



## The Transformation of Slut Slave kassandra

I had been privileged to be Goddess Enya's cyber slave for over three years, but my ultimate dream was to join her stable of slaves and disciples in Vancouver or to become a cult disciple. I knew that I was one of thousands with this dream, of course, and that slaves all over the world wanted to get closer to this most charismatic sublime woman, but I was very determined. Slaves sometimes know what they want and can be wilful, too!

I knew Goddess Enya liked her slaves to be totally devoted to her and her stable was renowned for their total submission. Also, I knew that I wanted to be part of her divine domina world. There was simply no other woman on the planet that I wanted to serve, but Goddess Enya from Vancouver.

I ensured the Goddess knew how devoted I was to her, bombarding her with gifts: cards, flowers (yellow roses!), diamond ear-rings, boots, seamed stockings, chocolates, champagnes, expensive perfumes - and I wrote long letters and love poems every other day. I did my very best to stand out from her many worshippers, which was quite a challenge. From all over the world, Enya had devoted worshippers like me. But I sent her pictures of my Enya shrine which adorned my room and was covered in images of this most beautiful and elegant woman. What she didn't know was that I would set the shrine up daily in the cellar below the house to worship this woman and then pack it away. It was my secret passion.

She replied that she'd seen many such shrines, but that mine was especially impressive. The pride I took in such matters was enormous and this was my first step towards my transformation.

Sometimes she allowed me to talk by phone, although this was a very rare privilege. But a word from her would inspire me and her voice was so seductive and velvet-smooth to the ear in itself. It had a lovely mellifluous lazy sing-song quality and yet it also sounded very commanding. Her vowels could caress lovingly or playfully and yet by contrast her commands could whip you mercilessly. She could raise your spirits to euphoric and ecstatic states and then crush you like a worm and make you feel like nothing. When she gave you an order, you would do anything in the world to please her. She could make you panic, throw you into a state of vertigo or evoke terrifying anxiety in you - if she was displeased. In short, she became everything.

During that three years as her cyber slave, my life changed utterly as my obsession with Enya had grown. She agreed to give me some training to see how I responded and this involved all manner of instructions which I always carried out to the letter. She knew that these instructions and rituals of worship fed my obsession and turned me into a devoted and perfect slave. She trained me in the esoteric art of submission and it translated my mind and body. "You're my pet," she purred down the line once. "You're like my little rabbit or my little dog. But you haven't seen anything yet! Just wait and see what Goddess Enya has in store for you!"

Without ever saying so, she insisted that devotion to her must be total and absolute. "Goddess Enya is all-consuming," she used to say and then gave a sexy, little laugh. "You must be willing to transform yourself. And you must always demonstrate your devotion."

Inevitably, I couldn't stop thinking about Goddess Enya every second of the day and fantasising about being her slave and over time the urge to worship became truly unbearable. I yearned to make my fantasies a reality, though, and realised that the desire to serve her had become paramount.

At last, I knew that I had to visit her and prove that I wanted only to serve her. I wrote letters and begged that she let me spend some time in devotion to her in Vancouver. At first, she was disinterested, saying that her stable had no vacancies. But eventually, I convinced Goddess Enya to try me out and she agreed that she would let me stay in her studio for two weeks. I couldn't believe my luck when she said this - and I was so grateful for this privilege!

It was like a dream come true for me, but given that I was married I had to be very secretive about my visit. I worked assiduously at gaining contacts and arranged to travel to a two-week Conference in Vancouver. What my wife didn't know was that I went to the Conference for two days and then spent the rest of the time at the studio of Goddess Enya. Again, this was my secret passion.

I had read stories about how slaves reacted when they saw the Goddess in the flesh, and I'd read all the delirious messages of praise from those who'd been in sessions with her, but nothing prepared me for the actual reality of meeting her. I'd read all the guestbook comments from those across the world who were fixated and addicted to this woman and everything about her. Like me, they loved so many aspects of this chameleonic woman - her beautiful hands or her toenails or her subtle smart mind or her startling face or her green eyes and even her cruelty. As the Goddess Enya Herself would say: They broke the mould when they made me. And, of course, I adored her EGO and self-confidence and that utter self-possession. I once asked her if she knew that she was the sexiest and most sublime woman that had ever graced the planet. She replied: "Yes, of course I am - hands down!"

