

miss irene clearmont
adult female domination fiction...

come to heel...

from the soon to be published
collection 'Down at Heel'



Come to Heel
by
Miss Irene Clearmont

Author's Note:

Part of the female domination anthology, 'Down at Heel' by Miss Irene Clearmont; this tale allows the reader who is new to Miss Clearmont's exquisite writing, to have an inkling of the territory that they are about to tread, should they acquire her latest volume. Miss Irene Clearmont writes female domination fiction that ranges to the 'almost harmless' to the 'very harmful'. A full gamut of erotic emotions that stalks paths seldom navigated.

Cuckoldry and feminisation are just one of the areas covered in Miss Irene Clearmont's latest anthology of femdom tales... From latex nuns to dominant aunts, from strict punishment and slavery to gentle persuasion, the reader will slide into a fantasy world like no other.

Poetry and prose.

A world where every single breath the reader takes, is for the refined pleasure of the women that they obsess over and serve.

Love,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Miss Irene Clearmont". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the name.

Contents

Author's Note:	2
Come To Heel	3
Part I	3
Part II	8
The End	15

Come To Heel

Part I

"Cindy says that it is fun..."

"Since when did you discuss things like *this* with Cindy?"

"Since school... Best friends and all that!"

"So now she even gets to discuss what we do in the bedroom?"

Stephanie rolled over in the bed to face her husband and her hands burrowed between his thighs. There was a light in her eyes that Pete had never seen before. Urgency and excitement rolled into one, pouting lips and a slight blush to her cheeks. He could feel her hands enclose his erection and then the long nails that scratched at his balls.

"If I want darling! You said that you wanted me to take the lead more often and..."

"In bed, Steph, in bed!"

"One thing follows another, darling! You want me to make dreams come true?"

"I do!"

Pete groaned as the hands started to tease and stroke him, he lay back and relaxed his thighs. His wife's response was to take him in hand and slowly tease him to his full size.

"Oh, that's so good," she moaned as she moved under the covers and pressed herself against him.

"Of course, it is," said Stephanie in a whisper. "It's what I want... I want you to just lie back and let me fuck you!"

Still gripping his cock, Stephanie moved under the covers and slowly slid over him, lifting a leg to straddle and then sitting back on his thighs while her hands rose and felt the length of his cock. Pete's eyes were closed, but he could see her in his mind's eye. The petite wife sitting upright while she controlled his prick, making his thighs lift with each movement she teased him to the point of capitulation.

"This is my fuck," she continued, "so don't you dare come until I give the word!"

Something hard and sharp ran a few inches along his leg and Pete started.

"Heels in bed, darling, just lie there while I play with your body..."

Pete was so tempted to open his eyes, but somehow he felt that the fantasy would fade if he did so. Instead he groaned as his wife held him tight, he felt her lean over him and now he was pressed to her belly as her hands moved up his torso to his neck and then his face. His arms stretched up and clutched at the bed posts with a tight grip and he knew that he was falling deep into the fantasy. At last, after months of trying to persuade Stephanie to be more assertive, to rule the nights, his hopes were being fulfilled.

"Now then," she whispered in a matter-of-fact tone. "There's something that I need to do..."

He felt her reach over his head, her hands under the pillow and then the smooth silk of a blindfold being tied over his face. His lips brushed the silk scarf as she knotted it tight and then sat back to admire her work.

"Can't have you seeing what comes next..."

The hands returned to his cock for a minute. Teasing and playing with it, closing on his balls and making him thrust up from the bed. Pete was in heaven; his wife rode his thrusting hips and moved up and down whilst her heels dug into his thighs like spurs. Once again, she dropped to the length of him and her hands quested over his naked body, this time the target was his wrists. Her hands reached once more under the pillow and he heard the clink of metal before her slim hands cuffed his wrists to the posts that he was clutching so tightly.

"That's better, darling," she breathed in his ear. All we need to do now is to get those ankles in restraints and then I can play to my heart's content."

