

Taming Bad

Daria stood back from the doorway, gazing at the nude man on the bed. One of his hands had been cuffed to the iron headboard. The other remained free. Since he was in a room, staff had wasted no time stripping him of his street clothes, according to House protocol. The cuffed wrist was unusual. Admits and cuffs went hand in hand with attendants deciding when and if to use them. Finding her new charge already tethered held an allure, nonetheless.

His brawny chest displayed strong ripples in the soft bedroom light, and from what she surmised, his face showed extraordinarily good looks—chiseled jaw line, and what looked like a succulent set of lips. Stretched out, he appeared at least six feet in height, with muscular thighs and equally developed arms. No wonder he radiated sex appeal.

Putting the conversation with Dr. James behind her, Daria turned her attention fully on Newton. With eager fascination, she watched as he toyed with his cockhead, fingering the tip. Apparently his trek through the halls had put him in the mood, and he'd wasted no time in imitating many of the inhabitants. He took special delight in stretching out his shaft and releasing, shifting his hips in pleasure when the flesh sprang back into place. Daria licked her lips, her loins heating up. Time to learn more about this bad boy and what made him so bad that his dad wanted him fixed once and for all.

No matter how sensual the interactions between attendant and admit, there remained one rule: no falling in love. Unbridled lust and sex were permitted. Attendants fully treated and cared for their admits, with

everything from stern discipline to tender nurturing to basic physical needs, while offering their body for the admit's learning purposes. Both enjoyed equal satisfaction in the process, engaging in domination and submission roles.

She took a deep breath, strolled into the room, and stood by the bed, gazing down at Newton with lusty eyes. His beauty came through equally well up close. Short cropped sandy hair, taut skin, lips turned into a faint grin. His bright gray eyes held a sullen irreverence, a look that burned through her when he turned his face. A paradox of hot lust mingled with a sting of uneasiness crept slowly through her body.

“Hi, Newton. I'm Daria. I'll be your attendant during your stay here.”

“My attendant?” His eyes roamed over her. “The whole time I'm here?” He chuckled, and went back to playing with his cock. “Since everybody else seems to be going at it, I thought what the hell. Might as well have fun too. What is this place? Some kind of goddamned twisted hotel, where men run around half-dressed and the gals priss around in tight, short dresses up to their asses?”

“It's dress protocol for The House. Men wear nothing but black trousers, and the ladies wear these dresses. You'll soon see why.”