

Jez

Redemption and Solace!

Justice Book 2

Written by D. Cipaline

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Pre-Release Reviews

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Arrival

Part 1: Introduction

Jez was taken in the limo with her new Mistress, Layah. She was property now, no longer a full human being with rights. She no longer had freedom; she was property. Her years of empowerment were turned to dust, and she now had no power and would likely never enjoy any again.

Mistress Layah looked at Jez as she sat in a limousine naked as instructed. Layah began to speak, "Rule one, precious. You will never wear clothing unless I tell you to. Certain guests will be allowed to see you naked; others will not. Any mess you leave on a chair, you will clean immediately. With your mouth if necessary. Do you understand?" Jez nodded. "Yes, Mistress."

The drive was long. Jez watched out the window as the other cars' lights went by. She could see they were traveling through rural areas.

The limousine was luxurious and immaculate. It smelled of leather and cleaners. It was not just a limousine that someone may rent. Jez had a chill, and gooseflesh rose on her body, but she was happy to be away from J and Sara. She, however, was terrified of what would happen to her when they arrived at her new home.

Layah saw Jez's gooseflesh and turned the heat up to 72 on the control panel, raising it from 68. Jez saw her adjust and felt the warmer air coming from the vent. It was a nice gesture, one that eased her fears somewhat.

Layah continued. "You will stay naked and only dress when you're instructed to." The vehicle drove down a country road. Very long pauses followed each instruction. This gave Jez time to absorb them. She felt this was on purpose. Jez had learned that the consequences for breaking rules could be brutal. Maybe Layah was giving her time to absorb them so she wouldn't need to punish her. Jez was hopeful but still hesitant.

They pulled into a drive that led to a large house, a mansion. Layah continued as they drove up the long drive. "You won't need clothes here. When we get out, bring your dress and follow me." The car pulled around a circular drive with a large flower garden at its center. Her Mistress got out of the car. Looked back in and said. "Come."

Jez opened her door and got out, carrying the dress. The yard in front of the Mansion smelled of flowers, fresh cut grass, and the cool humidity coming from the forest around the Mansion.

The drive was circular and made of asphalt. There was a concrete walkway that circled the drive, with a stone path leading to stone stairs that ascended to the Mansion's front door. The asphalt burned her feet as she scooted quickly to the concrete, which was hot but nothing like the asphalt.

She stayed close to her Mistress with her head down, watching her feet as she had been taught. Jez began to realize how tender her feet were as she stepped on a couple of small stones scattered on the flat stone staircase. But she hid the pain and endured, as she didn't want to upset her new Mistress or seem weak.

The entrance was huge. Two large wooden doors, polished to a high sheen, towered 8 or 9 feet above them. As they approached the door, one side slowly swung open. Jez expected it to make noise because of its size, but she could hear nothing. The door was perfectly hung on its hinges, impressive for a door — that size. A well-dressed, good-looking man stood there, holding it for them.

As they entered the house, the man put his head down and said. "Welcome home, Mistress. We missed you." Jez wondered if this was the male slave her Mistress mentioned before, who would have her as a reward. She hoped so. He was very good-looking, especially dressed as nicely as he was.

Mistress Layah walked in, and Jez followed closely, careful not to meet the man's gaze at the door. A glance that he couldn't help, but he didn't make eye contact with her or look at her nakedness as they passed by him. Jez was in awe; she hadn't noticed that her mouth was open as her jaw fell. The room was immense and beautiful. It reminded her of homes you might see in old movies or some rich person's mansion in a daytime TV drama.

She looked at the time on the large, gilded grandfather clock, beautifully placed in one corner, ticking with each swing of the arm. It was 2:17, and she realized she hadn't slept in over 24 hours.

She was stunned by the beauty of the highly polished, exposed-wood staircase leading up to the second-floor balcony, which wrapped around half the room. She thought to herself. I'm going to live here. The balcony extended across the back wall and the wall to her right. There were 3 doors on

the back wall of the balcony and two on the wall to her right. Under the balcony were two other double doors. There were single doors on the main floor, two to her left and one to her right. Just the size of this room had her in awe.

