

# **Training Tawnie**

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“I’m sorry ladies, but we’ve got everyone we need. If there’s another opening we’ll be in contact,” Penny said to the nine hopeful models still waiting to be seen for a test shoot. Disappointed, the women got up and headed across the lobby towards the exit just as her phone rang. There was a very brief conversation and she hung up. “WAIT!” she hollered for the women to stop. “You, the one in purple, come back here for a moment please.”

Curious as to why she had been singled out over the others, Tawnie walked back towards the receptionist amidst the glared of the other rejects. “Yes?”

“What is your name young lady?”

“Tawnie Catain.”

“Hmm, ah yes here you are. You were here for a lingerie shoot, yes?”

“Yes.”

“Well, you’re in luck if you still want to tryout in one of our other departments?”

“Other departments?”

“We have twenty-seven different photo departments here Ms. Catain. Each specializing in a different style of shoot. As you were leaving Mr. Manfred saw you and thought you’d be perfect.”

“What sort of shoot is it?”

“You’ll have to discuss that with him. He is on the fifth floor room five-sixteen. Good luck.”

“Thanks,” Tawnie grinned, happy to finally get a chance at modelling. After being rejected by three other agencies for either being too short, too fat or simply not what they were looking for she was starting to lose a lot of self-esteem, but now she had her foot in the door and she was not about to waste it. Heading to the elevators, she took it to the fifth floor and found room five-sixteen near the end of the hall with the name Marcus Manfred written across the glass.

Knock, knock.

“Enter,” a husky voice replied from within.”

Tawnie opened the door and stepped into an immaculately clean and organized office with a handsome, clean-shaven man she presumed to be Marcus Manfred sitting at a large oak desk. “Hello Mr. Manfred, I’m Tawnie. You wanted to see me for a shoot opportunity?”

“Yes I did Tawnie. And might I say that is a very beautiful name for an equally beautiful woman.”

“Thanks. You don’t think I’m too short or too fat or too something-or-other to be a model? Sorry,” she sighed “I’m just a little surprised you wanted to see me over the other women that left.”

“I wanted to see you Tawnie because I think you’ll be perfect for the type of material my department specializes in. And to answer your question, no, I do not think you are too short or too fat to be a model. How tall are you?”

“Five feet seven inches.”

“And your weight?”

“A hundred and thirty pounds.”

“Measurements?”

“36C-25-37.”

“Hair black, eyes green,” he said typing the information into the computer. “Date of birth?”

“May 17, 1996.”

“Penny tells me you were here for the lingerie shoot. Is that correct?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Do you have a problem with nudity?”

“No Sir. Not as long as it’s tastefully done.”

“Do you know what fetish clothes are, Tawnie?”

“You mean like leather and latex?”

“Exactly. My department specializes in fetish clothing and gear. Is that something you think you might be able to do?”

“I...I honestly don’t know. I’ve never dressed in fetish clothes before. And what do you mean by gear?”

“Ropes, cuffs, gags, clamps, various pieces of bdsm related equipment. Pretty much anything and everything that is used for that type of scene.”

“So, you’ll be tying me up?”

“Not me personally no. We have a very knowledgeable woman that will do all of the setup. Are you willing to give it a try? We really do need a new model and I think you have a look that’ll sell.” And he was not just trying to butter her up or rebuild her dwindling confidence.

“I’ll try,” Tawnie said, seeing this as her last chance to break into the modelling world.

“Great. I’ll just need you to read and sign a few consent forms and waivers and we’ll get you in there for your first shoot. And don’t worry about looking scared or nervous. With this type of shoot that’s exactly what we’re looking for.”

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Trembling in fear, not knowing exactly what she was walking into, Tawnie entered a massive room set up like a world-class bdsm dungeon with all the trimmings including a mirrored wall at the back so she could see everything happening to her as the shoot progressed.

“Tawnie, I’d like to introduce you to Madison,” Mr. Manfred said. “She’s our resident expert on all things bdsm. And Madison, this is Tawnie, your new subject. Well, I’ll leave you to it then.”

“Pleasure to meet you Tawnie. First time doing anything like this?”

“Yeah.”

“It shows. No, no, I didn’t mean that as a bad thing,” Madison added as Tawnie’s shoulders slumped. “A healthy amount of fear and nervousness are perfectly normal for this type of shoot.”

“What exactly will I have to do?”

“Try on various outfits and gear and allow me to put you into a multitude of bdsm related equipment and positions. Do you know anything at all about bdsm?”

“Not really no.”

“Well, at the very basic it is a combination of six abbreviations. You have bee dee which stands for bondage and discipline, then you have dee es which means Dominance and submission and finally you have es and em meaning sadism and masochism. I know some of those can be very intimidating and scary words, but you have absolutely nothing to fear here with me. I’ve been a Dominatrix for the last nine years and have done sessions with thousands of clients. And while these shoots are not technically sessions per say, I do like to run them as such. Do you know what safewords are?”

“No,” Tawnie’s voice trembled nearly as much as her knees.

“That’s okay. Safewords are used to let a Dominant know how the scene is progressing. It is common in the bdsm community to use red, yellow and green and that is what we will use here. If everything is going great you don’t have to say anything at all, or you can say green. If you are feeling uncomfortable, or need things to slow down use yellow. And if the shoot is going in a direction you don’t like at all, or there’s a serious issue then you use red and it’ll immediately stop. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Next, and I cannot stress this enough, you need to communicate with me, Tawnie. I don’t care if it’s a simple moan of pleasure or yelp of pain. I need to know exactly what you are feeling in order to know how to adjust things for your liking. Okay, enough about the basics. In order to see exactly what I am working with I like to put new models through a bit of a routine. And yes, it will be photographed so that we can catch you from every angle. Are you okay with taking your clothes off?”

“I’m fine with nudity.”

“Then please strip completely naked for me and move to the green circle on the floor right over there. And since this is a bdsm related photo shoot I would like your permission to place a collar around your neck to make it more authentic. Would that be alright?”

“Yeah, I guess that would be fine,” Tawnie said as she slowly stripped out of her clothes. By the time she was naked and standing in the green circle, Madison was there holding a sleek metal collar in her hand.

“Please hold your hair up and out of the way for me. I don’t want to get it tangled.” With the hair out of the way, Madison placed the collar around Tawnie’s neck, clipped the ends together and tightened the screw to lock it in place. “The collar looks stunning around your neck Tawnie.”