

# *The Sapphire Prisoner*

By  
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It is interesting how things end up in life and the different events of life steer you. When you look back and say “Should I have done that differently” or “Should I have picked the other option.” You wonder what would have really happened.

This is my story of a path I took and the choices I made.

My wife, Anna, and I were married for 17 years. Had traveled the world, had children, went through the good and the bad together. We had all of the life experiences a couple could have.

Well except for one. We met a couple that was into swinging. After seventeen years of marriage, we both thought that it would spice things up a little to try something different.

It did for a while. We stopped seeing them after a few months. We told them we had really enjoyed our time together with them, but we needed to stop. It was causing problems with our marriage. I guess that in retrospect it hurt more than helped.

About a year later, after dinner one night, Anna came to me and said, “I think I would be happy without you.”

After devoting my life and love to this woman to make her happy and give her everything in life I could, she hits me with this statement.

What can you say to that? We had arguments and she had threatened divorce before, but I never really took her seriously. Nevertheless, this time I did. I knew it over and said “Ok.”

We had a very amicable divorce. No yelling or threatening of any type. We also tried to make it as smooth of a transition for our children so as not to scar them.

I moved out into a townhouse until I could find a new house of my own. Once I picked the perfect house, I decorated it the way I wanted to. I put a urinal in the bathroom. What guy

doesn't want his own urinal? A condom machine as well went up and ended up doing quite a business. Not only as a joke but actual dispensing of a product.

The parties seemed to run on and fun times were had by all. I would wake up some mornings and find people strewn all over my living room and sleeping in quite interesting states of clothing and positions.

This went on for a long time. I met quite a few very nice women and dated some of them. I use the term dating in the realm of they would spend the night with me more than once.

I did get interested in a few. However, things never seemed to work out for a long-term relationship. My good friend had a saying "You need to stay bright and shiny for them to pay attention to you."

It was true, they were a little like autistic children. Interested in bright and moving items and would pay attention to it as long as it stayed in that state.

I started to bore of that and ended up wanting to find something a little more interesting myself. I went back and started to contact women I had met when I was married, but had not done anything with them because I was married at the time.

I am an incredibly loyal person. When I was married, I would look at other women. But the idea of cheating never crossed my mind. It is just against everything in me to cheat or lie. Granted I have made a few small white lies to help not hurt someone's feelings. However, blatant lying just goes against my beliefs.

Lisa and John put a lot of excitement into our lives. Anna's and my sex lives were enhanced by the contact with them.

One of the persons I had met through the contact with Lisa was a dominatrix, Mistress Sapphire. She was an amazing person and the night the three of us were together blew my mind.

Anna and I had done the usual tied to the bedpost with scarves and some light bondage and domination stuff. However, nothing like that night.

I had thought about her and the things we had done and never really got it out of my mind. The feeling of not being in control was extremely liberating. Not being in charge and just having to follow instructions, in a sexual way, was pleasing.

She also was an image that I kept in my mind. She was a very beautiful woman. Blond hair that was shoulder length, but in braids. Kind of like cornrows, but she let them fall down around her head. I remembered that she had some sort of string or yarn braided into her hair that made each strand a little thicker.

I remember at one point, that night, when she was over me all of the braids have flown out from her head. It looked a little like one of the alien monsters from the movies. I do not know why, but I found that incredibly sexy.

She was tall as me and slender, with nice curves. Her hips were not too wide, with an ample ass. Her breasts were another story of perfection. They were perfectly round and pointed straight out. They had to be double D and not a bit of sag on them.

She was also tattooed and pierced. Which at the time I was unsure of but looking back I now find very attractive.

On piercings and tattoos. After my divorce, I wanted to express myself and show my own independence and style. So I started to get a few tattoos and piercings.

Well that ended up being a very addictive habit. I had my ears done and then began the stretching them out to bigger gauges. I also finally bit the bullet and had my first ones done.

I had gone down to one of the local shops near my new house a couple times. I had parked the car, walked to the door and then turned away.

I just could not get the nerve up to go in and ask to have someone stick a needle in my body. The ears I had no problem with, but else wear on my body I was unsure.

