

Tess's Fetish Training

A Latex Christmas

2

Amelia Stark



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Tess's Fetish Training – A Latex Christmas

The Latex Point 5 Club

Part Two

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction.

Christmas is just 3 days away when Tess falls under the spell of Doctor Peter Finch. He lives in the Bedfordshire countryside where he is assured of complete privacy to practice his various perverted fetishes.

Tess, who lives nearby, was immediately captivated by the 39-year-old consultant when they met on the train. Unable to hide her latex outfit from the eagle-eyed doctor and fearing her housemate, Tess decided to go to Doctor Finch's house to change before going home.

When Tess opens her carrier bag, she discovers she has the wrong bag. It contains a pink latex Wednesday dress and accessories. Peter lays on the charm and persuades Tess to wear the latex dress out to a restaurant for her first Christmas meal.

This turns out to be Tess's first anxious step into the world of latex and bondage. With two Christmas parties coming, Tess is about to have the latex fetish experience of her life. This story contains descriptions of sexual situations, people practicing fetishes and punishments, so is only suitable for mature adults over the age of 18

One ~ The offer.

Peter plucked me up from the blanket of white snow, then jogged all the way to the hot tub. His body heat helped me to recover, but the awful conditions and the pursuit in the snow weren't forgotten until he dropped me into the hot water. It was a shock being suddenly plunged into water that was much hotter than the outside temperature.

"Ahhhhhhh!" I gasped when I came to the surface.

I was 5'5" and because the water lapped above my tits I guessed the water in the circular, plastic hot tub was nearly five feet deep. After shaking the water from my hair, I witnessed Peter climbing the steps, then easing himself into the water. Submerged up to his neck, he waded over to where I was floating against the side of the pool.

I waited until his body was pressed against mine. "Master, do you always cheat to get what you want?"

"You're damn right I do, especially when you're what I want."

"Do you really mean that or is it sex that you're really after?"

"Tess, I want you and I want sex. Tell your housemate, tomorrow morning, that you're moving in with me. Tell her that you'll pack your things when you get back from work tomorrow. Tell her I'll pick you up at eight o'clock."

I was gobsmacked. The scary thing was that Peter was deadly serious. I put my hands on his shoulders and kissed him on the nose like he did to me earlier. “I’m flattered, Master, but I need more time to think about it. Today has definitely changed my life in an interesting and nice way. We’ve had fun and I want to be your girlfriend. Maybe if you feel the same way after Christmas, we can do it in the new year.”

Under water, I could feel his rock-solid cock pressing against my belly. I excited him and the feeling was mutual. What was not to like about the extremely fit consultant? He was a youngish, handsome guy who appeared to have everything – a top job in the medical world and extreme wealth. I wouldn’t have been surprised to find out that he was a millionaire.

He was 39, eighteen years older than me, six foot tall and extremely bossy. I had always been more comfortable in the company of older men, because they were normally more considerate and easy-going. That wasn’t quite the case with my host, but I thought he would soften as we got to know each other.

Peter, asking me to come and live with him seemed unusually impulsive but nevertheless I was flattered. He dropped his hands into the water and gripped my hips, then pulled me hard against his body and erect cock.

“Tess, I’m a man who makes his mind up quickly. Anaesthesiology teaches a person to make rapid decisions because we’re usually dealing with life and death situations. I’m not saying that it’s a matter of life and death that you move in with me, I’m saying that I’ve made up my mind and I won’t change it.”

His reasoning was very persuasive, but I didn’t want to make a mistake, like I had with wearing the latex dress home. “Master, I’ve made too many hasty decisions lately. You know about my latex fetish, but nothing else about me. I

might be a criminal for all you know. On the other side of the coin, I know a little about you, but not enough.”

“Okay, then we have to change that...”

He tightened his grip on my hips and lifted me, so that my belly, then my mons, slid up his shaft. I instinctively lifted my legs and wrapped them around his body, thus enabling his knob to locate my gaping entrance. I relaxed my leg muscles and allowed him to push me down onto his stalagmite-like cock.

It was the third time he had penetrated me since he brought me to his home – a huge house in Houghton Regis. Bizarrely, the snow continued to fall, disintegrating when it landed on our heads and hit the water.

“I know one thing,” I said.

I twisted my hips a few times until I had sunk as far as I could go. The sensation of being speared and stretched internally by my dominant host’s cock was an immensely satisfying sensation.

“What’s that?”

“You’ve got a massive cock and you know how to use it.”

“Well, I’m tempted to say that you’ve got a tight minge and you don’t know how to use it,” he said with a twinkle in his eye. “But I won’t.”

He gripped my pert cheeks and lifted me, then with my help, he struck up a smooth, thrusting motion, spearing my quim upwards time and time again.

“Master, I’m learning and enjoying the sensations more than I’ve ever done.” In fact, I was close to another orgasm.

“If you come and live with me, I’ll teach you how to really enjoy sex. I’ll teach you how to have the time of your life.”

I didn’t want to hear any more about moving in, so I kissed him passionately on the lips and he responded. Until I met Peter, I hadn’t experienced an orgasm during sex. It was like waiting years for a bus and then three came along all at once. Peter was giving me a crash course in meaningful sex and I was thoroughly enjoying myself.

All good things come to an end and that was the moment Peter ejaculated, for his dick finally lost its rigidity. Snogging during an orgasm was another new experience and I was disappointed when he broke the kiss, withdrawing both his dominant tongue and flaccid cock.

“Time to get you to bed,” he said. “We’ve both got work to do tomorrow. I’ll go and get you a bathrobe.”

“Thank you, Master.” I was enjoying the dom/sub roleplaying game we had played but I doubted if it would continue for long. As he climbed out of the Tub, I got to watch his impressive physique in motion.

I wanted time to think. It was awkward with Christmas approaching. Kelly, my housemate had invited her parents over on Christmas Eve for an overnight stay. I knew them well and they were expecting me to be there some of the time. My own close family members were Jehovah Witnesses so didn’t celebrate Christmas. In fact, I hadn’t contacted them for over a year, after being fed up with their constant preaching.

After about ten minutes, Peter returned with a bath robe and gestured to me. “Tess, get your ass out of there quick.”

Still naked, he stood waiting on the patio for me to climb out. He held the robe open and helped me on with it. “Thanks, Master, you are a dashing hero.”

We ran along the front of the house, through the falling snow and entered the house through the patio doors. As soon as we stepped inside, he whisked me off my feet again and carried me through the lounge.

“Roxanna, close and lock the patio doors and put the light out,” Peter ordered his digital assistant.

“Will Roxanna work for me?” I asked Peter while he carried me up the stairs.

“No, but if you move in, I’ll register your voice with the computer.”

I ignored the reference to moving in. I kissed his hairy cheek. He had a full dark brown beard, which was trimmed neatly, intelligent brown eyes, a strong nose and a wide mouth.

“Have you had many girlfriends since your divorce?” I asked him.

He pulled a broad smile, then placed me down on one side of the bed. He pointed at a large blue mug on the nightstand. “Drink your chocolate while it’s hot.” He then walked to a wardrobe. “Roxanne unlock my wardrobes.”

I heard a click that I figured was the locking mechanism. The single robe he opened contained drawers in the bottom half and hanging clothes above. He pulled out an item from the top drawer and threw it on the bed beside me. It was a blue t-shirt.

“That’ll do for tonight, Tess. I’ll get you a hair dryer.”

He put a pair of shorts on and left the room while I dried my hair. I had let it down so that it fell around my shoulders. After donning the t-shirt, I leant back against the pillows and started to drink the hot chocolate. It was delicious and along with the t-shirt was another reason for being impressed by Peter’s considerate manner.

When he returned, he was carrying another mug. He sat down beside me and

began sipping his drink. “Are you enjoying that?”

“It’s just what the doctor ordered, Master. Thanks. You didn’t answer my last question.”

“About girlfriends?” I nodded. “Tess, I’ve had a few and every one of them would have jumped at the chance of moving in with me.”

He had a high opinion of himself. “After the first date?”

“Maybe, but you’re different from them.”

“Different? How?”

“Well, for a start, I never asked them to live with me, which means you’re special.”

He knew how to impress a girl. “Were they all young like me?”

“Tess, you’ll be asking me for pictures soon.”

“No, I won’t. I just wondered if I was younger than the others.”

He put his mug down and leant toward me. He placed his left hand on my thigh and slid it up, over my mons and onto my belly, whereupon he started to gently rub my flat stomach. His doctor's touch started my body quivering with delight.

He kissed me gently on the lips. "Tess, you're more beautiful than the others. Drink up and I'll massage your tummy until you fall asleep."

I was drowsy and my eyelids were already drooping. I remember his hand also fondling my tits, but that was the last thing I remember before falling into a deep sleep.

Two ~ Going home.

I was lying on my front when I woke. I turned my head and spotted the time on the bedside clock, 6:45. I was groggy which I put down to having too much wine. Generally, wine was my worst enemy when it came to hangovers. I rolled onto my back, to look for the source of the noise that woke me. Moments later, the door opened and Peter strode in carrying a cup of coffee.

The t-shirt I was wearing was just long enough to cover my mons but with my legs apart, Peter had a good view of my sex. The old me would have quickly covered up or closed my legs but after having had sex with him three times the previous day, I wanted to please him.

He looked me in the eye and pointed at the pile of pink latex clothes which he had obviously transferred from the other bedroom. "You look beautiful this morning, Tess. I brought your clothes through. Here's a coffee, black and sweet."

He remembered how I drank it at the restaurant. "Thanks, Peter. Um..." I rolled onto my left side and raised my right knee which gave him a better view of my sex. It was then that I noticed my lips were puffy. They had taken a pounding from Peter... "...er, I need a shower."

He placed the coffee down and kissed me briefly on the lips. "Of course. You go ahead. I'll be in the fitness room for another ten minutes."

He turned to leave. "Can I have a quick peek at your gear before I shower?"

He glanced at the clock and shook his head. "I don't want you to be late home,

Tess. Get showered and dressed. By the time you've dolled yourself up, I'll be ready. We'll have a bowl of cereals, then we'll leave at seven fifteen."

He was acting like a bossy doctor making appointments, but he was right. I had to get ready and needed to do my hair and face. I was slower showering and preening than Peter expected. I used the pink lipstick again because I liked it. He showered and changed while I did my makeup.

We were late, so I had to make do with one cup of cold coffee. It was Peter's idea to leave the red latex dress and accessories at his house, where, he said, they would be safe and ready to use again. He obviously wanted to see me wearing the dress again, which would be okay around his house. I was happy to start a relationship with Peter. Apart from one or two acts out of character, he had behaved like the perfect gentleman.

As soon as we were on the road, Peter returned to the same subject. "Tess, I want you to think seriously about moving in with me. It's a shame for such a big house to be nearly empty. I haven't even gotten around to putting up Christmas decorations yet."

"You managed to decorate the tree at the bottom of the garden."

He chuckled. "Oh, you noticed that?"

"How could I miss it? Peter, you've got to give me time. Kelly has been very good to me..."

“Didn’t you work out what would happen if one of you wanted to leave?”

“Yes, we were going to give each other a month’s notice.”

“When does the lease finish?”

“April the first, in just over three months.”

“Well, you won’t be paying any rent if you move in with me, so you can carry on helping Kelly until she’s found someone else.”

“That sounds sensible. I’ll think about it.” I gave Peter directions and despite the treacherous road conditions, we arrived outside my house at 7:40.

“Tess, I’ll stay in the car and listen to some music while you go and change.”

That suited me. “I won’t be long.” Thankfully, it had stopped snowing, but the path was icy and no one had cleared the snow.

I let myself in and had only just closed the door when Kelly appeared in the kitchen doorway. “Welcome back, Tess. You picked a horrible night to go on a date.”

“Thankfully, it’s stopped snowing,” I replied.

“Who’s the mystery man you’ve got driving you around?”

I unbuttoned my coat, facing the other coats, so she didn’t see the dress until I slipped the coat off my shoulders. “His name is Peter Finch. He’s a consultant and works at the Luton and Dunstable Hospital.”

“A consul... Tess! What on earth are you wearing?”

I picked up my bag and turned. “Do you like it?”

“Tess, for god’s sake, where have you been in that outfit?”

“We had a nice meal in a restaurant, then went back to his place.”

“Wearing a latex dress?” She couldn’t comprehend me doing something so bold.

I tried to brush off her surprise. “You know I like latex.”

“That’s not like you... Going out in a dress like that... Tess...”

“Kelly, I’ve got to get changed. Let’s chat later.”

I was standing at the bottom of the stairs and had just put my foot on the first step when a familiar figure emerged from the kitchen and joined Kelly at the end of the hall. It was Daniel, my housemate’s brother.

“So, this Peter guy is a right kinky fucker, heh, Tess?” he asked with a smirk on his face while studying my outfit.

“Grow up, Daniel. One day you’ll be an adult.”

He approached me to get a closer look at the shiny pink latex dress. Scruffily dressed in jeans and a thick jumper, Daniel looked like a stereotypical builder. He was a bricklayer and earned a lot of money, but the lad was a course, rude, blockhead.

“Rubber turn you on, heh?” he asked. “Has the mouse turned into a horny little rodent?”

“Daniel, get a life. Not everyone has a dirty mind like yours. Latex is all the fashion now.”

“Tess, I don’t think my mind is as filthy as yours. That dress makes you look as horny as fuck.”

I took a step up so I could see Kelly's face. She doted on her brother while I abhorred him.

"Kelly, why is Daniel still here?"

"I'm staying until the new year," he volunteered. "I won't mind if you want to flit around the house in your latex nighty."

My face must have turned bright red. Unfortunately, I couldn't think of a suitable response. "Haven't you got a house to build?"

"No, it's too cold to lay bricks. We've been laid off until the weather gets warmer."

"I'm going to get changed." I rushed up the stairs with my hand on my ass, so the lecherous lad missed out on seeing my naked butt cheeks.

As soon as I entered my room, I knew that someone, probably Daniel, had been going through my stuff. I couldn't believe he would do such a thing, but he had. Kelly wasn't strong enough to stand up to her brother, so it wouldn't be long before he was throwing his weight around and making my life a misery.

It didn't take long to change into my work clothes. I changed the colour of my lipstick, bagged the latex Wednesday outfit, my latex nighty and a few items of underwear. After grabbing my shoulder bag, I went downstairs to talk to Kelly. I found her sitting at the breakfast table with her brother, eating scrambled egg on

toast. Hungry and annoyed I stood at the end of the table, but I didn't sit down.