In the taxi from the airport, I started worrying that perhaps she may not be as sublime in real life as the images that I'd lovingly admired for those three years at my shrine to Enya. I had fantasised about arriving on 12th Street in New Westminster so many times but the sheer thrill of being in this amazing city and of seeing Enya made me feel a little delirious. The trip from Vancouver airport to Goddess Enya's studio seemed to me a matter of minutes and my mouth was dry at the thought of seeing this celebrated woman. I knocked nervously on the door and all kinds of anxieties assailed me: What if she's not here? Or would she be too busy to see me? What if she decides she doesn't want me to stay?

The door was opened by a rather elderly male slave, probably in his seventies, who was wearing a brown wig, white panties and white stockings and suspenders. He peered at me through the door. His lips were smeared in lipstick, some of which had gone onto his teeth.

"I'm here to meet Goddess Enya."

The slave nodded and let me through. "Wait there and I'll let Goddess Enya know you've arrived."

I waited in the foyer for about half an hour. The foyer was very pleasant and with the fragrance of incense (myrrh) in the air. On the wall, was a strange but impressive collection of masks. Then, I noticed a vast array of boots and shoes displayed and immediately I felt aroused. I noticed that they were boots and stiletto high heels that Goddess Enya had worn and so I studied them with a mixture of awe and admiration. I noticed the Hypatia boots that had been specially made for her. On a table, I saw a vase of yellow roses, which I had sent the Goddess myself to remind her of my arrival.

Then I heard footsteps and there she was - suddenly - this vision - moving elegantly down the stairs. She smiled and moved towards me and it was as though I was in a dream. She wore a red blouse which gave more than a hint of those large perfectly-shaped breasts and then a very tight yellow skirt which showed off her curves and her taut body. Her legs were so slimline sleek and stunning with high-heeled shiny

red sharp stilettos. Her jet-black hair was tied back with a sequined brooch, but it looked vivid and alluring. An expensive Cartier perfume now pervaded the air.

She was a vision of elegance and sheer erotic majesty. It was a neat taut conservative business-like look and yet, as I'd noticed in many of her photographs, the conservatism of her dress made her all the more fascinating. It was hard for me to explain the mystery of this woman. You knew that she could change shape through her sexy fetish gear and so she captivated no matter what she wore somehow.

As her face came closer, I looked up at these vivid deep green eyes that so many had drowned in. They glittered and were very intense. Her lips were dark red and seductive. Her dry smile gave a hint of the wicked and subtle mind that could manipulate.

"You made it at last. Welcome to Vancouver!"

"Thank you, Goddess!" I almost yelled like a dog to behold her and my excitement was difficult to contain. "I'm so excited to be here and m-meet you in person!" My prick lurched in my trousers and I felt dizzy - my face blushed - and I thought for a moment I was about to keel over and faint. She was simply breath-taking in beauty, presence and majesty and I immediately got to my knees and prostrated myself. It felt so natural for me to be on the floor before Her Royal Highness, Goddess Enya from Vancouver.

She laughed playfully, knowing full well the effect.

"Well...? You like what you see...?"

"Oh my Goddess!" I cried. "I can't believe how beautiful you really are. I ADORE YOU!"

"Better than in the photo shoots...?"

And it was true. I had found a true life Goddess and there she was before me! Relief flooded my whole being! What a lucky slave to be allowed even this close to this supreme woman!

She looked me over and said: "Well, I guess I've seen worse-looking slaves than you. You could lose some weight, though. That shouldn't take long. Get up off your knees and get out of those clothes. We'll get you changed and then see how you scrub up!"

