

Aunties' Candy

An ADULT Tale of Female Domination

**By
Miss Irene Clearmont**

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Flee from sexual immorality. Every other sin a person commits is outside the body, but the sexually immoral person sins against his own body.

New Testament 1 Corinthians 6:18

Toys are put on this Earth to be played with by a child.

John Lasseter

“Auntie’s Candy”

By

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Guardian

Orland looked at the handfuls of earth heaped on both coffins, the hole seemed so deep! He was now the last-but-one standing by the graveside, all of the others hastened to the taxis parked nearby while his aunt stood by his side, her fingers still grubby with the soil that she had cast onto the coffin of her sister just a few minutes before.

“We really need to move along now,” she said to Orland. “It’s about to rain and we’ll be soaked. Come on.”

He looked at her and then back into the hole where both his parents lay and then he sighed. His parents were both gone, this was that moment of realisation that made it reality and not some imagined dream or nightmare.

The middle aged woman by his side turned to leave. Aunt Janet, his new mother! The woman that his real mother had hated, the woman that had married Jack, the brother that his mother had admired and loved. Aunt Janet was the woman who had not even bothered to turn up for Jack’s funeral!

Now here she was, all dressed in black satin like some mortuary queen. Tossing soil on her sister’s coffin as if she cared, muttering words of condolence, all the while lurking under that veil as she rubbed her hands that Orland and all that money were coming her way!

“Now then,” said Janet. “Off we go... I have a nice room for you, and all your things are already to be unpacked. We shall just have to get over this, It’s not the end of the world!”

Orland cast a last look into the hole and turned to follow his aunt over the wet grass. She led, he followed. The black lace and satin dress swished around her legs, her long heels digging into the wet ground.

“We have to make plans,” she said without looking back. “You have your studies, I have my life, I’m sure that we’ll get along just fine!”

Orland was on the point of saying, ‘*What do you fucking care about except the money,*’ but he bit his lip and felt a tear trickle down his cheek to leave a salt taste at his lips. It probably wasn’t true anyway, he thought to himself. Since Jack had died he had never seen Aunt Janet, all he had heard were his mother’s complaints that the woman did not even have the decency to observe a proper mourning period, she just became the fashionable widow who had no respect for his memory.

Orland just made a small noise in reply as they reached the black limousine. He opened the door for her and watched her slide into the leather interior. The mud from her heels falling to the carpet as she slid and crossed her legs.

“It’s all been arranged,” she said as she lit a cigarette. “I have been appointed your guardian for the next two years. Then, off you go to university and a year or two later you get the money that your parents left you in my trust.”

Orland nodded and watched the graveyard slide past his window. She was right, all he had to do was wait a year until he was eighteen, and then wait the other three years before the trust fund matured and became his to do as he liked with. Three years! It seemed an age!

“Have you met my sister Joyce?” asked Aunty Janet. “She’s really looking forward to meeting you. We’ll be all like chicks in a nest, Orland.”

Orland nodded and sighed.

The room was pink. Not a pastel colour that could have been forgiven, but the lurid pink of Barbie dolls and Hello Kitty. Orland looked at the piled boxes that held his life. Each one was marked with a label that recalled his recent past. Books, a few films, his computer, clothes, schoolwork and all the other things that needed to find a place in his new room.

Orland took the topmost box and started to unpack. He piled familiar objects in piles and burrowed into all the things that reminded him of life with his parents before the terrible accident that had taken them from him.

“That’s a good boy,” said Aunty Janet as she stood in the doorway. “Start to get it all into order and then I’ll call you down and you can meet Aunty Joyce. We’ll all have a nice meal and discuss how this is all going to work!”

He sighed.

How different it all was, he thought. Before he replied.

“Just call and I’ll be there!”

“Good boy,” said Aunty Janet.

There! That was another thing, the woman thought that he was just a child. In six months he would be eighteen and grown up. Maybe then she would realise that he knew where he was going, knew what he wanted to do and none of it included Aunty Janet.

The call to dinner found him unpacking the last box. It seemed to him that all sorts of things were missing. Where was the Xbox? The collection of games and sports gear, that was missing as well. Maybe it was packed somewhere else, the garage perhaps?

He made his way into the kitchen and looked at the two women who sat at the table. Aunty Janet in her flouncy summer frock with its deep cut front and lacy arms. Joyce a complete contrast in a grey dress and her hair gathered into a long ponytail.

Joyce smiled wanly and raised an eyebrow.

“Aunty Joyce has so been looking forward to meeting you, I’m sure that you’ll both get along famously. Now that we’re all sat, we’ll have our dinner and then we can chat about a few matters that need to be discussed.”

“Nice to meet you,” said Orland as he sat and picked up his knife and fork.

“Oh, not yet, darling. We always say grace first...”

Orland put down his cutlery as Joyce started to speak.

“For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful.”

The ‘truly’ was stressed and seemed to have particular significance.

“Now we can eat,” announced Joyce.

Orland looked down at his plate. All the chicken had been cut neatly into small cubes and a pile of soggy chips were piled high on the side by the mashed vegetables.

“I did you some chips,” said Aunt Janet. “I know that boys like them... normally we have boiled.”

“I was wondering?” said Orland as he pushed a single chip between his lips.

“Yes dear?” answered Aunt Janet.

“There are some things that I can’t find in my room...”

