



## New Dawning International Bookfair

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### Master of Subservience - The Interview

\$2.99

Madam Clairette isn't an average woman by anyone's standards. She runs an unusual, multi-functional establishment that serves as a playground to both Doms and Subs, along with her carefully selected clients. Bethany's boyfriend, Daniel, is confident he can bring Bethany into this world of primal sex and new adventures. But first, Bethany has to meet the Mistress of the house. Will Madam Clairette see the sensual beauty Daniel does, and allow the love of his life to accompany him into his universe?

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Madam Clairette cleared her throat. "Out of curiosity, when was the last time you had sex?"

Bethany's heart took on a furious beat. Her inner thighs grew wet. She thought of the last time she indulged in carnal pleasures. Daniel had bitten his way up the spot where her leg met her hips, teasing her before moving to her core. When had that been? Oh, yes. "A week or so. Daniel cut me off when you told him you wanted to see me."

"Oh, now that's just cruel of him! But predictable. He had tough teachers." Madam Clairette leaned back in her chair. "We'll fix that soon enough, won't we, Luke?" The blonde to the Mistress left nodded. "First, we have a few more aspects to go over. Not only do I provide an excellent environment for our subs, doms, and guests to pander to their fantasies, I have systems set in place to ensure everyone is kept happy at all times," the Mistress said. "If something, anything, is stricken off the list of what you are willing to do, I can ensure it does not happen."

"How can you make this promise?"

"Do you think my men are so nicely built just to ride? There will be at least one, if not two at every event,

strictly there to closely watch everything and enforce my rules. They are knowledgeable in *all* their charges, and these twoâ€” She waved toward the men at her back. â€”I will keep a special eye on you until you get into the swing of things. Everyone who enters my house is carefully screened, so we rarely have any problems.â€”

Madam Clairette reached into a drawer of her desk, and pulled out a beautifully carved wooden box, setting it down between them. â€”The contents of this box means of distinction between you, and the rest under my employ. My clients know on sight what they are permitted to do to you *without* having to ask.â€” She slid the lid open. She pulled out a thin jewelerâ€™s box and handed it to Bethany.

The box revealed an antiqued silver necklace. The metal encased brilliant garnets within the elegant ivy pattern. The finely detailed design was expensive, the weight heavy in Bethanyâ€™s hand.

â€”It is yours to keep. The garnet symbolizes your submission, and how youâ€™ll be identified by the others of this household. The contrasting sapphire is set in a strongly colored metal of gold, a representation of their dominance. I am sure youâ€™ve seen Daniel wear it.â€”

â€”Yes, I have. I wondered why he always wore it, though never asked why.â€”

Her attention shifted to the necks of the men behind the mistress, noting Luke wore a masculine version of the red one. Keeganâ€™s neck flashed with blue, the setting brilliant gold and the pattern of harsh points contrasting the softer version of silver ivy. It was a clear distinction.

The Mistressâ€™ hand dipped into the drawer again, emerged with thirty or so colored bangles. A quick check to the men showed neither wore any.

â€”And these represent something you *wonâ€™t* do. For instance, do you take it in the ass?â€”

Keegan chuckled at the blunt question.

Bethany prided herself on her lack of reaction. She could be brash when she wished to be. â€”Yes.â€”

â€”Though you insinuated this before, would you care for more than one man at a time?â€”

â€”Yes. I have never had more than three, though Iâ€™m willing to trying new things,â€” Bethany said.

â€”What about women?â€”

â€”Iâ€™ve never been with a woman.â€”

The Mistress placed a yellow bangle in front of her. Ahh, negotiations. Bethanyâ€™s breath caught in her throat. Would this harm her chances?

â€”It doesnâ€™t mean...â€”

â€”When and *if* you feel the need to change it, you are welcome to do so. No one will tell you differently. Give yourself time to adjust.â€”

â€”Thank you.â€”

â€”Absolutely no thanks needed,â€” Madam Clairette said. â€”If there is ever a problem, no matter how small, come and tell me. We will discuss and do what we can to solve it. My door is always open to you, for anything at all. I want your time here to be comfortable. Promise me that, will you?â€”

Bethany breathed a sigh of relief. The mistress had spoken as if sheâ€™d already been accepted. â€œI promise. I know I will love it here.â€•

â€œOh, so do I.â€•

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