Before I rose at her command, I nudged forward on the floor, pressed my face close to her red shiny stiletto heels and kissed them. "Oh Goddess, I'm here to serve you. Do what you want with me. You own me. Let me please join your cult and worship you!"

"Whoa! Slow down," she said pulling her heels back. "You just calm down. I don't need any more cult members. I have more than enough. No, I'm looking for a personal slave who can attend to my needs 24/7 and you're trying out for that, so let's get that clear. You're timing's good - since I have a guest coming to stay."

She clicked me up to my feet and ushered me to follow and I was able to steal a glimpse her beautiful shapely ass in that tight yellow skirt and then her sexy legs with stockings seamed. Her perfume trailed behind her and I felt quite heady. She gestured me through into a large storage type of room which contained all kinds of fetish objects and toys and on the walls images of Goddess Enya.

There was a large cupboard at one end with a huge variety of outfits. At first I thought they belonged to Enya before realising they were for clients or her house slaves. She pulled out a maid's uniform and handed it to me. "Get into this and we'll see how you look." She pointed towards the high heels at the bottom of the cupboard. "Try those, too. I'll be back in about ten minutes."

I did as she commanded, wearing a brown wig and a short frilly maid's skirt. The frilly skirt was so short that much of my ass was exposed, but I wasn't here to question anything. This sudden realisation of my dream was very exciting and at last I was doing something that Goddess Enya commanded.

She returned to inspect me about an hour later, making some adjustments to my hair.

"The shirt's a little short," I said.

"Who asked you, slut! It's meant to be short!" She tugged the frilly skirt to expose a little more. She then handed me a long butt-plug which she told me to insert into my ass, which felt very uncomfortable.

"Does it hurt?" I nodded and squirmed. "That's because it's meant to, slut!" she laughed. "Oh, and I don't want my slaves to have any pubic hair, so get rid of it."

"Yes, Goddess."

She then told me that my job was to think about Goddess Enya and her needs for every second of the day. "A good slave does not have to be told what to do. A good slave is only happy when I'm happy."

She handed me a list of house slave rules. "Learn those rules! Live by every one - or you're out! You're on a week's trial." The list contained twenty rules:

1. You must serve the needs and desires of your Goddess at all times.
2. You must serve my emotional, intellectual needs as well as my physical. Remember you have no sexual freedom; it is controlled by your Goddess.
3. You will thank me for everything I do.
4. Your focus will be your Goddess.
5. You must earn your pleasure.
6. You will never cum without permission.
7. You will kneel when you are in the presence of your Goddess at all times, until otherwise instructed.
8. You will ask permission to satisfy whatever need you have, before acting on it.
9. You must make me aware of everything in your life - no secrets
10. You will be trained in service training. Position training, behaviour training, punishment and reward training, sexual training, you will learn to cum on command and voice training.
11. You will be spanked, whipped, tortured, denied and teased
12. Your clothes and food will be picked out by your Mistress
13. You will be used to clean, cook, do laundry, be my driver, you will shop and run errands and do all chores that I tell you.
14. Slave will offer himself as a chair, doormat, footstool, cushion, bathmat, or whatever else the Goddess Enya desires.
15. Slut slave opens all doors for the Goddess whenever she enters or exits.
16. Sluts accept that the Goddess requires additional slaves if he cannot be there for Her to complete or work on a task.
17. A slut never begins to eat or drink without the Goddess' permission.
18. A slut never sexually gratifies himself without the Goddess' permission.
19. A Slut Respects the Goddess' privacy.
20. A slut walks three paces behind the Goddess at all times.

Soon, I'd be serving the Goddess of my dreams, the sublime woman who obsessed all my days. I couldn't believe what a lucky slave I was and I began a two-week journey into the depths of submission as Goddess Enya played a game of psychological penetration into the very depths of my mind and soul.