“That will be discussed later,” broke in Joyce in a hard tone. “We are here to eat and eat we will. Make sure that you clear your plate and then, after you have washed the dishes we can lay out the rules of this house...”

Orland looked at her and half expected to see a smile, but her thin lips were closed hard and her gaze made him look down.

“Aunt Joyce has her way of doing things,” said Aunt Janet. “Now then, eat up and we’ll speak about it later.”

Not a word was spoken during the meal, just the clatter of the forks broke the silence. Finally, they were finished, Orland had managed to eat all of the chips, but he felt as though he was making a concession. They had tasted strange, almost as if they had been cooked in water instead of fried in oil.

“Good, that was excellent,” said Joyce as she lined up her knife and fork carefully. “Now, the boy can do the washing up and I’ll make the coffee.”

She looked across at Orland and he hastily did the same on his plate before he stood and cleared the table. This was something that his parents had also insisted on and he felt a twinge of regret as he piled them all up by the sink and cleaned them carefully while Joyce looked on with critical eyes.

“It’s time to discuss how we do things here,” said Joyce at last holding two cups of coffee in her hands. “At the table, I think.”

Aunty Janet took her cup and said, "Get yourself some squash from the fridge dear and sit down. Aunty Joyce is waiting!"

Orland poured a glass and sat down facing the two women.

"Let's start at the beginning," said Aunty Janet. "We have checked all of your things and decided that some of them aren't suitable at all."

Orland made as if to speak, but Aunty Janet held up her hand to silence him.

"All those horrid games, some of the books and the box full of those nasty magazines have already been disposed of..."

"What?" exclaimed Orland. "You've been through my things?"

"Of course we have, dear. It is my job to look after you and I take it very seriously. You can keep the laptop, you'll need that for school, but I have installed something that will make sure that you do not use it for frivolous purposes!"

"You had some shocking things on that computer," added Joyce. "I hope that you are not indulging in self-abuse!"

Orland flushed red and hoped that they had not seen the porn in the hidden directories.

"But..." he said.

"No buts," replied Aunty Janet. "Women are to be respected, not ogled at. Aunty Joyce has decided that you will be attending bible classes and she kindly added a Bible and some study books for you. They are in the box in our bedroom."

"I don't want to study that, Joyce..." said Orland.

"No arguments. You are here to learn and grow up into a respectful young man, you will do as you are told. There are some small rules that need to be observed as well. They might seem trivial to you, but they are important."

A smile crossed Joyce's lips and she sipped at her coffee.

"Firstly. You will always address us as *Aunty* Joyce and *Aunty* Janet. Anything else is just rude. This is just politeness and we expect it to be observed at all times. Next, you will be in bed by eight, Aunty Joyce and I expect a little time together occasionally. I noticed all of the sports things that you had. This is good, a healthy body is needed as well as a clean mind. With this in mind I have decided that you will attend our sports club twice a week. I think that you will find it fun... nothing too strenuous."

"Please, Aunty Janet," said Orland. "I'm seventeen, nearly grown up, you are treating me like a baby!"

"That's not nice at all," said Aunty Joyce. "If you want to be treated like an adult, then you will have to behave like one. Respect and esteem are earned!"

Orland looked at the two women who now ruled his life and felt a pit in his stomach.

Birthday

Orland looked at the pink cake and sighed. He was eighteen now, for God's sake, and his aunts still thought that he was ten! The last year had been difficult, knuckling under to their obsessive neatness and authority, but this day was special. Now at last he had reached adulthood and he could start to assert himself.

"It's so nice," said Aunty Janet.

As usual she was dressed as if she was about to head for her bible classes with her nephew. Stockings, high heeled shoes and a lacy summer dress. Her makeup in no way discreet, the white lace gloves on her hands pulled all the way to her elbows.

"Thank you, Aunty Janet," said Orland.

The words came naturally and she smiled in pleasure at his polite tone.

"You can be a good boy, Orland, if you try. Now then, let's get ready for the party and then you can open your presents afterwards."

Orland nodded.

"A party?" he asked.

"Of course. We invited a few girls and boys to celebrate with us and then afterwards we can celebrate between ourselves. That will be nice, especially since I have a very special present for you!"

"Thank you, Aunty," said Orland.

"It's nothing..."

He lifted the pink cake and counted the candles. There were only ten and he wondered how that could have happened.

"Now that you are eighteen, there are a few things to sort out," said Aunty Janet. "We need to discuss your education and all of that as well as some other bits and pieces. Would you like to do that before the party or after it?"

"As you like."

"Good boy, that's settled then. Aunty Joyce will be here in a minute with two friends of hers and we can get it all out of the way, so that we can relax and enjoy the party. How about that then?"

Orland nodded and sat at the table, a glass of orange squash in his hand. He looked up at the woman who was no longer his legal guardian and smirked a little. Now he was at last eighteen, things would *have* to change. Of course he would have to live here, his poor marks at school in the last year and the constant bullying at school had held him up, but soon he would be able to retake his exams and move to university.

Already he had chosen Newcastle, it was so far away. His thought turned to the two women that ruled his life. That they slept together was strange, after all they were sisters. He was sure that their relationship was more intimate than they ever admitted, how could it be otherwise?

“Oh, that’s them now, I’ll just show them in...” said Aunty Janet.

Aunty Janet opened the door to the kitchen and Aunty Joyce and her friends came in and sat down. One of the women with Aunty Joyce was dressed in jeans and a loose top. She smiled as she put a briefcase on the table and opened it. The other was dressed like Aunty Joyce, prim and proper she had a huge handbag that she carefully placed on the floor.