"Kelly, I need to talk to you in private."

"Don't be so melodramatic, Tess. Tell us about Peter," was her response.

"He must have bought that dress for you," Daniel said. "Fuck, Tess, you looked horny in that latex dress."

"Daniel, be quiet," his sister said as though he was even irritating her.

I ignored him. "Peter has asked me to live with him and I've accepted."

"When are you moving out?" Daniel asked glibly.

"Tonight." His antics had made my mind up.

There was deathly silence, then Kelly turned to her brother. "Out, Dan. Go and watch one of your porn movies."

Amazingly, he rose from his chair, however he pursed his lips mimicking a kiss as he passed me on his way out of the kitchen.

“Tess, sit down.”

“No, Peter’s waiting outside.”

Kelly was ready for work and was dressed in similar clothes to mine. We were both wearing white blouses, but I had donned a blue cardigan because of the weather.

“Tess, this is so sudden. How long have you known Peter?”

“Not long. We both catch the same train in the morning.”

“I thought you said he works at the Luton & Dunstable hospital.”

“He does and he also works at a teaching hospital in London two days a week.”

“Oh... You’ve kept this relationship quiet. I didn’t think we kept secrets from each other. Have you been meeting him during the day?”

Kelly knew that I hadn’t been going out at night. “Yes. He’s a nice guy and I’ve decided I’m going to move in with him tonight.”

“Tonight? What about our agreement?”

“I’ll keep paying my share until you find someone to take my place, or the lease runs out. What about Daniel? He’s got plenty of money.”

“He might be the solution, but I’d prefer you to stay.”

“Well, I can’t. I’ll come home early tonight. I’ll catch the five past five which gets into Legrave station at five forty...”

“I might be late...”

I held my hand up. “No, don’t worry, I’ll catch a taxi. Peter is coming to pick me and my gear up at eight o’clock.”

“You really are going to live with him then?” She was taking it better than I feared.

I nodded. “You’ll like him. You wait and see.”

“I hope he’s a nice guy. Where does he live?”

“In Houghton Regis. He lives on his own...”

“Tess, Daniel is harmless, but if you asked me to kick him out, I would.”

“I know, but I want to do this. I’ll see you later, Kells.” I picked up my bags and hurried out of the house, to Peter in his Mercedes.

“Everything okay?” he asked as soon as I had closed the door and dumped my bags in the footwell. I think he detected my flustered state.

“Well, that depends. I’ve just told Kelly that I’m moving in with you tonight.”

A broad grin crossed his face, then he leant over and kissed me gently on the lips. “Good girl. You’re making the right decision, Tess.”

“I relied on Kelly for so many things.”

He placed his left hand on my right thigh and slid it up under my skirt until he reached the elasticated band at the top of my stocking. “Well, you’ll be able to rely on me now. I’m going to take good care of you.” His hand squeezed my upper thigh, then withdrew.

While he gripped my bare thigh, he made sure that his finger pressed against the gusset of my lace panties. Peter didn’t feel anything bar the warm material, but I felt a thrilling sensation that sparked my imagination. If we had been parked in a secluded spot, I would have gladly reclined the seat and let him have his wicked

way with me.

As it was, I relaxed into the supple leather as Peter accelerated down the road. It was the most monumental decision of my life and only time would tell if I was doing the right thing, or I was acting irrationally and making the biggest mistake of my life...

Three ~ The challenge.

Peter dropped me in 'Thomas, Smith & Baker's parking lot at 8:55. The journey was a far cry from my regular commute, standing in a packed passenger train, being jostled by other passengers. I therefore arrived at work fresh and ready to go. I had an interesting chat with Peter during the 40-minute journey in which we swapped some personal details about our families.

We had two things in common. We were both born in Hertfordshire and neither of us had siblings. Peter's parents had passed away when he was quite young, leaving him their considerable wealth. My parents were still alive but had disowned me over a row over their religion. I had no wealth, but I did have a good education and was enjoying my job working as a legal secretary.

Kelly was my closest friend which was why I didn't want to leave her in the lurch. I thought she took the news quite well. She was a few months older than me, having turned 22 in October. We went to school and college together. She was the loud one and I was usually quiet. Kelly nicknamed me 'the mouse', but that changed when she opened a package and discovered my latex nighty inside.

I got through my morning work without difficulty, but my mind kept wandering off topic. It was lucky that I was tidying up loose ends rather than meeting a client or discussing a contract. We had a canteen on the third floor, but I had agreed to meet Simon in the fetish store to discuss my membership of his club.

I was thinking about my slowly developing latex fetish while I walked down to 'Fetish Where?', in London Road, just ten minutes from where I worked. I first discovered my penchant for latex when using rubber gloves in biology at school. I stole a couple of pairs from a box and took them home as a masturbating aid. My mother caught me in the act and told me what an evil child I was. When I told Peter about the incident, he sympathised with me.

When I arrived at the store, I wasn't as shy as I had been the day before. On entering, I found the interior hadn't changed. There was no external light, just the overhead spots over the racks of clothes. I hadn't received a phone call from Peter, so I didn't know how he got on with Simon when he went to pay for the Wednesday outfit. I had expected him to call and give me some advice. Having not done so, I presumed the pair had gotten on well together.

I spotted Zoe over at the cash desk, so I made a beeline for her. The slim young woman was wearing a tight, blue, long sleeve latex dress. Her small breasts were trying to escape from the deep 'V' neck without success. I was jealous, having to wear my stuffy work clothes amid all the latex and leather surrounding me. Zoe had replaced her purple wig with a shoulder length blonde one. Her makeup though was just as dark as before.

She looked up from her phone as I neared. "Hello, Zoe, is Simon around?" I asked.

"Hi, Tess. He's upstairs organizing the bar." She paused for a moment to study my face. "I met Peter this morning. He's a cool guy to be with. I'm jealous." She said it with a smile on her face, but her voice had feeling.

"Oh, did you speak to him?"

"Yes, we sorted out the mess I caused. It was lucky he liked the dress and it fitted you, wasn't it?"

“Very lucky. Did you have a similar dress for the other customer?”

“Yes, we had another one in stock. The lady brought your clothes back and Peter took them with him.” She leant over the desk and changed her tone. “Peter bought you some gear, but he couldn’t wait for us to fetch the items from the warehouse. He told me to wrap them for him. He wants you to take the package home with you. Then, I guess, you can open it in front of the log fire. A sort of pre-Christmas present.”

“Oh, did he say that I could open it before Christmas?”

“Yes, because it contains your outfit for a party on Christmas Eve. But, he wants to see your reaction when you open the box.”

“Any clues?”

She shook her head. “No, but he bought one more thing for you.” She reached under the counter and came up with a plain brown box, about nine inches cubed.

“I dread to think what’s in there.”

“Do you own a butt plug?” she asked.

I shook my head slowly. “I’ve seen them on the internet...” I looked over my

shoulder at the wall where all the bondage items were hanging. "...and on your display."

"We don't put this item on the shelf..." She lifted the top off to reveal a large stainless-steel plug. "Oh, my god, that will never go in my..."

"Believe me, Tess, even though you have virgin tight holes, this baby, with the right lubrication, will slip in without making your eyes water. Within an hour, you'll have forgotten it's there."

"I doubt that." Zoe thought she was an expert on the tightness of my holes, because she persuaded me to let her frig me with the red dildo. "Put the top on the box, Zoe. I'll have a chat with Peter when I see him later."

She shook her head slowly. "Peter said that I had to fit the device before you leave the store. He said it was a test of your determination to please him. That shit is so fucking cool."

"You really think that's cool?"

"With a man like Peter making the demands, I'd do as I was told. There's always a reward for a good girl."

Yes, Peter would reward me alright... I glanced around at the bondage items. "But... but why have I got to do it now?"

She lowered her voice. “You told him that I slid the dildo into your quim. Your boldness obviously impressed him. Tess, I’ve already helped you once. Let me do it again.”

Peter was testing my willingness to do kinky stuff while out and about in town. I suspected that he was into some form of bondage with a sadistic, humiliation lilt. He was probably looking for reasons to punish me if I disappointed him.

“Um, did he buy anything else?”

“Yes. He bought a couple of items of underwear and a leather tawse. It was one of the narrow ones with three fingers. Boy, they don’t half sting.”

“Has someone punished you with one?” I asked naively.

“Simon did this morning for cocking up your bag.”

“Oh, I’m sorry about that...”

“Huh, it wasn’t your fault. I soon got over it.”

“But surely that’s against the law, striking an employee?”

She winked at me. “Kid, I work here because I’m a submissive. I deserved the punishment that Simon and Peter meted out to me. She put the lid on the box. “Shall we sort this out? Then I’ll take you up for a chat with Simon.”

“Umm, er, okay. If that’s what Peter wants.”

She picked up the box, then without replying, set off toward the back of the store. The royal blue latex minidress hugged her figure tightly and illustrated to me that our body shapes were almost identical.

I imagined wearing the dress and hated being dressed in my dowdy work clothes with so many amazing outfits within touching distance. I followed her out to the back storage area, then into a different changing room to the one we used before.

“I like your dress, Zoe,” I said as we entered the compact room.

She pulled a sliding door closed behind us. “Peter did too,” she replied.

I wondered if Zoe was giving me a clue to the present Peter had bought me.

There was a low back chair in the centre of the space which was fixed to the floor with metal brackets. There were no mirrors which was strange, but there was a countertop where bottles and tubs had been placed.

Zoe set the box down and pointed at the chair. “Tess, kneel on the seat.”

I looked at the chair with its lowish back and raised posts on the ends of the back. The open metal cuffs attached to the base of the legs and other locations were a tell-tale sign of its purpose.

“This is where you were punished, isn’t it Zoe?”

“Yes, it is, Tess. Very observant. You don’t have to worry, though. I’m only going to fit the dildo device today.”

I put my bag down on the bench and hung my coat up. “I’ll take my panties off...”

“Let me do it for you, Tess. There’s no need to take them right off, besides, I enjoyed the experience last time.”

I shrugged, then gingerly climbed onto the chair and positioned myself on my knees, with the front of my thighs against the back.

“That’s it, Tess. Now bend over the back and reach down so you can grip the end of the legs.”

The top edge was padded so it wasn't uncomfortable when I bent forward and reached down for the legs. Zoe came around and squatted in front of me.

"As you can see these metal cuffs close like this..."

"No, Zoe, what are you doing?" before I could move my wrists, she had closed the cuffs on them.

"I don't want you moving about while I fit the device."

"Zoe, no, you don't need to do that. Release me, please."

She stood up, turned and reached up to a shelf. The box she fetched and put on the floor, contained several gags. She pulled out a standard red latex ball gag.

"Zoe, I'm not joking. I want you to release merrrrrr..." She forced the ball into my mouth, silencing me.

I was stuck on the chair in a most shameful position. I couldn't slide my body off the top of the back because of the higher posts beside my hips. I prayed that Zoe didn't have something more shocking than fitting the plug, in mind for me.

She remained in a squat while she continued to talk to me. "Tess, my punishment for cocking up your order is in three parts. The first was six strokes of the tawse.

I'll show you my butt in a minute. The second is to perform cunnilingus on you, either here or back at Peter's house. Actually, that's not a punishment because I'm going to enjoy sucking your cute cunt."

"Urrrrrrr," I moaned, annoyed that I couldn't reply to her comments.

"I know. Peter was adamant. He mentioned that you are moving in to live with him. He demanded that I help you do it. That's the third part of my punishment. He said that in the morning, he would drive us both to St Albans. Apparently, you're working till one tomorrow. Then, after you finish, he wants you to work here until we close."

"Urrrrrrr," I groaned because it wasn't something I had planned to do. However, I accepted that my plans were going to change once I had moved in with Peter.

"So, Tess, once Peter assured Simon that I would be at work for nine o'clock tomorrow, the deal was sorted. Now, I'll clean your nether region first, so close your eyes and enjoy."

My mind was in a swirl. I concluded that Zoe was one of the best con artists on the planet. I therefore suspected that I wasn't the only fool who had let themselves be talked into mounting the chair...

Four ~ Restrained.

I didn't have a lot of time and I didn't want to be late back to work. My skirts had fallen down my back, so she was probably staring at the pair of white lacy panties half covering my butt cheeks.

"These are an improvement on yesterday, Tess." I scrunched my face up just before she whisked them down to mid-thigh, thus revealing my thrusting sex to her. There was a pause while she fetched some items.

"Mmm!" I exclaimed when Zoe started wiping my labia with a cold, wet cloth.

"Sorry, I haven't got any hot water, Tess. There, that's it," she said after pushing the cloth in and out of my anus with her finger to clean it.

I really didn't know what to expect, having never had anyone perform oral on me. Because my ass was in the air, all she had to do was pull my cheeks apart and push her open mouth against my gaping sex.

"Mmmm," I groaned softly as her squirming tongue got to work, vigorously lapping my pussy first lengthways, then sideways.

During the first minute or two, I slowly relaxed and started to appreciate the delightful sensations being generated from the girl-on-girl action. I didn't know if my threshold to orgasm was low, but I could feel the onset of one, the moment she changed tack and began thrusting her tongue into my quim.

It was unexpected and created gorgeous sensations that sent ripples of excitement through my entire body. Then I came down a notch when she pulled my butt cheeks further apart and attacked my anus in a similar manner. When she returned to my quim, I peaked again.

“Ahhhhhhh,” I moaned softly as I soaked up the delightful sensations.

The thrill ride was relentless until Zoe pulled away and stood up.

“I think you’re ready for the plug device,” she announced.

She put the box on the floor beside the box containing the gags so I could see what she was doing. She lifted out the stainless-steel plug and showed me the small circular end that stopped the plug from fully disappearing into my back passage. It had a hole in it similar to an earphone jack socket.

“Note the hole in the end, Tess...” She disappeared from view. “I’m covering the tip with cream,” she explained.

“Uhhhhhhhh,” I groaned when she steered the pointy end through the tight ring of muscle guarding my orifice.

She then applied increasing amounts of pressure until the largest part of the plug defeated my anal defences and slipped inside me. “There, that wasn’t so bad, was it?” she asked after patting my ass. “First the pleasure then the discomfort. Not a bad trade-off.”

She returned to the box and lifted out a piece of cardboard to reveal another stainless-steel device in the shape of a 'T'. The main stem of the 'T' was the size of a fat, pork sausage. The dildo, for that's what it obviously was, was ribbed and shaped like a banana.