Her words and the friction of her hard belly on his straining cock almost pushed him to the point of no return, but Pete lay quiescent on the bed as his wife made her arrangements. He felt her move on the bed, releasing his legs. The clink of metal, the sawing, grating sound of a chain being pulled over the metal bed posts and the clutch of cold metal on his ankles.

"Now then, nice and tight..."

He heard the steel tips of her heels on the hard marble floor and then the rattle of the chains. A tentative pull and then his right leg was pulled down to the post. A ratcheting sound and then it was the turn of the left. It too was pulled tight and Pete gasped as he felt himself being stretched to full extent before there was the small sound of a sigh and once more she was mounting the bed next to her fully-spread husband. A hand slid along his cock and pulled him tight.

"Is this what you wanted darling?" came her voice from on high.

"Oh, it's so good..."

"That's nice, darling, because now there's a special surprise for you..."

Pete's body tried to writhe in the chains, but they were so tight that there was no movement possible. The hands plucked at him, slapped his erection lightly and then gripped his balls. Sharp manicured nails bit in the cleft of his ass and he cried out as they probed and explored him.

"It's time to have a little discussion about sex..."

Her words penetrated his mind and his lips formed a questioning pout.

"That's right, darling, you see there's something that I have to tell you and it seems that now is the moment... A sort of a confession on my part..."

"What?"

Despite the distractions, Pete realised that the tone of her voice was serious and he suddenly wished that he was not so helpless.

"You see," she began. "I have to tell you all about the affair that I've been having..."

"Affair, Jesus, Stephanie! Have you been cheating on me?"

"Of course I have," said Stephanie's voice. "Just a little affair, that's all. Surely you don't mind if you want me to be more assertive?"

"Get me out of this!"

"Why ever would I want to do that?" she asked coyly. "You would start shouting and getting all angry and I would regret that I told you the truth; that wouldn't help at all, would it?"

The hand played with him and a drop of pre-cum oozed from the tip before Stephanie throttled back and allowed the peak to subside.

"Seems to me that you are enjoying this little tête-à-tête, darling. Now then, where were we?"

"Who?"

"Are you really asking me who has been fucking me and teaching me all these nice little tricks?" she asked with a small laugh. "Can't you guess?"

Once again, she brought him to just lower than his peak before he asked the question.

"That Geoff? Your boss, or is it the husband of that friend of yours, Cindy?"

"Close, darling, so close, but then you never were all that good at all this social stuff, were you?"

Pete pulled at the chains that bound him to his marriage bed and then found himself submitting to another exploration of his vulnerable ass by her hands.

"Then who?" he panted desperately.

"If I tell you, then you'll come as I say the name," laughed Stephanie as she kept him at the very edge of his climax. "But, I promised you a surprise and it would be so wrong for me to go back on my word!"

Pete felt her shuffle, her heels scouring the skin from his thighs until her hips were poised above his, her knees gripping his hips.

"It's coming," she whispered, "that little surprise that I promised..."

Pete tried to thrust up into her. Somehow, her cheating on him was all part of a game that she was playing. Was this all just part of the game? Was this just her being 'assertive' as he wanted? He could sense that her pussy was just hovering over the tip of his straining cock and his head was a mass of conflicts. So close, but Steph was in complete control.

He heard her laugh loud. A raw cry that was at odds with the half whispered chuckles and words with which she had taunted him. Her heels bit into his thighs and then he heard a new sound. The sound of the door opening. The click of the bolt in the door, the rasp of the door on its hinges and then the sound of footsteps on the hard flooring.

"Jesus, Steph, stop this, please stop it..."

"You started it, darling," said his wife's voice in triumph. "It is left to me to finish it!"

As she spoke, he felt her take him in. A slow warmth, a familiar tightness as her cunt swallowed him until there was a warm wetness on his groin.

"Now, I get to fuck you..."