“This is Miss Clark,” said Aunty Joyce introducing the prim lady first, “and this is Miss Hirst. They have come along with me today because at last our boy is eighteen.”

Orland winced at the word ‘boy’. He hated it all the time, but, when others were there it embarrassed and humiliated him and made him blush. In front of the beautiful Miss Hirst the shame was excruciating.

“Now that you are eighteen,” continued Aunty Joyce, “we have to pay attention to a few details, but I’ll let Miss Clark explain it all... she’s the expert.”

Miss Clark pulled a folder from the open case in front of her.

“As you know, Orland. Your parents left a considerable sum including insurance and their house in their will to you. Some of this money has been used by your Aunts to look after you, some is set aside for them until you are twenty-one so that you have a home and a place to live. At that point, according to the will, the fund will be passed your control in its entirety, to provide a pension for the rest of your life.”

Orland listened with growing interest.

“The yearly stipend is currently running at a hundred thousand pounds, give or take a few thousand. What happens now that you are eighteen, and congratulations by the way, is that you are considered by the law to be an adult. That means that you become a signatory to the arrangement and you have to sign that you do not dispute the terms of the will. Do you understand?”

“Mm, I’m with you so far...” said Orland.

A cross look crossed Aunty Joyce’s features that Orland did not address Miss Clark by her name, but she managed to hold her tongue.

“Excellent. What I need you to do is to sign this release with two witnesses and then I can register it as a commissioner of oaths.”

As she spoke she placed a pen in front of Orland and pulled the documents free of their file.

“There are three signatures needed; here, here and here,” she said as she pushed the papers to Orland, carefully overlapping them so that the line where he had to sign was exposed.

Aunt Joyce took out her phone and started to film.

“This is a big moment,” she said as she stepped back a little and held the phone up. “I have to record it.”

Orland’s eyes took in the top form. ‘Non Contestation Of A Will After Probate’ was the heading and her signed three times where her finger pointed. The forms were passed to Aunty Joyce and Miss Hirst who countersigned as witnesses before Miss Clark stamped them and wrote the date just below.

“Good, that’s done then,” said Miss Clark. “I have to be on my way now, so have a great party and enjoy the day!”

Orland said, “Goodbye”, and then stood to open the door for Miss Clark.

“That’s the first part,” said Aunt Joyce.

For some reason she seemed relieved and actually smiled broadly.

“Now we just have a last bit of business. Miss Hirst will explain,” she continued.

Miss Hirst nodded and reached to her handbag.

“In cases like this, it is best to be sure that the legal guardians are free to assert their rights as well. After all it is only fair that the hard work and forbearance that they have shown is rewarded. Of course, this is already built into the terms of the will, but your Aunt here...”

She looked over at Aunt Janet who now held the phone pointing down.

“...would like the assurance that you will allow the previous maintenance payments to be confirmed and those for the next three years as well.”

“I’m sorry, but what is this all about?” asked Orland.

“Listen to Miss Hirst,” admonished Aunt Joyce. “She’s telling you, don’t be so rude!”

“No problem,” said Miss Hirst. “This little certificate simply allows your Aunts to continue to be responsible for your welfare. It’s as simple as that!”

Orland looked at all three women and shook his head.

“The will allows them something,” he said.

“That’s true,” said Aunt Janet smoothly. “But, I think that you understand that we need a little reassurance, don’t we?”

Miss Hirst nodded and proffered the form to Orland.

“Just once, Orland, sign here and we are done.”

Orland took up the pen and looked at the header to the form. Section Four and Five was written in large letters above, the words having no meaning to Orland. He looked up at Miss Hirst and admired her large breasts. The memory of that cleavage would be perfect for later night time use!

He signed.

“Good. That’s it, done. Here are the copies...”

Miss Hirst passed the underlying papers to Aunt Joyce and stood with her handbag in her hand.

“A happy birthday, Orland,” she said as she cast a look at the cake and smiled. “I would stay for the party, but I need to get this form handed in pronto.”

Orland showed her out and returned to find his two Aunts sitting at the table with broad smiles on their faces.

“That was easy,” giggled Aunt Janet. “Now then, we have to get ready for the party later and Orland has to wash up the dishes and get everything spic and span for the guests.”

“I thought that it was starting in half an hour,” he said.

“This evening, darling. Since it’s a special day for you, Aunt Joyce is allowing you to stay up until ten.”

“I’m eighteen now!” said Orland.

“Of course you are, dear, but tomorrow will be a busy day for you... there will be a lot to take in!”

Orland shrugged and looked down at the cake.

“Be polite!” snapped Aunt Joyce, “A little respect for your guardians would be nice!”

Orland looked down at her and decided to argue.

“I’m eighteen, an adult now,” he said. “Respect runs in both directions, you are not even my guardian, Aunt Janet is, you are just her live-in lover. I don’t even believe that you are her sister!”

A thought surfaced and he grinned with triumph.

“Anyway, Janet is not my guardian either, not now that I’m eighteen!”

The two women looked up in shock. In the last six months Orland had never dared to breathe a real word of defiance and the statement came as a shock.

“Aunt Janet, if you please!” said Aunt Joyce.

“No, not any more, not that now I’m an adult!”

Aunt Joyce frowned.