Zoe lifted it out and showed it to me. "This is the brains of the device. I'll explain what it does as soon as I've fitted it."

Once again, she disappeared from view. Moments later she slid the chunky six-inch dildo into my vagina. It slid in easily because of Zoe's superb oral attentions. It occupied about two thirds of my quim and would have been bearable if it was the only item filling my holes. The trouble was, I could feel the plug pushing against the dildo through the membrane dividing my orifices. As I was still kneeling, I wondered what it was going to feel like walking up the street...

"So, Tess, it's not quite in. When I push it in the last inch, a jack on the short end will connect into the base of the butt plug. The curved, shaped shield will push between your lips and cover your clitoral ridge and clit. Don't worry though, it's perforated so you can wee. I'll hold your lips apart, so it doesn't pinch."

I felt her fingers part my plump lips, then she pushed the dildo in. There was a click and simultaneously pressure on my clitoral ridge and perinium.

"I told you that it would be quick and painless. The makers claim that it's the most effective chastity device for women. There's a button here to activate and lock it." I felt her finger push against the base of the vaginal dildo. "Now that I've pushed it, only the holder of the remote controller can open the device so it

can be removed.”

I felt her pulling my panties into position, then she came around and removed the gag. “Zoe, what the fuck have you done?” I asked.

She released my wrists, then helped me to lift my shoulders. I clambered off the chair, red faced and angry.

Then, she staggered me by taking hold of my shoulders and kissing me on the lips. “Tess, we are so alike. I want you to perform oral on me tonight.”

I ignored her request. “Zoe, I don’t like the thing you’ve just put inside me.”

“I’m wearing one too. That was part of the agreement.”

“I don’t believe you.”

She looked disappointed. I noticed, being so close, that beneath the makeup she had freckles across her nose and high cheeks. Coupled with her cute, slightly turned up nose, she looked impish, like her character.

“I’ll forget you said that,” she muttered, then reached down, folded the first inch of the hem of the dress over and started to pull it up. Slowly, the top of her matching stockings came into view, then her peeping labia. I immediately

spotted the glint of metal between them.

“You’re not wearing any panties,” I said softly.

“But, I am wearing the same chastity device as you...”

She climbed on the chair and leant over the back. Not all the way, but far enough to expose her plump labia lips and the stainless-steel base of the chastity device. There was very little to see, just the disc over her anus, a strip of metal connecting the disc to the base of the dildo, where the button was located. The extended front piece was hidden between her puffy lips with just the pointy tip emerging over her pudendal dimple.

“Part my lips, Tess, and you’ll see the perforated shield.”

I was treading new territory, touching another girl’s sex, but I wanted to see what it looked like. I liked Zoe even though she had tricked me twice. It sounded as if I was going to do stuff with her for a day or two, so I had to get over my inhibitions. I used my thumbs to part her labia.

“Oh. I see. The shield stops us from...”

“Touching ourselves. Masturbating. That’s the aim.” She climbed off the chair and pulled her dress back into position. “Personally, I find it helps me to concentrate on my work during the day. With so many distractions in the store I would be tempted to either frig myself out here or unwrap a dildo and use that.

By the time we close at five-thirty, I'm gagging for it. That first fuck after Simon has freed my holes is always something special."

"So, you're with Simon?"

"Of course." She lowered her voice. "He's my Master. Are you ready to go up and see him?"

"Yes, I had better hurry."

"One last thing..." She went to the bench and picked up a small white plastic cube that had a glass disk on each of its sides. "Peter left this. Can you give it back to him?"

I turned the one-inch cube over in my hand. "What is it?"

"Peter will explain later. Come on."

After Zoe pulled the door open, we headed for the back stairs. "This plug is making my ass ache, Zoe," I complained when we arrived in the club reception area.

She came closer, reached up, placed her hands on my cheeks, then kissed me lightly on the lips. "You'll tough it out, Tess. I'll show you your early Christmas

present on your way out. It's under my desk."

"Aren't you coming up?"

"No, I've got to get back to the shop."

My earlier anger had dissipated because I was no longer in any serious discomfort. I hated having things inserted into my orifices, especially items that I couldn't remove.

"Thanks Zoe." I gingerly climbed the stairs, then when I arrived at the top, I was surprised to see that two of the tables were occupied.

Simon, who was standing behind the bar, gestured to me, so I walked over to the bar and eased my butt onto a stool. He placed a Bacardi and coke in front of me. "Here, you need this."

I sipped the drink, then put the glass down. "Simon, tell me what happened between you and Peter."

"Sure. First though, I need to know if Zoe fitted the item Peter purchased for you?" His question was firm and direct. I felt compelled to answer him, but I was embarrassed to talk about a sex device with a strange man.

“Yes, I let Zoe fit it, but it’s uncomfortable. I don’t like it in there...”

He nodded wisely. “It took Zoe a couple of days to get used to it, but she understands that it’s necessary.”

“Simon, it’s only necessary because you say so.”

He looked at me with a serious expression on his face. “Someone has to make the rules and that’s me.”

“Did you tell Peter that Zoe was wearing a chastity device?”

“He saw it when I punished her for mixing up the bags,” Simon replied.

“Peter watched her being punished?” I asked in a low voice.

“I suggested it so he could witness me carrying out my side of the bargain.”

“I can’t believe that you thrashed Zoe with a tawse and loaned her to Peter for a day over such a minor misdemeanour.” I sipped my drink while watching his reaction.

He placed his hands on the countertop and leant forward. “There is more to the

situation than meets the eye, but that is between me and your Master.”

Hearing a man refer to Peter as my Master was a shock and drove home my weak interrogation rights. I was talking to a man who ‘owned’ a submissive and knew that I had, or was, going to have a similar relationship with Peter.

“Um, okay, what about my membership? That was the reason for me dropping by.”

“Tess, Peter and you are now members. We agreed that you and Zoe would wear the same costumes to the party, tomorrow night. That will be after working in the store from one o’clock until six. I’ll take some pictures of you together and put them on the wall. Peter thought it was best for you to stay here until he arrived.”

“Um, okay, I’ll speak to him.” I slipped off the stool. “Do I owe you anything for the drink?”

“No, it’s on the house. What time will you drop by to pick up Zoe?”

“I’m finishing a few minutes earlier because I plan to catch the five past five train. Will four forty-five be okay?”

“Sure, she’ll be waiting.”

“Will she be wearing that fab dress?”

He shook his head. “No, she’ll change before you get here.”

I was more comfortable descending the stairs but knowing that there were stainless-steel phalluses in my orifices unsettled me. Zoe had the package out on the counter when I arrived at the cash desk. She was putting a dildo in a bag for a sheepish looking woman.

“Before you use it, Mam, place it on a flat, dry surface and try the remote. Once it’s been used, it can’t be returned for a refund.”

“Oh, I understand...” She took the bag, glanced nervously at me, then hurried from the store.

Zoe tapped the shoe box sized parcel. “Do you want to leave it here until you come by for me later?”

“Yes, that’s a great idea. I’ll be here at a quarter to five.”

“Perfect. I’m looking forward to it...”

Five ~ Moving out.

I could only describe my afternoon as weird. It was very difficult to take dictation and discuss legal matters with Roger Baker, a director of the company. I had a lot on my mind so whenever he paused, I imagined having sex with him. Of course, I wouldn't because he was happily married and had three lovely children.

The reason was because he had made inappropriate comments to me on two occasions. One was while we were having lunch together. On that occasion, he put his hand on my thigh and would have slid it up to my panties if I hadn't stopped him. I was in no doubt that he had a thing for me and would have risked everything to have sex with me.

The memory of that incident was triggered by the sensation emanating from my twin orifices. For Zoe to tell me that I would forget the chastity device's presence was not true, but I understood why she lied to sell the idea to me. When I went to the toilet to check it out, I couldn't see or feel any difference from the one she was wearing.

Both orifices were completely inaccessible because of the inch diameter discs blocking my probing fingers. The elongated and slightly curved 'shield' that pushed against and flattened my clitoral ridge, effectively stopped me from touching my most sensitive flesh and nub. That frustrated me, as did having to dry the shield after having a wee.

Thankfully, Roger Baker hadn't reoffended since his attempt to touch my sex a week earlier. He had been acting distant and aloof in the intervening days, but that afternoon, in his office, the atmosphere was as cold as the accumulating ice on the other side of the office window. Normally upbeat, I could tell he was wrestling with his conscious.

It was a huge relief when it was time to leave work and head for the station. I was wearing my brown coat again and carrying my shoulder bag, plus a carrier bag with a couple of presents from my fellow workers. I arrived on time at ‘Fetish Where?’ and walked over to the desk where Jenny was standing with another girl.

I had to do a double take before I realized that the girl was Zoe. She had changed her appearance completely by taking her makeup off and wearing clothes similar to mine. Her pretty features looked much more attractive without the gaudy cosmetics she plastered on her face for work.

“I like your new look, Zoe.”

She smiled at me. “What about my outfit?”

“Yes, very sen... Wait a minute, are those my clothes?”

“Yes, Peter suggested I wear them so that we arrive at your old place looking as if we work together.”

That seemed like a sensible idea, but it felt weird knowing she was wearing my things. Zoe put Peter’s pre-Christmas present in a carrier, donned her coat and beret, then together, we set off down London Road, heading for the station. With us each carrying two shopping bags, as well as our shoulder bags, we looked like a couple of shoppers returning from the mall.

It wasn't quite so cold as the day before, but snow was forecast for later in the evening. The train arrived on time and was packed, so Zoe and I stood facing each other so we could chat together.

"Tess, what's the time?" Zoe asked.

"Five-fifteen, why?"

"Peter has set your device to stimulate you at five twenty."

Mild panic set in when I suddenly became very aware of their presence, deep in my orifices. Having put the chastity device to the back of my mind, it was now very much to the fore. "What? Are you kidding?"

"No, you told him we would be on this train. He thought it would be a good way of demonstrating one of the device's features to you. Apparently, you used the red dildo to orgasm on your journey home last night. He thinks you'll find the new one even more satisfying."

"No, Zoe, is there any way of stopping it?"

"Why would you want to do that?"

I tried to think of a reason. “Zoe, there are more people on the train today.”

“You can’t stop it, so enjoy yourself.”

I thought for a moment. “Zoe, are you still wearing your thingy?”

“My chastity device?”

“Shhhhh!” I looked around to see if anyone might have heard her.

“I am because Peter has the controller.”

“Oh. He really is making you pay. There must be something more serious than mixing my bag up with another customer’s. Do you know what the real reason is?”

“No, I don’t. There is something though. Maybe Peter will tell us.”

“Are you going to be stimulated like me?”

“Alas no. I’ve got to comfort you. If we were both climaxing at the same time, all hell would break loose in the carriage.”

“Zoe, what does it feel...” I fell silent because I felt a tingle deep in my belly, then moments later a more powerful sensation. An insistent vibration from the dildo built slowly. Its insidious tendrils reached out and penetrated every part of my nether region.

“Zoe, help me...,” I whispered

She wrapped her arms around my body. “Let yourself go and kiss me, Tess.”

The sensations had increased in their intensity. My muscles felt as though they had turned to jelly, my eyes were losing their focus and my mind had turned inward to focus solely on the incredible waves of pleasure rippling throughout my body.

“Ooooooooo, it’s too powerful... Zoe, my god, I’m coming...”

Zoe put her hand behind my head and pulled my mouth onto hers, thus partially silencing me. So, started one of the longest and intensive snogs I had ever participated in. I wasn’t sure if the anal plug was contributing to the powerful waves of electrical energy pulsating through my body; but whatever was happening, I was submerged in pleasurable sensations the like of which I had never experienced before.

When the device stilled, it did so gradually, letting me calm down slowly and get my bearings. I broke the kiss and looked around at the passengers that were left in our section of the carriage. Some were minding their own business while a

couple of older men were staring at us in a disapproving manner.

We were just pulling into Luton, so the passengers started to leave their seats. “Over, there...” I pointed. We grabbed our bags, and moving against the tide, got to the seats and sat down.

I was relieved because I needed to recover from the mind-blowing experience. “Zoe, that was mean to set it to go off during the journey, don’t you think?”

“Well, you used your dildo yesterday on the train.”

“That was an accident... Anyway, thanks for shutting me up. We might have got thrown off the train.”

“I doubt it. Men love to watch lesbians kissing.”

We chatted until we arrived at Leagrave, and during the taxi ride to my old house in Benson Close. I learnt that Zoe was one of four kids. She had a tough upbringing and didn’t do very well at school. She started work at 16, working in a department store, in the lingerie department. That’s where she met Simon when she was 18. He dated her, then when he offered her a job, she jumped at the chance to work for him.

Even while chatting with her, Zoe was very flirty, making eyes at me as if she was attracted to me. It was another area of life that I was becoming embroiled in, alongside the submissive/Master fetish that was Peter’s penchant. My experience

of both ways of life was zero and I blamed my upbringing for my narrowmindedness.

The taxi driver dropped us off at six o'clock, so that gave us two hours to pack my stuff into bags and some collapsible boxes that I used when I moved into the furnished house. After I introduced Zoe to Kelly as a workmate, she left us alone to go upstairs and pack all my stuff.

Thankfully, her obnoxious brother was out which made things easier for us to get on with the task. I hadn't bought any furniture so there was nothing of size to take to Peter's. I had a lot of books, a sound system and several picture frames which we boxed. We emptied my wardrobe first, then my drawers.

Finally, we sat on the bed amid the boxes and bags littering the floor. "This won't all go in a car, Tess," Zoe pointed out. "You'll be lucky if there's room for half of it."

"Maybe he'll bring me back for the rest."

"I reckon that you could throw most of your clothes away or give them to charity."

"What!" I turned to her and pushed her down onto the bed. "You are the cheekiest girl I have ever met."

She didn't struggle when I pinned her shoulders down. "Oh, Tess, what are you

going to do to me?” she asked in a simpering voice.

“I haven’t decided yet. What’s the punishment for insulting another girl’s clothes?”

“A kiss?”

I wanted to, so I kissed her madly as though she was my lover. When I came up for air, I took my right hand off her shoulder and touched her nose. “Do you realize that you’ve got the cutest nose?”

“I think you’re cute too. Does snogging make you horny?”

“The men have taken away our ability to enjoy ourselves, so it doesn’t matter.”

