

# The Slippery Slope

Part I

written by b.b. anonymous

with the portions in red written by Baroness V

*Baroness V is a fascinating woman. I am drawn to her by what I can only describe as her aura of female superiority. I long to be with her, to serve her and to submit to her.*

*I couldn't believe she wanted to spend time with me. But she had asked me to do a few chores for her and I had visited a few times to do the work. She told me she liked men who were "handy". Relaxing after one of my visits, I finally found the courage to ask her:*

"So when do we get to play?" I asked.

She smiled and suggested I write up a scenario and send it to her.

I did as she requested, letting my imagination spill into a story about a play scenario with her.

As usual, I heard back from her later the same day, suggesting a meeting to discuss my future with her. The email included the following instructions:

You need to prepare for our meeting. I want you to purchase an army style dog tag and have your number engraved on it. I hope you remember your number don't you? Bring the dog tag with your number on it with you to our meeting.

Also, I want you to order a CB6000 on the internet. You will need to wear it for the meeting, so practice putting it on and get it properly adjusted so you can wear it for at least three hours.

Wait until you receive the CB6000, then e-mail me with three suggested times for our meeting.

So a few weeks later I was on the way to our "meeting." I was very careful to arrive on time. Even though I thought I knew the Baroness from my few visits to work on her home, I still considered it likely that this time I might see a more demanding, dominant side of her. I wasn't taking any chances.

The CB6000 was locked in place and all 3 keys were on a necklace chain in my pocket. I had chosen to wear my tight black boxers, but I wondered if the Baroness had meant for me to wear no underwear at all.

I arrived a bit early, but I knew by now that was usually OK with her, so I rang the bell. As usual the Baroness greeted me at the door with her big friendly smile and gave me one of her deep chuckles as she hugged me.

Then she reached for me, kissed my cheek, and then she caressed it. She slid her hand behind my head and pulled me closer. She brought her face close to mine "So you want to play with me do you? Well, I've decided to train you to be a better slave. Follow me."

She led me down the hall and into her office. She closed the door behind me and turned to face me.

"From now on, when we are alone in a room together, with door closed, you will be on your knees. Also, when in public, or here with others present, you can call me Cara, but when we are alone like this you will call me Baroness. Do you understand my potential slave?"

"Yes, Baroness"

She pulled out her chair and sat, smiling at me.

“Take your clothes off. All of them. Give them to me.”

She folded each item and piled them all on her lap, watching me and smiling. When I was naked, she pointed to the corner. “Crawl over there, kneel with your nose in the corner and don’t move until I return.”

She left the room, taking my clothes with her and closing the door on her way out. I shuddered involuntarily as the door clicked closed. This is what I wanted, but still, it was a little frightening to be so helpless. I thought I knew Cara and I felt safe with her, but was there another side to her I hadn’t seen?

*Leaving the room I felt an adrenaline rush from the power I had just begun to take from slave 953. I felt exhilarated, mean, and sadistic, like a cerebral vampire circling Her prey....*

She left me alone with my thoughts for awhile. I could faintly hear her talking on the phone in another room. I lost track of time. My mind was racing through one scenario of submission after another.

Then the door opened. I couldn’t see. I wanted to look, but didn’t dare. From the sound I knew she was again seated in her chair.

“Crawl over here.”

I crawled to her feet and looked up at her. She had changed her clothes. She was wearing what must be her running outfit. Black spandex tights and an athletic top and runners. Not exactly stereotypical Domme attire, but she looked fantastic.

“I think you know already that I am impressed with your skills. You do very high quality work and pay attention to details. I like that.”

“I’ve also noticed that you have a very fertile imagination when it comes to the D/s lifestyle. Some day I dream of actually owning you as my house slave, but I know that’s not what you are looking for, at least not yet.....”

“So I’ve decided to begin your training, just in case, one day, you beg me to take you into permanent slavery. From now on, when you come here to serve me, I will treat you as my slave. You will always be locked in chastity and you will learn to treat me with respect and strive to please me.”

