

Standing at the front of the store, I peer around miserably at the prospects. I remember the first several times I ever set foot into places like these it filled me with a sense of excitement. Now it might as well have been a trip to the convenient store.

“Can I help you sir? Anything you’re looking for in particular?”

Peering up at the fairly fit man standing at the corner, if I had to wager I’d place him somewhere in his mid-forties. With the way he spoke with some authority, it had me guessing he could have been the owner.

I take another quick glance around at the variety of items up for display. This was supposed to be the biggest sex shop in Los Angeles. It had some items the others didn’t for sure. Some interesting furniture pieces.

Still nothing particularly special. I guess I’d have to start ordering online next, Amazon was taking over for a reason.

“*Yeah.* Guess so.”

Placing my hands into my pocket I slowly step up to the counter, peering past him to see what may have been on the lower end of the shelves.

Not sure what I had been expecting, I just wanted more.

“What tickles your fancy?” He asks nonchalantly. I wonder what stories he’d have to share.

“Okay, I’ll make it simple.”

Peering all around him, back over the store, I nod at the harnesses and the binding instruments. There was a cross on the wall meant to lock someone up. I wondered if it could spin.

“I’ll take one of everything. If you have anything in the back that may be of interest, I’ll definitely take a look.”

The man blinks before shaking his head. “Yeah, okay. Yeah, we got plenty. You know most of the pieces here not hanging on the wall are handcrafted, right?”

“I don’t need a history lesson. I just need everything you have. Do you sell beds?”

“Yeah, I think I can accommodate. My apologies, Sir. You’re clearly here to do business,” he says before holding out his hand. “Mike Hoy, I own the place. You are?”

I hesitated before responding. “**Lucas**,” I said confidently while taking his hand. “**Lucas Knight**.”

“Alright then, Mr. Knight. Follow me and let’s see if we can’t find everything you’re looking for.”

I nod but refrain from being entirely optimistic. I was at least feeling inspired, an imaginative soul reawakened in me. I could hopefully make do with very little. Certainly was motivated. He stepped over toward the front of the store before locking the door and flipping the Open sign over. Nodding he beckoned for me to follow him toward the back.

This at least piqued my interest. So ominous.

As I followed after him, going through a small hallway, we went into the backroom where there was definitely more.

“Why don’t you have these in the front?”

“Not big sellers I am afraid. However, you seem to be a man of culture, Mr. Knight. See more that catches your fancy?”

I did.

After last week’s fun with a boat, it actually intrigued me to take a rather expensive step forward. For as much as I was staying between Kat’s home and hotel rooms in the area on oddball nights, it would really just be easier to get a place here.

So I did. Old, not the newest or fanciest thing in the world but it could float.

Was going to live out on the bay with a delightful little houseboat. It just needed furniture, odds and ends, something for decoration and given the ulterior motive in all this, I was in just the right spot to supply all of this.

Being in California so much lately, was nice. I never noticed how many of my coworkers seem to live so close together.

As time passed, looking through the assortment of peculiars with Mr. Hoy, when it came time to foot the bill I didn’t look at the number. Wasn’t interested. He glanced down at my credit card and smirked.

“I thought it was Mr. Knight?”

“That’s who you tell people stopped by if they ask. Not that they will.”

“So be it, friend.”

I had driven in a uhaul that I was now afraid wouldn’t be large enough to make off with everything. Just meant there would be multiple trips. Peering down at the time, I would at least try. Worst case scenario I dropped off what I could and would return to the shop tomorrow to get what I couldn’t now.

Hoy had no problem with it, implying he was closing early either way. He helped load everything up, one load fortunately proving to cover it. He opted to give me a business card regardless, offering to make any orders if there was anything else I could want. I always found that line silly from a small business. If they can order something online, so can I.

It was a quarter after noon before I got back to the new homefront and the process of filling up space adrift. Peering out over the bay, I peered up at my small houseboat with a bit of joy. Was a new front to say the least. A few people watched as I began unloading. I wasn't exactly wanting an audience but their reactions were hilarious nonetheless.

