

10 Steps to Domination

By

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Chapter 1 – Submission

It was the first time meeting her and looking back I didn't realize how this meeting would change my life. I would change in many different ways. Parts of my life would be turned upside down and I would enjoy it. The control she would place over me was something I never realized one person would be able to do. The deep desire to be controlled would surface and stimulate me beyond my wildest dreams.

I am a regular guy with a regular apartment, a regular job, and a regular car. My life is not too exciting but the occasional thrills come my way. I have a couple of friends; not very close who I occasionally go out with. As I have aged my sex life seemed to decline and masturbating has become my usual outlet for pent up sexual energy. This is not to say that I don't have an occasional female fall into my life for a short period and usually the sex is pretty good. But things seem to fizzle out quickly and I move on.

I had been recommended to the Mistress by a friend who after many beers told me of her. I had thought he was a little crazy giving total control of his sex life over to just one person. Most relationships I had

been in the woman usually decided when we would have sex, some usually after much begging.

But after thinking about it and the fact that my sex life was definitely on the decline I had decided to give it a try. What would I have to lose. I could go see what all the fuss was about and if I didn't like it I could walk away. I now realize how wrong I would be and how addictive she would become.

I asked for the address and the phone number one night after a hard week of work and quite a few drinks. It had sat on my desk written on a small piece of paper for many days. I had picked it up many times but was too afraid to make the call. I even got as far as dialing the first few numbers but hanging up before I completed it.

Then finally one day when I was in a really down mood and very frustrated, I made the call. I dialed the number and held my breath for someone to answer. The line picked up on the second ring, too fast for me to change my mind and hang up. "Hello" the smooth female voice answered. "Uh, yes, I, well..." I tried to form the words but they just wouldn't come out. "Were you looking for Mistress Andrea?" asked the smooth voice again. "Yes I was. A friend..." I tried to explain where I got the number but was interrupted again. "We were expecting your call" stated the voice again.

Had my friend told them about me or were they psychic. She spoke again "When would you like to

come in and meet with the Mistress?" I thumbed through my calendar and asked about Wednesday. "The Mistress has an opening at 3:00 PM. Please be punctual." She then hung up without asking my name or anything else.

I was a little stunned and a little afraid. I thought it over the rest of the day and figured I had a couple of days to muster the bravery to go or just not go.

The days passed quickly and it was noon on Wednesday. I went out by myself and had a small lunch. I didn't want to eat much as my stomach was doing flip flops. I had a hard time concentrating the rest of the day at work.

It was time and I stood up and looked at the door. Should I go or just blow it off. I decided what the hell do I have to lose just going to meet with her and hearing what she has to say.

I got in my car and drove to the address the voice had given me. I arrived at a beautiful row house that was three stories and a large set of stairs leading up to the first floor. I walked up and rang the door bell. I heard footsteps and before I could turn and run a beautiful young woman answered the door. "Hello" she said and I could already tell that she was the voice on the phone "you are the 3 o'clock appointment I presume." I just nodded my head.

Once in the foyer of the old mansion I turned to her as she was closing the door and asked “Are you the Mistress?” She smiled and said “No, I serve the Mistress in many ways.” I must have had a very puzzled look on my face as she continued “She will explain everything when you meet her. Please come this way.”

As I followed her I admired her body. She was dressed in a red silky dress that had a high collar. I think they call it a Mandarin dress, possibly due to the fact it looked very oriental. It was long and almost to the floor, but had slits on either side going almost to her waist. I could see her legs through the slits as she walked. Her legs were long and slender and clad in a natural color stockings. As she walked I could see the tops of the stockings and saw that she must be wearing a garter belt, due to the fact I could also see the straps keeping the stockings up through the slits. Her shoes were interesting black patent leather high heels that had a thick strap around the ankle. I noticed that the strap was fastened with a small brass lock.

As we walked through the foyer her high heels made a clicking sound on the marble and echoed off the walls. She led me to one of the doors off to the left of the foyer. Opening the door she pointed in and said “The Mistress will meet with you in hear. Please take a seat and wait for her.” Before I could ask anything she was gone and the large door shutting behind her.