She grinned salaciously. “We have other erogenous zones, you know. You could suck my nipples and make me cum.”

I doubted that, although I like playing with my nubs. Then a thought came to me. “Are you wearing my underwear?”

“Yes. Your panties were rank, but I put them on.”

“Uh, that’s revolting.” She reached down, grabbed my waist and started tickling me. “Noooo, don’t do that! I cried.”

We rolled back and forth with me defending myself. I tried to fight her off, but she was tougher than me and fought with more determination. She easily rolled me over onto my back and climbed onto me, straddling my tummy.

“Zoe, get off, someone might come in.”

“Kelly said she would leave us alone to get on with the packing.”

“Her brother might come home.”

“He won’t bother us. We have nearly an hour until Peter collects us.”

“You don’t know Daniel, he’s a creepy guy.”

“All I want is to see your tits.” We had both discarded our cardigans halfway through the packing, so my white bra was visible through my tight blouse.

Her fingers started undoing the buttons of the blouse. Stupidly, I didn’t stop her, for I wanted to see what she had in mind. As soon as they were undone, Zoe pulled the sides of my blouse apart to reveal my lacy bra. I didn’t think my tits were big enough to need support, so I opted for comfort. In fact, my ‘A’ tits were

firm and had little bounce. With my decent sized nipples, I thought that my breasts formed satisfyingly shaped peaks.

“I can see that you don’t mind having small tits.”

“Cheeky. Why do you say that?”

“You don’t try and make them look bigger...” Zoe stopped when she heard boots thumping on the stairs.

Her fingers were gripping the underside of my bra ready to lift it over my tits when she paused to see if the footsteps would pass my bedroom door. They didn’t. The door swung open to reveal Daniel standing in the frame.

“What the fuck, Daniel?” I cried. “Get out.”

His surprised expression changed to a smirk. “Lesbians! Huh! I came up to help but I can see you don’t need a man...”

“Get your cock out and I’ll tell you if it comes anywhere close to the dildo we use,” Zoe said in a perfectly reasonable, calm manner.

He took a step back. “Fucking perverts. The sooner you’re outa my bedroom, Tess, and outa the house, the better.” After taking another step back he was able

to close the door.

The sound of Daniel's boots thudding down the stairs was music to my ears. Zoe slowly turned back, then stared down at me with a serious expression on his face. We both burst out laughing together.

"Where did you get the nerve to talk to him like that?" I asked.

She pulled on the elasticated band and eased it up, over my tits. "Remember, I've got three brothers. Most men have inferiority complexes when it comes to the size of their dicks." She studied my tits. "Nice puppies, Tess." She leant down and started to suck my right nipple.

I put my hands on her bobbing head and waited a minute while she tried to get me excited. "That feels nice, Zoe, but you'd never be able to make me come."

She lifted her head and wiped saliva away from around her mouth. "I bet I could make you gush if you were bound and gagged."

"Well, luckily I don't possess any BDSM gear."

"I bet Peter does. Has he shown you any?"

I shook my head. "No, but I fear it's only a matter of time."

She climbed off me and picked up her cardigan from on top of a box. “I hope he gets some out tonight. I’m gagging to be shagged in all my holes. Your fingers or your tongue would do nicely.”

I had never known anyone as crude as Zoe; and be so cute and adorable at the same time. “Peter knew what he was doing when he insisted on having our holes filled until we get to his house...” I swung my legs around and sat up.

“Men like Peter and Simon hate the idea of us pleasuring ourselves if they can’t watch. Incidentally, what’s Peter’s gaff like?” Zoe asked.

“He lives in Houghton Regis. Very posh. His house has about six bedrooms.” Having buttoned my blouse, I put my cardigan on.

“I’m hungry, how about you?” Zoe said.

“Mmm. I’ve got some bread and there’s ham in the fridge. I’ll make us a sandwich.”

Before I led the way out of the bedroom, I checked that all the bags were tied and the boxes secure. I had to make peace with Kelly before I left the house, a task made more difficult after the encounter with Daniel.

I popped my head around the lounge door to find both brother and sister

watching TV. “Kelly, I’m going to make a sandwich.”

She stood up. “I’ll come and help you.”

She joined us in the kitchen and showed me what was available. Daniel had taken the ham but there was cheese, chicken and tuna to choose from.

“Zoe, why don’t you make the sandwiches, while I talk to Tess?” Sally suggested.

“Sure. Whatever,” Zoe agreed.

Sally led me out into the hall and closed the kitchen door. She didn’t look very happy when she confronted me. “Was Daniel lying to me about what you and Zoe were doing on your bed?”

“What did he say?”

“That you two were having sex. He said that girl was on top of you and taking your clothes off.”

“Ha! Your brother, Sal, has an imagination that needs washing and spin drying.”

“Something must be going on between you two. Why else would she be wearing your clothes?”

“Fuck, you noticed the mark on my skirt.”

“And your cardigan. Did you forget I iron your clothes?”

“Look, Sal, we’re just friends. That’s all.”

The Kitchen door opened behind me. As I turned, Zoe put her arm around my waist and rubbed her tit against my arm. “Babe, I forgot to ask for the mayonnaise.” Her lascivious manner was designed to shock Kelly and she succeeded. I concluded that the impish youngster was listening at the door.

“Um, it’s in a shelf on the fridge door,” Sally explained.

“Thanks, Sally.” Zoe returned to the kitchen knowing she had left me in an awkward situation.

Sally moved around me and closed the kitchen door, then stood with her back to it. “I thought we were friends, Tess, but it turns out that I don’t know you at all. She’s young and very pretty. I get it. You know I’m broad minded. You look good together. She can wear your clothes and you can wear hers.”

“Sally, we’re close friends. That’s all.”

“Where does the doctor fit in to your plans?”

“I’m going to live with him. Zoe agreed to come along and help me move my stuff. We were just fooling around to kill some time.”

She shook her head with a sad expression on her face. “Alright stranger, let me make you a cup of tea. Oh, you won’t need to pay any more rent because Daniel is taking the room until the lease runs out.”

That was a relief, but it meant that I had burnt my bridges and there was no going back on my decision to live with Doctor Peter Finch.

Six ~ Double trouble.

Peter arrived just before eight. He was driving a white transit van that belonged to a friend of his. It had three seats in the front and there was more than enough space in the back for all my belongings. I left behind something more precious though – my friendship with Kelly. It wasn't broken because she was homophobic. She wasn't. It was because she thought I had deceived her.

Zoe sat next to the window on the double seat, then there was a gap between Peter and me. "Your friend was quiet, Tess," Peter said, once we were on the main road.

"That's my fault," Zoe said, then put her hand on my thigh, just above my knee. "We were fooling around which made her think we were lesbians."

Peter chuckled. "Sounds like she was jealous of you having a new friend, Tess."

I hadn't thought of that. I tried to remember if Kelly had ever made a pass at me when we were either semi-naked or in our underwear together. I tried to recall if she ever made suggestive comments like my boss, Roger Baker had when we were dining together. The answer was no, she hadn't.

"I had it all under control until Zoe started calling me babe and putting her arm around me."

"It sounds like you two have hit it off. What do you want to eat tonight?" Peter asked.

He had successfully changed the subject. We all agreed on Chinese, so we had to wait in the van while Peter went into the restaurant to get it. 20 minutes later, Peter was reversing the van into one of his three garages.

After turning the ignition off, he turned to look over his shoulder at the shadowy contents of the load space. “Tess, those bags and boxes are your past. You’re not going to need anything in those bags. In fact, I recommend that I take them to the tip and get rid of them.”

I was gobsmacked. “Peter, you can’t be serious. I spent a lot of money on some of those clothes.”

“Well, I’m going to buy you a new set. I’ve already made a start. You’ll see. Grab the carrier bags and get out.”

I followed Zoe and as soon as I closed the door, I stopped her. “Zoe, I whispered. “Do you think he’s serious?”

“I told you that I didn’t see anything worth keeping. Fuck, Tess, the guy’s offering to buy you a new set of clothes...”

“You two, get round here,” Peter shouted.

We hurried around, then followed him through a connecting door to the garage

where he kept his Mercedes.

“Nice car,” Zoe muttered. Peter disarmed the alarm, then let us into the house.

“Follow me,” he said once we had removed our coats.

He led us to a different bedroom which was larger than the previous one where I changed. It was beautifully furnished in dusty pinks and was obviously intended for a girl to occupy. There were two piles of clothes neatly stacked on the bed.

He pointed at them. “Take a quick shower, then put those outfits on. When you have dressed and put your hair in bunches, say ‘Roxanne, we are ready’. She will tell you what to do. Do you understand, girls?”

“Yes, Master,” I replied.

“Um, yes, Sir,” Zoe replied.

I put my hand up. “Master, um, will Roxanne recognize my voice?”

“Yes, I switched her to standard mode.”

“Um, what about the chastity devices?”

He looked at me sternly. “They stay in for the time being.”

He turned and strode out of the room. Zoe turned to me. “Who the hell is Roxanne?”

“She’s his digital assistant. The whole house is controlled by her.”

“Fuck, that’s cool. He must be a millionaire.”

Zoe was looking around the room wistfully as if she would be able to see the owner of the robotic voice. I grasped her hand and led her to the bed.

“Come on, Zoe, that grotty cheese sandwich you made me was nowhere near enough to sate my hunger. Let’s get a move-on.”

She reached down and picked up a baby blue satin corset from the top of the pile. “Can I wear the blue set...” She fell silent because beneath it, laying on a matching skirt, was a gold, metal collar.

Zoe discarded the corset and picked up the collar. It opened as she lifted it because it was hinged at the front. I pushed aside the pink corset and found an identical collar.

Zoe studied the collar. “It’s a control collar, Tess. Look at that...” She pointed at the slim box on one end. It had a slot in it for the bayonet fitting at the end of the other half of the collar. “The gubbins is in there. If we misbehave, Peter will be able to punish us.”

“That’s awful. Do you sell these restraints at your store?”

“Yes, from the catalogue. Special order only. Peter didn’t buy this from ‘Fetish Where?’. I’m sure of that.

“So, he had this bondage gear already. That’s not good,” I mused.

“We’d better get showered. If we don’t give him a reason to punish us, we’ll be okay.”

I unbuttoned my skirt. “So, you think we should wear the collars?”

“Tess, I’m wet with anticipation. I’m guessing that Peter has got something special in store for us.”

I unbuttoned my blouse. “I wish I had your courage. I’m getting cold feet...”

“I’ve never been in a situation like this. Peter hasn’t got the wealth to buy any gear like those things.” She nodded at the pile of expensive looking fetish gear.

Anxious and mildly embarrassed to be naked in front of Zoe – a girl who appeared to be comfortable in humiliating situations, I followed her into the bathroom. I then waited while she stepped into the large cubicle, turned the water on and tested the temperature. I couldn't help studying her body and marvelling at its uncanny resemblance to mine.

Her tits were slightly larger than mine and her shoulders weren't quite so square. I had darker areolas, but they were minor differences that wouldn't show when we put some normal clothes on.

When she beckoned me under the shower, I was thrilled to join her. After mucking around on the bed and experiencing her sucking my nipple, I just wanted to return the enthusiasm and explore her body even though Peter told us to be quick.

Zoe handed me the soap, seemingly reading my thoughts. "Wash my body, girl." A submissive in the company of men, the teenager readily adopted the dominant role when we were alone together.

Zoe held her arms away from her body and parted her legs so that I could lather every inch of her firm, teenage body. I started with her legs, then massaged her perfectly formed peach, her flat tummy, firm tits, shoulders, neck, arms and finally, her cheeky face. It was so much fun I couldn't help wondering why I had been such a prude in the past.

She revelled in the attention, I suspected because, like me, she had never been loved. We were two peas in a pod, two birds of a feather who had run into the same dominant Master. But, would we see each other again, once she had helped

Peter settle me into his home? I wanted her to stay but that would mean sharing Peter with her.

I was certain that she, like me, was hoping Peter would give her the shafting of her life when he finally removed her chastity device. I wasn't sure how I felt about that.

We giggled and laughed as we dried each other's bodies, standing in front of the mirror robes. I had an idea. "Roxanne, unlock the wardrobes."

'Tess, you do not have the authorization to request a level one action.'

We turned to face each other. When Zoe made a face at me, we both burst out laughing. "You don't have authorization," she said, trying to mimic the digital voice.

'Tess, Zoe, the clock is ticking,' came the response from Roxanne.

"Roxanne, how much time do we have left?" Zoe asked.

'Zoe, there are three minutes, fifty-four seconds and counting to the first marker.'

"What happens then?" Zoe asked.

“Roxanne, what happens if we’re not ready by the first marker?”

‘You will both be punished via the Roth twin X twenty-one.’

“Fuck, that’s the chastity device. Help me on with the corset, then I’ll do yours.”

Zoe wrapped the blue corset around her body and connected the busk fastening at the front, then I was able to tighten the laces and tie a bow at the top. The corset had ledges to push our tits up, but we hardly needed them.

“Phew, mine’s tight,” Zoe said just before she started tightening mine.

“Oh, go easy,” I muttered as she pulled the cords, working her way up until she got to the top. “I can hardly breathe.”

She slapped my ass. “You’ll get used to it. I wear similar corsets in the store, but they cover my tits.”

The short skirt, with its layer of dark pink tulle petticoats, fastened to strips of Velcro sewn around the waist of the corset. The pink satin skirt was for show only and would only cover my butt cheeks and my mon but wouldn’t offer me any protection when I moved around the house or bent over. I needed panties but there were none. There were pink holdups along with a pair of pink stilettos.

I had just sat down on the bed when there was a ping from the speaker.
'Attention. Ten seconds to the first marker.'

"Fuck!" exclaimed Zoe who was just about to pull her second stocking on.
"Roxanne, we are ready," she said boldly.

I pulled the stocking onto my foot...

'Zoe, that is a false statement.'

"Uhhhhhh!" Zoe cried, then slipped from the bed and dropped to her knees.
"Pleeeeeeeeeeeze stop," she cried while clutching at her groin.

I stared down at the distressed teenager. Then, it was my turn. "Fuck!" I exclaimed when an explosive pain ignited deep in my belly. The pain was intense, but it was over quickly. I instinctively doubled over until the residual dull ache dissipated.

"My God," Zoe muttered after returning to the bed. "That'll teach me!"

"You never said the device could punish us!" I said angrily while I pulled my stocking up.

