

Day Three: Training Linda

Emily Sinclair

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Positive that going the route of webcam model and Mistress was the right choice for everyone involved, Erica carefully got out of bed so she did not wake her fiancé. Tiptoeing towards the bathroom, she stopped dead in her tracks when she heard a throat clearing behind her.

“Ahem...going somewhere, Mistress?”

“Seriously?”

“I apologize for not being ready sooner, Mistress,” Jenna said as she got out of bed and knelt on the floor.

“Okay, now I’m confused. Are we taking time away from the bdsm stuff or not?”

“Sorry. You’re right. Old habits I guess.”

“Old habits? We’ve been Mistress and submissive less than a week.”

“I’m tired, okay? I felt that you were up and headed for the bathroom and I didn’t even think about us taking a break. Dammit Mistress, just get over here so I can drink your pee.”

“Absolutely not. We both agreed to take a month break and that’s exactly what I intend to do. There’s no reason for you to be up this early so go back to bed.”

“We both know that’s never going to happen.” Getting to her feet, Jenna rushed into the bathroom and locked the door behind her. “Better luck next time, she snickered.

Mildly irritated, Erica shuffled off to the other bathroom to take care of early morning business. After peeing and taking a shower, she went to the kitchen and poured a steaming cup of coffee while silently giving praise to the genius that invented the coffee pot with an automatic timer. Leaning against the counter, she waited for her fiancé.

Jenna walked into the kitchen and poured herself a cup of coffee, took three sips and then turned her attention to her fiancé. “I’m sorry I...”

“I’m the one that should be apologizing,” Erica cut her off. “There was no reason for me to cop that attitude. This is a hard time for us both and there are bound to be mistakes and lapses. You have my word it won’t happen again.”

“Thank you, I honestly wasn’t even thinking. I woke and saw you headed for the bathroom and instinct told me to get my ass out of bed and in position so you could use me instead.”

“Well, you are the one that said she could drink it all day every day so I’m not at all surprised.”

“Why are you up so ungodly early anyways?”

“I have a meeting with Simon Radcliffe to get the videos back and to cancel my contract with the studio and I need to get it done before Linda shows up for her first day of training.” Looking up at the clock, Erica’s left brow raised. “You better get your butt in gear if you’re going to make it to the office on time.”

“I won’t be heading to work today. Or any day actually.”

“You quit your job?”

“Not exactly.”

“The dungeon is wires and broadcasting to your website. Someone from work was apparently a member and when they saw us that first day and then the other day for my training I was turned in to management who saw fit to fire me to save face.”

“I am so sorry. I guess this passion of mine is screwing things up for everyone.”

“Don’t worry about it. I have enough in savings to get by until we get the webcam thing going and if not there’s always the strip club, right? Besides, I knew the risks when I agreed to do it and only have myself to blame for the consequences.

“I promise I’ll do everything I can to make it up to you. Since you practically live here anyways have you given any thought to making it a permanent move? That would save you a ton right there. Also, we’re engaged now so it only makes sense we’d pick once place to live together and since I have the dungeon and all the toys, why not here?”

“You make it sound so easy.”

“Isn’t it? I mean, if you really want to live at your place that’s fine too. I just need to know what we’re doing before I go having cameras installed in every room. It would also cost a fair bit to renovate the basement into a dungeon. Unless you don’t want a dungeon, that is. You don’t need to give me an answer right this second, but think about it.” Downing the last drops of liquid fuel, Erica sighed, gave her fiancé a quick peck on the forehead and then went to the bedroom to get dressed for the meeting she was dreading.

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Arriving at Hidden Desires, Erica made her way to the office of her once future boss. Going around a corner, she was seen by a large black man wearing only a pair of grey boxers. He grabbed her right bicep and looked down at her in annoyance. “It’s about god damn time you got here! You better be every bit the cocksucker as the boss says or so help me I’ll...”

“Excuse me?” Erica said as she jerked away from the man.

“You heard me. Now get your sexy ass in gear. You’ve kept production waiting long enough.”

“I don’t know who...”

“Oh dear lord why can’t they ever have a brain? What part of we’ve been waiting an hour for you to arrive don’t you understand?”

“The part where you’ve been waiting for me for an hour. Now if you don’t mind, get out of my way.”