I walked into the room that was nothing like what I had imagined. In fact this whole house was nothing like I had drawn in my mind. It was a richly appointed room with elegant furnishings and in the middle were a table and two wing back chairs. Since the young woman pointed to this group of furniture I assumed that was where I was to wait. I went over and sat down in one of the chairs.

I didn't have long to wait as I heard a grandfather clock starting to chime 3 o'clock the Mistress walked in. As she walked over to me with a very confident stride her high heels made a clicking noise on the hardwood floor that seemed to reverberate off the walls. I wondered if all of the females in this house wore shoes you could hear miles away. I stood and she introduced herself "I am Mistress Andrea" shaking my hand with a very firm grip. "Please sit" as we both took chairs on either side of the table.

She was nothing like I was expecting. She was dressed in a business suit coat and skirt. The suit was a dark charcoal wool material and the shirt underneath was some sort of black material. I wasn't sure but it looked very soft and sheer. From what I could see under the suit she had a nicely proportioned body and very shapely legs that were clad in stockings. She had on elegant set of high heel shoes that had straps around the ankle that buckled. The heels seemed very high and I wondered how she could walk in them.

She must have noticed me looking her over and said “Not what you expected?” Then with a slight smile she continued “Were you expecting leather, chains, and whips?” I admitted that was kind of what I had envisioned. She informed me that “We have all that, but you have to earn it first.” Before I could ask how I earn that she began “You are here because you are tired of your sex life and want something else to spice it up. You are tired of being in control and would like someone to tell you what to do and be able to give up that control.”

I just sat there and nodded my head in agreement. She started again “Good, that is what we are looking for in Slaves.” The word Slave kind of shocked me. She said it so matter of factly as if it was a daily word for her. Which after short consideration, I imagined it was.

She began a lecture which sounded like she had done before “There are ten steps to submission. The first step is the most important, because this will tell us how good of a slave you will be.” I sat there in a trance listening to her voice as she continued. “As you progress through the steps the rewards will increase if you have obeyed me and my commands.” I decided I might better say something or look the idiot and said “Ok”.

She looked at me crossly and said “Part of the first lesson is you answer to me as Yes Mistress and No Mistress. You do not say anything unless I ask you to. Do you understand?” I hesitated and then said weakly “Yes Mistress.” “Good answer. You will be

referred to as Slave. When I tell you to do something Slave I want it done quickly and to my liking. Understand!” “Yes Mistress” I said with a little more enthusiasm. This seemed to please her. I didn’t understand but I already wanted to please her by obeying.

“Good, follow me” she said as she stood. I rose and followed her out the door of the room into the foyer. She led me up the stairs and on to the second floor landing. I was amazed at how beautiful the house was and how many stately things adorned the walls.

I looked down the hallway of the second floor and saw the stairs to the third floor and a number of rooms on either side of the hallway. It almost reminded me of a hotel.

My gazing was interrupted as she led me to the door of one of the rooms. This one was very similar to the room we had just come from. Rich wood covered the walls, hardwood floors but with some slight differences as I noticed once I was farther in the room. The windows were covered with very heavy drapes that were closed.

There was a single small lamp on an equally small table lighting the room. Next to the table in the middle of the room was a single wing back chair made of deep crimson leather. The Mistress moved to the chair and sat down. I followed but looked around for somewhere for me to sit.

She saw my searching for a place to sit and told me “You don’t sit. Stand over here” pointing to a spot on the floor in front of her “and take all your clothes off. I stood there for a minute not knowing whether to obey or run screaming out of the house. I am not a shy person, but to strip in front of a woman I had just met took me a minute. But before I could ponder any longer she said with a raised voice “NOW! Don’t think about my commands, just do them!” This startled me into action.

