

Manipulating Madison

Emily Sinclair

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“You wanted to see me, Mrs. Parker?” Heidi said entering her boss’ office.

“Please, come in Heidi, and shut the door behind you. Don’t look so worried,” Mrs. Parker added with a slight smile “you’re not in trouble. When the office door was closed she continued. “I would like to talk to you about your new... accessory.”

“My collar?” Heidi asked, the fingers of her right hand doing to the sleek strip of metal wrapped around her neck.

“Your collar. While I have no problem with how my employees wish to accessorize, and what you do in the bedroom is none of my business, when that spills over into the workplace and inhibits productivity it becomes my business. I’ve noticed a lot of people stopping what they are doing to stare at that piece of metal around your neck and I cannot allow it to continue.”

“I’m sorry Mrs. Parker, but I cannot take it off.”

“I understand what it means, believe me, I do.” Getting up from her high-backed chair, she walked around to the front of the desk and hiked her skirt up to nearly her crotch – showing Heidi the thin black band around her right thigh. “But there are other ways of honoring your lifestyle than such a bold collar in the workplace.”

“WHOA! A-Are you...”

“A submissive like you? Yes. And if word gets out about it I’ll know who leaked my secret and you’ll be fired on the spot. The point is, you do not need to wear that particular collar here at work. In fact, I am outright forbidding it.”

“I cannot take it off,” Mrs. Parker.”

“This is not up for debate. Either you...”

“No, you don’t understand. I cannot take it off because it has a screw clasp and I do not have the proper tool to remove it. Also, the woman that placed it around my neck said if I removed it for any reason then our deal is off and I will not allow that to happen.”

“You mean your Mistress?”

“No. It’s a long and complicated story.”

“I see. Well, I just told you my secret, so why don’t you tell me yours?”

“Long story short, I’ve had a crush on my best friend for years and I’m wearing this collar in order to be with her.”

“I see. Care to go into a little more detail? Perhaps if I understood your story I can help.”

“A few days ago, my best friend came to me with news that she finally landed a job modelling fetish gear and that the woman she was working with had her doing all sorts of fetish related things. I dabbled in bdsm in college so I knew exactly what was going on. After telling me everything she had done, we got a visitor – a woman named Amber there to make sure my friend was making good on her end of the deal.”

“Her end of the deal?”

“She made a deal with Madison – she’s the woman my friend has been working with, to wear a plug up her butt. Amber was apparently tasked with making random visits to make sure she kept it in twenty-four seven.”

“I see. Go on.”

“Anyways, after Amber pulled the plug out and shoved it back in we stayed in and watched TV. I stopped by my friend’s the next day to see how she was doing and Amber was there again. I thought it was for plug inspection, but they were on their wait out to get piercings. I

tagged along and got way more than I bargained for. Afterwards, I told my friend how I felt and...

“What do you mean when you say you got more than you bargained for?” Mrs. Parker asked, the story starting to turn her on more than a little.

“Bluntly put, the three of us had to strip naked and while I had no idea what was about to happen, Zack – that’s the piercer, grabbed a needle and pushed it through my friend’s nipple. He then grabbed another, but instead of piercing her other nipple, he grabbed and pierced one of mine and then the other. It all happened so fast it was over before I could protest.”

“WOW!”

“He then grabbed another needle, knelt between my legs. Before I could finish my next sentence, he had pushed the needle through my hood.”

“And you let him?”

“I did. And for the life of me I don’t know why. After he was done with the piercings, he tattooed me and my friend’s hip.”

“What did he tattoo you with? Why did you stand there and let him do it if you did not want any of it done? Or did you want it done?”

“No, I didn’t. But he had our clothes and Amber said we would not get them back until my friend and I got the same work that she currently had. Which was the piercings and tattoo.”

“What did he tattoo you with?”

“A bdsm triskelion with the words submissive for life written around the outer edge.”

“Not going to lie, that sounds pretty sweet.”

“When we got back to Tawnie’s, dammit, I was trying not to give away her name.”

“It’s okay. So what happened once you got back to Tawnie’s?”

“I told her how I felt, but Amber had to ruin the moment by informing me that it would never happen without Madison’s approval. So, we took a trip to the studio so that I could ask and that’s when I did my first photo shoot.”

“Photo shoot?”

“To prove my love for Tawnie, Mistress Madison demanded that I use a special chair of her own making. Basically, it has a massive toy on it designed to stretch you open. I had to take it in both holes while Amber took pictures. Madison placed the collar around my neck while I was strapped to the chair. When the chair was done I had to crawl across the room and beg her to fist me. After that I would be allowed to have sex with Tawnie. And that’s my deep, dark secret. I love Tawnie more than anything in the world and if humiliating myself and wearing a collar is the price I have to pay to be with her, then I’ll gladly pay it.”

“Wow Heidi. Just...wow! So, are you this Mistress Madison’s submissive now as well?”

“No. While she was fisting me I begged her to take me, to train me, but she furthered my humiliation by telling me no, that she did not want another.”

“I see. Well, that certainly was far more than I ever expected, but I’m glad you told me. Now, about the collar. You need to get her to allow you to wear something a little less conspicuous at work.”

“I don’t know if she’ll do it. She seems to thrive on humiliating others and if this humiliates me she will never let me take it off for another.”

“Then explain to her that your job is on the line if you cannot get a work collar.”

“You’re going to fire me!?”

“No, but she doesn’t need to know that, does she? If she’s any kind of real dominant she’ll agree and you can wear something more appropriate. If not, then you and Tawnie should get as far away from her as you can.”

“How long have you been submissive, Mrs. Parker?”

“Nineteen years. My husband got me into it while we were dating in college and I’ve been serving him ever since. I won’t tell you my entire journey, but I will say that you didn’t mention anything that I haven’t done as well.”

“So, you’ve been pierced, tattooed and fisted?”

“All of the above. I’ve also had sex with other women, but only with Master’s approval.”

“Cool. What is your tattoo of? What did you have pierced?”

“My tattoo is of a whip entwined around a rose and is located on my mound. And I have the same piercings as you. That being said, your secret is safe with me and I hope mine is safe with you.”

“I will never tell a soul.”

“Thank you. It takes a lot of courage and trust to tell me what you did and I appreciate that. Now, as for the collar currently around your neck, I’m going to give you the rest of the day off with pay in order to get it straightened out.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. I expect to see you back at your desk first thing in the morning with a new accessory.”