“Oh no, I’m not taking my eyes off you for a second. A ditz like you will get lost and I’m not wasting another...”

“Look, ass hat, I’m not...”

“Ass hat? Bitch, do you know who I am?” the man said, puffing out his chest as if he were the king of the world. “I’m...”

“A pencil-dicked moron? I’m not your fucking co-star so get the fuck out of my way and go play with that little nub you call a cock before you make me later than I already am for my meeting with Mr. Radcliffe.” Stepping around him, she continued down the hall and gave the door at the end a few raps of her knuckles.

“Enter,” Mr. Radcliffe said from within.

Opening the door, Erica stepped in to see a young, freckle-faced redhead bent over the desk facing the door and her would-be boss Mr. Radcliffe taking her from behind. “Ah, Erica, now that you’re here perhaps you could give Sonia here a few pointers on properly satisfying a man.”

“I’m not here to fuck. We had a scheduled meeting and here you are screwing another porn star hopeful. That speaks volumes to your professionalism. Looking Sonia in her big blue eyes, Erica’s lips curled into a sad smile. “You want my advice, sweetie? If you’re going to do porn, find a studio that’ll treat you like a human being rather than a piece of meat to fuck at their

whim. That being said, I'm here to cancel my contract before it goes into effect and need the videos returned at once," she said, her attention going to Mr. Radcliffe.

"You only have one more to make and then you have your dream job," Simon grunted as he grabbed a handful of Sophia's hair and pulled her head back. "I didn't take you for a quitter, but I guess I was wrong."

"Quitter? Hardly. I've just come to my senses and decided to pursue other options. Now, hurry up and get your rocks off so we can take care of real business."

"I'm not really in the mood for this anymore," Sophia said, her pale cheeks flushed. Pushing back, she stood and pulled her dress down. Biting her lower lip, she looked at Erica. "Sorry. He didn't tell me he had a meeting."

"It's not your fault, hun. He did it on purpose as a means of proving his power and control. Unfortunately for him, I'm not easily swayed. Also, he sticks his pecker in anyone that'll let him so I wouldn't hesitate in getting tested. Especially since he went bareback. Not that he's riddled with STD's, but it doesn't hurt to err on the side of caution." Sophie's face blushing even deeper, she ran out of the room. "So," Erica smirked at Simon "ready for our meeting now?"

"Nah, I think I'm a little busy right now. Let's pencil you in for August twenty-fourty-three, shall we?"

"I didn't take you for an idiot, Mr. Radcliffe, but I guess I was wrong. Our contract is very clear so let's take care of business so we can go about our lives in peace. My models no longer wish to be associated with this studio and the last has outright refused to make a video. I failed to meet the terms of the contract and thus it is null and void. Hand over the videos and sign the addendum and I'll be on my way. But know that I'll be watching your sites and if any of my works pop up on them you're not going to have a good time."

An hour later, Erica was back in her car and on her way home, free and clear of any contractual obligations to the studio she once dreamed of working for. And forty minutes after that, she pulled into her driveway. Going inside, she saw her fiancé relaxing on the couch. "It's done," she sighed. "And now we can move forward."

"Speaking of which, I've thought about it and decided it would be in both of our best interests if I moved out. Of my house and in here with you, that is," she grinned. Despite our recent downs, I love you Erica and I want to spend the rest of my life here with you."

Walking across the living room, Erica kissed her lover hard on the lips. "I love you too, Jenna. And if that no sex rule wasn't in place I'd fuck you silly right now."

"If I wasn't still so tender down there I'd take you up on that, but I am so we'll just have to wait. Which, in my opinion, is going to make the sex we do have in a month a hell of a lot better. Anyways, I'm going to head home now and spend the day packing up while you're training Linda."

"She won't be here until five so I have several hours to spare if you want my help."

"You'll get no arguments from me, but you better go change into something a little more comfortable."

"Oh, I thought we would spend the day in the nude, but I guess I can go put something else on," Erica said with mock disappointment.

"Yeah right. We both know damn well that if we're nude we're not going to be able to keep our hands off each other. We made a promise, Erica, and I intend to keep it."

"Party pooper." Sticking her tongue out, Erica feigned pouting as she went to the bedroom to change.