

# **Mask of Many Pleasures**

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Picking up a few old artistic nude paintings of a gorgeous olive-skinned woman with knee-length black hair and piercing blue eyes, and a few other odds and end from the estate sale she was attending, Madison carried everything to the checkout area where she was greeted by a sad-looking man in his late eighties taking money from those willing to buy his things.

Seeing a beautiful young woman purchasing self-portraits of his wife, Aaron softly sighed as his frown turned into a smile. "Are you sure you want those, young lady?"

"Absolutely! I'm something of a budding artist myself and these are so well done I couldn't possibly pass them up. They are for sale, right?"

"I wish I could keep them, but... I'm glad they'll be going with someone that'll appreciate my late wife's skillful hand and eye for detail."

"They'll hang prominently on my studio walls where I can appreciate and study them," Madison said as she sat them and the other items down. "So, how much do I owe you?"

"Promise me you'll cherish them and all you owe me is seventy-five for the rest."

"I'll cherish them always, but I couldn't possibly take them for free. Please, give me a fair price and I'll happily pay."

"I insist. My late wife would want them to go to a home where they'll be put on display and not to someone hoping to make a buck off her work," the man said as he began placing the other items in a box. "That'll be seventy-five dollars."

Not wanting to insult the man's generosity, Madison pulled three crisp \$100 bills from her wallet which were practically stuck together and handed them over. Taking the box, she gave him a thankful smile. "I insist you keep the change."

"Much appreciated, Miss," the man said, feeling from the thickness of the money in his hand that it was far more than one bill. Waiting for her to leave, he spread them apart and smiled to himself. *I truly hope you enjoy your gift as much as my late wife did*, he thought as he tucked the money into a safe box.

Driving home content that she had done a good deed; Madison carried everything inside and then began unpacking a jewelry box, several decorative nicknacks, and a flat wooden box inlaid with gold filigree she did not recognize. Thinking the man made a mistake, she considered taking it back, but curiosity got the better of her. Opening it, she looked inside to see a gorgeous porcelain and gold full face mask with a matching, intricately carved holding stick on the right. Gently picking the mask up, she closely examined it with the eye of an artist. *Wow! This has got to be the most beautiful mask I've ever seen. And old. Like really, really old*, she thought. Not that there were any actual indications of age, but something told her it was by far the oldest thing she had ever held. Picking up the stick, she carefully screwed it in place. As soon as it tightened, she felt a sudden jolt of excitement coursing through her body that was amplified a thousandfold when she brought it to her face.

Feeling her cheeks heating up, she tried pulling the mask away, but it cling to her like a second skin. Then it felt as if porcelain and gold were melting into her skin. Panicking even as the excitement grew into something bordering on pleasure, the stick slipped from her grip and wrapped around her neck. Though it felt like it took forever, only seconds had passed, leaving the scared young woman on her knees panting and tightly groping her own breasts. Pleasure building, she tore her shirt and bra off. Then her jeans and panties. Reaching down, she pinched her hooded clit so hard it made her yelp in orgasm.

“Uuhhhnn! W-What... what’s happening to me?” she moaned while pinching her nipples between finger and thumbnails. Pulling them out as far as possible, she bit hard into her lower lip and orgasmed as they slowly slipped free.

*“You’re highly sensitive to pleasure,”* a seductive female voice spoke into Madison’s understandably confused mind. *“I think we’re going to get along just fine.”*

*“W-Who or what are you? Why and I doing these things? Why... mmmm... why does it feel so good?”*

*“I go by many names but you may know me best as Aphrodite – Goddess of lust and fertility. And what you’re doing feels so good because I’m amplifying your sense of pleasure a hundredfold. While my mask is worn your mind will be open to exploring your sexuality without shame. You’ll eagerly engage in activities you otherwise thought humiliating, degrading, and disgusting and you’ll love every second of it.”*

*“I... I’m not... that’s not what I... how do I take it off?”* Madison said, reaching up but feeling only skin on her face. Trembling fingers going to her throat, she let them slide along the cool, seamless band of porcelain and gold.

