn't prove that theory as fell ten stories to his death. The autopsy cited Hard Rock in his system and our Las Padres Narcotics Division had been scrambling to find any connection to the newest illegal substance on the market.

We picked up twenty eight year old Juan "Boots" Lorca at Rivera Park. A local street thug with ties to several downtown gang members, Boots had been selling his wares to various barrios within the area. He had been previously arrested for cocaine and heroin possession and this latest incident is going to put some extra marks on his already rising criminal record. Pulling the Mexican American culprit into our interrogation room, Sylvia and I play the good cop bad cop routine.

Boots appears unfazed by our presence. Even his clothes reflect his bad boy image from the bandana on his shaved head to the wifebeater shirt and baggy jean shorts he's sporting. He's unafraid. As someone who fell through the cracks of the government system, he knows our strategy all too well. Folding his arms, he keeps mum.

"I ain't talking," he announces. The hoodlum flared his nostrils at us. "I know my rights. I want a lawyer!"

Annoyed, I toss down a photo of the smashed, bloodied face of Jeffrey Anderson on the table in front of him. "See this, Boots? This is your handiwork written all over it. You supplied Hard Rock to this guy and he killed himself while using it. That makes you an accessory to murder."

His face contorted with rage. "I TOLD YOU I KNOW NOTHING! THAT FUCKWAD DECIDED TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE! THAT DON'T INVOLVE ME! YOU GOT NOTHING!"

My partner, Sylvia Vargas, stepped in. "We got witnesses that will refute your statement plus you have list of drug charges against you from possession to dealing a controlled substance. With this involuntary manslaughter charge, you're looking anywhere from six to ten years especially with your drug addicted victim dead. You want us to get your back? You want us to go easy on you? Do us favor, Boots, and tell us what you know."

He weighed in options. Serving a longer jail sentence was not in the cards for him. Glancing down at the table, he twiddled his thumbs before looking up at us. "If I cooperate, will you drop the murder charge?"

"Only if you cooperate," I advised him.

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"Fine!" He clucked. Leaning his back against the chair, he spilled his guts. "I got the drugs from this guy named Alex."

"Do you have a last name?" I questioned him.

"Quinn, I think," Boots spouted off. "He's the go-to guy in the city if you needed any hard to find merchandise to push on the street. Anyway, this Alex guy said he works for this mob family. Some Russian group namedâ Zagerskis? Zoboski?"

"Zagreski?" I corrected him.

He nodded. "Yeah, that's it. Zagreski."

How could I forget the notorious Zargeski Circle? Back when I was doing vice in Miami, the Zagreskis had been big huge in the cocaine market until they began encroaching on the territory of the Cuban mafia. The local drug dealers declared war on the Russian poachers leading to all out bloody war between the two illegal factions. Many innocent bystanders were killed and a few members from both sides ended up dead and buried. Miami became so out of control that S.W.A.T. teams were called in to assist and control the battling drug warzone. The conflict lasted a year before the Russian family moved out the city and took their business overseas. They haven't been heard from since. That was until their name came up now.

"Did he give you a name of any of the Zagreski members?" I probed. I really wanted to know if I needed to see if the drug dealer knew anything. Part of me transferring to the Las Padres Police Department from Miami P. D. was my frustration with my vice squad failing to capture the Zagreski Circle after they fled the country. Now that I've heard they've resurfaced in my new location gave me hope for a second chance to bring this crime family to justice.

Boots shook his head. "No. You have to talk Alex Quinn about that one!" He rolled his eyes. "Can I call my lawyer now?"

I signaled to the booking officer to provide the perp his one phone call while Sylvia and I exited the interrogation room to share notes.

"Can we believe him?" She asked. "He's not exactly the most credible source."

"It's the only lead we've got," I replied. It was true. Our main witness didn't share much information so we had to rely on our intuitions. "We can ask our forensics team to pull up some files on an Alex Quinn."

We waited half an hour before the research team provided some information. By this time, Lieutenant Price had pulled the both of us into his office. Grabbing the file from assistant investigators, he had us sit down.

Fifty year old Jonas Price had been on the Las Padres police force for thirty years. A steely man with thinning gray hair and rough, hard edge personality, the experience cop had been through so much throughout his law enforcement career. He recruited me from Miami after my success with bringing down a local street gang who had been dealing crystal meth in several high schools around the area to help him control the drug trade in the city. I had to say I was more than welcome to do it.

"Morrisey. Vargas. Any news from the suspect?" He asked.

"Not yet," replied my partner Vargas. A gorgeous Latin woman in her early thirties, Sylvia Vargas was assigned as my partner when I arrived at Las Padres. With dark hair, long lashes, and long legs to match, this

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hot and spicy senorita might look like a blushing flower but mark my words that she was a ball busting police officer when it came to catching the bad guys. Compared to me, Sylvia was more analytical, looking at things before acting on them and devising a plan. I, on the other hand, was more gung-ho. I usually charged before thinking which my hot head sometimes got me into trouble. Thankfully, Sylvia was there to catch me.

"The suspect Boots didn't say much," I informed him. "Only that he was being supplied by a guy named Alex Quinn who in turn was working for the Zagreski Circle."

Lieutenant Price scanned the file again. "I read that but we're going off heresay from a drug dealer. There's nothing concrete to prove that the Zagreski Circle is in town."

"There are in town!" I argued. I pointed to the file. "The perp we brought in verified that his supplier works for the Russian family. Lieutenant, I have reason to believe that the Zagreskis are making their presence known in Las Padres!"

"That's all skepticism," said my superior. "After the Miami incident, the Zagreskis fled the country. They wouldn't be foolish enough to try to smuggle their drugs in America especially with the Feds and every government agency after them. Their crimes are now over international waters. It's INTERPOL's problem now."

I couldn't believe Lieutenant's Price outlandish claims. Deep in my gut, I knew the Zagreskis were involved. I had to prove it to him.

"Lieutenant," I pushed. "I understand that international crimes are out of our jurisdiction but if there's a possibility that the Zagreskis are involved with dealing Hard Rock, then I think we should take our investigation there."

"Morrisey," my superior sighed. "You're putting your personal feelings in this case. Look, I'm sorry that your vice department in Miami botched up that drug war case and left you disenchanted with the force. You're a good cop, Lauren. That's why I brought you here to my team and made you Sylvia's partner. You both have made a difference in bringing down the drug crimes in this city but based upon a hunch is not evidence enough to be searching for a lost cause. No court would make it stick for a conviction if we don't cold, hard facts to back up our investigation. Our other leads have shown more evidence pointing to another Russian crime family who is here and present in Las Padres. The Anatoles."

Sylvia's eyes widened. "The Anatoles? Here in Las Padres? I thought the Feds arrested them in Chicago?"

"They did," answered Lieutenant Price. "But their family runs deep and wide. They've spread their branches to various areas of the U. S. and now some of their roots have spread here in the city. Our team has caught a few of their family members who are pushing Hard Rock and they've turned on each other in exchange for a plea deal. This is the lead we're following. We have more evidence that the Anatoles are involved and we're going to focus our investigation on them."

Even with overwhelming evidence of another crime family involved, I still wanted to revert back to the Zagreski Circle. "But Lieutenant, I really believe that the Anatoles are not only the cartel in the city. The Zagreskisâ€"!"

"ENOUGH ABOUT THE ZAGRESKIS!" He shouted. He calmed his voice. "Our focus right now is finding the perpetrators who are dealing Hard Rock! Right now, we have overwhelming proof that the Anatoles are involved and that's whom we're going to direct our forces on. The Mayor is up for reelection and is pressing for the police commissioner to speed up his department to bring an end to the selling of Hard Rock. This all

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boils down to us! We're focusing on the Anatoles and that's final!" He gestured to my partner. "Vargas, don't you agree?"

I glanced at my partner who shrugged.

"I have to agree, sir," Sylvia sighed. "All the proof in the investigation points to members of the Anatoles. Plus, there's bad blood between the two Russian families. The Zagreskis are smart enough to stay away from the Anatoles' territory unless they want to bring another drug war like they did in Miami. I doubt the Zagreski Circle would try to attempt to encroach in their area."

"See," said my superior. "Even Sylvia agrees. Lauren, focus your energies on bringing down the Anatoles. That's where your focus should lie. Now you two, get to work!"

Defeated, my partner and I left his office as Sylvia made our way outside to our cars. I was still fuming at being ignored about my input in this case and the Latin woman could sense it.

"You're still mad at me for taking the Lieutenant's side?" She inquired.

"Thanks a lot traitor!" I sneered. "I thought you had my back!"

She stepped forward. "I always have your back but what Price said was true. Our team has more evidence pointing to the Anatoles and their involvement with Hard Rock and no conclusive proof that the Zagreski's are connected. Say, you went with your gut and discovered you were wrong with your investigation. You'll be sending everyone on a wild goosechase. You know what that would mean, don't you?"

I hated to admit it but I knew where this conversation was going. I rolled my eyes. "I would laughed at in the force and probably be suspended. Yeah, Sylvia, I know what that means."

Grabbing both my arms, she shook me. "Lauren, I'm not only your partner but your best friend. I'm usually the one with more common sense so trust me when I say let the Zagreski case go! You can't always catch the bad guys! Let INTERPOL handle them since they're over in international waters now! It's out of our jurisdiction!"

I exhaled. "You're right. My obsessing over the Zagreski Circle is clouding my judgment. I need to get back to reality." She leaned in and hugged me which always made me feel better. "I know I can always count on you to set me straight."

Pulling away, she giggled. "If not me, who else could deal with your neurotic behavior?" She laughed again. "Enough about work, let's talk about something lighter. Did you call back that guy you went out with last week? What's his name? Stan."

"Ughh! Don't remind me!" I nearly cringed. "Stan is a fan of talking only about sex."

Sylvia curled her mouth. "And that's a bad thing?"

"It is if that's the only conversation he knows how to hold," I said to her. "He kept talking about foot fetishes and public sex during dinner." My voice switched to sarcasm. "Gee, that really was a turn-on for me."

"Well we could try speed dating," she suggested. "There's this coffee house across town who's hosting. I think it would be fun."

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I groaned. "Within one minute, I'll know a guy who has Mommy issues or enjoys monster truck rallies." I shook my head. "Classy."

She playfully slapped my shoulder. "You're so picky!"

"No," I corrected. "I just know what I'm willing to tolerate and what I don't want." Exhaling a breath, I ran my fingers through my dark hair. "Wouldn't it be nice to meet a decent guy who isn't a freak and doesn't piss you off?"

"Yeah," Sylvia snorted. "He's called Prince Charming and exists only in fairy tales and Disney movies. Man, Lauren, you're a beautiful woman yet you set your standards so high that it makes a man hard to date you."

Was she right? Was I really that superficial? I mean my track record with guys hasn't been so great. There was Greg in college who I lost my virginity to but he was a frat brother and many college girls gave it up for him. He ended up becoming celibate when he contracted a gross STD. I luckily dodged a bullet with him after he contracted it from a sorority slut. Then there was Peter. He was a Masters student and we dated for eight months but the sex was subpar especially since he had a problem with premature ejaculation. After college, I entered the police academy and met Dan. He turned out to be a great guy and we were together a year before I found out he was cheating on me with one of our female instructors. In the end, both were expelled from the academy for their unprofessional conduct. Last I heard, Dan's working as a server at a waffle house and the instructor is now a security guard at a titty bar.

Then there's Steve. He was a klepto. Boyd. He was into cross dressing. Larry. He was into swinging. For the record, I have never or ever engage in any kind of swinging activity. Kyle. The sci-fi/fantasy geek who always wanted me to dress up either as a Klingon, Princess Leia in a gold bikini, or a World of Warcraft character to bed. To this day, I can't look at latex or spirit gum without flinching. Finally, there was Willy who was the sweetest guy ever. The only problem was he was seventy, rich, and in a wheelchair. I guess he was looking for another Anna Nicole Smith sugarbaby and I wasn't it.

I suppose I was meant to be single because up to this point the men I've been seeing didn't meet my expectations.

"And that's a bad thing?" I noted to my best friend and partner. "You know my dating history. I seem to attract all the deadbeats and losers."

"Keep an open mind, Lauren," Sylvia advised. "There's got to be good guy out there for you. I mean look at me and Carlos."

Carlos Sancho was Sylvia's boyfriend. A financial banker, the pair met two years ago on the dating website Match.com and have been inseparable ever since. Carlos worshipped the Latin beauty and understood her career as a police detective. Despite their busy schedules, they somehow managed to make their relationship work. I envied the couple.

"You'll meet Mr. Right someday," she continued. "I have faith."

"Hopefully," I answered. "For now, let's concentrate on this investigation. I'll call you from home if I come up with anything."

"Same," Sylvia agreed. She waved to me as we got into our cars and headed out.

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Home for me is the small city of Del Lydia. Founded by Spanish padres around 1913, who built more missions within the valley area of Las Padres, Del Lydia prospered into a smaller city county that now boasts a population of two hundred thousand residents. Close to the Mexican border, the community lies in the center ten miles away from downtown Las Padres, six miles from the beach town of Guillermo, and four miles connecting to the border town of Santa La Diaz.

Renting an apartment close to Del Lydia's Llorona Lake, I loved the fact that my suburban neighborhood was always quiet except for the occasional kids playing outside and the barking of dogs being walked along the sidewalk by their owners. I drove my little Toyota Camry to my complex, walked up the steps to my apartment, and dropped my things on to the couch as I changed into a pair of yoga pants and a tank top.

Pulling my dark hair into a bun, I checked my tanned skin in the bathroom for any signs of any growing blemishes because, yes, I'm that vain and dotted them with some pimple cream. Then splashing some water on my face and pulling down my eyelid so that I could remove any forming eye gunk from the corners of my irises, I gaze at my hazel blue eyes and admired the best feature of my appearance.

The funny thing that all the men I've dated have complimented me on my eyes to which I have to say good genes had a part in giving me the most alluring, piercing hazel blue eyes and I silently thanked my parents for inheriting such an amazing trait. The rest of me? Well that's another story.

I'm 5'9, with a slender frame, gawky arms, and skinny legs. My hips are too wide and my breasts too huge. I know what you're thinking. There are women in L. A. who would love to have my natural cleavage and pay good money for it but as someone who grew up ample I got plenty of negative attention from the boys. Now twenty six, I still get plenty of negative attention. Most of the guys I go out with look at my breasts first before they see my face. It's something that I've constantly been dealing with all my life so you can understand why dating is difficult for me.

I squeeze my breasts down hoping they won't stick out so much through my tank top as wipe my face with a cool towel and make my way to the couch to check on the files forensics left for me. Pulling a picture from the folder, I notice a nineteen brown haired man staring at me from his mugshot photo.

"Alejandro Quinn." I read. "Nineteen. Goes by the name Alex. Arrested for heroin and methamphetamine possession and distribution. Bianca Quinn. Mother. Enrique "Ricky" Quinn. Brother. Both have no criminal record. Father. Steven Quinn. Whereabouts unknown. Older sibling, Ricky Quinn works as a warehouse manager during the graveyard shift of Gordenthal's Shipping Department Guillermo and supports the family. Through an approved court order, Alex has been released to his family and now has been admitted to rehab facility in Long Beach. Sierra Ranch. All charges have been dropped."

Glancing down at the page, I look for anything that might provide me some clues on this case. Then something catches my attention. Jason Kendall. Acting on a theory, I break out my laptop and type in the name on Google. A dozen pages come up but one sticks out in regards to a corporate tycoon who lives in Las Padres. A financial news article catches my eye and I click on the link.

*High end retailer Gordenthal's celebrated a win when it was announced that the retail giant would be merging with the corporate shipping company Kendall Conglomerate International for their shipping division which will ensure fast, expedient service both domestically and overseas. The expansion of this enterprise will not only garner newer consumers in both the United States but a projected fifty percent increase in international clients as well.*

*Already stocks are going up since the merger was announced and analysts are optimistic that it will continue to rise as Gordenthal's goes through change that will benefit the company. Not since the partnership of*

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*Russia's Zagreski Industries with Kendall Conglomerate has a company excelled so quickly on Wall Street!*"

I gasped. "Zagreski Industries? Kendall Conglomerate International." Something about the two seemed fishy and my hunch told me to direct my attention to the parties involved instead of the Anatoles. Picking up the forensic documents, I once again read the names aloud. "Enrique Quinn. Goes by the nickname Ricky. Warehouse manager of Gordenthal's in Guillermo. Older brother of Alex Quinn. A suspect in the dealing of Hard Rock."

Despite what Lieutenant Price wanted me to do, my intuition told me to follow my instincts. Those instincts pointed to Ricky Quinn and his little brother.

The Zagreski Circle is here I Las Padres. I'm sure of it. This time I wasn't going to let it go. I was going to find this Russian mob, prove their involvement with dealing out Hard Rock, and arresting these bastards.

Rick Quinn, today is your lucky day to be investigated.

Let's hope I'm successful.

Lauren



## Chapter 17: Probe

*From the Journals of Ricky Quinn.*

How long has it been since I last written in this journal? A day? A week? A year? Okay, I'm exaggerating. It's only been a week and what a good week it has been. Since Jason Kendall became our corporate owner, the fear of not performing at one hundred percent to expectation for our department began to lift and everyone at the shipping warehouse put their best foot forward in order to impress the big boss as the job environment became a more relaxed and harmonious place.

His younger brother Mark adjusted well to being the warehouse assistant manager position and my employees accepted him into the fold including several of the female coworkers who became instantly smitten with him. Little did they know about his transgendered past but I wasn't going to be the one to tell them. Sherry Deville called me from her office in Imperial Valley about how much she loved her new role as regional manager especially the part of having now the authority to dish out orders to a newly demoted Nick Iacona. The former head of the area seethed with resentment toward her but Sherry didn't care because she finally got her revenge on Nick the Prick.

As for my Master and I, our morning meetings after work turned into a debauched sexfest of more bondage games, spanking and finally leading to some hardcore fucking in every room in his mansion. We practically blessed every area of his house from the living room, the kitchen, the den and his parked BMW in the garage. I felt bad for his housekeeper, Filomena, though. It must be hard to constantly clean up the cum stains left afterwards from our lovemaking. However, my blond lover paid the Filipina maid well enough to put up with our shenanigans.

Sunday finally rolled around and after spending a glorious morning in Jason's arms, I got dressed and left his mansion to make the two and half hour drive to Long Beach to visit Alex in rehab. Mom kept me updated on his treatment and she seemed pleased that he was cooperating with the program. This gave me hope that my younger sibling could finally stay clean and sober.

Parking into the Sierra Ranch parking lot, my Master rang my cell.

"Hello?"

"Ricky." His voice made my cock grow hard.

"Jason," I answered. We had gotten to a point where I didn't have to refer to him as Master outside the confines our secretive relationship. "I'm at Sierra Ranch visiting Alex."

"I'm sorry," he apologized. His tone seemed sincere and I appreciated that. "I didn't mean to interrupt your visit. I just wanted to make sure you got there okay."

An *aww* moment made my heart beat. The man truly was concerned for my safety. It was good to know that he cared.

"I've been driving since I was sixteen, Jason," I laughed. "My record is spotless. No accidents. No fender benders."

"It's just thatâ" he paused. "I miss you." His proclamation surprised me. I never thought his attachment to me was that strong and heartfelt. It shocked and surprised me. Yet, deep down I appreciated the sentiment.

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"I miss you too," I whispered. I didn't know what else to say. Bizarre mixed emotions stirred inside me and I responded with most natural statement that came out of my mouth. Still, I wasn't sure if I meant it.

"Ricky," he stopped. "About our arrangementâ lyou know concerning emotions, I thinkâ l"

A knock on the window on the driver's side startled me. I glanced up to see Dr. Breckenmeyer waving at me from the outside. I quickly responded on my cell.

"I'm sorry, Jason, but I have to go," I told him. "Talk to you soon."

"Rickâ l" His voice got cut off as I ended the call.

Lowering the window of my car, I stared at the bearded specialist who appeared concerned.

"Thank goodness you're here, Mr. Quinn," said the doctor. "There's a police detective inside asking questions from your brother. I tried to stop her but she was very insistent."

Nervous about what Alex would reveal, I got out of car, locked it and headed inside the facility. Dr. Breckenmeyer began to follow after me before a nurse cornered him to deal with a troublesome patient. Left alone, I ran out into the back patio to see my younger sibling talking with a female officer.

Alex was seated on a wooden bench, nervously twitching as a dark haired woman sat in a chair just opposite of him. From the facility window, I could tell from the side view that she was extremely attractive. Her face had that perfectly symmetrical oval shaped appearance, high cheek bones, and amazing exotic hazel toned blue eyes that changed color to almost a greenish brown. I became fascinated by her irises as the deepening of color attracted me like a siren luring me to her rocky shore.

Coming closer, I noticed her wardrobe. A simple brown blazer, button up shirt, and jeans. She wasn't flashy but the clothes she wore outfitted her in a sexy kind of way, almost to the point that each piece of fabric embraced her body and like an affectionate lover as they touched her sensual hips, round ass, and nicely shaped breasts, caressing her beneath the soft material of her clothes. My groin began to pulsate.

I opened the door and slowly walked out to which the strange woman stood up and noticed me.

"Ricky!" Alex shifted his gaze at me. "Detective Morrisey, this is my brother,Ricky Quinn."

The police officer extended her hand and even with my suspicious I accepted the handshake just to be polite.

"Mr. Quinn," she replied in a formal manner. "Please to meet you. I'm Detective Lauren Morrisey with the Las Padres P. D." She opened up her blazer to flash her badge. "I'm here to investigate the case regarding the suicide death of Jeffrey Anderson."

I was confused. "I don't know who that is."

"A few weeks ago a young college student named Jeffrey Anderson jumped from his apartment balcony. A victim of an apparent suicide." The police officer explained. "Drugs were found in his system particularly the newest narcotic Hard Rock. I believe your brother, Alex, had some involvement with supplying the dangerous substance to the victim."

Alex's mouth opened wide. "I had nothing to do with that! Yes, I used drugs and dealt it but I don't know who that guy is!"

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"Alex, you don't have to speak." I reassured him. My concern for his welfare was my main concern. I turned my attention to the police detective. "Is my brother in trouble? Do I need to consult a lawyer?"

"Right now, your brother is a witness," Detective Morrisey stated. "As long as he and you cooperate with me, I won't take anyone in." Anxiously, I gulped as I realized she was focusing her investigation on me now. I knew I had to play this cool. "I want you both to tell me about what you know in regards to Hard Rock."

My younger sibling spoke up. "It's the newest drug out there. It gives the ultimate high and it's really expensive. I should know because I use to do it."

Her eyes stared at Alex. "Who was supplying them to you?"

"Some guy name Olaf," he answered. "Olaf Kazay. He worked for a guy named Yuri Anatole. Olaf gave me Hard Rock and a piece of the merchandise so naturally I didn't say no."

"This Yuri Anatole," Detective Morrisey continued. "Did this Olaf Kazay provide you a location to where he was staying? A hideout, perhaps?"

Alex shook his head. "No. I never met this Yuri Anatole." *Good Alex.* I told myself. *Keep the focus away from the Kendalls and the Zagreski family.* "I only dealt with Olaf."

"Where does this Olaf Kazay live?" She asked. Pulling out a notepad from her pocket, she listened intently to Alex's response.

"I don't know," he answered. "He would only contact me through phone and we would meet someplace for the exchange. I think he said he used to live in El Tigre." El Tigre was the rough inner city slum of Las Padres on the east county side of area. As a high risk area, the police and city government have been trying to reform and clean up the location in order to bring down the rising crime rate in that location. So far, they haven't been successful.

The gorgeous law enforcement beauty continued to jot down her notes. "Do you still have the phone number?"

Alex nodded. "It's his cell. Area code 585-493-5686."

"Thanks," she responded as she finished scribbling the information. "One more question. Are you familiar with the name Zagreski?"

My brother's face turned white. At this point, I stepped in.

"I do." I replied. "My company Gordenthal's recently merged with another company co-owned by them. A Kendall Conglomerate International. Why do you ask?"

"The Zagreskis are notorious for being involved with illegal dealings overseas," she bluntly stated. I already knew this but her prying could get me, Alex, Jason, and Mark in trouble. I had to continue with the charade of being ignorant. "I have reason to believe that your brother might be involved with them by dealing out Hard Rock."

"I don't know who these people are!" Alex panicked. "I swear!"

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Calmly, I approached the policewoman. "Detective Morrisey, I don't know what kind of people the Zagreskis are but I do know that Gordenthal's is a great company and the people they partner with are some very shrewd business types. If the Zagreskis are, in fact, criminal people, it's really none of our business. I'll leave that to the government and the Feds to deal with it. My brother told you everything in regards to what illegal things he's done. He's not perfect and yes he's made some mistakes but he's trying to make up for it by submitting himself to rehab and serving his time here. Can't you cut him some slack?"

"I will," she remarked. "Once I get the answers I needed." She faced me. "Mr. Quinn, is it true that you know a Jason Kendall?"

"Of course," I responded. "He's my boss."

She wrote my statement down. "How close of a relationship to have to Mr. Kendall?"

"We're friends." I answered. *Actually we're fuck buddies who have this weird Sub-Dom relationship but I'm not going to admit that to you!* "He's helping to finance my brother's stint in rehab."

Alex curled his mouth. "You never told me thatâ !!"

I cut him off. "It was my concern, Alex! Let me deal with it." Clutching the detective's arm, I pulled her aside and walked a few feet away from my younger sibling so that I could talk with the law enforcement officer in private. "Look, Detective Morrisey, my brother is screw-up. That much is obvious. He always has been his entire life. I've been taking care of him and my mother and when the opportunity came from Jason Kendall offering to help me, I took it."

The detective grew suspicious. "And why would he do that?"

Releasing I sigh. I told a partial lie. "Jason has a younger brother Mark. He's transgendered. He and I attend a therapy coming-out group at the Spectrum Center in downtown. We discuss everything from sexual orientation to childhood traumas particular mine. You see, Detective, I was molested as a child."

"I'm sorry." Her face displayed some sympathy.

"It's okay," I said. "I'm healing from it. The point is that Jason Kendall was grateful that I was assisting his brother that he made me a generous offer to support Alex's rehab treatment if I continued to support Mark and offer him guidance."

"Is that all?" She wondered. "I've pulled up your phone records and bank statements and I have to say that Mr. Kendall has been more than generous to you."

I nearly hit the floor. She did a complete background check on me! Eventually she would catch me in my lies so I had to think up something fast. I decided to stick with my story but embellish the truth a little. I was going to go with my greedy arrogance.

"Yeah, he did deposit a huge sum of money in my account," I answered. "I know it was ridiculous for him to be that generous but let's face it, I'm a poor man. I have a mother and brother to support so I'm not stupid when a complete stranger offers me a bunch of cash. It's like I won the lottery. Can you fault me for it?"

She refused to believe me. "And he did this because you were helping his brother?"

"Exactly." I said.

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"It wasn't for anything else like maybe for other intimate services?" She suggested.

I was appalled. "If you're implying that I'm hooking for him, then you've got a dirty mind, Detective. Jason Kendall is as straight as they come!" Okay that was a lie but I needed to protect my lover. Though my Dom did insinuate a few times that he had been attracted to women. Come to think of it, I don't really know what my Master's sexual orientation was. It really didn't matter since my main priority was keeping up with the lie. I continued with my fanciful tale. "Besides, I've seen a couple tabloid pictures of him and he seems to have dozens of Playboy playmates on his laps. Then he bragged about having an orgy with couple of Hugh Hefner's girlfriends at the Playboy mansionâ!"

"Okay I get it!" Detective Morrisey clucked her tongue. "He's straight but I'm still curious why he would drop such a large amount simply because you were helping his brother."

I exhaled. "Detective, if you don't believe me then why don't you stop by one of our coming-out meetings at night? We meet on Friday evenings at the Spectrum and everyone is invited. We don't exclude even though you're a woman."

She tucked in her notepad inside her blazer. "I just might do that, Mr. Quinn."

"Ricky," I corrected her. "My friends call me Ricky."

"Fine," the policewoman scowled. "Lauren. You can me Lauren, Ricky." Glancing at Alex who still seemed apprehensive, she returned her hazel blue eyes to me. "I have no further questions but if anything comes up, you let me know." She handed me her business card.

I grinned as I accepted it. "I will."

She nodded to Alex and walked back inside the facility from the patio to the front entrance of the building. I found myself staring at her amazing ass as I felt a bit of my dick pulsating with delight in appreciation of her derriere. Instantly, my thoughts drifted to a fantasy involving us two naked and rolling around in whipped cream before my younger sibling called out to me. I joined him at the bench.

"Ricky!" He twitched nervously. "What did she say? Did she mention my connection to the Zagreskis?"

"She doesn't suspect a thing," I reassured him. "I only gave her some cryptic information so I doubt she'll be looking this way."

"That's just it!" Alex frowned. "I've already too much! I mentioned Olav and Yuri Anatole! The police will be looking for them and they'll know that I snitched on them! They'll be looking for me!"

My hand squeezed his shoulder. "Alex, the Anatoles have no idea where you are. You're two hours away from Las Padres. Plus, Jason promised to watch over you to make sure you're safe."

"Jason!" My sibling gasped. "You mean Master Jason?" His eyes glared at me. "You two started the Sub-Dom thing, haven't you!" Anger showed on his face. "Tell me, it isn't true!"

I couldn't so I kept silent but my younger brother could sense the truth from my eyes. "You bastard! Master Jason was my Dom! How could you, Ricky? You can't possibly be a worthy slave to him! I am!"

His obsession to please my Dom shocked me. I didn't know Alex has such a strong bond to my lover. I attempted to explain. "Alex, the only reason why I agreed to enter into this arrangement is because I wanted to

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save you! You were in trouble. Jason and Mark kidnapped you!"

"And I told you to stay away!" Alex hissed. "But you didn't! Instead you came! Master Jason saw you and he forgot all about me and took you instead as his slave! I had it all planned out! I sought out Yuri Anatole and pretended to be his Sub so I could make Master Jason jealous so he could rescue me but you had to fuck it up for me! I hate you!"

My mouth dropped. "Alex, what are you saying?"

"I'M SAYING THAT I WAS TO BE JASON'S ONLY SUB!" He cried. Tears streaked down his face. "I LOVE HIM, RICKY! I LOVE JASON KENDALL!" His voice whimpered. "I had it all planned out. I would go to the enemy, sell drugs, steal some money and Jason would come and rescue me. Then he'd see how much he cared about me and take me in finally as his lover. He would finally touch me. He would finally show me how much he truly loves me."

My heart broke for him. I didn't know my younger brother's feelings but I could understand how my Master got under his skin. I prayed hard that none of this was true but the reality was that I was another obstacle in my younger sibling's obsessed love for my Dom. I was lost.

Reaching over, I touched his arm but he slapped my hand away. "DON'T TOUCH ME, ASSHOLE! YOU RUINED EVERYTHING! NOW I HAVE NO CHANCE TO BE WITH HIM!" His eyes glared at me with accusatory tone. "YOU'VE SLEPT WITH HIM, HAVEN'T YOU?"

I refused to speak but the guilt showed on my face. Without warning, Alex roared, leaped from the bench, and tried to claw out my eyes. I grabbed his wrists and struggled to keep him off me. Nurses, staff, and Dr. Breckenmeyer came rushing out to restrain my younger sibling as he spouted an endless array of venomous words.

"I HATE YOU FAGGOT! I HATE YOU!"

Watching helplessly, I observed as the staff and nurses wrestled my sibling to the ground. Alex continued to fight as several arms clutched his limbs to hold him down. Finally, Dr. Breckenmeyer broke out a syringe to calm him down. Still, the brown haired lad wasn't going out without a fight. His rage burned into me.

"FUCK YOU, RICKY! FUCK YOU MOTHERFUCKER! YOU'RE THE REASON DAD LEFT OUR BITCH OF A MOTHER! THAT BITCH ALWAYS LOVED YOU MORE! I HATE YOU! DO YOU THINK MASTER JASON TRULY CARES ABOUT YOU! HE'S PAYING YOU TO BE HIS WHORE! YOU'RE HIS WHORE. YOU. You..you. whore."

His words calmed once the sedative took effect. The facility staff gently lifted him and carried him back to his room. Dr. Breckenmeyer straightened his lab coat and exhaled.

"I'm sorry you have to witness that, Mr. Quinn." He commented.

I swallowed hard. "Is he going to be okay?"

"He'll be fine," he promised. "The sedative is mild but it will allow him to sleep for a few hours before we bring in therapists and specialists to come to the root of the problem. For now, he's seeing you as a threat for some reason so it would be best if you leave and visit him when his mind is in better shape."

"I understand, Dr. Breckenmeyer," I answered with sadness. "Thank you."

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"You're welcome," he responded.

I walked toward the main entrance of the facility and out to my car. Immediately, a heavy heartache shot through my body as I got into the driver's seat and cried. My body sank into a pit of darkness and I needed someone to pull me out of the hole.

The only person who could do that was Jason.

I made the two and half hour drive back to Oceanview. Filomena opened the door for me as soon as I entered the manor and pointed in the direction of the library to where my Master was. Still upset over my meeting with Alex, I marched up near the door to hear a pair of voices conversing inside. I crept up slowly, pushed my ear to the door, and listened.

"Things are heating up here in the city, Jason." A male voice declared. He had a slight European accent that was both dangerous and sexually masculine. I could feel my groin swell just from him speaking. "Prince Zagreski is getting worried about the Anatole's involvement with our business. Their activities are beginning to get noticed by the police."

Jason sighed. "There's nothing we can we do, Sergei. We have to keep our Hard Rock activities secretive. The less the Las Padres police know about our activities, the safer we are. Need I remind you of the incident in Miami where it became an all-out war with the Cubans? We lost some men on both sides. We don't want the same thing to happen here."

"Good point," replied the man named Sergei. "I'll inform Prince Zagreski and we'll formulate a plan to control the Anatole problem. You know you always have the family's full support."

"Thank you, Sergei," said my Master. "However, you must respect my wishes to be discreet regarding anything the Zagreski Circle does in Las Padres. We don't want any attention focused on us."

"Of course," giggled the stranger. "We're not the Anatoles. We're actually intelligent. We know how to cover our tracks."

The joke caused pair to laugh as they continued to converse in Russian. I pressed my ear even closer to get a feel for what they were saying before my foot slipped and I flew through the door and landed in the entranceway. With my face planted firmly on the carpet, I lifted my head to see a shocked Jason Kendall standing to a devilishly handsome dark haired European man.

Taking a better look at the stranger, I noticed that he stood at 5'11 with short dark brown hair, his skin gorgeously olive and resembled the chiseled features of a Greek statue. His eyes shimmered with an emerald hue and when he smiled two cute dimples appeared but what made him especially attractive was his amazingly fit bod from his broad shoulders, nicely squared muscular chest and perfectly lean frame. He stood next to my Master just few inches shorter than my tall lover and wore a fashionable designer sports coat and slacks and I pressed in further to get a better look at him. As I was squeezing closer to the open door, my clumsy foot got caught in between my other ankle and I fell right through the doorframe.

Imagine to my horror, my Dom and his guest observing me crash through the entryway as my body hit the floor and my face ate the carpet.

"Ricky, are you okay?" Jason rushed over to me followed by his companion. His strong arms pulled me up.

"Nope," I spat out threads of carpet fiber out of my mouth. "Just hurt my pride."

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His guest laughed. "New Sub, Jason?" Damn his voice was sexy. I don't know what it is about accents but his European dialect made me melt. He offered his hand to me.

Humiliated, I blushed and shook it.

"Sergei Petrokova." The handsome stranger introduced to himself. "And you are?"

"Ricky Quinn." I replied. "I'm a 'uhâ 'Jason'sâ '!" I tried to form the words. His guest referred to me as a Sub. Did he know about my arrangement with Jason?"

"Yes, Ricky, is my new slave." My Dom admitted. I blushed.

"What happened to Alex?" The man named Sergei asked.

"He didn't work out," the blond hunk explained. "Ironically, Ricky is Alex's older brother. He's much more equipped to handling being my Sub."

Sergei eyed me up and down. "He seems to be more your match. I never really saw Alex being stable enough to fit the position of slave. I think this one suits you better."

"Thank you," I accepted the compliment even though I questioned the bizarre sincerity behind it. "Alex is having some problems. Master Jason helped me put him in rehab."

"Figures," the European rolled his eyes. "I always knew your brother's drug use would get him into trouble one day." His then gestured to my Dom. "I assume we can trust him?"

Jason nodded. "You can trust him completely. There are no secrets between us. Ricky knows what is at stake especially with my side business."

