

MASTER *of* O

a novel by ERNEST GREENE

This excerpt contains a selection from Chapter Seven of Master of O. To buy the entire book, go to MasterOfO.com or Stockroom.com.

Writers who want copies for review or interview opportunities with Ernest Greene may contact [Daedalus Publishing](http://DaedalusPublishing.com).



PRAISE FOR MASTER OF O

Sexy, decadent, powerful and fun — exactly what you want in a date and in a book!

Margaret Cho

Author, *The One I Want*

For me, reading *Master of O* evoked old feelings and also stirred new ones. The story has the quality of lived experience, elegantly yet explicitly capturing the way a certain elite likes to play. Modern erotica seems to have recently piqued the interest of the mainstream, but *Master of O* keeps its promises!

Dita Von Teese

Author, *Your Beauty Mark*

This is *The Story of O* for the new millennium. Brash, crass, terribly hip and framed in decadence and a fierce, in-your-face passion for fetish. An epic saga of desire so powerful it consumes the hearts and minds so elegantly hidden beneath designer names, fantastic settings and couture kink.

Laura Antoniou

Author, *The Marketplace*

In *Master of O*, Ernest Greene expertly manages a deft balancing act of sacred and profane. If you are looking for a wickedly debauched romp, you will not be disappointed. But look out — it is the truly thoughtful and profound narrative of transformation that will sneak up from behind and hold you captive!

Jillian Lauren

**New York Times Bestselling Author,
*Some Girls: My Life in a Harem***

Ernest Greene's long, loving riff on the most significant sexy book of all time is the real deal — gripping and pervy, knowing and witty, sexy and moving. If *The Story of O* played out today, here's what the other side of that classic tale would look like: brainy and literate, scarily observant of the details of the kinky LA good life, where exotic furs are faux, whips are Jay Marston, flight attendants wear translucent blue latex, and the power-trappings of masculine dress finally get the fetish stylist they deserve. Read it for the dead smart vocabulary and cryptic Jethro Tull reference, or read it for the hot, hot characters and the searing sex — but read it!

Carol Queen, PHD

**Author, *The Leather Daddy & The Femme*
and co-founder of The Center for Sex & Culture**

Ernest Greene's *Master of O* masters the reality of life in a dominant/submissive relationship. Written from the inside of the BDSM culture, *Master of O* is infused with hot sex, laced with pleasure and desire, sadism and masochism and sprinkled liberally with some fictional mystery dust. The delicious result takes the reader into the minds of both dominants and submissives in a way only someone with intimate knowledge of the real world of BDSM can accomplish. Other books are fiction with a dose of fictional BDSM. This is the real thing with a small smattering of fiction. I highly recommend this book to anyone who isn't satisfied with fifty shades of anything and wants to get the full 100%!

Ricci Joy Levy

Exec. Dir., Woodhull Sexual Freedom Alliance

Ernest Greene was put on earth to write *Master of O*. Reading this erotic noir is like rediscovering Mickey Spillane and the entire oeuvre of Grove Press in one sitting. Greene insightfully captures the psychic mysteries of S&M longing in this super-hip and trenchant thriller. His characters are superbly drawn and aching sexual. *Master of O* is an astonishing novel. Why haven't we heard of Greene before this? He is a master storyteller.

Mel Gordon

**Author, *Voluptuous Panic:*
*The Erotic World of Weimar Berlin***

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EXCERPT FROM CHAPTER SEVEN:
O'S FIRST TIME IN STEVEN'S
PLAYROOM

Once inside the playroom, Steven stopped so O could take a good look around. Steven owned everything he wanted, including the warm little package, adorned with nothing more than leather collar, cuffs and skyscraper stilettos, rubbing his cock against her bare backside.

“Please tell me I don’t ever have to leave this room again,” O said.

Taking a red vinyl cushion shaped to conform to a petite pair of buttocks from a low shelf at the head of the bondage bed, he placed it squarely in the middle of the bed’s black rubberized surface.

“Go lie down over there. Settle your tail just off the edge of the cushion.”

Still very aware of the invasive steel ringed plug in her ass, O lowered her shoulders and stretched out her arms and legs. Steven locked both of O’s wrist cuffs and one of her ankle cuffs to the short chains at the head and foot of the massive

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altar. Looking over at the mirrored wall, O could see just how sacrificial she appeared.