"I told you that he was just a little boy and behaved like one too," said Aunt Joyce. "I am so glad that we insured ourselves against his childishness..."

"Joyce!" said Aunt Janet. "Orland will learn..."

Orland looked at the two women and smiled.

"You two women are the limit," he said. "You live off my money, pay yourselves who knows how much and then expect me to put up with it!"

Aunt Joyce pushed the copies of the forms that Orland had signed across the desk with a thin smile.

"We can do what we want, boy," she said.

Orland picked up the copies and allowed his eyes to take in the meaning of the closely worded print. At the second paragraph of the top paper he tossed it to the table and began on the second. Piece by piece he read and added them to the first. When he had finished he took up the bundle and tore them into pieces.

"That's all nonsense," he shouted. "You can't do this, you can't!"

"You signed, dear," said Aunt Janet. "I even have the film of you doing it! Miss Clark was most helpful with her advice. Now settle down, because for the next three years we are both your guardians with total power over every facet of your life as well as responsibility for your mental well-being!"

"It's ridiculous," said Orland. "What is this Section 43? Why are you doing this to me?"

"Oh, there are lots of reasons," said Aunt Janet with a smirk. Firstly, we love you here with us." She counted on her fingers. "Secondly, it would be such a shame if you stopped our little stipend. Thirdly, you are badly in need of the education that we have planned for you and lastly, it's for your own good."

"For my own good?"

"Of course, boy," said Aunt Joyce. "The world outside of this house is a terrible place. Full of temptation and perverts who are looking for innocent little boys like you to fondle. Deviant men who like nothing more than a little boy to play with! Here you are safe and sound under our wing, we will look after you!"

"That's ridiculous," spluttered Orland. "If I walk out now, there's nothing you can do about it!"

"Go then," said Aunt Janet. "But, we'll just call the police and they'll bring you back. You are under our care and that's that. Don't make me spend the money and send you to Miss Hirst's clinic or you will regret it..."

Orland walked out of the kitchen, grabbed his jacket and headed into the street. At the end of the path, just by the gate, an enormous woman stood in a white coat. When she saw Orland she smiled and blocked his exit.

He tried to pass, but a strong hand on his upper arm held him fast, so he swung a punch at her face and pulled with all of his strength. The woman did not let go, she just blocked the wild punch with a forearm and then gripped his other arm, twisting him so that he was facing away from her bulk.

“Now, now, my boy,” she said in a soft tone. “back into the house with you...”

Orland saw that his two Aunts stood watching and smiling at the small scene as he was frogmarched back into the house with his feet barely touching the concrete.

The door closed, but the massive woman did not let go, if anything, she tightened her grip until Orland was forced to his knees.

“Oh, we forgot to introduce your nurse,” said Aunt Janet. “Miss Hunter will be here for a week or two until we have everything arranged. Until then, you will listen to her every word and make sure that you are both polite and docile. She has permission to administer drugs to make sure that you’re calm, so if I were you, I would not upset her!”

Orland spluttered.

“You’re both mad, you evil bitches! I can go where I want...”

“That’s not true at all,” laughed Nurse Hunter. “You have been sectioned as a dangerous possible child molester! The porn on your laptop was not pretty. It is my duty to make sure that you are confined for the duration.”

“What porn? These two lesbians won’t allow me any and I can’t even get on the Internet...”

“My dear boy,” said Nurse Hunter. “Where you got it all from is a matter for the authorities. Doctor Hirst has examined you and decided, if you want to contest the decision then I suggest that you prove that you are safe to allow on to the streets!”

Orland felt his eyes fill up and he slumped in her grip.

“Now then,” said Aunt Janet. “I want a full apology!”

Party

Orland was almost carried upstairs. He tried to struggle, but a sharp slap on his face made him slump in disconsolate distress.

It seemed that Aunty Joyce and Aunty Janet were taking their revenge, even though he had tearfully apologised for his outbursts. Their immense nurse ensured that Orland watched, as all of his clothes, books and other things were tossed into bin liners.

“You won’t be needing this,” said Aunty Janet. “We have decided that you are going to be a little girl, so none of this is appropriate at all.”

Next, a suitcase was brought in and Aunty Janet started to pull new clothes from it. Dresses, white socks, shoes knickers. She carefully piled them on the bed and sorted them according to their bright colours.

Orland started to protest as Aunty Joyce tossed the bags out of the room, over the balcony, to crash in a heap at the foot of the stairs. Nurse Hunter took one of Orland’s ears and pulled it up, making him stand on tip toes.

“Do as you’re told, girly,” she rasped as he cried out with discomfort.

Aunt Joyce returned from her task and came to stand by the bed and admire the clothes that Aunt Jante had started to coo over.

“Pink today, for the party,” said Aunt Janet. “You choose...”

Orland watched as his Aunt flicked through the piles and picked out a dress.

“She’s just ten,” said Aunt Janet. “I’m not sure if these are the right shoes for my little girl!”

Her hand held up a white stiletto and she looked at Orland.

“It’s a bit sexy for her at her age...”

“I want them on her,” said Aunt Joyce. “It’s her birthday and she needs to look a little grown up, it will help her confidence.

“If you say so, dear,” said Aunt Janet. “Then she’ll need the frilly socks to match.”

“Of course!”

There was ring on the bell and the door was opened by Aunty Joyce. Orland could hear voices in the hall and wondered who his two Aunts had invited to his eighteenth birthday party.