Then on my birthday, I got some friends together and said I was going to do it. I thought if I said it in front of them, I would not chicken out.

It came that night and before I started drinking, we went in and I had my nipples done. The first one was easy. I felt the prick of the needle and then before I knew it the jewelry was in. The second nipple was another story. I almost came off the table when she stuck the needle in. I did not scream though.

I came out and showed my friends and we immediately went next door and started doing shots.

After my nipples healed, I decided I wanted more body piercings. I did my research and thought I would like to have one on my dick. It did not take me as long, but still took some time to get my nerve up.

I went in and asked for the piercing by its proper name. I was getting a dydoe. It is a piercing in line with the penis but through the rim of the head on top.

I laid down and before I knew it, it was over and I had the new piece of jewelry. There was barely any pain. This was a problem. Within a week, I was back for more and then more.

I now have a total of seven tattoos and seventeen piercings. Five in my ears, one in each nipple, and ten in my penis or balls.

My favorite two comments that I have gotten on my penis piercings are “Do you have a dental plan?” and then the one every guy wants to hear “I don’t know if I can get all of that in my mouth.”

The only complaint I have gotten was one woman always wanted me to replace my Prince Albert with a smaller piece of jewelry. She said the big ring hurt her.

Another one wanted me to wear a condom even during oral sex. She was paranoid that a piece would come off in her mouth. This actually did happen once, but with someone else.

I was laying on my sofa in my living room getting oral from a beautiful young woman when she looked up at me and started to pull something out of her mouth. At first, I thought it was a pubic hair, but that could not be it since I keep everything closely trimmed down there.

When she finally did fish it out, she held up a piece of jewelry and said, “You lost something.” I looked at my cock and sure enough, one of my piercings had come out in her mouth. We never found the other part. She must have swallowed it.

Back to Mistress Sapphire. It took a lot of picking up the phone and then not making the call to Lisa before I actually did it.

I tried to make a casual conversation over the phone with her but when I asked if she knew how to get a hold of her, she saw right through my ruse. “So, you into that now are you Sam?” she asked.

I stuttered a little bit, but had to be honest and said “Yes. Well I would like to know more.” She just chuckled a little bit and I could hear her rummaging through something, must have been her address book.

“I have the number, but are you sure you want to contact her alone?” I pondered the question, was she wanting to join me again? I finally said, “Yes, I have been getting a lot of things out of my system lately and this needs to be one of them.”

I could hear, when she responded, that she understood and gave me the contact information for her. I wrote everything down and then thanked her. I also suggested that we get together for lunch or *something*. She chuckled again and said, “After Sapphire I don’t think you are going to want me anymore.”

I was not sure what she was trying to get to, but had a funny feeling down deep. Was I that type of person who needed domination? Would I fall so much into it any normal relationship would be impossible? Then I added to my thought process, was Lisa really a normal type of relationship.

I thanked her again and gave our pleasantries, then hung up.

The number sat on my desk for a few days and then I put it into my phone under my contacts. I left out the Mistress part on her name in case someone got a hold of my phone.

This had actually happened. I was over at Anna’s house after our divorce and had laid my phone down to do something for her. She had picked it up and started scrolling through my contacts asking, “Who is...” for about a dozen female names.

I told her it now was none of her business and to give me my phone back. She finally did, but I think at that very moment she realized I had really moved on from our marriage. On the other hand, should I say divorce?

I finally got up the nerve and called Sapphire on a Friday afternoon. The phone rang and an answering machine picked up. That was great; I could leave a message for her and not be so nervous.

I left the message telling her who I was and that I was a friend of Lisa’s and had *met* her a while back. I asked if she would like to do lunch or get a drink at some point. I then gave her my contact information and hung up.

I had my usual weekend of partying and drinking with friends. I had almost moved the call to the back of my mind completely when on Sunday night my phone rang.

The caller id was hers. I let it ring a couple of times trying to clear my throat. I answered the phone and I heard her voice. She had such a beautiful smooth voice. Sexy yet commanding from someone who knew what they wanted in life.