Steven smiled, raising O's loose leg and pushing it back toward her chest.

"I think you're going to like this. I know I will," he said, flipping on the small vacuum pump atop the larger cart next to the bed. It whirred to life, chugging like a model railroad engine. From the rack of clear cylinders, Steven chose a large one, about two inches in diameter, snapping it onto the end of the long, clear plastic tube draped over the vacuum gauge. Taking the cylinder in one hand and a remote control with a single button and a long cord in the other, he stretched out alongside O and put the remote in her right hand.

"Hold that," he instructed her, casually stroking her stretched body with a confident hand, pausing to tweak her thick nipple rings. As a final touch, he took a dab of silicone lube from the black bottle on the tall cart and swirled it around O's by now very hard clit.

"You're quite pretty down there," Steven noted, as if looking at a fresh-cut flower.

"Thank you, Sir. I think it's one of my better angles."

Very carefully, Steven placed the open end of the cylinder over O's wet membranes. She felt a slight suction immediately as her tissues rose inside the clear plastic. It was a subtle sensation, enhanced by the pump's vibrations.

"Now, tap the red button."

It was somewhat odd, controlling this device with chained hands. But when O pushed as ordered, she nearly lifted off the bed, letting out a yelp of surprise. The pump was more powerful than it looked. O's gleaming pink surfaces rose almost three inches up the cylinder, obscenely expanded against its clear walls as if turning her inside out.

Steven made himself comfortable next to O while she worked the red button, pushing it down further and holding it longer each time. He caressed her heaving chest, toyed with

her big nipple rings, and stroked her hair. She felt his hard shaft rubbing casually against her leg.

The cylinder came off with a wet pop and when O saw her most private anatomy she gasped. Everything down there was swollen to twice its natural size. Red and shiny like a just washed apple, she lay open as if freshly sliced.

Steven hoisted himself over O's small body, easily sliding into her with no hands as he lowered his weight carefully on top of her. He took his time getting in, as he did with everything he liked, until she was completely full, packed front and rear, unable to influence his slow, revolving, pistoning penetrations even if she'd wanted to, which she most certainly didn't. The pump had sensitized her to the friction of every stroke and each full insertion depressed the steel bulge at the front of the plug back into her ass in the rudest way. When Steven started to speed up, she knew she wouldn't be able to hold out long and so did he.

"Sir, please Sir. Begging permission to come," O gasped out.

"There'll be a price for it."

O whimpered. She had assumed that but it didn't matter now.

"Please, Sir. Whatever you want to do to me after."

"Fair enough."

Steven slammed into her harder and faster. Wrapping one hand around her throat, he supported himself on the other so he could look down into her scarlet face. O wheezed and sputtered at the light choking, but went completely rigid from head to toe, grinding her pelvis, one of the few still mobile components of her frame, against him. She tossed her head back and forth, screaming louder than might be expected for such a small woman.

Steven unchained O from the bed, sat her up slowly, holding and kissing her until he was confident the dizziness had faded.

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“Take off your shoes and get moving, indolent whore,” he said in a friendly way.

She walked with surprising grace to stand under the suspension bar. He held her close, lifting her arms so her still-cuffed hands could slide into the padded straps, which he buckled just tight enough so she'd feel secure.

Steven went to the controls on the wall-mounted hoist and slowly took her up until she was stretched taut, taking just enough weight on the balls of her feet to keep her arms from hurting. O's high arches would eventually cramp, but that was part of it.

Steven slung the short, thick single-tail, beautifully woven in red and black with a feathered end, over his shoulder and circled her like a matador, picking his targets. O's hard, little butt seemed the right place to start. The leather swished through the air, the feathered end connecting with a sharp report. O twitched, but that was all she could do. Steven concentrated his attention back there for a bit, alternating sides as always, laying on neat, straight stripes. Just for fun, he gently wrapped her a couple of times, bringing the tails up on her belly

“I like that whip,” she said. “It feels just right.”

Steven went to work on the front of O's body. It was a trickier business, especially with the need to avoid snagging her nipple rings. Soon O's tits were also striped, along with her belly. Coiling the single-tail, he smacked at her still-engorged pinkness, making her dance involuntarily. Each time she went out of position, she quickly turned back to present again. Steven smiled.