*“I only come off when your sexual desires have been fully and unconditionally satisfied. Don’t worry about getting any weird looks as the only thing anyone will see is the collar around your neck. Which looks stunningly beautiful on you if I do say so myself. Now, let’s put this sexy body of yours to the test.”*

*“This isn’t possible! Gods don’t exist which means you’re nothing more than a voice in my head. Which means I’m losing my damn mind. Great!”*

*“Just because you don’t believe, don’t make me any less real. If I don’t exist then what’s around your neck? Go on, go look at yourself in the mirror. And if you won’t believe your own eyes then ask a friend or lover over to confirm it’s there. I know this is a lot for a young atheist to accept, but the sooner you do, the sooner we can satisfy your every sexual urges.”*

*“W-What does that even mean?”*

*“It means you’ll engage in every sexual perversion you’ve ever fantasized about until you succumb to the euphoria of being an object of lust. It means you won’t stop seeking pleasure until there’s none left to find. Then, and only then will you be able to remove me. And that’s when it’ll also be too late.”*

*“What does that mean?”*

*“It means by the time you take me off you’ll be so addicted to acts of sexual perversion you won’t need me to fulfill them.”*

*“W-What are you, really?”*

*“I am Aphrodite, Goddess of lust and fertility, and my only goal in this unending existence of mine is to mould beautiful young women like you into objects of irresistible desire.”*

*“So, you’re going to force me to engage in sexual activities I don’t like?”*

*“Absolutely not. I would never force anyone to do anything, but I most certainly will nudge and guide you in the direction of having and maintaining an open mind. But let’s start with the perversions running around your imagination. You want to be branded but fear the excruciating pain. Am I right?”*

*“Y-Yes.”*

*“What if I said you could get branded without the pain?”*

*“I’d say you’re full of shit and don’t know the first thing about branding.”*

*“Then let me prove you wrong.”*

*“I don’t like pain.”*

*“Trust me, it won’t hurt a bit. I’m so sure about it that if it does then I’ll come off immediately and you’ll never have to put me back on. But if it doesn’t you’ll follow my instructions and become the naughty nympho you were meant to be.”*

*“I can’t afford a body modification right now.”*

*“You sure about that?”*

*“I spent every spare penny I had at an estate sale where the owner of the place apparently put you in the box without me knowing it.”*

*“Ah, yes, Wanda Monroe. Great artist and exceptional sex slave. We had many amazing decades together.”*

*“R-Really?”*

*“Zeus as my father. Many have donned my mask. All were hesitant and unbelieving, but none regretted the pleasure they brought to others and themselves. Trust me, Madison, I’m here to help, not harm you.”*

*“Says the voice in my head wanting me to get branded.”*

*“Says the Goddess that promises it won’t hurt. What do you have to lose? If you’re right, I go away forever. If I’m right, you live your most pleasure-filled life. All you must do is accept what you are. Can you do that for me, Madison? Can you stop hiding and finally allow yourself to bloom into the flower you were meant to be?”*

*“I... I want to believe you but...”*

*“No buts. Tell me you wish to bear my mark, to spend the rest of your life learning and honing your sexual prowess so that you can bring pleasure to all you encounter.”*

*“I... I want to bear your mark. I want to spend the rest of my life learning and honing my sexual prowess so that I can bring pleasure to all I encounter. I... please give me your mark, Goddess.”*

*“As you command.”*

A vision of unimaginable beauty appearing before her mismatched eyes, Madison blinked several times before reaching out to touch the stunning raven-haired woman on the shoulder. “You’re real?”

“Of course I’m real. And so is my mark,” the Goddess Aphrodite said as a short, icy cold metal rod appeared in her left hand. “Do you know what this is?”

“Um, a metal rod?”