For those two weeks, I was her domestic slave and did all the cleaning and domestic jobs around the house and in the studio. I had fantasised so much about being her domestic slave, but nothing could have given me more satisfaction than actually doing all her menial tasks. I would scrub floors and shower curtains and the royal toilet with a genuine sense of satisfaction knowing that it freed up the Goddess to explore her own divinity and power. I also cooked all of her meals and did all of the shopping duties. Sometimes I was allowed to dress in ordinary civilian clothes, but at other times it amused the Goddess to make me go out in my maid's uniform wearing high heels and displaying my ass to the rest of Vancouver.

She had a variety of slaves who were responsible for various duties around the house - plumbing, gardening and so on. She had slaves in her stable that came on separate days to do some domestic work, too, and I would have to negotiate with them about certain duties. One slave came in especially to clean Enya's boots and shoes and lingered lovingly over each one.

Clearly I was being tried out for her 24/7 slut slave, though, and it was an honour. I was given a small room not far from the Goddess bedroom which I was allowed to adorn by creating an altar, not unlike the one in my cellar, except that this one remained throughout. There were candles and above it images of this sublime woman. I had an 18 X 10 framed photo of the Goddess in her black wings and black halo from the "Honouring the Goddess" series (one of my many favourites!) Here, I would kneel and pray to the Goddess at the start and close of my day. I was given set instructions and times for release and usually it was before my shrine, calling out the name of Goddess Enya from Vancouver.

I was allowed to eat well, although the Goddess sometimes insisted that I only eat the scraps off her plate. Sometimes, at meals, she'd keep me under the table at her feet where she would drop the odd scrap for me to lick off the floor. "This is to remind you who you are!" she smiled. "Be grateful."

The moment the Goddess arose, my day began in earnest. I had to prepare her breakfast which varied day by day. Then, I was to clean out the bathroom and the toilet. She had the highest of standards and many times she'd make me do jobs again and again until things were perfect. My favourite job was to do her laundry, especially her panties and worn stockings, which were placed in a special basket in the bathroom. I would luxuriate in the silky stockings and panties that she'd worn. Sometimes, I would lie on the floor and cover myself in the stockings, trail them across my face and sniff the perfumes. I would sometimes get delirious by doing this and I'd enjoy kneeling before the stockings in prostrate worship...just to think that they had been worn by this supreme superior being! One time Enya handed me a pair of her silken stockings, which had just been worn in a session. "Here. They just got snagged. They've been worn in session about fifteen times. I just got carried away beating some slave," she laughed, and she walked away, casually, but knowing full well that my prick was jolting and that I'd be in agony. The snagged stockings were secreted into my room to become another sacred object of worship before my altar. Her essences pervaded the stockings like some addictive aphrodisiac.

I should mention that in the first week the Goddess made sure that she had complete control over my libido by inserting a "Prince's wand" into my urethra which was screwed and locked into place. The device maintained chastity and dealt with the problem of excessive masturbation. It also meant that I always needed her permission for release and it kept me entirely dependent upon her for all my comings and goings. Enya loved exploiting this total control and would tease and torment me until I crawled before her, begging to be released.

I didn't realise just how busy she would be with so many clients ringing every second and slaves coming and going. It was always very exciting for me when she told me she was "in session" and that I should make myself scarce. I would head to my room and then listen in the hope that I could hear something. But Enya usually played ambient music or a sonata during sessions - you'd hear the odd scream from a slave or some lucky helpless creature that had been taken to transcendent heights because of this amazing and idiosyncratic woman. Of course, I felt jealous and craved always for her attention, but I knew my place. I was born to serve and worship this woman.

Occasionally, though, she used me for some of her sessions, which delighted and excited me. Once, she called me into her studio and she was dressed in black latex tight skirt and thigh high boots, holding a tawse in her hand. In the corner was a naked young man of about eighteen years old who looked shy and nervous.

"Show him how you worship a Goddess, slut," she said to me. I immediately dropped to my knees and began to call out her name...such as: "Goddess Enya from Vancouver, you are my Goddess. I pray to you and beg for mercy. I worship you, my beautiful Enya. I am a worm before you. Let me kiss your holy feet!"

