

## Marsha

Lord Kenneth Kensington sat in his study drawing on his pipe. The gentle aroma of the special Middle Eastern blended tobaccos of which he was so fond floated lazily in the still air. He wore a suit, dark to match his complexion. He stroked his full beard and thought about the new girl who was supposed to be arriving any time now. The fire was lit and the room had achieved a much appreciated warmth which contrasted sharply to the wind blowing wisps of snow outside.

He took a drink from his 50yr old Cognac and reviewed her information in his head. Marsha was a 28 year old woman who had some problems with the sexual side of her nature. She was not able to fully give herself to pleasure and this caused constant problems with her relationships. He inability to appreciate the sensual made it difficult for her to appreciate anything else in life completely.

A gentle knock came to the door.

“Enter” he called out in his thick, deep voice.

One of the servants of the house entered and informed him Marsha had arrived. He instructed them to show her in and to prepare some tea as it was about that time.

Marsha entered the room and Lord Kensington rose to greet her.

“Ahh, Marsha,” he said in friendly tones. “I am so glad you could make it. Come and sit on the couch, I’ve ordered tea, is there anything you would like?”

“No, thank you, tea will be fine,” she said in slightly timid tones. She had not expected this exactly, but then was not entirely sure what to expect anyway.

As she walked across the room, Kenneth examined her form. Some would have thought her heavy if she were compared to the runways of Milan, but the extra weight meant that she was curvaceous and that her breasts were quite large. She wore a floral print blouse and skirt, very feminine. He was not sure why there were problems if she was this in tune with the feminine side, but that would remain to be seen.

They made small talk until the tea arrived. Kenneth knew that they would not be disturbed again once the tea had been laid out and had put off the serious discussions until after tea had been served.

“No then,” he began “What is it that I can do for you?”

Marsha Blushed. “I, um, have some problems of a, ah, sexual nature.”

“Can you elaborate?” Lord Kensington opened a small notebook and began to write down notes as they talked.

“Well, I have trouble giving myself to a man. I have trouble trusting him.”

“Have you considered that you might be a lesbian?” He queried

“I’d thought of that, but it doesn’t turn me on. I, ah, get hot about men, but I don’t feel comfortable in my own body. I don’t like it.”

He was quite shocked internally. Here was a beautiful, curvy, redheaded beauty and she didn’t like her own body? It had to be an abuse issue.

“Have you ever been abused?” He asked.

“Ahh, Um, I think so, but I don’t like to discuss it.”

“If we continue, you will discuss it eventually, but for now, I won’t push you.”

“Thank you.”

“I have to ask if you like our facility here at Strathmore House. If you decide to take on a training program you will be required to live here for a minimum of six weeks.”

“What I have seen looks very nice, My understanding though is that this was to be an interview to see if you wanted me.”

“Well, yes, but you have to like the place, there are some provisions and rules if you are going to stay.”

“OK,” she agreed. “I’ll stay, but I will need to make some arrangements before I move in.”

“Understood. It is like a vacation, you can’t just up and go. Someone has to feed the cat.”

They both laughed and the tension eased a little bit. It was hard for Marsha to relax here because she knew that she would be expected to face those barriers of her mind and fight past them. A very scary proposition indeed. But this man seemed like a good, nice and honest gentleman, and she felt that he would not allow any harm to come to her.

“Ok, you need to know the rules. First of all, during your initial six weeks you will not wear any underwear in the house or on the grounds. The exception is, of course, when riding or doing work in the stables. If it interests you the stable master will properly advise you as to the rules there.”

“No panties, right.”

“Are you wearing any now?”

“Well yes, Oh. I see.” Marsha blushed a little bit and broke eye contact. “Right now?”

“Yes, no panties in the house unless otherwise instructed. Take them off and place them on the floor beside you.” Marsha stood, took off her shoes and slid down her panties and nylons. She

removed them and left them on the floor. Sitting back down she could feel the coolness of her skirt against her sex and noticed the sensation it created.

“Excellent. The second rule is that you will always do whatever I, or one of my staff, tells you. You will comply as best you can. I trust them implicitly and so should you. This rule is both for the success of your training as well as your safety.”

“Ahh, OK I guess.”

“No, you cannot guess. If you are going to stay, you must adhere to the rule. Will you do it?”