“Yes, but notice how cold it is? This is what is known as a cryogenic brand and while it’s as permanent as the heat variety there is very little to no pain involved,” the Goddess said as she pressed the freezing metal into Madison’s mound where she firmly held it. “Tell me, student, does it hurt?”

“It’s a little uncomfortable, but it doesn’t hurt.”

“As promised,” the Goddess said as she pulled the rod away.

Looking down, Madison saw a 6-petal flower with connecting lines inside of a perfect circle with LUST FERTILITY PLEASURE written around it – the entire thing standing out white against her tanned flesh. Slowly exhaling, she looked up into Aphrodite’s piercing blue eyes. “Please teach me, Goddess.” No sooner were the words spoken, then the figure of beauty disappeared in a flock of doves that immediately blinked out of existence. “G-Goddess?”

“I’m here,” the voice spoke in Madison’s head.

Looking down, Madison saw the cryo brand still very present on her mound. Touching it, tracing a finger along the petals of the flower, she felt no pain whatsoever. “I don’t understand how any of this is possible, but I want to learn everything you have to teach.”

“And so you shall. But not all at once. Accepting my existence, your new role in life, and my mark are just the first of many steps to come my acolyte. You cannot be distracted by work or school so I’ll give you an education unlike anything you’ll ever get on your own. And you’ll find your bank account has more money in it than you’ll spend in a thousand lifetimes.”

“The bank is going to wonder where the money came from, Goddess. I’ll have to pay taxes on it. Questions will...”

“Calm down, acolyte. The deposit comes from my own personal account and will be verified legitimate. As for taxes, I wouldn’t worry too much about that.”

“What does a Goddess that exists in a mask need with a bank account?”

“I don’t just exist in a mask, my acolyte. And I need a bank account to provide for those I teach. Speaking of which, when you go to sleep tonight you’re going to have a very educational dream and when you wake in the morning it will be with mastery of a thousand topics. Then and only then will your training begin.”

“I don’t understand why that man gave you to me but...”

“Alexander didn’t give you to me, Madison, I did.”

“Why?”

“Because I saw something special in those beautifully mismatched eyes of yours.”

“I don’t understand, if you’re able to just give me presumably millions of dollars then why did Alexander have to sell everything he owes?”

“That is a matter between us, but just know that once his last possession is gone he will be reunited with his wife in the fields of Elysium. When the time comes you and the one you love will share the same fate. So it is for all that serve me.”

“What if you’re the one I love? Are you going to go to Elysium with me, Goddess?”

“Given my checkered past with loving humans I have vowed to never fall in love with another.”

“Because your particular brand of love was possessive, self-serving, and driven by your own desires than any sense of selfless devotion, Goddess?”

“Precisely. Now, how about we take this conversation to your playroom?”

“Playroom, Goddess? I don’t have a playroom.”

“The huge room of toys and equipment below beg to differ, acolyte.”

“I understand, Goddess. I’ll go down to my playroom on condition you join me in the flesh and show me your selfish desires.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth, then Madison saw the Goddess of lust, beauty, fertility, and pleasure in all her stunning glory. “You truly are the most beautiful woman I’ve ever laid eyes on.”

“I appreciate that, acolyte, but we both know that’s a lie.”

“I... I don’t... you mean by best friend Hailee. The only woman I’ve ever crushed on even if in secret. If only she loved me the way I love her.”

“Have you ever asked?”

“You’re in my head, Goddess. You know that I haven’t.”

“Perhaps you should.”

“I’d rather spend the rest of my life as her friend than risk losing her, Goddess.”

“That’s fair, acolyte. Before we head down to your new playroom I’m going to give you a tiniest bit of divine spark so that you may control the appearance of your collar,” Aphrodite said as she reached out and tapped Madison’s left nipple. “Imagine what you wish it to look like and it’ll happen. Just know that no matter the appearance it will only come off when your every desire has been fulfilled.”