

Elena had wanted to know what he had to offer her and emphasized that this question wasn't meant in a financial way. A natural slave's bent, a beautiful cock, imposing, extremely resilient and able to squirt large amounts of sperm and especially the absolute willingness to surrender completely. Elena had said those were the basis, the foundation, but she was going to take the time to test Michael. Maybe...

There hadn't been any more information; she did not brook any more questions.

"Well done, slave, I like this posture."

Her voice is throaty, lascivious, with an edge of danger.

She holds a short riding crop in her hands that are encased in black leather gloves. Since Elena has come closer, seemingly taxing him, Michael can clearly see that her nylons are of a high quality, very sheer, shimmering, with a back seam.

A tangy perfume lets his sense of smell partake in the cornucopia of sensory input that is generally sexually stimulating, but doesn't veil the layer of cruelty and danger at all.

"Crawl after me, but remain on all fours, I enjoy this sight."

Her voice doesn't allow any thoughts of contradiction, no commentary at all. Elena walks into the living room. Huge seems to be the only fitting adjective, maybe forty square meters in total stretch before Michael. A bookshelf on the left wall, paperbacks, encyclopedias, the collected works of some famous authors, newspapers, magazines, neatly stacked. Beyond the shelf, there's a modern floor lamp in the corner, a torchiere with smoked glass.

A large computer desk occupies the right wall, another desk of almost equal size stand at a right angle to it, and behind it, there's a modern swivel executive chair. Behind the desk, there's a French window, closed, with drawn, heavy, crimson curtains. Next to the French window there's a shelf with folders, a mini stereo and several books right opposite the other big bookshelf. Then there's a door that seems to lead to a kitchen.

Candles burning in a brass baroque candlestick emphasize the bizarre mood. Metal candlesticks are attached to the room's corners. They contain thick pillar candles whose light is at the same time warm and cold.

An armchair dominates the room's center, covered by a black wet-look sheet. Ropes on the armrests hint at the fact that being a comfortable seat is not its only intended purpose.

"Don't look so stupid! Come here, quickly!"

Michael eagerly tries to fulfill her wish.

Elena stands in front of the armchair, legs spread, arms akimbo, the crop stuck out like an antenna. Bang! The slap resonates through the room. Michael is baffled.

"Did I allow you to stare at me? You will keep your eyes lowered and will only look up when I tell you to!"