“Yes” this time her voice was firm and resolute. Damn it she was going to do this and she was not going to let her fears or her past get in her way.

“The last rule is that you will be required to take a vitamin supplement which includes an oral contraceptive. Are you OK with this?”

“Yes, I know you have my medical records there and I trust your judgement on this matter.” What the hell, she might as well get into the role now.

“Excellent.” Lord Kensington produced a contract which they both signed.

They continued to enjoy the goodies which had come with tea while discussing the various facilities available at Strathmore house. The Jacuzzis, the sauna, the indoor, Olympic sized pool. They talked about the cinema that was built into the house as well as the stables, the indoor riding ring and the many other wonders that made this place so special. As they spoke, Marsha became more and more relaxed.

“Marsha, I would like you to unbutton your blouse so that I can see your cleavage.”

“Certainly,” she replied, thinking nothing of it. “I like it when men look at me. It is when it gets to the touching I get a freaked out.” She loosened her blouse to reveal her fine, smooth lines of cleavage formed by her lovely, ample breasts. Lord Kensington eyed them hungrily, but knew it would be some time before he could partake of their pleasures.

They talked a bit and the cognac was shared. Kenneth knew he would have to soften her up for the next step. He had to know if she was really going to be OK here. The contract had out clauses for both of them and hopefully it was not going to be a problem.

“Marsha, lovely Marsha, I want you to do something for me.”

“What can I do for you? Look at this place it is amazing.” She waved her hand openly to encompass the room.

“I want you to masturbate for me.”

“WHAT!” She exclaimed, suddenly sober.

“You herd me. I want you to masturbate. I want to watch you touch yourself and masturbate to an orgasm.”

“I, ah, I don’t know if I can.”

“If not, our contract is void. You have to do this if you want me to continue your training.”

“Ah, Ok, I guess.” Marsha reached under her skirt and found herself dry and scared. Stiffly she tried to work the clit, but this man was staring at her. Like she was a show.

“Relax. Do you need something to help lubricate you? Use a little milk from the pitcher there. Are you afraid of me? Don’t be, just relax.”

Marsha tried the milk but it was very hard to get going. She moved her hand stiffly totally failing to arouse herself. This was too weird.

“Marsha, listen to my voice. Close your eyes. Lie back on the couch and spread your legs in a comfortable position. There, much better. Take some long, slow breaths. Now rub your pussy slowly and allow it to awaken for you.”

Laying on her back, Lisa’s breasts were even more exposed by her open blouse. She could feel the room temperature as different on her skin than her clothes. Closing her eyes she tried to forget he was there and just masturbate. It was amazing that here she was, trapped in the middle of a long time fantasy and so scared that she couldn’t do it.

Lord Kensington’s voice continued and she found it oddly soothing. It wasn’t too much longer before the point came where she was no longer just rubbing her clit, but was actually enjoying the feel of her sex being stroked. She grew wet with her own juice and felt herself open up to a new level.

Opening her eyes she saw him sitting back, smoking his pipe and smiling at her. Her breathing began to get deeper and longer. More forceful. The pleasure began to rise and pressure of orgasm appeared on the horizon.

“Yes, that’s a good girl. Use your beautiful voice. Sing for me. Sing your lovesong to me, let me hear your pleasure, let me hear your sex!”

Marsha began to moan in rhythm to her fucking. Her fingers worked the clit and popped in and out of her wet, dripping pussy. Her moans became cries, and she knew that he could hear her. He began to coach her on. Wanting more and more, faster and faster, louder and louder.

Finally as she reached her long sought after orgasm her voice exploded in a scream that must have echoed from the hills. Her cunt shot forth a stream of fluid and she convulsed for more than a minute before relaxing again.

“You have never had one of those, have you Marsha.”

“No” she gasped. “No I haven’t.” Her mind was reeling.

“Excellent. You will do fine over the next few weeks. We will train you to enjoy all there is to have in the world and your life will never be the same.”

“I’m sorry about the couch” Marsha said in sad tones.

“Scotch guard. Works wonders.” He rose from his seat and placed a blanket over her. “You can stay here and rest a while. Any of the staff will attend to your needs, but after your first total orgasm it is best if you sleep.”

With that, he left the room and Marsha drifted away into the most relaxed and restful sleep she had ever known.