"Good." Sergei smirked. He touched the top of my head to pull out a piece of carpet thread from hair. "You missed one. Now, Ricky, you do understand that I work for Jason's other partners, the Zagreskis. I oversee everything in regards to how our business is run and to ensure that secrecy is maintained throughout our exchange. I'm sure you comprehend what you're getting yourself into and that you'll vow to keep everything you just seen and heard completely quiet."

I agreed. "Of course, Mr. Petrokova. I know all about your product and I promise to keep my mouth shut. Your secret is safe with me."

He wiped a couple carpet fibers from my shoulders. "Excellent." Gripping my face with his fingers, he turned it to get a better look. "I'm happy that Jason found the perfect Sub for him. Obedient. Loyal. Trustworthy. You'll do well with him." He found the doorknob, turned in and opened it to leave but not before turning to my Dom. "I'll keep in touch with you, Jason. For now, keep your eyes opened. The Anatoles are becoming a problem."

"And as always I'll take care of it." The blond drug dealer emphasized. I watched as the handsome Sergei Petrokova left the room which left me to face a frustrated Jason Kendall. His face suddenly changed and he became more personable.

"Is Sergei a Dom too?" I wondered.



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"Of course," answered my Master. "But he prefers women. We met through BDSM circles so that's how we became acquainted. Don't worry, he's very discreet. He won't run off his mouth about the nature of my relationship with you. We respect each other." His blue eyes feasted on me as I gulped nervously about what I wanted to say. "You obviously came here to see me," he remarked. "I have to say that I'm very excited to see you here especially when there's so many lessons I want to introduce you to so let's get started." He crossed past me to shut the library door and proceeded to remove the sports coat he was wearing. I immediately knew of his intentions as he started to undress but I held my hand to stop him.

"I'm sorry, Master, I didn't come for that."

Jason pouted as he slipped his coat back on. "Pity. I would have loved to continue our little games."

Folding my arms, I remained serious. "I want to discuss something with you. It concerns Alex." I preferred to speak about my sibling and focus on him instead of my encounter with Detective Lauren Morrissey. "I visited him today."

"Oh!" He walked over to the end table that contained a bottle of liquor and poured himself a glass. "How's he doing?"

"Not so good," I replied. "He said something troubling that puzzles me that I wanted to bring up. Master, at any point during your arrangement, did my brother become emotionally attached to you?"

Sipping his drink, he exhaled. "Yes." He admitted. "Alex did become emotionally attached to the point it became obsessive. Yet I still kept him on as my slave."

"So you led him on?" I asked.

He put his drink down on the desk. "No. I was open and honest about our arrangement. I told him that I don't get emotionally attached and I wasn't going to be intimate with him. I thought he understood that."

Shaking my head, I scowled. "Obviously, he didn't, Jason." I broke protocol by referring to him by his name. "Dammit! He confessed that he fell in love with you! Now he's all screwed up and blames me for trying to take you away from him!"

"That wasn't my fault, Ricky!" The Dom shouted. "I didn't lead him on! Your brother is troubled and I can't be faulted for whatever goes on in his mind. That's why I'm financing his rehab stay so he can get the help that he needs!"

I grunted as I clenched my fists. "It still doesn't excuse the fact that you contributed to his fragile psyche!" Slapping my forehead, I rubbed my hand across my face to ease my annoyance. "Jason, we promised not to get emotionally invested in this arrangement. You can't tell me that you don't share some type of feelings toward me? For God's sake, we've been intimate. You weren't that way with Alex or your previous Subs! You can't tell me that I'm right?"

Jason sighed and averted his gaze. "No, I can't. It's true, Ricky. I'm starting to get emotionally invested and it scares me. I haven't felt this way about any of my slaves but with you it's starting to become much more. I can't explain it and I don't understand why but my emotions are starting to play into this."

My first instinct was to run to him and embrace him, to allow myself to be given to him fully in heart, body and soul but my logic and common sense took over. Crossing that threshold could be dangerous for the both of us and even that was a territory I hoped to not explore. Once again, I became the more mature, sensible

one.

"I think we should break up." I announced.

Pain exhibited on his face. "Are you sure this is what you want?"

"Yes," I whispered. I could sense the anguish bubble from my chest. "The further I get involved with you, Jason, the more my mind becomes warped. I can't think straight and I'm afraid it might do more harm than good. You opened my mind to world of pleasure and I'm thankful for that but the further I go, the more I'll end up getting hurt in the end. If you care anything for me, Jason, you'll release me from our contract and let me be happy."

His face appeared stoic. "If that's what you wish, I'll respect that." Turning his back so that he faced me, he continued to speak. "I'm very disappointed, Ricky. You were my best slave. A wonderful Sub with such potential. It's too bad that you're not willing to continue your lessons."

I swallowed hard. "For the sake of my sanity, Jason. I think I know what's best for me."

"Very well, Ricky." He responded. "You're free from our agreement. As promised, you can keep the money I gave you and financial support for Alex's rehab will continue. When we see each other at work, it will strictly be professional. All other information you've learned and any knowledge you've gained here, I trust, shall remain confidential and secretive?"

Pulling my finger across my mouth, I nodded. "My lips are sealed."

"Wonderful." He said. I could see his eyes start to water. "Good luck, Ricky Quinn. I do hope you find your own happiness." He walked by me to open the library door for me. With the pain still fresh in my body, I stood confident and began to walk away before Jason gripped my arm. His warm breath teased my neck as he kissed my temple. "One more kiss before you go, please Ricky? I need to remember you."

I couldn't say no. Slipping my hands around his neck, his fingers touched my back. Our bodies felt warm, comfortable, and unified and already the regret of losing that feeling struck my heart. I could feel the tears coming but luckily my Master blocked that out as his lips found mine.

His tongue was heavenly. His mouth ethereal. We caressed, groped, and massaged in a seductive dance until we exited the library and up the stairs to his bedroom. For the next few hours, we made love until our bodies fell asleep from exhaustion. Then as my Dom dozed off, I snuck away outside to my car.

The drive back to Guillermo was gut wrenching. I cried most of the way. In my mind, I knew what I was doing was right but my heart argued otherwise.

I decided to listen to my mind instead.

For that reason, I was now alone.

## Chapter 18: Changes

*From the diaries of Detective Lauren Morrisey.*

Dear Diary,

Match.com is total bullshit. The last two freaks I dated on this site turned out to have criminal records. One got arrested in Vegas for drug possession and the other for domestic battery of his ex-girlfriend. The reason I found this out was I did a background check on them. It helps when you work in law enforcement. I wish all dating sites offered this information so that every unsuspecting woman knew what they were getting themselves into. It would solve a heap of problems. Sad to say, I'm cancelling my account with them and considering joining the convent. At least, the Holy Order of the Manhating Sisterhood will help get over the fact that there are no good men out there in the world. I think it's time for a career change.

As for work, I fucked up royally. Thankfully, I was dressed for the part as cop screw-up in my simple blouse and jeans. My questioning of Alex Quinn in Long Beach violated the boundary lines of our Hard Rock investigation case and Lieutenant Price found out about it and dragged me in kicking and screaming into his office. Let's just say the meeting didn't go well.

"Morrisey! You're out of line!" My supervisor yelled at me. I could tell that he was visibly upset so I knew this wasn't going to end well. "I told you specifically to drop your investigation into the Zagreski Circle and focus on the Anatole family!"

"But Lieutenant," I attempted to reason with him. "I followed my hunch and checked out Alejandro Quinn at the rehab center in Long Beach. He mentioned a few things about the Anatoles and possibly some connection to the Zagreskis."

The law enforcement supervisor shook his head. "We interrogated the suspect, Boots, that you and Vargas brought in once again and he revealed a couple more names for us. Vargas and your fellow officers checked out the leads and all pointed fingers toward the Anatoles. You went off on your own without consulting me and instead chose to follow some personal vendetta against the Zagreskis when I told you not to! How is that going to look when we bring this case to court and the defense decides to use the fact that you went out of our jurisdiction to question another witness who isn't part of this case?"

I pulled out a file I was carrying with me with various documents and placed it on his desk in front of him. "Lieutenant, check this out. These are phone records and bank statements showing communication between Alex Quinn's brother, Enrique, and Jason Kendall. Jason Kendall has partnered with several businesses owned by the Zagreski family. You can't tell me that this is a coincidence?"

"Sharing a business and personal information doesn't prove that Hard Rock is being sold and distributed," argued Price. "We need hard evidence to prove that the Zagreskis are involved with the drug trade in Las Padres. We have more than enough to prove that the Anatoles are responsible for the suicide death of Jeffrey Anderson. That is where we are focusing on. Like I said, Lauren, let INTERPOL and the Feds deal with the Zagreskis. They're not our concern."

Despite his advice, I refused to back down. "Lieutenant, I have to disagree. I've questioned Jason Kendall at his company and he seems a bit nervous when I mentioned his business partners the Zagreskis. I know there's something there. If you give me a little more time to prove it."

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"THAT'S IT!" The law enforcement supervisor slammed his hand on his desk. "YOU'RE WAY OUT OF LINE, LAUREN!" He was more than upset. He was enraged. "I warned you already to leave the Zagreski case alone but you're too stubborn to listen! Starting today, I'm taking you off this case! You'll be partnered with Fields on the high school sting he's working on!"

My jaw dropped. "Lieutenant Price! You can't do that! I'm so close to cracking down on this investigation!"

He disagreed. "You're nowhere near to solving this case! I told you to focus all your attention to Anatoles. Instead, you're defying me to go off on your own to follow a lost cause! Right now, I have every right to strip you of your badge and suspend you but you're a good cop, Morrisey, and I can think you can do better helping Officer Fields with his undercover work in the Las Padres high schools!"

"What about Detective Vargas?" I asked. "She's going to need a partner."

"I'll partner her with someone on the narcotics team," he answered. "For now, you're sticking to the high school sting operation! Now find Fields and let him know you're on his team!" He pointed to the door.

Defeated, I stomped out of his office only to be greeted by my best friend, Sylvia Vargas, who was heading down the hallway. She only had to glance at my face to see how upset I was.

"Lieutenant Price removed you from the Hard Rock case?" Sylvia questioned.

I nodded sadly. "My independent investigation pissed him off. I'm off the case and back to doing high school narcotics work."

"At least you're not suspended, Lauren." She always had a way of being optimistic. "Cheer up. The high school stings don't last very long as we're close to arresting the Anatoles so Lieutenant Price will put you back on the team."

"I suppose," I sighed. "Right now, I got to find Officer Fields and let him know I'm enlisted on his team."

"Field's a good guy," smiled Sylvia. "You'll like working with him."

Rolling my eyes, I frowned. "I hope so. I'm already pissed off that I got demoted to babysitting snot-nosed teenagers."

"Snot-nosed, rich, junkie teenagers," corrected Vargas as she laughed. "Some of whom have too much of money from their wealthy parents than they know what to do with. You do know Fields's case is taking place in a prep school?"

"Whatever." I groaned. "I've already had it with rich folks. They seem to think that if they have money, they can do whatever they want." I was referring to this Jason Kendall of Kendall Conglomerate International and his association with the Zagreski Circle. The blond C. E. O. and corporation owner knew how to hide his tracks well. "One day, it'll all come crashing down."

"Spoken like a true anarchist," giggled Sylvia. She began to walk away. "I got to get back to my work. Good luck with Fields's team."

"You too," I replied.

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I walked down the hall to where Officer Fields was preparing his group for the sting operation. His eyes spotted me as I soon as walked out the door as he pulled out a preppy schoolgirl's outfit. Something told me that I would be posing as an undercover teenager.

*Oh fucking hell!* I screamed to myself.

Sure enough, I got roped into playing some undercover snot-nosed, rich preppy teenager. As Fields went on and on about the undercover sting at the wealthy Dorchester Prep, I couldn't help but think about Ricky Quinn's connection to Jason Kendall and Kendall's connection to the Zagreski Circle. Doubts still lingered in my mind. Leaving work with the expectations of my duties on the high school narcotics case, I decided to pay Ricky Quinn a visit.

It was 6:00 p. m. in the evening when I located his apartment complex in the beach town of Guillermo. I a parked my car into one of the guest spots of the parking lot and headed up the stairs to ring his bell.

The dark haired man answered the door covered in paint, wearing an apron as he greeted me with a smile.

"Detective Morrisey?" He appeared to be surprise. "To what do I owe the pleasure? No more questions, I hope?"

"A few," I replied. "Don't worry, I'm not here to probe you. I'm taking you up on your offer to check out this coming-out meeting group you talked about. It meets tonight if I recall?"

He nodded as he let him inside. "Yeah, I was going to get ready." He glanced down at himself. "Sorry, I'm a mess. I was doing some painting when you arrived. Why don't you sit down and I'll go clean up? Would you like anything to drink? Water, soda, beer?"

"Water would be fine," I answered. My host scampered into the kitchen to grab a water bottle from the fridge and to hand me one. Thanking him, I twisted off the cap to drink as I sat down the couch as he excused himself into the bathroom to shower and change. Curious, I glanced around to room to see various sculptures put up and a few handmade paintings scattered around the walls. I rose from the couch to check out the easel he was working on and became awestruck. On the canvas was a series of cubist imagery, colors and lines that resembled a priceless art piece that easily could be hanging in a museum. Words couldn't describe the object. It was absolutely magnificent and breathtaking.

"What do you think?"

His voice startled me from behind. I turned around to see Ricky Quinn dressed in a simple gray t-shirt and jeans. Perhaps it was my lack of male companionship or the fact that I hadn't gotten laid in a really long time but I never noticed how extremely attractive he was. The dark hair and dark brown eyes complimented his light ivory skin tone and for a slender guy he knew how to fill a t-shirt. The tiny formations of muscle formed along the pectorals of his chest which went well with the small horizontal line of his shoulders and tightly toned slender arms and legs. His lean framed filled his jeans precisely to a tee and despite having a small butt, his cute derriere was perfectly flat and squared. A strange quiver vibrated through my groin and I tried to clench my vaginal walls tight so that no droplet of dew stained panties but already I could feel some moistness running through. Luckily, I managed to stay dry.

"It's beautiful," I exclaimed with my face flushed. I then realized he was referring to the painting. My eyes darted back to the canvas. "Ohâthe painting. It's wonderful! It reminds me of one of those Picassos."

"Thanks," he laughed. "That's what I was going for."

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"Did you do all these?" I pointed to all the artwork around his apartment.

Alex nodded. "Yeah. I went to art school in L. A. I had tons of offers to work for several companies in their art department but I had to turn them down."

I flinched. "Why?" The man had so much talent.

Releasing a sigh, he cast his eyes down. "My Mom got sick and I had to take care of her and Alex. That's why I became warehouse manager here in Guillermo. I've gotten away from doing art so I'm slowly starting to get back into it."

"I'm glad." I had to agree. The man was extremely gifted. It was such a waste that he was working some mundane job. I could sympathize with the importance of earning a paycheck to survive. He folded his arms and shrugged knowing full well my reasons for visiting him.

"So do you have any other questions for me for your case or should I be worried?"

Shaking my head, I offered him some reassurance. "You and Alex are off the hook. The info he gave me helped our investigation into looking toward the Anatoles into their drug dealings with Hard Rock." This was a partial lie. Our narcotics team had already redirected their energies on the Russian crime family so my presence here was simply personal. However, I wasn't going to tell him that. "I just wanted to show my support in regards to your whole coming-out process with being gay."

He blushed. It was kind of cute. Lifting his eyes at me, he giggled. "I'm not exactly gay. I mean I am. I like men. But I like women too."

I cocked my head a little. "So you're bi?"

"I guess sort of," he stammered. "I mean it's confusing. I like men, women, transgendered people, and I dated someone who was intersexed back in college?"

"Intersexed?" I raised my eyebrows. I've never heard of the term. "What is that?"

"The un-PC term is hermaphrodite." He educated me. "A person born with both sexes. We use intersex now."

"Oh!" I was surprised. It certainly opened my eyes to a few things. "Does your mother and Alex know?"

"Alex identifies himself as gay," Ricky explained. "He came out to me a few years ago when I discovered how bad his drug habit was. He thinks I am too but I never explained my attraction to various people so I let him think what he wants. My Mom is very homophobic so we both pretty much keep things in closet from her."

The idea that he had to hide himself made me sad. I always prided myself to being open about other people's creeds, beliefs, and sexual orientation. The fact that Ricky's own flesh and blood despised homosexuals tore out my heartstrings. No one should be made to feel inferior not even one's own family members. I began to see the young man in a different light.

"I'm sorry," I responded.

"Don't be," he inhaled. "It's the way things are sometimes. Tell you what, you're showing your support by joining me at the coming-out group at the Spectrum so that shows courage on your part. The group starts in

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half and hour so why don't you ride with me to the center and there you can meet Mark."

I smiled. "I would love to." This Mark I assumed he was referring to was Jason Kendall's transgendered brother. It couldn't be more perfect.

I trailed after him in his car as we drove fifteen minutes to the downtown area of Las Padres. The conversation was pleasant as we shared our interests in music, art, and movies. This time I was more relaxed as I let my guard down and learned more about the man I was secretly investigating. Finally, I had met a guy with a little more substance and who didn't want to get in my pants at our first meeting. Too bad, it turned out that he was gay, bi, or whatever.

We got to the GLBTQ center, The Spectrum, at 7:00 p. m., parked in the lot, and met with a taller dark haired gentleman in casual attire who was waiting for Ricky outside of the building. He was a gorgeously, handsome fellow with the looks of a male model. I kept envisioning posing in front of the cover of *Details* Magazine. His face showed surprised as we walked up.

"Hi Ricky," he greeted. He then looked at me with great interest. "Who's your date?"

"Detective Morrisey isn't my date," Ricky corrected. "She's merely here as a supporter of the community." The young man gestured to me. "Detective Morrisey, this my friend, Mark Kendall. Mark, Detective Morrisey."

Mark and I shook hands as he eyed me suspiciously.

"Please call me Lauren," I suggested. "I'm off the clock and I'm not wearing a badge so you can call me by my first name."

"Lauren Morriseyâ€" Mark began. "You're the one who questioned my brother earlier today at his office? You know? Jason Kendall?"

Ricky's eyes widened. "I thought you said that we weren't part of your investigation? That you found another lead in your case?"

"We did." I tried to backpedal. "It was all preliminary. I questioned you and Alex as I did with Mark's brother Jason. Luckily, you're not suspects in this case and I just found out today from our Lieutenant that another group is involved with the drug trafficking in the city so you guys are off the hook. I promise you there will be no more questions."

Mark relaxed. "That's a relief." I could still sense he was still suspicious of me. "So why are you here?"

"Ricky invited me." I informed him. "As an ally of the community. Plus, it helps with sensitivity training at work. I can't tell you how some of my fellow officers on the force can be homophobic and chauvinistic toward others. I'm considering proposing a community outreach program at work that will educate my coworkers about the GLBTQ community. Hence, why I'm here." Okay, that was a complete fabrication but it was at least going to get me through the door.

Surprisingly, Ricky agreed. "See, Mark, she's here for good intentions. It'll be good to educate the Las Padres police department about the dangers of homophobia. She's an ally."

The tall dark haired man still wasn't convinced. "She does know that I'mâ€" "

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"A trans man." I answered. "Yes. Ricky informed me of your gender transformation. Don't worry, he didn't reveal any personal information. I have to say, Mark, that I'm proud of you for discovering your true path and changing your life around. That's very courageous of you. I find that admirable."

"Thank you," Mark smiled. "It's still a work in progress." More members entered the center. "I think we should go in now."

"I agree," said Ricky.

I followed the two men inside as we gathered inside a large room where other gentlemen were seated in a circle. Being the only woman, I was a bit intimidated until the moderator Douglas introduced me.

"Gentleman," the older man announced. He had a strange, Bohemian hippy quality about him and instantly I became fascinated by his aura. "We have a guest tonight. Ricky brought along an ally to sit in our group session. I would like to introduce you to Detective Lauren Morrissey."

A round of claps greeted me. I stood from my chair and waved. "Hi, I'm Detective Lauren Morrissey. Just Lauren. I'm not at work. I'm a straight female. Though I've had a few lesbian experiences in college but I self-identify as heterosexual." Now this was true. I've played in the vagina pool back in college and though it was fun I found that I liked dick more.

From the corner of my eye, I could see Ricky lift his eyebrows. One of the gentlemen, a portly man named Reeves raised his hand. I addressed him.

"I'm sorry to ask something so personal," Reeves began. "But did you enjoy your lesbian experiences? I mean how did you know you're not a lesbian?"

Douglas intervened. "Lauren, you don't have to answer that. For the record, our guest is here as a supporter, friend, and ally. She's here to observe and learn. Her own sexuality shouldn't be put into question and however she self-identifies should be embraced and accepted. That goes for everyone else in the room. We should hold judgment on anyone no matter their sexual orientation."

"Thank you, Douglas," I addressed the older man. "No, I can respond to Reeves' question. Yes, I did have enjoyable experiences with women back in school. I don't regret any of it but I've found that I was attracted to men more than women so I concluded that I was straight. Just as many of you are finding yourselves to be either gay, bisexual, or any other sexual preference."

"I agree with Lauren."

Ricky came to my defense. "Look, I always say I'm questioning because I am. It's hard to self-identify myself because I find myself attracted to everyone which confuses the community even more. No one should be made to label themselves. As I said before, sexuality has fluidity. No one has to be one way on the sexual attraction scale. They can go up and down if they choose to."

The young man's argument impressed me. Here was a guy who thought about sexual attraction and orientation on much deeper level than on what was on the surface. He explored and conceptualized sexuality differently than how other's perceived it. He went on and on about the various shades of colors, speaking in metaphors in reference to art and about how everything isn't entirely black and white and that there is always going to be a gray hue in the color spectrum. As in sexual orientation, there is always gray and not everything can easily be defined but what is seen at face value. His logic beguiled me as the first stirrings of butterflies tumbled in my belly. I started to show some interest.



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"Ricky's right," added Mark who stood up. "As a trans man, I struggle with identifying my own sexual orientation. When I was female, I was intimate with men as well as women and since my change I'm still confused by who I find an attraction toward. I like looking at men but I also enjoy the company of women. It would be easy to refer to me as bi but then it gets complicated when you bring in other transgendered and intersexed people into the mix."

Douglas nodded. "Mark has a point. That's why it's important for everyone in the group to understand that you don't have to necessarily self-identify right away. Some know early on. Others down the road. Then there are some who will never know. That fact is your sexuality is interpreted by you and you shouldn't be judged for it."

"Exactly." I piped in. "I've always believed that the GLBTQ is about acceptance, tolerance, and embracing everyone. That's why my purpose here is to educate myself, resolve my own ignorance, and hopefully educate others in my chosen field."

"You're making the first step," the moderator. "Just by being here and showing your support. Good to have you on board, Lauren."

"Thank you." I smiled. I never felt more welcomed.

For the next two hours, I learned a lot from the other members. I listened to their sad stories of coming out, being ostracized from their families and friends, bitter divorces from their spouses after revealing their sexual orientations, and the feeling of isolation from their communities. Hearing their confessions left a hole in my heart that I almost wanted to cry but thankfully, Ricky held my hand and allowed me to listen to each and every one of the gentlemen's stories.

After the meeting, I got a chance to hug and converse with a few of the men and was even extended an invite back by Douglas the moderator. Ricky, Mark and I left the building to head out of our cars when the trans man offered me a hug to which I happily accepted it. In my head, I knew I had broken through his barriers of trust. I now was infiltrating the enemy.

"Thank you for coming, Detective Lauren," said the dark haired gentleman. "It means a lot to all of us that you were here."

"I'm glad I came." I replied. "It was real eye opener for me too."

Mark began to walk to his car and stopped to wave to me. "Hopefully, we could get together for coffee or lunch sometime."

"I'd like that!" I grinned as I watched him get in his car to drive away. Like a gentleman, Ricky opened the passenger door for me to his vehicle and helped me inside.

"Well, what did you think?" He asked me as we drove back to his apartment complex in Guillermo.

"It was marvelous." I answered. "I finally understand what the community goes through and the struggles they are facing. I now have some info that I can share with coworkers once we get the sensitivity training going."

"Good." He responded. "A little bit goes a long way."

We drove back to Guillermo and back to his apartment where my own car was waiting for me. Helping me out of the passenger's side, we stood in the parking lot and began to discuss our families and our childhood.

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Through Ricky, I learned about his single mother, Bianca, and her struggles to maintain an income to support him and his miscreant, younger brother, Alex, while growing up as biracial children of an absentee Anglo father and Mexican mother. Through me, I shared my Irish, French, Scottish family where my father was a cop and my mother a homemaker in Hartford, Connecticut. I was an only child so my Dad pushed in me into sports because he wanted a son and I've been trying to live up to his expectations of being a substitute male. Sadly, we never developed into a real father-daughter relationship.

Ricky listened to my background intently and showed some compassion. "I guess we're all dealing with our own childhood traumas."

"Maybe," I sighed. "The sad part is that it does carry into our adulthood."

"Tell me about it." He responded. "Remember when I told you that I was molested as a child?"

I almost forget about that. A stab of sorrow pierced my heart. "What do you remember about that?"

"No much." The young man admitted. "I mostly blocked it out. I don't even remember who it was or what he even looked like." His eyes lowered as he tried to recall the horrifying event. "I just know it happened. Even my Mom doesn't know about it and I don't want to shock her with the news. I kept a secret all these years and it's manifested in my trust issues with people and any possibility of kind of relationships for me. That's why I go to group so I can sort it out and deal with this."

I sympathized. Victims of sexual abuse try to cope with the pain of their past in various ways. Some shut down. Others turn to drugs. While those like Ricky Quinn avoid the public and refuse to let anyone in. The investigator in me decided to probe in another painful memory of the incident.

"Was Alex also sexually abused too?"

Ricky slowly nodded.

It all added up. His younger brother's involvement with drugs stemmed from his need to cope with the tragedy of their past which explained why Alex turned to a life of crime. However, it doesn't excuse the younger Quinn's behavior especially since Ricky managed to deal with it and become a productive member of society.

"We haven't really discussed what happened to us." Ricky continued. "We've both swept the incident under rug and as you can see, it hasn't really worked out for the both us."

"It takes time to heal, Ricky." I stated. "You're on the right track by going through your group meetings and dealing with your childhood traumas. Even your brother is doing the same even in rehab."

"I think rehab is the best place for him," he remarked.

"I couldn't agree more." Sadness showed on his face as he discussed Alex so I wanted to show my sympathies by stepping forward and hugging him. My other foot must have got caught on the side on the side of my heel because before I knew it I had tripped and landed right into Ricky's arms who thankfully caught me.

Glimpsing a view of his dark eyes, I sensed a twinge of excitement rising from my spine. Before I knew it, he drew his face down and his mouth had pressed against mine. Soft pillowy lips connected and I closed my eyes as my whole body shook with an electrical jolt. My left hand cupped his neck while my right fingers stroked his dark hair and tasted his mouth with my tongue as his own savored my tastebuds and made illicit puckering sounds.

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Beneath my blouse and the underwire of my bra, my nipples hardened as he hands slid across my back to cup the back of my ass. Then his fingers found my bottom and squeezed hard as I gasped. His erection was growing and I rubbed the front of my jeans against his fly as my own moistness was aching to be dipped into. We prolonged the kiss for a few seconds longer before he slowly removed his mouth from mine and grinned with embarrassment.

"Sorryâ I got carried away." He curled his mouth with shame.

I backed away. "Don't be. I wasn't regretting the moment." I laughed as he tried to cover up his hard-on. "I see you were enjoying it too." I glanced down. "I guess you can say that you're not totally gay."

Ricky shook his head and cracked a smile. "I never said I was." Scratching his head, he stuttered for minute to get some words out. "Detectiveâ Laurenâ I realize this is suddenâ but would you consider having dinner with me Friday night?"

My mouth opened wide. "Are you asking me out, Ricky Quinn?"

He nervously rocked from side to side. "Umâ yeah. Look if you're busyâ I"

"I'd love to!" I chimed in. Hell, I wouldn't turn down an open invitation. Ricky Quinn might be my suspect but he's a cute one! "Pick me up at seven. Here's my address." I pulled my notepad from the back of my jeans, wrote down on a piece of paper my residence in Del Lydia, and handed it to him. He slipped into the front pocket of his pants. When the excitement wound down, the realization finally hit me. I had to ask him a deeply personal question. "Ricky, exactly how old are you?"

"Twenty three. Why?"

"Damn," I said. "I'm twenty six. I feel like a cougar!"

"A hot cougar," he joked. "There's only a three year age gap. It's not like you're forty."

*Forty?* Where did that idea come from? I mean I keep myself in good shape and take care of my body. I don't look that old, do I? I mean there are some good looking forty year olds. Just look like Jason Kendall. He might be pushing the big 4-0 but he looks like he's in his early thirties. The man doesn't age and looks just as dashing as ever even if he is a criminal. I really need to stop comparing myself to the people I'm scoping.

"Seven, it is." Ricky responded. He waved goodbye to me as I headed to my car and pulled out of the lot.

Observing him from rearview mirror, I noticed how extremely sexy he looked with the night sky illuminating his features in the background. My face flushed with the rush of remembering his innocent face. There was something so enticing about the young man that I wanted to know about. Hopefully on this date I would uncover a lot more.

For now, I would reach my apartment in Del Lydia and fantasize about my infatuation with the help of a nice bubble bath and a loofa sponge.

Pleasant dreams,

Lauren

## Chapter 19: Dream

*From the journals of Ricky Quinn.*

One week without seeing Jason really cleared my head. I won't lie and say that I still experience that twinge of regret for ending things so soon but in the long run my sanity and my health appreciated it. I started to become more relaxed at work and with more time to spend on my art, I finally discovered that passion to be inspired once again. In addition, I surveyed life differently and began taking risks including asking out the cute Detective Lauren Morrisey. I can definitely say I'm right on track.

Yeah, I know what you're thinking. She's probing for answers in regards to my connection to Jason Kendall and his ties to the Zagreski Circle but she did reaffirm that none of us were suspects in the Hard Rock drug scandal and according to the news her police force arrested one suspect in connection to the suicide death of Jeffrey Anderson a few days ago. We were all off the hook. Thus, we could now breathe easier.

I didn't discuss the confrontation with Alex with my mother especially since she doesn't know anything about our previous relationship with Jason Kendall. It was better to keep her in the dark in regards to my younger sibling's involvement with drugs, the BDSM participation with the blond Dom, and both our budding sexual orientations. She planned on visiting Alex next week and I hoped by that time my brother would calm down and play up the charade so as to not upset her any further.

As for work, Mark Kendall was doing remarkably well as my warehouse assistant manager. He took to Sherry's role quicker than I thought and immediately picked up her duties by becoming really immersed in the department. The other employees quickly accepted him as their supervisor. Plus, it also helped that he was incredibly handsome which helped sway his female coworkers into following his orders. Things were definitely looking up.

Dreaming about my date with Lauren in the next few days, I felt confident and elated to be exploring the side of myself that was attracted to women. Pushing a nice dress shirt and slacks to the side of my closet in preparation for my date with her Friday night, I opted for a basic white Gordenthal's button up shirt and Calvin Klein pant to wear for my job this evening. Accessorizing that with an Ike Behar tie and Ferragamo dress shoes, I headed out to the warehouse ready to take on the graveyard shift.

Waving to my coworkers as I past them inside the building, Mark was the first to greet me when I arrived.

"Ricky!" The tall trans man appeared worried. "There's something I need to tell you!"

Already, I could tell he was going to bombard me some company problem. However, I wasn't going to let that spoil my confidence.

"Corporate wants some of the results drawn up?" I asked him. "No problem. I'll e-mail them the files. There shouldn't be any worries especially since we exceeded goal last month and this week we're five percent up with our profit margin."

Shaking his head, Mark frowned. "No, it isn't that. There's something you need to know."

I could hear music blaring from my office upstairs. Classical music. Classical music playing from a CD player that I had in my office. Glancing up the stairs, I saw my door closed the blinds drawn up inside the windows.

"Is someone inside my office?" I asked Mark.

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He nodded. "I know this isn't the right time. I told him to give you some space but he wouldn't listen."

Confused by his comments, I sprinted up the stairs to my office. A symphony of cellos and violins vibrated from the walls and resonated something familiar. Pounding drums of dramatic melodies came from the orchestra and I remembered the introductory suite from a forgotten piece of work written by a famous composer.

"*The Lovers*." I whispered.

Tchaikovsky's unpublished work rammed through my ears as I grabbed the door of my office and swept through the doorway. Standing in front of me with his back turned was a statuesque gentleman with dark blond hair and dressed in an impeccable designer suit. He must have heard me enter because he pushed the stop button my CD player.

"Ricky."

Jason Kendall's voice made me melt. My heart skipped a beat the moment he turned around to see his angelic, chiseled face. His jeweled blue eyes poured across my skin like water and I fought the urge to swim across this great pool of desks and office furniture that separated us to get to him. It might have been only a week but I had to admit to myself that I did, in fact, miss him.

"Jason." I responded shyly. I shut the office door behind me and locked it. At least in the privacy of the warehouse room, we could talk more intimately. "What are you doing here?"

He smirked. "I was checking your numbers. I am the owner. It's good to be updated on every aspect of my investment."

I shrugged. "But you could do that from a telephone or even a computer. The results of our progress are always updated and uploaded to the corporate server. You didn't have to come here just for that."

Folding his arms, he exhaled. "That wasn't the only thing. My reasons are also personal. I was hoping you would reconsider our original agreement. I want you back as my Sub."

My eyes widened. The possibility of returning to him was intriguing but I knew the complications it would entail. I shook my head. "I'm sorry, Master Jason, but the answer is no. I can't go back. I'm doing a lot better now. I'm exploring my sexual attraction with others. I'm taking more risks now. I'm no longer withdrawing, being safe and afraid. I'm finally living life! Can't you just be happy for me and let me do that?"

He sighed again. "I am happy for you, Ricky. In the short amount of time I've met you, you've progressed so far and it's not right for me to hold you back. You're no longer someone I need to mold like clay. You're your own person. Confident, intelligent andâ!" His eyes grazed my designer outfit. "And now stylish." He smiled. "I'm very proud of you."

"Thank you, Master." I replied. The weight of guilt lifted from my shoulders. Like a parent beaming with pride at his successful offspring, I experience a swell of joy running through my veins. My Dom was being supportive and that meant a great deal to me. He grinned widely and walked over to the closed blinds to peak out into the warehouse floor below.

"How's Mark faring as your assistant manager?" He asked me.

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"Really good," I answered. "He's a quick learner and everyone seems to like him. I heard Sherry is relishing in her role as your new regional manager."

Jason smiled. "She was a good call. The woman works like racehorse and already I'm showing a huge improvement in performance profitability each of the shipping facilities. Nick Iacona could never do that."

"And that's why he's been demoted." I noted.

He released a tiny snicker and then his face became more serious. "Ricky, you were right."

"About what?" I wondered.

"Our agreement. Our contract. We both were becoming too emotionally involved." He moved away from the window. "Sex and emotions should never mix. It complicates things. I should've seen the warning signs earlier but I was too caught up in the moment. As your Dom, it's my responsibility to distance the two aspects of our BDSM relationship."

"I agree." I responded. "I didn't want the same thing that happened to Alex happen to me."

Shutting his eyes, his angelic face displayed some regret. "I'll take the blame for that, Ricky. There's a psychological aspect to any Sub-Dom relationship. I didn't know how far deep your brother was and how attached he'd become to me. I always tried to keep the connection purely physical, to only experience pleasure though a light bit of pain, and to enjoy the roles of submission and dominance. Alex took it to a whole new level. I should've seen the warning signs."

My heart broke for the man. It wasn't his fault. He just made a bad decision in choosing the right Sub.

"You can't blame yourself." I said. "Alex was already troubled. I don't know how far he internalized the sexual abuse but he dealt with it in a negative way by getting involved with drugs. I found other positive outlets to deal with it. Blocking it out and replacing it with art, immersing myself with work, and keep myself preoccupied. Everyone is different, Jason. Alex just needs to a better way to deal with his problems instead targeting his feelings into an unhealthy obsession, namely you."

His face grinned even wider. "How did you become so stoic?"

"I wouldn't say I'm stoic." I clucked my tongue. "I'm not completely void of joy or passion. I did learn those things from you!"

Scratching his chin, he shrugged. "And it's this joy and passion that I miss the most about you. Is there any chance that we could reignite that spark again? You have to admit we had a good thing going."

I swallowed. Like Even being tempted by the serpent for the apple, I knew the possibility of getting involved with Jason Kendall again would result in a myriad of problems. I stood firm and shook my head. Someone had to be the mature, level headed one here. I suppose it had to be me.

"No, Jason." I exhaled. "We can't go back. You know that. Both us would end up getting hurt in the end and you're man enough to know that I'm right. Besides, I'm starting something different now. I've bravely asked somebody out. A woman. Can you believe it? If there is a chance for me to explore my sexuality there, I want to take that opportunity."

