

# **Serving Miles**

**Alexis Alexandra**

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Miles had been dating his girlfriend Cassie for nearly seven months before he finally told her of a part of his life he had been keeping close to his chest. He knew it was a gamble, but she had been hinting at moving in once her lease was up next month and deserved to know what she was truly getting herself into before it was too late. “Honey, there’s something we need to talk about,” he said, his normally deep, confident voice trembling nervously. “Wait,” he said, holding up his right hand as she opened her mouth to say something. “Let me finish. I want you to move in next month. I want to get married, have kids and spend the rest of my life with you, but there’s a part of my life I’ve been hiding that you deserve to know about before we take things to the next level. The reason I’ve never let you in the basement is because I’m dominant and have a dungeon down there.”

“Right,” Cassie laughed. “What’s the real reason?”

“I’m serious. I have a dungeon and before meeting you I’ve trained nine women.”

“Look, I don’t mind if you have or want a man cave but there’s no need to lie about it.”

“Why would I lie about something like that? I’ll show you if you want to see it but I have rules. First and foremost, any and all women must agree to a four hour session before entering and I won’t make any exceptions.”

“So you’re saying I have to let you dominate me just to see it?”

“That’s exactly what I’m saying. I’m very serious about this babe so if you agree and then decide to leave you’ll never be allowed in my house again so you had better be absolutely certain you want to see it.”

“Okay, why would you require me or any other woman to submit just to fucking see it? That’s a load of shit if you ask me.”

“Because I love dominating women,” Miles answered bluntly. “Now, I know what you’re thinking. You could always wait until you move in and sneak on down when I’m not home, but I’ll tell you right now the door is kept locked at all times and requires a code and palm scan to open from the outside to make it impossible for anyone other than me to open. So, I’ll ask again, do you want to see my dungeon?”

I do but I don’t want to be your sex slave to see it.”

“There’s a big difference between a submissive and sex slave?”

“Such as?”

“Well, all sex slaves are submissive but not all submissives are sex slaves. In simple terms, a submissive has limits – things they’re not willing to do or will only do under certain circumstances, and a slave has no control over what is done to her. A slave obeys every command without question or hesitation whether she likes it or not. A submissive also has safewords while a slave does not.”

“Why four hours? Why not an hour or ten minutes?”

“Experience has taught me four hours is enough time for most women to know whether they are into it or not without it feeling like it’s dragging on.”

“And what would I have to do if I agreed?”

“We’ll go over the rules and what you’re willing to try but there will be a few things such as obedience, positions and a few other fundamentals that are integral to being a well-trained submissive that you may not refuse. That includes discipline for breaking the rules. If you agree then I need to hear you say the words. I’ll then show you a comprehensive list of fetishes which you’ll carefully go over. Once that’s done I’ll come up with a scene and we’ll go to the dungeon.

Before the scene begins I'll ask you some questions and depending on the answers we'll get started or I'll ask you to leave and not come back."

"So, you'd seriously break up with me?"

"I have no patience for liars and even less so when it comes to bdsm. So, for the last time, do you want to see my dungeon or do we forget it was ever mentioned?"

"Like that's possible. Okay, yes, I want to see your dungeon. But if I don't like it I never want to mention it again."

"As long as you stick it out for your four hour session we'll be fine."

"Okay, so what now?"

"Now you go over the fetish list and if you're unsure on what something is don't hesitate to ask. Come on, it's on the laptop."

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It took Cassie nearly two hours to go over the five page list of fetishes covering everything from anal to torture and everything in-between to which she marked hell yes and no chance in hell respectively. Another hour after that she was down in the basement standing in front of a heavy metal door with butterflies in her stomach. Miles slid a small panel up and placed his right hand on a scanner. After a moment a green light lit up. He quickly punched in the code and then opened the door.

"After you," he smiled.

The butterflies whirling up into a tornado, Cassie stepped into her boyfriend turned temporary Master's dungeon and her jaw nearly hit the floor. Eyes darting around the dimly lit room she barely heard the door close behind her. She had seen Fifty Shades and while her boyfriend was no millionaire he had put together an impressive assortment of toys, furniture and other equipment.