All the while, my eyes couldn't help but dart for the time. I was perfectly capable of changing the schedule but I sure as hell wasn't going to.

It was all needless worry really. After putting all of the piddly items into boxes at the store, it didn't take long at all to unload everything, only the bed proving to be a major pain in the ass. Even for me.

Regardless, there was time for me to start sending texts and to stop and take a shower after emptying the truck of it's precious cargo. Turning it into a home of sorts could wait. I just wanted it all locked away inside for the meantime. Away from prying eyes.

I hadn't even really considered what I'd wear. There was a concert at the Walt Disney Concert Hall I would enjoy watching. From what I watched online it was classical at it's finest.

Adjusting the cuffs on the black dress shirt I've chosen for myself, I try to think of things to say. It's an absolutely absurd feeling.

Why bother? No one could shut you up even if they wanted to. As if you need to do a rehearsal now.

Dress pants, suit jacket and a tie. Always loved suits. They make anyone look like a million dollars. I'd wrestle in one if I could. Everyone should.

Cassidy always loved Christian Louboutin. Lived and died by them. I remember as a joke I bought a pair of dress shoes from their men's line. Never actually planned on wearing them until now.

Sending another text, I grab my leather sling bag and start looking through boxes. Settling on a few odds and ends of my newly purchased items, I set them inside of the bag before carrying it under my shoulder. Stepping out from the main door I lock up before peering around at the skyline along the coast.

It was pleasant, truly. I was going to love living out on water I think. Just don't get drunk and fall overboard.

Making my way down the pier, I didn't have to wait long at all as my uber driver pulled up to the parking lot. Opening the back door I carefully get in and ignore his greetings. I just wanted to go from point A to point B, every word that came out of his mouth would be a deduction off the tip.

It wasn't long and thankfully there wasn't needless chit chat to be bothered with. Stepping up I peered up at the Starbucks and made my way inside.

I fucking hate coffee.

Always have. Was just too bitter. If you need to add excessive sugar to make something drinkable, it's probably not worth it.

Regardless, I was going to have fun. Ordering a cheap cup of black coffee with nothing added I sat it down at the corner by the window. The place was pretty busy but their drive thru was the worst. Cars were wrapped around the building, extending out into the street.

The people inside were mostly tapping away on keyboards or staring off like zombies into their phones. Outside I peered around at the palm trees and strangers passing by. Nothing particularly exciting until the police showed up near the corner of the block looking ready to arrest a man screaming and walking around belligerently. Drunk at two in the afternoon, a man after my own heart.

Alexis Taylor stepped into view right in front of me appearing deep in her own thoughts before making her way into the building. The sight of her caught a lot of attention. She was as beautiful as always but in the garb she was wearing it would have turned saints into wolves. You couldn't help but stare at her. So I leaned back, rested an arm over the cushion and crossed one leg before turning to peer out the window, frowning. She would look and find me relaxed and as bored as I possibly could be.

Moments later I could hear her approaching before she pulled the chair out across from me. I turned and smiled. Grabbing the full cup of coffee I raise it up to acknowledge her before taking the world's smallest sip. My eyes fell immediately to the collar around her neck. Running my tongue over the roof of my mouth I steal my glance back up to meet her eyes.

"Hello there. How are you today?" I ask. The answer really didn't matter but I was always curious.

"Slightly disappointed. Was at least hoping for a new package. How would you know if I hadn't opted to throw out the last one?"

"Did you at least wash them?"

The black dress fit her to the point it really left nothing to the imagination. The tights were just a fetish. I assume were I to peer under the table I would see heaven and a plug. I had been

tempted to send her something else. Although, that would have likely been predictable and that's boring.

"Would you actually care if I didn't?"

Not in the slightest.

"Absolutely. In any case, I had something else in mind. First, don't you have something to ask me?"

She peers up like a deer caught in headlights before immediately switching to annoyance.

"Sure. Truth or dare?"

"Dare."

"I dare you to put cream in that coffee, you're clearly not going to drink it otherwise."

I smirk. I wasn't going to drink it at all.

