

Burping Frog Publishing

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FREE AS
A SLAVE

Prologue

“Is that all ma’am?”

Rebecca looked towards the young girl who had spoken. She concealed the smile inside, her face as hard and fierce as usual.

“Yes, thank you Mary, you may go.”

The relief was obvious. She turned and fled before Rebecca could change her mind. Rebecca surveyed her domain. Everything was in order. She could go home also. She packed her case carefully, checked that her desk was in order, pushed the chair under the desk, gave another perfunctory glance round the office and strode purposefully towards the door. She was able to check her appearance in the glass of the window. Not a hair out of place, her suit and cravat perfectly set. Her skirt was respectably just below the knees, her legs clad in stockings with the seam at the back of each leg. Her heels were stiletto but not too long. She was the atypical business woman. She commanded and got respect.

The corridor was empty. She had to wait for the lift. Frank from finance was occupying it when the door opened they exchanged acknowledgements and the lift continued down. Frank left at the foyer but Rebecca continued to the subterranean car park. There were still several cars awaiting their owners. Her Porsche sat quietly in her reserved space. It started first turn, of course and purred its way up the gentle slope past the security office. The barrier was raised without question.

The journey home was mundane. She guided the car carefully. It was as much a status symbol as it was functional. The house was

a typical suburban, middle class, home, detached, of course. The gates were open. She would not bother to shut them. The garage door was automatic. She pulled in next to the other vehicle, a slightly battered light van with "Cartwright Builders" emblazoned along the side. Her husband did not need to work with the income Rebecca brought home but he was very independent, besides he was a very capable builder of long standing and high regard. The garage door rattled back down leaving a bright stark light. Rebecca extricated herself from the car, retrieved her briefcase and turned purposefully towards a small door at the back of the garage just to the right of the entrance to the main house. She flicked the switch, put her case on the surface then opened the small wardrobe. An empty hanger awaited her suit. The blouse was consigned to the washing basket. She continued to strip down, kicking off her shoes and placing them in the bottom of the wardrobe, bra, panties, stockings everything until she stood naked on the tile floor. She shook her hair free from its restrictions. The glasses came off too. To be honest they were more of an accessory than necessity. She had found early on in her career that appearance was half the battle and thin rimmed spectacles gave her an officious look that carried weight both in the boardroom and the general office. She could see perfectly well although her arms were getting a bit short for comfortable reading without them, especially some of the finer print that manufacturers insist on using. She would not need to worry about that now.

She turned to the mirror and carefully removed all the makeup necessary for the modern business woman. There was a small shower cubicle and she stepped in wincing slightly as the water took it's time to adjust to the comfortable temperature it was supposed to reach instantaneously. She blew her hair into submission again. She combed it out carefully. Ron liked her hair neat. She used a couple of ornate clips to get it off her shoulders and under control, like the rest of her she mused.

She returned to the small bench underneath the mirror, next to the basin.

First there were two droplet like pendants except they were

not on a chain but had little hooks. She casually put one on each of the rings in her nipples. They were for decoration really, she hardly noticed them. She remembered having her nipples pierced. The girl had never seen ones her size and was afraid of hurting her but by that time Rebecca was used to pain in her nipples so that apart from the predictable moistening in her vagina she hardly flinched. Ron had liked the look of things on her nipples from the first time they had tried them. She was there to please him.

Next she picked up the collar, gold plated, with her name neatly inscribed on it. It had two rings fixed into it. It locked in place. She did not have the key to remove it again. There was a pair of padded cuffs for her ankles, with a two foot chain to allow her some movement but no running. Rebecca had no desire to run, nor would she refuse anything demanded of her besides she could only just walk in the four inch high heeled shoes she put on next.

Now she put on manacles for her wrists. Like the matching ankle cuffs they were padded to prevent chafing but they were made of gilt covered steel. The glistening metal surface was intricately chased and decorated. They too had a chain between them, slightly shorter than the one between her ankles. She could just touch her wrists behind her back and the chain hugged her body. It meant that a small padlock or even a clip could joining the chain behind her would make her completely unable to move her wrists. But for now she had relatively free movement.