She then got me to do some doggy tricks and wiggle my ass. It amazed me at just how far I would go for this woman and sometimes the power she had over me scared me. As I wiggled my butt, I began to giggle!

The young man watched, fascinated, goggle-eyed, for a while - before dropping to his knees, his prick lurching and throbbing. "Eyes to the floor," Enya barked. "How do you worship Goddess Enya!" The young man scurried across the floor on all fours like an insect before her and began weeping and slobbering at her feet. Enya looked down smiling and triumphant at these two wrecked and helpless male specimens. "There! That's where you belong...Lick those boots, the pair of you! Two little sluts now! Plenty more where you came from! This is where you learn all about Female Supremacy!"

The young man muttered and groaned and cried out: "Let me worship you, Goddess Enya." His hand cradled his cock, but the Goddess suddenly whacked it hard with the tawse. "Leave that alone, you slut! This is all that thing's good for!" And she struck his cock with the tawse repeatedly until he screamed.

In another session during that hectic two weeks, I was allowed to watch from a cage whilst she took a slave through a spanking session in a sling. At the end of the session, the slave begged to become part of her stable and said he was a very wealthy business man. Enya replied coolly:

"I have no vacancies right now!"

"I beg you, Mistress Enya..."

"You apply in writing and send me a truly nice gift and I'll think about it."

"I'll send you some boots..."

"That's fine, but just remember that I'm not here for you, though...Let's get that straight! Understood?"

Sometimes I was allowed to have moments of intimacy with Goddess Enya, but always knowing my place. I was given the privilege to massage her back and put oils on her body. Her lovely legs were like ivory. Her body was like smooth porcelain and in these unguarded moments she would talk about herself or even about things that frustrated her. She knew that I was fascinated to hear anything about the Goddess Enya and she would indulge me with conversations about herself. Her melodious voice would put me into a trance and I would close my eyes as I felt the soft sensuous flesh. I was, of course, in bliss, and the more so as I knew these attentions gave the Goddess such pleasure. Goddess Enya adored being treated like a Goddess!

The Goddess also put me on foot slave duties, which meant me massaging her beautiful feet, or even painting her toenails. One night, I tended to her holy feet as she watched television on her large plasma screen. I bathed her feet as she relaxed and then she allowed me to kiss them and suck her toes. Of course because I'd been her cyber slave, I already knew what the Goddess expected of me. She would sometimes order me to squat on the floor while she rested her delicious feet on me. My back had to remain perfectly flat.

Goddess Enya could turn an ordinary event - such as making her a cup of tea - into one of the most erotic encounters. I recall one afternoon in the lounge room when I handed her a cup of tea as she sat on the couch. She then told me to stand back a few paces and kneel as she sipped her tea. Of course, I was able to ogle those divine heaven-sent legs and she would very subtly allow me glimpses of her panties.

"Is there something wrong, slut?" she'd ask, sipping her tea.

"No, Goddess Enya."

"Then why are you squirming?"

"Forgive me, Goddess."

She gave that lovely subtle sardonic laugh and watched as my prick lurched. "I'm going to have to get you to wear a bigger petticoat...something's just popped up! I didn't know little girls had that problem."

"Forgive me, Goddess."

"Looks like you're day-dreaming again...and staring at my panties..."

"Yes, Goddess."

She then put the tea on the side of the couch and opened her legs further so that I could see up her skirt and right at her black panties. "Now, if you're a good slave, I may call you over here to eat out my pussy sometime."

I gave a deep groan and hit the floor, my hands folded in prayer. I crawled over to her and rubbed my nose on the floor... "That would be too beautiful, Goddess. Oooooooooo!"

"We all need to have a dream," she smiled. "But you think about that...that'll keep you masturbating for about a month!"

It was almost true what he said, except the thought it still so sexy and makes me masturbate still, six months after her comment.