I started disrobing and carefully folding and laying my clothes next to me. I took my shirt off and then my pants. I was grateful I had worn a nice pair of underwear today, which was the only thing I had left on. I could see her looking me over. She stopped when I got to the underwear and smiled a little. I looked down and I had a beginning of an erection. “Take it off” she said pointing at my underwear.

I pulled the waistband out and let it fall to the floor. I knelt down and folded it and placed it with the other clothes. She continued to sit there and look me over. She instructed me to turn around, which I did making a complete turn. When I had returned to facing her she rose out of her chair and walked over to me.

“You have the begging of an erection. You were looking at Slave Misty weren’t you?” I didn’t say anything because it must have been obvious. She continues “You may look but you may not touch.” I wonder what she means and start to shuffle my feet

a little nervously. "Stand still while I look you over closer." I stood straight and did not move. She came over to me and started walking in circles around me. She paused when she was behind me. Suddenly I felt her touch on my ass and I flinched a little. "You have a nice ass Slave. I will enjoy whipping it." I didn't say anything due to my shock. Her touch increased and she put both hands on my ass. She began to knead the cheeks increasing the pressure until it was strong squeezes.

I was beginning to enjoy it when she suddenly stopped and said "Now let's see what else we have to play with." She moved around and in front of me. Even though I was standing in the middle of the room naked, with a strange woman, I was very aroused and my dick was almost at attention.

I had started to play with myself as she was playing with my ass. When she came around and saw my hand on my cock she stopped suddenly. Out of thin air a short black riding crop appeared in her hand and she hit the head of my cock. "Ouch" I protested. "This is my property now and you do not touch it unless I tell you to. Understand Slave?" I released my grasp and answered "Yes Mistress."

She continued to move around me slapping the riding crop on her thigh. When she was in front of me she grabbed my cock by its shaft and gave a tug. "Is this all you have for me Slave?" "No Mistress" I said wincing. She pulled up on my cock and slid her other hand down on my balls, cupping them. She then started squeezing my balls while she pulled

harder on my cock. I began to wince again but didn't say anything.

She released her grip and walked back over to the chair and sat down. She sat there for a couple of minutes and then said to me "Stroke your cock. I want to see it hard." I was a little confused but reached over and started to stroke it. Soon my cock was full erect.

She then tells me to "Kneel on the floor and masturbate for me." I knelt down and continue to stroke my cock. I am only a few feet away from her in the chair and about waist high. She spreads her legs and hikes her skirt up. I then notice she is wearing thigh high stockings with garters and no panties. She moves her hand down and starts to rub her exposed pussy. As she is rubbing the lips of her pussy I see a finger disappear inside the lips.

Her other hand moves up to her coat and unbuttons it. As it falls open I see that her blouse is a sheer see through material. Once the coat falls open I see her breasts through the material. They are beautifully round, firm, and larger than I expected. Her hand moves inside the suit coat and she starts to cup her breast. Her hand then moves over the nipple and she begins to knead it. Slowly moving her hand all over and enjoying the feeling of the material rubbing and exciting her nipple.

She is watching me as I stroke my cock and I am watching her masturbate. Soon she has an orgasm

and closes her eyes for a moment. She then moves both of her hands up to her breasts and kneads them while watching me continue to stroke away.

I come with a stream of cum. It flies out and almost hits her shoes. She stops kneading her breasts and closes her coat. She crosses her legs and looking down at my cum on the floor says to me “Get those tissues and clean up you mess.” I look over to where she is pointing and see a small table with a box of tissues.

I reach over and start to grab my clothes when she yells “NO! Don’t get dressed until I tell you to. Clean up that mess first.” I lay the clothes back down and walk over to retrieve the box of tissues. I return to the area in front of her and start cleaning up the mess. Once I have every drop mopped up she instructs me “Put the box back and throw those away in the waste basket.” I do as told and return to stand next to my clothes.

Once there she begins to tell me “That is the last time you come until I tell you to. You are also not allowed to touch your self except to wash and go to the bathroom. Do you understand?” “Yes Mistress” I respond a little shocked. She continues with “I also want you to shave down there” as she points to my groin. “But Mistress, what if someone sees it.” She just shrugs and says “Tough. Have it done by next week.”