She picked up a ball gag and buckled it behind her head. She would not complain and she would eat when the gag was temporarily removed, but only when given permission to. Ron, her husband, no her master, no her husband, liked the way it looked and in many ways Rebecca did to. It controlled her just like Ron would. She spent her working day making decisions, controlling others, concentrating hard, now everything was out of her hands. She no longer had to think. She did as she was told. And that was just what she wanted.

It had taken some persuading for Ron to accept the idea but now he not only agreed, he reveled in it. It was with a little excitement that Rebecca checked herself in the mirror. She had

some idea what might be expected of her tonight but there was always the unknown extras. She might approve, she might not, but she would have no choice but to comply with whatever was demanded of her or accept anything done to her. Until 7:00 a.m. when the chains came off she was a slave in her own home.

She walked carefully out of her room over the mat and into the kitchen. Her instructions were on the table: Shepherd's pie, followed by a strawberry moose with cream.

There was a plastic pinafore hung on the back of the door which she was just able to put on. Actually it was tying the bow behind her that was awkward. She had to step over the chain to give her enough mobility to manipulate the strings, then step back over to allow her hands the freedom to cook and chop. She worked steadily. She poured a glass of wine, removed the pinafore and gave herself a perfunctory wipe over with a towel. She put the glass on a tray and opened the kitchen door. She could hear the TV in the distance. She opened the door and walked carefully over to the chair. Kneeling was difficult but she had mastered the technique. She knelt and waited. A hand removed the glass.

"Is dinner ready?"

Rebecca could not enunciate, of course but gave an assuring grunt.

"I will eat it here."

It was all the information she needed. She raised herself to her feet as graciously as the chains would permit and returned to the kitchen. She set the tray, put the dish on it and returned. She presented the tray which he took, then proceeded to get onto her hands and knees in front of him. She felt the tray being placed on her back. She remained motionless while he ate.

There was a gentle but noticeable slap on her buttock as the tray was lifted slightly. Getting up was even less gainly than from the kneeling position but she managed it without losing her balance. She walked steadily back to the kitchen.

The process was repeated with the dessert, then she served him coffee. At no point was there any sort of compliment or acknowledgement of her work but then again there was no

chastisement either so he must be satisfied.

“You may clean up, then eat.”

There was no affection nor malice just a command. Rebecca obeyed. She filled the dishwasher. She may be a slave but this was the twenty first century and they were not short of the odd bob or two. She kept the house clean and tidy, but she had access to all the proper tools and equipment to do it. They had discussed more menial methods but decided that was not necessary. She sat for the first time that evening and ate as quickly as was practical.

As for the rest of the evening? She might be a lamp or footstool, she might be bound tightly out of sight or she might have to endure one of Ron’s games. She had no idea where he got his ideas from? She sometimes wondered who she had married. She had learned to endure severe bondage, light whipping and caning, being covered in anything from food to oil or wax, and every form of sexual act known to man. She had giggled, screamed, albeit muffled, gasped and sighed. The orgasms had been out of this world but the pain was sometimes almost unbearable. Almost anything was allowed except breath play, bloodletting or strangulation. Those activities were barred as was any sort of insect or jungle style torture and there was always the fallback “Stop” signal. She had never had to use it but it was always there. They had discussed her limits at length, and even though sometimes he had surpassed her perceived limits she had never seen it necessary to try and stop him.

Discussed? You might wonder? Surely she was a slave in her own home and slaves have no say in what happens? Yes, she was kept in light but permanent bondage while at home, including speech restriction. She slept in chains. She was sexually teased and used, even abused, but his was by mutual consent. It had not always been like this. Here is the story of how it came to be ...