“But you have to choose. Is this the journey you want to begin? Be sure it is, because if you agree, we will begin immediately.”

*The way he looked at Me was that of true submission, it was a look that I saw often, however could never describe it to a “vanilla” acquaintance even if I tried. It was a combination of trust, longing, need, confusion, a cage from wish he could never escape, a life sentence for a crime he didn’t know or commit. I knew what he needed and longed for in his life more than he did.*

*For the second that he hesitated to contemplate the serious nature of the question, My heart skipped a beat. This victim I wanted to own, to add to My stable of useful pets, to have serve and suffer under My harsh demands, mental and physical restraints.*

“Yes Baroness, I want you to begin the training.”

“Very well.” She turned to her desk and picked up a collar. She leaned toward me and held it against my neck. “Do you beg to serve me as my part time slave, realizing that when you are with me I will treat you as my property and demand total obedience and perfection in all you do in service to me.”

“Yes Baroness, I do.”

She closed the collar around my neck and buckled tightly. Then she snapped a leash onto the collar and pulled me closer. “Stand up slave.”

She showed me the keys to the CB6000. She had obviously taken them from my pocket. “I will wear these around my neck when you are in service to me as a symbol of my ownership. When your work is completed to my satisfaction each visit, I will give you the keys so that you can release yourself.” She slipped the necklace of keys over her head and I watched them drop into her magnificent cleavage. She smiled.

“So my slave number 953, your service to me begins.” She put the dog tag necklace over my head and let it settle below the collar, pulling the leash out through it.

“Now, it’s time for my run. You will wait here to contemplate your future with me.” She reached to the desk and picked up what I recognized as a black leather hood. She smiled at me and said “This will help you concentrate.”

She pulled the hood down onto my head and began yanking on the laces at the back, pulling it tight against my face. I could see through small eye holes and there was a hole at my mouth, but it was thrilling to feel the leather squeeze my head.

“Put your hands behind your back slave.”

I realized that things were progressing quickly now. She was no longer asking me for permission. Why should she? I had agreed to serve her as a slave! I felt the cold steel of handcuffs close around first on wrist and then the other. I was now totally helpless. It was a rush.

“Now, lets close things up a bit for you. I felt her press a cover across my mouth and buckle it on the other side.” It wasn’t uncomfortable. It wasn’t really a gag, but it definitely increased my feeling of helplessness.

She was staring into my eyes, smiling at me. “Now slave, I’m going to introduce you to a little game I like to play with my slaves. I suppose you could even call it a game of ball.” She held a small rubber ball before my eyes. It was only a little larger than a golf ball. “I use this to park my slaves when I don’t have any tasks for them to complete. It’s quite simple, but effective too. Step over here.” She grabbed my leash and pulled me to the wall near the door and turned me by the shoulders to face the wall. “Spread your feet a bit.” She kicked my right ankle to motivate me. I move my foot so my feet were about two feet apart.

“Now, lean toward the wall and press your forehead against the ball to hold it against the wall. I did as she directed and felt the pressure of the ball against my forehead. “Oh, wait a minute,” she said. “Stand upright again.” She pulled the pad across my eyes now and fastened it in place. “Now, against the ball slave.”

I was again holding the ball with my forehead. “Now, the rules of the game are simple. If I come back to find that you have dropped the ball, you will be punished. If you think about it, if you drop the ball, you may be able to pick it up with your hands cuffed behind your back, but sadly you won’t be able to get it back on the wall to hold with your forehead. It turns out to be a very effective way to park a slave anywhere I want him.”

“So, I’ll be off for my run now. Make sure you concentrate on that ball and don’t drop it. You won’t like the punishment. Oh, and just to help you concentrate, I’ll put these headphones on you too.” As soon as the headphones pressed against my ears, all I could hear was static, nothing else. I doubt if I would even hear the Baroness if she spoke to me again. I realized this simple little game of hers had me totally helpless, nothing to do but wait to be released.