Zoe's face was ashen. I probably looked shocked as well. I hurriedly started my second stocking. We both continued in silence, mulling over the ramifications. Finally, having donned the corsets, skirts, stockings, shoes and tied our hair in bunches, we were left with the collars.

"I'll fit yours first, Tess," Zoe said after picking up the one from my side. "Don't be alarmed when you feel it grip your neck. It must be in contact to work."

I couldn't believe that I was allowing Zoe to fit a collar restraint around my neck, moments after I had been zapped by the chastity device. I was falling under Peter's control and he wasn't even the one fitting the restraints...

Seven ~ The chastity device.

The collar wasn't uncomfortable, but it scared me when I felt the lining pressing against my skin.

"It's self-adjusting," Zoe said after the box at the back started clicking after she inserted the bayonet in the slot. It fell silent. "There, all done."

I immediately took hold of the inch high strip of metal to see how loose it was. I couldn't get a finger behind it. "That's gripping my neck, Zoe."

"Yes, it looks alright to me, but show it to Peter, he'll probably know whether it's too tight. Do mine quickly."

"Roxanna, we are ready," I said as soon as I had connected Zoe's collar and it had stopped clicking. We stood, facing each other, like two 'Fetish Where?' mannequins, waiting for our instructions.

'Tess, Zoe, your collars are activated. You are allowed to say one four-word sentence per minute. They must contain one of the following words, Roxanne, Zoe, Tess, Master, Sir or Ma'am. Any deviation will result in a punishment. Do you both understand the instruction?'

I thought for a moment. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Yes, Ma'am," Zoe repeated.

‘Zoe, go to the kitchen where you will find your dinner on the bar. Heat yours in the microwave. Tess will join you soon. Tess, Doctor Finch requires your presence in the lounge.’

We raced down the stairs. I wasn’t far behind Zoe, who was, like me, looking totally bemused. I stood in the hall until she reached the kitchen doorway. She gave me a wave, then disappeared inside. The lounge was at the other end of the hall, on the right. I could hear classical music filtering past the partially open door. Then, I caught the sound of a man’s voice that wasn’t Peters.

I wrung my hands together as I pushed the door open. Peter was sitting in the far leather chair and immediately spotted me. “Tess! Come in, I want you to meet three of my colleagues from the hospital.”

Oh my god, I thought! Three doctors are about to see me dressed in a bizarre, lewd costume. What on earth were they going to think of me? I wasn’t wearing any panties and my tits were thrusting out boldly over the top of the corset.

I was expecting lots of sex, even bizarre sex with Peter, but I didn’t expect him to involve other people in his perverted fetishes. The terrible thing was that I couldn’t say anything. I wanted to stay by the door, but Peter was gesticulating.

“Master, I’m very shy,” was my attempt to save myself from an embarrassing encounter.

“Tess, come in, my guests are waiting to meet you.”

The solid, three-inch heels on the pink shoes clicked on the polished wood strip floor. I knew they improved my posture and that I looked incredibly sexy in the saucy French music hall-like costume, but that made the situation even worse. By the time I arrived in front of the TV, I was trembling like a leaf. I rested my hands on the front of my skirt to hide my mons and peeping labia, but my tits were bare for all to see.

“Here she is...” Peter said with pride in his voice. “This is Tess. Tess, say hello to my guests.”

He pointed to each one as he said their names. Doctor Henry was a middle-aged black man. Doctor Barrington was a middle-aged white man and Doctor Moore was an attractive youngish woman. She was sitting in the chair beside Peter while the two male doctors were sitting on the sofa.

“Hello, Sir... Hello, Sir... Hello, Ma’am,” I said carefully with a break between the sentences. I had to concentrate hard to stop myself speaking freely.

“Peter, Tess is gorgeous. Where have you been hiding her?” The white male doctor on the left said.

“Tess is twenty-one and has been working as a legal secretary,” Peter informed the other three. “She works in St Albans.”

“Tess, is your collar comfortable?” Doctor Henry asked.

I couldn't help noticing the black doctor's interest in my breasts. His eyes kept flitting between my face and my tits. I lifted my hand to the collar. "Sir, it's a bit..."

"Tight?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Come here, let me take a look." He parted his knees in readiness for my arrival.

They all watched me expectantly as I slowly stepped forward. The doctor didn't move, so I had to lean forward. Then, he lifted his hands, brushing my nipples on the way up, before gripped the collar gently. He eased it up and down, then twisted it slightly back and forth.

"It's fine, Tess. You'll soon get used to wearing one."

"Oh, I, er... Sir." I recovered just in time.

He touched my lips. "Be careful what you say."

"Yes, Sir, I will."

“Tess, come and stand over here.” Peter pointed to the floor in the gap between his chair and Doctor Moore’s.

Relieved to be retreating beyond the black doctor’s reach, I walked over and stood in the narrow space. “Tess, Doctor Moor’s speciality, is gynaecology. I would like her to check out the Roth twin ‘X’ twenty-one. She would like to explain the purpose of her visit first.”

I turned toward the woman, fully aware that my naked ass was within inches of where Peter’s hand rested on the arm of his chair.

“Tess, relax. Doctor Henry, Doctor Barrington and I are here to take a look at you and decide if you’re suitable to join the Respect fellowship. Did Doctor Finch mention that to you?”

“Um, yes, Ma’am.”

“The device you’re wearing has nothing to do with the vetting process, but your response to orders does. I would like you to go and kneel on the sofa between Doctor Henry and Doctor Barrington.” She reached down on the other side of the chair and retrieved a small leather doctor’s bag.

“Um, Ma’am...” I looked around at Peter for help.

“Tess, do as you’re told,” he responded firmly.

With four pairs of eyes demanding my compliance, I slowly walked over to the sofa and climbed on the edge, on my knees. The male doctors had conveniently left a space between them, probably as part of the plan to examine me.

I put my hands on the back of the sofa and waited while the female doctor donned a pair of surgical gloves. I was thinking of my latex fetish when she withdrew a tube a cream and a wad of tissues from her bag, then stood up. “Tess, dip your head into the cushion, so I can examine the chastity device,” she said as she approached.

It wasn’t the device I was worried about it was my naked ass. Showing it to the three doctors was going to be the worst moment in my short life. It was going to be a moment of extreme humiliation and degradation.

Surrounded by professional doctors on both sides and behind me, I could see no alternative but to bury my head in the seat and try and shut the world out while the doctors examined my nether region and the infernal stainless-steel chastity device. Why the hell did I let Zoe fit it in the first place? I wondered, miserably.

“There’s a good girl,” Doctor Barrington said on my right. He twisted and placed his left hand on my head and his right hand on my raised butt cheek. “Right down, Tess. We’ll steady you while Doctor Moore examines the device.”

To my absolute horror, Doctor Henry turned in his seat and placed his left hand on my right cheek. Then, both men pulled my cheeks apart, presumably to give Doctor Moore a better sight of the way the device fitted in my orifices.

“Tess, this won’t take more than a couple of minutes,” the gynaecologist said behind me. I heard a click and the pressure ease on my clitoral ridge.

“How long has Tess been wearing it, Peter?” she asked.

“Well, it was fitted at lunchtime, so about seven hours,” Peter said.

“This is a good time to examine her vulva and orifices then. Please bring my bag over. I’ll take some swabs.”

I could hardly believe what I was hearing, but it sounded as if the doctor was really going to give me a gynaecological examination while I was hunched over on the sofa.

A mixture of dread and excitement coursed through my body as the doctor slowly withdrew the stainless-steel ribbed dildo and shield from my clitoral ridge. “Clean that, Don,” she said to one of the men.

She didn’t waste a moment of time, for she immediately inserted two latex clad digits into my quim, then had a good feel around, testing my internal walls. The fingers slipped out and dipped into my furrow where they pushed my lips apart, then pulled and rubbed my most intimate flesh.

Her methods were far more intimate and arousing than any examination I had

ever had and it came close to triggering my orgasm. Those sensations dimmed when she moved up to the stopper on the end of the butt plug.

“I need your help here, Tess. You push it out and I’ll pull.”

“Uhhhhhhh,” I groaned while trying to force the monstrosity out of my tightest orifice. “Ahhhhhh,” I gasped when it suddenly shot out and I was free of the intruder.

She must have handed it to the other doctor for her hands were suddenly free. She inserted a thumb in my loose ring and ran it around the rim. “Your anal muscles are in excellent shape, Tess. The plug is a vital part of strengthening their grip during anal sex. I’m going to take swabs, then apply some ointment before replacing the Roth twin.

I couldn’t move or say anything without the risk of the collar punishing me. I had to crouch on the sofa while having my cheeks pulled apart and my orifices oiled. She dried the area with tissue first, then smeared a glob of ointment on each entrance before thrusting her latex clad digits in as far as they would go.

While she eased them back and forth in my quim, she rubbed her thumb up and down my ridge, deep in my furrow. That’s when she triggered my orgasm. I moaned softly into the seat and began trembling violently.

“That’s an excellent reaction, Tess. Let us help you increase the intensity…” Each male doctor reached under me and started to twist and pinch one each of my aching nipples.

Then, with their free hands, they joined Doctor Moore's attack on my most sensitive spots. With my naked ass pointing in the air, one man plunged two thick digits into my anus while the other frigged my vagina with his equally huge fingers. But the cherry on the cake was Doctor Moore's expert masturbatory skills as she rubbed and crushed my clitoral flesh with a ferocity that sent my libido spiralling into the stratosphere.

"Ohhhhhhhh, Sir, Sir," I sighed softly as I was transported into an orgasmic world. "Sir, Sir, oh, oh."

Then, after the thrill ride of my lifetime, my muffled voice trailed off, for I realized my orifices were empty. The hands still gripped my butt cheeks, to steady me so the doctor could continue her work. Moments later, the pointy part of the butt plug was back, smoothly slipping inside my lax entrance.

"Ohhhhh, Master," I groaned, because even though it had a smooth entry, I suffered a deep ache in my back passage.

Then, the curved, ribbed dildo easily burrowed into my quim as if it belonged inside my succulent nest. I cringed when I realized that the male doctors were the ones pulling my labia apart, having finally released my highly sensitive nipples. Seconds later, their work was complete once the two parts of the chastity device were connected and the shield was once again flattening my clitoral flesh.

"All done, Tess. Up you get," Doctor Henry said, then gently cupped my right tit and lifted me into an upright position.

“Ohh, er, thanks, Sir,” I mumbled.

“Tess, you’ve passed the first stage of the vetting procedure with flying colours,” Doctor Barrington said.

I slipped back off the sofa and stood up on shaky legs. My head was spinning and my thoughts were fuzzy, but I had the wherewithal to respond politely.

“Th... thank you, Sir.”

“Tess...” I turned to face Peter. “I’m a stickler for politeness. Doctor Moore and Doctor Barrington are leaving once they have met Zoe. I want you to kiss them goodbye, then curtsy before you go to the kitchen for your dinner.”

“Yes, Master.”

I went to Doctor Moore first. When I bent forward, she lifted her hands so that my tits docked with them. She gave them a gentle squeeze as I kissed her on the lips.

“It was nice to meet you, Tess. I’m sure I’m going to be seeing a lot more of you.” Huh, I thought, there wasn’t much more to see!

“Thank you, Ma’am.”

Doctor Barrington smiled as I bent forward. He performed the same groping tactic as the lady had, only he gripped my tits to encourage me to lengthen the kiss.

I cringed for a few seconds until he released my tits. “Tess, it’s been a pleasure to meet you,” he said. I vaguely wondered what his medical speciality was as I stepped back to perform a curtsy.

The group watched in silence as I backed away toward the door. “Tess,” Peter called out. “Once you’ve eaten your dinner, Roxanne will inform you of your next task.”

“Thank you, Master.”

Red faced and still quivering from the overdose of sexual stimulation, I closed the door behind me and stood still while I got my bearings. I hardly knew what I was doing and couldn’t fathom out how I came to be meeting strangers in a millionaire’s house, while half naked. For a moment, I was lost and confused and somewhat angry by the way I had been treated by the doctors.

Then, I recalled the incredible climax I had experienced and the sustained pleasure their probing fingers provided. The doctors had shown me a glimpse of another world. A mystery fetish world where Doctor Peter Finch wanted to take me on a journey.

It would be a dangerous world of pain and pleasure, but I wasn’t sure if I wanted

to tread the path with him. However, if Zoe was by my side, I might be able to pluck up the courage to stay with Peter for a little while longer...

Eight ~ Controlled and punished.

When I entered the kitchen, Zoe was standing at the sink washing a plate. She turned and looked relieved. “Tess, you’ve been a long time.”

I put my finger to my lips. “Can I speak, Zoe?”

She laughed, then came to me. “Roxanne said that we can speak freely in the kitchen, but as soon as we step into the hall, the collars are armed again.” She took a closer look at me. “Why are you so flushed, Tess? Have you been having sex?”

“Huh!” I let a heavy breath out. “There are four doctors in the lounge and they’ve just put me through the ringer.”

“Oh, okay. I’ll get the details later. Roxanne said that I’ve got to report to the lounge as soon as you get back. I’d better go. Thanks for the warning. I’m desperate for a shag,” were her final words as she hurried away to report to Peter.

I sighed deeply again, then examined the Chinese meal that had been put on a large white plate for me. I popped it into the microwave and set it for three minutes. I then went over to the countertop and examined a glass jug, half full of what looked like orange juice. I poured a drop and when I was satisfied, I filled a glass and placed it on the breakfast bar.

“Roxanne, can I go to the bedroom and fetch my bag?”

‘No, Tess. You must stay in the kitchen until Zoe returns or I issue you with an instruction.’

I wanted my phone. I didn’t want to ring anyone in particular, I wanted to look at social media while I ate. The pinger went so I recovered my dinner and perched myself on a stool. I had hardly had any food all day, so the substantial meal was most welcome. I took my time while I mulled over my sudden transformation from an office worker, nicknamed ‘mouse’, to the girlfriend of a millionaire, who for all I knew was the perviest man on the planet.

Peter had managed to turn my mild fetish for latex into a desire to wear the substance wherever I went. He obviously wanted to introduce me to wearing bondage items and experience sadistic practices that I had never imagined existed. ‘Fetish Where?’ had a large selection of items to choose from but the Roth twin device was from a BDSM catalogue.

Coercing me into wearing the chastity device and the staged assault on my young body, were moves clearly designed to groom me to the point where I considered their actions normal behaviour. I didn’t think it could ever be ‘normal’ for me, but they had demonstrated the thrilling rewards achievable during their ‘game’, for that’s most surely what it was.