The footsteps clicked on the floor and Pete struggled in his chains. He felt hands on his face, his cock embedded in Stephanie. He knew that he was so close to climax and the two imperatives swallowed him whole. On the one hand, the fuck that was approaching the point of no return, on the other the fear of the hands that undid the silken blindfold.

He dared not open his eyes as the silk was pulled away.

Lips closed on his and nails bit into his nipples.

Pete climaxed with a rush of fear and bliss as warm breath touched his face. He opened his eyes and started.

Cindy's face smiled over him as his wife fell into her own orgasm and cried out with a passion that her husband had never heard before. The pink lips pouted and kissed again and then withdrew and Pete gasped for breath with the power of coming. Far above, Stephanie's face was in the throes of her climax while Cindy stood by the bed. Dressed in pink, lips and lashes pink, she stood with a long cane in her hand, eyeing the man who was her competitor.

"What the..." stuttered Pete.

"Cindy is my lover," gasped Stephanie. "For months now... all you need to know is that she is so very strict!"

Pete stared at the smiling Cindy and then at the long cane in her hand. A sudden chill clutched at his heart as he realised that this was no dream, no game that Steph was playing. His wife pulled free from his cock and moved to stand by her lover.

"Everything that you ever wanted, darling," she said as his come slithered down her naked thighs. "Not one, but two women to control your life from now on..."

Pete's mouth opened as though he was about to speak and then he watched his wife put an arm around Cindy's narrow waist. The movement was natural, a welcoming, loving embrace that spoke more than any words could ever do.

"First a little play and then comes the serious stuff," said Cindy as she loosed the cane and swatted at Pete's thighs. "He will be perfect for us and we have all the time in the world to train him to be a perfect little feminised maid to serve us..."

"I love you," said Pete's wife, but the words were directed at her lover and not the stricken husband on the bed.

"There's one thing though," said Cindy as she tapped the end of the cane on the flaccid wet cock that draped over Pete's belly.

"What's that?" asked Stephanie.

"Chastity for this..."

The end of the cane lifted the cock and poked the balls lightly.

"...we can't have him thinking that we are here to serve *him*!"

Stephanie looked down at Pete's face and smiled.

"You see, darling. It's a dream come true!"

Part II

The heels were so uncomfortable, his legs strained and ached and the corset bit into his waist mercilessly, flaring his hips and causing him to gasp for breath as he waited for his wife to arrive home from work. Just a month ago, Pete had

thought that all he wanted in life was for his petite wife, Stephanie, to be more assertive in bed. Now he stood by the door of his house, waiting for her to arrive as she expected.

He shifted his feet a little to balance and stood straight to stop his falling to the floor. If he fell, standing up again would be difficult and Stephanie would be so angry to find him sprawled on the floor. For a moment, he tried to move a gloved hand to support himself on the wall, but the narrow chain that joined his wrists behind his back stopped him and he almost fell.

Once again he shuffled a little to sway on the heels before he managed to keep his balance.

In his head was a fear. A tension that spoke of his trip to explore the mild fantasy that he had imagined that he wanted to live out for real. That his wife would ride him, fuck him in heels and stockings. That she would become a woman who bent him around her little finger. That had been the dream, but the reality had become a nightmare. Instead, it was Cindy, his wife's lover that played with him, while Stephanie simply enjoyed watching Pete being humiliated and punished by the woman that she spent her nights with.

He would have looked down if the posture collar around his neck had allowed it. He knew what he would have seen. The tight boots that stretched to his knee in a smooth patent leather skin with intricate laces that ran from top to toe. The toes pointed to the floor, the metal heels that ran from heel to the floor with a thin chain between them that ensured that every step was short and delicate. From the edge of the boots to his waist, the nylon pantyhose that covered and revealed his smooth thighs and the steel-enclosed cock that was locked with the tint key that hung at Cindy's ankle.