She rises and walks over to me. She stands very close in front of me and says “Get dressed and on your way out. Stop at the front office and Slave Misty will take down your information.” I respond with a “Yes Mistress”. She reaches down and grabs a hold of my half erect cock and says to me “This is mine and you are not allowed to play with it unless I tell you.” She takes a small pink ribbon out of her coat pocket and starts to tie it around the base of my cock. She slips the ribbon behind my balls and ties it on top. Then she says to me “This will remind you to whom this belongs.” Without letting me respond she walks out of the room and closes the door behind her.

I look down at the pink bow on top of my cock and start to put my clothes on trying to figure out what just happened. Once I am done I find my way back down the stairs. The young woman is standing at the bottom of the stairs. She must be Misty.

She smiles at me and says “This way and I will take your information.” I follow her into the room on the other side of the foyer from where I first met the Mistress. There is a desk with a computer and phone. She sits behind the desk and pulls the keyboard close to her.

She begins to take all of my information. Some of the standard stuff like address, phones, clothing sizes. But then she starts to get into the personal information, like when do I bath. Do I shower or take a tub bath. How often do I masturbate and what do I use to stimulate myself. How often do I have

sex and with how many partners. I blush a little while answering the questions and she seems a little amused at my discomfort. She continues asking the questions as if she was at the bank asking about my accounts.

Misty then tells me “You are to return here same time next Wednesday. This will be your weekly appointment. The Mistress may require you at other times of the day or night and during the week, but you will always be here at this time and day.” She then adds softly “Don’t miss this appointment.” I feel that it is a warning of some sort but just nod and begin to leave.

As I near the door Misty adds “If the Mistress needs you she will call you on your cell phone.” I step out of the room and move to the front door. I feel something odd and turn to look back up the stairs. The Mistress is standing at the top; she smiles at me and says “You will enjoy submitting to me Slave. I expect you to be on time for your next appointment.” I nod and respond with “Yes Mistress.”

I step out through the door and on to the stairs. I stop for a minute to gather myself and take a deep breath. I try again to figure what just happened and what I have signed myself up for. I do feel excited about the Mistress. I start to think about her sitting there masturbating and begin to get aroused again.

I drive home and settle in for the evening. I had picked up a meal on the way home. Since I had not eaten lunch I was starving. All during my dinner my mind wanders back to the Mistress and how aroused I had become with her control of me. I finish and decide to watch a little TV.

I am watching something on TV not really paying attention. The vision of her sitting in the chair masturbating returns and I start to feel aroused. I slip my hand down into my pants and feel my hardening cock. I feel the ribbon she tied on earlier and it makes me harder.

I unzip my pants so I can slide my hand deeper into my shorts. I start to stroke my throbbing cock. I slip my hand down and cup my balls and realize they are still a little tender from her grabbing me earlier. I return to the shaft and fasten my pace. With my eyes closed my vision moves from the Mistress to Misty and her red dress. Suddenly I am disturbed from my fantasy visions by my cell phone ringing.

I look at the caller ID but do not recognize the number. I decide to answer it still with my other hand on my cock. "Hello" I answer. "Slave, are you touching yourself?" Quickly my hand flies out of my pants. I stutter "No, no, ma'am. I mean Mistress." She's quiet for a moment and then says "I don't believe you. You were touching my property weren't you?"

I don't know how she knows, but figure I might as well tell the truth. "Yes Mistress, I was touching myself. I was just thinking..." She interrupts me with "You are not allowed to touch it. You will need to be punished. I'll have all week to think about how I will punish you." The she hangs up with out letting me say another thing.

I look around and wonder how she knew what I was doing. Now I am a little worried about what she will do to me next week. I look at the bulge in my pants and want to masturbate but resist the temptation.

I am not sure if I am enjoying the fact that someone else will tell me when I can have sex and when I can not. But I come to learn that submission in it self has pleasure.