She caught herself staring at the large, ornately designed plaque hanging from the balcony in the center, directly in front of the main door. It greeted her as if it held a hidden secret she had yet to learn. It had two large overlapping letters made of bronze. M L, it seemed like a family crest, but Jez was sure the M L stood for Mistress Layah. There was a large crystal chandelier high above the floor in the center of the room. It cast beautiful rainbows of light throughout the room. She was stunned by the size and beauty of Mistress Layah's home.

She looked down as her feet were cold against the marble floors. The floors were highly polished, Jez thought she would have to get used to walking barefoot on the cold stone.

Her Mistress turned and faced the man who still stood, awaiting her instructions. "Paul, go fetch the tape measure, measure this little thing's neck, then go to our supplier and pick up an eternity collar made of stainless steel. She hasn't earned silver yet; be sure it's stainless steel. Paul looked at Jez, nodded to her, and said very obediently. "Yes, Mistress immediately." He started walking to the left-hand door and exited the room.

Layah looked at Jez and said in a firm but level voice. "This is the grand hall. I doubt a piece of street trash like you has ever been in a grand hall before." Jez nodded, confirming that she had not. Her new Mistress continued. "You will always come to the center of any room I command you to be in.

You will kneel and await me, no matter how long. You will remember the name of every room you are shown and never call it by another name. You must learn the rooms quickly, so when you are told to go to one, you will know where it is."

At that moment, Paul walked back into the grand hall with a cloth tape measure. He walked over, put it around Jez's neck, then said. "12 Inches Mistress." She looked at Jez with a small grin, then at Paul, and said. "Go to the shop, pick up an eternity collar on my credit line, and tell them to call me. We need a fitting session for our new girl. He responded in the typical fashion. "Yes, Mistress." Then he walked back through the side door he came in.

Mistress Layah looked at her and said. "Follow me, precious." Jez lowered her head and started to follow her, and she stopped, so Jez stopped. She spoke with authority, saying, "Listen, you little bitch, you say Yes Mistress or yes Ma'am to my every command when in this house." Jez felt her displeasure and responded quickly. "Yes, Mistress, I'm sorry, Mistress." They started again. "Follow me, precious," Jez responded quickly and obediently. "Yes, Mistress."

She followed her up the stairs to the first door on the left. They went in. Once in the room. Her Mistress pointed to the center of the room. There was a black leather pad in the middle of the room. Remembering her instructions, she went to it and kneeled facing her Mistress.

Jez looked around the room. There was a padded horse made of large wooden legs. The pad was large; this was not the size of a working construction horse, no, it was intended for someone to be strapped to it through the eyehooks at the

bottom of each leg and the surrounding supports. Jez imagined herself helplessly strapped to it and being beaten or raped. She was sure that was its purpose.

The wall next to it had an X cross, and there were leather cuffs at each end. Two for the hands and two for the ankles with chains fastened to adjust the length. Between the lower legs of the cross was a small step stool. The wall next to that had a vast array of whips, paddles, and straps.

Part 2: Correction

Layah spoke, pointing to the cross. "Up on the stool, put your hands near the high cuffs, belly to the cross." Jez complied, stepping up on the stool and resting her wrist next to the cuffs. She knew what was coming; she could feel it in the air. Mistress Layah was going to teach her a lesson. Her fear was genuine, and there was nothing she could do to stop what was going to happen.

Layah walked around to each hand, fastened her wrist to the cross, tightening the leather cuffs so there would be no escape, the thick black leather cutting into her skin. Then said. "Pull yourself up and hang from your wrists so I can remove the stool." Jez did so, the weight of her body causing the thick leather cuffs to dig in harder. Her arms were shaking from lack of strength.

Layah took each of her legs, attached the cuffs to her ankles, and tightened the chain, causing her body to stretch on the cross. She was strapped to the cross hanging from her wrists. She was helpless and vulnerable; her body trembled

with anticipation and fear. Her heart pounded as the adrenaline rushed through her.

Mistress Layah started speaking again. "This is the correction room when used for discipline and the Dungeon when used for play, and this is your first lesson." She then asked Jez. "What did you do wrong, precious?" Jez responded, straining against the straps. "I didn't say Yes, Mistress when I should have," Layah responded, "that's correct, what should happen?" Jez thought only for a moment, knowing that hesitation might be cause for another or longer punishment.

The room was her correction room right now, and she responded. "I should be corrected, Mistress." Layah smiled, thinking this was a good purchase. Sara and J had done a magnificent job with her.