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There a small hint of anguish in his blue eyes when I told him this but he kept the façade up and maintained a smile on his face.

"That's wonderful, Ricky!" He exclaimed. "Who's the lucky lady?"

This is where I nearly sank to the floor. The woman I was to go out with. The one female I was attracted to turns out be a detective for the Las Padres police department. I decided to be honest with him.

"It's Detective Lauren Morrisey of Las Padres P. D."

Jason's face became pale. His blues eyes opened wide. He could only say one word.

"Oh."

"Look," I tried to ease his apprehensions. "She said that none of us were a suspect in the Hard Rock drug case and I believe her. We haven't had any cops visit us unexpectedly and the news announced that they apprehended a suspect in the suicide death of that college kid. We're simply going out because I like her."

Releasing a breath again, Jason continued to grin. "No, I trust your judgment. The Las Padres P. D. haven't come knocking at my door ever since Detective Morrissey questioned me about the case and my connection to the Zagreskis. We've our covered a tracks really well so I'm not worried. The stupidity of the Anatoles have gotten the police running after them so they're going to be focused all their attention on that group for quite a while. Meanwhile, the Zagreskis are moving any evidence of their involvement of Hard Rock out of the city. We're safe for now."

"So that means that you guys aren't drug dealing in Las Padres?" I questioned him.

"No," he answered. "Everything is a legitimate business. Just a plain, old boring corporate shipping department merger."

I jumped for joy and hugged him. "That's great!" Before I knew it, his arms had embraced me tight and I suddenly noticed myself sinking into his body. Luckily, my common sense took hold of me and forced me to jump away from him. Embarrassed, I blushed. "Sorry. Old habits die hard."

"I'm not," he giggled. "You know, Ricky, the door is always open for you to return as my slave. It doesn't have to be emotional. We can keep it completely physical. You're the best Sub I've had. I would hate to give that up."

"I'm afraid I would have decline." I responded. "If I'm to move forward, I can never look back. Please be supportive of this, Jason."

"I am." He said with hint of sadness in his tone. "I guess I'll have to find someone who is a suitable candidate for me. You've raised the bar so high now!"

"Someone had to." I joked. "Especially when dealing with a Dom who's high maintenance."

Jason clutched his heart. "Ouch! We can still be friends, I hope?"

"Of course." I agreed. "I'm still helping your brother get through his issues. It's good to open my social circle."

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"Speaking of social circles," the blond hunk remarked. "When does this first date with the illustrious Detective Morrisey occur?"

"Friday evening." I said. "Mark is covering for me so I could have the day off. I was thinking of taking her to a fancy Italian restaurant and later a walk on the beach."

He rolled his eyes. "How cliché. I have a better idea. Kendall Conglomerate International hosts a charity ball every year. Mark hates these things so it's obvious he'd rather work. This year we're donating money to the Las Padres Ballet Company who will perform Tchaikovsky's *The Lovers*. We're even bringing in historical Russian art supplied by the Zagreskis."

I raised my eyebrows. "But won't that make the attendees and law enforcement suspicious that a notorious Russian mob is coming to the city?"

The blond man shook his head. "Not if they use an alias. We went with the name Vassey as in the Vassey Antiquities Unlimited."

"I've heard of them!" I admitted. "They're a well-known and respected art dealership and advanced the careers of artists like Keith Haring and Paul Cadmus!" I then became aware of my statement. "You mean? Vassey Antiquities is owned by the Zagreskis?"

Jason nodded. "The Zagreski Circle has been around for centuries. Their pockets run deep. They own several recognizable brands and finance an illegal empire on the side. You'd be surprised how much power they have so believe me when I say that their criminal operations are safe from prying eyes."

"Then why mention their charity ball then?" I wondered.

"I thought, as a first date, you and Detective Morrisey would like to attend a black tie affair." He suggested. "There will be dinner, a show, and some amazing Russian art pieces on display. It'll give you a chance to impress the girl. I can make the arrangements"

I was flabbergasted. My Dom was being more than generous. He was truly being supportive. How could not turn down an invite to some swanky soiree?

"Absolutely." I answered. "What time does the ball start?"

"Seven." The tall blond man replied. "Seven for the dinner. Eight for the performance. Don't be late." He grabbed a post-it note from my desk and jotted something down. "You can rent a tux from this place. He's my go-to guy. All expense is paid."

"Gee, Jason." I said. "You've been more than kind. How can I repay your kindness?"

"You'll find a way." He smirked. Handing me the post-it, he unlocked the office door and left.

I observed him say goodbye to Mark as he me a beeline for the entrance and exited. A small pain of sadness struck my heart but I quickly put those doubts to rest as I concentrated all my thoughts of Detective Lauren. Grabbing my cell, I began texting her not even thinking about how late it was.

*GET READY FOR FRIDAY NIGHT. BLACK TIE AFFAIR AT 7. WEAR SOMETHING FORMAL.*

I pressed the send button my phone. I didn't think she'd respond so soon especially with it being so late.



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*CAN'T WAIT. PICK ME UP AT 6.*

I was more than excited. I was ecstatic.

Returning home early in the morning gave me a chance to finally catch up on some sleep. After slipping on my pajamas, I instantly dozed off.

*The forest is lovely. Crisp dripping moss and green lush leaves filled the trees as the highest branches dangled with a cornucopia of pinecones and acorns.*

*Up above a pair of white doves flew overhead, darted through the trees, and led me to a clearing in the middle of the woods. My bare feet scraped against the cold, hard earth as I snuck behind a small elm tree to see woman dancing alone on top of a stone slab.*

*She's beautiful, exotic in a kind of way makes her incredibly appealing. Long dark hair is only accentuated by her hazel blue eyes as her creamy, tanned skin is put on display fully naked, displaying every wonderful curve, flawless breasts, pink nipples, and alluring hips.*

*As my eyes gain focus to see her better, I began to realize that I'm not wearing a stitch of clothing as well but for some reason I'm not embarrassed by my state of undress. She sees me hiding behind the trunk of the tree and she beckons me with her finger and I follow.*

*I'm hypnotized, entranced by her radiant glow. My feet pressed against each leaf, each twig, and rock and I make my way to the stone slab as she takes my hand. Her fingers graze my slender chest and instantly my dick swells. It rises in full erection to which she glances down and smiles.*

*"I'm so happy you came," she purrs.*

*"Laurenâ" I whisper.*

*She pressed a finger to lips shut me up. "Shh. Let us just enjoy this moment."*

*Her hands find their place on each side of my cheek and she draws me in. Our mouths meet. Soft lips press against each other, uniting in a welcoming embrace as our tongues danced and savored in the taste of one another. I closed my eyes and enjoy the feel of her lips. It's a bit strange but wonderfully inviting and I quickly adapt as I submit to the heavenly touch of her body beneath my fingers.*

*My hands massage her back, explore the soft flesh of her spine as our bodies lower down on to the stone slab as we continue to clutch, stroke, and caress one another's skin in an eager display of our affections. I finally open my eyes to stare down at her and she offers me a smile. Her legs arch up, separate to wrap themselves around my waist while she parts the folds of her feminine entrance in ofference to me. I happily accepted.*

*Music surrounded us. A series of cellos, violins, flutes, and drums plays through my head and I recognize the symphony. It's a suite from Tchaikovsky's *The Lovers*. I question its presence here at this moment but I ignore it as my body caves and I instead focus on Lauren's supple body.*

*"Fuck me." She pleads as she spreads open her womanly petals even further.*

*Despite my inexperience with women, I allow my human instincts to take over as I grab my cock and pressed the head against her clit. She moans.*

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*"Mmmâ \Rickyâ \fuck me."*

*I slip past her precious pearl and draw her opening. She's already wet so I slide the tip of my head into her entrance. Her wonderful secretions lubricate me as I push in further. Her hands claw my back, scratch the surface of my skin and she grasps my flesh and pulls me down.*

*"Don't stopâ \fuck meâ \!"*

*Her pleadings are intoxicating and I give in to her demands. I sink down further, allowing the warmth of her chambers to engulf me. Her womb is more than enticing. It's euphoric. Her sweetness massages me, tightens and ignites an intense heat that causes me to move in rhythm to her increasing pleasure.*

*I flex my hips and she moans. My body twitches with illicit delight as we both find our pace and dance as we assimilate in our movements and work in the unison to the classical piece of music that serves as our backdrop. We moan. We groan. We pant with such feverish pleasure and allow ourselves to be caught up in such decadent moment without shame or remorse.*

*"I wantâ \youâ \Rickyâ \!" she breathes heavily.*

*I pant back in reply. "Youâ \have meâ \Laurenâ \!"*

*Our mouths reconnect and we soak in the taste or deliciousness as our bodies continue to bask in the ethereal pleasures of the flesh.*

*Unable to resist, I descend even further into her womb. Her sugar walls clutch me close and I grunt in passion. My bottom flexes for a bit until a pair of strong hands grasp my mounds, separated my masculine entrance and sinks something hard and virile through my opening. I gasped.*

*"Jason!"*

*His huge cock stretched my rectum. I had forgotten the feel of his endowment as the pressure of his large body descended into my bottom. His hands moved to my shoulders as he gripped them forcefully.*

*"Fuck her, Ricky!" My Master instructed.*

*I obeyed. I buried my cock deep inside Lauren's wetness as she flashed a wicked smirk and appeared to enjoy the interloper interrupting our lovemaking session. Her hands pressed against my back as Jason's fingers clutched my shoulders and forced me to move inside my female lover's womb.*

*Lauren closed her eyes and moaned. "Ooohâ \fuck meâ \Rickyâ \!"*

*My cock rammed through her while my ass devoured my Dom's cock in untamed carnal lust. The wild sensations were too much. I couldn't stand the intense feelings. With my erection buried in Lauren and Jason's prick probing my anus, I couldn't contain myself as the pressure of my scrotum surged for release. I finally erupted.*

*"Uh..uhh..I'm cummingâ \AAAAHHHHHH!"*

*White light flashed before me, blinding me, and both my female and male lovers disappeared as I opened my eyes to see myself alone on the cold, hard slab. Glancing around, I finally saw them. Surrounded by the green foliage, they stood opposite of each other and stretched their arms wide pleading for me to choose.*

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*"Ricky!" They called out to me in unison.*

*I noticed them now fully clothes. Lauren wore garments similar to a medieval prince while Jason was dressed in the finest robes similar to that of a wizard. Tchaikovsky's classical music swept through me as a pair of white doves flew around them and I began to remember the story that my Master told of the composer's last piece.*

*"Once upon a time," I relayed the tale to myself. "A beautiful princess was offered her hand in marriage to handsome prince but she was secretly in love with a foppish sorcerer. Forced to choose, the princess selected the enchanter and the sorcerer transformed the pair into two white doves so they could be together for eternity."*

*My face turned to Lauren then to Jason. It started to dawn on me from their attire. Lauren was the prince, Jason, the sorcerer. So who was the princess?*

*I lowered my eyes to see myself decked out in a long frilly tunic skirt and beaded bodice top. I finally realized who was taken the female role.*

*Oh shit.*

*I woke up in bed covered in sweat. My pajama bottoms were stained with semen as I became aware that I just had a wet dream. Annoyed, I tossed the covers off and walked toward the bathroom to shower.*

*It was going to take me a while to scrub off the reminder of my bizarre threesome.*

## Chapter 20: Ballet

*From the diaries of Detective Lauren Morrisey.*

Dear Diary,

Can it be possible to jump over the moon? I think it is. I've been having an amazing week. The high school sting was successful. We arrested two students at Dorchester Prep for dealing and drug possession and Lieutenant Price was so happy that he's considering me back on the Hard Rock case. In the meantime, Fields got a contact from one of the teens arrested in regards to their supplier so we'll be checking out that lead next week.

Right now my whole focus is on my first date with Ricky Quinn. I know what you're thinking. He's a suspect in my secret Zagreski investigation but from what I could tell, he doesn't seem to know anything about Hard Rock and is an innocent bystander so he's off the hook. I mean how could you think anyone that handsome, baby-faced, kindhearted, compassionate, and with a great sense of style could be involved with anything criminal? I sure don't.

I still remember that kiss. I could feel my head throbbing with electricity and the nervous knots in my belly. The man sure knows a way around a tongue. So what, if he's gay, bi, or whatever? He's attracted to me and that's all that matters. I'm not one to judge especially with my track record of lesbian experiences in college. Sad to say, women got me off more than the men I've dated. Too bad that I crave dick more than I do for a vag, I'll disregard my previous bad experiences with men as simply a bad judgment call. Many, many bad judgment calls.

Anyway, I got really excited when Ricky informed me that he was taking me to some high society charity shindig Friday evening. It's been a long time since I've gussied up and when I told Sylvia, she dragged to every designer boutique in Las Padres and demanded I show her the after-party pictures. After selecting an emerald green evening dress with a plunging beaded neckline that I bought on sale for \$100, she loaned me her green clutch and some gold accessories while I bought a pair of matching gold high heeled sandals to wear for the gala.

The day finally arrived and I had my hair and make-up professionally done. I hate to think of charging my credit card on something so frivolous but this was a special night and I deserved it. After getting dressed in my emerald gown, Ricky rang my bell around six and I answered it.

He stood in my doorway appearing exceptionally dashing. The tuxedo he wore complimented him perfectly. From the black jacket to the crisp white shirt and perfectly fit trousers, the garment fit like second skin. In his hand was bouquet of pink, white, and red roses to which he handed them to me.

"Thank you." I beamed. I rushed into the kitchen to put the flowers in an empty vase of water. "That's sweet of you."

"I wanted to make a good impression on our first date." He stated nervously. "How am I doing so far?"

"Well you haven't tried to steal my stereo like the last guy I dated." I joked. "That scores a couple of points on your scorecard."

"I guess I'll shoot for that dress." His eyes scanned my appearance. "Whew! You look amazing! Will that garner me some extra credit on my card?"

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I blushed. "Thank you." I giggled. "Absolutely. I'm bumping you up to top scorer. Keep up the compliments tonight, Mr. Quinn. You just might get a reward!"

"I promise, Miss Morrisey." He offered his arm to me. "Shall we?"

"Let's." I replied.

We exited my apartment as I locked the door and headed with him down to his car. We drove into downtown Las Padres where we parked right in front of the Harper's Theatre where a valet greeted us and located a place to park our vehicle. A long red carpet extended from the entrance to the sidewalk and we stepped on it feeling like celebrities as other wealthy elite attendees entered into the building.

Ricky handed the security guard our tickets and we crossed into an enormous lobby where tables were set up alongside huge art exhibitions while a small orchestra played in the background. Servers marched around the room handed out hor d'oeuvres and champagne as my escort and I people watched the Las Padres socialites and wealthy mingle with each other.

"What do you think?" Ricky asked me.

"It's a bit opulent." I answered honestly. "It's not really my scene but still fun to observe. It's like watching animals in a zoo."

He giggled. "I agree. It's funny how working class folks like us view these things differently. I'm used to going to a friend's barbecue or having a drink in a bar. Getting all dolled up like this is weird for me."

"Ditto." I replied. "But it's fun to experience something like this once in your life. By the way, how did you get these tickets?"

"A friend." He said. "This charity event is being hosted by the Vassey Antiquities Unlimited. They're a huge art business that makes stars out of potential artists. They're showcasing some Russian art which goes with the theme of tonight's event."

"Well your friend was be Mr. Moneybags to give you those tickets." I noted. "I mean look at this place. It's right out some high society magazine."

I was referring to the expensive decorations decked all around the theater. They had a crystal chandelier, ornate lighting fixtures, hundreds of floral arrangements, and even an ice sculpture. I felt like I was extra in a *Great Gatsby* movie.

Ricky smiled. "He sure is. As a matter of fact, here he comes."

Pointing across the room, I saw a tall dark blond gentleman in a tux heading our way. His chiseled face was extremely attractive but that quickly faded the moment I recognized him. Jason Kendall waved to couple of attendees as he walked arm in arm with two attractive women on both sides of him. As much as I resented him, I tried to play it cool.

"Ricky! You came!" He shook my date's hand. His eyes then focused on me. "Ahh, Detective Morrisey. I'm surprised to see you here!"

"I'm Ricky's date for tonight." I smiled coolly. I returned my attention to his dates. "And your ladyfriends are?"

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The blond rich man gestured to the blonde on the left dressed in a silver evening dress and with her boobs practically hanging out. "This is Minsky Rapture. She's this month's Playboy playmate and thisâ!" He signaled to a statuesque, thin brunette with a shallow face dressed in red. "Is supermodel Vera Marush. She might have seen her in last month's Vogue cover?"

"Sorry, I'm more of a Guns and Ammo girl." I rolled my eyes. My face glimpsed Ricky. His eyes began to water. Was he going to cry? He began to rub his face.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I think I got some dirt or dust in my eye." He looked at me. "Will you excuse me, Lauren? I need to use the restroom."

"Sure." I responded with curiosity. He wandered to the nearby lavatory while I noticed Jason Kendall observing him intently. The blond man then shrugged.

"Seems to me that your date is a bit overwhelmed by all this," he remarked. "Poor Ricky, it's not really his scene."

I sneered. "Or maybe it's the company."

He sighed. "You really don't like me much do you, Detective Morrisey? You still think I'm involved with something illegal?"

"Like I told Ricky," I emphasized. "None of you are a suspect in my drug investigation. I have no hard evidence to make an arrest but that doesn't mean, Mr. Kendall, that I still don't trust you." I stood my ground. "Stay away from Ricky. He's a good man and doesn't deserve to be hurt by whatever you're involved with."

Leaning in, he exhaled. "Believe me, Detective Morrisey. Ricky is my friend and I care for him deeplyâ like a brother. I wouldn't let anyone or anything hurt him. Trust me."

I still wasn't convinced. "I have my eye on you, Mr. Kendall. I'll be watching you!"

My threat seemed to have some effect on him. He was about to say something in his defense before one of his dates began to whine.

"Jason, honey!" Vera pouted. "I'm bored. You said we'd get to see a good show."

His other date Minsky clucked. "We are, Vera. Jay-Z and Beyonce are supposed to come out later."

Curling his mouth, the blond businessman cocked his eyebrows. "You do know that this is a ballet?"

Minsky's mouth dropped. "Ballet? I thought you said VMA as in the MTV Video Music Awards! No wonder I don't see Chris Brown or Rhianna anywhere!" She stomped her foot. "I'm leaving!" Tossing her bleached blonde hair, she marched off as her jiggling assets caught every straight man's attention in the room. Vera trailed after her.

"Wait Minsky!" The supermodel called to her. "You're my ride!"

Alone and humiliated, Jason shook his head. "I really need to stop putting ads up on Craigslist." He exited from the lobby and into the men's bathroom.

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Laughing at the man's stupidity, I decided to make my way down to the Russian art exhibition as I waited for my date to exit the restroom. I crossed into the art area and glanced at several pieces of pottery, sculptures before my eyes caught a wonderful Renaissance piece across the room. Like a moth to a flame, I was drawn to it as I read the title.

"The Lovers." I said aloud. "Painted in oil during the eighteenth century by Russian artist Yakov Borloff." I glazed over the work as I noticed two male figures. One dressed in princely robes combatting a gentleman in some sort of wizard garb as a beautiful maiden pushed both parties back with her hands. Fire and light appeared behind her as two large white doves ascended into the sky. I tried to make sense of the meaning as a male voice came up behind me.

"It's a Russian fairy tale."

His voice was deep, sensuous and very much European from the way his accent drifted through my ears. I can't explain it and I don't know why but the way he spoke made my nipples harden beneath my dress and my groin tingle. I lifted my eyes toward him.

"Excuse me?" I asked.

"The painting by Borloff." He answered. "It's based on a Russian fairytale." I soaked in the stranger's appearance. Dark, brown hair accentuated his olive complexion while his piercing green eyes burrowed into me. His face had a Romanesque structure and when he smiled the devilish dimples showed in his grin. I wanted to melt but I held my composure.

"Thank you." It was all I could say.

"You're welcome, Missâ !?" He wanted to know my name. Instead he took my hand and kissed it.

I retrieved it back. "Jane. As in Jane Doe."

My stranger seemed to take the hint. "Aww. Jane Doe. An enigmatic name for enigmatic beautiful woman." His eyes glazed over my dress. "A woman who sure knows how to fill a dress." I noticed his face staring the plunging neckline of my dress and I began to cover myself. "Are you always this bold, Misterâ !?"

"Sergei Petrov." He answered. "But you can call me Serge."

At this point I was annoyed. "Well, Serge, I don't appreciate being hit on especially when I'm with someone tonight. He's in the restroom and will be out in a minute."

"Your date is a fool then to leave such an alluring woman alone." He flashed a wicked grin. "However, I'm not about to encroach on another man's territory so I'll be respectful and leave. Though I have to say that I admire any female who is taken with art."

"I like art." I told him but still keeping a watchful eye on his intentions. "I might not have the talent for it but I can appreciate it." I pointed to the painting in front of us. "Like this piece. What's the story behind it?"

"It's from an old Russian folklore." The man named Serge explained. "You've heard of Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen?"

"Of course," I replied. "And so has every Disney studio. What's your point?"

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The European man continued. "According to the Russian fairytale, a beautiful princess was engaged to be married to a handsome prince. However, she fell in love with a flamboyant and extravagant sorcerer. With both men vying for her affections, the princess finally chose the sorcerer who then transformed the both of them into white doves so that they could forever be together in eternity."

"That's a bit different." I noted. "I mean usually it's the prince who gets the girl and the evil sorcerer gets his comeuppance."

Serge smirked. "But was the sorcerer truly evil or was he product of his circumstances? I mean the princess must have found some redeemable qualities to choose him over the royal. That why Tchaikovsky found the story fascinating."

His information fascinated me. "Tchaikovsky? As in the guy who wrote Swan Lake and the Nutcracker?"

He shot me a grin. "You know your ballets?"

"I know a little." I said. "I've watched a couple on quality programming television."

"Beautiful and cultured." Serge remarked. "I admire those traits in a woman."

Rolling my eyes, I got him back on track with our conversation. "You said that Tchaikovsky had an interest in this Russian fairytale?"

"Aww, yes." The European nodded. "Tchaikovsky was a tortured soul. He was also a closeted homosexual. Since Russia frowns upon homosexuality and still does, he had a few unhappy marriages. He became obsessed with Borloff's painting as a way to release his feelings of frustrations with his sexuality." He pointed to the flames shooting up behind the maiden in the painting. "See that fire behind the woman?"

I stared at the spot. "Yeah?"

"The flames represent Tchaikovsky's release." Serge informed me. "His catharsis. His admission of guilt about his sexual orientation." He then pointed to the two male figures. "The sorcerer is freedom. Profane and untamed, he battles the prince who is the perfect symbol of safety and the idea of society's norms. The maiden is a "

"Tchaikovsky." I finally figured it out. "He's one the caught in the middle and is struggling to see where he fits in both areas."

"Exactly." The dark haired man smiled. "Finally the doves are the release of the tormented man. He can now finally accept himself for who he is and learn to love freely with remorse or regret."

Exhaling a breath, I touched my chest. "That's a beautiful story. So this ballet *The Lovers* is based on this painting?"

Serge nodded. "It was one of Tchaikovsky lost works that he never finished. Because of the controversy surrounding the symbolism of the art piece, he was afraid the Russian government would jail him for indecency and so he reworked some of the orchestrations to another well-known ballet."

"Swan Lake." I answered his riddle.



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"Precisely," he replied. "Luckily, the composer left some of the original work of *The Lovers* behind which allowed the Las Padres ballet company to piece together a full story and perform it tonight. It'll be interesting how they interpret the tale. I don't think they fully grasp the original meaning that Tchaikovsky was trying to say."

"I think that they're figuring that the audience just wants to be entertained." I remarked. "It's too thought provoking."

"Perhaps," he said. "In either case, it should be a wonderful performance." He paused for a minute. "So, is your date going to make his presence known or might I offer my arm instead?"

I hesitated. "He'sâ 'uhâ !"

"Right here."

Ricky quickly slipped his arm under my shoulder as he glared at the European man trying to steal me away. Serge seemed surprised by his presence.

"Mr. Quinn." The dark haired stranger greeted uncomfortably. "It's good to see you again."

Confused, I turned to my date. "You know this gentleman?"

"Mr. Petrokova runs an art workshop for Vassey." My date explained. "I've attended a few of their seminars."

Perhaps it was my imagine or my mind playing tricks on me but I could swear that Ricky winked to Serge. The European man paused, processed the information and then changed his demeanor.

"Of course," the stranger agreed. "Ricky here has been involved with our art workshops for quite some time. In fact, he's been very dedicated student to some of our various members who have some eccentric tastes."

The way that he spoke to my date seemed strange. It almost sounded cryptic. The investigator in me wanted to explore the situation further as I tried to read their body language. They didn't seem to trust each other but then again I was assuming that Ricky was jealous that a tall, dark handsome stranger was flirting with me. It was kind of flattering.

Serge gesture and bowed down. "Dinner will be served soon so I'll leave you to enjoy the gala. It was good seeing you again, Mr. Quinn." His face turned to me. "Miss Doe, hopefully we'll meet again. *Dasvidania*." His back shifted and disappeared into the crowd of guests.

"What does that mean?" I asked my date.

"Dasvidania is Russian for goodbye." Ricky answered.

"You speak Russian?"

"No." He said. "A close friend taught me a couple phrases." His eyes turned to the tables upstairs. "They'll be serving dinner soon. I'm starving." He offered me his arm again. "Shall we?"

"Let's." I laughed.

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We headed up the theater stairs where dozens of tables were situated. Nice cotton tablecloths were placed upon the counter as gorgeous centerpieces appeared at the center. A server poured us a glass of red wine as another began to bring the first course of appetizers from the soup and salad and then finally the main course of filet mignon and shrimp served in a tangy wine sauce. Dessert was even more spectacular as we were given an amazing fruit tart accompanied by crème brulee. Everything was delicious.

Ricky wiped his mouth with his napkin to address an earlier issue. "Why did Sergei Petrokova call you Miss Doe earlier?"

I laughed. "It's my fake name when I don't want guys hitting on me. I think he got the message."

He smiled. "I don't blame him." Sipping some of his wine, he made a toast to me. "You're hard to resist."

I cooed. "I would say the same of you, Mr. Quinn. By the way, how's your eye?"

"Better." He replied. "Whatever dirt or dust I got inside there, I washed it out."

"You were gone a while." I remarked. He nearly choked on his wine. "Was it embedded that deep?"

Ricky took moment to catch his breath. "A little. My eye was irritating me but now I'm fine."

Scanning the room of patrons, I noticed one in particular missing. "It's funny. I don't see Jason Kendall anywhere. Isn't he hosting this event?"

"He's a busy man." My date weirdly sighed. "He's probably chasing after his dates."

"Tweedledum and Tweedledumber." I snorted. "God, how does he find these women?"

The twenty three year old frowned. "I'm sure he has his reasons."

His comment left me awestruck. Was he really defending him? The man is probably involved with something illegal and even though I can't prove just yet, I couldn't believe my date was siding with him. I had to call him on it.

"You make it sound like you have to justify his actions." I clucked. "I don't think he's that nice of a guy that you think he is. Why you constantly on his side?"

He was about to say something before our server came and picked up our dishes. Ricky quickly changed the subject.

"The show is about to begin. We better get seated."

I decided not to press the issue since I was having a great time. We followed the rest of the attendees into the theater where we found our seats near the front of the mezzanine section close to the balcony. To our right, Jason Kendall sat with a couple of other invites and I ignored his presence there as I wanted to watch the show below us. Soon the lights dimmed, the curtain rose, and the dancers appeared on stage.

I have to tell you that I was enthralled by the story. Believe it or not, even with my tomboyish attitude, I have a thing for the ballet. I remember Dad always forcing outside to play soccer or to catch a football and I would get so bored with these constant practices that I would sneak back inside and turn on the public broadcasting channel to watch the women onstage dance around in ballet slippers in tutus. What can I say? I'm a ballet

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lover at heart?

Observing the performers, I sympathized with the plight of the princess torn between two men as she had to choose between the handsome prince versus the wild, untamed sorcerer. Though it seemed the audience was rooting for the sorcerer, I kind felt bad for the prince. I mean he's the nice guy and it's usually the nice guys who finished last. In my head, I always pictured the princess choosing the prince but, of course, that's not the story ends.

Turning toward my date, I noticed Ricky fidgeting right before the end of Act One and I whispered to him.

"Anything wrong?"

"My stomach." He quietly spoke back. "I don't think the food agrees with me."

"You got to go to the bathroom again?"

Blushing, he nodded. He quietly excused himself and exited down the aisle. For some reason, I shifted my focus to where Jason Kendall was seated. He too was missing. I don't if it was food or the fact that they decided to disappear together during the middle of the performance but it seemed to coincidental. I didn't want to jump to conclusions and instead I focused on the show.

Sure enough, Ricky returned to before the first intermission. He apologized profusely as I noticed how disheveled his tuxedo shirt looked and his trousers wrinkled. Thinking nothing of it, I helped straightened his crooked bowtie.

"Feeling better?" I asked.

"Much." He answered. "Sorry for bailing out on you earlier. This is too much information but my stomach wasn't feeling right."

"It's okay." I reassured him. "You're here now. Let's just enjoy the rest of the show."

Intermission finished and we returned to the rest of the ballet performance. Ricky held my hand the rest of the time which made me happy. I scanned to the area where Jason Kendall was sitting and he eventually returned but strangely looking just as disheveled as Ricky. Something about the situation seemed off but I was too much on a high to care.

Instead I enjoyed our date especially our little after-party celebration to which I'll have to mention on later diary entry.

Let's just say it's a real steamy one. So hot, I think you'll need a cold shower from it.

Lauren

## Chapter 21: Bathroom

*From the journals of Ricky Quinn.*

What is going on inside my head lately? I feel lost, confused, unsure, and guilty of what I'm doing. I'm torn between what path I should be following instead of veering off into another direction that is for dangerous for me. In short, I'm going down a hazardous road that it unavoidable.

I attended the Vassey Charity Ball with Detective Lauren Morrissey. Everything seemed fine. I rented a nice designer tux from the rental place that Jason suggested and Lauren wore this stunning emerald silk gown that showed off every nice curve of her body. She was breathtaking to say the least. She got a few glances from many of the male attendees and it gave me a sense of thrill that she came here with me.

Let's face it. Detective Morrissey is a knockout. With the dark hair, shimmering blue eyes, and a body to die for, it's not hard to see how naturally sexy the twenty six year old is compare to the sea of wealthy female invites that were trying way too hard to appeal to their male dates. Shit. Even my dick pops up like a tent when I think about her. I want to dive into her rose petals and taste every inch of her flesh but for now I'll just settle with my secret fantasy as we try to enjoy the party.

Asking Lauren out was major turning point for me. This was my golden opportunity to explore my sexual attraction to women. So far, my sexual experiences have most been reserved for my Master and I wanted to at least sample the female form for once before I made a decision on whom I prefer more. What better way to explore this option than to ask out a beautiful woman like Lauren Morrissey to be my date for tonight's gala. Everything was finally falling into place. The night should have been perfect. There was only one problem.

Jason Kendall.

I saw my Dom heading toward us with two whores he probably picked up from an escort service and I tried to remain calm and collective as their unwelcome presence made my skin crawl. One was some bottled blonde who seemed to have had too much plastic surgery while the other was some anorexic bimbo who could use a burger or two to stuff into her skinny mouth. I wished I was the one doing the stuffing.

Bottled blonde and anorexic pawed my Master like bitches in heat and I tried to maintain some sense of control as I fought the urge to drag these two skanks by the hair and toss them outside of the building on their asses. Sadly, that didn't happen. No offense, I think my Dom could do so much better.

"Honey!" The bottled blonde squeaked. "I want a drink!"

"Me too," whined the anorexic.

Flagging down a server carrying a tray of champagne, he grabbed two glasses and handed it his female companions. The ungrateful bitches slogged their drinks as the blond hunk doted on them by trying to convince me and Lauren of their impressive credentials.

"Minsky Rapture is this month's Playboy Playmate." Jason announced.

*Wonderful.* I droned to myself. She poses nude for a living. I'm sure her parents are proud. Also, what kind of name is Minsky Rapture? It sounds like a cheesy porno starlet who does gangbangs in the back of a filthy room of a dive bar. I loathed both their presence here.

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Acknowledging his other date, the anorexic, my Master smiled at her and introduced us. "Vera Murush. Supermodel on last month's cover of Vogue."

*Skeletor with an eating disorder.* That's how I described her. Vera Murush might be a supermodel in the eyes of the fashion world but to me she's a sad, pretty girl who needs to eat something because her bones are sticking out of her dress. I never pictured my Dom attracted to corpses but then there's a lot about my Master that I wasn't aware he was into.

"Please to meet you." Lauren's tone greeted with cynicism. I knew she despised my former lover especially with the allegations of his connection to the Russian crime family, the Zagreskis. However, I didn't know how deep her resentment was buried beneath her façade. Jason Kendall hid his illegal activities very well so I hoped she'd grow tired of her suspicions and focus all on her attention on the Anatoles.

Speaking of the Anatoles, it appeared the Zagreskis' rivals were making their presence more prominent in the city. Mark revealed to me that the competing crime family and their manufacturing of Hard Rock brought so much unwanted attention on the drug market that the police were closing in on their operations. The younger Kendall commented that it was a relief that the Las Padres P. D. began directing their focus on Yuri Anatole and his people which helped him and Jason to fall under the radar. It seemed that there wouldn't be any more investigations made on the Kendalls and their ties to their Russian partners.

For now, my disdain for Jason's dates kept my emotions simmering. A vile prick pierced my throat as the formation of a tear dripped in my eye. I tried to hold back my sadness but even my Dom could sense my pain. I needed to get away from the situation.

Rubbing my face, I excused myself. "I'm sorry everyone. I think I got something in my eye. I need to use the restroom for a moment."

Thankfully, Lauren understood. "Sure."

I caught a glimpse of my Master observing me. The pain, that only I knew, showed all over his face. I dodged through the mass of bodies and headed for the men's lavatory. Once inside, I splashed my face in front of the sink as the tears flowed through my eyes. The empty hole in my heart took over and as much as tried to ignore it, the sad emotions began to take over.

Patrons and strangers walked past my distraught appearance, ignoring me as they went about their business, focusing only on their own superficial materialism. This provided me some comfort because I wasn't ready to face Lauren in my present state. I dotted my tears with a paper towel as the bathroom began to become vacant and the masculine presence of someone I hoped to forget stood behind me in the reflection of the mirror.

"I'm sorry you had to witness that." Jason Kendall sighed. "I didn't want to hurt you in that way."

Ignoring him, I turned on the faucet of the sink and began washing my hands. "It doesn't matter. I really don't know I'm letting it get to me. You're a grown man. You're allowed to date whoever you choose."

He folded his arms. "You know this is a charity gala, Ricky. I can't come alone."

I exhaled. "I know. Both of us have dates. We should get back to them." I grabbed another paper towel to wipe off my wet hands. Tossing the item in the trash, I began to walk away but the blond hunk grabbed my arm and shoved me against the sink. His breath felt warm, his body strong as the tuxedo jacket rubbed against the labels of my own. Lowering his face to mine, his blue eyes made his presence known as he stared at me.

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"Don't you think that it kills me to see you with someone else?" His tone hissed. "I know that we agreed to no longer be together but I can't stop thinking about you!" His fingers ascended, touched the tendrils of my dark hair and lowered to caress the softness of my cheek. I closed my eyes during each motion of his hands stroking my flesh and panted. "You can't tell me that you don't miss this."

A sharp pain pierced my throat again. I could feel the tears well up as I forced myself to look at him. I made my confession. "I do miss this, Jason. I do miss you. You rule my head and I can't make it stop no matter how much I want to. But I'm scared that if I get in too deep with you that I'm walking into something dangerous that I won't be able to escape. I'll eventually lose my sanity and descend in madness. Is that what I really want?"

Shaking his head, his thumb touched my mouth. "No, Ricky. I don't want you to ever lose sight of yourself but you're not the only who is going insane in all this. You're also in my head twenty four hours a day. You're my drug of choice. I'm addicted and I can't stop and if I can't have you, then I, too, feel like I'm going insane. You might not know it but you have a hold over me, Ricky Quinn, and I don't know why."

I giggled. "I guess then the roles have reversed. The Sub controls the Master."

His mouth purred. "I want to control you!" His leaned in close to kiss me just as the door opened to allow one of the invitees to use the urinal nearby. Both of us jumped back, listened to the attendee pee, zip up, wash his hands, and exit the bathroom. Jason ran his hand through his dark blond hair and grinned at me. "We need to be getting back. Our dates must be worried."