There was something frightening in the way that Stephanie had given Cindy the key to his manhood. Without a care, as if Cindy had everything that she ever wanted from Steph. She knew that her married lover might just have pity on the husband if he could speak of mercy and succour. Instead, all Pete could manage were small grunts that signalled assent to the abuse that was becoming, day by day, the normality of everyday life.

A crunch of gravel under high heels and the door opened.

Stephanie had changed, become something else since she had given her husband to her lover. She had grown inside, become a woman who appreciated having a servant and a young lover that made her life a bed of roses. Perhaps she would have laughed to hear his pleas and entreaties, perhaps the savage gag was superfluous to Cindy's requirements after all.

Stephanie smiled at the rigid form that stood to greet her as she entered the house. For a moment, her gloved hand reached out and fondled the restraint under the thin nylon.

"Have a good day, darling?" she asked.

Peter nodded and a tear came to his eyes as he grunted assent.

"That's nice! Is Cindy at home?"

Again, the small grunt in his throat that signalled agreement.

"I hope that you have completed all your chores," continued Stephanie as she hung up her fur coat to reveal the tight suit that clasped her form. "You are already due three strokes of the cane, I will be very angry if you have not been a good little girl!"

Without waiting for an answer, Pete's wife left the hall for the lounge. A small movement of her hand indicating that he should follow her.

Small steps.

Every one a risk of slipping and falling, but he managed to walk with the roll of the hips that Cindy required of him and followed Stephanie into the lounge to find that she was already pouring herself a cognac. Cindy lounged on the sofa, sprawled almost naked in a baby-doll nighty, a picture of innocence only spoiled by the long cane that hung loosely from her hand.

"Drink dear?" asked Stephanie of her lover.

"Of course," chuckled Cindy.

As she spoke she moved slowly to drop a stilettoed foot to the floor opening her thighs to show the naked slit that cleft her. Pink stockings, a haze of the web of the nightie and a slight shift that caused her large breasts to roll under the flimsy silk. Cindy held out her hand and lazily took the drink while Pete's gaze was fixed on the tiny key that hung from the shapely ankle.

"We have something to discuss," said Stephanie.

Ignoring her husband by the armchair she sat down and sipped at the glass in her hand.

"My little idea?"

"Of course! I've been giving it some thought over the last week and I think that you're right. Pete is ready for the next stage in his training and it's time that he realised that his entire existence is for *our* amusement..."

Cindy slowly sat up on the sofa and lifted her glass with one hand as the other moved between her open thighs to cover the oozing cunt that bled her excitement. One finger slipped inside the lips and she blushed pink as she stroked herself.

"We need the right person," said Cindy slowly. "It won't be easy to arrange..."

"Nonsense," replied Stephanie. "It's all arranged for tonight! I have sorted everything out, in an hour he will arrive and then the fun can begin..."

Cindy looked up at the puzzled man who stood so rigidly by her lover's side and smiled.

"I can't believe how quickly you managed to find someone," she said.

A small moan escaped her lips and her hand slid across her pussy, smearing her juices almost to the tops of her pink stockings.

"Well, I have," said Stephanie. "All we have to do is get him ready and then enjoy the show!"

"Who?"

"Oh, it's one of the programmers from the office," said Stephanie with a grin. "As soon as I suggested that there was nice little girly maid to play with he went for it hook line and sinker."

"Gay?"

"I don't think so," laughed Stephanie. "Jonah is more deviant than anything else..."

"Perfect," laughed Cindy. "It is about time that Pete learned that we can do whatever we want with him."

"Oh, I think that he's learned that already," said Stephanie as she sipped the cognac. "All we're doing is pushing him down the road to becoming a proper sissy... Now then, we need to get ready, because Jonah will be here in under an hour and everything must be perfect!"

It was nothing new, being chained to the bedpost while the two women in Pete's life played with each other on the bed. What was new was the terrible feeling of intense fear that filled his head. It had taken him ten minutes to ascend the stairs at the end of Cindy's leash and he had fought every step of the way.

