Dominate you...

By : Spyguy

A ravaging of her body & soul... Is that just a fluke? Or was it her goal? ...You keep on reading, & someday you'll know... Sorry my writing's a little bit slow...

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/Spyguy

Copyright © Spyguy, 2014
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Table of Contents

Dominate you... Chapter 1

The Domination... Or the surrender?

Dominate you... Chapter 3

"The Commitment"

Dominate you... : Chapter 1

For **YOU** all of you...And you know who you are.

This is a poem, written in response to stimuli from a request...

Then, I later decided to make it into this novel...

The requester knows her demand.

View & respond with this in mind;

"When you visit, if you can illicit;

& you really make me miss it;

then pretty lady you can kiss it":

A friendly man**********And a very lonely girl

Mental image fires fan;*********If he winks, or holds a han'

More & more desire knows...****What you need from head to toes

Clothes from you I mentally peel...My rock hard cock you will feel;

In your hand you wish you had my long shlong to make you glad,

Want'a have a pornstar's life**********Or to be a good man's wife?

I walk to you & say my spiel...*******I know how to make it real;

Many women live in shanty's they're not wet now in their panties.

At my touch you'll come alive; like the bees within a hive;

Between your legs you haven't clutched;

Never before have you been touched.

Don't you know my phalus grows;

Lava prepping in my hose...

I'll turn you on, in my way...

When I'm ready,what I say.

All my words, you do love...

Yes, my little turtle-dove...

More & more my lava flows...

As my phalus grows & grows;

Pain you say you want to feel...

Here you go, swallow my pill...

Down your throat, without a bump...

Then in the air; I want your rump...

Pound & Pound & Thump & Thump...

Fill your bumhole with my Hump...

Step on you without a heel...

Make your head within you reel...

More & more my phalus grows...

Into you the Lava goes,

So, I'll Cum & then,

it glows;

**

*

**

*

**

*

For all you subs was this poem given;

From your minds,I've others driven.

It has to start somewhere, for Honey, it was about ready to begin... She just didn't know it yet, but the world was going to change big time for a small town country girl, become big-city bound...

BEFORE MOVING ON:

PLEASE BE SO KIND AS TO "LIKE"

AS WELL AS COMMENT.

THANK-YOU

Chapter 2: The Domination... Or the surrender?

Emcee pronounces from the front of the room:

"You've all come here today to compete for an opportunity to study under the sensuous, talented hands of the Master Trainer, absolute certainty should prevail in your minds that one, & only one of you'll earn the opportunity for divine connection with your inner soul at the hands of the epitome of experience... Are there any questions?"

I looked around the room at the other approximately 75 varying degrees of gorgeous women & internally suffered a moment of supreme self-doubt... "Do I really belong here?"

"OK..." He continued... "If you're not completely ready & willing to submit your own minds, bodies, & souls to a perfect stranger who you've never met, you've come to the wrong place today, let there be no doubt, this is a contest to find the one person in this room that drips and exudes sensuality, that embodies wanton lust, & that can submit herself completely. We're not looking for what ignorantly self-proclaimed "Experts" would define as "Sexy" or "Beautiful"... We want perfection, & it would surprise you who in this room both doesn't have it, as well as who may... If I haven't scared you off, then line up over there at that door, and we'll get started..."

With that said, he pointed at the door that I'd been discreetly making my way toward, thinking it was the exit, & my nightmare, my dream, & my life as a submissive all began, in one crazy, mixed up reckless, unprepared, glorious moment in time...

As we all walked through the door, I was feeling more & more afraid; Why would he want me? Why would I have a chance? I really don't want to just humiliate myself in public, yet that's what I've done today, isn't it? What do I do from here? I'm not a quitter, a failure, or one to give up easily... I'm a fighter, haven't I brought children into the world? I didn't just roll-over into that, & I'm not willing to just pansy out of this one either... Some of these women have no real life experiences, they've never had any children, or dealt with many of the day to day things that I have... Well, maybe he won't choose me, but by all that I believe in, it won't be because I didn't give it my best shot... I took the time to come here, & by golly I'm going to give this the best that I can... With that I walked up to the first test, the one that they said was the hardest of all... The one that most of these Hussies can't pass, according to the sign, as well as the whispering of a lot of these other women here, this is one that will break even the strongest of women... They don't have the discipline they say... Well, THAT'S an area where I can show them a thing or two since I've fought with courts, husband, children, cops, parents, & who knows what else... Yes, that's an area I can win in... I AM A DISCIPLINE... And there's NO WAY that a simple little mirror is going to get the better of me... This one I've got hands down... It's true I might get eliminated later on, but this one I can conquer, this one I WILL WIN...