"Well, at least mine is." I clucked. "Where did you find those two skanks? The backend ads of *Hustler* magazine."

He rolled his eyes in sarcasm. "Funny, Ricky. Minsky and Vera are nice women. Sure, they don't look the type but they have some good qualities."

I snorted. "Sure. Minsky, I'm sure gives good blowjobs and Vera loves to binge and purge. You really know how to pick them, Jason." I attempted to move past the man but he gripped my arm.

"Come see me." He demanded. "During the performance, I want you to steal away right before the end of Act One and meet me back here in the restroom."

Wicked thoughts tempted me. I knew exactly what these meetings would entail and, to be truthful, I welcomed the idea.

"I don't think I can." I whispered. "Lauren might become suspicious."

His forehead leaned into touch mine. "Please come to me, Ricky. As your Master, I order you to look for me during the performance."

A strange hold possessed me. I needed to please him, to obey him, and to ensure that his instructions are fulfilled. His lips came even closer that I drew my hands across both sides of cheek to bring him in but then I gently pushed him back.

"I will." I said. "I'll come to you, Master."

Jason grinned in happiness. "I'll be waiting."

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Rotating his body, he headed for the entrance of the restroom as I stood in front of the mirror completely flushed and confused.

Was I really making the right decision?

I headed outside of the restroom to see my date conversing with dark brown haired gentleman. The stranger had a familiar glow and my mouth widened.

Sergei Petrokova.

With ties both to Jason and the Zagreskis, I realized that the conversation with Lauren might jeopardize any suspicions of the illegal activities my lover and his business associates were involved with. I was afraid that Sergei might reveal too much and spill the beans. I quickly raced up to the pair as Sergei watched me coming toward them.

"Ahhh, Mr. Quinn." The European man greeted. "I see we meet again. Don't tell me you left this beautiful woman alone."

"Mr. Petrokova." I said in serious tone.

Lauren glanced back and forth and questioned our connection. "How do you two know each other?"

I winked to Sergei in the hopes that he would take the hint and follow my lead in this charade.

"Sergei is involved with Vassey." I lied. "I've taken a couple of their art seminars."

The European went along with the façade. "Mr. Quinn, is an excellent art student. He's use to all kinds of submissions particular in the areas of dominant symbolism and controlling representations."

His innuendos pissed me off. I wanted him to play along in order to fool Lauren not to make her more suspicious of my BDSM lifestyle with Jason Kendall. I prayed that she didn't figure out his insinuations. Luckily, Sergei selected a different topic to distract her curiosity.

"Dinner will be served soon." He said. "You might want to take your seats."

Lauren and I agreed as we headed toward the specialized dining area to enjoy our upcoming meal.

After a sumptuous dinner, Lauren and I found our seats near the front balcony of the mezzanine. She was more enthralled with the performance of Tchaikovsky's *The Lovers* than I was. As the dancers appeared on stage, I would steal a few glances to my Dom who sat a few feet away from us. Apparently, his two dates had disappeared which sent a delightful sense of satisfaction through me concerning their absence. Patiently, I waited for a signal from him for the right moment to escape from the show. It finally arrived. We were reaching the end of the first act when he gestured to me in the dark and left his seat to head back toward the vacant restroom. I soon followed.

"I'm sorry, Lauren." I apologized to my date. "I guess the food we ate didn't agree with me. I have to run to the restroom."

"No problem." She smiled unfazed by my too much information statement. "Don't be too long. You don't want to miss the rest of the show."

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I nodded. "I won't. I'll be back ASAP."

Politely, I got up from my seat and slowly made my way down the aisle and down to the bathroom area. Luckily, everyone was too preoccupied with the ballet performance that the men's restroom was completely empty. I snuck a peek inside. Suddenly a pair of forceful hands grabbed my arms and dragged me to the last handicapped stall of the lavatory. My Master shoved me, locked the door behind us and slammed me face forward against the tile coverings of the wall.

"Spread your fingers against the tile and don't move!" He ordered.

I obeyed, palming the tile material of the bathroom as my lips smooched against the smooth texture. Aggressively, his hands lifted up the back of my tuxedo jacket, slid down the fabric of my bottom and squeeze my *derriere* tight. I winced.

His voice was authoritative. "You've been a bad boy for Daddy, haven't you, slave?"

I tried to respond. "Yes, Master!"

*Whack!* His hand smacked me hard. I gritted my teeth as weird tingle formed around my dick. Before, the rough spankings would have been a painful experience for me but I've learned to adapt to the agonizing assaults and transform each attack on my helpless bottom as a sign of pleasure.

The Dom still had a couple more in mind. "You brought someone else just to make me jealous, didn't you, Sub?"

I said nothing. I still needed some convincing.

*Whack! Whack!* My ass flared with a wonderful burn. I yelped in satisfaction. Soothing the pain, he massaged the tuxedo fabric covering my buttocks and kissed my neck with his mouth. Heavenly vibrations circulated through my body as he grabbed my chin and licked the side of my cheek. He demanded an apology and as his Sub, it was duty to give it him.

"I'mâ€¦sorry Master." I whispered.

He refused to accept it. *Whack! Whack! Whack!* His fingers attacked my behind, pinched the flesh with incredible rawness and I bit my lip to endure each assault on my throbbing ass.

Growling, Jason Kendall smirked. "Sorry for what, slave?"

I exhaled. "I'm sorry for hurting you, Master. I'm sorry for leaving youâ€¦ I'm sorry for denying youâ€¦ Daddy!"

Pulling his hand back, he lifted it and laid one more hard smack on my hurting bottom.

**WHACK!**

I hollered. A strong hand covered my mouth as my ass wretched in pain. Breathing through my nose, I heard the sound of someone coming into the bathroom. Jason pulled me back toward the corner of the toilet as the stranger did his business by pissing in the urinal and washing his hands in the sink. The idea of being caught *in flagrante delicto* turned me on even more and my Master's hot breath nuzzled my neck as we listened intently to the attendee leaving the restroom. Slowly, he released his hand so that we could continue our illicit



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exchange.

"That was a close one." I noted.

He grinned. "Not as close as this." His hand cupped my balls as he shoved again back toward the wall. Unzipping my tuxedo pants, he slipped his hand inside my underwear to free that flaccid cock that suddenly grew hard in his hand. Following his lead, I did the same and undid the buttons of trousers so that I could feel the soft flesh of gifted endowment. With good timing, his erection grew beneath my palm.

His face nibbled on my earlobe. "Stroke me, son."

"Yes, Daddy." I cooed.

Gripping his hardness, I massaged his huge cock up and down as he returned the favor with mine. We parted the ends of our tuxedo dress shirt, lifted them up so that our bellies touched as he clutched my chin with his other free hand and brought his mouth on to mine.

Our tongues touched and the strange familiarity of his touch reminded me so much of why I enjoyed the taste and feel of him. His mouth pressed against mine and we displayed our longings through this exhibition of emotions and not once did I feel any regret or remorse for our actions. My fingers worked him up and down continuously, stroking the hard shaft as he grunted in between kisses while my breath loosened slowly as my own hard-on quivered and shook in between his fingers. I shut my eyes and reverted back to our Sub-Dom roles as I eagerly submitted and allowed my Master to have complete dominion over me. It had been a long time coming.

"Come backâ to me Rickyâ !" he panted. His fingers pressed harder upon my erection.

I grunted in delight. All logic and common sense left me. I couldn't think straight. I couldn't object. All I could do was feel and give in to my weakness of control that he had over me. I was now his.

"Yesâ !" I exhaled. "Masterâ !I'll be your subâ !againâ !" "

Joy illuminated on my Dom's face. He slapped my hand free from his erection as he forced his own palm to reach over to grip both our dicks together. Tightening his hold like a vice, he massaged the both of us as the sinful friction of our cocks rubbing together became too much too withstand. I clutched his shoulders as I felt my orgasm building from my balls.

"Uhâ !uhâ !Master Jasonâ !" I pleaded.

His face smirked. "Are you cumming, my slave?"

He continued to stroke even faster.

"Yesâ !" I gulped. "You're gonnaâ !I'm going toâ !" "

A gusher of white spilled into his fingers as I secreted a web of semen on to his belly and stained the lower half of his tuxedo shirt. Even with my climax accomplished, the Dom refused to release me until his orgasm came after.

"Rickyâ !uhhâ !uhâ !I'm gonna cumâ !I gonna fucking cumâ !AAHHHHH!"

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He spilled his seed all over the front of my tuxedo trousers, splashing me with white, sticky goo before finally letting go of both our cocks to allow them to return to their original flaccid state. Grabbing some toilet paper, he gently dabbed away the remnants of our sexual evidence as our wrinkled pants showed bizarre wet stains.

"I wonder why the dry cleaner is going to say about this?" He giggled.

"Fuck the dry cleaner!" I sighed. "What about my date and all the other invites?"

His hands cupped my neck and brought me forward so that his sapphire blue eyes could provide me reassurance. "Don't worry. The show's almost over. They won't notice a thing." He comforted me as his mouth connected to mine. Our tongues danced one more time before I slowly pushed him away in order to gain my composure. I tried to straighten the rumpled mess of my clothing to the best of my ability before turning the lock of the bathroom to stall to let myself out. Jason's voice soothed me from behind as I turned to face him. "Remember, Ricky, your promise. You'll come back to me."

I closed my eyes shyly. "I will, Master. I'll find a way to schedule it in." I frowned. "I do have one request I hope you would grant me."

The blond hunk stepped forward. "Anything. I'll grant you anything. I want to ensure your happiness."

"We'll keep this arrangement a secret." I suggested. "I want to continue seeing Lauren. You'll let me, won't you?"

Sadness showed on his face. "Of course, Ricky. If that is what you wish."

"Itâ lis." I answered with apprehension. Why I hesitated, I don't know. The only thing my mind and body wanted to do was to continue seeing both Jason Kendall and Lauren Morrisey. I really needed my Dom's approval. He gave it to me. "Thank you, Master Jason. I appreciate it. I must be heading back." I exited the stall and out of the bathroom and not once did I turn around to see my lover. Things were already complicated enough without having to tell my date for the evening that I had sex with an ex-lover in the men's bathroom. For both our sakes, it was better to keep everything discreet.

I returned to my seat as Act One was about ending. Lauren had been so enthralled by the ballet that she barely noticed me gone for quite a while. Happy to see me, she held my hand as I sat down and we continued our date into the rest of night.

What I mean by the rest of the night was my first sexual encounter with a woman. However, I'll leave details for another journal entry.

## Chapter 22: Sting

*From the Diaries of Lauren Morrisey.*

Dear Diary,

The end of *The Lovers* ended in applause, a standing ovation, and plenty of cheers from the crowd. Like everyone else, I stood up, clapped my hands and demonstrated my appreciation of Tchaikovsky's lost work with a few loud whistles.

Ricky laughed as I grabbed a hold of his arm and we headed back toward the lobby from the mezzanine.

"How did you like the show?" He asked me.

"Absolutely loved it." I giggled. "It's such a unique twist where the princess chooses the sorcerer at the end. It's not your typical fairytale finale. I kind of feel bad for the prince though." It's true. In my head, I kept picturing the princess coming to her senses and going back to the prince but I can understand her torn emotions. In her heart, she truly loved the enchanter.

"I'm sure he'll be fine." My date smiled. "But as the plot pointed out. True love can come in most unlikely of places."

I nodded as I released a breath. "Thank you, Ricky."

"For what?"

"Taking me to the ballet." I responded. "Most guys aren't into anything artsy unless it involves running up a beer tab. It's good to finally do something with a little more substance."

He flinched. "So you're saying I have substance? I don't know whether to be flattered or offended."

I held his arm tight and leaned in. "Definitely flattered. You've completely broken my scorecard for the night so you know what that means?" I clutched his hand and pulled him forward. He looked confused.

"Care to tell me or are we going to play twenty questions?" He stumbled for a bit which caused me to laugh.

Purring like an oversexed kitten, I shot him a lascivious grin. "It means coming to your place for an after-party."

His face turned white and I almost swear I heard him gulp. Was he nervous concerning my bluntness? I think he was. An *aww* moment made me smile. The man was completely naïve which attracted me to him even more. I wanted to dance like the ballet performers from *The Lovers* but I don't think the other patrons would appreciate cutting a rug right there in the lobby. Though, I can do a mean Electric Slide. I inhaled a sigh of satisfaction that I finally found a decent, nice guy out of the sea of losers I've been involved with in the past. I suppose my tracking record was finally turning around.

"Umâsure." Ricky hesitated.

His uncertainty made him much more appealing. Not wanted to waste another second, I grabbed his hand and dragged toward the entrance. We almost got outside to meet with our valet before a blond interloper blocked

our path.

"Leaving so soon?"

Jason Kendall, and resident asshole, stood between the door and our night of intimate fun. I quickly slipped my arm around Ricky's and tried to remain calm.

"It's been a wonderful evening, Mr. Kendall." I said in a cold, polite tone. "However, it's getting late and both us have places to be tomorrow."

The dark blond man clucked his tongue. "I'm sorry to hear that. I was hoping you two would stay a little longer to enjoy the gala." His eyes mysteriously fixated on Ricky. "I would have liked to converse with you more throughout the night."

My date bit his lip and frowned. "I'm sorry, Jason, but it's getting late and we both need our rest. Thank you so much for the tickets. Lauren and I enjoyed the ballet and the dinner."

The tall man looked hurt. Curiosity kept eating away at me at the business owner's agonized expression but I quickly squelched any suspicious and instead focused my attention on Ricky.

"You're welcome, Ricky." Jason Kendall responded. "Well I better not keep you two waiting. I'm sure you want the valet to get your car. Thank you so much coming and I hope to see you both sometime in the future."

I rolled my eyes. "We'll see." I pushed my date forward toward the entrance.

"Thank you, Jason!" Ricky called out as we headed out the door of the theatre. "I'll contact you in regards to our working contract!"

*Working contract?* I wondered what he meant by that. Then I realized that Ricky must be really dedicated to his job and since Jason Kendall was his boss, he wanted to make a memorable impression. I couldn't fault the man for attempting to smooth things over with his employer.

The parking valet got our car for us and Ricky opened the passenger's side for me to let me in. We drove back to his apartment complex in Guillermo and walked up the steps to his place as he led me inside and offered me a glass of wine from the kitchen. Once again I perused his art work.

One, in particular, caught my eye. Outlined in charcoal on the canvas of the easel was the body proportions of a human male, naked, muscular but missing a head. My face glanced down and noticed how extremely gifted the specimen was down in his private. I stifled a giggle as I drank my glass of wine.

"You really like penises, don't you?" I smiled as he entered into the living room with his own wine glass.

"What makes you say that?" He asked. Then he noticed me staring at his unfinished art work. "Oh that! I can explain." He defended himself.

I smirked. "Do tell, Mr. Quinn."

"Remember the art seminars I told you about?" He explained. "The ones hosted by Vassey?"

"Yeah."

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"One of the workshops was life drawing." Ricky informed me. "The model they used was rather lumâ lendedowed."

Lifting my eyebrows, I laughed. "I can see that. Why is his head missing?"

"I'm trying something different." The dark haired man continued. "Using a series of photographs, magazine pictures, and even my own memories, I want to combine elements of the symmetrical face and form a completely different human image. It's like morphing every aspect of the human body and bringing out the best physical qualities. I'm naming this painting Face Off. It's a metaphor for the superficiality of beauty based upon everyone's perception of the ideal."

"And the body?" I asked in reference to the perfect physique displayed before me.

"I agree." He said. "The body is absolutely proportionate and flawless. I'm considering aging it when I'm done with the piece."

I agreed. "I think you should do that. It'll make bolder statement." I glanced at him, stared into his dark eyes and he set down his wine on a nearby end table and began to touch my face.

"Does it bother you that you're out with a guy who questions his sexuality?" He asked me.

"That depends." I grinned. "Are you attracted to only men or to women?"

Ricky shrugged. "Why can't I be attracted to both?"

Setting my wine glass down next to his on the end table, I folded my arms. "What can't you? Look, Ricky, I'm not going to judge you on what you find sexually appealing. I'm not one to talk especially when I a little bi and have been with women. I just want you to know that I like youâ la lotâ l and I want to know if I'm wasting my time while you'll figuring this stuff out."

"To be honest," he paused. "I like you too, Laurenâ l a lot. I don't want to lead you on."

Reaching my arms around his neck, I placed my hands behind his dark hair and pressed him closer to me. "You're not. I'm willing to give this a shot if you are."

He smiled. "I do."

His face descended. My mouth found his and we connected. Lips parted and caressed the upper and lower lid as we both shut our eyes and gave in to the yearnings. His bottom half pressed against the folds of my dress to which I detected his surging erection started to grow against my belly. I pulled him tighter while his hands stroked by back as each touch of his fingers caused my nipples to harden.

Tongues eventually found each other. We tasted and savored both our lips, groaning in between breaths as my body stiffened and clutched his neck to ensure that my hold on him didn't break. Finally, our mouths caressed each other for a few seconds before Ricky decided to move away.

Exhibiting a kind of shame in his eyes, I became concerned.

"Ricky, what's wrong?"

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"Laurenâ I don't have much experienceâ with womenâ !" he stuttered. "Actually, no experience. The same goes for men."

I was floored. "You're a virgin?"

"Kind ofâ !sort ofâ !" The young man spouted before he admitted the truth. "Yeah."

My eyes dashed toward the growing bulge in his tuxedo pants. I cocked my head and grinned. "Well. I guess we'll have to fix that." Turning around, I lifted the tendrils of my dark hair up so that back of my dress was showing. "Would you kindly do the honors, Ricky, and unzip me?"

Eagerly, he stepped forward. Locating the tiny metal device, he slowly slid the instrument down as I shimmied out of my emerald dress and kicked it off my feet. Standing in my black Fashion Forms U-plunge bra, thong underwear, hosiery, and high heels, I placed my hands to both sides of my hips and remained confident.

"Like what you see?" I teased.

Slightly turning crimson, he nodded nervously. "Iâ !Iâ !have to go to the bathroom." He continued to sputter. "You knowâ !to get some protectionâ !"!

"Don't keep me waiting." I grinned. "Where's your bedroom?"

He shyly pointed the room just down from the hallway. I sauntered past him as he scrambled to the bathroom to grab a condom. As I heard him strip off his clothes, I did the same the moment I crossed into his bedroom. Kicking off my shoes, I slipped off my hosiery and then proceeded to unhook my bra. I tossed both item to the floor as I crawled on to the bed only in my thong and laid on my side, waiting for him.

Ricky coolly entered the doorway. Clad only his Calvin Klein black boxer briefs, his boyish innocence and young appearance made even more attractive. For a slender lad, he had some muscle tone in his arms and his chest displayed some square contours of pectoral development. Though his stomach didn't carry a rock hard six pack, his flat belly made up for it as it the rest of his body complimented the entire package.

In his hand, he clutched a row of packaged condoms and shyly he padded toward the bed.

"More than one condom, huh?" I joked. "Feeling confident that you can go several rounds tonight?"

He crawled on to the bed next to me. "I hope so."

Placing the condoms near us, he kneeled in front of me and pulled me off so that I was at the same level as him. His hands cupped my face and found my mouth as we once again tasted, savored, and sampled our lips we both our tongues.

A few breaths passed between us as his hand lowered, palmed my breasts, and playfully squeezed my pink areolas and nipples. I gasped but his mouth eased my surprise as our tongues reunited and cleansed our palates with our kisses. We explored the fondness our lips and I felt Ricky's hand lower down my belly to the silk black thong that I had on. His fingers pulled apart the elastic, slipped into the material and found the soft nest of dark curls which he played with each digit of his hand. Then reached down further, located my clit and with his middle finger played with until my folds quivered with delight. I clutched his shoulders and melted.

"Ohhh Rickyâ !.mmmâ !" My voice wavered.

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He displayed a wicked grin, curved his finger toward my opening and sank through. My petals parted easily and the pressure of his finger engulfed his wonderful tool but it was his thumb that proved to be the best accompanied. It jiggled and wiggled my special pearl and shot a hundred delights throughout my body to the point I couldn't contain myself.

"Oh Rickyâoh Rickyâ!" I moaned.

His desire of me showed no bonds as he withdrew his fingers. A small line of sweet nectar drew from my folds and exhibited my moist womanhood, aching to be pleased by him. With both fingers, he pinched the elastic of my thong and slid them off me. I fell back against the mattress, my hair spilling across the pillows as his body descended, parted my thighs and separated my slit with his thumbs.

"Beautiful." The dark haired young man commented. "Simply beautiful."

Glancing down at his appreciation, I smiled. "For a virgin, are you sure you know how to eat pussy?"

He giggled. "I've watched instructional videos online. I think I can figure it out."

I had to give him credit. He was determined. Before for I knew it, his tongue lashed across my clit. *Holy shit!* The boy knew how to follow directions. I have to ask him what sites he learned his techniques from but for now I was going to enjoy every moment. He flicked it over again before spreading a load of saliva from my entrance to my precious pearl. Waves of pleasure shot all across my body as I gripped the pillows and allowed his mouth to work its magic. My toes curls and my body weakened. Being with Ricky made me feel like heaven because I could experience my body leaving this plane of existence; in short, I was having an out of body occurrence.

Small droplets of dew fell from my opening to which he drank some of it and lifted his face up so that he could sit up near my knees. Clutching his designer boxer briefs, he slipped them completely off and tossed them to the side of the bed. My eyes gazed at his manhood, standing erect, and appearing quite ready. He wasn't a small or large man but his average size cock was something that I knew I would be definitely could enjoy. I waited patiently for him to enter me but instead he returned his hand back to the spot in between my legs as his finger vibrated my clit.

"Mmm." I moaned. "Don't stop."

He smirked. "Trust me. I've only just begun."

I was about inquire about his comment when suddenly he inserted his second index finger inside me and replaced one of his other digits with his thumb upon my clit. I groaned and gave in to the wicked emotions. However as promised, he continued to push my boundaries. Slipping his third finger in, I experienced a fullness I never expected. I panted to the invasion of two digits but little did I know that he had another in store for me. His fourth index finger slid in. I gasped.

"Ricky!" I exclaimed. "What are you doing?"

All three of fingers curved upward and hit a sensitive area I never knew existed. With his other hand palmed down on my pubic bone and his free thumb on my clit, he moved slowly inside me.

"I'm gonna make you cum." The dark haired man explained.

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In my head, I should have objected but this so-called inexperienced man vowed to make me reach orgasm. His hand vibrated my womb, tingled my sacred pearl, and sent an endless wave of pleasure throughout my entire body. Beginning at a slow pace, he got me adjusted to the invasion of his hand inside but quickly transformed his speed rapidly. It increased and picked up the pace until something within my inner core pleaded to be let out. It wanted to bust through.

"Cum for me!" Ricky demanded. "Cum for me, Lauren!"

My toes arched, curled to a ballet pointe, as my fingers completely numbed out. I gripped his wrists as my whole body writhed in total wantonness.

"YesâRickyâ!" I sensed my release arriving. "I want to cumâI want to cumâfor youâ!"

Little by little my sugar walls collapsed until the final flood of my climax erupted. I didn't drip out like a faucet. I gushed.

"I'm cumming! AAAAAHHHHH!"

Liquid silver spilled on to his hand as my orgasm drenched the sheets of his bed. I clawed at the mattress unable to stop myself as Ricky withdrew and lowered his mouth to taste some of my nectar that I so willingly provided for him.

"Mmmâdelicious." He snickered as he lapped me up.

I wanted to return the favor. Still exhausted, I slid across my own pleasure on the bed and crawled over to him. Positioned on his knees, I grabbed his cock and began to kiss it. He closed his eyes and grunted.

"Yeahâlike that." He instructed.

My long hair covered my face in messy array but I ignored it. All I wanted was a taste of my lover's cock and now that I was given the opportunity, I wasn't about to fuck it up. I tongued around the surface of his head, licked the urethra before swallowing all the way to the back of my throat. Ricky must have appreciated my skills because he moaned with delight as my nose nearly touched his belly.

"OhâLaurenâsuck my dickâ!"

I happily made his wish come true. I continued to taste, slurp, and consume his hard-on while enjoying the nice salty taste of his flesh. A bit of pre-cum dropped on my tongue but I didn't care as the full flavor of his shaft made me anxious for him to take me fully inside my soaked pussy. My folds craved him. He gently pulled me away from his erection.

"I want you now!" He declared. Gently he lowered me back on to the bed as my legs grazed against my own wet stain of the mattress. Parting my thighs, he sat in between my entrance as I he grabbed a condom wrapper, ripped open the package and slipped on the rubber on his dick. Clutching his hard-on, he pressed his hardness against my clit, rubbed it a few times before slowly entering my wet folds that continued to bask the reminder of my first climax. I was ready for a second one.

Slowly, he entered. His chest crushed my nipples as my arms wrapped around his bare back and clutched him tight. With his cock deepening inside my soft petals, I hooked my legs around his thighs until my bottom limbs entwined completely around his tight bottom. Finally his shaved groin tickled my nest of dark curls and I secretly wished I had groomed earlier before my date tonight. I was little bit embarrassed by my large bush



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especially since the man obviously manscapes. I regretted my unfairness. His constant grinding of my pubic bone worried me about giving me rug burns but at this point I was too lost in my pleasure to even care.

As he sank further into me, his tight buttocks flexed. I shut my eyes to any guilt and succumbed to the moist heat invading my womb. Ricky rushed in and out of me and with each wonderful stroke of his cock. I caught each flow, streaming through our carnal desires as we matched every single longing of our hungry bodies by sealing it with a kiss. Lips, mouths and tongues touched. The union of faces eventually connected at the same time our privates did which made our lovemaking even more powerful, stronger, and precise. I didn't want any of it to end.

"RickyâRickyâ!" I called out his name.

He mouthed the words of my name as he looked down at me. "Laurenâ!"

We were finally connected. We were finally one. He flexed a few more times inside of me as the burning heat converted into something white and hot. I sensed another orgasm coming.

"I'm gonna cum, Ricky! I'm gonna cum!"

"Uhhâuhhhâ!cum for me, Laurenâ!"

Then I erupted again. Liquid silver soaked the rubber searing through my womb. Ricky continued to move as he threw his head back and screamed.

"I'm cumming too! AAAHHHHHH!"

His seed filled the rubber as my insides drenched with my own pleasure. He flexed one more time, slammed into me, and then collapsed. I held him tight within my arms as he slowly lifted his head and smiled at me.

"Hey you!" Ricky grinned as he looked at me.

"Hey stranger!" I giggled.

Withdrawing himself from my womanhood, he embraced me close, kissed a few more times before falling asleep in each other's arms.

It was the best sleep I've had in a very long time.

Waking up the next morning with in glorious glow, my young lover welcomed me with another round of lovemaking. Actually make that a few more rounds as we continued using up the rest of the condoms in the shower and on the breakfast table. Let's just I wasn't hungry when I finally left his place around ten.

Driving to my apartment in Del Lydia where I changed out of my wrinkled dress and into my civilian clothes, I felt like I had landed on the moon. Already, Ricky's absent presence had affected me as headed to work in downtown Las Padres. Officer Fields got another tip concerning another high school drug sting operation but this one right up Lieutenant Price's alley.

"Morrisey, you and Vargas are once again partnered up on this case." My supervisor announced.

I wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. "Thanks, Lieutenant. Why the sudden change?"

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"Our leads tipped off that a supplier connected to one of the Anatoles is making a drop off near one of the high schools near Porras Park." Lieutenant Price explained. "You and Vargas are to go undercover as buyers and see if we can make a capture on one of the Antaoles' men. Fields will be backing you guys up."

It looks like it was going to be a good day after all. I've got some good nookie from a new guy I'm seeing and I'm being put back on the Hard Rock case. It might not have any relation to the Zagreskis but I was willing to take down the Anatoles as the closest thing.

"Will do, Lieutenant." I agreed.

Leaving his office, I reunited with my best friend as we got disguised ourselves in thuggish clothes and drove out to Porras Park a seedy area of Las Padres. As we waited for our contact to show his or her face, I pulled out my phone to check the text message that he sent me this morning. Sylvia became nosy and peeked at my screen.

"Is that your cub?" She teased me.

I rolled my eyes. "He's only three years younger. That hardly makes me a cougar."

My partner laughed. "As long as you're having fun, Lauren. It's good to see that you have new spring in your step." She decided to get more personal. "Soâhave you twoâ!" She was hinting about Ricky's and my potential intimate moments.

A wide grin displayed on my face.

Sylvia playful slapped my arm. "You slut, you! I knew you were finally getting some!" She hugged me. "I'm so happy for you, Lauren. You're finally dating a nice guy!"

I showed her the message. "Look what he sent me."

*Thanks for last night and this morning. Busy this week. Will be off Friday. Dinner at my mom's?*

Cocking an eyebrow, my Latin partner folded her arms. "Meeting the parents already? Are we moving a little too fast?"

"It's just dinner," I clucked. "Plus, he half Mexican. That means his family is traditional. Don't tell me your Latin roots don't have the same thing in your culture, Sylvia?"

"Young, virile and with some fiery Spanish blood." My partner snorted. "You sure picked a good one!"

"Let's just hope it stays that way." I answered. Picking up my phone, I texted him back.

*Sure. Friday dinner will be fine. Meet you at six. Can't wait.*

"There, it's done." I said to Sylvia. "Now I have no excuse not to meet his mother."

"Good point."

Some static came from our hidden wires and ear pieces. It was Officer Fields.

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"If you ladies are done playing the Dating Game, maybe you can focus on your jobs. The contact is pulling up now!"

We got into position. Dressed in a pair of faded jeans, torn shirts, dirty clothes and wearing bandanas, we approached a dark Lexus pulling up toward the edge of the curb near the park. A rough looking gentleman in his early twenties popped out of the backseat as the dark tinted windows of vehicle prevented us from looking inside. The hoodlum approached us.

"You got the money?" He asked me and Sylvia.

Reaching into our pockets, we pulled a wad of bills totaling up to five hundred dollars.

"You got the stuff?" I asked him as I kept the cash close.

The hoodlum reached into a shirt to pull out a stack of tiny plastic bags containing small grams of power. Bound together by several rubber bands, he dangled the bags in front of our faces.

"Half a pound of Hard Rock," smirked the dealer. "Just a little bit can be sold at twenty a piece when melted. You're getting a good deal."

"Just as long as there's a demand for it." Sylvia droned. "What's the difference between this and crack?"

"Baby," the hoodlum cooed. "It's the purest high you can get. Once your customers get hooked, they'll keep coming back for more. You can charge ten times for it the next time."

"Deal." I said. I slapped the cash in his hand as he handed me the merchandise. Once in my palm, the police sirens started to go off as the police cars started pulling into the park. We reached into our pockets and pulled out our badges.

"Police! Surrender!"

"FUCKING BITCHES! YOU'RE NARCS!" The hoodlum began to race to the car. Sylvia leaped on the man's back, straddle his legs so that he was immobile so that she could cuff him. I stared at the car as he began to pull out.

Suddenly from the dark tinted windows, the glass lowered as a shiny piece of metal peered out of the corner. At the end of the hole, I could see it targeting Sylvia to which point I grabbed my gun concealed underneath my shirt and aimed at the driver.

"DROP YOUR WEAPON!" I screamed. The gun aimed directly at my partner and I ran to cover her from the attack.

However, the gun didn't fire. Every side of each window of the vehicle cracked as loud explosions echoed in the park. I shifted my position to see someone a few feet from us in civilian clothes shooting directly at the Lexus. Distracted by the assailant, the driver redirected his focus and began shooting back at the gentleman.

Within seconds, blood poured from the stranger's chest as he fell backwards against the grass. I raised my gun and fired back but only hitting the passenger's side of the car door. The Lexus peeled out as the rest of the police cars closed in on the area. It sped through the park, almost knocking down a few patrons before slamming through a fence and making its getaway through the backstreets of Porras Park. Soon it disappeared.

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As Sylvia read our suspect's rights, Officer Field came rushing at me.

"Morrisey, are you okay?" He asked me with concern.

"I'm fine." I responded. My eyes focused on the mysterious man shooting at the vehicle. We ran to the body which remained unmoving as I checked his pulse. Sadly, he didn't have any. "He's dead, Fields."

"Fuck!" Our leading officer cursed. "Did you get a good look at the license plate of the vehicle?"

"No," I said. "It happened too fast. The driver was going to shoot Vargas and this guy came out of nowhere and started shooting at the car."

"At least, we apprehended the dealer," noted Fields. "We'll see what we can get from him." He turned toward the body. "What about this guy?"

I knelt down to inspect the corpse. He appeared to be African American, bald, in his mid-thirties with a stocky build. I reached into his pocket to pull out his driver's license.

"Name is Carl Lamb." I told Fields. Then something strange caught my eye as I pulled up a work I. D. from his wallet. "Security for Kendall Conglomerate International."

Seems to be Jason Kendall is once again involved with something illegal. This time I wasn't going to let him off the hook.

Lauren.

## Chapter 23: Questioning

From *the Journals of Ricky Quinn*.

All I could see in my head was color. I completed outlining the face of Jason Kendall on my unfinished work as I captured every chiseled line of his jaw, chin, and square cheek bones as his lustful eyes stared up at me from the canvas. I felt guilty about lying to Lauren about my art piece but it was better to keep her in the dark about my involvement with my Dom. The less she knew; the better off our relationship would be.

A feeling of guilt shot through my brain. I regretted my connection to Jason especially since I was now dating Lauren and I loathed myself for keeping my Master on a leash while I was seeing someone else. It wasn't fair to either individual. More importantly, it wasn't fair to me.

I pondered my feelings for a while as I analyzed every aspect of my attraction to both the blond Dom and the brunette detective but not once could I justify exactly with whom my emotions were the most strongest toward. With the drug dealer, I discovered a world of untold, wicked pleasures and the freedoms of exploring the kinky side of sex that I never knew existed. With the detective, I awakened the passions of stability and a sense of normalcy in my life that I longed to have and now I could finally experience. In other words, I was torn.

Finishing the last of the sketch, I removed the canvas from the easel and placed it in a nearby closet. My cell began to buzz with a message and I went to check it out.

On the screen, Jason left me a text.

*I need to see you. Come to me.*

Sighing, I changed out of my art clothes and into a basic t-shirt and jeans. Then I headed out the door.

It had been a few days since the gala and with my upcoming date with Lauren this Friday evening at my mother's house, there had been awkward distance between me and Jason. He texted me several times since the charity ball but I managed to ignore his messages as I needed some space to clear my head. Even still, my bond to my Master was too strong so I needed to finally obey.

Arriving at his mansion in Oceanview, I parked in my usual spot and rang the bell. Filomena, the housekeeper, opened up the front entrance and let me in. She then pointed toward the stairs.

"Mister Kendall is waiting por you." She informed me. "He's in the special guest bedroom."

I nodded and comprehended which room she was talking about. The gaudy one that contained my Dom's hidden toys. I marched up the stairs, located the chamber with the tasteless décor, and headed inside.

Jason shut the door behind me and locked it. He stood his dress shirt, tie, and trousers with his arms tucked inside his biceps and exhibiting a serious tone. "Remove your clothes and kneel."

Exhaling a breath, I pulled my tee off my body at the same time I kicked off my shoes. Reaching down, I pulled off my sports socks and began unbuckling my belt. I watched my Master observing me strip as I yanked my jeans and my underwear until I was finally standing bare feet and bare ass to my Dom. Pulling myself to my knees, I knelt down so that legs touched the carpet and waited for the next set of instructions to please the blond hunk.

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"Stay perfectly still." He ordered. "Do not move. I want you to keep your hands behind your back and only refer to me only as Master. Nod if you understand."

I nodded. Not once did I move. I was the perfect statue.

He padded behind me, did some digging inside the wooden totem pole as he dragged some items from the secret compartment of the decoration. Returning to where I was, he grabbed both my arms and slipped my hands through two metal circles attached to strong chain. I knew they were handcuffs. Not the gentle furry kind but honest-to-God-police-using handcuffs. I nervously swallowed.

From my corner of my eye, he sheathed on a pair of leather gloves and then clutched a long leather staff. I saw the small flap at the end and realized it was a riding crop. My pulse began to race. *Oh shit. He's taking this to the next level.* I said to myself. Finding the courage, I mentally prepared myself for what was to come.

Slapping the staff hard against the leather glove, he kneeled down next to me, licked the side of cheek and kissed me. His voice soothed my ear.

"Don't worry, Ricky. This will be pleasurable. I think you're ready."

I hoped so. Placing a silk blindfold over my eyes, I stared forward in complete darkness and waited for what was to come. He slapped the riding crop in his hand. I flinched at the sound.