The voices in the hall all sounded female and he felt a shudder of embarrassment. He looked down at his bare legs and the pink dress that covered his thigh. If there were perverts to protect him from, then they were all in this house, he decided. The shoes felt strange on his feet. They

must have ordered them specially weeks ago, he thought, though why they had not put the knickers on him, he did not understand.

His two guardians had discussed it for a minute and then decided that his little 'willy' would hang free under the flounces and lace of the dress.

He so wanted to run, jump through a window, and hide, but the solid Nurse that stood by his side ensured that he sat still and did not move. He looked up and decided that she could not be subverted. Clearly she was being paid enough to be watchful and careful. After all, if he escaped, she would be in trouble as well!

The door to the kitchen and the first guests walked into the room.

A middle aged woman wearing an outrageously tight little black dress that showed every curve, the knicker line at her wide waist and the details of the bra that contained her generous breasts. Behind her walked a meek man who was dressed in the same style as Orland. Bright blue dress, low flat heels and long socks that almost reached the hem of the skirt and hair all pulled into curls with bunches held by two pink ribbons.

The woman smiled and bent down to kiss Orland on the cheek.

"She's such a pretty birthday girl," she said. "Have you decided a name yet?"

"That's her present from me," said Aunt Janet. "It's a secret..."

"Oh, lovely, I just love secrets," said the woman. "Sara here has been longing to meet the birthday girl."

The blue frocked gurl curtsied and looked up at the woman who spoke and lisped; "Can I play with her?"

"Not yet, dear, the others have to get here and then we'll all sing happy birthday. After that there will be time to play..."

"Ooh, ooh, I can't wait," she lisped.

"Now just sit down, Mummy and her friends want to have a little chat," said the woman with a small smile.

She sat at the table and admired the cake before opening her mouth to speak, but the bell sounded again and the two Aunts hurried to open the door.

Once again, Orland heard voices and wondered what the next scene in this deviant drama would bring. The chatter and laughter continued a minute or two before the door opened and three women walked into the room. Two were middle aged, the other seemed around seventy years. The older woman wore a tight latex dress the other two were dressed in light summer dresses.

As they walked in, the woman that sat at the table stood and laughed. My dears, this is such a pleasant surprise! I was wondering, I am so glad that you are here!

The older woman glanced at her two daughters and nodded.

“I was not sure if this was a good idea, but Amy and Madelaine so insisted that I just could not refuse!”

“Mamma, Mamma, I want to play, pleeeese...” whined Amy. “It’s not fair that Maddie got to bring Teddy and I had to leave Puppy at home. It’s not fair!”

Orland looked past the extraordinary woman who seemed almost at the point of tears and saw a sight that he could scarcely believe. Aunty Janet was pushing a huge teddy bear into the room. It perched on a cart like a huge baby-walker, that just fitted through the door. His moth was agape as Madelaine rushed over protectively and hugged it around the neck while Amy stood with her thumb in her mouth and sobbed quietly.

“I think that she’s hungry,” said the older woman. “Amy always gets this way when she wants to play or eat. Perhaps we should cut the cake or else I’ll have to make up a bottle! Are we all here or are there others?”

“I want to play with Teddy,” said Amy in a truculent tone.

“Later, darling. First we have to sing a song and have a bit of that delicious cake.”

As the women placed their charges on the chairs around the table, Orland looked up at the nurse. She was smiling warmly and tousled the hair on Sara’s head with a casual gesture. There was no doubt in Orland’s mind now. The woman was enjoying the show!

The table was full. His Aunts brought the cake and lit the candles, whilst Sara’s owner put a glass of orange squash in front of each seated guest. She then passed champagne glasses to the women who stood and offered a toast.

“To the new birthday girl!”

Amy and Madelaine drank their glasses dry in one gulp and then started to get down from the table.

“Not yet,” said their Mamma. “Sing and then we all get a piece of cake...”

“One thing first,” announced Aunty Janet. “We can’t sing until my little girl gets her present from me...”

“Ooh, I’ll bet that she is looking forward to it,” said Sara’s owner.

“It’s perfect, Betty,” answered Aunt Janet. “Her name is now ‘Candy’ because I think that she’ll be so sweet...”

All the women drained their champagne in a toast and Orland felt his cheeks go red. He felt that he was at a mad-hatter’s party. These women were not just playing, they were intimidating. He felt a hand come down and grip under his jaw.

“What do you say to Aunty for such a perfect present?”

“Thank you, Aunty Janet,” he mumbled as he once again blushed.

“I love you too, Candy,” said Aunty Janet, eager to be the first to use Orland’s new name.

All the people in the room sang ‘Happy Birthday’ and then Betty lit the candles.

“Now then, Candy, blow them out and make a wish. Mind... we want to know what it is!”

Orland leaned forward and blew. His only wish was to be able to escape, but his mind was frozen and he could not think of what to say that would please them.

“The wish,” said Aunty Joyce. “Tell us all...”

“I wish for,” he began and looked around. “I wish that I’ll live happily ever after...”

“Oh, that’s nice,” commented Aunty Janet. “You can stay with your Aunties for ever and ever... What a nice thing to say!”

“Ooh, can I play now?” asked Sara. “I want to play with Candy.”

“There’s one more thing,” said Aunty Janet. “Candy has to get all of her presents and then you can play with her...”

Sara clapped her hands and looked impatient. Orland wondered what had happened to the man that was inside Sara. He... she seemed to totally be playing to this drama. Was it for real or was it just all play acting?”