"Sure, sure thing." A bit of the glamour had been lost in that moment. She was slightly more than disappointed now. I sure as hell would be if not presented with an obviously fantastic opportunity. She had absolutely no interest in challenging me to anything beyond testing her.

Reaching over to grab a couple packets I slowly ripped at one corner to begin the strenuous motion of pouring them into the cup. Taking my spoon I begin to stir. Slowly, before peeking out the window to appreciate the view.

"Would you look at those clouds, they are amazing."

I smile and continue watching out, watching from the corner of my eye as she just stares at me. I would be flattered if I wasn't positive it would shortly be with murderous intent.

"I was just thinking, today is such a beautiful day, would you like to come see a musical with me?"

Turning back to smile I reach out and place my hand over hers. She legitimately seems unsure of how to respond. Good. Because I am just making this shit up as I go along really.

“Is that a dare?”

“We’re not really playing that game anymore, are we?” I ask. I mean she had made it pretty obvious at this point. I had spent a good chunk of my career trying to entertain the world and that world had shrunk down to trying to entertain this Goddess. “So, I kind of figured we just need to go ahead and change the rules. How does that sound to you?”

I just imagined her thinking *whatever*. But that’s just me, because I can’t read her mind. Wish I could. Would really make the whole process easier.

“What were you thinking?”

“Let’s go for a walk. Get up and really, appreciate those beautiful clouds.”

There wasn’t a fucking cloud in the sky.

As we stepped out from the coffee shop, my leather bag wrapped around my shoulder, I started looking around for some bit of privacy somewhere. Unfortunately we were downtown. That could prove difficult.

“So I was thinking,” I started.

“Did it hurt?”

“Like you wouldn’t believe. I feel like you’re just not feeling particularly inspired. So instead of trying to force you to be, I will cheerfully accept any request or challenge you could ever make, at any time whenever that mind is actually sharp and ready to contribute in it’s own special little way. Unconditionally, you can speak up whenever the **hell** you want. Does that sound good to you?”

Her shoulders dropped, she was fantastic at giving the impression she wasn't really listening while likely tearing apart every word in her mind.

"Sure."

"Great."

Stepping between a bar and what looked to be a Boutique, I gently wrapped an arm around her shoulder and directed us toward the alley.

"Doesn't this bring back memories? We reconnected in a dark alley. Middle of the night! Now we get to relive the fun with the sun here to shine light on our beautiful blossoming relationship!"

"Oh yes. An alleyway. Whatever will you do with me there." She's really good at asking questions without really asking questions. There was no emphasis on any part of that statement.

Reaching down I felt under her dress. There was nothing but ass and then- yep. Plug. Joy. Pushing at the tip of it I could feel her fidget, a moan escaping her lips.

"Hopefully not what you're thinking. I feel like you're expecting me to just ravish you here in broad daylight. Just fuck you into a semi coma under these beautiful clouds. And I am not going to do that. Do you know why?"

"Enlighten me."

"Because you're a dirty whore."

At the very corner of the alley, there was a recycling bin that would at least not have the same stink of a dumpster. Blocking the view from the street as we step around it, I smile before gently pushing her against the wall of the building just at the side of the bin.

"So, instead of asking for truth or dare. We're just going to do stuff and, if you can't or really don't want to. You can stop. At any point in time. Just give me the safe word."

Her face says nothing but her eyes at least appear amused.

“And what is the safe word?”

“I am your cum holster. Your cum dumpster. Your personal whore.”

“That’s not a word.”

“No, but it will definitely suffice.”

I found myself incredibly nervous at this juncture. I feel like if she just said no and walked away I’d have to be lobotomized. The sheer amount of time, money and thought I had put into just buying a little houseboat to prepare turning it into a sex dungeon is just not going to sit well with me. I had spent half the year losing my fucking mind. I think a part of me still was.

And yet I was confident. I try telling myself that anyways. I was confident this morning. It’s now after noon.

“Just say those magical words, and we will move on to something else. We could say it’s a game. I am more inclined to consider it training.”

Leaning in, I place my hand on her hip and turn my head, my ear facing her. I mean, she did show up expecting something.