*And off I went for My workout, leaving My house and jogging just like “normal” people some days seemed surreal. As I ran through the busy streets I wondered what people would think if they only know that I had a grown man “parked” in My living room, a hostage of sorts... but would he be classified as a hostage?... after all, he was so willing to be abducted, owned and controlled. Slaves like him always are.... at first that is. At first thinking I am playing a game, until realizing their situation is very real. Even when “given leave” from My Kingdom, they feel My addictive controlling power. My prisoner forever.*

*The dark world in which I lived along with My slaves, subbies, sissies, pain sluts and worshippers was one very different than that of most worldly inhabitants. How or why W/we had these kinks and cravings none of us knew, but I was a Top so embraced My Goddess nature to put bottoms in their place.*

*I fantasized about all of the imaginative, evil things that I was going to do to this poor carpenter. Take was his identity and make his reality into nothing more than an identification number, in his case 953, and a series of tasks to perform for Me.*

*The adrenaline and power that I would experience from breaking down this intelligent man would be reward enough so I was overjoyed that this victim had a useful side. My outdoor dungeon had needed some work done so I decided that if My 953 was obediently still parked upon My return, that would be his mission for the day. If he had failed his first task, then he may regret his decision by sundown.*

*It was a dreary, foggy morning that set the perfect stage for what was to come.*

I had no idea how long I stood with my forehead holding the ball against the wall. It became uncomfortable, especially with my hands cuffed behind my back, but I was determined not to let the ball drop. I moved a bit, changing my foot position, but only slightly.

Eventually I felt a hand on my shoulder. I tensed, and in that instant of lost concentration, I dropped the ball!

I stood still, not knowing what would happen next. The headphones were removed from my head. I felt the blindfold of the hood being released and I could see again. She turned me by my shoulders to face her. She was smiling that devilish smile of hers. She was flushed from her run, but looked stunning.

“I guess I startled you huh? You did so well on your own. I really shouldn’t punish you for dropping the ball this time. I guess you weren’t expecting me back so soon. But then again, maybe just a little punishment, a taste to let you know what to expect if you earn it in future. She grabbed my leash and pulled me out to the centre of the room. Bend forward at the waist as far as you can and hold that position.”

I did as ordered and found it difficult to hold my balance with my wrists cuffed behind my back. I felt so vulnerable.

Without any warning I heard a swish and then the pain of fire cut into the flesh of my ass. I started to bend upright.

“Hold still slave! I’m not finished with you yet. Bend down again.”

*My extreme forms of discipline and bondage were sought after world-wide and although most non-BDSM minded people would see Me as heartless, during My twenty years of being a “trainer” I only gave My attention to those worthy enough to warrant My “punishments filled with care”.*

*As I watched My faithful slave take extreme pain and punishment for Me, at My hands.... My mind couldn’t stop straying to what carpentry tasks I would have him perform for Me upon our next encounter.*

*slave 953 was about the best tradesmen this Dominatrix had come across in years. Many "so called experienced" carpenters, painters, gardeners and maids had come to My Kingdom and completed a less than perfect job to feel the wrath of My punishment.... yet I had no time for those losers. My worshippers need to be skilled handymen to keep My attention, to feel My anger, to experience My extreme power to put slaves deeply into their sub-space.*

*The more I cared, the more I demanded...  
the more I demanded, the more power I absorbed...  
the more power I took, the stronger the blows...  
adrenaline, exhilaration, euphoria, release*

I didn't want to, but again I did as ordered and stiffened myself for the next blow.

She grabbed my wrists and pulled up on them. "I need a hook in the ceiling here so I can pull your arms up to keep you in position. Remember that as one of your future tasks. It will need to be disguised as a hook for a hanging plant. Something in wrought iron will do.

Now, I'll only give you two more cuts this time. In future it will be many more if you deserve it. After each cut you will thank be properly and count the strokes.