“Stand up, Candy,” said Aunt Joyce. “Time for the presents...”

The hand under Candy’s jaw pressed upward, there was no resisting it. Orland stood and the nurse smiled encouragingly.

“I love this part,” she muttered as her hands suddenly dropped and she grabbed his wrists and lifted them up the back of the pink dress to a small grunt from Candy.

“Who goes first?” said Aunty Janet.

“I do, I do,” said Amy. “Maddie and me got her this... well Mamma picked it, but it’s from me!”

She held up a small box and passed it to Aunty Janet.

“What have we here?” said Aunty Janet as she unwrapped the ribbon and opened the box. “Oh, that’s lovely. Well done Amy, this will just be perfect. It’s so sweet of you to give Candy her first piece of jewellery!”

Her fingers picked the solid steel ring from the box and held it up for inspection by all.

“She will be wearing it tonight,” said Aunty Janet as she flashed it in front of Candy’s eyes. “That means that we need something else as well for my little girl!”

Amy's mother offered a packet that was opened to reveal a long dog-lead with a little padlock at the end.

"I think that you'll need this then," she smiled.

"Perfect. Now it's Betty's turn..."

Betty produced a box and passed it to her friend with a smile.

"I got this one because I know exactly what you need to keep your new little birthday girl nice and ready to play," she said. "It is especially made for Candy, but of course you won't be quite ready to use it fully..."

Aunty Janet opened the box with a smile and cooed with delight.

"That's so generous of you both. It must have cost such a lot!"

Her hands pulled out a broad metal collar, from which a pair of steel shackles hung. She held it for a moment and inspected it before Betty took it from her hands and pointed to a spot on the collar.

"When you are ready, this is the bit that does all the work," she said.

"Nice," said Madelaine and Amy's mother. "What is it?"

"We are having a special system fitted to the house that we are moving to," started Aunty Joyce.

This was the first that Candy had heard of a house-move and she swallowed with anxiety as his Aunt explained the collar.

"A special system will guard every door and window; we're having it fitted right now," continued Aunty Janet. "This collar will punish Candy if she is naughty or tries to get out. It's as simple as that!"

"Oh, perfect. Is that what they look like? I'll have to get three or four when they do my house next week!"

Betty smiled as Aunty Janet thanked her and showed the collar to the nurse.

"This makes everything so much easier," said the huge woman as she pulled Candy's arms high up her back.

As Candy bent forward with the strain she felt the handcuffs go on her wrists. A savage jerk made her cry out and then the collar snapped into place with a click. The nurse allowed her own hands to drop and then fingered the collar to ensure that it had closed properly.

"That fits perfectly," said Betty as she too inspected her present and pulled at the cuffs. "Not tight enough," she said as she pulled and a clicking sound signalled Candy's wrists being pulled tight to touch the collar.

Candy cried out as her shoulders twisted and her elbows came together, almost touching and her hands lifted.

“I think that we can strap the elbows together,” said Aunt Joyce. “Wait a second.”

She pulled the broad fashion-belt that was around her waist and threaded it through the pinned arms before tightening it to further protest from Candy.

“Ideal,” said Aunt Joyce as she admired the strapped arms. “Now she is ready to please.”

“Careful! Don’t damage her,” said Aunt Janet as she watched her lover pull at the strap.

“She’ll get used to it,” said Betty. “If she has this on for a few weeks, she’ll sob her heart out when you take it off!”

“It’ll stay on permanently,” said Aunt Joyce. “All her dresses can open at the shoulders, so there’s no need to *ever* remove it.”

“Of course, that’s what it’s for. A month in this and poor little Candy won’t have any strength in her arms at all,” laughed Aunt Janet. “Never mind, at least she won’t have to spend all her time cleaning and drudging like Sara here, will she?”

She put a finger under Candy’s chin and lifted her face.

“There you see. We are so good to you! Aunt Joyce loves you and will look after you forever. She doesn’t want some maid, she just wants to play with you and enjoy you all the time.”

“Mummy, I want to play, please let me...” said Amy and Madeline together as they watched with bored eyes as Candy was abused.

“It’s not fair, she gets all the presents...” whined Amy.

“That’s because it’s her birthday,” explained Amy’s Mamma. “She still gets one from her Aunt Joyce and then we can fir the ring you gave her. After that, you can both play with Candy and Sara and Teddy. Just sit a while longer.”

Aunt Joyce signalled to the nurse who pulled Candy’s chair back from the table. Obviously, she had already arranged this moment and nodded as the nurse took the small box from her hand.

“This is from me, for Candy’s tenth birthday,” she announced. “She is a naughty little girl who plays with her willy all the time in the dark when she thinks that we are not watching! But, we know all about the horrid stains on the sheets, don’t we, Janet? It’s got to stop now! So I had this made for her to stop those little games and keep her nice and chaste. As the bible says in Corinthians verse six, *‘Flee from sexual immorality. Every other sin a person commits is outside the body, but the sexually immoral person sins against his own body’*. You know this from your Bible class and you know that it only applies to men, after all the word written is *‘his’*!”

The nurse pulled an object from the box and held it up to Candy for inspection. A steel tube, filled with short spikes that ended with an opening at one end and a ring-like single handcuff welded to the other.

Candy gulped and knew what it was. Surely they could not be doing this to her? This was abuse, more than that it was sheer sadism!