Layah spoke again in a demanding, authoritarian voice. "The way you respond is to say. Please correct me, Mistress, till I have learned my lesson." Layah paused, waiting for Jez to say the word, and Jez said it in her best begging voice. "Please correct me, Mistress, till I have learned my lesson." Layah said, "Start repeating it until the correction is over, through the tears and through the pain, you will beg me until I'm satisfied you have learned your lesson."

Jez started to repeat the words as Layah went to the wall. She looked at the wall, thinking to herself, I have to teach her a lesson she will never forget or want to repeat. She was new and needed to be housebroken.

She reached up and took down a heavy boot leather strap about 4" wide with a wooden handle. Jez continued to

repeat the phrase as instructed. "Please correct me, Mistress, till I have learned my lesson."

The strap cut through the air and landed hard on her buttocks, raising a welt immediately. The second strike came immediately following the phrase. The intensity was unexpected; she had felt Mistress Sara's strap, but hanging from the cross, the exhaustion and fear made it feel far worse than Sara's strap. Jez figured out that each time she asked for a correction, she would get exactly what she asked for. She had no choice, though; if she stopped asking for it, it would likely be far worse.

Five minutes went by. Jez lost count at 12, tears flowing from her eyes, her voice strained, semi-crying, and her body trembling from the strikes.

She repeated the phrase, and the next strike was right between her legs. Layah used a perfect upward swing to land the heavy strap directly between her legs, wrapping its tip into the center of her pelvic bone. She could feel her lips swelling, and her clitoris screamed in hot throbbing pain. She started saying the phrase, crying and struggling to get the words out against the heavy breaths of shock. Then another strike right between her legs, even harder. Jez could barely speak now, as the pain felt like it traveled through her and into her belly. She couldn't believe the intensity. She took a deep breath and struggled, but said the phrase again and again, each time with more force. She wanted to fold over and protect her crotch from the abuse, but couldn't.

Jez started to feel lightheaded and said the words as if intoxicated. Feeling as if she may pass out from the exhaustion

and pain. Mistress Layah didn't strike her this time. Instead, she spoke, asking a question. "What did you learn, precious?" Jez's mind scrambled to remember why she was being beaten against her lightheadedness and the pain. She answered in a trembling, crying voice. "To always respond to your commands with Yes, Mistress or Yes Ma'am."

Layah released her feet from the cuffs, placed the stool under them, and put her feet on it. Jez stood on the stool, releasing the pressure on her wrist, a pain she had forgotten about while having her pussy beaten.

Mistress Layah ordered her to the center of the room and told her to grab her ankles. She examined Jez's buttocks, the welts were pronounced and black and blue with sharp red lines around each strap mark that seeped light blood. She ordered her to lie on her back and lift and spread her legs. She did so, Layah looked at the wounds on her pussy and said. Her lips were blackened with bruises and swollen with blood. "Now that's gonna hurt for a few days." Said Layah.

Her pussy lips were deeply bruised and swollen, as well as her clitoris; all she could feel was throbbing and hot pain with each heartbeat. Just then, Paul's voice came from the grand hall. "I have returned, Mistress." As if calling to her to find out where she was. Layah walked over to the door, opened it, and said in a loud voice, "We are in the correction room." She closed the door just as Paul said. "Yes, Mistress."

Layah turned and looked at Jez, saying, "Stand up." In a shaky voice, still holding back tears, Jez said: "Yes, Mistress." Then carefully and gingerly stood up. Paul walked into the room, handed the package to Layah, and said. "As

instructed, Mistress.” He was on his best, obedient behavior today. Layah took the package, opened the box, and removed the collar. She walked over and used the small tool that came with the collar to open it.

The collar had a loop for hooking a leash to that floated around the collar. Layah put the collar on Jez and put the screw back in, and locked it to her neck. It was snug but not too tight. Jez felt completely owned now. She was branded, had a permanent collar that could only be removed with a special tool that her Mistress just placed in her pocket.

Jez had already given in to being a slave at J’s to survive; now she had to give in to being owned. She was no longer Sonia and would never be her again. She felt indifferent towards that thought now; the training with J and Sara had conditioned her for this moment more than she thought. She was comfortable being property now. She had suffered horrific beatings from Mistress Sara; now her new Mistress solidified that she was owned and disobedience would be met with swift and harsh punishment.