These moments of intimacy where Goddess Enya could be charming, witty and tolerant were wonderful. But then at other times, she reminded me of her sobriquet "the Black Panther woman". She could suddenly show a wild unpredictable sadistic side of her nature. She whipped me until my ass was red raw and

bleeding when she found some stains on the kitchen floor. Another time, as she was eating a meal, she asked me to stop sniffing. I apologised and said that I wasn't aware that I was sniffing, to which she came up to me and kicked me in the prick and pinched my nipple until I yelled in agony.

"Don't ever answer me back, you slut slave. You haven't even been given a name yet, you slut! Now get out, I don't want you around...you're really annoying me with your sniffing and fawning and slobbering, you fucking wanker! Get out on the streets and pay your way! I ought to make you sell that ass!"

I was made to sleep outside in the garden and then called in the next morning to make breakfast. And again, one day she handcuffed and chained me outside the door until she returned. Passers by would look and wonder who this maid-in-waiting was and my humiliation and discomfort was strong, but it gave me time to contemplate my relationship with Enya.

Her cool indifference and changes of mood only made me love her all the more, though, and increased my addiction. And, yes, it was love that I felt for Goddess Enya from Vancouver. I was utterly besotted beyond anything and loved her to distraction. I knew then, of course, that I couldn't live without her and my future began to concern me. I discovered that I was totally happy and fulfilled being her 24/7 slave and I worried about how I was going to let my wife know all this. But I also worried how I could leave both job and wife and make this life a reality. What if it had to end after the two weeks? I put the thought out of my mind for the moment.

In the second week of my stay, the Goddess announced that she was having a guest to stay - Lady S from Florida. She was a large but very sexy domina with strong legs and a neat tight waist. She had a loud laugh and had come with her own slave, a blond-headed young man known as Tinker Bell. I prepared a meal for the two dominas and they shared stories before going out on the town. Lady S had been out into the forest area to look at the church and the cult around Enya and was very impressed. Lady S wondered if she could organise a cult around herself in Florida.

"You need about twelve totally dedicated subs...They have to be scrupulously trained...and they need to be financial," Enya advised. "You also need to organise the cult in a very methodical and regimented way...It's about total control..."

Lady S listened fascinated as Enya told her how she ran the cult and that she only very rarely needed to be there. "The place runs very efficiently without me! They worship my images and then wait for me to appear and grace them with my holy presence!"

Lady S said that she was also impressed at how servile Enya's slaves were. "I insist on that," she replied. "You know, I'd like to tell you that it's hard work, but it's not. Getting males to do my bidding is too easy."

At this thought, they agreed that they would swap slaves for the two nights, so that evening I was to attend to the needs of Lady S. Lady S hardly looked at me, even though she agreed that she'd own me for the evening. She looked at me askance and merely said: "I'll deal with you later!" then laughed in a raucous way. "I'll need entertaining!"

The pair looked incredibly intimidating as they left to drive into Vancouver, dressed in fetish gear. Goddess Enya intimidated through her beauty her womanly shape her intellect and those startling green emeralds for eyes wherever she went. Lady S was a loud and extroverted Californian who knew how to

dominate men. They were quite a combination and exuded supreme confidence, in fact it bordered on arrogance, but I found this most attractive. It was very exciting.

They returned a few hours later from the cinema and afterwards they'd been to a night club in Vancouver. Tinker Bell drove them there and back and then was told to wait in Goddess Enya's bedroom.

In the lounge room, I had prepared late night drinks and some nibbles for the two women. They seemed a little tipsy or that they'd smoked some pot and were laughing a lot. Goddess Enya never smoked, but she tolerated her guest smoking.

Lady S had very erotic hands with beautiful painted nails.

She clapped her hands at me. "Let's look at you. Hup!"

I stood before her as she inhaled long on a cigarette and her eyes looked hard and mischievous. For some reason, I felt the urge to curtsy daintily, which made Lady S laugh. She gestured that I twirl, which I did.

"What's her name?"

"No name yet. She's on a trial. One more week."

"Well, maybe I can write a reference." Lady S gestured that I move towards her, which I did.