The stainless-steel Roth twin I was sitting on and the collar around my neck meant that while I was in the house, I was totally under Peter’s and his digital assistant’s control. That would change, either later, when I went to bed with Peter, or in the morning when he took us to work.

I had to think carefully about my future. I didn’t think that Zoe would be staying

so I either had to stay with Peter and learn how to be a well-behaved submissive, or crawl back to Kelly and plead her to let me have the tiny spare room.

I ate every last morsel, cleaned the plate and was sitting at the bar drinking my orange when Zoe finally returned. I took one look at her face and knew that she had experienced a similar fate to me.

“Did Doctor Moore check out the chastity device?”

She nodded. “Now I know what you meant by being put through the ringer. Those doctors know how to make a girl gush, heh?” She retrieved a glass from the draining board. “I need a drink.” As she poured the orange, I could see her hands trembling. She sat down on a stool opposite me and sipped her drink. “Well, she put my device back in my holes. Yours too?”

I nodded. “Did they talk about a vetting process while you were in there?” I asked.

“No, but they asked me some personal questions. The lady doctor...”

“Doctor Moore.”

“Yes, her. After she had finished putting the chastity device back in, she asked me if I wanted a more stable relationship than the one I had with Simon.”

“Are you unhappy living with him?”

“He’s okay, but he doesn’t pay me much attention. Simon fools around a lot and ignores me some of the time. The sex is good though.”

“You told the doctors all that?”

“Yes, they asked me a lot of questions as if they were interviewing me for a job.”

“Maybe they were,” I mused.

“What sort of a job could a bunch of doctors offer me?” Zoe asked.

“I don’t know. It’s ten-fifteen. What do you think is going to happen now?”

“They seemed cosy and not about to budge...”

“I think two of the doctors are going home...” I was interrupted by Roxanne.

‘Tess, Zoe, tidy the kitchen, then go to the pink bedroom and remove your clothes. Inform me as soon as you are ready.’

“Oh, something’s happening,” Zoe said, as we slipped off the stools and headed for the sink. “Roxanne, how much time do we have to the first marker?” Zoe asked.

‘Zoe, Tess, you both have five minutes.’

“We’d better get a move on,” I said. I quickly rinsed my glass, placed it on the drainer, then led Zoe out into the hall. “This way.” There was no one around to see us dart up the stairs, along the landing and into the pink bedroom.

I was removing the skirt from the Velcro strips and kicking off my shoes as we scurried into the bedroom. I then managed to squeeze the material of the corset and undo the busk fastening. When I sat down, naked above my stockings, Zoe was still struggling with her corset.

“It’s too tight, Tess...” I jumped up, pulled the bow open, then loosened the laces. “Got it, Tess!” she exclaimed, then allowed the corset to fall to the floor.

She joined me on the edge of the bed and peeled her stockings off. Zoe jumped to her feet. “Roxanne, we are ready.”

“No, wait, Zoe!” I cried, trying to silence her because of the clothes strewn on the floor.

‘Zoe, Tess, that is a false statement.’

I was bending down to pick up Zoe's corset when twin stabbing sensations pierced the sides of my neck. "Ahhhhh."

I pitched forward and fell to the floor while clawing at the collar, which was clearly the source of the awful sensations. The pain only lasted a second, but it was enough to disable me momentarily and bring tears to my eyes.

"Uhhhhh," Zoe groaned beside me. She had fallen onto her hands and knees. "What the fuck!"

"Zoe, tidy them. Quick." She instantly understood.

I climbed to my feet, then between us, we returned the two sets of clothes to the original state to when we found them. We stood up, side by side. 'Roxanne we are ready,' I said confidently.

'Tess, Zoe, you have five minutes to toilet, then return to the bedroom.'

We shrugged at each other and filed into the bathroom. We took it in turns to have a wee and wash our faces, then after a hug, returned to the room. One of the wardrobe doors was open. I walked around it and looked inside. There were drawers in the bottom half and dresses in the top half.

"Peter was lying, Zoe," I exclaimed.

Naked, Zoe pushed up against me to scan the interior. “So, what, Tess?”

“He said he didn’t have any...” “Ahhhhhhh!” I cried when the collar punished me again. I had to walk around for a minute to calm down and stem the flow of tears.

‘Tess, Zoe, select skirts from the top drawer and trainers from the bottom, then put them on.’

I pulled the top drawer open and discovered that it contained a pile of pleated miniskirts. There were six, all different colours. Without thinking, I handed the baby blue one to Zoe and took the pink one for myself, because they were on top. The skirts were tight around our waist and only just covered our butt cheeks.

Zoe knelt down and pulled out the deeper drawer. It was full of white Nike trainers. There were six pairs in sizes from three and a half to five.

“Zoe, this is mine.” I chose a four and a half and she chose a four.

I waited until we had both donned the trainers and tidied the drawers before telling Roxanne that we were ready.

‘Tess, Zoe, Doctor Finch is waiting for you in the fitness room.’

“Roxanna, where is it?”

‘The fitness room is the last room at the end of the landing.’

I grabbed Zoe’s hand and together we raced along the landing and stopped at the door. I was once again filled with a mixture of dread and excitement. However, I was with Zoe, which gave me the confidence to open the door and walk into the well-lit room.

Even though I had never seen such a well-equipped fitness room in a private house, I wasn’t surprised because Peter was clearly obsessed with keeping fit.

Nine ~ Fitness examination

The room was huge and having examined many house plans, I calculated that the room spanned the three garages. It was filled with fitness machines. There was everything from rowing to cycling to weightlifting, to machines I couldn't identify. The equipment was complex and of the highest quality, so it was easy to see how Peter kept himself in such good shape.

Only Peter and Doctor Henry were in the fitness room. They were dressed in normal clothes and were wandering around, examining the equipment. They stopped when we entered.

Peter gestured to us. "Tess, Zoe, come over here." He pointed at a large blue mat.

We made a beeline for it through the machines and stepped onto the mat just as they arrived on the other side.

"Tess, Zoe, it's late, so we won't make you do any lengthy exercises. But, Doctor Henry, who is a physiotherapist, would like to see both of you perform a dozen squat thrusts on the mat. He will recommend a fitness routine for you once he has had a chance to watch and feel your muscles in action. Do either of you know what squat thrusts are?"

I didn't have a clue, but Zoe did. She lifted her hand. "I do, Sir."

"By the way, girls, your collars aren't live in here," Peter said.

“Zoe, take your skirt off and show Tess how it’s done,” Doctor Henry ordered.

“Oh, okay, Sir.” Zoe was slightly hesitant but did as she was told.

The skirt offered us a modicum of decency but once again the doctors wanted us to remove our last item of clothing under the pretence of another medical examination.

When Zoe discarded the skirt, she didn’t appear to be as shy as I was. She dropped to her hands and knees, then stretched her legs out and bent her elbows, so that her tits were closer to the mat.

The black doctor squatted beside her. “Zoe, I want you to do the first six, then stop and move your feet about eighteen inches apart.”

The doctor watched her carefully as she suddenly brought her feet forward and then jumped them back. The teenager repeated the exercise six times, then stopped and parted her legs. In a way, the chastity device saved her blushes, but her plump labia remained the focal point of her stance.

Her parting her thighs was the signal for Doctor Henry to examine her muscles. He reached out and felt her arms first, then her shoulders, her torso, her cute ass and then finally her thighs. He thoroughly groped every part of her body, but she didn’t turn a hair while he went about the examination.

“You can continue, Zoe,” he said, then stood up and moved to her feet for a

different view of her movement. “Very good, Zoe,” Doctor Henry said as soon as she was finished. “Now stand up and stretch your arms above your head. Try and reach the ceiling. That’s it.”

Zoe went onto tiptoe while the doctor once again felt her muscles, from her calves to her forearms. What worried me though was when he grasped her tits, which were very taut due to her stretched posture.

Finally, he stepped back. “You can put your skirt on, Zoe.” He turned to me. “Your turn, Tess.”

Both he and Peter watched me keenly as I unfastened my skirt and let it drop to the floor. Performing that act would have been inconceivable a few days earlier. My coyness hadn’t disappeared altogether, but Tess’s presence gave me the strength to undress in front of a stranger, while she stood beside Peter to watch my effort.

“The girls are remarkably similar,” Doctor Henry said, as I dropped to my hands and knees. I felt terribly self-conscious of my naked state, despite the man being a qualified physiotherapist. I stretched out and lowered my upper body until my elbows were bent.

“Um, shall I start, Doctor?” I asked.

“Yes, do six, just like Zoe.”

I wasn't very good at squat thrusts. Zoe's had been crisp and rapid while I felt mine were laboured. When I stopped at six, Doctor Henry followed the same procedure, feeling and rubbing my muscles down the entire length of my body. I quivered anxiously when he squeezed and kneaded my butt cheeks and when he massaged my upper thighs. He was clumsy and carelessly rubbed my labia with the side of his hand during the examination.

I was thankful that I was wearing the chastity device because it denied him access to my holes. I survived though and continued until I had completed the exercise. Standing with my arms in the air was more problematic for me, for I was sure that my tits weren't anything to do with a physiotherapist's remit.

He checked out the rest of my body, but it was my breasts that he lingered on. I remained silent when he fondled them and tested the firmness of my nipples. I sighed with relief when he told me to put my skirt on.

"Girl's we're finished up here for today. Follow us," Peter ordered.

The pair led us downstairs to the lounge and over to the patio doors. My spirits plunged when I saw that the lights were low and the curtains were drawn. Once again, the Christmas lights were shining brightly on the tree at the bottom of the garden. I had a nasty feeling that I was once again going to have to run through the snow and around the tree.

"Sir, that's beautiful," Zoe gasped. Little did she know the reason for showing it to us!

It had been a cold day, but it hadn't snowed again. Yesterday's snow still lay on

the grass in one wide, white blanket, only disturbed by two sets of footprints heading toward the tree.

“Zoe, you and Tess are going to race against each other. You will run around the tree and back, here. The loser will receive three strokes of the cane.” He pointed to the rug we were standing on. “When you return, I want to see you both upright, on your knees, with your hands in the praying position.”

Zoe looked at me as if to ask, ‘Is he serious?’ I nodded and grimaced. She got the message that he was.

“Girls, once you step outside, your collars are deactivated. However, if I detect any cheating or slacking, then you’ll both get three strokes. Understand?”

“Yes, Master,” we chorused.

Doctor Henry looked down on us with a serious expression on his face. “Girls, your response to our commands will tell us if you are suitable candidates to join the ‘Respect Fellowship’”.

“Roxanne, open the patio doors,” Peter ordered. The glass barrier slowly parted, whereupon a blast of cold air rushed into the room. “Go, girls!”

Peter’s attempted slap only just made contact with my skirt, for I instantly leapt out into the cold windy night, the moment I heard the word ‘go’. I caught Zoe by surprise as my trainers gripped the frozen snow underfoot and helped me get a

good start.

“Tess, you don’t stand a chance,” she shouted at me. “I’m going to beat you!”

I heard her loud and clear over the howling wind. “No, you won’t!” I replied.

I could take the punishment, but I wanted to win. I wanted to show Peter that I was strong, despite my submissive nature. Unfortunately, Zoe slowly caught up with me, but I was first around the tree. We were halfway back when I heard her heavy breaths almost level with me.

“Sorry, Tess, but I’m a lot fitter than you.” She spoke breathlessly while putting in a spurt that took her past me.

“Ahhhhh!” I cried in frustration as I tried desperately to find the energy to stay with her, but I couldn’t.

By the time I jumped up the step into the lounge, Zoe had dropped to her knees and lifted her hands, I didn’t see what she was looking at until I too had dropped onto my knees.

“Roxanne, close the patio doors,” came a command from the shadows.

Standing in darkness, about six feet away, were two naked figures. Peter and

Doctor Henry stepped forward until their massive, erect cocks were touching our praying hands.

I grasped Peter's as much to warm my hands than to toss him off. "Master, it's freezing out there."

"Then, hurry, girls. Use your mouths and when you've drunk our cum, you can take a dip in the hot tub."

Zoe, beside me, didn't waste any time. She had already grasped her doctor's black cock and wrapped her lips around its plum-shape crown. I followed suit, hoping that I wouldn't disgrace myself when I tried to swallow Peter's stout shaft. I was fine sucking and lolly popping the end but knew my Master wanted his crown to feel the grip of my throat.

I had always dreaded the moment when a man asked me to devour his snake-like penis. Peter wasn't asking though, he was demanding, using actions like grasping my bunches and urging me to go down on him. It was his efforts, not mine that drove my throat onto his cock.

Then, he provided the power to bob my head, until I was dizzy and disorientated. I was cold, shivering and miserable and yet I accepted that I was performing a perfectly normal sex act on my Master. It was an act I had to learn if I was going to have a relationship with a masterful man like Peter.

"Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh," I grunted with each throat stretching thrust.

“That’s my girl,” he said softly. “You’ve really got the hang of it now.”

I didn’t know how I remained conscious. I just clung onto the base of his cock and balls for dear life while Peter built to a crescendo and finally jettisoned the contents of his balls, deep in my oesophagus.

Finally, free of his snaking cock, I was able to breathe freely and look up at Peter’s smiling face. “You’ve been a good girl, Tess. Try and beat me to the Hot tub.”

After he ordered Roxanna to open the doors, Peter helped me to my feet and managed to slap my ass. “Go.”

Up ahead, I spotted Doctor Henry throwing Zoe into the steaming water. That was my fate too. As I landed in the water with a splash, I hoped that after such an exhausting day, the games were over and that once we had soaked in the tub, we could retire to bed and get some deep sleep.

Ten ~ Sausage for breakfast.

I was woken by the sound of an alarm. When I lifted my head from the pillow, I realized that the sound was from another room, maybe the fitness room. Both Zoe and I were wearing cute cotton crop tops. Like the pleated skirts and other fitness items in the drawers, there was six of everything. Peter said he wanted us to keep the pink/blue thing going so we chose those colours.

I sat up and rubbed the sleep from my eyes. Zoe was lying on the other side of the giant bed, on her back. She looked cute in her baby blue, short sleeve crop top, with its picture of a rabbit's head on it. Mine had a teddy bear's head printed on it.

After we had settled in bed, lying on the sides, as instructed, Peter brought us up a cup of hot chocolate. After I had drank mine, I slipped off to sleep. I assumed that Peter slept between us. The bed and pillows were ruffled which supported my suspicions.