Chapter 1 - Rebecca

Rebecca was an achiever. She had sailed through the top of her classes at school and emerged with some impressive qualifications, following it up with a first in University. She had been snapped up by a finance company and had become office manager by her mid-twenties. She was no stunner in the looks department but her body went in and out in the right places. She stood just over five foot six in her stocking feet but was usually to be seen in two or three inch heels. Her breasts were small but her nipples were large, and always firm; something she had found awkward and inconvenient but the true significance was yet to manifest itself. Her face was angular, her eyes a nondescript beige, brown. Her dark hair would only curl or even deviate with a great deal of effort, but she had a good set of teeth and despite slight long sightedness did not need to wear glasses but used them for effect at work. She kept herself fit at the local health club. Money was never a problem, once the student fees had been paid off. She did not socialise nor look for company except for Ron.

A more unlikely pairing would be hard to conceive. Ron was big and muscular, but a gentle giant standing over six feet tall. On the rugby field he was a terror but elsewhere he avoided all physical confrontations. You would have thought that he could have the choice of any willing female, and there had been plenty of potential suitors. Why he had taken an interest in Rebecca she never knew but since sixth form they had been on and off, and even the three years she spent at University did not separate them. He treated

her like a lady and wooed her like a gentleman. In his arms she felt secure. Her virginity was never compromised until consummating their marriage. It had been short, hard and unsatisfying, for both of them, but then there is more to marriage than sex, isn't there?

There had never been any question about Ron giving up his work even though her income was more than enough for both of them. He had no interest in cooking or housework and considered such things her domain. For a while they employed a housekeeper but Rebecca was never really happy. She seemed to spend more than enough time preparing the house for the cleaner and concluded that she might as well do it herself for the amount of difference it made, and at least she could find things if she, herself had put them away. As long as there was food on the table Ron was happy. He did not want to know what was coming as long as it arrived at the correct temperature and tasted good. Rebecca shopped, cooked and maintained the house. If there was anything major then Ron stepped in. His skills in carpentry were unmatched and he had enough basic knowledge to cope with most minor breakdowns and if not he had call on plumbers and electricians from his business. His other passion was the garden. He might have fancied himself as a landscape gardener but his building work was more than enough to keep his business occupied, nevertheless their garden was a sight to behold and Rebecca enjoyed many a sunny day in its delights.

Sex itself may have been a disaster but Rebecca was more than happy just to lay in his big strong arms and watch the TV or a DVD. Naturally their audio visual set up was of the highest specs. There was no need to go out to the cinema: their home system was second to none. She would watch him play Rugby most Sundays during the season. They went out in her Porsche visiting everything from Zoos to historic houses and museums and they were relatively successful in the local Pub quiz league. Then came the day when she snapped.

“I can't do this anymore!” she yelled.

Ron looked round from his arm chair at her standing in the doorway. There was a puzzled frown on his face.

“I spend my whole working day making decisions, can't you

decide for once what we eat?”

“I can go and get a Kentucky if you want,” he said innocently. Rebecca felt as if her head would burst.

“That’s not what I mean and you know it!”

“I don’t understand,” he said weakly.

“No you don’t and that’s the problem!”

He stood up and came towards her but for once she did not want his cuddle. She struck out wildly. He caught her hand easily but the look on his face was one of shock. She struggled vainly with him. She was no match for his strength but at that moment all she wanted to do was hit him.

“Enough!” he bellowed, grabbing her round the waist and throwing her bodily onto the settee, “or do you want me to tie you down!”

“You wouldn’t.”

“I won’t fight you, so if that’s what it takes, yes I would.”

She looked at him. He meant it.

A stunned silence followed. Rebecca’s mind was in a whirl. She could not focus. She still wanted to hit him but common sense was holding her back.

“Now what’s this all about?”

His voice had returned to the familiar soft drawl. “What’s brought this on?”

“I have just had it with making every decision around here. I spend my whole day organising and ordering and making snap decisions I just want to ...” her voice trailed off. To be truthful she had no idea what she did want.

“I will go and get the Kentucky,” he said with purpose, “you just calm down and we can talk this thing out when I get back.”

She heard the back door slam. She had obviously got him rattled. The loud shrill of the van engine disappeared into the distance. She was alone. She sat up. Her head hurt. She sat motionless unable to decide what to do next. Ron’s words ran through her mind in a loop.

“Do you want me to tie you down? Do you want me to tie you down? Do you want me to tie you down?”

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