All I have to do is beat my own self...

(Mental notes of Kelly, one of the students...)

Before you continue, please take the time to "Like" (If you do like).

As well as to comment on this chapter.

The more you comment, the better it'll get, believe me it works that way...

Thanks in advance...

Chapter 3

I linger at the mirror, a reflection in my view;
I wish you to be nearer, I sigh & think of you...
A promise I comply with; From deep within my soul;
5 things to say: not myth, to compliment my goal...
How well I have remembered, the way he made me feel.
My self-worth he tendered; My honor makes it real...
This poem I freely offer, cement to strengthen wall;
Advise that I do profer... May you ever conquer all.

Dedicated this night to one whose promise I honor...

"If you can't win the battle with yourselves to honestly look in the mirror for the 90 day challenge..." He said, slowly & clearly, "... Then go on home & never come back... I don't have time for you..." With that he pointed at the sign on the wall on which was printed in big letters;

"She who can not win in the battle over her own self will never win in any contest or competition with others, since she's already given up the fight..."

Then, nodding his head, he gave a little gesture with his hand, turned & slowly walked back through the same door he had just come in... It was very sudden, leaving most of us to stare at his more than attractive backside as he turned & walked away... Surprisingly, more than half of the very lovely ladies still with us here in the room, started whispering negative comments to one another, & most immediately left to go home... They were saying things like; *"This is crazy", "How can he ask us to do something so stupid sounding as that?" "I think this guy's nuts..." "Let's get out of here..." "I don't think I can handle that..."* "Are you going to put up with this sh*t..." "I can not take that much time every morning to do something as silly as to look in the mirror & stand there thinking up stuff about myself..." "Who does this jerk think he is anyway?" "I thought we'd get layed..." "I think it's a scam..." "I don't know, I don't think it's worth it..." "My parents told me it'd be something like this..."

I happened to be very close to the door he walked through as he left, & I watched him out of the corner of my eye... ...He was laughing... It made me mad, the door was unlocked, so I followed him, & as soon as I had left the room, the door having closed behind me, he stopped & asked, without turning around, "Why did you follow me little one?"

I suddenly had lots of butterfly's in my stomach... 'I thought I saw you laughing, & it kind of made me mad...' "Good for you", he said, "There's hope then, that at least one of all these women who think that they truly want something, is worthy & capable of actually getting it... I'm impressed with you little one, but, I have to leave you now... You have yet to prove yourself, & are still not ready for the rewards your search for something better will bring..." 'But why did you laugh at us?' I questioned, not wanting to see him go, "You misunderstand my sweet, I'm not laughing at you, or at any of you, only the silly comments, they always make... The lack of desire... They say they want to grow, to get better, to recieve love, & know how to give it... Yet they are not even willing to take on the task of self-mastery... To conquer their poor self-images, the prisons of their own minds... Those with which they hold themselves prisoners... These very things that are the most damaging... The worst & biggest things that are in fact holding them back from achieveing their greatest achievements. Also the very things others judge them by, & also those are the things that keep them from being treated better, from recieving higher wages, & getting more hours. From seeing more envious looks from other women, getting more attention from men... Everything... Most just don't get it... Will you...?"

He didn't wait for a reply, he just walked through another door, a locked door, but I caught a glimpse of the room, it was dark, & it had a one-way glass mirror, through which he sat & watched the women in the other room...

I made a mental determination, I'd win this competition... No one could stop me, ...since it was a battle of the wills more than anything else, & I had plenty of will... (When I set my mind to it...) I couldn't help turning my head back however, to look back at the mirror... Just one little look..., But, I'm afraid I didn't feel very sure of myself, when I thought I heard again the little laugh of the Master as he caught me looking back, & he sensed my self doubt... Why do I do those kinds of things? Am I really that weak? ...I won't lose the battle within me, I told myself... I can't; I need to grow, I need to feel better about me...

"...Control of one's self first... Then looking to see how one can control one's environment... That is the only way to true success..."

If you are liking this series, I'd like to have your feedback & comments/likes... I don't have much time right now, so I'm only going to continue this if I see that there seems to be a good demand for it...