I edged across the sheet and cuddled up to Zoe's side. The moment I laid my hand on her tummy, she opened her eyes and stared up at me.

"My god, I've been woken by an angel," she muttered.

We were relieved when Peter switched out collars off, soon after Doctor Henry left the house and just before he sent us up to his bedroom. Naked, we waited for him, then kissed him goodnight while he fondled our asses. Never had I been so relieved to be going to bed.

It was the second morning I had woken in Peters bed, but I still didn't feel as if I was at home. I was just about to kiss Zoe when she clasped my hand and pushed it down to her mons. The teenager parted her legs, enabling me to stroke her puffy lips but that was as far as I could go. "Fuck this device. When is he going to remove it?" Zoe asked in a frustrated tone.

"All in good time..."

I rolled onto my back to see Peter standing in the doorway. He was wearing a pair of navy-blue shorts and was holding a cane.

"Hello, Master," I said nervously. "Shall we get up and have a shower?"

"No, stay where you are. Roxanne, unlock the ottoman." He strode into the bedroom, laid the cane across the arms of a chair, then went to the cushioned seat/ottoman, positioned under the window. He lifted the lid and delved into the contents. Moments later he pulled out a leather strap that had cuffs attached to it.

He brought it over to the bed, on Zoe's side. "Zoe, do you know how to secure Tess in this?"

She studied the three-foot-long restraint. "Yes, Sir, I do. Simon has one among his toys."

He dropped it beside Zoe. "Secure her in it, then remove her chastity device and collar while I have a shower.

“Um, they’re locked, Sir.”

“Not for long.” He crossed the room to a tall chest of drawers and picked up a remote. There was a click from the device, but nothing moved inside me. The collar opened and I was able to take it off. Zoe also removed hers.

“Remember which device is yours, girls.”

“Um, Sir, what about my Roth twin?” Zoe asked.

“Yours? I promised Simon that I would only remove it once.”

“Oh, I won’t say anything, Sir, if you remove it again.”

I was amused by Zoe’s efforts to try and get Peter to fuck her, but the doctor was having none of it.

“Zoe, just do as I say, or you’ll get three strokes as well.”

I guessed the cane was for me. When Peter went into the bathroom, Zoe rolled off the bed, then placed the black leather strap near the end of the bed, with the four cuffs uppermost. I was about to also roll off the bed, but Zoe stopped me.

“Tess, get on your hands and knees and back up so I can buckle these cuffs around your ankles.”

She was holding the outer cuffs. “Um, are you sure?”

“Yes, just do it.”

I turned and backed up with my butt pointing towards her. She guided my feet, then buckled the cuffs around my ankles. I looked over my shoulder and wondered what the other two cuffs were for.

“Tess, lean forward and reach through between your legs.”

“Are you kidding?”

“No, do it!”

I dropped my shoulders, rested my head on the bedcovers, then reached under my body. Tess grabbed my left hand and pulled the extra couple of inches so she could secure my wrist in the cuff.

“That’s a stretch, Zoe,” I complained. “Heh!” I gasped when she pulled my other

wrist and buckled that into the final cuff. “That’s fucking uncomfortable,” I complained when I found myself secured into a ball with my ass sticking in the air.

“Maybe, but you’re in the perfect position for fucking. Right, let’s get these plugs out so your Master has a choice of two juicy holes.”

“Ooooo,” I gasped when Zoe tugged on the ribbed dildo and disconnected it from the butt plug. The banana shaped stainless-steel dildo easily slid out while the shield also came free, thus releasing from jail my most sensitive pussy flesh.

“Now for the hard part,” Zoe muttered.

The moment I felt her grasp the edges of the disc, I pushed with all my might. The cream Doctor Moore applied and the other two doctors massaged into my orifices, worked wonders, for I was able to eject the fat plug more easily and with less pain.

“Done. I’ve wrapped them in tissue for now.” She ran her fingers over my gaping anal and vaginal entrances. A thrill ran through my body and yet I was as uncomfortable as hell. “I think your holes are as ripe as they’ll ever be,” Zoe added.

I felt her hands settle on my raised butt cheeks, then her tongue licking my labia. “Zoeeeee!” I exclaimed.

“Nice hey?” Moments later she pushed her face against my nether region and started to lap my sex.

“Fucking hell,” I gasped when her ministrations sent unbelievably waves of pleasure throughout my nether region.

Her nose was pushing against my anus as she lapped, sucked and prodded my tender folds and succulent orifice. It wasn't long before an orgasm crashed through my nervous system and sent my senses into a whirl. Then she retreated.

“Sir, Tess is ready for you.”

“Zoe, go to the pink room and shower, then get dressed and go down to the kitchen. I want you to make three omelette and sausage sandwiches. I've left all the items you need on the breakfast bar.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Moments later, Peter steered his cock into my anus. It wasn't the hole I hoped he would spear, but I was pleased that he wanted to be in me.

“Oh, Master, I've been waiting for so long...” Slap! “Owww!”

“Don't exaggerate, Tess.”

“Sorry, Master. It feels good though.”

He stilled when his groin was hard up against my taut peach, then he started to rub my back. “How do you feel about Zoe staying a couple of more days?”

“Oh, um, I’d like that, Master.” He withdrew and rammed his cock into me with some force a couple of times, using my firm cheeks as a convenient buffer. “You would be competing against each other. The girl who pleases me or my guests most would be the one who gets the reward.”

“Like the game running around the tree?” My head was pushed into the covers by my awkward restrained position, but I could make myself heard.

“Maybe. I’m thinking more about your appearance, your behaviour and your response to orders. Things like that. You are both remarkably similar so there are all kinds of competitive tasks I could challenge you with.”

I doubted if I could beat Zoe in a running race, but I was good at applying makeup and understanding etiquette at functions and meetings. “Master, I like Zoe very much, but she would just be a guest in your house, wouldn’t she?”

“Of course, but you’re going to have to work hard if Zoe is keen to stay. Remember, rewards and punishments are two sides of the same coin”

He withdrew, crossed the room, collected the cane and returned to his position behind me.

“Master, I don’t want to be punished.”

“Tess, you lost the race. Do you accept your punishment?”

“Um, yes, I suppose so...” Switt! Switt! Switt! “Waaaaaaaaah!”

I cried at the top of my voice when three lines of fire sliced across the centre of my raised butt cheeks. The day before, Peter had given me a spanking which hurt and warmed my ass, but the bite of the cane was a hundred times worse.

“That hurt!” I cried as tears streamed down my face.

“Calm down Tess, sex is much more enjoyable when your ass is on fire.”

For his second visit, Peter chose my quim, which was in a state of high alert and readiness. “Ooooo,” I muttered. “That’s so cool...”

I had changed my tune completely when the intruder stretched my vaginal walls deliciously. I trembled with anticipation as the real thing replaced the smaller, metal dildo that my quim had gotten used to. My Master’s dick felt so much more alive and powerful.

Being virtually naked, totally restrained and beaten like a slave girl in a bordello, my undoubted submissive nature capitulated to the aggressive attack that Peter mounted. Within seconds he was thrusting his cock into my quim with a ferocity I had never experienced before.

It took just a few seconds for my orgasm to start welling in the pit of my stomach; and then, like a firework rocketing into the sky, the climax burst into a million sparkling stars. I had no idea that sex could provide such a powerful hit like shooting cocaine or some other substance.

As long as he continued pounding his cock into my juicy orifice, my senses spun out of control, like an enormous Catherine wheel nailed to a garage door. Of course, there was only so much energy in Peter's firework. When he reached his explosive moment, he ejaculated to a series of guttural grunts while gripping my hunched body with his powerful hands.

"Oh, Master, that was unbelievable."

"Tess, you are at the beginning of your journey..." He eased out of me. Then, he bent down and unbuckled my wrists.

I pulled my arms through and flopped forward onto my front. The electrical energy that Peter had triggered, was still present in all my nerve endings but it was dimming. I lay on the covers, listening to my heart and my breathing as it gradually slowed down. Slap!"

“Ow!” I rolled over onto my back to find Peter wiping his dick with a tissue.

“Undo the cuffs, then have a quick shower.” He pointed at the two parts of the chastity device wrapped in tissue. “Fit that yourself, then...”

“Oh, do I have to wear it to work, Master?”

He wagged his finger at me. “Don’t question my orders. Fit it, then get dressed in your work clothes. Zoe is probably already downstairs making the breakfast. It’s seven forty, Tess. We have time for a quick breakfast before we leave, if you hurry.”

After releasing my ankles, I stumbled off the bed and approached Peter who was getting dressed. He had just pulled on a pair of boxer shorts when he grabbed me around the waist. “Tess, don’t say anything to Zoe about staying. I would like to sound her out.”

“What if Peter won’t release her?”

His accusatory stare told me he thought I was questioning him again. He squeezed me against his body. “Peter will agree.” He then pulled me up and kissed me on the lips. It was an aggressive snog which I responded to for the twenty seconds it lasted.

He released me and slapped my ass. “Get a move on.”

I hurried into the bathroom, used the toilet, then jumped in the shower. While I washed my hair and body, I mulled over Peter's apparent change of attitude. He could be firm and nice, or firm and mean. I liked the former, but to enjoy that side of his character, I was going to have to put up with some of the latter. Maybe a lot of the latter...

Eleven ~ Unexpected news.

I learnt several things at breakfast and during the journey in Peter's car, to St Albans. Firstly, Zoe was a very good cook. Her omelette and sausage sandwiches were delicious. We ate our food, tidied the kitchen and were on the road by ten past eight.

Peter laid the groundwork with Zoe by asking her if she had enjoyed herself during her stay. When she replied that she did, he asked her if she would like to stay a few more days. The cheeky teenager didn't hesitate to say that she would if Peter agreed. Apparently, Peter was a workaholic and spent most of his waking hours working on his business.

I also learnt that Doctor Henry, who was the head of the vetting committee, had approved both Zoe and me. With the vetting process out of the way, Peter would be able to take both of us to the Fellowship's Christmas party on Friday evening. The news meant that I would be attending two parties on consecutive nights.

I was worried about Peter's insistence that I wear the chastity device. I managed to insert it after soaping my anus and the plug. It was the third time that it had entered my back passage and it was the easiest and least painful. I was worried about connecting the two parts together, having never done it before.

However, once I had inserted the banana shaped dildo and eased the shield between my lips, the metal jack easily slotted into the socket on the end of the dildo; and automatically locked in place. Peter watched me insert the device, then opened another robe for me in the pink room. It contained girl's fetish wear, including schoolgirl and maid's outfits. However, it was the underwear drawers

that interested me.

I chose a pair of white cotton, full panties and a simple bra that was designed for very young tits. I also found a pair of thigh-length black socks. Peter smiled while he watched me dress in the items. He obviously had many fetishes and it was only a matter of time before he introduced them to me.

My skirt, blouse and cardigan were reasonably clean, so I was happy with my outfit and was ready for work. The office was only open till one o'clock because it was the day before Christmas Eve. The big boss, Roger Baker, was going to hand out the bonuses and if it was like the previous year, distribute some Christmas Presents as well.

The traffic on the motorway was heavy and for once I was going to be late. Peter didn't seem too concerned when he pulled to a stop in the firm's car park at 9:10. I spent the journey sitting in the back with Zoe, looking at social media. I messaged ahead to my boss, Alan Thomas, that I would be a few minutes late.

Peter could see that I was irritated at being late. "It's the last day of the working year, Tess. I'm sure your boss will be more than understanding with all the Christmas shoppers on the road.

"You don't know my boss," I said, then closed the door and headed for the office worker's entrance.

There were six solicitors and a director's suite in the old building. Each had their own inner and outer office. I passed Mary on the way up to the second floor.

She stopped beside me. “Hi, Tess, were the trains running late?”

“A friend of mine gave me a lift in. The roads were murder.”

“Roger Baker is in a bad mood. Watch out.”

“Um, I don’t think our path’s will cross until one o’clock.”

We both laughed then went our separate ways. My office was tiny compared to Alan Thomas’s beyond it. I noticed that my ‘in’ and ‘out’ trays were empty, which was odd. I hung my coat up and eased into my seat behind my desk. My diary was where I left it in the centre of the desk, so I opened it and was surprised to find a scribbled note.

‘Tess, you have an

appointment with

Roger Baker at 9:30

I will be back at 10.00

It was in Alan's handwriting. He often left me notes if he was going out. I wasn't perturbed by the message because Roger Baker often took me out to clients to broaden my knowledge of property law. I wasn't expecting to get involved with a new case on the day before the holiday. However, if Roger wanted me to accompany him somewhere, that would quickly eat up the time and give me something to do.

Of course, I knew he liked my company even though I had repelled his advances on two occasions and only just stopped him from touching my panties. I vowed to never get involved with a married man, even if he was a director like Roger.

After those incidents, he knew my boundaries and in the intervening week he hadn't mentioned the incident at the restaurant. I had a quick tidy of my desk drawers. It looked like Alan had filed all my files for me. I checked my face in my mirror, grabbed a pen and pad, then set off along the landing to Roger Baker's office. He was one of three partners. They had offices in twenty town centres and industrial parks. We were unlucky to have one of the partners in our office.

Florence, his secretary, had a decent size office. "Tess, Mr. Baker is expecting you. Go straight in."

I smiled at the middle-aged woman who had worked for the firm since the dawn of time. She didn't have time for my generation and pulled a sour expression after glancing down at my black socks.

"Thank you, Florence." I pushed open the door and was surprised to find Mr. Baker on his feet. He was pouring himself a drink.

“Oh, hello, Tess. Take a seat.”

I smiled at him. “It’s a bit early to be drinking the hard stuff, isn’t it, Sir?”

“Well, in this case, I need it.”

He didn’t offer me one, so I went and sat in the one chair placed in front of his desk for a visitor like me. He brought the glass back to his desk and sat down.

“Things can’t be that bad, can they?” I asked in a light-hearted manner.

When he nodded, his full head of grey hair became untidy. For a man of fifty-five, he was in good condition, but he had gone prematurely grey. Clean shaven and well-tanned, he looked distinguished and intelligent.

“Tess, it hasn’t been a good year for ‘Thomas, Smith & Baker’. We’ve lost a couple of cases where our solicitors have been sued for negligence. You’ve probably heard the rumours on the grapevine.”

“I’ve heard some whispers, Sir.”