I knew the next cut was coming, but it didn't help. It hurt at least as much as the last one and maybe more.

"ONE, thank you Baroness" I blurted through the mouth covering of the hood.

"I think you told me you'd never been caned before. Well now you have. I think you'll agree it is something to be avoided."

Again a silence, then the searing pain of another stroke.

"Two, thank you Baroness" I said again.

I felt her warm hands on my ass then. She caressed me and soothed me. Then she told me to kneel and pulled on my leash.

"Come with me slave."

I crawled along behind her, into her bedroom. My head was spinning, not knowing what was coming next.

*I sauntered slowly down the Kingdom's long hallway to My elegant boudoir, leading My new possession. I could see I was pleased at his obedience with accepting his first ass caning. I juggled a few rewards around in my head and settled on one that I knew would be the most effective.*

She sat on her bed and told me to kneel up in front of her. She smiled at me and caressed the side of my face. "So, my new slave is beginning to experience his new life. I think you have earned a reward. I'm going to let you undress me. Turn around so I can get those cuffs off." She removed the handcuffs.

I was stunned. I hadn't expected anything this intimate, at least not yet, and only in my wildest imagination.

"Oh, but before you begin, we need to close you in again." She reached forward and fastened the blindfold of the hood in place once again.

Now I understood. It may be a reward, but I wasn't going to be allowed to enjoy it all that much.

She proceeded to instruct me on how to remove each item of her outfit, beginning with her runners. She had me place each item of clothing carefully on the bed. It took awhile since I was blindfolded and constantly warned not to touch her, just her clothing.

When I was done, she ordered me up on her bed. I remembered it had a brass headboard and footboard. She had asked me to attach the footboard during one of my work visits.

“Face down! Arms above your head slave!” She cuffed my hands through one of the bars of the headboard, then she tied my ankles together and pulled them tight toward the footboard.

“Just relax; I’m going to take a shower. Maybe someday you will be trained enough to help with my shower. Would you like that slave?”

I mumbled behind the leather and nodded my head.

My mind was lunging through one fantasy after another. The shower, the caning, the bondage. I was consumed with lust.

I lurched when the Baroness spoke closely to my ear. “And now my helpless slave, I want to discuss your recent work here. When you did that big job outside you left material and debris strewn about for more than a week. You made no effort to clean it up before you left and no effort to let me know when you intended to deal with it. I will not accept such sub-standard performance from one of my slaves. You have to be punished and this time it will not be just a taste.”

“I have to get you ready.” I felt her releasing the pad over my mouth but almost instantaneously she pressed a ball gag into it and fastened it behind my neck, then she re-fastened the pad of the hood over the gag.

“That should keep your noise to a minimum. Remember, I have told you that you will not like my punishments. In a moment, I will bring real meaning to those words.”

I began to squirm on the bed, but I couldn’t move much. She had stretched me tighter than I had realized with the rope on my ankles. I could roll slightly from side to side, but I couldn’t get any leverage with my knees or elbows to roll any further. My bare back and ass were fully exposed!

*I chuckled to Myself watching him squirm and wriggle around. No wonder slaves were referred to as worms at times. I knew that no matter how hard he tried, he would tire himself out far before he ever got free. Cuffs are tough to break out of.*

*Leaving a mess after doing a job was just as bad as doing a poor job. It would not be tolerated and I need to teach this new slave this all important lesson earlier rather than later. No detail would be overlooked as it was his privilege and duty to do a perfect job for Me. If not, there was a long line of slaves that would die for a chance to serve Me.*

*Seeing as I needed it to be a lesson to remember, I knew that the almighty cane would be My discipline tool of choice. An English Governess style of punishment was to be the flavour of this day.*

Again without warning but for the smack of impact I felt the searing pain on my ass.

“You have to count and thank me slave, or we start again.”

“One, thank you Baroness!” I yelled.