"Ashtray," she said. I knelt and arched my neck right back with my mouth open. She then stubbed out a cigarette on my tongue, which I swallowed, before moving away. Lady S clapped again: "Hey, slut. I didn't say you could move!" I returned to the pose as she lit another cigarette and flicked ash in my mouth.

"I think she could move with more grace..." smiled Lady S.

"That's probably the butt-plug," Enya replied, laughing. "I like to keep my slut slaves uncomfortable. Reminds them who's in charge!"

Their laughter ripped the air. "I've never seen such a good slut!" Lady S remarked. She then pulled down the panties I was wearing and stubbed out the cigarette on my ass. I yelped, but tried to stay in the position. "Look at that! That's a disciplined little pet you got!"

"Oh, this one's very servile. He worships the ground I walk on. Watch!"

Goddess Enya clicked her fingers and I immediately rose and moved towards Enya and prostrated myself before her. I put my hands together and began to pray and mutter incantations to the Goddess. "He's kind of sweet," she laughed, "but I do love to hurt him. Aside from a pain slut, I use him to entertain me!" Enya gestured to one of the chairs in the corner and it was then that I noticed a blow-up doll resting on it.

"Go get the doll."

I picked up the blow-up doll and smelt the sweet plastic odour and looked at the doll-like face with its red open mouth. Enya then gestured that I move towards her and she then unlocked the "Prince's wand." A mere look at Enya's beautiful erotic hands, and fingers delicately painted, made my prick throb. I knew and sensed, of course, that Enya had something in store for me and I began to tremble with excitement and fear.

"Dance with the doll," Enya said and so I moved around the room with my plastic partner as the two powerful women giggled. I noticed that Lady S was thoroughly enjoying the scene, sipping champagne and eating chocolates. "Kiss the doll! Give her a kiss, slut," cried Lady S. I began to kiss the doll and Lady S then ordered me to lick the body...my tongue trailing up and down...It was a strange sensation and yet I began to enjoy being ordered by these majestic dominas.

Then inevitably Enya said: "Now fuck the doll."

The two dominas shrieked with laughter as I lay the doll on the floor and began to fumble at it and put my prick inside it. To my surprise, I found the experience extremely exciting - but in part it was the thought of Enya and Lady S and their laughter - the humiliation brought a rush to my head and I began to get very aroused. Suddenly, I was getting off with the doll and I cried out as I climaxed, but my training meant that I cried out for Goddess Enya from Vancouver.

Lady S was clearly impressed by how devoted and addicted I was to Goddess Enya and was keen to play with me in her bedroom. She then took me to her bedroom...and it was there that I discovered that this woman was quite insatiable.

She sat on the edge of her bed and then I realised just how sexy she was and amazed at her stockinged legs. She knew this and proffered her toes, which I began to suck.

"Ooo, that's nice. Suck them. I like that..."

She then ordered me to lick her legs and then she lay back on the bed and she pulled my head into her...She pulled down her panties and then pulled my maid's wig off. "Get your head in there! Just there...keep it there...now lick hard, you fucking slut! Use that tongue!" Her thighs thrust back and forth violently and she wrapped her legs around my head and neck. "Lick! Ooooooo!"

Suddenly, she rocked back and forth and cried out in orgasmic joy before falling back and sighing. "We've only just started," she smiled.

Goddess Enya told me that when Lady S left she had given me a good reference and said that Enya should hold onto me. "We'll see," smiled Enya.

Towards the end of the two weeks, though, Enya ordered me to head into Vancouver to a local tattoo parlour. The tattooist followed instructions and a large panther was imprinted across my ass. I recognised the Enya brand that I'd seen other slaves wearing. I was secretly thrilled and delighted and yet I was also worried. When Enya saw me, she made me strip and get on my knees, turning my ass around so that she could inspect the brand.

"That's so cool," she smiled. "I love seeing my brand for the first time on a slave. I guess you're worried about what your wife's going to make of it...?" I nodded and blushed. She slapped my ass with her hand, making it smart. "That means that you belong to me forever." She bent down and grabbed my face firmly, pressing my cheeks into my mouth. "I want you to leave her and be my slut slave, so I guess you'd better break the news to her," she laughed.