Jez knew no one would save her, as she was sure no one knew where she was or who she was now. The people she knew in her other life would be pleased she was gone, all except Devon and her boyfriend in prison. Devon, her cousin, was an idiot and had abused her all of her childhood, and would never come looking for her unless he wanted to rape her, which he still did even as an adult. She couldn’t resist him; her fear of him wasn’t healthy or normal; it had been taught to her as a little girl and ingrained by him. He had turned her into a submissive woman who did as men wanted and sought validation from them.

Jez thought about how he would just show up, tell her to strip, and she would; there were no questions, then he would do what he wanted to her. He liked to rape her annually and degrade her, keeping his power over her. It was much like she was being treated now, but more evil, as it was random and without purpose. There was only one rule: you fuck Devon when Devon wanted to be fucked. Her boyfriend wouldn't be out of prison for years, and by then her absence would create a gap between them. He was like her, a user, and when someone was used up, he wouldn't care to look back.

She realized that validation and love could only be had by being the best, most valued slave now. To do what she was told and do it so well, making herself needed. She would be there for Mistress Layah to abuse, use, and humiliate. Nothing would be done without enthusiasm. She was strong, she always adapted to survive, and she would adapt now.

Mistress Layah looked at Paul and said. "Tie her to the horse." He looked at the bruised body of Jez and said, "Yes, Mistress." There was no second thought about it. Her condition didn't matter; he was going to do as told.

Paul then guided Jez to the horse; she could barely walk, her legs still shaking, and placed her over it. He secured her hands with a rope from the wall on one side, spread her legs, and attached them to the other. She was now bent over, helpless, and her bruised pussy was wide open and ready for use.

Paul had a brief moment of empathy for her, remembering his first days and the harsh lessons that he had been taught. But there was no time for empathy or pity; there was a

job to do, and he knew his Mistress well enough to anticipate her needs and fear her reprisals.

Mistress Layah looked at Paul and said. "Now fuck her." Paul started to undress, already hard. This small woman was beautiful and easy to get excited about having. Years of serving Mistress Layah had made him indifferent to the situation; he would do as told and get erect when told. It was easy because Jez was something new and beautiful.

Mistress Layah walked over and grabbed Jez's hair, pulling her head up to face her. He's going to finish in your mouth, NO Mess, then you will clean him with your mouth. Jez was horrified, and there would be no pleasure for her; she was too sore, but she still answered obediently. "Yes, Mistress."

This is what she was now and had no choice in the matter. She had sold her body for money for a long time; being raped was a normal part of Sonia's life, and now, apparently, a normal part of Jez's life. Layah, while considerate of Jez's feeling cold on the drive here, was making it clear that she was always in charge; Jez would never take her kindness as a weakness, it was not. Anything her new Mistress did that was kind must be appreciated.

Mistress Layah looked at Paul and said. "Fuck her, twice." Paul looked at his Mistress and said excitedly, "Yes, Mistress." Layah started to walk away, and Paul approached Jez and slammed himself into her. Her flesh was raw, and the pain was immense and almost unbearable; tears welled up in her eyes from pain and humiliation. She took some solace from the situation at the same time, while she was being

pounded and filled by this gorgeous man. She had changed since finding herself in J's training cell. She had learned to enjoy the small things even with all the pain and humiliation. She had thought she would like to have Paul when she met him and stood in front of him naked and vulnerable. Now she would have him in her; it was what she desired. In her mind, she had to think like this; she had to try to make the best of the situation.

She whimpered but endured as their Mistress headed to the door, saying. "When you're done, go to the grand hall and wait there for me." Paul continued to slam into Jez while answering. "Yes, Mistress." Mistress Layah left the room. Thinking it had been a long time since she could reward Paul. This was a sweet reward for him. She knew that Jez would ache for days as a reminder of her correction. She closed the door behind her and walked to her room on the other side of the balcony.

Jez, through her whimpers, asked Paul. "Will it always be like this?" Paul just kept slamming into her as hard as he could and said. "I was told to Fuck you, not talk to you."

Jez's heart sank; she just wanted to talk to someone who didn't control her. Even in this absurd situation, she craved something normal. She began scheming in her mind about how to get around this. There must be a way. It was just a conversation; there had to be a way.