"You're safe word, Ricky, is my name." Jason informed me. "It will not be Master. It will not be Daddy. If the experience gets too intensive, I want you to call out my name. Do you understand and agree?"

I nodded and said nothing.

"Excellent." He continued. "During this process, I have a couple of questions to ask you. Answer truthfully and I won't strike you. Do you understand and agree?"

Again I nodded in silence.

"Wonderful. Then we'll begin."

He slapped the riding crop hard upon his leather gloves. I listened to the hard slap invade my ears and I cringed. Then the edge of the flat leather attached to rod stroked my back. My Dom ensured his that presence was known as it dragged the flap right down to my wrists now bound and chained within the metal handcuffs. Sightless and unable to move, he roughly grabbed shoulders, arched me down so that my face touched the carpet as he pulled my naked ass upward for him to run the crop along both sides of my butt cheeks. Then he raised the riding crop up high.

"Why haven't you answered my texts?" He asked me.

I hesitated. "I was busy."

"Wrong!"

*Slap.* The riding crop flicked across my ass, causing a sudden, smart pain on my right bottom. I bit my lip and tried to speak.

"I neededâtime to think."

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"Why did you need time to think?" He demanded to know.

"I was confused."

"Wrong answer!" His voice barked.

*Slap.* A huge flare lit up across my left butt cheek. I gasped and felt the urge to use my safe word but instead to bear the pain. I pleaded to his sympathies as I spoke out my confessions. A soft whimper escaped my lips.

"Iâ I needed some space from you, Master."

A hissing noise flared from his nostrils. "Is it because you needed to fuck your new girlfriend?"

"Noâ "

He cut off my statement. *SLAP!* "Liar!" This time the riding crop raked across both my ass cheeks. A searing pain throbbled the moment he laid down the strike that I yelped and began to weep.

"Yes..." I sobbed. "Iâ I didn't knowâ how to reactâ to these new feelingsâ " Unable to control my emotions, I released all of it. "Iâ I want to stay awayâ you scare me, Masterâ but I can'tâ stay away from youâ so I needed somethingâ someone elseâ to make sense of this madnessâ I chose a womanâ "

*Slap!* The riding crop now struck my back. It lit on fire. I howled in agony as I continued to cry. *Slap!* This time the assault occurred at the bottom of my spine. I could no longer endure the anguish of his frustrations so I cried out.

"JASON!"

Then there was silence. With the pain throbbing on my back as well as my ass, I wept in the floor until a drenched puddle formed within the carpet fibers. Rough leather clad hands grabbed my hips as gentle lips kissed away the pain from my back and lowered to the aching rawness of my bottom. Massaging away the flaring agony, my Dom pushed apart the flesh of my mounds and encircled a tongue around the edge of my manly hole.

Beneath the blindfold, I shut my eyes and gave in to the pleasure of his mouth on my anus.

"You like that?" He growled close to me.

I answered. "Yes, Master. I like it very much."

Leaning in close to the other side of my face, I could sense his warm breath all around me. He slapped the riding crop again across his leather gloves as he crept up close to my earlobe.

"Before I fuck you, Ricky," he commented. "I'm going to punish you for disobeying your Master. You haven't been a good son to your Daddy, have you?"

He expected me to answer but I had difficulty in replying. Instead, I opted to shaking my head.

*Flick.* The tap was light but quick. It didn't hurt but sent a surprising tingle across my left nipple. My Master decided to apply a little more pressure on the next attempt. *Flick!* This time the crop did sting my nipple. I let out a gasp but Jason rapidly soothed the pain with his mouth and tongue. I sighed.

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Expecting him to tease my other nipple, I was surprised as I felt the leather strap at the end of shaft stroke down my chest, lower toward my belly and caress the bottom of my scrotum and burgeoning erection. He rubbed the strap across my balls and shaft before removing it. I thought he had finished his exploration of my groin before the first strike hit me on my sack.

*Tap.* The small slap surprised me. My balls dangled. By no means was it painful but kind of shocked me. Due to the blindfold, I was unable to see the next attack. *Tap.* The Dom struck the bottom of my scrotum with the riding crop. I panted as my hard-on tingled with a weird sensation. Instead of some barbaric, torturous technique, he opened up something wicked and sinful inside me. A sense of urgency to please him took over. I was in no longer in control of my logic as I gave in to him.

"Do you like that, son?" His voice questioned me from every angle of my body.

"I like that very much, sir." I answered in a formal response.

"Would you like your Daddy to strike your dick?" He inquired.

My cock swelled. It wanted so much to feel that strange sensation from the rod. I nodded. "Yes, Daddy, please strike my dick."

"Are you sure?"

Again, my erection ached. "Yes, sir, I want you strike my dick."

"Beg for it."

With the handcuffs binding my wrists, I rocked back and forth. For some reason, my hard-on couldn't stand the waiting any longer. It needed to be punished.

"Yes, sir!" I shouted. "Please, Daddy! Strike my dick!"

I thought was more than prepared for it. It turns out I wasn't.

*Tap.* The crop hit the top of my dick, causing me to yelp. As I tried to come to terms with the uncomfortable pain, another strike lashed upon the center of my shaft. *Tap.* I gasped in the hope of giving some time to adjust to the agony but then he hit me again. *Tap.* More than ever, my dick flared. No longer able to bear the weight of the pain, I hollered my safe word.

"Jason!"

He stopped. I head the riding crop drop to the floor as he kneeled beside me, clutched my aching cock, and began to massage the pain away. His strong fingers underneath the leather gloves soothed rawness of my dick and transformed it into something much more delightful. Soon a bit pre-cum formed on the tip of my cock.

His voice melted in my ear. "Hmm, seems to be that my slave needs to be pleased even more. Don't you agree, son?"

I certainly did. Every fiber of my body craved a sensual hunger and only that appetite could appeased by my Master. I shook my bound hands within the handcuffs and raised my behind in the hopes that he understood my longing.



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"You wicked boy!" Jason growled. "You want an ass fuck, don't you?"

"Yes, Daddy." I replied. "Fuck my ass!" I was more than serious as I lifted my bottom even higher as I stood on my tiptoes.

"Maybe I shouldn't fuck you." He grinned. "Maybe I should leave you like this as punishment."

"No Master!" I scowled. I wiggled my bottom from side to side. "Please, Master! Fuck me!" Desperation possessed my body. My ass craved the touch of my Dom's cock and I begged for it like a wanton whore not caring about my dignity or self-respect. I lost all sight of myself. "Fuck me!"

The blond hunk finally relented. His gloved hands lifted me from the floor, spread my legs wide as I bent down, still blindfolded and handcuffed, and could sense his fingers pushing apart the mounds of my bottom. I heard the unzipping of his trousers as he scrambled around the room to grab something, rip open a foil wrapper, before squeezing some liquid from some random bottle. His gloved hand then inserted into my rectum and I experienced the softness of cold lubricant greasing me up as he clutched my hips and entered.

My anal walls separated as the feel of rubber invaded my insides. It tightened, gripped, and swallowed the hardness and enormity of his cock as he slowly entered and withdrew inside my eager hole. Then he built up a rhythm. It increased with rapid movements, slow at first then quicker with each speed as he slammed into me such fury that my cock and balls slapped against my thighs. Furious heat shot through my body as the pressure of his invasion made me cave and I grunted with each feel of his prick burying itself inside me.

"Uhâ luhâ lyes, Master, yes!"

His pants were just as heavy. "Godâ luhhâ luhhâ lyou're amazingly tightâ lGod I've missed this, Ricky!"

Beneath the blindfold, my body sang. Instead of darkness I witnessed light. White flashing light that sparked and ignited from every angle and sparkled in a field of beauty. I wanted my Master completely and he desired the same of me and neither one of us objected as we submitted to our desires and allowed the passion to rule our thoughts. Jason flexed his hips one more time, ramming all the way into me as he immediately climaxed.

"I'm cumming! AAAHHHHHH!"

I, too, felt mine.

"AAAAHHHHHH!"

An eruption of seed came from the tip of my cock and spilled on to the carpet. Jason's filled the condom with his and slowly withdrew. He whipped off the rubber, tossed to the side and pulled me with him down on the floor. Fast hands unlocked the handcuffs and blindfold and I habitually wrapped my arms around him as he connected his mouth on to mine. We kissed for a few more minutes, enjoying the bliss of our lovemaking as he embraced me close and refused to release me from his arms. I had no objection to that.

Planting a sweet peck on my forehead, he whispered. "You okay, Ricky. I wasn't too rough on you?"

I smiled and shook my head. "No, Jason. I was just caught by surprise. I didn't know a riding crop could be so much fun." It was true that some aspects of being whipped by a foreign object were a little uncomfortable but for the most part I did enjoy the experience.

He sighed and I could tell something was eating away at him. I decided to address the issue.

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"What's wrong?"

"It's this arrangement." He said. "I don't think I want to continue with keeping this strictly physical. I want this to be something more."

Surprised by his proposal, I pulled my arms away and I got up from the floor. A million concerns ran through my head, leaving me confused.

"You're suggesting that we make this into an emotional attachment?" I asked him.

He nodded as he raised himself up to pull up his pants. "Yes. That's what I'm saying, Ricky. You can't tell me that you don't want the same thing too."

"Iâ!" I attempted to find the words but I was speechless. "I don't know, Jason." My confusion instantly turned to anger. "Dammit, Jason! Why are you doing this to me now? I was happy exploring my sexual fantasies with you because I could separate the physical from the emotional! Now that I'm involved with someone else, you're complicating things by wanting something more! Frankly, I'm not sure I'm ready for it!"

He frowned. "Is it because of Detective Morrisey? You have feelings for her?"

"Of course, I have feelings for her!" I retorted. My fists were clenched tight to my sides. "She's different! She's normal! She notâ!"

"Me?" The blond hunk exhaled. "Are you telling me that I'm not normal? That I'm some fucked up drug dealer with some weird kinky fetishes and shouldn't be allowed to have feelings? Well newsflash, Ricky! I'm human! I feel like everybody else and who I feel the most towards is you!"

Shrugging my shoulders, I averted his gaze. "I'm sorry, Ricky. I need something than just that. A sense of normalcy. An opportunity to share myself with someone aside from this whole mess of whips and chains. I want someone who isn't involved in anything criminal."

Rubbing his forehead, Jason sighed. "And I'm not good enough to be that person. I'm not normal. I'm not stable and I'm a criminal. That's what you want, isn't it? Tell me, Ricky. Do you love her?"

His question made me think. I didn't have a definite answer so I tried to answer the question as best I could. "I don't know yet. It's too soon to tell but I do know my feelings are really strong."

"And they're not strong enough for me?" He demanded to know.

"I care about you, Jason." I told him. "You're a wonderful friend. Out of my obligation for helping me and Alexâ!"

His blue eyes started to well up. "Obligation? Is this all that it is? You don't feel the same way that I feel about you?"

I was going to explain my reasons even clearer but a knock on the door interrupted us. I hid in the closet as Jason wiped away his tears and answered Filomena.

The Filipino housekeeper seemed nervous. "I'm sorry, Mister Kendall but there's a Detective Morrisey downstairs waiting por you."

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"Tell her I'll be right down." He instructed. The maid exited as the blond Dom addressed me as I opened up the closet door. "Stay here and be quiet. I'll deal with this."

Shutting the door behind him, I scrambled naked to grab my clothes as I snuck out down the hall and I concealed myself near a corner of the bannister of the staircase to eavesdrop on the conversation below. From my vantage point, I saw Lauren accompanied by a Latino woman as Jason Kendall greeted the pair downstairs.

"Ahh, Detective Morrisey." He greeted coolly. "What a nice surprise. You should've called that you were visiting. My housekeeper makes a mean cherry tart."

"I'm afraid this isn't a social visit, Mr. Kendall." Lauren stated with a serious tone. She turned to her companion. "This is my partner, Detective Sylvia Vargas."

"Please to you meet you." He acknowledged the Latin woman. "Exactly, what is this about?"

"Do you know a Carl Lamb?" Lauren questioned him.

"Yes," my Dom replied. "He works security for me at my company. Why?"

Sylvia Vargas stepped up. "During a drug sting involving possible ties to the Anatoles, a shootout occurred. Carl Lamb happened to be connected and died during the incident."

Jason clutched his chest as he turned pale. "Oh my God. Carl was a model employee and a great bodyguard. I didn't know— has his family been contacted? Do they need any financial support for the funeral?"

Lauren raised her hand. "His family has been contacted. I'm sure you can deal with the funeral arrangements later. Right now, we want to know why Mr. Lamb was there during the drug raid. Why would a mild mannered security guard involve himself with something so criminal?"

Shrugging his shoulders, my Master remained calm. "I don't know, Detective. I have over three hundred employees working for me. I don't know what they do in their private life. I'm not sure what Mr. Lamb was involved with but if it was anything illegal, I wasn't aware of it."

The dark haired beauty wasn't convinced. "Why is it that everything and everyone involved with this city's drug trade seems to be pointing to you?"

"I'm not sure, Miss Morrisey." Jason informed her. "Maybe it's because I have bad luck."

"Or maybe you're more involved with things that you'd prefer to keep secret," she suggested. "Like your relationship to the Zagreskis?"

"Lauren! Enough!" Sylvia Vargas snapped. "Mr. Kendall is not a suspect. He's provided us information already about Carl Lamb. That's all we need."

"Perhaps if you let us search your house—" Detective Morrisey pushed.

Jason remained firm. "Only if you have a search warrant. Detective Morrisey, I have nothing to hide."

I gulped. What game was my Dom trying to play? If Lauren discovered me here, there would be questions of my presence at the mansion. She would eventually learn that of my sexual involvement with Jason Kendall!

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My Master wouldn't throw me under the bus like that? Would he? Then again he was pretty upset that I couldn't give him what he wanted. An emotional commitment. I had to get out of there fast!

"No need, Mr. Kendall." Detective Vargas replied. She glared at her partner. "We just wanted some information on Carl Lam. Thank you for your time." Grabbing Lauren's arm, she proceeded to drag the law enforcement away. Lauren sneered at the blond hunk and began yelling.

"THIS ISN'T OVER, KENDALL! I KNOW YOU'RE INVOLVED WITH THE ZAGRESKIS! I'LL PROVE IT!"

Jason calmly shut the front door as they left. Observing from above, I snuck out the back stairwell and to the rear entrance of the kitchen to make my escape. After my argument with my Dom earlier, I didn't need any more drama concerning this. Seeing the coast clear and no one in sight, I got into my car and drove off.

My return trip to Guillermo gave me time to think I was torn between two people who deeply cared for me. Lauren and Jason.

The problem was who do I choose?

## Chapter 24: Break-In

*From the diaries of Detective Lauren Morrisey.*

Dear Diary,

Upon leaving the mansion of Jason Kendall, my partner Sylvia Vargas ripped me a new one.

"What the hell were you thinking?" She screamed at me.

I defended my actions. "I know Jason Kendall is involved with Hard Rock. I can feel it in my guts."

Rolling her eyes, the Latin woman shook her head. "Even if you feel it, we follow things by the book! You can't search his house without a warrant and no judge will issue it out without probable cause! You have no evidence to prove his involvement in this case!"

"What about Carl Lamb?" I argued. "He works for Kendall! There's got to be something there!"

"It's all circumstantial up to this point." Sylvia clucked. "We questioned his brother, Mark, and he showed us the security footage of Jason working all day when the shootout occurred. We have hundreds of eye witnesses who will be able to verify his alibi. The man is a workaholic. He practically lives for his company."

"But security tapes can be doctored." I debated.

"Let it go, Lauren!" Sylvia snapped. "This obsession with the Zagreskis is making you crazy! There isn't a lawyer in the world that can prosecute Jason Kendall unless we have hard evidence to prove he's involved with drug dealing! The man has a spotless record! He told us all he knows about Carl Lamb so we have to do more research. Don't try to ruin your career again by accusing him of something criminal! Lieutenant Price put you back on the force to help with this case so you need stop burning those bridges!"

Releasing a sigh, I shrugged. "You're right, Sylvia. I need to focus on the Anatoles and stop obsessing about the Zagreskis. I'll check with everyone see if they have any other leads connecting to Carl Lamb's death."

"That's my girl!" The Latin woman smiled. She hugged me as we returned to our car.

Truthfully, I lied. I wasn't finish with Jason Kendall. Call it woman's intuition but I knew something was not right about Jason Kendall and I was going to prove it. Come hell or high water, I was going to catch the business owner on something criminal and bring him to justice.

Ricky texted me a few times with some playful words about missing me. I returned the favor and did the same. With our busy schedules, it was hard to see each other but we anxiously waited for our Friday evening to meet up for dinner as his mother's house.

Choosing a transparent white blouse, dark tank top, and nice pair of jeans, I pulled my hair back in a ponytail and drove from my apartment in Del Lydia to his place in Guillermo to arrive about six in the evening. Ricky instantly greeted me at the door in a nice dress shirt and jeans and scanned my appearance in order to meet with his approval. His face said it all.

"You look amazing." He complimented.

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"Thanks." I replied.

He took my hand, pulled me toward him, and kissed me. His lips were sweet. It wasn't a big passionate kiss but an affectionate sample to remind ourselves of what we've been missing out on. Gently, he pulled me away as he clutched my hand.

"You ready?" He asked me.

"As ready as I'll ever be." I answered. "I'll drive this time."

We headed to my car and drove to Santa La Diaz. I park right in front of an older house with a chain link fence as Ricky and I got out and headed up the walkway to the front door. Ringing the bell, an older woman with graying hair greeted us as she hugged the twenty three year old and welcomed me with open arms.

"Oh I'm so happy to meet you, Lauren!" Bianca Quinn embraces me. "Bienvenido!" Her eyes examine me with curiosity. "Come in!"

Heading inside her house, the smell of awesome homemade Mexican food filled my nostrils. Ricky's mom pulled out a seat for me at the dinner table as my date sat to her right while she proceeded to pass along bowls of rice and beans, plates of freshly made enchiladas, carne asada steaks, tamales, and warm tortillas. I dug in.

"Tiene hambre?" The older woman asked me.

"Famished." I said.

"Excelente!" Bianca laughed. She turned to her son. "Finalmente, Enrique, you bring home a chica that knows how to eat! Me gusto!"

Ricky blushed as I tried not to laugh. Instead I focused on the delicious food in front of me while learning more about his mother.

"So Ricky told me you use to be a nurse?" I asked her.

"Claro que," she smiled. "I still work part time but after my stroke I had to lessen my hours. What do you do, Lauren?"

"I'm a police detective for the Las Padres P. D."

It appeared my profession interested her. She leaned in close to learn more about my occupation.

"Trabajando con las policias?" She asked in Spanish. "You are very brave woman, Lauren. It's good to know that Enrique is dating a strong woman who can handle herself."

"It comes with the territory." I informed her.

"So are have you and Enrique talked about having children?" Bianca Quinn bluntly probed me.

Ricky almost choked on his dinner.

"Mom!" The twenty three year old protested. "We're only dating! We haven't gone out that long!"

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"Oh don't mind my son," grinned the Quinn matriarch. "Enrique tiene nunca a date home before. I'm just excited to finally meet someone that my son is dating!"

I was flattered by her remark. I could officially count myself as the first person that Ricky Quinn brought home. It made me a rarity.

Bianca Quinn continued. "It's good to know that my son is interested in women. I was afraid he was going to turn out like a maricon. Some faggot!"

My mouth dropped and I had to wipe my lips to mop up the spittle of food that fell from it. I don't know if my ears were deceiving me but did his mother use some homophobic slur especially around her son? The investigator in me decided to hear the facts first.

"Excuse me?"

"You know, Lauren." Bianca Quinn continued. "A fag! Tu sabes those maricones that sin against God and ask for gay marriage! They refuse to change and they're all going to hell!"

Ricky frowned and spoke up. "Mom, I don't think it's appropriate to talk politics at the dinner table. I think we should converse about something else. Por favor."

My date's mother acted offended. "Porque? I can't have an opinion about it? I'm sure your date would agree with me!" Her eyes gestured to me. "Lauren, don't you think being a faggot is wrong? Verdad?"

Inside I was seething and I glanced at Ricky who slapped his forehead in embarrassment. I decide to stay calm and try to educate his mother.

"I choose not to pass judgment." I said. "Luke 6:37 in the Bible says Do not judge, and you will not be judged; and do not condemn, and you will not be condemned; pardon, and you will be pardoned. I work with a wide variety of people of different backgrounds. I don't condemn them regardless if they are non-Christian, of a different race, or if they're gay."

The woman snorted. "Like I told Enrique, you might have to work with them but you don't have to agree with their lifestyle. Homosexuality is wrong. Muy mal! God will make that judgment when they die."

I said nothing more about the issue. Something I've learned about dealing with bigots is that they're set in the ways. My face glanced at Ricky who looked miserable so I turned toward his mother who didn't seem remorseful concerning her words. Letting out a sigh, I focused on my meal as we both stayed awkwardly quiet the rest of meal except for the occasional small talk about the weather and how well seasoned Bianca Quinn's refried beans were. After two hours of hell, Ricky and I made an excuse about working early the next morning in order for us make an excuse to leave. He kissed his mother on the cheek and she uncomfortably hugged me as we left her house with the promise of the possibility of coming to visit her sometime soon. I nodded though in my head I told myself it would be a fat chance in hell before I ever return to that homophobic woman's house but I didn't tell Ricky that. Remember that this is his mother we're talking about.

Once inside my car, we drove back to my place in Del Lydia completely relieved that the evening had ended.

"Sorry about the evening," Ricky apologized. "I should've warned you that my mother is homophobic."

"No kidding." I sighed. "No wonder you and Alex have keep things in the closet. The amount of venom she spews is horrific."

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He shifted his face toward me. "You handled it really well. Despite her hateful remarks, I can tell she likes you."

"To be honest, Ricky." I said. "The sentiment isn't the same for me. I wanted to go off on her but I held my tongue for you."

Exhaling a breath, he leaned back in the passenger's seat of my car. "I appreciate it. In the future, I promise to keep my visits with her brief."

"If there is a return visit." I added with a scoff. "I have no patience for ignorance."

He frowned. "So is there a chance for another date after this disastrous one?"

"That depends," I smirked. "On how well you make it up to me at my place."

His eyes exhibited a kind of allure. "Believe me." He growled. "You'll be begging me to make it up to you."

Stomping on the gas, I pulled the car off the curve and drove off toward my apartment in Del Lydia.

We barely made it to the door before we our hands were all over each other. Ricky slammed me against the entrance of the doorway. I barely turned the key of knob before his mouth gripped mine and we fell down the carpet of my apartment. With nimble feet, we kicked the door closed, my lover managed to get up and lock the door as we maneuvered toward the couch.

Clutching at the folds of my blouse, he lifted it off my shoulders before tightening his hold around my waist. Then his mouth lowered. Finding the area fabric surrounding my bra, he kissed my breasts, licked through the cotton material and began playful biting the nipple. I assisted with peeling the tank top off until my bra was showing to which he helped me unhook the foundation garment and allow him to sample the real thing underneath.

His mouth found my right tit, inhaled it in between his lips while he kissed my areolas and suckled my pink nipples. A wet tongue encircled the nub, trailing a small bit of saliva and then following a trail of kisses toward my other breast and repeating the movement. I shut my eyes and moaned.

"RickyâRickyâ!"

Lifting my legs up, he pulled off shoes and socks and next moved to the button of my jeans. Skilled fingers undid the button, pulled down the zipper, and tugged at the denim until it was completely off my limbs. Planting a sweet kiss on the balls of my feet, he knelt down and peeled my panties off until my freshly shaved pussy laid spread and open for him. I was prepared this time. I made sure to groom that area.

He appreciated my smooth appearance and his tossed both my legs over his shoulder, separated the folds of my petals, and planted his face right in. With seconds, I experience his mouth vibrated my opening, moistening my clit, as his fingers massaged and stroked my entrance.

"RickyâRickyâ!" I panted his name in between breaths.

My lover made some illicit sounds with each movement of his lips. He grinded his face even deeper into my opening as waves of pleasure shot through my body. I clawed the couch as my toes curled and my body writhed in delight.



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"Yesâ leat me!" I demanded.

Happily, he obliged. More of his wet tongue darted in and out of entrance before he replaced it with single finger. With his digit stroking my womb, he matched each stroke of insides with the rapid flicking of his tongue on my clit. Both vibrations send me over the end to the point that I couldn't experience any more pleasure than what he was giving me.

I was wrong.

Sweet torture possessed my body. As he had done before, he became more brazen. Instead of a single finger, he inserted two more while keeping his thumb and pink set outside my petals. With fast hands, he curled upward, hitting my G-spot, and releasing the animalistic passions deep inside me. To further increase the intensity, he rested his tongue on my precious pearl and together the two sensations awoken such incredible emotions that I thought I would pass out from exhaustion.

"Rickyâ lshitâ loh Godâ !"

He refused to listen and glanced down at me while his fingers fucked me with amazing skill. I raked the couch cushions as my body contorted as the feeling of explosion started to take place.

"Cum for me." Ricky ordered. "Cum!"

I didn't want to but my body refused to listen. With seconds, white hot heat shot from core. Soon I gushed like a fountain.

"AAAAAHHHHHHH!"

Liquid silver erupted into his hand, drenching him with my orgasm as he caught some of my honey inside his mouth. I heard him swallow some of my climax as I flopped around the couch, staining it with my juices, and finally relaxing to the sound of my tired breaths.

Raising himself up from his knees, he opened his mouth to kiss me. A bit of my sweet nectar tasted delicious on my lips as our tongues danced and mouths puckered and drew forth. I clutched my lover as he embraced me close to which he whispered in my ear.

"Let's take this to the bedroom."

I agreed as he lifted me off the couch and carried me to my private chambers where we continued our lovemaking session well into the night.

Sleeping in his arms couldn't be more satisfying.

Sunlight from my curtained windows woke us up. I shifted my position on the bed to stare at Ricky who just slowly waking up his eyes at the same time.

"Good morning." I smiled.

"Same to you." He grinned back.

White sheets covered our bodies as he leaned into kiss me. My stomach tumbled with glee while our mouths met and displayed our affections.

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Slowly, he retreated and his face suddenly changed expressions. Concerned, I questioned him.

"What's wrong?"

"Laurenâ !â !" he started to speak. "I don't know how to start these things. This is a first for me."

I became worried. Supporting myself on my elbow, I touched his face. "Then just say it, Ricky. Whatever, you wish to say you can tell me. I won't judge you."

He sighed, pressed his head down on the pillow and stared at the ceiling.

"I've never done thisâ !" he hesitated. "I don't know how this works."

"What do you mean?"

His face turned to me and stared. Dark, brown eyes glimpsed me with nervousness as he spoke.

"Laurenâ !I'm developing feelings for youâ !"â

His admittance surprised me. A bubble of joy of his admission made me want to jump but I stayed calm.

"I feel the same way." I smiled. My hand approached his hair and I teased it with my fingers. "You're the first guy that I can say that too."

Ricky giggled. "Well you're the first woman I've said this too." He frowned a little. "I think I'm falling in love with you."

He finally said the words. Those three words that many people in potential relationships long to hear. I beamed with happiness as I leaned in and kissed him long and hard. Overwhelming joy took over me as I hugged him and refused to let him go.

"Ricky," I responded. "I think I'm falling I love with you too."

His face grinned from ear to ear. Cupping the back of my head, he pressed me close so that our noses touched and connected our mouths once again.

In between the caress of our lips, he spoke. "Let me paint you."

I stared at him in surprise. "What?"

"Let me paint you. Model for me." The back of his hand touched the flesh underneath my breasts. "I want to draw every magnificent curve of your body. Lauren, be my muse."

Slipping my arms around his neck, I nodded slowly. "Yes, Ricky. I'll be your muse."

Grinning widely, he turned to cover his body on to my own as we held each other and kissed until we lost all track of time. Then our hands groped, pressed against the soft folds our skin, and allowed us an opportunity to express our love in a completely physical moment.

I've never been happier.

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After another hour of repeated lovemaking, I offered to drive my lover back home in Guillermo where I dropped him off at his apartment complex. Remembering that I left some jewelry at his place the night of the charity gala, Ricky informed me that he had put all the accessories inside a plastic bag and left them on his dresser. I decided to accompany him in order to retrieve them.

We hadn't gotten a few steps to his apartment before we noticed his front door slightly ajar.

"That's funny." He noted. "I know I locked the door."

Instinct and intuition suddenly took over. Shoving him behind me, I pulled out my gun from my purse and carefully crept inside the doorway. I crossed first through the living room to see some of the furniture overturned, papers scattered everywhere, books and his artwork piled on to the floor while all drawers around the kitchen were opened.

"Holy shit!" Ricky muttered in shock as he looked around. "Somebody broke into my apartment!"

"Hold on." I warned him. "I want to make sure that nobody is still around." Clutching my pistol, I made my way down the hall. The bathroom looked just as messy as the living room and kitchen with drawers opened and the contents of the medicine cabinet scattered on the floor. Then I headed toward his bedroom. Pushing at the door, I saw that the mattress was overturned, his dresser drawers pulled all the way through and the clothes from his closet tossed around in various piles.

Ricky ran in once the coast is clear and frowned. "My bedroom too?"

"At least there's no sign of the intruder." I said as I put the gun back inside my purse. "Check to see if anything valuable was taken.

He dug through the pile of drawers to find his checkbook, credit cards, bank statements, and extra cash untouched. Even the accessories I left behind were still in a plastic bag on top of his dresser.

After a few minutes of double checking, Ricky shrugged. "It looks all like my stuff is here. Even with the mess, they didn't take anything. My laptop, stereo, t. v., and all the appliances are still intact. Why would anyone break into my place and not steal anything?"

Why indeed. As usual, my gut told me something was off. The thieves wanted something more valuable than personal possessions. Something important. What that something was still a mystery?

All I know is that Jason Kendall is somehow involved with this break-in and I was determined, more than ever, to prove it.

Lauren

## Chapter 25: Goodbye

*From the journals of Ricky Quinn.*

After the break-in, Lauren offered me a place to crash which her apartment in Del Lydia for the week. It's understandable since I didn't feel safe staying in my own home after having thieves violated my personal haven. The funny thing in all of this was the fact that they didn't take anything.

Lauren helped me a file a police report but she told me that they really couldn't do anything since nothing was stolen and despite the act of vandalism, her fellow officers had other important cases to focus on. This didn't really sit well with me but she helped me tidy up the place and gave me a couple days to allow the shock of it all to wear off.

Grabbing some clothes, my art supplies, and blanket and pillow, I settled into her apartment with ease as we decided to share a room and her bed. It wasn't that difficult since I could officially say we're in a relationship. I mean I was in love her. Truly, madly, deeply. As cliché as it sounded, I knew that this was the person I was meant to be with. She was beautiful, sexy, and more importantly, normal. I couldn't see myself with anyone else; and that included Jason Kendall.

Since our argument, my Dom blew up my phone with texts requesting me to see him. He even sent me an apology via my cell but I ignored the messages and instead directed all my energies on getting a fresh start which included beginning a new relationship. I needed to get away from the madness of my agreement with that man and return to my ordinary, mundane, boring existence.

"How do you want me?"

Lauren arched her back like a cat as she sat on the couch naked and began mugging her face in front of me.

"Do you prefer sexy porn star or naughty stripper?" She giggled.

"Very funny, Lady Godiva." I teased. "Just lie down natural with your arm around your head so I can get a sketch of you."

She changed her position so that the full length of her body fell across the cushions and her breasts spilled naturally in their place. Her long dark hair cascaded to her shoulders and she shot me a smile that was perfect for me to draw her likeness on the canvas with my charcoal pencil. As promised, she agreed to be my muse for my nude portrait that I was doing and I was happy to soak in her true physical wonder in all its glory.

"I feel like Kate Winslet from the *Titanic*." She smiled.

I pressed the charcoal pencil on to the canvas and began sketching her form. "Well I don't have a giant sapphire necklace and luckily your apartment isn't sinking."

"What if I put a huge blueberry from the fridge in between my breasts?" She purred. "Will that count as the Heart of the Ocean?"

"Tempting," I licked my lips. "But you don't want me to start singing Celine's My Heart Will Go On."

Her eyes widened. "Wait! That reminds me!" She jumped off the couch, ran into the bedroom, and came out holding an old LP.

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I sighed in frustration. "Am I ever going to get this sketch done?"

"Oh shut up, Ricky!" She clucked. "Look what I got you!" Her breasts bounced as she jumped and down and handed me the old record.

"A dusty, scratched album?" I clucked. "In an era of CDs and downloaded music, you got me a record?" It wasn't that I didn't want to sound ungrateful but I really wanted to continue working on my art piece.

Lauren rolled her eyes. "Read it, stupid!"

My eyes scanned the name on the label before my mouth opened wide in surprise. I read the description.

"Tchaikovsky's *The Lovers* performed by the Bolshov Orchestra in Stalingrad!" I turned to my naked girlfriend. "How? As far as I know, there wasn't a published recording of his lost work."

"eBay!" Lauren informed me. "I did searching on the site and some Russian seller had the rare recording of the ballet. I bid for it hard and got a deal for \$100. So I got it for you!"

"Honey, I love it!" I embraced her and gave her a kiss. We were now at the phase of our relationship where we started calling each other by our pet names. Honey, sweetheart, baby, and, of course, cougar and cub even though we're only three years apart in our age difference.

The brunette padded to her stereo system that included an old record player to which she played the classical piece and then returned to her position on the couch. A series of violins and cellos swept up the room as I imagined the maiden dancing around the forest trying to choose between the handsome prince and the flamboyant sorcerer. As soon as the flutes and other wind instruments came in, I began drawing more furious than ever. I sketched each line that outlined the shape of her curves as beat of the song surrounded me. I detailed the shape and contours of her flesh while the drums pounded with harsh tones behind me in the background. Finally, I ended the symphony of the composition with an absolute likeness of my lover as the finale ended with the two lovers transforming into swans and ascending into the sky.

Standing back, I analyzed my piece as Lauren came up behind me to place her head against my shoulder.

"It's beautiful, Ricky." She grinned. "It looks exactly like me."

"Wait until I fill it in with color." I touched her face. "Then it will really pop."

Her face exhibited an alluring glow. "I know another thing that I can make pop."

I knew exactly what she meant. Wrapping her arms around my neck, I leaned down to kiss her. Our tongues connected and we danced from her living room into the bedroom where we made love for several hours. The record played again in the background of our intimate moment and our bodies danced in completely fulfillment.

I've never been happier.

Dressing a simple dress shirt, tie, and pants, I drove from Del Lydia to Guillermo with a spring in my step and a song in my heart. Mark met me outside of the building which by now made me aware that he wanted to give me some distressing news. I prepared myself for the update.

"Ricky," Mark began. "Before you go in, there's something you need to know."

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I've been friends with the trans man for a while to be able to read his cues. I inhaled.

"Jason's here. Isn't he?" I asked him.

Reluctantly, he nodded. "I kept telling him to give you space but he wouldn't listen to me. I told him that you and Lauren were now seriously involved but refused to acknowledge the news so he's here to confront you about it. He won't listen to reason, Ricky."

I curled my mouth. "I'll deal with him, Mark. Check on our employees and I'll have a private chat with your brother. Is he in my office?"

Mark nodded. "He's been waiting for you there until you arrived. He's not himself and that scares me."

"He scares me." I muttered.

The tall dark haired man grabbed my arm. "Whatever happens, Ricky. Be strong. Jason might be your Dom but a slave always holds the power. Make him to listen to you."

"I will," I whispered.

I entered the main entrance and headed up the stairs to my office. From the outside, Jason had shut the blinds which convinced me further that he wanted some private time with me. I got my mind in that mode as I turned the knob.

He sat on top of my desk, still regal and ethereal like some demonic angel that was ready to would save and tempt at the same time. His dark blond hair stared at me as his handsome, chiseled face watched every movement from locking the door and standing in front of him. He kept his arms folded together as his expensive, designer suit bunched up around him as he spoke.

"You've been ignoring me." The blond man said sternly.

I shrugged. "With good reason, Jason. I needed some time to myself."

"As my Sub, you are aware that you must follow your Master's requests at all times?" He explained.

I stood my ground. "And as your Sub, it's my choice whether or not I wish to follow them."

Jason angrily jumped to his feet. "Dammit, Ricky! This isn't a game! Why didn't you contact me when your apartment was burglarized?"

My eyebrows lifted. "How did youâ!" Then my face turned to anger. "Have you been spying on me again? Are your little flunkies checking up on me and Lauren? What the fuck is your problem?"

He began yelling. "My problem is that I made a vow to protect you! The fact that my enemies are putting the people I care most in this world in the line of fire concerns me! This relationship you have with this police detective is putting everyone at risk! You need to end it!"