"Yes, Goddess," I mumbled.

"What's her name?"

"Belinda," I replied and an image of my wife's face flashed before me. She had dark hair, and green eyes, but she paled and looked ridiculous before the supreme beauty of Goddess Enya.

"Well, you'd better tell Belinda that you want a divorce and show her that brand!"

"Yes, Goddess."

"Now you get on your knees right now and thank me for that opportunity."

And it was true that I was thrilled and proud and sexually excited that the Goddess of my dreams - this most elite creature - wanted me of all people to serve her - and, of course, I got to my knees. I looked up and beheld those mysterious deep green eyes smiling down at me.

"You've heard the expression 'never look a gift horse in the mouth' right...?" she said and I nodded in a state of bliss and adoration. "Well, your Goddess Enya's gift horse. You're just too good a slut for me not to own. You see, you're one of the sluttiest I've ever seen, so you're not going anywhere. You belong in my stable."

The image of the panther brand and her words had turned me on so much that I lost all self control and threw myself before the Goddess. I grabbed my prick and began masturbating.

"Stop that, Slave C!"

But I couldn't control myself and so jerked myself off and called out her name as I came: "Goddess Enya! I ADORE YOU"

"You dirty little slut," she said, laughing. "You never jerk off without my permission."

"Forgive me, Goddess, I am so besotted by you!"

"Now lick that up," she said. I did as she commanded and she laughed, almost kindly. "You're a good slut. You obey me every time no matter what I ask. That's what I want for my 24/7 slut slave. Your name is kassandra. I baptise you and now you are my property."

I looked at those green liquid eyes that made me want to drown. "But Goddess, what about my job?"

"What do I care about your job?"

"How can I live in Vancouver? How do I get a passport and so on"

"You're getting a new job. It's all been arranged. You apply and you get the job. One of my female business friends is offering you a job here. Of course, it's just to get you here."

It was an epiphany for me. I had discovered the Goddess of my dreams and my devotion was recognised by her. It was mutual.

I returned to my wife knowing that I would need to confront her with the truth. She picked me up from the airport and soon - after pleasantries and blandishments - we fell silent. She knew that something was wrong straight away and inevitably I blurted it out.

"I've found someone else, Belinda. I'm leaving. I have to. This is serious."

"What...? Who?"

"A very special woman...unique...I'm madly in love."

"How long has it been...?"

"About three years...maybe more."

Belinda was silent. "It's this Mistress Enya, isn't it...?"

"How did you know?"

I stumbled across all the images of this woman in the cellar: thousands and thousands of images and emails and poems, candles and a shrine devoted to her. I knew you were spending time down there, locking the door..."

"It's serious. I want to devote my life to her..."

"I don't understand..."

I showed her the brand on my ass. She stared aghast at the black panther tattoo which covered so much of my body. "This is the Enya brand...for all her slaves."

"How could you do that? How? What does it mean?"

Her face collapsed and she began to realise how seriously I was committed to this sublime woman who was so much beyond Belinda and resided on another planet. "It means that I am owned by Goddess Enya. I am her property and I must return to serve her."

Belinda in that moment seemed to understand that I was simply totally consumed and transformed by this sublime woman and fell silent. Goddess Enya owned me and Belinda knew it.

"I'm sorry, Belinda, but I'll be happy. I've found what I'm looking for in this woman...she's so charismatic and it's deep love and adoration..."

Belinda nodded, not needing me to go on, but I did. I told her how wonderful it was to be a slave of Enya's and how amazing my two weeks were and I told her of the pride I felt that Enya wanted me as her slave and how I loved wearing her brand and how even touching one of her stockings sent me into raptures.

That was the last I saw of Belinda who really didn't understand. She couldn't really contemplate the power that Enya had because Belinda was an ordinary woman. Enya was a GODDESS! Less than a month later I flew to Vancouver to live the life that I'd dreamed about. My transformation into slut slave kassandra was complete.