"Alright, babe, before we get started on your first session there are a few questions I need honest answers to so if you'll assume the wait position – that's staring straight ahead with your legs spread shoulder width apart and arms behind your back hands on elbows." Once she had assumed the position he continued. "Okay, first question. What is your full name, age and date of birth?"

"My name is Cassie Burns, I'm twenty-three years old and I was born May fourteenth, ninety-ninety-seven."

"Are you under the influence of drugs, alcohol or any other mind altering chemicals?"

"I am completely sober and have never taken drugs that weren't prescribed in my life."

"Are you of sound mind and able to make life-altering decisions of your own accord?"

"I'm as sane as the next woman."

"Are you here of your own free will and without coercion of any kind?"

"I am."

"And what are you here to do?"

"I'm here to submit to you for the first time in my life for the next four hours."

"We went over the rules before entering the dungeon but I'll briefly go over them again. As you said you'll be here for a four hour session that will begin as soon as we go over the rules. First, I am the Master and you're the submissive. With that comes an amount of respect so from this point forward you'll call me Master. Is that understood?"

"Yes Master."

"As a submissive you have three safewords that you may use at any time. The first is green and means everything is going great and can continue as is. The next is yellow and may be

used if there's a minor issue that can be rectified without stopping completely, or you need to take a short break. And the last is red which, when used, will immediately stop the session. Do you understand the safewords as I've explained them?"

"Yes Master."

"As a submissive it's your duty to obey. To that end, if you disobey a command or disrespect me you'll be disciplined which can be anything from being caned to being locked in chastity. Discipline is the one exception to the safeword rule in that they may not be used to get out of being disciplined. Do you understand?"

"Yes Master."

"And finally, if you leave the dungeon before your four hour session is up you'll be banned from my property until you accept five hundred swats of the cane, a month in chastity and a rebellious slave tattoo. Do you understand and agree to this rule as it has been explained?"

"Yes Master."

"Then let's get this session started, shall we?"

"Yes Master." And with those two words Cassie's first session began. She knew the basics of what you expect based off what she and her boyfriend discussed before coming down to his dungeon, but he purposefully kept the specifics to himself. Anal. Flogging. Clamps. Positions. Sex machines. Bondage. Those were just a few of the things she agreed to do for the next four hours and she wondered which he would command her to do first.

"I want you to take your clothes off and then assume the inspection position," Miles commanded. "That's the position you're now in except with your hands locked together behind your head," he added as he slowly ran the index finger of his right hand along several caned, floggers and paddles hanging on a free-standing metal rack before moving to another from which hung all manner of gags. Passing those, he stopped in front of a cabinet. Opening the doors, he reached in. When his hand came out holding a small metal case Cassie's brow curiously raised. Miles sat it on a small rollable cart and then added a box of nitrile gloves and a container of alcohol wipes. On his way back across the dungeon he added several candles, a flogger, bottle of lube, a wide blindfold and a fairly thick butt plug.

Miles picked up the butt plug and lightly pressed the tip against his girlfriend's lips. They parted. He pushed deeper and she accepted it. Knowing she could very easily deepthroat anything that would fit down her throat, he steadily pushed it deeper and deeper until the thickness would not fit without dislocating her jaw. Holding it there for a ten count, he pulled back and fucked it in again. Out. In. Out. In. Out. Adding lube, he sucked her left nipple and pushed the first three inches into her ass. She grunted but did not break position. Biting her nipple to distract her from what was going on behind her back, he quickly pushed two more inches in. Cassie groaned as her asshole stretched to accept the large toy even as her clit throbbed with the excitement from having her nipple nibbled on.

A seventh inch stretched Cassie's asshole. She tried to maintain position but she was being stretched more than ever before and before she could do otherwise she clamped her legs together as her hips bucked forward. The large plug slipped out and she immediately regretted it. Pushing back to take it again, she found nothing.

"That's ten swats for breaking position and another fifteen for removing the toy without permission," Miles said as he stared into his girlfriend's eyes.

"Y-Yes Master."