“Is that all I have to say? Is that all you want to hear?”

“I haven’t decided yet but it would be an incredibly good start.”

“Choices, choices. Such hard decisions,” she teased. “I mean I am here, aren’t I?” She leaned in to the point I could feel her breath against my ear. “*Yes.*”

“Great.”

Dropping down to my knees I pulled up my leather bag and pulled out a toy. Whistling casually I make a handjob motion with it in my hand.

“Here, put this dildo in. I know you want the real thing but that just isn’t going to happen my Dear.” She leans forward to reach down and grab it. I pulled it away.

“Don’t look at it, just put it in the box. Give the plug a neighbor.”

Taking it from my hand she immediately began to breathe unsteadily while slowly doing just that. Hiking the dress up to get it out of the way, I watched briefly before turning back to the bag. I didn’t look back up to her until her breathing had steadied and she was turned away with her eyes closed, blissfully fading off.

Pulling out the chastity belt next I wondered if that would give her a kick.

“Great. It’s in. Now, let’s get you fully equipped and ready to go.” I smirked at her while placing it down toward her feet.

She looked at the belt while resting her head against the wall.

“You’re going to force me to wear these everywhere we go?”

“Now Alexis, the entire point to a chastity belt is to prevent you from masturbating or fucking every prick not nailed down. Was church not an eye opening experience for you? You’re a very, very bad girl and what you consider a game I consider a challenge. We’re going to make a good girl out of you just yet.”

“So is that what this is? A bad girl's intervention?” She says, unable to contain herself.

I beckon for her to help with the process. She places her left foot down into the belt, before placing in the other. I proceeded to raise it up over her hips. It was definitely going to be a tight fit. More importantly it was fairly adjustable. It needed to be tight.

“This is going to prevent anything from going in there and anything from coming out damn it. We have a concert to attend and I don’t want you doing anything even remotely obscene.”

Applying the last step, with a small padlock to secure it completely in place, I pulled at the strap at the bottom gently. Practically pulled her down with it, it was not going anywhere. **Good.**

“Thank you, Austin. I don’t know what I would ever do if you weren’t here to help me with my dark urges.”

“It’s daddy. Or Master. My Lord? I don’t know. Whichever one is more demeaning.”

Placing my bag back over my shoulder, I stand up fully before offering her my shoulder. She entertains the notion to take it in her hand and we start making our way back toward the street. She’s definitely having a harder time walking with an instrument twice as big as the plug now filling her pussy.

“Think you’ll manage?”

“You choose odd times to suddenly be concerned.”

Reaching into my pocket I pull out a keychain sized device. Looking around the street to see the closest person is at least twenty feet away, I smirk before hitting the switch. Alexis’ reaction was immediate. She actually appeared speechless. I couldn’t hear the vibrator rattling around inside her at this point which just made this even better.

“I actually believed you when you said it was a dildo.”

“It is! It just has batteries.”

Glancing down at a man approaching I raised a hand up to draw his attention.

“Excuse me, sir? Do you know how to get to the Disney Concert from here?”

I raise the level several notches just as the man realizes I was asking him a question. Alexis’ grasp tightens as she drops her head down, starting to hold her breath.

“Disney concert hall? Yeah, just go up this street here, hit Efferton, go up four blocks. It’s across from- Lady, are you alright?”

I peered down to Alexis who was in the process of getting ready to have a stroke. Her face was staring down to the ground, her legs were shaking.

“Yes... Thank you... I am fine... Just fine.”

“Oh don’t mind her. She’s just a whore!”

The man’s expression was priceless.

“Huh?”

I ignore his confusion, relishing in it.

“Thank you for your directions, kind sir! Cannot wait to see the show!”

“Yeah? Okay cool?” The guy turned and started making his way to wherever he was initially heading.

“Come on, dear! Got us tickets already. The best seats in the house!”

She continued staring down at the ground. It took a moment but she seemed to be getting a grip on it, able to control her legs at least. There were way more settings to fix that later on. When she finally looked up from the ground she couldn’t even hide it. She was lost in the euphoria.

Today was going to be a wonderful day.