“Please Auntie Joyce,” he sobbed. “I promise that I’ll be good, really I promise that I won’t play with myself. I’ll be a good little... girl for you, I will...”

“You can promise all you like,” said Auntie Joyce, “but, don’t forget what you called me and Auntie Janet just a while ago. This is the punishment for your rudeness. You are nothing but a little girl, you’re Aunts know what is good for you.”

He tried to keep his legs closed. Now he knew at last why they had not put the knickers on him. The nurse prised his thighs wide while Auntie Joyce took the greatest pleasure in fitting the restraint. She pulled an old stocking over his shrivelled cock and then fed that through the aperture to pull his prick through the tube and slide on the device.

“That’s a clever trick,” said Betty. “I’ve never seen that before.”

Auntie Joyce smiled and closed the cuff behind Candy’s balls with a snap.

“We’ll have to see to all this hair,” she said with a sniff as she pulled at Candy’s pubic hair. “It’s all coming off permanently when we move into the new house. It looks so wrong, almost like an adult and that won’t do!”

Auntie Joyce’s hands on her groin caused Candy to start becoming erect. It took just a moment for the swelling to contact the pointed studs in the restraint and cause the erection to subside.

“See, you are under proper control now,” she said as she pecked Candy’s cheek. “All that’s needed is the ring and then you can be played with by the others.”

Candy looked down, but the nurse pulled down the hem of her skirt.

“No peeping,” she said.

Everything was so horrifying, the whole atmosphere, the perverted party and the tight collar. It caused Candy to sob and plead with the women who savoured every moment of those hopeless appeals as she was introduced to her new life. It was the ring that they put through her nose was the worst. Everything else was restraint and humiliation; somehow the piercing showed that there was never going to be a return to any form of normality. It had permanency. Somehow, the ring was the ultimate moment when Candy knew that she was owned by the two Aunts that wanted all of her money and enjoyed making her suffer while they spent it.

It took most of the nurse’s strength to hold Candy down. Amy and Madelaine came close to watch and then the nurse pulled out the tool to do the work. It took but a second. It snipped between her nostrils and left a hole on which was dabbed a little cream. Then the ring was snapped through and closed with a finality that left Candy gasping with panic.

The piercing was sore, the ring pulled at it and Candy wept as Aunty Janet held the leash up to her face.

“I don’t want to use this now, because the piercing needs a week to settle down,” she said as she showed Candy the small padlock. But when we move, on it goes and then we can leave you and be sure that you won’t try to annoy us when we want a bit of peace and quiet.”

Candy sobbed.

“Before you cry too much, you’d better keep some of those sissy tears for later,” said Aunty Joyce. “I’ve decided that there is another place that we can put a ring for your leash...”

Her hand lifted the hem of the skirt and she tapped the hard steel of the restraint with her fingernail.

“It would be perfect and teach you some manners,” she said. “Good manners, respect and total obedience, we do not want much.”

“At last. Now, can we play!” said Amy with crossed hands. “It’s all done and our new friend is ready. I want Sara.”

“I want to play with Teddy,” said Madelaine. “I don’t like Candy, she’s crying all the time. She’s not a friend, she’s just silly!”

“Don’t be rude,” said her Mamma. “If you want to play with Teddy, then you can. We are only here tonight, so make the most of your new friends while you are here. Now then, Mummy wants to have a little chat with her friends, so run along!”

Candy watched as Madelaine joyfully got off her chair and went to the enormous teddy-bear that was now perched on the sofa. While she stroked the fur, Amy got off her chair too and went to Sara.

“Come along, Sara,” she said. “I wish that I could show you Puppy, but he’s a naughty dog and he is ill now...”

Sara was pulled by the hand and the two of them went to watch Madelaine as her mother sat down next to Candy and said, “Don’t you want to play as well?”

Candy shook her head.

“It’s true,” said Amy’s Mamma. “I’d have brought Puppy, but he needed punishing. He would have been too much to handle, it was difficult to get Teddy and the girls here, imagine if we’d had a naughty puppy in the car as well!”

Betty smiled and looked at Candy.

“I’m not sure if this is good for her ears.”

“You’re right,” said Aunty Janet. “Candy, go and play with your friends while the grownups have a nice little chat. They want to hear all about the new house and all the things that we’ve got planned for you. I would not want to spoil all of the surprises.”

Candy slipped off her chair and stood as far as she could from the horrid little sadists that had joined her party. Both were middle-aged women, but they acted like spoiled children. Amy always truculent, Madelaine needy and self-indulgent. Then there was Sara, the man that had become a little girl. She was crying quietly now because Amy had a hand up her skirt to explore.

“Stand still, Sara, I just want to feel what you have,” said Amy. “You should be more like my little Dolly. She knows that *I* decide the all the games.”

It seemed that Madelaine had finished stroking her enormous Teddy Bear and her hands were fumbling in the thick fur searching for something. Candy could hear the adults talking and tried to listen into the conversation.

“It’s all done now,” Aunty Janet was saying. “Candy will need a little training, but Joyce thinks that it will be more fun if we don’t do more than the basics. It’s much nicer for us if she is constantly reminded that she is not a little girl inside.”

“Mm,” said Betty. “I can’t say that I agree with that, but it’s really just a matter of personal taste I suppose. I’m glad that you got it all sorted out so easily, it took me over a year to get Sara to finally realise that I owned her and that she was just going to have to put up with the fact that Mummy has to have her boyfriend to keep her happy. Now of course she is so nice to him and keeps him happy all of the time when I am away.”