“The upshot is that I’ve got to make some redundancies, and you, I’m afraid, Tess, are one of them.”

“Me? You’re making me redundant?”

“I’m afraid so, Tess. I’ve worked out a severance package. I think you’ll find we are being very generous.” He pushed a sheet of paper across the desk toward me.

I sat still, stunned to the core. “But, but surely... Now, just before Christmas?”

“I know it’s a shitty time, Tess, and believe me, I would have put it off, but circumstances force me to do this today.” He reached out and touched the piece of paper again. “Read it Tess. You’re getting the full bonus and six month’s severance pay.”

Tears began to roll down my face. “Sir, I don’t want severance pay. I want my job.”

He picked up a box of tissues and placed them beside the sheet of paper. “Tess, listen to me. When you check your bank balance, you’ll find it has swollen by twenty-five thousand pounds. You’ll easily get another job in the legal field. I will personally give you a glowing testimonial. You’re going to land on your feet after the holidays.”

He was getting rid of me for fear of his reputation being damaged. “This is all about the last dinner you bought me, isn’t it?”

“Tess, I can put my hand on my heart and swear that has nothing to do with the company making you redundant.”

I leant forward, picked up the piece of paper and simultaneously pulled a tissue out of the box. I dried my eyes while reading the details of the eye-watering amount he and his cronies were paying to get rid of me.

“I’m sure you’re not giving everyone a ten-thousand-pound bonus.”

He sipped his whisky. “That is true. The bonuses vary from person to person. You deserve that and I sincerely hope you find a good law firm where you’ll be happy.”

I was angrier than I had ever been in my life. I was facing a man who was gutless. He wanted me so badly, he told me things about his personal life while attempting to molest me. Then, when I rejected him, with grace, he only had one thought – to get rid of me. He was a wimp compared to Peter, who was strong and understood my true nature.

I slowly crumpled the sheet of paper in my hand. “Roger, I think my bonus should be twice the amount you’ve given me. I deserve it after all the times we’ve had sex together.” I spoke in a soft innocent tone to magnify the effect of the statement. I suspected that he was recording the conversation. That part would never be played.

He almost choked on his whisky. He recovered his composure slowly. He was a very experienced solicitor and was probably running through the legal ramifications in his mind.

“Tess, it’s common when an employee is made redundant to make unsubstantiated claims against their employer. This firm has vast experience of such cases.”

“You’ve recently lost two, haven’t you?”

“That may be the case, Tess. All I can say is that I think the bonus is fair. I’ll confess that I would have loved to have sex with you, but it didn’t happen. Let’s part on good terms and enjoy our respective Christmas holidays.”

I stood behind my chair and leant on the back. “Roger, it’s going to be a ‘she said, he said’ case. When I describe the shocking sensations I felt, during the first time you pushed your fingers into my vagina, while telling me that you haven’t had marital sex for a year, I know who the employment tribunal will believe. Your company might have to put a couple of zeros on the end of that figure, if the case goes all the way. My god, think of the press coverage when they hear the graphic details.”

He drummed his fingers on the desk. “Tess, I misjudged you. I thought you were a nice kid. That’s why I backed off. Despite what you think, the decision to make you redundant has nothing to do with our personal relationship.” He paused while continuing to drum his fingers. He finally plucked up the courage to look me in the eye. “The truth is, Tess, I want to give you the right send-off, so I will approve your request and double your bonus.”

“Roger, I’ll go to my office and get my things together. Send Florence along with the new statement and I’ll be on my way.”

“I will arrange that straight away...” I turned and headed for the door. “Tess...” I turned as I opened the door, but he had finished.

I didn’t even glance at Florence as I passed her. When I got back to my office, I found a present sitting on my desk. Wrapped in red paper and tied with gold ribbon, I read the message.

‘Tess, you were a

great secretary.

Love Alan.’

I went to his door and opened it. The office was empty. I wasn’t even going to get a goodbye from my immediate, cowardly boss. I returned to my desk and wept like a baby. I didn’t know what to think about his reaction or lack of gumption to face me. At least he had given me a parting gift. If he felt guilty, then he needn’t, because he always conducted himself in a professional manner.

I got my phone out and logged into my bank account. I was pleasantly surprised to see that not only the 25K was there, but another 10K had been transferred seconds before I logged on. I had stood up for myself and won! I felt much better. A couple of tissues sorted out my tears.

I was just delving into my bag for my foundation powder when Florence arrived with the new statement. She marched in and dropped it on the desk, then gave me an accusatory stare. “Your kind should learn to keep your legs together. There are other ways to climb the ladder.”

I was kind of expecting a catty comment but nothing as outrageous as the one she delivered. “Florence, the man you work for can’t keep his hands to himself. There must have been others before me and there will be others after me. I suspect though, that his hands will never stroke your legs.” Again, I kept calm and smiled at her.

“Huh!” She turned and hurried from the office.

“Merry Christmas!” I shouted.

My world had turned upside down in the space of three days. It was the day before Christmas Eve and I was unemployed. I would have been rudderless if it wasn’t for Doctor Peter Finch. I suddenly wanted to be in his arms and feel them holding me to his body. Then and only then would I start to recover from such a devastating setback to my young life...

The End of Part Two.

Sample of Part Three.

Chapter One

The ten-minute walk from where I used to work, in the centre of St Albans, to 'Fetish Where?' in London Road, was a miserable one. I left my office at ten-thirty, laden with two heavy carrier bags and my shoulder bag, which was crammed full of my personal belongings from my desk. The money that 'Thomas, Smith & Baker' had splashed out to silence me meant nothing to me in the mood I was in.

Anger had been replaced with misery when it finally dawned on me that I was unemployed. I didn't even know what to do as an unemployed person. It had a stigma attached to it that I wasn't familiar with. I wouldn't miss the journey on the train, but I would miss working in a lovely city like St Albans.

I normally take in my surroundings and look in the shop windows, on my way to the station, but before I knew it, I was approaching the front door of 'Fetish Wear?'. I pushed the door open and entered the spicy world of rubber and leather clothing. A dose of smelling salts was probably the solution to my depression. Instead, I became submerged in the delightfully heady fragrance of latex rubber.

Suddenly, the world didn't seem such a harsh place.

I paused to study the two new outfits that the front mannequins were dressed in. The left-hand doll was wearing a blue latex dress, similar to the one Zoe had on the day before, except it had a high neck. A black leather collar had been fastened over the latex collar.

The other mannequin was wearing a shiny black latex minidress. They were both wearing matching stockings, gloves and hoods. The blue costume included a full hood, while the black hood had an oval hole for the doll's face. A ball gag had been clumsily strapped on the mannequin's half open mouth. The presence of the hoods and gag, in my opinion, created a darker impression than the previous displays had.

I spotted Zoe, in her blue latex dress, talking to a young man. He was looking at the leather restraints, on the racks, on the opposite side of the store to the cash desk. Simon, the store owner, was standing at the cash desk with a young woman who was almost as tall as he was.

Simon was looking very dapper in a red plaid shirt and a tan leather waistcoat, while the young blonde woman was wearing a red latex dress, similar to the one I bought two days earlier. However, hers didn't have holes for her nipples to poke through. I vaguely wondered if her panties had a slot in them, like the pair I wore home on that fateful night.

I had to twist and turn with my shopping bags on my way to the cash desk. It was the young woman who spotted me first, then Simon turned, anticipating a customer. "Oh, Tess, you're early. Did you decide to take the whole day off?" He looked over the desk as I set my bags down on the floor. "Been last minute shopping?"

As I straightened and rubbed my hands together to get the circulation back, the young woman suddenly took an interest in me. "Simon, is this the girl you were telling me about? Zoe's friend?" She had an Eastern European accent but spoke perfect English.

Simon and I nodded. “That’s right,” I responded. “I said I would come down and help out at one o’clock.”

“Did you get the morning off?” Simon asked.

“I’ve finished, so I can help out for a couple of extra hours, I suppose.”

“Excellent!” the young woman said. “My name is Petra Vogel. I’ve flown over from Hamburg to take over the day to day running of this store.” She offered her hand, so I shook it.

The woman had an iron grip and icy blue eyes that gazed into mine. I was a little confused, but Simon didn’t offer any more information.

“Tess, if you want to wait for Zoe to finish, she can show you the clothes we want you to wear,” Simon suggested.

Petra put her latex gloved hand on Simon’s. “Simon, I’ll take care of Tess. You’ve been very thorough here on the cash desk. Look after it until Jenny returns from her tea break.”

I couldn’t work out who was in charge, but I was rather keen to wait for Zoe. “I’m in no rush,” I said, trying to be helpful.

“Tess, you need to put those bags out the back...” She came out from behind the desk. “I’ll take one for you.” She picked one up. “Come on.”

I followed her to the back of the store and through the curtain. She led me into the cubicle with the sliding door and closed it behind me. Petra placed my bag in the corner, so I did the same and placed my shoulder bag on top.

Nosily, she gazed down at my bag and couldn’t help noticing that it was brimming over with knickknacks, including a stapler, a range of pens, a digital clock and a pad calendar. They were just some of the things I scooped off my desk in anger.

“That’s odd, Tess. If I was a detective, I would guess that you’ve just cleared your desk. Are you moving offices or moving jobs?”

We both straightened and faced each other. The red latex dress looked great on her. She had even added the red leather collar and was wearing red latex stockings. Her black ankle boots had three-inch heels which increased her height to 5’11” or six feet, six inches taller than me. She was solidly built, maybe two sizes larger than me, but the dress accentuated her impressive hourglass figure.

“Um, to tell you the truth, Petra, I finished today. I’ve left the company...” I took my coat off and hung it up by the door

“Tess, I respect ambitious girls. Is your new job in St Albans?”

“Well, actually, er, I haven’t found a new job yet, but I’m looking.”

She put her hands on her hips and frowned at me. “I see. Tess, get undressed. I’ll go and get your outfit.”

I raised my hand. “Um, Petra, is it something I can wear in the store?”

She had a round, healthy, suntanned face, and strangely, considering where she was working, wasn’t wearing much makeup. Her large crystal blue eyes were her best feature, then she smiled and the rest of her face lit up.

“Tess, are you a shy girl?”

I thought about the things I had done during the previous 48 hours. “I don’t think so, Petra.”

“Well, Tess, I manage this store now and I need beautiful girls like you and Zoe to present a new bold image. Zoe told me earlier that you enjoyed wearing latex, so I’ve sorted you out a nice costume to wear. I will dress the staff in an appropriate manner during normal shop hours. Simon has warned me that the city council busybodies are always nosing around so don’t worry. Get undressed and I’ll fetch your clothes.”

As she spoke the smile slipped and her expression became serious. “Oh, all right, Petra...”

The woman had a strong personality, like Peter. I doubted if she put up with much dissent from her staff. She turned with a swish of latex and left the cubicle.

I had never felt so adrift in my life as I did that morning. Having people making decisions for me was what I needed so long as they didn't try to take advantage of me. I didn't want to tell Petra that I was unemployed, but it somehow came out after her innocuous interrogation.

I was down to my youthful underwear by the time she returned with a box, presumably containing my outfit. She placed the box on the countertop and removed the top. It contained brown latex items that looked odd.

"Oh, I was expecting a bright colour or shiny black," I blurted out.

"Tess you won't appreciate the colour of this catsuit until you've put it on." She reached into the box and pulled out a small container of talcum powder and held it up. "I'm going to have to help you put it on because it will be tight until the latex has settled into your shape. Take your underwear off and kneel on the chair."

I slipped the bra off. "Petra, I had an awkward experience on this chair."

I sat down on the edge of the chair and peeled my black holdups off. Then, standing and facing her, I pushed the full white panties down and stepped out of them. She studied my small but firm tits but made no comment about my body.

“Tess, the chair is here for a purpose. Zoe said that you’re new to the scene but you’re aware that the ‘Point Five Club’ is for lovers of rubber and leather. The meetings are an opportunity for members, sado masochists, to bring their submissives. It’s a place where BDSM lovers can practice bondage and deliver punishments. You do understand what goes on here after the shop has closed?”

“Um, yes, but I haven’t been to a meeting yet.”

“I understand that you’ve just joined.” She nodded at the chair. “Zoe didn’t say but I presume that you’re nervous about receiving punishments.”

“I didn’t like being strapped to the chair, Petra.”

“Well, there’s no need to strap you to it now. Just kneel on the seat and I’ll rub some talcum powder on the parts you can’t reach, then you can do the rest.”

Another persuasive person had me doing exactly what they wanted and once again I was naked and about to kneel on the chair.

“Um, Petra, did Zoe mention chastity devices?”

She placed her finger under my chin and lifted it. “Yes, she did, and Doctor Peter Finch was in on the discussion. He put the remote controllers on the shelf over there.” She pointed at a line of remotes. “Yours can stay in for now, unless you

want to do a number two.”

“No, I’m okay...” I turned and climbed up onto the chair.

“Tess, did you know that you have an almost identical body shape to Zoe?”

“Yes, Petra...”

She placed her hand on my back. “Lean forward and I’ll sprinkle some powder on your back.”

She guided me down until my back was parallel with the floor and my tummy resting on the low back. However, I gripped the sides of the frame to stop myself from going right over.

I felt powder sprinkle onto my back. “So, you met Doctor Finch this morning?” I asked as soon as she started to rub the powder onto my back.

“Yes, after he dropped you off at work, he stayed for a coffee. I had never met him before today, but I had heard about him. We belong to the same fellowship.” She arrived at my peach. I felt her finger trace the red welts the cane left across the centre of my cheeks. “What did you do to deserve these, Tess?”

“I lost a race. Did Doctor Finch mention that I’m his...?”

“Girlfriend?”

“Yes.”

“Peter said that you are living with him. He also mentioned that Zoe is staying for the holiday. He asked me if I wanted to stay until I find a place to rent. I’ve rung around and I can’t find a place, so, if it’s alright with you, I’m going to accept his offer.”

Something wasn’t right. Peter was suddenly pals with a German woman who was flown over at short notice to manage the store. It was a huge coincidence that Peter and Petra belonged to the Fellowship. Did he make the arrangements after I told him about ‘Fetish Where?’, 48 hours earlier? On top of that, I was made redundant.

My world truly had been turned upside down leaving me feeling as though I was a cork bobbing about on choppy seas...

THE END of the Sample.

I hope you enjoyed this First Part of this new series

and read the next books as they’re published.

Below is a list of my other books.

Thanks, Amelia.

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