“Too late, slave. Try again.” With that she struck me again.

“One, thank you Baroness!”

Smack!

“Two, thank you Baroness!”

Smack!

“Three, thank you Baroness!”

Then there was a pause until I began to wonder if it was over. I was squirming desperately, but not really able to move much at all, certainly not enough to avoid the blows.

Smack! It caught me off guard. And it hurt like hell! I sobbed a bit, and then managed to blurt out “Four, thank you Baroness.”

Smack!

“Five, thank you Baroness.”

Smack!

“Six, thank you Baroness.”

I was beginning to cry but I didn't want to show it.

*I knew that I was breaking him as his voice carried the raspy sound of a slave about to cry. I was willing this time to give him a break, but he also needed to learn the lesson of My high standards of service. Seeing as it was his first tango with the cane, I felt that I would compromise with his punishment until I knew that he could take more. My goal was to build this slave up to limits that he had only ever imagined.*

“That should be enough for your first punishment slave. I think you'll remember it and strive to avoid future punishments. Oh, but you need to know that I have a great deal of experience motivating my slaves. A few years ago one of my slaves suggested something that I now make standard practice. Whenever I punish a slave I give them time to ruminate on their failings, then I reinforce my demands by repeating the punishment. So think carefully about your mistake and make plans for the future. I'll be back in a little while to repeat the six with my strap.”

*I left the room with the confidence that this slave would take 6 more hard lashings for Me. I was hoping I wasn't being too cruel but I had a want to break him in record time as I knew he would be useful and I could sense his submission.*

*Ever since being a little girl in pre-kindergarten I would sense a person's submission and pounce upon them as a hunter would upon prey. I couldn't even count the number of schools, groups, gatherings, picnics, or birthday parties I was asked to leave for being pushy, or forceful or domineering. When I was young I couldn't control My power... but thanks to decades of meeting mentors and Others with My power, I could now perform the game of energy and mental play more powerfully than even the well-known mentalists.*

*Thriving on taking beyond the extent a slave thought he could possibly give. My excitement depending on the ultimate sacrifice of another.*

*With every ounce I take away I want a quart more.  
What My prey can give is never enough.  
I could sense his energy flow into Me becoming hesitant.  
I could smell the scent of his fear.*

Oh my god! Now I was seeing her dark side. I must be nuts. Why am I in this mess? What's wrong with me? But wait, no, she's right. I failed her. I should have done better. Oh god this woman really knows how to get to me. She's right. I need to remember my mistake so I don't repeat it.....

My brain was still racing. My breathing was laboured inside the leather hood. My ass was on fire. I was terrified. I didn't want my beating repeated. Then I heard her voice beside me again.

"So I bet you have promised yourself not to fail me again haven't you my foolish brand new slave? That's good, but you still have to take the rest of your punishment. Trust Me; I know how effective it is. It will begin to mould you into a better slave, more useful to me. Don't forget to count."

Smack!

It was worse than I remembered. My ass must be more sensitive after the first strapping. "One, thank you Baroness I yelled." I was afraid I had hesitated too long, but no.....

Smack!

"Two, thank you Baroness."

Smack!

"Three, thank you Baroness."

Smack!

"Four, thank you Baroness."

Smack!

"Five, thank you Baroness."

Smack!

"Six, thank you Baroness." By this time I was sobbing uncontrollably. God she could hit hard. She was scaring me.

Then she was removing the hood and then the gag. I was still sobbing.

*As I lifted his hood I noticed the streams of tears running down his face and soaking his beard. Deep inside My heart I felt his pain, but the Baroness in Me only acknowledged the feeling of extreme satisfaction knowing that this new slave had probably learned lesson #1, clean up after working. If he ever left a mess again, I would definitely not be kind when reinforcing this lesson again.*

She lay down on the bed beside me and pulled my face into her breasts and began to sooth me. "It's OK now slave. Calm down, you have taken your punishment. Relax. I won't hurt you any more. Not now anyway. Just remember I expect perfection in your service to me, now that you have agreed to serve me."