First an attempt to slump down on the stairs that failed at the savage third blow of the cane in Cindy's hand and the twist of her heel on his thigh with all of her weight on it. Then the slow ascent, step by painful step as he struggled against the heels and chains while impatient wife and lover forced him to his fate. They laughed at his helplessness and drove him on, all the while hinting at the terrible fate that they had in store for him.

At last he shuffled into the familiar bedroom, his cage in the corner, the welded rings on the bedposts marking his post when he was permitted to witness their lovemaking. Cindy chained his wrists low and he kneeled by the bedpost while she undid the gag from his mouth and withdrew the stiff rubber ball.

"God, please," he cried to be answered by a curt laugh.

"Don't be such a silly little girl," said his wife. "This is just the first little stage to exposing the type of man that you really are! A tiny little useless cock, a need to be used and abused and a perfect little maid for my pleasure!"

"I'm sorry..." he blurted, but as he did so Cindy slipped a broad ring between his lips.

"That's better," she said as she tightened the straps behind his head.

A finger probed the gag and pushed it correctly into place before the straps were pulled savagely tight.

"He needs something else," said Stephanie.

She turned and opened the top drawer of the chest of drawers and pulled a mass of bright pink from it to display the wig to Cindy.

"This is perfect!"

It was Cindy that adjusted the wig while her lover slowly undressed to reveal her stockings and corset.

"All we need now is our visitor..."

Pete could hear the voices laughing downstairs. The two women who had him in their grip and a man's voice that laughed just a little too loud. Drool spilled from his lips and he struggled to lift his head against the posture collar so that he could swallow it. He was kneeling, his hands behind him at the bed post and his legs were almost numb from the tight grip of the terrible boots that they had fitted him with. Tears streamed from his eyes, blurring the mascara and leaving a trail in the foundation that Cindy had applied.

He heard the clink of glasses and more chatter and then the sound of the lounge door opening. Now he could hear the words that they spoke as the two women and the man ascended the stairs. Pete made one last effort to tear himself from the grip of his chains and fetters, but all he succeeded in doing was to dribble over the farts on his thighs.

In the darkness, he saw the door open. First in was Stephanie, her glass still in her hand. Second the slim figure of Cindy, as usual in pink, the baby-doll nightie scarcely covering her thighs. Looming behind was a man taller than both women. Well-muscled and broad-shouldered he was dressed casually in jeans and T shirt.

"Is this your little sissy?" laughed Jonah as he looked down at the kneeling husband on whose head his wife's hand rested.

"He's all yours," laughed Cindy. "We are just here to enjoy the show..."

Jonah's face was flushed with the drinks that wife and lover had plied him with. A huge swelling in his jeans showed his interest.

"Let me introduce you to Jonah," said Stephanie.

The hand on Pete's head ensured that his eyes were transfixed on the sight of Cindy slowly releasing him from his jeans. Her hand slid down the zipper and then slid inside to ease the giant organ from the opening.

"More important," continued Pete's wife, "you need to meet this cock. A real man's cock that needs to be satisfied for *my* pleasure... I just can't wait for the little show that you are going to give us."

Cindy's hands slipped the length of the half-erect cock to tease it to full size while Pete's eyes filled with tears. Her fingertips pulled back the foreskin to reveal the smooth swollen purple tip and then pulled to bring him to full size. There was no doubt, Jonah was impressive. A curved stalk that could barely be encompassed by Cindy's long fingers. Crooked veins ran the length of it and the small opening at its tip leaked pre-cum.

"You really are a pair of bitches!" chuckled Jonah as he allowed himself to be aroused. "Am I the first?"

"The first, but just the first, dear," whispered Stephanie. "A virgin's tears!"

As she spoke her fingers moved to cross the husband's tearstained face and grip it even though the collar allowed no escape.

"Tonight, sissy learns to deep-throat, tomorrow he will be offering another hole for our pleasure..."