I advanced. "Fuck you, Jason!" He backed away in shock. "Don't tell me what to do! I might be your slave but that doesn't give you the right to dictate every aspect of my life! I'm in love with Lauren!" His eyes widened when I said it but I didn't care. "That's right, Mr. Kendall. I'm in love with a police detective and there's not a damn thing you can do about it! I will continue to see her and be with her and I don't give a fuck what you

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think!"

His eyes lowered. Apparently, I had hurt him. I almost felt bad for him. Almost.

He sighed. "Is she who you want to be with?"

I hesitated before speaking. "Yes, Jason. I want to be with her. We've even talked about moving in together once my lease ends this year. It's getting serious."

The blond man averted his eyes from me. "If that's your choice, so be it. We'll end our agreement. Any mention of our Sub-Dom contract will be forfeited and any knowledge of activities will be terminated and concealed. As far as our working relationship, it will be merely on a professional level."

Surprised by his willingness to concede, I gestured to him with a simple nod of my head. "Thank you, Jason." I scratched my head in the form of a nervous tick as I tried not to seem ungrateful but I had to bring up one more issue. "As for Alex's rehab stayâ"

"It remains the same." Jason informed me. "I won't nullify my financial support for him. You can also keep the money I gave you to help your mother."

Once again I nodded. The blond hunk marched to the door but then turned around.

"One more thing." He said. "In order to distance myself from you and Lauren, I can no longer offer any protection to you both. I have reason to believe the Anatoles are involved with the break-in at your apartment. They somehow discovered my connection to you and think you have something stashed away at your place. Something the really want."

I backed away. "What could I possibly have that they want? I have nothing to do with your drug trade."

"Not you." He said. "Your brother. Apparently, Alex stole some secret documents that detail the chemical components required to make the purest form of Hard Rock."

"I don't understand." I remarked as I folded my arms.

"I told you before Hard Rock in its purest form creates the ultimate high." He informed me. "The Zagreskis have the no-how to manufacture the drug but understand how lethal it can be so they only extract just a small dosage for their select clientele. By doing this, the user can still get the experience without any damage to their health. The Anatoles are the opposite. They began making the cheap stuff by mixing a lot of toxic chemicals together which causes the dangerous hallucinations and psychotic behavior. Alex somehow offered to give our recipe to them in exchange for large sums of money."

I reiterated. "Money that he stole from both you and these Anatoles."

"Precisely." Jason agreed. "That's why if possible you need to talk to Alex and get him to confess where he hid the formula and get rid of it. It'll be safer for both your sakes."

Rubbing my head, the thought of being threatened concerned me. I didn't realize my younger sibling's involvement with drugs had gotten this far deep. I had to do something quick.

"I'll try." I told my Dom. "Hopefully, he can give up its location."

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"I'm counting on it." The blond man commented. Once again he reached for the knob of the door and motioned to me a sign of sorrow. "For what it's worth, Ricky, I don't regret meeting you and anything we did."

Suddenly, a dull ache dropped to my stomach. A sorrowful knot twisted my insides.

"Iâfeel the same." I murmured.

He moved forward, gripped my wrist and yanked me toward him. I tried to struggle but he proved to be the stronger opponent. Glimpsing into his sapphire blue eyes, he frowned as his crushed his mouth on to mine. My mind begged me to fight it, to resist with every fiber of my being but, alas, I didn't. Like a dutiful slave, I submitted to my Master.

His lips were aggressive yet soft, playful but firm. His tongue hooked into mine, wetting our tastebuds until we savored every bit of our affections. From my spine, I could feel his masculine arms embracing me tight as I clutched his shoulders from underneath his limbs as I caressed his back and experienced the sinewy hardness of his muscular back.

Slowly, he lifted his mouth off mine and replaced his lips with a gentle stroke of his fingers. He trailed his hands to both sides of my face as he examined me intently.

"I'm going to miss you, Ricky." Jason Kendall stated. "All of you. Your handsome features. Your innocence. Your strength. I'm going to miss it all."

I could feel my cheeks blushing. Our arms quickly retreated and I stood back to face him.

"For everything you've done for me, Jason." I replied. "Thank you. I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am. You went above and beyond of what was expected."

His face remained expressionless but I could see a small hint of sadness in his eyes. Turning his back, he finally finished turning the knob and slightly opened the door to leave.

"If anyone should be grateful," he said. "It's me. I went above and beyond only for you, Ricky. Only for you and no one else."

I pressed my lips in confusion as I held myself. "Why? Why just me, Jason?"

It was then I heard a sigh and rough tremble in voice. It almost sounded like a wail.

"Becauseâ!" He paused. "Because I love you."

I stood up to say something but it was too late. Jason Kendall sprinted out of my office and out of the warehouse like a bat out of hell.

Left alone, I immediately shut and locked the door so I could have some time to myself to think. Tears streaked down my face as I tried to fight the endless pain of my ex-lover's confession. I didn't think it would affect me this hard. Unable to stand any longer, I collapsed on the floor to weep.

Why oh why had I let Jason Kendall get inside my head and my heart? I pondered these confused thoughts for a while and forced myself to my feet. I was determined to make it through my shift regardless how lost and forlorn I felt. I was going to be strong regardless of everything that transpired.



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I was going to be normal.

Still exhausted from my meeting with Jason, I left work at six in the morning and needed something to clear my head. Mark offered me a chance to talk but I told him that I needed some space and he respected that. Feeling guilty that I hadn't seen Alex in a while, I decided to make the drive to Long Beach to visit him.

I pulled out my phone and texted Lauren. Luckily, she had an early morning shift at the police department so she was already up.

*Hey, what's up?*

*Going to be home later in the afternoon. Need to visit Alex this morning.*

*Shouldn't you be home resting from work. Can you make the drive?*

*I'm fine. My body clock has adjusted to the weird hours. Will nap when I get home.*

*O.K. Drive safe. Love you.*

*Love you too.*

Slipping my cell in my pocket, I head out from Guillermo to the Sierra Ranch in Long Beach. Two hours later I arrive to which Dr. Breckenmeyer pleasantly informs me that my younger sibling has been making some progress. This makes me happy that Alex is finally getting with the program.

Walking down the hall to the art room where he's at, I knock on the doorframe to see my brother painting some paper mache sculpture with two horns. He eyes my presence and puts down the brush.

"Hey Alex, you're looking good." I note. He certainly was. His face looked fuller. He gained more weight. And there was a healthier glow surrounding him. I was really proud of him.

"Thanks." He smiled. "The ranch seems to do wonders." My younger sibling pointed toward his art project. "What do you think?"

I analyzed his work. Splashes of color of red, white and green were everywhere while a blob of brown splattered on the top. He managed to put in two eyes which helped me identify that it was animal of sorts. However to try to describe what his sculpture was would be a grave injustice. To be frank, I don't know what the hell it was.

"It'sâunique." I said, offering some constructive criticism.

"Can you tell it's a burro from Mexico?" Alex asked excitedly.

My face tried to be supportive. "Ah, a burro! I should've known. I see it now. The red, white, and green to represent the flag's colors. The brown is the eagle. Oh and the horns are the earsâ!"

Alex scowled. "You can stop lying, Ricky! It's a piece of shit! I don't have your artistic talent and the only reason is because the assholes here are making me do this bullshit piÃ±ata as part of my therapy. Fuck this therapy shit! I'm sick of this place!"

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I sighed. "Alex, they're helping you with your addiction. I can see a huge change in you and I'm really happy. You should be proud of yourself."

"I'll be even more proud when I get the fuck out of here." His mouth curled. "I need a cigarette. At least, these fuckers let us smoke. I'm going outside." Spinning on his heels, he left the art room and crossed through the patio door. I followed while he lit up.

Puffing a few bits smoke, he blew some of the smoke in my face. "So you still fucking Master Jason?"

I curled my fists and looked away. "We ended our arrangement. We're no longer involved with our Sub-Dom relationship."

Alex's eyes rolled with sarcasm. "Aww, what happened?" His voice showed very little sympathy as he took another drag of his nicotine. "Didn't he find himself a willing slave who could please him since you couldn't measure up?"

"It's complicated." I said seriously.

My brother's face peered at me with keen interest. He tossed his cigarette to the ground and stomped it out. "Do tell, big bro'."

"I'm seeing someone." I replied without hesitation. "A woman."

He flinched. "So you're finally jumping into pussy now? I guess you think you're no longer a fag or pretending not to be one."

His harsh comment floored me. I stepped up to him. "You have no idea what I am, Alex. Who I'm attracted to and who I fall in love with is none of your concern."

A half smirk appeared on the nineteen year old's face. "So you're in love with this new girl, huh? Does she know about your little penchant for kink or have you hidden it under the rug that you're into leather and chains?"

I sighed. "I haven't told her."

Alex snorted. "So my big brother's new girlfriend doesn't know anything about his sexual past." He guffawed. "How convenient!"

By this point, I was infuriated. "Don't judge me, Alex! I'm not the one who betrayed Master Jason and began stealing the formula for making Hard Rock!" He began to cough up the smoke from his cigarette. "Oh I know all about why the Anatoles were after you! You tried to play both sides by seeing who could pay you more for the formula! Jason told me all about it! Now look at you! You're a drug addicted mess who's now holed up in his facility! Master Jason was right! I was the perfect slave for him!"

"FUCK YOU, RICKY!" The nineteen year old hissed. "I WAS THE PERFECT SLAVE! I STOLE THE FORMULA BECAUSE I WANTED JASON OUT OF THIS BUSINESS WITH THE ZAGRESKIS! THE ANATOLES OFFERED ME MILLIONS FOR IT AND I THOUGHT IF I GAVE IT TO THEM, I COULD CONVINCE JASON TO CUT OFF ALL TIES WITH THE RUSSIAN MOB SO WE COULD FINALLY BE TOGETHER! BUT YOU CAME ALONG AND RUINED IT! YOU BEWITCHED HIM AND HE WANTED YOU INSTEAD! HE TOOK YOU INTO HIS BED! HE NEVER DID THAT FOR ME! I HATE YOU!"

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I remained unsympathetic and I responded with calm, stern tone. "Stop blaming me for your problems, Ricky. You decided to steal the formula. You decided to get involved with the Anatoles. You decided to use drugs and get hooked on Hard Rock. Everything you've done was due to your actions. Stop blaming others for your troubles. As far as my relationship with Jason, it was a give and take. As with any couple, there is a balance of trust and open communication. We had that and we both understood it. That's why I allowed him to seduce me and that's why he blessed my relationship with Lauren and let me go. You, Alex, will never understand that because you're a sad, pathetic excuse for a man who never did anything good in his life but attribute his failures to everybody else. I'm ashamed to call you my brother!"

Alex didn't accept my words. Instead, he roared. "FUCK YOU MOTHERFUCKER! FUCK YOU! YOU THINK YOU'RE ALL HIGH AND MIGHTY? GUESS WHAT! I HATE YOU! I ALWAYS HATED YOU! YOU WERE OUR PARENT'S FAVORITE BECAUSE YOU HAD THE TALENT FOR ART AND EXCELLED IN SCHOOL! ME? I ALWAYS THE FUCK-UP! THAT'S WHY DAD LEFT BECAUSE OUR BITCH OF A MOTHER DECIDED TO FOCUS ALL OF HER ATTENTION TO HER FIRST BORN TALENTED SON! HE WAS JEALOUS OF IT SO THAT'S WHY HE LEFT!"

I didn't believe him. He was simply acting out because of his rage. "Liar!"

"IT'S TRUE!" Alex hollered. "I FOUND LETTERS THAT DAD WROTE TO MOM! SHE HID THEM FROM US BUT I TOOK A PEEK AT THEM! IN THEM, THEY SAY THAT HE COULDN'T TAKE THE FACT THAT OUR MOM CHOSE YOU OVER HIM AND THAT HE WAS JEALOUS OF ALL THE ATTENTION SHE WAS SHOWERING ON YOU! I TOLD HER THIS THREE DAYS AGO WHEN SHE CAME TO VISIT INCLUDING THE MEMORIES OF OUR RAPE!"

My mouth dropped to which younger sibling grinned with an evil look.

His voice finally calmed. You didn't think, I'd forget? I might have been four but I remember Tio Rodrigo's friend molesting us! I remember Mom stabbing him and making Tio Rodrigo get rid of the body before forcing him out of the house! Then making us all forget it ever happened! What kind of mother does this? You can whisper about it behind my back but I've never forgotten. That's why I acted out! That's why I did the drugs! This is how I dealt with the pain of being raped as a child! I told her this and do you know what that bitch did?"

I was afraid to know so I said nothing but simply shook my head.

"She denied it all!" He clucked. "The bitch said I was lying and that I was bad son! Well, I got even with her! I told the bitch that both her sons were gay!" Alex giggled in his insanity. "And do you know how she took it? She nearly had a heartache but unfortunately the bitch is too stubborn to die! The homophobic cunt called me a maricon! A faggot! I told her to go to hell! Let's just say that she left Sierra Ranch in a hurry."

My mouth dropped. Alex revealed my sexual orientation to our mother. I pulled out my cell to dial her. The phone rang but she wasn't answering. I grew worried. Alex's venomous confession had finally ruined my relationship with the only family I had. I left the patio in a hurry.

From behind, I could my younger sibling taunt me.

"Say hello to your girlfriend! Have her come visit me! I have much to share of our childhood!"

Ignoring him, I raced to my car and sped through two hours back to Santa La Diaz. Thankfully, I didn't get a speeding ticket. I parked in the driveway and jumped out of the car to see the front door opened.

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*Funny. Mom always keeps the front door locked.* Thinking nothing of it, I shut the door behind me as I called out to her.

"Mom!"

No answer.

I knew she was home because I saw favorite moccasins in near the doorway. She usually wears these when she goes out. I crossed into the hallway where I passed Alex's room.

As usual, my brother kept it untidy and my mother refused to clean it up even after he got admitted to rehab. I guess she was waiting for him to clean it up himself after he got out. Fat chance of that happening. Tripping over a stack of tabloid magazines, I ate the carpet as my face stared at the weird wooden box poking out from the underneath the converter. I pulled it out.

It wasn't anything fancy. Just an old antique cigar box that my father had given Alex to hold some of his toy cars that he had as a kid, Alex now used it to stash away his weed and I've caught him several times smoking the stuff as a teen. Curious, I opened it.

Strangely enough there wasn't any marijuana. Instead at the center was a folded up piece of paper that was copied off a Xerox machine and contained a series of letters and shapes appeared to be a chemistry experiment. I immediately knew what it was.

"The Hard Rock formula!"

Tucking the paper into my back pocket of my pants, I sprinted out of the room to see my mother's door closed. Wondering if she was sleeping, I slowly knocked. She didn't answer but the door creaked open.

From the crack of the opening, I saw a smashed lamp on the floor. Panicked, I rushed in.

There on by the side of the bed was my mother. Her bruised arms were scattered to the carpet while her legs laid lifeless in a fetal position. Around her neck a thick cord had been buried around her throat and her skins was a pale blue.

I screamed.

Bianca Quinn was dead.

## Chapter 26: Funeral

How do you dig yourself out of the deepest hole that you know that you can't get out of? Life has gone completely black and all I can see is the only shadows of gray and the melancholy landscape surrounding me.

I took off a week of work due to bereavement and Mark understood my plight by willingly taking on the duties of the warehouse while I tried to get the funeral arrangements done for my mother. I contacted Alex to, no surprise, refused to have anything to do with our mother's death. In fact, he told me to go to hell over the phone and said he never wanted to see ever again. I decided to handle that can of worms at a later time but, truthfully, I hoped he'd rot in that rehab facility.

Lauren was a godsend. She helped contact a few relatives and friends of my mother while I arranged the funeral arrangements to bury her at the nearby cemetery at Las Padres' Wiley Abbey. At least twenty people showed up from a few neighbors and some cousins I rarely had contact with. Even with a small party, I appreciated the fact they came on her behalf.

We dressed in all black. Lauren with a simple long black dress and me in my basic black suit and tie, the somberness of the funeral only emphasized the realization that the mother was finally gone. The priest made a moving eulogy and I wore sunglasses to cover the tears filling up in my eyes as they lowered her into the ground. I made a silent prayer to God to forgive her and allowed the funeral employees to cover her coffin with dirt. Then with one last gesture, I tossed her favorite flowers, petunias and lilies in with the soil and allowed it to bury her completely.

Attendees hugged me, offered their condolences, and said wonderful things about my mother. This offered me some comfort to which Lauren embraced me close and whispered in my ear. Instantly, I cried into her shoulders.

"It's going to be okay, hon." She said. "It's going to be okay."

Clutching her close, I glanced over her shoulder to see a well-dressed figure standing behind a tall tombstone in the distance. Jason Kendall observed me looking at him as he gestured to me with a nod and offered me his sympathies. I can't begin to tell you how much I appreciated his presence. My weeping face returned to Lauren then back to the tombstone to see my ex-lover gone. Immediately, I felt empty.

Lauren slipped her arm around mine and we headed back to her car. She kept me close as I tried to remain strong throughout his sad event.

Once inside the vehicle, I slipped on my seatbelt on the passenger's side and stared back at the cemetery plot.

"Do you want to talk?" She offered.

"About what?" I frowned. "About my feelings? How angry I am that someone broke into my mother's house, strangled her and murdered her?"

My girlfriend exhaled. "Take it from me, Ricky. The police are looking into it. The break-in at your apartment. Your mother's death. It's too coincidental. There's a connection there and we'll find the person or people that did it."

"But why?" I asked her. "Why go after me and the people around me? I don't have any enemies."

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She shrugged. "I don't know. That's what we're trying to find out. Right now, you're better off staying close to me." Turning on the ignition, she put the car on drive and headed out.

"Where are we going?"

"Back to my place," she said. "You'll be safer there."

"No!" I protested.

She stopped the car. "What do you mean no? Someone's after you and I need to take you some place safe. My apartment is the best location. No one knows you're there. I mean you practically live there."

I pushed my point. "No, Lauren. I want you drive me to my place in Guillermo."

Her voice clucked. "Rickyâ" '"

"I need time to think, Lauren." I interrupted. "I need to be alone." My eyes pleaded to her. "Please. Take me to my place."

Lauren sighed and started the car. She drove from Wiley Abbey to Guillermo and parked in my complex.

"Are you sure you'll be okay?" She questioned. "You don't want me to stay with you?"

Emphasizing my point, I touched her face. "Positive. Please, Lauren. I need a little space to think things through. Plus, I have to settle my mother's estate with Alex even if he's been an asshole about everything. He's still my brother. Give me some time."

"Okay," she said. "But the moment you start feeling down or something drastic happens you call me!"

"I will." I smiled. Leaning in I kissed her and allowed my feelings for her to reassure my judgment. "I love you."

She grinned. "I love you too."

Jumping out of the car, I waved goodbye to her and headed up the stairs to my apartment. It was still messy from the break-in but this time around I wasn't scared to enter. Shutting the door behind me, I inhaled and began picking up the papers that were scattered around the floor. As I gathered each one in my arms, I noticed something tossed to the corner. I picked it up.

It was a picture fame of me and Alex when were kids. I was ten and Alex was six and Mom had taken us to the zoo. Bianca Quinn stood at the center hugging us as she smiled at the cameraman shooting our picture. Suddenly, a gaping hole swallowed my heart and I began to cry.

Embracing the frame, I wept as the sensation of numbness took over. I felt nothing. No pain. No emotion. Only an empty coldness.

I wiped my tears as I tried to find a way to regain back that emotion. Only one person could unlock these feelings I had chosen to imprison away.

Jason Kendall.

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Placing the picture frame slowly on the coffee table, I grabbed my car keys and headed out the door.

It was time I paid my Master a visit.

Tearing off my sports coat and tie, I hopped into my vehicle and headed toward Oceanview. The gates of the Kendall manor appeared awfully quiet but I didn't care. I parked my car right in front and rang the doorbell.

As usual Filomena opened the door and was about to greet me but I ignored her presence and walked right past her toward the stairs leading up to Jason's quarters. Instantly, my Dom saw me pass through the hallway as he came out of his bedroom. His surprised face changed the moment he saw me to one of sorrow as he opened his arms wide, offering me a chance to walk into them.

I remained still and emotionless. "I didn't come here for that."

Moving his head from side to side, he cocked his eyebrows. "Then why did you come here, Ricky?"

My nostrils exhaled. "For more games."

I passed right through him, knocking his shoulder and stomped to the gaudy room where my Master kept his special toys. Locating the door, I opened it as swept in as the blond Dom trailed after me and watched me tear through the various secret compartments of the tasteless furniture.

Anger spat from my voice. "Where is it?" I shouted to him.

He shrugged. "What are you looking for?"

Darting to each area of the room, I tore through the closets, end table drawers, and underneath the chairs. I found nothing. Then my eyes transfixed on the large, wooden totem pole. I sprinted toward it, pulled open the cabinet and located his accoutrements hanging on the side of the secret door.

"Let's try the whip!" I yelled. Yanking out the leather strap, I tossed it out. Then my eyes noticed a wooden flat board. "Better yet, the paddle!" I grabbed that and threw it on the floor. However my face recognized an old favorite and clutched it. "No, let's stick with the original! The riding crop!"

Jason became worried and began to make his movements toward me. I raised a hand to stop him.

"No, Master!" I snapped. "You wanted me to be obedient! Well, I willing submit!" I pointed the riding crop in his direction and gave him my request. "Beat me with it! Beat me to the point that I feel something! Anything!"

His face became white. "No, Ricky. I won't do that. That's not what this all about. You're in pain and you're using this to compensate for all your anger and sadness. There's another way. We can simply talk."

Rage fueled me. "I'M SICK OF TALKING! I AM NUMB! I FEEL NOTHING! I NEED TO FEEL SOMETHING! PAIN! PLEASURE! YOU'RE A DOM! PROVE IT! BEAT ME!" Clutching the buttons of my dress shirt, I ripped it open until all the fastenings fell to the floor. I slipped the material off including my undershirt and positioned bare chested to him. Then demonstrating my competence as a slave, I kneeled. Jason still hesitated but I emphasized my point through my gritted teeth. "Do it!"

A sad sigh escaped his voice. He grabbed the tool and edged the end toward the arch of my spine. Pressing the leather flap of the rod against my back, I felt the soft caress of its stroke as it lifted away from me. Then in

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came down gentle across my shoulder. I barely felt it.

Annoyed, I twisted my mouth. "Harder!"

"No, Ricky." My Master clutched the riding crop. "I won't do this! This isn't consensual or pleasurable! It's sadistic! I don't inflict pain simply for the amusement of it. There has to be willingness between both partners!"

"I'm willing!" I growled. "Now take the riding crop and beat me!"

"Rickyâ!" His voice whispered.

I roared. "DO IT ASSHOLE!"

Closing his eye in disgust, he slowly raised the leather rod but then stopped. "Safe word?"

"I don't need one!" I spat. "I'll let you know if I want you to stop! Now do it!"

Lost emotion appeared through his blue eyes but I didn't care. I wanted to experience the pain and the only the pain and not even my angelic blond would prevent me from going through with it. He brought the riding crop down hard on the top of my back.

*Twack.* I grunted as it stung. A weird throbbing filled my spine. I needed to have it again.

"Harder!"

Jason exhaled and brought down the leather rod across the center of my back.

*TWACK!* I howled. My back lit up as if it were on fire. It ached with a flaring pain. Still, I was determined to endure it.

"That's enough, Ricky!" My Master shouted. "You can't sustain any more pain! I might break your skin!"

Tears filled my eyes as I refused to listen to him. I wiped my face and glared at him. "Iâ I don'tâ I care! Beat me harder!"

The blond man slowly put down the riding crop. He slowly backed away but my stubbornness would not let him walk away that easily. Though my tears, I laughed manically as I baited him.

"You call yourself a Master?" I taunted him. "You're not a Dom! You're simply a fucked up, spoiled rich boy who can't get it up unless you beat your slaves! Alex was right! You're a pathetic loser! No wonder I chose Lauren over you! She knows how to really turn me on then some impotent wannabe dominatrix fucker like you!"

I must have hit a nerve. His angelic face turned to one of a possessed demon. Raising the leather crop high, he laid it across my back with such incredible force.

*TWACK! TWACK!*

My spine felt like an inferno. I howled. I finally pushed his buttons and hit a nerve.

"Goddamn you, Ricky!" His jeweled blue eyes filled with tears. "I loved you! Why can't you see that?"



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*TWACK! TWACK!* The rod smacked my bottom and then the side of my thigh. I roared in anguish as the rawness of my skin started to seep through my head. My Master didn't stop.

"I gave you what you wanted but you threw it all away!" He cried. "Can't you see that everything I do is for you!"

The riding crop attacked my left shoulder and arms. *TWACK! TWACK!* The flaring pain became too much and I crumpled into a ball and braced myself for more. With my back aching and every part of my body experiencing the soreness of each lash, I began to sob as incoherent words spilled out of my mouth.

"Stop! No more! please! Master! Mom! Mommmmy! !!"

Panting heavily, Jason slowly lowered the rod and dropped to the carpet. My tears soaked the fibers as I sensed his nearness. He crawled over to me and held me in his arms. The recognizable comfort of his muscular limbs soothed the throbbing pain all over my body. His strong fingers stroked my hair and his planted a kiss on my forehead. I wept into his chest.

"I'm sorry," he whispered.

"No! I am." I whimpered. "I don't know how to get through this! Jason. My mother's dead! how do I cope?"

His thumb lifted my chin. "You live. Live for yourself and you'll learn to deal with her passing. No matter how tragic. You will survive this. You're stronger than you think, Ricky."

My eyes continued to well up. "I don't think I'm as strong as you think I am."

His face smiled as we wiped away my tears with his fingers. "Trust me. You are."

Lowering his mouth to mine, I experienced the familiar warm breath that I had missed for a while. Our lips connected and it all became routine. Tongues savored, tasted, and we sampled our affections in one swoop of our mouths uniting. I wrapped my hands around his neck as he gently lowered me back against the carpet.

My spine touched the fibers and I immediately winced.

Jason panicked. "Ricky, what's wrong?"

"My back!" I stated. "It hurts a little!"

He spun me around and traced an outline down my back with his hands.

"No wonder." He sighed. "You're starting to bruise up. This is why I don't get too aggressive with my whippings. The whole point of BDSM is not to leave a mark. It'll be a week before you start to heal up."

I pouted with embarrassment concerning my risky behavior. "Jason, I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking clearly."

His thumb pressed my mouth. "Shh, don't be. You were hurting. I'm just glad I refrained before causing any permanent damage. Now, wait here. I have another idea that will make this pleasurable for both of us."

I knelt on the floor as my Master got up and went to the open totem pole to retrieve something from the secret compartment. Taking a long cord of rope, he stood up in front of me.

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"Take off your clothes." He instructed.

Being a dutiful slave, I obeyed. I slipped off my shoes, socks, and shimmied out of my pants and underwear until I was fully naked. Then the blond Dom maneuvered behind me.

"Don't move." He ordered.

I didn't.

Wrapping the cord around my neck, he knotted it tight but just enough to allow me to breathe. Next, he slipped the rope underneath my armpits over my shoulders and around my waist. The rest of it he latched through the bottom of my scrotum until both ends of the cord connected through the crack of my ass to form one huge knot that bounded my wrists behind my back. Now tied up and helpless, I awaited further directions from my Dom.

"This is nice." I commented on the comfortable feel of the rope tightening around me. "It's actually soft. What material is this?"

"It's a double knotted hemp." Jason replied. "It's perfect for bondage games. Plus, the makers make the cord extra strong without ruining or bruising the skin. How do you feel?"

"Good." I said. "I'm enjoying the restraint and it's soft enough so that doesn't hurt me. I'm doing okay." I reassured him.

"Perfect." He commented. "The picture of ultimate slave in bondage!"

I tried to look down by the way the rope was knotted limited my movements. I stared at my Master.

"Why didn't you bind my ankles?" I asked him.

He licked his lips. "I wanted that part of you free. I need yours open for this." He grabbed his package and I instantly understood his intentions. I definitely was happy that he didn't tie up my feet.

I smiled as he slowly unbuckled his belt, undid the buttons of his pants, and unzipped. Within seconds, his cock was released free from the elastic of his underwear and dangled in front of me.

"Suck it!" My Master's voice boomed.

Eagerly, I crawled. With my hands bound behind me but with legs free, I had to trouble getting close to that gorgeous thick dick of his. Pinching the girth in between his fingers, he rubbed the limp flesh across my cheek and propped open my mouth to take him in. He pressed the head through my lips.

His gifted endowment stretched the inside of my cheek. I wrapped my lips tight around his massive girth and soon I could feel the blood pumping through the meaty flesh. It became hard and filled my tongue as I gladly welcomed him while he grabbed the back of my head and pushed himself down my throat. Jason's erection tickled my tonsils at the same time my saliva moistened his shaft. It was a perfect partnership.

"Yeah, my slave." I heard him grunt. "Suck it! Suck that big dick!"

As his Sub, I was more than eager to please. I took in his whole erection and swallowed him hard. A bit of his head went too far deep that I had to pull away from him to cough.

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The blond man grew concerned. "You okay, Ricky?"

I choked a bit, my eyes filling with tears of, as I inhale a bit of oxygen. The irritant in my voice quickly passed.

"I'm fine, Master." I answered. I attempted to drink in his cock again but my Dom grabbed my face.

"No! It's my turn!" He growled.

Gently forcing me on my back, the soreness of my bruises soon went away as the blond hunk pulled my knees up so that he could spread them for his delight. He palmed my slender chest, bent down to tease my nipple with his mouth before lowering his hand to my shaved groin to grab my flaccid dick.

"I'm so glad you kept yourself shaved." Jason whispered in my ear. Nibbling on the lobe, he giggled. "Does Detective Lauren appreciate it too?"

I nodded. "She likes me smooth, Master."

The tall man exhaled. "Well, remember Ricky, I had it first."

Of course, I remembered. The man took away from virginity. I wasn't going to forget that. He spat into his hand and with his fingers moist, gripped the center of my cock and slowly began to stroke me.

Up and down.

Up and down.

Instantly, I became hard.

"How I miss tasting you." My lover cooed. He proved how much he longed for me by lowering his head and swallowing my whole cock in between his mouth. The pressure of his lips became like a vacuum and I shut my eyes so that my erection could enjoy the wicked pleasures Jason Kendall was releasing out of me.

I bucked my free hips up and down.

"YesâMasterâsuck meâ!"

Soft hums escaped his lips as I listened to wonderful suckling sounds and naughty strokes of his mouth consuming every inch of my dick. A small build-up of pre-cum dropped on his tongue and he slowly released his hold on me so that he could allow me to taste of a bit of my saltiness on my lips. As usual, I tasted heavenly.

We kissed for a minute, letting our mouths pucker repeatedly until finally my Master pulled me in a sitting position with the ropes and got up from the floor to pull another sex toy from the compartment of the totem pole. His hand was holding one long silk scarf. I became fascinated by it.

"What's that?" I asked.

He kicked off shoes, peeled his socks and pulled down his pants. As soon as he was in his underwear, he grinned at me. "Have you ever tried breath control?"

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I've read about these the element of breath control from reading about BDSM activities on the internet. I never imagined my Dom being remotely interested in that.

My eyes widened. "You're going to choke me?"

"Not necessarily." He explained. "I'm going to wrap the scarf tight around your neck. With the restraint of the rope and the added pressure of the scarf around your neck, it will heighten the act of pleasure as I remove little bit of air from your lungs. Again, this is area of trust and we've already established that. If you're really too afraid not to try this, then we won't. I'll leave it up to you."

My eyes scanned my knees. The thought of having him control my breathing frightened me yet the idea of my Dom being in complete authority of over my body excited me. I've allowed the man to take my virtue, my body, and soul so giving him full dominion over my life made this even more intriguing. Despite my reservations, I decided it was well worth the risk. I nodded.

"Very well, Master." I said. "However, leave enough room for me to breathe out my safe word."

"And what will that safe word be?" He grinned.

"Jason." I responded. "Simply Jason."

The blond hunk's face lit up light a Christmas tree. I couldn't tell if he was flattered or overjoyed. He was appreciative that I was still thinking of him.

"Good." He agreed. Slipping the silk scarf around my neck, he made two lengths of the material descend to both sides of his hands. Leaving me wearing the neck accessory and bondage cords, he stripped off his underwear which allowed me a wonderful glimpse of his rock hard ass and padded to the totem pole to remove a condom wrapper and a bottle of lube. Then he ripped open the package, sheathed the rubber on his already hard phallus and squirted a huge glob of the lotion on his erection before returning to me.

With his large shaft at full attention, he grabbed the ropes to pull me forward and forced me straddle his thighs.

"Mount me." His voice demanded.

Bracing myself on my tiptoes, I rotated my bare ass until the tip of his lubed cock near my hole. Since my wrists were bound, it made contact with my entrance even more difficult but luckily my Master grabbed my hips to steady me. With some coaxing, I finally felt the head and lowered myself down. All the way down. His cock buried deep inside my rectum and I gasped.

"Oh shit! Oh shit!" I panted trying to accept all of his girth inside me.

His hardness burrowed through, filled me to the hilt and I endured the discomfort as the pressure of my ass begged to be release him. Instead, Jason took the lead and slammed into me. I growled.

"You like that, Ricky?" The blond Dom verbalized. "You like that dick in your ass?"

In truth, I did. It spread my insides apart and created a wicked heat that craved to be tempered. The tall man slammed hard into me and I cried out in agony."

"Yes, Master!" I begged. "Fuck me!"

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The Dom's body stilled. "How much do you want it, slave? Tell your Daddy, how much you want it!"

My anal walls sang. "I want it, Daddy! I want it very much!"

A deep thrust withdrew and re-entered. I panted in response.

"Tell me, son! Tell me how much you want it from Daddy!"

His cock rammed with intense fury. I shouted. "I want all of it, Daddy! I want all of it, Master!"

The blond hunk stopped with the teasing and instead continued to spread me apart. I inhaled but only little bit of air came through my lungs as the silk scarf and the rope tightened its hold around my neck. My eyes opened wide as my Master clutched both lengths of the material and pulled roughly.

"Masterâ!" I gasped. "Masterâ!"

My Dom ignored me as he continued to pump furiously inside me. An intense burning filled my rectum as my cock twitched, shook, and vibrated. The combination of my fullness matched by the throbbing of my cock brought on a euphoric feel. I closed my eyes and stopped to considering that I needed oxygen to enjoy the moment.

A few words escaped from my struggling breath.

"Masâ!terâ!"

Jason was too lost in his sensations to notice me. His hips flexed, bucked like a madman, as his cock sank deep into the abyss of our union. He grunted and panted more wildly, pulling the scarf even tighter to the point I felt my body falling. I tried to form words but failed and instead focused on my hungry ass being attended to and my dick surging for a release.

Finally, the words came from my mouth.

"I'mâ!cummingâ!Jasonâ!" I whispered.

My cock gushed with my orgasm on his belly at the same time my Dom made a few more hard slams inside my ass. He cried out at the moment the air finally ended in my lungs and my eyes rolled to the back of head. I saw my body rising.

"AAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

Those were the last words I remember as I submitted to the blackness.

## Chapter 27: Bequeath

The sun lit my face in a kind of toasty warmth. I soared above the clouds as the cool breeze tickled my body and glided me through the air. It truly was heaven.

"He's coming to!"

I heard through darkness the sound of a European voice waking me up. The tone was definitely male and further confirmation of this was the feel of a strong hand slapping my cheek.

"Ricky! Wake up!"

Slowly, I opened my eyelids. My vision blurred to see two images standing side by side and glancing down at me. It soon cleared up and I could make out the handsome faces of my lover, Jason Kendall, and Sergei Petrokova staring down at me.

I coughed a little and put a hand to my neck due to this aching sensation of pain. With the realization of my wrist now mobile, I came to the conclusion that I was no longer bound by the double knotted hemp cords. Turning my head to the side, I saw the materials stacked to the side of me including the silk scarf.

Pushing myself up in a sitting position, I became aware of my sudden nudity that I grabbed the silk scarf to cover my privates.

Sergei laughed. "Don't worry, Ricky. I'm use to Jason's slaves being naked."

Shifting focus to my Dom who was shirtless but wearing pants, the blond man grabbed my arm and lifted me up.

"Whatâ happened?" I asked in confusion.

Sergei sighed. "Breath control." He glared at Jason who looked down at his feet in shame. "Your Master got too carried away and almost strangled you. Luckily, I arrived at the mansion for a meeting to hear Jason screaming for help upstairs. I administered CPR and revived you. You were unconscious for a few minutes. Do we need to take you to the doctor?"

I checked my neck and even with the soreness, I felt okay. I shook my head. "No, I'm fine."

Then he grabbed the blond man's arm. "What were you thinking? You almost got Ricky killed! You're too much a novice to try breath control!"