I was still sobbing, but I was so happy to be in her arms. I loved the soft warmth of her breasts pressed against my face. I wished I could wrap my arms around her too, but my wrists were still handcuffed to the top of the bed.

*I knew that he had endured enough as I could feel his heart beating quickly as I held him in My arms. I could imagine his submissive mind spinning in circles, being slightly worried about what to wish for next.*

*It was surprising what a person gives to please another that they respect. I was quite please with the performance and endurance of My new acquisition 953.*

*As he slowly relaxed in my arms My attention focused on his shiny new dog tag. On one side "Property of Baroness V" engraved in an elegant script, one the other there were three simple numbers "953" that meant everything to Her numbered slave. I loved owning beings; I realized at that moment that I was a collector of souls. Only worthy souls would warrant My attention and through restraint and control I would set them free. How ironic.*

*I felt an overwhelming closeness and attachment to my new cherished play-toy.*

Gradually I began to relax in her arms. She grabbed my hair, pulled my head back and kissed me, hard. It was meant to demonstrate her power and I got it.

"So how do you like your new life as my slave? I bet you are having a few second thoughts."

"Yes Baroness."

"Well don't worry, that's normal. Just remember, you have made a commitment to me and I intend to hold you to it, but I think you've had enough for today."

She proceeded to release the rope and free my ankles and then the handcuffs. Then she had me kneel before her. She had changed into leather slacks and they smelled wonderful! She spread her legs and motioned for me to crawl forward. I did, and she grabbed my hair again and pulled my face into the leather covering her pussy.

"This is what you serve now my slave. Work hard for me and perhaps one day I'll train you to provide more personal services."

With that she pushed me away. She brought me my clothes. Then she told me to get dressed and meet her in the kitchen.

I was still shaking. I managed to stand up as she closed the door on the way out. I gingerly rubbed my ass and realized there was no real damage, but wow, it was sure warm and tender. Driving home might not be too pleasant.

I removed the chastity cage and got dressed, leaving the collar and leash in place.

I went out to the kitchen to find her sitting with a cup of tea. I knelt before her and she removed the collar. Then she told me to take a seat. She put a bunch of papers in front of me. "Sign your contract, slave. There's a second copy for you to take with you so you know what you have committed yourself to. You can read it first if you want, but I'd rather you just sign it as a demonstration of your trust in me." She smiled and said no more.

I picked up the pen and signed the contract. She took it from me and placed it on the far side of the table.

"So, you have had a taste of my control. Did I live up to your expectations?"

"Yes Baroness."

"Well, you have only just begun slave. Tonight was just a taste. I will be training you on future visits; I want you to work hard for me. If I think you aren't trying hard enough to please me, I will punish you, and you won't enjoy it, believe me."

She handed me my copy of the slave contract I had signed. "Read it slave. In fact, there are parts you should memorize. There are some surprises in it for you. Too bad slaves don't make the rules. I do."

Then she presented me a list of chores to be done and asked me what I would like to do next and when I could do it. I looked down the list. One of the decisions I had made during my rumination time was that I would try to limit the work I took on for any one visit to a realistic amount so that I could be sure to finish it properly and clean up.

“I could do the painting if you like.”

“Fine. When can you do it?”

“Next Thursday afternoon should be OK.”

“Good. Be here by noon and make sure you do a good job so I don’t have to punish you again.”

“Stand up slave.”

I stood. She pulled me into an embrace. “I like you. I expect you to become a very good slave. You do good work and I know I can motivate you properly”. She grabbed me by the hair again and kissed me, this time a little longer. “Next week I think I will plan a reward for you when your work is finished. So allow a little extra time.” She lifted the keys to my chastity cage over her head and put them in my hand. “Now kiss my feet and you can go.”

I knelt and kissed each of her shoes with affection, already speculating in my helplessly submissive head about just what the reward might be!