“It’s always *such* a struggle at first,” said Amy and Madelaine’s Mamma. “But, in the end we always get what we want. It’s so comforting that we friend can stick together and help each other...”

Candy did not hear the rest of the conversation, because her attention was drawn to Madelaine who started to unzip her giant Teddy Bear.

As her hand pulled the zipper down, naked skin was revealed underneath. The zipper ran in a circle to create a hole between Teddy’s legs where Candy could see a woman’s bare pussy exposed. Madelaine threw away the circle of fur and stroked the skin for a moment and then slapped it viciously.

“I want you all wet,” she said in a bad-tempered tone. “I want you to show me that you are enjoying this...”

The nurse’s voice sounded behind Candy, who started as she spoke.

“Wait until Aunty Joyce plays with you,” she said. “When you are a naughty little girl, she will show you the superb collection of canes that she has.”

Candy looked up at the huge woman who was chuckling to herself.

“Just think! All the pay that I get was your money! That means that you’re paying to belong to your Aunties! I just love the irony... I don’t like playing with men, so you don’t have to worry about that, I think that’s why I was sent by the agency.”

Candy gulped, but did not dare reply.

“You’re lucky really,” said the nurse as her hand slapped Candy’s ass with a playful tap. “They need you, just in case they have any problems with the money. The last little girl they had lasted just a year. I *almost* felt sorry for her...”

Candy heard a moan and turned to find that Madelaine had now unzipped two more holes in her Teddy. A huge ripe breast hung from each hole and Madelaine was tweaking the nipples with her nails. Meanwhile Amy had lifted Sara’s skirt and was inspecting the tiny little cock and balls that stuck from the groin of Sara like a little finger.

“Can it really get hard?” she was asking. “Ooh, I think that it already is!”

It seemed that Sara was getting excited and Amy teased her with her fingers.

“You are a naughty Teddy,” said Madelaine. “I told you that I want you all wet and you are not doing it,” she slapped the naked breasts sharply and nipped the soft nipples in frustration.

The nurse breathed in Candy’s ear, “Whatever you do, don’t try to escape...”

Candy looked up at the round face and said, “I don’t think that I could...”

“That’s the right attitude,” said Nurse Hunter. “It makes my job so much easier. Can you guess what the punishment for trying is?”

Candy shook her head.

“Well I won’t tell you, that’s for your Aunty Janet to say. Let’s just say that if you try once, you’ll never even think about trying again...”

Candy felt a deep fear. She could hear the women chatting about her in the background and knew that none of it was good. Also, she could hear Amy teasing Sara and then laughing whenever Sara sobbed as she slapped her little balls. Madelaine punished her Teddy, lifting her own skirt high and rubbing herself as she slapped and pinched Teddy’s breasts. The house that Candy had lived in as Orlando for six months had, in one day, become nothing less than a prison where she was going to be abused without end.

“Mamma, Mamma, Sara’s come for me,” cried out Amy in loud voice as Betty turned and looked over. “She’s messed up all her clothes... Look, look, the tiny little willy can spurt a few drops still... Can she do it again and again?”

“Sara’s a very naughty girl for making a mess, but we’re very busy at the moment. Why don’t you tell Sara to make you come as well? She’s very good at it! Then you can punish her for being so naughty. Play nicely and don’t distract us.”

Betty glanced at Candy and smiled before turning back to the other adults at the table.

“All you have to do is keep Candy in a smaller and smaller tube and she’ll soon shrink nice and small,” Betty was saying. “Sara loves playing with her tiny little willy it keeps her nice and quiet and docile. My boyfriend thinks that it is still a size too big, so we are putting on a special tube that will take it to under an inch! Then she can play with it to her heart’s content to keep her docile!”

Aunty Joyce pulled a face and shook her head.

“That’s not my way at all, she pronounced. “I have decided that Candy has far too much down there, but there’s no way that she’s ever going to be allowed any self-abuse.”

She looked over at Candy and shook her head again. She showed something to the other women and they all began to laugh at what they saw. Aunty Joyce held up her fingers to show Candy the little angular blue pill that was held between her fingers.

“Male onanism is a sin. It’s all there is to it,” said the woman who was already looking forward to her first climax while using her lovely little niece. “The Bible says that *men* are not allowed to play with themselves at all. Personally, I think that they should be chaste and servile, if they can’t manage that, then there are ways of making sure that they cannot play with themselves. Women are quite another case of course; they need to relieve themselves and deserve the gratification that it brings. Men are just there to help a woman’s pleasure become perfect bliss!”

Candy watched the dreadful woman spout her horrifying philosophy and realised at last that this was *not* a dream. This was Candy’s new reality, a perverted sexual fantasy that would grind her to dust in the gearwheels of their depravities.

This was now what she was, a niece with her two Aunts – a life being Aunty Janet’s delectable Candy.

She saw a blue tablet in her Auntie’s hand and a rush of tears filled Candy’s eyes.

They dripped from her cheeks and wetted her new party frock.

Candy’s cock swelled.

She needed Aunty.

The End

Dear Reader,

Just a small note that may be of interest... This sharp little tale is a spin-off from my novel ‘Four Bitches’. Of course, it stands on its own, but more of some of these characters can be found in that tale as well as my other short story ‘View from A Cot’.

Love,

Irene.