“Do your feet hurt?”

“They're starting to.”

“I'm going to cane them next.”

“I thought you might, Sir.”

“Then I'm going to cane your ass and fuck it.”

“Please, yes, Sir. I’ve been waiting for that. But if you’re going to fuck me there, it would be very generous of you to let me pee first so I don’t lose control when I come.”

He reached up and freed her from the suspension straps, but rather than letting her sink into his arms, he took her under the collar and made her stay on tiptoe as he led her over to the floor drain.

“You can squat down right here,” he told her, “legs open please.”

O couldn’t contain a scornful look.

“I do know how to piss like a proper slave, Sir.”

Lowering herself over the drain, she stayed up on her aching arches and spread her knees wide. “May I suck you while I do it?”

“Of course. I expect it when I’m so generous with you.”

Taking the head in her mouth, O easily let go a surging stream from between her legs with no inhibitions at all, tinkling musically on the steel strainer over the hole in the floor. Deftly holding her balance, she lifted her head just enough to take him in her mouth, concentrating on the head and corona while emptying her bladder as noisily as possible. Steven could certainly have enjoyed her labors for longer, but his ability to stick to the plan despite pleasant distractions was essential to how he operated.

Steven walked O back to the bed, once again controlling her by the rings on her collar and the base of the steel shaft continually invading her from behind.

He positioned her on all fours, parallel to the mirror, pressed her shoulders down until her breasts and face rested on the surface.

From the other basket he brought out a thin, rattan cane, tracing the tip down to her tailbone.

The impacts on O’s backside came precisely spaced at ten-second intervals. It bit deep each time, laying rows of double welts over the now pink curvature of O’s ass, top to bottom.

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She held perfectly still, though these strokes were like lightning bolts.

After ten stripes to each buttock, he saved five more for each of her feet, which he ordered her to raise. It was very trying, keeping them elevated as the cane seared her aching arches, but that was the point. Something good was coming soon.

“Take the plug out now, please. I have other uses for that hole.”

“Of course, Sir, “ O said. “No girl is really a slave until she’s given her ass to her Master.”

“Well put.”

O slowly withdrew the steel bulb from her depths. It emerged with a wet pop, accompanied by a small squeal. That thing really was big. She dropped it into the kick bucket next to the bed with a loud clang.

O composed herself on the bed, facing the mirror in front of the window and neatly aligned with the one on the wall so she could be viewed from every angle. Crossing her hands on the bed, she lowered her face to them and lifted her other end as high as possible. Every movement was beautiful and graceful.

Stroking O’s back, Steven watched her relax around her newly unblocked orifice, which gaped slightly from lengthy packing. The heavy steel had worked well to open the channel.

Taking a blue-lidded plastic bottle of water-based gel from the table, Steven squeezed some out onto his fingertips, rubbing it into the outer rings of O’s flexing muscles. They yielded to his touch easily. She was no stranger to this use.

Steven put another squirt of lube on himself and took careful aim at the tiny target, slipping in a millimeter at a time, feeling O’s tightest passage give way to him. She sighed, her whole body seeming to go soft and floppy around the rigid object invading it.

He slid in and out of her slowly, rotating in lazy circles, holding her fast against him with an iron grasp around her hips. Soon, instead of moving in and out, he started sliding her back and forth while remaining stationary, impaling her repeatedly. She'd been silent up to that point, but her breathing grew steadily heavier and she gave a low, guttural growl, more animal than human.

The climax swept over O with surprising suddenness. She froze, back rising, every muscle tensed inside and out, and howled for permission, which Steven was pleased to grant for all it would have mattered one way or the other at that point.

As soon as O's spasms ceased he started pounding into her. Looking down at her, back, ass and legs shining with sweat and lube, covered in stripes and splotches, he hammered her mercilessly. Steven felt the internal rippling again, slid out almost to the point of exiting, then slowly pushed all the way into O, coming in waves, a contraction at each stopping point. O knew she would never tire of the way Steven did that.

O made a purring sound deep in her throat. She knew he would make his demands without hesitation. That was how she liked to be treated and, at last, she'd found a man who was fine with it.