Tears filled my Master's eyes. My heart broke for him. "I'mâ sorry. I thought I had full control. I didn't thinkâ !"

Sergei's eyes exhibited rage. "You didn't think! That's your problem, Jason! A good Dom knows when to show restraint and not put their Sub in danger! You failed in all aspects of this relationship! You're not fit be called a Master!"

Distraught, Jason rubbed his eyes as more tears continued to fall. I decided to stand up for him.

"Don't blame him, Sergei. " I said. "I agreed to try out this new method. I pushed for it."

## Honor Thy Master: Journals of a Submissive

The European shook his head. "Even still, the game went too far! He could have killed you! You both need to reevaluate this relationship before one of you gets hurt or ends up in a coffin!" He marched toward the door and signaled to my Dom. "Jason, when you're finished discussing things with your slave, I'll meet you downstairs. We have important business to attend to!" Sergei swept through the door and shut it closed.

Jason collapsed to his knees and began to cry. It scared me. I've never seen him this weak before. Kneeling to his level, I took his hand.

"It's okay, Jason." I comforted him. "I'm fine. We got carried away. That's all."

"NO!" His hands shoved me away as he scrambled up to stand. "Sergei's got a point! I'm a lousy Master. I don't know anything about restraint! I could've killed you!"

"That's not true." I said calmly. "You're great Dom! You opened my eyes to a world of pleasures I didn't know existed! That's saying something!"

"Stop it, Ricky!" He averted his eyes. "Stop trying to defend me! The truth is I don't know what the hell I'm doing! That's why I can't seem to keep any of my Subs! I always find a way to mistreat them and they end up leaving! I have no business in BDSM!"

I exhaled. "No, Jason. You do. A Sub-Dom relationship is a give and take. It's about communication and a willingness to please the other, to care for them, to satisfy them, and to protect them. You've done this from the very beginning. We can get past this, learn from it, and move on! I want to continue." Slowly, I began to understand my role in all this. I enjoyed being Jason Kendall's Sub and he celebrated being my Master. I wasn't about to let this all go. I finally began to accept it now. I moved forward to touch him. "All is forgivenâ Master." I reached for his face.

Then a hand slapped me hard across the face. I clutched my cheek as it started to welt. Jason, tear eyed and angry, stared at me without remorse.

"ENOUGH, RICKY!" The blond man's voice bellowed. "I don't want you as my slave anymore! I don't any more part of this! I'm through being someone's Master! This is over!"

My eyes watered. I started to protest. "You'reâ finallyâ letting me go? Jasonâ please reconsiderâ!"

"STOP YOUR SNIVELING, RICKY!" His mouth hissed. "YOU KNOW THIS WAS GOING TO END EVENTUALLY!" Darting around the room, he grabbed clothes and threw them at me. "NOW GET OUT! LEAVE!"

Overwhelming pain pierced my heart. I couldn't move as I hugged my garments and sadly glanced at my lover. His cruel words ripped away at my soul. I began to weep.

"Youâ saidâ you loved meâ!" I whimpered. "I baredâ my soulâ for youâ All those feelingsâ!"

"Weren't real." He hissed. "Just a simple fuck." His finger pointed toward the door. "Now get the fuck out of my house and don't come back!"

Inside my blood boiled, I quickly slipped back into my clothes but not before I made my point across by spitting in his face. "Fuck you, Jason Kendall! I hope you fry in hell!"

## Honor Thy Master: Journals of a Submissive

Racing out of the gaudy guest room, I bolted down the stairs. Shocked by my urgency, Sergei Petrokova watched me leave but I ignored him and made a mad dash to the front entrance where my car was parked. As soon I got inside, I turned on the ignition, stomped on the gas and peeled out of the mansion's driveway.

From my rearview mirror, I noticed an anguished Jason Kendall staring from the front of house and watching me leave. His blue eyes still filled with tears as I sensed the small bump forming on my cheek from the slap he gave me. *Never again, Jason Kendall.* I was through being his fucked up whipping boy.

I got on the freeway and headed back home to my apartment in Guillermo, free from the pressures of being someone's sexual deviant victim, free from allowing myself to be used.

I was going to concentrate only living a normal life

And that included my relationship with Detective Lauren Morrisey.

Three days passed since my mother's funeral. I hadn't see my girlfriend due to being heavily invested in a drug investigation which allowed me to clear my head and try to get my life back on track. I focused all my energies on work and other things including finishing the nude painting of Lauren. I was going to surprise her with it but I decided to wait until the following evening since we made dinner reservations at a fancy French gourmet place that she really wanted to try out. Yes, my life was returning to sense of normalcy and the less I thought of my Dom, the more I could get back to things that were important. Namely me.

As promised, Jason Kendall stopped harassing me via text messages and phone calls and things finally quieted down to the point that I could forget all about the madness that has been plaguing my life. I now could settle into a normal, boring routine.

My phone rang this morning when I got off work to which I answered it.

"Hello?"

"Hello. Is this Mr. Enrique Quinn?" The voice at the other end asked.

"Speaking." I answered.

"Mr. Quinn, my name is Jonas Tambour." The gentleman introduced himself. "I'm a probate attorney for McNamara and Vasquez. It's concerning the last will and trust of your late mother, Bianca Quinn."

"Yes." I agreed. "I'm sorry I haven't dealt with that yet. I've been really busy trying to handle all her affairs."

"I understand." Mr. Tambour replied. "I was hoping you could be free tomorrow around noon. I wish to settle the will of your mother at my office. She did leave you and your brother some money."

I sighed. I really didn't want to deal with all this right now but I had no choice. "Yes, Mr. Tambour. I'll be there tomorrow."

"All right. I'll see you then." He finished his conversation with me and ended the call.

Frustrated with more bad news, I dialed up the Sierra Ranch rehab facility and got in contact with Dr. Breckenmeyer. The specialist immediately got on the phone.

"Mr. Quinn, thank you for calling," he said. "My condolence."



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"Thank you, doctor." I replied. "The reason why I'm calling is to see if I could get Alex on a temporary release from rehab to deal with the will and trust of our late mother's estate. It would only be for one day."

"I don't see why not." He suggested. "Alex is flourishing and even though he refused to attend your mother's funeral, I trust that he won't have a relapse under your supervision. I can grant him one day of temporary leave from the facility."

"That would be great." I mentioned. "Is it possible for me to talk to him?"

"Of course."

A few minutes later I heard him gripe as he was handed the phone. He didn't seem happy to hear me.

"What the fuck do you want?"

"Hello, Alex." I paused. "How you've been?"

"Better." My younger sibling droned through the receiver. "Then again, I don't have to deal with that dead bitch anymore or you! Now why the fuck are you calling me?"

I sighed. "Mom's estate needs to be dealt with. Apparently, the probate attorney she met with left us some money. He wants to read her will in front of us."

Silence came from the other line. I decided to speak up first.

"Alex?"

"Yeah, I'm here!" He clucked. "Finally! I got some money that is owed to me! At least, that cunt was worth something for all the hell she put me through!"

Anger surged through my body but I kept my temper in check. Bianca Quinn wasn't perfect but she didn't deserve to be disrespected like that not even from her own son.

"Look, Alex." I responded calmly. "Dr. Breckenmeyer is allowing you a one day reprieve in order to settle Mom's estate. You'll stay with me and after that it's back to the center."

"Fine by me!" His voice groaned. "As long as I know there's money waiting for me when I get out, I can put up with your bullshit! What time are you going to pick me up?"

"I'll leave early." I said. "Ten o'clock. It's going to be a long drive back and forth for me."

"Whatever." Alex snorted. "Just don't be late." He hung up the phone.

Turning off my cell, I shook my head and decided to hit the shower. Perhaps, a nice warm rinse underneath the faucet could help clear my head. I definitely needed it.

Stripping off my clothes, I turned on the nozzle and let the water soothe every pore of my body. Beads of liquid dripped down from forehead to my mouth and I gave in to the nice pressure of the water massaging me. I grabbed the soap, lathered up and spread the bubbles across my chest and stomach as I imagined strong, masculine fingers stroking my wet skin.

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A blond, blue eyed angelic chiseled face hovered behind me, embraced me close and held me as the nice, warm liquid caressed my body as it assisted with reaching the hard to reach spots. One soft kiss nuzzled my neck as I turned around to embrace the tall, manly form of a man that rejected to me only to sense the tender, silk curves of someone smaller and tinier. The masculine lips instantly turned to a feminine mouth and I soon realized that my dream was in fact a reality.

"Hello, lover."

Lauren giggled as she teased me mercilessly and kissed me underneath the water. I enjoyed her tongue yet I was bit surprised by her presence.

"How...?"

"You gave me a key to your apartment remember?" She laughed. "I heard you in the shower and thought I joined you. Besides, I missed you. I haven't seen you for three days."

I couldn't say that I was annoyed. Yet having her here with me did become a welcome invitation. I embraced her as we continued to make-out under the showerhead.

"Mmm," she purred. "Let's see if I can get you all clean."

Her hands rubbed against my chest as my fingers cupped her breasts and tweaked her nipples. Lowering my mouth to her nubs, I suckled and licked them until she moaned with each stroke of tongue encircling her areolas. She lifted her thigh to hook around my leg as my limp dick pressed against her belly and teased the head in attempt to get it working.

The friction of her rubbing on the tip got my blood flowing. An instant need longed to be satisfied and she clutched my cock and tickled her clit with it. I was more than ready. My mind wanted her body. My libido needed to be satisfied and I couldn't wait to sink into her folds. I was more than prepared. I was anticipating it. She stroked me furiously.

However, my prick refused to respond. It laid flat and unmoving.

Blushing, I couldn't look at her. "I'm sorry. This has never happened to me before."

"It's okay, Ricky." Lauren's face showed me sympathy. "It happens to a lot of guys. It's no wonder with all the stress you've been dealing with. Your mother's death, work, and Alex. You can't expect to perform at the drop of a hat." She kissed my mouth tenderly and grabbed the soap. "Here. Turn around and I'll wash your back."

I complied and spread my fingers on to the side of the shower wall. Suddenly, Lauren's mouth dropped.

"Oh my God!" She gasped. "Where do you get those bruises?"

Holy shit! I almost forgot about my run-in with Jason a few days ago. The marks of my beatings by him haven't healed yet. I guess I was so preoccupied with other things that I forgot to think up an excuse. I quickly came up with a tall tale.

"Three days ago." I lied. "Clumsy me fell down the stairs at work. Don't worry, I didn't break anything or sprained anything. Just a few bruises. I did fill out an accident report though."

"Did you go to a doctor?" She asked me with worried look.

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I smiled. "No. I'm fine."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive." I answered. "The marks should heal in another week or so."

Lauren exhaled. "As long as you're okay, Ricky. That's what is important." She embraced me and I held her tight as well. "You know I love you."

"I know." I grinned. "I love you too."

Our mouths pressed together and we continued kiss until the water from the shower cooled down. Even though I was currently incapable of fucking, I did enjoy the closeness of our bodies together. I had missed that very much. There was only one person who could make me feel the same.

Jason Kendall.

The next morning I made the two hour drive to Long Beach to pick up Alex at Sierra Ranch. Still looking resentful and ungrateful, my younger brother dressed in some dark clothes and wore shades as he got into my car with his overnight bag.

"I have nothing to say to you!" He sneered as he buckled up in the passenger's seat of my car.

Shrugging, I got back on the freeway and headed back to Las Padres. We both sat in silence, making our road trip even more awkward. Instead, he napped the rest of the way and stared out at the other vehicles passing us by.

Around noon, we made it to the downtown location of McNamara and Vasquez where I paid for parking and Alex move ahead me into the building's lobby. Locating the fifty floor of the law firm, we hopped on the elevator and headed into Jonas Tambour's office.

Jonas Tambour was a zoftig looking man in his late fifties with receding hair and wearing a tan suit. He shook our hands, spoke a little about himself including his wife and two kids, and even shared a photo of two his prize winning *Best in Show* Scottish terriers. As always, Alex wasn't amused.

"Can we get on with it?" My younger brother groaned as we sat in front of Mr. Tambour's desk. "I want to know how much money I'm getting out of the dead broad!"

"Right." The probate lawyer replied with sarcasm. He pulled some papers from a folder and began reading.

*Last Will and Testament of Bianca DeGuzman-Quinn.*

*I, Bianca DeGuzman-Quinn, residing in the city of Las Padres, California, being of sound mind, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be my Last Will and Testament and do revoke any and all other Wills and Codicils heretofore made by me.*

**ARTICLE 1.**

1. - *I direct payments of my debts, funeral expenses and expenses of for administration of my estate in the form of a savings account that totals \$50,000. Part of which shall cover legal fees to the McNamara and Vasquez law firm.*

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Alex began to cough. "\$50,000? I didn't know the bitch had that much money! I wonder what else she's hiding!"

I wanted to break my brother's nose right then and there but again I kept my cool.

Mr. Tambour continued on.

### *ARTICLE 2.*

*2.1 - My life insurance policy which totals in the amount of \$100,000 shall be divided as requested by me to my beneficiaries, Alejandro and Enrique Quinn. A sum of \$20,000 shall be given to my youngest son, Alejandro Quinn. Let it be known, Alejandro, that you have been ungrateful son and \$20,000 is more than a generous offer. I hope you finally use that money to better yourself. As for the remaining \$80,000, that is to be bequeathed to my eldest, Enrique. May he learn to use this money wisely and be happy.*

"\$20,000?" Alex scoffed. "That's all I get?" His eyes glared at me. "You get \$80 grand and I get jack shit? Bullshit!"

"Wait," said the lawyer. "There's more." He continued reading.

*2.2 - For my house and the remains of my estate, the furniture and interior items shall be bequeathed to my son, Alejandro. May he have need for these in his future home.*

This infuriated my younger sibling even more. "Furniture? \$20 grand and crappy furniture? That's all? I can't even sell any of that shit! It's not even antique. It's junk! The most I'll get is \$2000! Goddamn that motherfucking cunt!"

That did it. I couldn't hold my tongue anymore. I stood up from my chair. "You watch your mouth, Alex!"

"Or what?" He challenged me. His face smirked. "You'll beat me? You seem to like that kind of thing."

It took everything within me not to kick the living shit out of him. Raising his hand, Mr. Tambour gestured for us to sit.

"Gentleman, please." He said. "I'm almost finished." His scanned the document.

*2.3 -The remaining parts of my estate, the house and property valued at \$500,000 including the title and deed shall go to my eldest son, Enrique Quinn. May he and his future wife raise their children in that home.*

Alex stomped his feet and roared. "MOTHER FUCKER!"

Mr. Tambour attempted to reason with him. "Mr. Quinn, please calm down."

"FUCK YOU!" The nineteen year old spat. His eyes turned on me. "YOU TURNED HER AGAINST ME DIDN'T YOU! THIS IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT! YOU'RE JEALOUS THAT I HAVE AN EXCITING LIFE AND YOU'RE RIDING ON MY COATTAILS! WELL FUCK YOU, RICKY! FUCK THAT DEAD CUNT! FUCK THE MONEY! I HATE YOU!"

I extended my hand, hoping it would make see reason. "Alexâ " "

His hands pushed me and I almost knocked down the chair behind me.

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"GET THE FUCK OFF ME!" He shouted. "I'M NOT GOING BACK! I'M GOING TO LIVE MY LIFE THE WAY I WANT TO FROM NOW ON! AWAY FROM YOU! AWAY FROM ALL THIS BULLSHIT!"

Growing worried, I appealed to common sense. "But Alex, what about rehab? You're on temporary leave."

"FUCK REHAB AND FUCK YOU!" Spinning on his heels, he raced for the door. I chased after him. Mr. Tambour ordered me to stop but I refused I trailed after Alex who got into an elevator that was closing. I tried to reach him but the doors shut and I was cut off. I then grabbed a second elevator.

Once I hit the lobby, I saw my brother escaping through the front entrance. I ran after him and tried to flag him down on the busy street.

"Alex! Wait!" I called out to him as he blended into the crowd of the sidewalk.

"FUCK OFF!" I heard him holler. "I'LL MAKE YOU PAY MOTHER FUCKER! YOU'LL BE SORRY! YOU'LL SEE!"

Helplessly, I watched my drug addicted brother disappear into the large group of people passing through and there wasn't a damn thing I could do to stop him.

Defeated, I headed back inside the law firm.

Sadly, what Alex said was true. I did fuck up his life.

## Chapter 28: Guilt

I had to wait a full twenty four hours before filing a missing person's report. Lauren assisted me by contacting her friends on the police force in helping to find Alex. Unfortunately since he was an adult, they were very little they could do since he was more than likely to begin visiting his old haunts and start using again. Still, I held out hope that I would find him and convince him to get back into rehab.

Dr. Breckenmeyer at the Sierra Ranch was disappointed to hear that my younger brother had escaped my custody and now was roaming Las Padres and relapsing. He blamed himself for believing Alex wanting to get better but knowing my sibling, he had fooled everyone. The specialist apologized profusely but I knew that the responsibility of the blame was due to my flesh and blood's unwillingness to change. I reassured him that I Sierra Ranch was not at fault.

After a pleasant conversation with the doctor, I returned to my own concerns, namely the copy of the Hard Rock formula in my possession. I had made an extra copy at work in case I lost the original and hid both in a safe spot in my apartment. Keeping the knowledge of the document a secret from Lauren weighed heavily on my conscience but I figured the less she knew about my involvement, Jason and Mark Kendall, Alex, the Zagreskis and Anatoles and their connection to the Hard Rock case, I safer all of were in this matter.

Instead, I focused solely on work as Mark tried to share some news on his older brother with me during our meal break to which I showed less of an interest in.

"Jason's hasn't been himself lately." The tall man commented. "I've never seen him so sad and depressed."

I shrugged. "What do you want me to do about it?"

"Call him. Let him know that you still care about him." Mark advised.

"No!" I said sternly. "Your brother was the one who threw me out of his house! He made his point very clear that our relationship was over!"

He tried to defend his actions. "He was just terrified after that botched moment you two shared! He wasn't thinking clearly. Ricky, he still wants you back. I know my brother. He's not one for words but when he told youâ!"

"That he loved me." I finished his sentence. "Yeah, I know all that but his actions didn't show any of that. Only resentment and violence. Remember when he strangled me that first night we met? Then he slapped me and broke things off. It's abuse, Mark. Plain and simple. I don't need or deserve that in my life."

Mark sighed. "It wasn't intentional. You know my brother, Ricky, better than anyone. He's a passionate man. His impulses sometimes gets the better of him and he gets carried away. I know you care about him too. Deep in your heart, you miss him."

I rolled my eyes. "I miss the sex, Mark. That's what it only was. Sex. Physical pleasure. No emotion. No feelings. I'm in a good place now. I'm in happy relationship with a woman and I have no interest of returning to your brother and to that madness ever again! I don't want to become a Sub now or ever in the future!" Standing firm, I emphasized my point. "Now if you excuse me, I have to e-mail some profit margins to your brother. He is still my boss after all!"

## Honor Thy Master: Journals of a Submissive

Marching toward my office, I observed my assistant manager glancing at me with sadness in his eyes. Sad but true, I learned to develop some thick skin and removed all thoughts and memories of Jason Kendall from my mind the last few days. The only thing that I needed to concentrate on was keeping Gordenthal's shipping warehouse afloat.

The moment I got in my office, I shut the door and checked my business e-mails on my computer. I scanned the list of messages on my inbox when my eyes noticed the title *URGENT* in the subject line. I clicked on the link to open it.

It was from Alex.

*Hope you like this picture fucker! I have plenty more!*

A JPEG file displayed on the attachment. I opened it not considering the fact that it might be virus. The image downloaded for a few seconds before appearing on my monitor. I squinted at the image before my mouth opened wide with shock.

There on the screen was my naked body, with my hands tied behind my back with a scarf and wearing a blindfold. Clutching me close was a well-endowed Jason Kendall fucking me as I displayed a look of ecstasy on my face. I panicked as my cell phone rang. I answered it. A familiar voice laughed through the receiver.

"Enjoy the pic?"

It was Nick Iacona or better yet, Nick the Prick.

I seethed. "How the hell do you get that picture?" I demanded to know.

The bald headed mustache man snickered. "Turns out the big boss man likes to videotape everything. I guess Jason Kendall isn't such the big corporate type as he appears to be. He has a fetish for kink and prefers young guys. Ambitious young guys who don't mind fucking their way to the top!"

"Cut the bullshit, Iacona!" I hissed. "What the fuck you want? Blackmail money?"

"TO RUIN YOUR LIFE ASSHOLE LIKE YOU RUINED MINE!" The former regional manager bellowed before calmly taunting me. "It turns out I'm not the only who wants revenge. Your brother must really hate you!"

My mouth dropped. I stood up from my desk. "Is Alex with you? Is he there? Can I speak to him?"

"Sure." Nick snorted.

The sound of the phone changing hands kept me glued. I heard heavy breathing on the other end, almost incoherent and confused, then a slurred voice answered me.

"Helllooooâ !mother fuckerâ !"

I wanted to cry. "Alex? Alex, is that you? Are you okay?"

My younger brother giggled strangely. "I'm fineâ !fine like wineâ !stick it whereâ ! the sun don't shineâ !"

He started to laugh manically. I remembered the inconsistent babbling. Alex usually did that when he was using. I began to realize that he was high.

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"Alex." I said. "Wherever you are, I'm glad you're safe. I'm not angry. Just tell me your location and I'll come get you. I can get you help."

His tone suddenly changed. "I don't need no help! You fucked me up, Ricky! I'm gonna fuck you up!"

Frowning, I tried to plead with him. "Please, Alex. I know you're angry with me and I'm sorry. You're my brother and I still love you! Just tell me where you are!"

"Fuck You!" My younger sibling snapped. "You fucked me bad Alex! I'm repaying the favor Like the pictures? You didn't know that Master Jason likes to be a voyeur Has many hidden cameras likes to watch film I had Nick break into his house steal the footage!"

Part of me hoped to plead to his sympathies so I attempted to reason with him. "I don't care, Alex. I'm no longer with him now! Please, Alex, tell me your location!"

"NO!" He shouted. "You pay I get even Hope your girlfriend likes the photos too!"

My face lost all color when he said that. Laughter erupted from the phone as Alex hung on me. Quickly, I deleted the profane photo on my e-mail and tried to call Lauren. I hated contacting her so early in the morning but this couldn't wait. After a few rings and her not answering, I grew worried. Instead, I texted her.

*Whatever happens please hear me out.*

I sent the message and prayed she got it.

All I could do now was wait.

Closing time occurred around 6:00 a. m. and my anxious apprehensiveness kept me distracted my entire shift. Mark noticed this, questioned me about it but I constantly blew him off. The moment work ended, I raced for my car and headed home.

Sure enough, I noticed Lauren's car in the parking lot of complex. Preparing for the worst, I headed up the stairs and braced myself for the impact.

I entered my apartment to see my girlfriend sitting on the couch, staring completely blank at the wall as she forced herself to look at me. Her eyes were red with tears as I scanned a manila envelope on top of my coffee table with dozens or so photographs scattered on the counter of me naked, tied up and screwing my Dom in various positions. Next to her was a box of sex toys that I hadn't even used that were given to me by Jason and the unfinished charcoal sketch of Jason Kendall on the canvas leaning against the couch. The jig was finally up.

Lauren pressed sadly pressed her lips together and shook. "I just want to know one thing, Ricky. How long has this been going on?"

An instant pain formed in my throat. I swallowed hard and said nothing. Her face contorted to rage.

"HOW LONG?"

I averted my gaze. "A few months. I've been seeing Jason for a few months behind your back."



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Tears formed in her eyes. "Tell me the truth. Were you already with him when we began dating?"

Sighing, I nodded.

She covered her mouth. "You asshole! You made me believeâ! You told meâ!" She stood up from the couch. Her eyes shifted to the photographs. "And this?!? You're into this weird, S & M shit with him?"

I began to ball. "Yesâ! but it's what you think?"

Her mouth twisted. "NOT WHAT YOU THINK?!? WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS THAT I'M SEEING?" She grabbed one of the photographs and flung at me. It made a slight tap to my chest as it fell to floor. "THIS WHOLE TIME YOU'VE BEEN CHEATING ON ME WITH JASON KENDALL! NOT JUST REGULAR CHEATING! SOME KIND OF FREAKY BULLSHIT LEATHER AND CHAINS KIND OF FUCKED UP CHEATING! YOU'RE SICK IN THE HEAD! DO YOU KNOW THAT?"

My face streaked with my tears. "You don't understandâ! Lauren, this thing that I had with Jasonâ! He brought out something in meâ! He opened my eyesâ! helped me deal with my childhood traumasâ! It was something that just leather and chainsâ! It was true intimacy."

She shook her head in disgust. "HE FUCKED UP YOUR HEAD! LISTEN TO YOURSELF, RICKY! HE USED YOU AND ABUSED YOU TO THE POINT YOU SOUND LIKE THOSE SYMPATHIZERS OF DOMESTIC VIOLENCE! DON'T YOU GET IT? YOU'RE A VICTIM! THE BRUISES THAT I SAW ON YOUR BACK! THESE PHOTOGRAPHS DON'T LIE! HE'S RAPING YOU!"

I protested her assumptions. "No! It wasn't sexual assault! What we engaged in was completely consensual! You wouldn't understand!"

"Then make me understand!" She shouted.

So I did. I explained to her about Alex's and my rape as children, my mother's involvement with the murder of our assailant, the cover-up, and the events leading up to meeting Jason Kendall. I even went further by detailing our Sub-Dom agreement. I confessed all of it and maybe for a brief moment she sympathized with me. However, I knew that she couldn't accept my entire reasoning behind these events. I could only hope she would forgive me for it.

Sitting back on the couch, she placed hands to her face. "So you knew that Jason Kendall was involved with the Hard Rock drug trade this whole time and you've been covering up for him?"

"Yes." I whispered. "The Zagreskis have kept a low profile since the Anatoles took over this territory in Las Padres. Jason has been disguising their activities but keeping a close watch on their enemies. I've been observing things but staying out of the crossfire."

She sneered. "And you still continued to keep an intimate relationship with Jason this whole time even when you were with me."

I exhaled and admitted my guilt. "Yes. It was wrong of me and I'm sorry."

Her face became furious. "You're sorry? Sorry for what? Deceiving me? Playing with my emotions? Making me fall in love you? You made a fool out of me! You're just like your lover! You use people to meet your fucked up agendas! You're an evil person, Ricky Quinn! You never really loved me, did you?"

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"No, Lauren," I disagreed. "That's not true! I did love youâ I mean I still do!"

"Liar!" She jumped from the couch and slapped my cheek hard. I shut my eyes and let the consequence of my punishment seep in. "Don't you dare say that to me! You played me for a fool and I'll never forgive you for that!" Her finger pointed at me. "I'm not blind! I see the photographs, the disgusting sex toys, and this art piece you've done of him! It's some fucked up shrine that you've built to him! I'm not stupid! You're in love with him!"

"No!" I argued. "I'm not! It was just sex! Only physical! I don't feel that the same way that I feel about you!" Stepping forward, I reached out to her. She shoved me away. "STOP LYING, RICKY! The way you talk about him, the way he's gotten inside your head, he has hold over you! He's messing with your mind! You're in love with him! Admit it!"

I hesitated. My head kept swimming for answers but I couldn't come up with something viable to say so I remained silent.

Frustrated, Lauren stomped off. "You don't have to answer, Ricky! I can see it your eyes. You can deny your feelings for him all you want but at the end of the day, you'll choose him. I might not understand this whole Sub-Dom bullshit but I do know where your true feelings lie!" She began to whimper. "It's just not with me!" She reached for the front door to leave. "You're a good guy, Ricky. I'm sorry that you got involved with a criminal so I'm giving you a warning! I have enough evidence to nail your lover to the wall so I'm telling you stay away! You're an accomplice in this whole thing and if you continue to aid him, I will arrest you for your involvement! Goodbye, Ricky! Have nice fucked-up life!" She slammed the door and I collapsed to the floor weeping.

I had fucked up royally. More than fucked up, I completely stripped away the one good thing that I had, took it for granted, and let it walk out the door.

I didn't deserve to be loved. I didn't deserve to be with someone. What I deserved was to be alone.

Holding myself, I crawled into a fetal position and soaked my tears into the carpet.

I never felt so lost.

Hours passed and I slept through my pain. When I finally woke up, I stared at the clock on the wall, saw that it was now eight in the evening and my stomach rumbled for nourishment and the overwhelming urge to pee kept me awake. I raced to the bathroom, did my business and returned to my spot on the carpet. I didn't want to move.

Forcing myself to shut my eyes, I couldn't sleep so I got up and began cleaning up the mess of dirty photographs and tossed them into the box of unused sex toys. The butt plug and specially molded dildo my Master gave me made me angry that I grabbed the items and headed toward the dumpster. After tossing the offensive objects inside the garbage, I headed back to my apartment to toss out the unfinished canvas that contained Jason's naked charcoal portrait.

Clutching the painting in between my fingers, I stared at it one last time before I erupted into rage and began destroying it with my hands.

"DAMN YOU!" I erupted. "DAMN YOU JASON KENDALL! YOU RUIN EVERYTHING!" I tore at material until my fingers dug into the fabric of the burlap material. It easily disintegrated into my hands. "WHY DID I MEET YOU? WHY DID YOU COME INTO MY LIFE! YOU KEEP FUCKING

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EVERYTHING UP! YOU KEEP DESTROYING LIVES! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE! I couldn't stop myself. Ripping apart the material until the wood frame remained, I threw on the carpet and began stepping on it. The charcoal sketch smeared on the page. Tears flowed through my eyes like a waterfall until I buckled to the floor completely exhausted. "Why Master why?" An agonizing pain tore at my heart. "I miss you!"

At the moment, my cell rang and I wiped my tears to answer it.

"Hello?" I sniffed.

"Mr. Quinn?"

The voice was unfamiliar and strangely Russian.

"Who's this?" I asked nervously.

"Da, you not know me." The stranger answered. "I am Yuri Anatole. You have something I want. Bring Hard Rock formula or else!"

*Oh shit!* One of the Anatoles had gotten my number but how? Suddenly, another voice got on the phone.

Nick Iacona.

"Hello asshole!"

"What do you want, Nick?" I demanded.

My former regional manager laughed. "I work for some very important people here. I'm sure you know them. The Anatoles? Let's just say your brother and I have joined forces.

I gasped. "Alex? You have Alex with you?"

Nick giggled. "Alex is preoccupied right now. We offered him a sample of some Hard Rock and he's enjoying himself."

My fury built up. "You son of bitch!"

"Careful." The bald head, mustache man warned. "We wouldn't want to hurt your boyfriend!" He turned the receiver so that I heard the faint sound of someone groaning in the background. I immediately knew it was my lover Jason.

"Mother fucker!" I screamed. "You better not hurt him!"

"We won't." He snickered. "As long as you deliver the copy of the Hard Formula to us! Meet us at the Wharf Cannery Row at Warehouse 18. You remember the place?"

Of course I remember the place. It was where I first rescued Alex and where I first met Jason. It was ironic that I was going back there again.

"Yeah." I said.

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"Be there at midnight and come alone." Nick instructed. "Or else Jason ends up in a body bag!" He hung up the phone.

Fear overtook me. The Anatoles were holding my Master hostage and had less than four hours to bring deliver the formula before something unfortunate happened to me. Darting into my room, I grabbed a copy of the document and placed it in an envelope that I kept inside my desk. I realized the danger that was involved but I didn't care. My only concern was for Jason.

Grabbing an empty storage box, I gathered up all my journals, tossed them in and included an envelope containing the second copy of the Hard Rock formula. Knowing full well that this meeting was going to be dangerous, I didn't want to take any chances.

Therefore, I want to conclude that this possibly might be my last journal entry. I want you to know, Lauren, that should you receive this that all accounts of my experiences and meetings with Jason Kendall were absolutely true.

I hope by reading these journals you comprehend my thoughts, feelings, and intentions for everything I had to and need to do in order to explain my actions. Yes, I did love Jason Kendall. Yes, I entered in willing Master-Slave relationship. And yes, I did things that went against the norms of public acceptance. None of which I regret or feel ashamed about.

I can happily say that I was proud to be a Sub. Despite the stereotype of being abused and weakened, I enjoyed being dominated. Through my interactions, I learned that a Sub holds true power and that the authority that a Master places on his slave is only dictated by what the submissive allows their Dom to do. I finally understand that now.

You might not comprehend it or accept it but the sense of normalcy that I had with you is what I loved most about you. I truly did love you but with Jason Kendall, it was more than just physical. It was a union of the mind, body and soul. He made me deal with my pain and helped me overcome it and for that I will always be forever indebted to him.

With that said, I can say that I belong to him. He's the one I was meant to be with. Try to be kind and sympathetic, Lauren. Try to understand.

I'm leaving you a letter enclosed with his package. Hopefully, you'll forgive me one day. For now, I have to do what my heart says is right.

Before I end this journal, I want to share a passage from the Bible. It's from Malachi 6:1. *A son honoureth his father, and a servant his master: if then I be a father, where is mine honour? and if I be a master, where is my fear?* That is what Jason Kendall was to me. A father. A master. A lover. I had no fear when I was with him. He protected me, sheltered me, and loved me.

I did *Honor Thy Master*. He was worthy of that entitlement.

Goodbye Lauren. May you forgive me someday,

Ricky

## Chapter 29: Tragedy

*From the journals of Mark Kendall.*

I'm not really good with keeping up with journals but my therapist told me this would be good way to air out of my feelings. Okay here goes. Where do I begin?

I guess getting over the tragedy of that incident hasn't really gone away. How can it when you already know that two people that you know and love died and there was very little you could have done to prevent it? The nightmare still haunts me to this day. Those painful memories feel like it occurred just yesterday.

I had dropped off some files at my brother's company, Kendall Conglomerate International, when I noticed him not his office that evening. It was rather strange because Jason's always in the building and usually when he's not going to show up for work, he'd tell me.

Not thinking anything of it, I was about to head to work early at the warehouse in Guillermo. Since taking over Sherry Deville's spot as assistant manager, I adjusted well with handling the daily routines and managing the employees. Ricky usually shows up later so it gave me a couple hours to fax over some of the paperwork to corporate headquarters so they could see what our quarterly ratings were doing within the company.

I can happily say that we were still number one within the company as far as getting shipments out on time to their designated areas.

Heading into Ricky's office, I decided to use his computer to pull up the files of our facility's productivity report when I accidentally clicked on his e-mail icon on the desktop. Apparently, he was such in a rush to leave work this morning that he completely forgot to shut down his computer. I was going to do it for him when I noticed a few messages in his inbox.

Being the nosy person that I am, I clicked on it. A slew of messages of appeared directed at the twenty three year old. I clicked on one of the attachments. What I saw made me nearly fall out of my seat.

In every single photo, my brother and Ricky participated in various forms of BDSM behavior. I quickly deleted each one and sent it to trash but not before reading each of the notes.

*Hope you like the pictures fucker!*

*Hope you like the pictures fucker!*

*Hope you like the pictures fucker!*

Each remark was spiteful, bordering on harassment. I read the sender's name to realize it was Alex. Somehow he discovered Jason's penchant for secretly videotaping his sessions, stole the footage and began posting it online. I immediately grew worried.

Grabbing my phone, I called my brother. He didn't answer. It immediately went to voice mail.

*That's weird. Jason usually answers when he knows that it's me.* I said to myself. I decided to text him instead.

*Jason, call me.*

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I then contacted Ricky. Again, no answer.

After an hour with no response from either person, red flags started to form inside my head. I had to get to the bottom of my fears so I called Sherry in her office in Imperial Valley.

"Sherry?" I greeted.

"Mark, baby!" The African American regional manager laughed. "How you doing?"

"Not too good." I lied. "I'm feeling a bit under the weather and I can't get a hold of Ricky. I was wondering if you cover my shift tonight?"

"No problem, hon." Sherry agreed. "You know I'd do anything for you and Ricky. I should be there in forty minutes so I can relieve you. Wait until I get there."

"Thanks, Sherry." I said. "See you soon."

Forty minutes rolled by and Sherry came strolling in the building and hugged me. I thanked her for helping me out.

"It ain't nothin' baby," she smiled. "You and your brother, the big bossman, gave me a great position. I owe you a lot. Besides, it'll be good to see my peeps again in Guillermo."

As usual, Sherry went right into her former position as if nothing had changed. In a way I envied her. She knew how to balance handling people and meeting her expectations. I wished I had her skill set.

Gathering my things, I headed to my car, and once again tried to get a hold of Jason and Ricky. No one answered their phones. At this point, I knew something was terribly wrong.