I asked shyly “Do you remember me?” There was a short pause and then she said, “Yes, of course I remember you.” I felt a huge relief and she continued, “Lisa had mentioned that you got divorced.” So she knew about Anna and me.

I asked if she might like to get some lunch later in the week. She responded, “That would be wonderful. Meet me at noon downtown at the Bottom Cafe on Wednesday. Do you know where that is?”

I told her I did and that would be great. “It is that restaurant in the triangle building on the river in the bottom district.” She said “See you then, don’t be late.” I agreed and then hung up.

After thinking for a moment, did she just order me to meet her somewhere without asking if I was available and then admonished me not to be late?

Yes, she did. Wow, I started to get excited about the prospect. I then thought, maybe she is just that type of personality. I was trying not to get my hopes up or read anything additional into our conversation.

Wednesday came and I was nervous. I got to the café early and waited outside to see if I could catch her. I also did it so she could see that I was early.

I saw her walking towards me. She had changed her hair and it was now short and pulled back in a very severe looking hairstyle. She was dressed in a black suit jacket with a black pencil skirt right about knee length. Black stockings with high heels that she was having a little problem navigating on the cobblestone side walk. Anna used to call these high heels the “Come fuck me shoes”.

She came right up to me and before I could say anything, she embraced me and gave me a short kiss on the lips. I was a little taken aback by this. I was not expecting such a warm welcome from someone I had only met once.

She continued to embrace me but pulled her head back and said, "I am glad you can follow orders." She then let go and moved toward the door, not waiting for a response from me.

I hurried and opened the door for her. We both entered the café and were seated at a table for two near the window with a view of the river.

Our talk was of normal things. She asked what I did and then I reciprocated asking what she did. It ends up she was a dancer at a strip club. I was a little shocked, but then not really. She also said it as if she was telling me she was a stockbroker.

She really did not elaborate on it too much and we made other small talk about the weather and the city. I mentioned that I had bought a house downtown and really liked it. After describing the history and architecture of it, she said, "Sounds like a nice place. You will have to give me a tour of it soon." I assured her it would be my pleasure.

The food came and we ate while making more small talk in between bites. When it was, over we both sat back a little and that is when she dropped the bombshell "Why did you contact me?"

I stumbled around in my brain for a good answer. I finally decided to tell her the truth "I really enjoyed the night Lisa, you and I had." She just smiled at me and said, "You want more?"

I smiled back and said "Yes". She then leaned forward and looked me in the eyes for what seemed like a very long time.

She then leaned back and began "You did very well that evening and I asked Lisa if she would loan you to me." I remembered that statement as if it was yesterday.

She continued "Your performance was admirable but for more you need a little training." I wondered what kind of training she meant. As I have said before I do not get complaints from my sexual partners. In fact, I have gotten quite a few compliments.

She saw the puzzled look on my face and said, "You will need to learn how to obey me. If you are going to be my slave I demand obedience."

The light bulb went on, kind of. I just nodded not knowing what to say aloud. She smiled and said, "Good, we will begin this weekend." She then slipped a card over to me with just an address on it. Still holding the card she spoke "Be here at 6 PM on Friday night. Do not plan on going home until Sunday evening."

My eyes got as big as saucers. She wanted me to stay all weekend. I did not know what exactly to say but “Yes ma’am.” She smiled and said, “Good” extending the word as if it was a purr. She let go of the card and I retrieved it and put it in my shirt pocket.

I paid the check and we walked out together. She turned and gave me a peck on the cheek and said, “Don’t be late Friday.” I asked then “What should I pack for the weekend.” She just smiled and began to chuckle as she walked away. She said back over her shoulder “Nothing!” and disappeared down the sidewalk.

I just stood there for a moment not moving. In fact, I do not think my legs were strong enough to move. The thoughts were racing through my head. What have I gotten myself into? What does she have planned for me? Will I like it? What if I want to leave early if I do not like it?

Other Books

by Samuel Kincaid

*In Her Service* 2005

*10 Steps to Domination* 2006

*Let’s Swing* 2009

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