Chapter 4: "The Commitment"

As I headed home I once again thought to myself... "Could it really be that easy?" Well, I had ninety days, three months; "That's my sons birthday..." I suddenly thought to myself, "... That'll be easy for me to remember..."

Two weeks later I was right about that point where I was questioning my sanity... Why did I decide to do this? There are so many things to do... Is this really all that necessary? Would it be all that bad if I didn't do this? There are so many competing...

Then, that day I got the phone call... "Hello? Yes, I just called to check on your progress with your promise to the woman in the mirror..." I was stunned; He was calling me? ('Well, it's going Alright, but...') "BUT... You're not one of those whining kinds of women who start something & then don't complete it just because it's a little bit hard, or a little bit of a challenge are you? I don't think you're like that, you're a mother of seven children you said, aren't you? You haven't birthed 7 kids, lived with your husbands, raised those kids, made yourself look better than Marilyn Monroe in the process, gotten divorced & remarried, & dealt with all the problems life throws at you, dealt with governments, & authorities, police, your 'Ex's new girlfriends', moving to different states, the pressures of raising a family, & all that while still continuing to remain a quitter, have you? Is that really who you are? Did I really make that big of a mistake believing in you? No... I don't believe it that's not who you are..." Wait a minute, did he just say he thinks I look better than Marilyn Monroe? ('No, I'm not a quitter, I couldn't have been, but how do you know so much about my life? My marriages, & my difficulties? I never told you abou...') "No I didn't think so... So, what's this you were going to say about not being able to keep your promise to yourself? That doesn't sound like you..."

Damn, this guy's so aware of things, he knows what I'm going to say before I even say it... ('No, that's not what I meant at all... I just have so many pressures on me as a...') "Wait a minute..., are you going to blame your kids, & family for your chickening out on a promise to yourself here? Maybe you aren't the girl I thought you were..." Wait, so he believes in me? He's calling you isn't he? Yeah, how'd he get my phone number? He has that high of an opinion..., Wait, now that low of an opinion of me... How does he know so much? I haven't quit yet, I was just thinking about it... ('First of all buster, I haven't quit ANYTHING... Second, I don't know how you got my number, but I am going to beat all of those little bimbos that you call women, in the whole building over there that you packed with your frilly 'Cheerleader-type' whores... None of them has anything on me, & my experience will win the contest in the end... And third, if you ever want to know about me & my past life, I'd appreciate it if you'd talk with ME about it, not just go off like some kind of stalker & do your research on the internet... That's one thing that'll make my blood boil & you have no right...')

"Ha Ha Ha... So, I was right about you, you do have a feisty side of you? I was beginning to think you were just a little lamb... Good girl... I'm proud of you... You stay strong, just like that, & I'll be working directly with your fiery little self image directly very soon... You DO have it in you, congratulations my dear, you passed test #3, & you didn't even know it... I'll be watching for you at the club..." And with another laugh, he hug up... Arrogant prick, I thought to myself, then had to laugh as I realized how he'd tricked me into recommitting to myself what I'd decided to accomplish... I'm going to thank him someday for caring for me so very much some day... How can a stranger care that much?

The next two & a half months went by pretty quickly after that... Daily visits to the mirror, life, troubles, kids, life... But, I did get 2 more, "Reminder" calls from him encouraging me & praising me for my faithfulness... Soon it was the day for our return to the club... I was so nervous, I felt like my legs were jelly as I walked in, looking again at all of those perfect 10's but, in some small way, I wasn't really nervous at all about the competition, I saw their beauty, but I recognized that I had just as many valuable & noteworthy qualities or more than they did with their superficial beauty... Though some of them, I realized had a greater depth than

just beauty... I heard it in their voices, & saw it in the way they stood, & the way that they spoke to their peers, THOSE, I suddenly realized, were my TRUE competition, those would be the ones that he would see... The others wouldn't have even a chance... As that thought came to me, suddenly there were really only about 5 women in the whole room... Of course, there all 100 or so of them were still standing there, but only around 5-6 were still in the running to compete...

As I suspected, a list of about 98 names was posted, & the rest of us had our names called one by one & were pulled out from the room to be taken to other rooms to sit & wait, then given a nice buffet lunch, like I've never experienced before, & then had a chance to talk directly with my mentor as I've affectionately begun to call him... Of those who were left? I can only guess that they were sent home politely, being told that they hadn't qualified... I wonder if I could have taken that...

I'm glad I didn't have to...

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2014-04-21 00:49:13