Grabbing my laptop next to me, I began hacking into the Las Padres police department files. I thanked God that despite being born in the wrong gender growing up, God gifted me with the intelligence of understanding computer programming. I've been breaking into the law enforcement database for a while in order to learn more about the Anatoles' whereabouts. It helped to update Jason's and the Zagreskis' knowledge of their enemies.

I was well aware of Detective Morrisey's growing suspicions of me and my brother so I began my research there. Pulling up her computer files, I noticed her checking out one of the Anatoles' thugs, Olav Kazay. He was a rough looking gentleman, with a shaved head, a nasty scar on his left cheek and was wanted for murder, rape and kidnapping in several countries. It seemed that the Las Padres investigator had taken a special interest in him as she made contact with a suspect named Boots Lorca who recently posted bail and was free. She had scheduled a meeting with Boots at Paloma Beach which was located on the westside of the city. I decided to start there.

Driving toward the deserted beach at ten o'clock at night, I noticed how dark it was as I quietly parked my car a few feet away to see Detective Morrisey's vehicle just a few yards from where I was situated. She appeared to be alone but something in my gut told me to be prepared. Usually, my hunches are never wrong. Opening my glove compartment, I pulled out my small pistol, got out and snuck behind the policewoman's car to observe two figures coming to meet each other in the sand under the crescent moonlight.

One was Lauren in her casual blazer, t-shirt, and jeans and the other looked like Hispanic gang member as they met each other. In the quiet of the darkness, I snuck in closer to eavesdrop on their conversation.

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"You got my money?" Boots asked the detective.

Lauren reached into her blazer and produced an envelope of bills and plane ticket. He handed it to the thug. "It's not much. Just five hundred and a plane ticket to Mexico. It should be enough to start a new life as long as you provide me the information you promised me."

"Why are you helping me?" He asked defiantly.

The blue eyed brunette sighed. "I don't think you're a bad kid. You just got a raw deal in life. It's about time you get a chance to start over. The money and the plane fare should get you out of Las Padres and away from the Russian mob."

"Thanks." Boots huffed. "You didn't bring any of your cops friends with you?"

She shook her head. "No. I came alone, as promised. Now tell me what I need to know."

The tide rolled in with a loud calm sound as the Latin thug started to speak.

"I heard on the streets that this Alex Quinn guy was a big dealer for the Anatoles." Boots informed her. "He used to be tight with the other Russian mob, the Zagreskis, until he stole a copy of their Hard Rock formula and began selling it to their enemies. Usually when I get supplied by my connection, I don't know what's really in it. I don't think Hard Rock is as pure as they say. It's mixed with other stuff. That's why anyone that uses it goes cray cray, you know what I'm sayin'?"

Lauren nodded. "I know exactly what you're saying. Go on."

Boots continued. "Well, I don't mess with that shit! They could be puttin' rat poison for all know! Anyway, my connection found about the shit Alex was pullin', you know playing both sides, that they went loco and threatened to kill him! That asshole got in too deep and now he's wanted by the Anatoles, the Zagreskis, and the cops!"

"Can you prove that the Zagreskis are involved with the drug market in Las Padres?" She asked.

"Nah, they're too classy for that!" The thug explained. "They know how to hide their shit well! They even have some guy working for them. Some rich fucker namedâ€" "

"Jason Kendall?" She questioned.

"Yeah! That guy!" Boots agreed. "He's been their fucking gopher boy for a while! That's why my supplier has been causing some shit! They want to get even with this Jason Kendall guy!"

"So who's this supplier?" She asked him.

"I told you before when you brought me last time." He confessed. "Olav Kazay. Mean fucker too. Scar, bald head. I even got an address of his new hideout. It'sâ€" "

A shot rang out. I ducked behind Lauren's car and slowly lifted my face to see a bullet hole right in the middle of Boot's forehead. Blood poured from the wound and the Hispanic keeled over dead. Two more shots rang out. Then another. I couldn't tell who was firing as the female detective began shooting back into the darkness as she ran for cover to a lifeguard tower a few feet away.

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Two shots echoed, this time coming from Lauren's gun, as she fired at the shadowed figure racing toward her. Due to the darkness blinded her vision, she missed her target and in order to compensate for her safety, she kept shooting until she was completely out of ammo. Helpless and out of bullets, she was now a sitting duck. I knew I had to do something.

From my vantage point, I could see the assailant smiling wickedly as he finished the last bullet from his barrel. It struck the lifeguard tower, splintered the steps of the wood but luckily missed the female detective. I breathed a sigh of relief that the female law enforcement officer was all right.

Aiming her empty gun at her attacker and hoping she could bluff her way out of the situation, she searched for the shooter. No one appeared. Convinced that the coast was clear, she got up from behind her hiding spot and carefully observed her surroundings. Except for the sand, the rolling tide, and the dead body of her contact, there was nobody in sight. She dropped her guard down, began to sheath her pistol and that's when the murderer made his move.

A double knotted cord came up from behind her, restrained her neck and pulled her back. She flailed and struggled for a bit as the killer tried to strangle her but she fought back. Slipping her fingers underneath the cord, she made a self-defense move by stomping on the sniper's toes and elbowing him in the ribcage. The assailant howled which gave time for Lauren to make her move. She kicked him the groin which disabled him and released the rope from her neck at which point she to make a break for it! Unfortunately, her opponent was much faster. He quickly recovered, grabbed her arm and punched her hard in the face. She went down in the sand.

Now defenseless, the killer made his final move. He straddled her chest, pinned her arms to the sand and began wrapping his hands around her neck. Lauren struggled for air as she tried to fight her enemy to which point I ran from my hiding place behind her car, aimed my pistol and fired three rounds into the man's back. He fell on top of her like a sack of potatoes.

Lauren grunted and shoved the dead man off her. I offered my hand to which she slapped it away.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" She questioned me angrily. Rubbing her sore neck, she pushed herself off the sand.

My eyes rolled as I responded with sarcasm. "It's good to see you too. Thanks for the gratitude of saving you."

She patted the sand from her clothes. "How long have you've been following me?"

"I got here a few minutes ago." I said. "I hacked into the police files to see that you were meeting a contact so I went to check up on you."

Her face displayed anger. "You hacked into our department? You do know that's a criminal offense?"

I exhaled. "Look, Lauren, you can arrest me later but right now we have bigger problems. My brother and Ricky are missing! I've tried calling and texting them and they're not responding for several hours. I'm worried something must have happened!"

She curled her mouth and rolled her eyes. "Maybe the lovebirds needed some alone time. Ever think of that?"

I grabbed her arm. "Look, Lauren. I'm sorry you're hurting. Whatever this thing my brother and Ricky have is real. I'm sorry you got caught in the middle of it but I know deep down you still care for Ricky. I care about him too and I'm concerned about Jason. Please help me." I hoped my pleading would sway her.



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"Fine!" She snapped. I was relieved. "But on one condition!"

"Name it." I said. At this point, I was willing to do anything.

"You tell me everything I need to know about the Zagreskis!" She offered.

Leaving me with no choice, I agreed. "Deal." My face turned to the dead man. "Before we do that, let's check out the guy who tried to kill you."

She helped me roll the body over so that we could see his face. A shaved head, scar and ugly looking face appeared for his and we both instantly knew who it was.

Olav Kazay.

"Oh this is bad!" I noted. "Real bad!"

"What do you mean?" She asked me. "You know this guy Olav Kazay?"

I nodded. "He's the cousin of Yuri Anatole. You could say he's his right hand man. Jason had been tracking his actions all over town. He's the one that I killed one our employee, Carl Lamb."

Lauren's eyebrows rose. "I knew it! So Carl Lamb was involved with some illegal dealings with your brother?"

"Sort of." I corrected. "He didn't sell Hard Rock. He was more as a spy. Despite what you think, the Zagreskis don't sell junk. They know how to manufacture a pure form of the drug where you get a high but not the nasty side effects afterwards. Think marijuana with the giggles and munchies afterwards."

"Even still. It's a dangerous narcotic." She emphasized. "It's still illegal." She continued to press me for more info. "What's the difference?"

"Our Hard Rock doesn't create violent hallucinations and psychotic behavior." I answered. "That stuff being told on the news is from the all the other crap that the Anatoles having putting in their ingredients. That's why they want a copy of our formula to manufacture the pure stuff. With that said, the Anatoles will do anything to get it including committing murder."

"If that's the case," she remarked. "Why won't the Zagreskis step in stop them?"

"You know the Zagreskis are wanted by Interpol and the local police," I said. "You of all people should know what happened with the incident in Miami where the drug war became so violent between them and the Cuban drug dealers that innocent bystanders were killed in the crossfire. They don't want the same thing to happen here. They're keeping a low profile."

"And you and your brother are their personal lackeys," she clucked. "No wonder you've manipulating everyone including poor Ricky! You have your own necks to look out for!"

"Think what you will." I snorted. "Right now, my only concern is making sure that my brother and Ricky are safe. If Yuri Anatole sent Olav Kazay to do a hit on during your meeting with your contact, then I think he has something to do with their disappearance. We need to check out another location just to be sure." I took her hand and dragged her with me. She took it back.

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"I'm not going anywhere with you!" She shouted. "How do I know I can trust you?"

I scowled. "You don't. But if anything happens to Ricky, you know deep down you'll never live with yourself. We can form a truce and help find them or let the Anatoles murder them and live with that knowledge of guilt for the rest of our lives. Your call!"

The detective pause for a minute to think. Then she exhaled and finally spoke up. "Fine. Be warned though. I'm staying armed." Inwardly, I was happy she accepted my proposal.

"Good." I said. "You'll need it for this rescue mission."

I escorted her to my car to which I made an anonymous tip to 911 about the discovery of two dead bodies on the beach. Police and EMTs would be arriving in a couple minutes. Once we got inside, I drove toward Jason and my mansion in Oceanview.

"Why are we heading to your place?" She asked on the drive there.

"I want to be sure if Jason is really missing or that he's at home." I said.

Lauren didn't object and I pulled into the driveway of the Kendall manor. Immediately, my eyes turned to the lights that were left on. Obviously, somebody was home.

My partner pointed toward the door. "Look, someone left the front entrance open."

"That's not like Filomena to leave the door unlocked." I noted.

We leaped from the vehicle and raced inside. The inside of house was overturned. Chairs were upside down, priceless antiques smashed, and tables thrown about. It looked like there had been a scuffle. Already two male bodies lying in a pool of blood caught our attention. It was my brother's two bodyguards.

"Sam and Harry!" I gasped. "They work for Jason! They've been shot!"

The female policewoman checked the kitchen. "Mark! There's another body here!"

I headed into Lauren's location where I saw our housekeeper Filomena lying face down in puddle of her own blood. She too had been shot.

"FILOMENA!" I screamed. I could feel the tears falling. The older Filipina woman didn't deserved to be murdered in such a callous way. My blood boiled with anger as I wipe my eyes.

Kneeling down, Lauren noticed something on the floor and picked it up. It was a bloodied business card that perhaps one of the killers had dropped. She showed it to me.

On the card it read: *Kendall Conglomerate International's Cannery Co. Wharf Cannery Row. Warehouse 18. Oceanview, California.*

It suddenly dawned on me. "Oh my God! I know where my brother and Ricky were taken!"

Lauren waved her head from side to side. "Where?"

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"My family owns an old cannery warehouse here in Oceanview. We rarely use it but as a storage facility for fuel for the shipyards. The Anatoles must've taken the two there!"

"How long will it take us to get there?" She asked.

"Fifteen minutes of a drive." I said.

We ran out to my car and drove toward the pier where the cannery buildings were. Parking in a secluded area near a chained link fence, we noticed a trio of cars parked near Warehouse 18. Lauren and I reloaded our guns and headed toward the building.

The moment we reached the back alley, two gunshots echoed from inside. I heard a loud scream and feared the worst. Lauren grabbed her cell to call her colleagues.

"This is Detective Lauren Morrisey!" She said through the receiver. "I'm here at a deserted warehouse at Wharf Cannery Row in Oceanview! Gunshots have been fired. Send back up to Warehouse 18 now!" She hung up the phone.

"They won't get here in time." I remarked.

"All we can do is pray." She noted.

"How many cartridges do you have for your gun?" I asked her.

"One." She answered. "You?"

"Same." I nodded. "We'll have to make this quick! We don't have enough ammo between us if things get heated."

"Let's go!" She instructed. We ran to the rear of the building.

I led her toward the back alley as I unlocked the door slowly with my keys. Quietly, we crept in as the entire structure surrounded us in darkness except for a bit of light coming from an overhead fixture and shining a scene on to a metal platform that connected to three flights of stairs on the main level. Up above six people engaged in a heavy conversation.

Two were Russian thugs, heavily armed and guarding the corners of the railings while a drugged out Alex Quinn sat in the near edge rocking himself. To the left, Nick Iacona stood next to his boss, an older gentleman in his late fifties, wearing a wool suit and sporting completely white hair. It was Yuri Anatole no doubt and they both tormented a helpless and bound Ricky with a ball gag in his mouth and his wrists tied up with double knotted cord behind his back. His face streaked with tears and I soon realized why.

Down below on the ground several flights from the high rise metal platform laid my brother, Jason Kendall. His face was concealed in darkness but a large pool of crimson surrounded him while a big splotch of red drenched his back. It became apparent he has been shot from behind and he wasn't moving. Seeing my brother motionless and thinking the worst, I nearly lost it and almost revealed Lauren's and my location.

"Jason!" I whispered.

I was about to erupt but Lauren clasped my mouth and pulled me back. She pressed her fingers to her lips to signal me.

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"Not yet." She said quietly. "We have to wait."

Helpless and upset over the killing of my brother, all we could do now was observe the exchange taking place upstairs.

"Da, so you're the new slave of Mr. Kendall?" Yuri Anatole. "Your brother think you no good. Alex good slave to me. He show you."

Unzipping his pants, the Russian mobster took out his small dick and beckoned the younger Quinn forward. Alex, looking pale and dead in the eyes, crawled over and got on his knees. Yuri's bodyguards looked away in disgust while Nick Iacona cringed and averted his eyes.

"Suck me!" The mobster ordered.

Alex grabbed the flaccid prick and began sucking it. It grew slightly in the nineteen year old's mouth to which the Russian mob boss suddenly pulled out quickly and ejaculated all over the young man's face. Streaks of cum splattered on the junkie's mouth to which he wiped it away with his hands.

"See, Ricky?" Yuri cackled. "Your brother good slave to me. Da. He left old Master to be mine. I know how to treat a slave real good. You watch." Ricky continued to weep but due to the ball gag in his mouth could only making a few grunting noises. The mob boss then grabbed his younger's brother's hair and tossed him to the floor. With fingers clutched on his tiny, flaccid dick, Yuri Anatole let a stream of piss all over Alex's face. The nineteen year old happily caught it in his mouth before listening to his Dom give him further humiliating orders. "Lick my piss. Lick it and drink it off my shoe."

Everyone, including myself and Lauren cringed at the sight, as the drugged out nineteen year old kneeled down and began lapping up his Master's urine. Then his tongue cleaned the tip of the mobster's footwear before letting out a large gulp. Witnessing that made all of us want to throw up. Alex had reached the lowest level of Sub degradation. He was lost to us all.

Please with his slave's obedience, Yuri grabbed a small vial of liquid from the sports coat that he was wearing and handed it to the young man. Like an anxious child, Alex accepted the bottle as he pulled a syringe from his pocket and extracted the contents. Dashing toward the corner of the platform, he rolled up his sleeve, found a vein and injected the substance into his body. Within seconds, the Alex began to shake.

Yuri Anatole laughed. "See, Alex?" He zipped himself back up. "How good slave your brother is? Maybe you be good slave to me too."

Ricky grunted. Nick Iacona stepped forward and removed the ball gag from the twenty three year old's mouth. A thick line of saliva caked the oral restraint with the dark haired man's spit.

"FUCK YOU MOTHER FUCKER!" The twenty three year old hissed. "YOU KILLED MY MOTHER!"

Raising his hand back, Yuri slapped the prisoner across the face. A small welt began to form on his cheek.

"You be nice to Yuri!" The Russian mobster. "Or else I get real mad! I didn't kill your mother. Your brother did."

Ricky's eyes opened wide. "That's a lie!"

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Nick Iacona curled his mouth upwards. "No, it's true. Alex offered Mr. Anatole the Hard Rock formula in exchange for putting a hit on your mother." The bald mustache man held up the double knotted cord and waved it in front of him. "Remember this? Your lover has a thing for tying you up? I broke into Jason Kendall's mansion and stole some of his personal belongings like this special cord. I then gave it to Olav Kazay who broke into your mother's house to find the formula and to strangle the bitch with these piece of rope! Let's just say Alex was very happy when we gave him the news!"

Ricky eyed his sibling with hatred. Alex's drug induced haze made his confess everything.

"Yes! I killed the bitch!" The young man admitted. "Had the cunt put a hit on her! Master Yuri made me happy!" He laughed uncontrollably. "She made my life miserable! She deserved to die!"

"SHUT UP!" Ricky screeched at his sibling. "I HATE YOU!"

Alex ignored him and flopped around as he let the drugs absorb into his system. Yuri reached for a leather whip that he had next to him and handed it to Nick.

"Strip off his shirt." He told the bald headed man.

The former regional manager got behind the twenty three year old who struggled with his binds. Grabbing a hold of the front buttons, he tore open the material until my brother's lover was bare chested and kneeling in front of the Russian mob boss.

"It's nothing personal." Nick smirked at Ricky as he threw the torn material off the metal platform. "Mr. Anatole sought me out and offered me a lot of money to spy on you and gather information. I was the one who broke into your apartment to look for the Hard Rock formula. I was the one who snuck into Jason's mansion and stole the photographs. Consider it karma for ruining my life."

The dark haired man scowled. "Go to hell! You were a prick for the company and you're still a prick now!"

Nick's face contorted. "I'm going to enjoy hurting you."

"Whip him!" Yuri Anatole instructed.

"With pleasure." The former regional manager smirked.

Uncurling the whip, he struck Ricky's back with the first lash. It made a huge red mark across his spine as the twenty three year old gritted his teeth and refused to shout. Then came the second strike. *SNAP!* This time Ricky's skin broke as a trickle of blood poured down his back. The dark haired man grunted in pain and Nick Iacona continued. *SNAP!* The third attack made an even deeper slash as blood poured into small puddles. Ricky screamed. Lauren couldn't stand the sight anymore and impulsively rushed in. I tried to stop her but it was too late.

"Police! Freeze!" She aimed her gun at the group above. One of the thugs got his rifle ready and aimed it at the female detective. I knew I had to act fast.

Noticing the fuse box in the corner across me, I dashed for it. I could hear the click of the rifle and I quickly opened up the metal lid and slapped my hand across all the lights. A shot fired. It ricocheted off a wall, sparked and plunged the entire warehouse into darkness. Another gunshot rang out and I covered my head to protect myself as I crawled for cover. Amid the confusion, footsteps padded down the stairs of the metal

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platform. Voices murmured in the darkness and the sounds of scuffling could be heard as Yuri's Russian accent screamed through the blackness.

"FIND THEM AND KILL THEM!"

Lauren disappeared somewhere in the building. Then my ears pricked to hear some struggling occurring above on the platform above. Shouts and hollers surrounded me as I heard a loud protest of fear.

"NOOOOO!"

Something or someone fell off the railing, plunged a few levels below and cracked their head on the concrete pavement. Even in the darkness, I knew he or she didn't survive the fall.

Placing my hand against the wall, I used it to gain my bearings as I memorized the layout of the warehouse. I followed the path with my fingers and slowly walked the entire length until I felt the corner of a hidden spot and concealed myself. Through the dim shadows of the moonlight that showed through the windows above, I saw a tall figure holding a rifle and searching the main floor. I got my gun ready to fire before another figure crept up behind the thug and smashed his head in with a blunt object before disappearing into the darkness.

Another shot fired and once again I remained hidden. The clanging of something large boomed as it hit the floor and startled everyone. A few more shots fired as I noticed some sparks fly in the building. The large object rolled across the floor and the sound of liquid splashing on the floor caught my ears. I inhaled the aroma of something strong in the air and realized with horror what it was.

It was gasoline.

One of the fuel barrels must have fallen and now was emptying into the building. It didn't take a rocket scientist to know that one spark of a gunshot would lit up the entire place into a ball of flame. I knew I had to get Lauren, Ricky, and myself out of here fast.

I crossed out of my corner to see someone igniting a lighter in his hand in order to see where he was. It was one of the thugs. Though the dim light, he saw me in the distance and aimed his rifle at me. I tried to get my pistol ready but I wasn't fast enough. His finger pulled the trigger.

And a gunshot went off. The thug fell to the ground with a bullet through his neck. Behind him, Lauren held the smoking weapon that saved me. I would have been grateful except my eyes had noticed my assailant holding the lit lighter in his hand. It tumbled down and hit the ground when he fell, immediately igniting the gasoline. Soon the entire building erupted into an open flame. I rushed at Lauren, grabbed her hand and yanked her away from the cackling heat as the fire started to quickly surround every corner of the building.

"This place is going to going up in fast!" I shouted. "We have to get out of here!"

Violent smoke instantly gathered and we began to cough.

"Weâ can't!" She choked through the haze. "We have to find Ricky!"

We darted around the aisles as the fire blinded us and tried to avoid being burned. Through the smoke, we noticed three bodies lying on the floor. Yuri's two thugs dead. One that Lauren killed and another who was bludgeoned to death by my mystery rescuer. On the other side near the metal platform, Nick Iacona's smashed face remained lifeless as evident from his fall from the high rise. It was the sound that I heard earlier. I could only assume that he slipped and fell off the platform or he was pushed. Missing in this whole equation was

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Yuri Anatole, Ricky, and Alex. My eyes then shifted to the area where my brother's body was. A pool of blood stained the ground but Jason, himself, was nowhere to be found.

Was he moved or did he get up and walked away? I didn't had time to think about that as an enraged figure flashed before us near the fire. In a drug induced rage, Alex brandished a switchblade and roared. The Hard Rock in his system caused him to have a violent outburst and he attacked.

"I SEEâ YOUâ RAPISTS!" He screeched incoherently. "VIOLATING THE CHILDâ NO LOVE FOR MEâ THE VICTIM! I'LL PROTECT THE INNOCENTâ KILL THE CUNT LIKE THAT BITCH OF A MOTHER! KILL!" He slashed his blade in the air and lunged at us.

Lauren and I steadied our pistols, aimed and fired. Shots vibrated through the smoke as each bullet made contact with Alex's chest, gushing a mist of blood on the ground. We didn't stop until we completely emptied the barrels of both our guns. The nineteen year old convulsed, dropped the knife, and collapsed to the ground.

Alex Quinn was finally dead.

Clicking our pistols, we became aware that we were completely out of ammo as a frightened cough was heard in the distance. Through the gray haze, two figures emerged as Lauren and I adjusted our eyes to see Yuri Anatole dragging a captive Ricky toward our direction. The young man's hands were no longer bound but the Russian mobster still kept him prisoner. The corners of the warehouse continued to become engulfed in flames as we coughed and finally saw the gun grasped in the Russian mobster's hand. The point of the pistol was pressed against Ricky's temple as Yuri's other arm clutched his neck. Lauren and I raised our hands and backed away.

"Don't move!" Yuri warned in a thick Russian accent. "Or else I shoot friend!" He shook Ricky hard. "This slave killed my worker, Nick Iacona! He pushed him off rail so I'm taking him as hostage! I need him to escape through back door! Nobody follow or else!"

We both agreed. That's when the mobster took an interest in Lauren.

"Where's Olav?" He asked. "You should be dead! I put hit on you!"

"He's dead." The detective replied bluntly. Police sirens could be heard outside. "It's over, Yuri! Surrender! You're surrounded!"

The Russian sneered. "You killed Olav? Well then, I kill you!" He raised the gun away from captive and pointed to Lauren.

"NO!" Ricky shouted. With his hands not free, he tried to grab gun away from Yuri. A shot fired on the floor and the mobster twisted his fist and struck the young man in the jaw. Then with the pistol lifted, Yuri fired a shot to the dark haired man's side.

Ricky clutched his blood wound and fell. Lauren shrieked.

"RICKY!"

Yuri was about to finish him off with a gun to the head when a loud rumbling distracted the mob boss. A metal barrel rolled across the concrete ground in front of him, spilling a line of gasoline and cutting off our path. We watched it make contact with one of the flames and then all of sudden a wall of fire streaked across the boundary line and separated us from Ricky and Yuri Anatole. Now imprisoned by a ring of fire and unable

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to cross toward the emergency exists, the Russian mobster bellowed in frustration.

He cursed a thousand words in his native tongue when a tall stranger came darting from out of the smoke. My brother, Jason Kendall, wounded and bleeding rushed at his enemy with a metal crowbar and struck Yuri in the arm. The blow was so heavy that it forced the mobster to drop his gun. Yuri howled in pain and tried to retrieve his weapon but my sibling was much more agile. Raising the crowbar high, he brought it down on Anatole's face as screams of agony vibrated through the burning building.

The torture of the mobster brought me no sympathy for Yuri's plight as we watched in morbid fascination the rising and falling of the metal crowbar as it struck his face and ripped away pieces of his flesh in the process. Blood splattered all over Jason's skull as he ignored the Russian's anguished cries and played a symphony of classical gore from the cracking of his enemy's bones to the tearing of the mobster's skin being sliced through with the rod. He continued again and again until the flames got closer to him and Ricky and finally finished until Yuri Anatole had no more breath left inside him. Once he reached the final end, my brother dropped the crowbar and bloodily crawled to his young lover.

"Ricky!" Lauren screamed from across the heated flames. She tried to reach out to both of them but I had to restrain her from getting burned. The fire crept closer to the duo. "We have to get you out of here!"

Bleeding profusely and weeping in shame, Ricky scuttled to Jason who knelt exhausted and embraced him tightly in his arms.

"You came for me!" My brother sobbed as blood poured from his mouth.

Ricky whimpered. "Yes, I had to. We're bonded. I finally understand that now!" He coughed through the smoke.

Lauren cried as she shouted across the wall of fire. "RICKY! THE BUILDING IS ON FIRE! I HAVE TO SAVE YOU!"

The twenty three year old glanced toward us through the smoke and raised his hand to protest. "No, I have to stay with my Master, Jason! Get out! Save yourself! It's too late for us!"

I panicked at what he was saying. I too began to sob and cry out to both them. "NO! WE CAN STILL SAVE YOU!"

Smoke blinded my brother's vision as he began to cough. "Go Mark! Save yourself and Lauren! Go!" He reached for his dark haired lover and held him close. The heat of the flames began to grow intense. Sadly, I nodded and with each tear streaking down my face, I wrapped my arms around the detective's waist, embraced her tight, and lifted her up. She fought me every step of the way but even with her flailing arms, I refused to let her go.

"NO!" She screamed and sobbed. "WE HAVE TO GET THEM! WE HAVE TO SAVE THEM! WE HAVE TO SAVE THEM!"

The flames increased. The fire streaked near several fuel canisters on the other side of the building. I knew it was too late as I carried Lauren toward the emergency entrance. As the smoke engulfed us, I could see the wailing tears of my brother and Ricky as I shifted my back to see them kissing passionately once last time and listened to their adoration of one another.

"Why didn't you leave me to die?" Jason coughed.



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"Because you're my Master Jason!" Ricky sniffed. "I belong with you! I love you!"

"I love you too! Ricky!"

I heard my older sibling confess. The smoke covered them in black as the flames descended upon them. Kicking the emergency exit door open, I darted outside with Lauren until a loud, booming explosion crashed through the top of the windows. Instantly, the cannery warehouse became one humongous inferno as the police squad and emergency crews arrived to extinguish the flames and to ensure that we both were all right.

Sad to say, we weren't. Lauren and I sobbed uncontrollably. We have lost the very people we loved and cared about.

Jason Kendall and Ricky Quinn.

## Chapter 30: Epilogue

### *EPILOGUE*

*Three months laterâ* :

*From the diaries of Detective Lauren Morrissey.*

Dear Diary,

I've read and re-read Ricky's journals. As much as I want to sympathize and comprehend this whole BDSM thing, I still hold a deep resentment toward Jason Kendall for dragging my lover into this sick world of perversions and corrupt behavior.

During my last therapy session with Dr. Parker, we discussed the possibility of being open to forgiveness. According to her, the willingness to forgive allows us as people to heal and allow our hearts to be open to love and extend that same feelings to others will help improve our definition as a society as a whole. Well, let's get one thing straight! I WILL NEVER FORGIVE JASON KENDALL AS LONG AS I LIVE!

He fucked up my boyfriend's head. He played with Ricky's insecurities, used them for his own sick, twisted fantasies, and abused him to the point that Ricky became so dependent on him for everything. Jason Kendall became a cult leader. Manipulative and ruthless and in the end it killed my boyfriend. It's Stockholm Syndrome, plain and simple. Ricky didn't deserve to die so tragically. I truly wish there's a secret place in hell for Jason. He's the one who needs to burn. May he experience it in the afterlife.

Lieutenant Price is still hesitant about putting me back on the force until I finish my sessions with Dr. Parker. So far, the therapist is providing positive feedback for him so I should be going back on vice pretty soon. It's all about how you play the game. As long as I tell the doc what she wants to hear, then she'll speed up the process about recommending I be placed back on the team. I can't wait.

I've been keeping tabs with the news and the tragic cannery row fire. Sadly, they keep getting the real story wrong. Thanks to the Kendalls' manipulation of the media, the story portrayed the rich family as victims of local drug dealers who hatched a kidnapping plot to extort money from the wealthy in order to fund their drug business. A rescue attempt was made but it went awry and resulted in the deaths of two innocent bystanders, Jason Kendall and Ricky Quinn. Very little was mentioned about the Anatoles, Nick Iacona, Olav Kazay, and Alex Quinn but the journalist summed it as another tragedy on the war on drugs which inspired the propaganda of local politicians to use for their upcoming electoral campaigns.

Mark Kendall accepted a plea deal and a year of community service. Thanks to his efforts of sharing his knowledge of the Anatoles, he avoided jail time as long as he cooperated with Las Padres police and shared his computer skills with our department. Though I'm grateful that he saved my life, I still didn't trust that man. I mean how can you especially when you share the same bloodline as Jason Kendall?

After hosting my lover's funeral, I cleared some of Ricky's personal belongings from his apartment and kept them. From his clothes to his art pieces, I still haven't decided what I'm going to do with them. I do know that I will keep the nude painting that he did of me. It's only the remembrance of him that I knew that came from the heart. Deep down, I know he still loved me.

Before his death, he made a crudely written letter that stated me as his beneficiary and he left me a large sum of cash, which ironically was from Jason Kendall, as well as his mother's house that I now own. I haven't

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really done anything about his estate he left me but right now I'm consulting with a lawyer on the validity of a handwritten note.

From time to time, the depression sets in so I grab a bottle of my Celexa meds and down a pill or two. I had just finished gulping one down when the doorbell of my apartment rang. I really had no plan to entertain visitors especially in my tank top and pajama bottoms but I figured it would be nice to get me out of the house for a while. I went to answer it.

Mark Kendall waved to me as he stood in my doorway. For a trans man, he was quite attractive in a basic polo shirt and khakis but the last thing I needed was a reminder of someone related to the man who killed my lover. I frowned at him.

"What do you want?"

The tall brown haired man sighed. "I know you don't want to see me but I was hoping we could talk."

Rolling my eyes, I let him inside. I was going to give him five minutes of my time before I was going to ask him to leave.

"Okay talk." I said, folding my arms.

Mark paced back and forth in my living room nervously. "Can I at least sit down?"

"Fine." I clucked. I pointed to the couch. "Have a seat."

Parking his cute butt on the seater, he inhaled and began to speak. "Here's the thing, Lauren. You might not believe this but Ricky did love you and he loved my brother as well."

I rolled my eyes. "Tell me something I don't know. Yes, he loved us both but in the end he chose Jason. How do I compete with that?"

"You accept. You understand." He sighed. "It was hard for Ricky to make such a difficult decision. It was tearing him up inside."

Shaking my head, I scowled. "Oh really? Can you explain the whole BDSM thing? Was that something my boyfriend chose for himself or did your late brother force him into it?"

Mark exhaled again. "The act of dominance, submission and control is complicated. There's a certain bond of trust that occurs between both partners that extends beyond the physical. It's almost goes above the emotional and psychological aspects of the human body where the balance can be something ethereal and eventually where two soul mates discover each other and form the ultimate connection. I think that's what happened between Ricky and Jason."

I groaned. "Cut the metaphysical bullshit with me! I don't buy it! Your brother manipulated and used Ricky and in the end it got them both killed! You're not going to convince me otherwise! I don't believe that their love was real!"

Mark stood up. "Believe what you want, Lauren. Their love was real! It's time that we both accept it and move on!"

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My blood boiled. "I WON'T ACCEPT IT!" His face transformed into sadness as he looked at me with pity. I could feel my tears well-up as I began to cry. The tall trans man instantly hugged me and surprisingly I didn't shove him away. I sobbed. "What are you doing here, Mark? Can't you see I'm not ready to handle any of this just yet?"

"That's why I want to offer you an alternative." He said. "I talked to Douglas at the Spectrum GLBTQ center. I know it's unorthodox but the gentlemen at the mens' group really admired and loved Ricky. They want you to come and share your feelings with them. It would help boost morale and allow us to remember him."

"Butâ 'but I'm a womanâ '!" I sniffed. "And I'm not gay."

Mark smiled. "It doesn't matter. It's all about acceptance of everyone. I think it'll help you out by talking to others so you can deal with your pain."

Wiping my eyes, I shrugged. "I guess so." I thought about for a minute and agreed. "Sure."

"Good." Mark grinned. "I'll let Douglas know. Oh and I talked to Lieutenant Price on your behalf."

My eyes opened wide. "You? You talk to my boss?"

The trans man nodded. "Since I'm working with the police on cracking down on some the mob bosses in town with my knowledge and skills, Lieutenant Price thinks I could help your department in certain cases involving people like the Anatoles. Even though Yuri's dead, he still has a couple minions working for him. I've heard stories that they're regrouping. That could mean trouble."

"What about the Zagreskis?" I asked. "Are you going to spy for your bosses?"

"They're not my bosses." He corrected. "Jason might have gotten heavily involved with them but I've always kept my distance. I don't trust them anymore than you do. Now that my brother is dead, I blame them for what happened. I have no loyalties to anyone. I want to take down the Zagreskis and the Anatoles and I need your help doing so. What do you say?"

This was an opportunity I was waiting for. I finally had someone from inside who was going to assist me with taking down the Russian mobsters. Mark extended his hand to which I happily accepted it. He pulled me close and hugged me.

"Deal!" I smiled. Slowly, we pulled away as we looked at each other differently. For someone transgendered, it never dawned on me how incredibly handsome he was. We gestured to each in silence. It would be Mark who would break the awkward tension.

"I better be going." He said. I opened the front door for him to let him out. "Would be okay if I called you sometime so we could meet for lunch or coffee forâ 'you know, to talk?"

Leaning against the doorframe, I grinned. "I'd like that, Mark." He waved goodbye to me as I watch him leave. I shut the door in excitement as I found myself with a new sense of purpose in my life. Turning to a box of Ricky's belongings that I kept in my room, I went to grab one of the items.

It was the old LP that I got for him of Tchaikovsky's *The Lovers*. I removed it from its sleeve, went to my record player, and put it on. The swell of orchestra immediately enchanted me as I imagined the maiden dancing as she waited for her lover, the flamboyant sorcerer in the forest. I too danced in my living room, spinning like a madwoman as I heard strange cooings and tappings from the sliding glass window of my patio.

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With the music still playing, I went to investigate.

Two white doves were perched on my balcony. They stared at me with sad little eyes as their beautiful ivory feathers caught my attention. I was about to shoo them away when I noticed something strange on the heads of both birds.

On the smaller dove, a dark row of black feathers appeared on the crown of the animal. It reminded me so much of someone with a similar hair color. The dark feathered one marched next to his companion, a larger dove with yellowish feathers, blond in hue, on top of its head. Both birds cooed and rubbed their beaks as the larger one seemed to be overly protective of his partner.

Tchaikovsky's piece drifted inside as I remembered the Russian fairytale of the classical piece.

*In order to be together, the sorcerer transformed the maiden and himself into two white doves and the pair flew up to the sky. Finally, they were finally together for eternityâ* ;

The blond dove ascended into the sky followed by the dark haired dove. Together they flew into the heavens.

I watched them disappear into the clouds and watched them vanish within the distance.

The maiden and the sorcerer. Ricky and Jason. Together forever.

For eternity.

I smiled.

I was going to be happy for them by letting my anger go.

It was the least I could I do for Ricky.

Glancing toward the sky, I made a silent prayer to God.

*Please let me find someone who loves me just as much.*

Thanks,

Lauren

***The End?***

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