Jonah looked down and then felt Cindy's hand on his butt. A gentle push that caused him to move to the brink of that inviting hole that these two malevolent women were offering for his cock. He watched the fear in the husband's eyes, the streams of tears that showed his aversion and then he thrust because the impulse to do so was beyond his control.

The cock barely fitted the ring-gag in the open lips. It slid inside and filled the hole. Tongue and moved to block and teeth closed to bite. The tongue was pushed aside with ease, the gag held the jaws open and the huge cock slid effortlessly deep into the proffered glory hole.

"All the way, dear," coaxed Stephanie.

The hand pushing was not needed, Jonah thrust until balls slapped against chin, his cock probed deep, thrusting the throat open as Stephanie's fingers slid to feel the swelling throat from the outside.

"Now fuck the bitch..."

Pete choked on Jonah, he gasped as the cock withdrew and then once again he felt himself being used as a cunt for Jonah's massive cock. All the while, wife and lover coaxed Jonah to greater efforts. Slow strokes. Paced and rhythmic.

Cindy produced her phone and filmed the whole scene.

As her shaking hands held the phone, she caught Stephanie in the background slowly reaming her streaming pussy with her fingers of one hand as the other lingered at the top of Pete's collar, feeling the penetration from without at each deep thrust.

"What a good little slut, it's as though our maid has been sucking cock forever," said Cindy.

The effect of those words on Stephanie was almost immediate and she gasped and climaxed. Her hand stopped moving and a flush spread from thighs to belly. Belly to breasts and breasts to neck as she watched Jonah's cock finally pull free and spew come into the wide-open mouth that had no choice but to

drink at the fountain that gushed fountains of come to splatter the face of her husband.

"Jesus, Jonah..." said Cindy with a cry. "That's fucking perfect..."

Jonah's reply was to take his cock in hand and hold it steady while the last few drops of come flicked into Pete's eyes making him cry out with alarm. Cindy's hand dropped the phone to the floor and slapped Pete's face with a sharp clout.

"Swallow it all, bitch!"

Her fingers moved to push the sticky fluid into the open mouth as Jonah retreated and said, "That was so good, babe... but, I'll need ten minutes to recover if I am going to fuck your maid again..."

"I'm so fucking horny," gasped Cindy.

"You're always fucking horny," chuckled Stephanie. "Next time I think that you can cane the bitch while he is fucked, because he's made no attempt at all to thank Jonah for the fuck!"

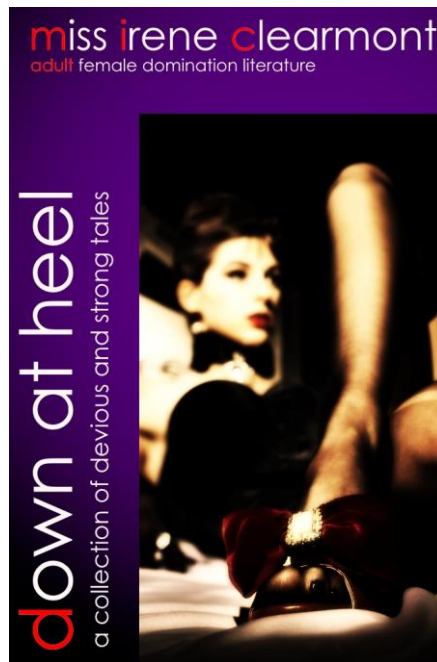
"Now that's why I love you so much," breathed Cindy. "You always know exactly what can turn me on."

"He'll learn what it is to be made a maid for us," laughed Stephanie as she kissed Cindy's pouting lips. "Now then, I suggest that we get another drink and then bring the bottle up here and relax a little. It's going to be a long night for my cock-sucking slut."

The kiss with Cindy lingered and then she took Jonah's hand to lead him from the bedroom. As the door closed, Pete heard the words that he had dreaded issue from his wife's lips and knew that the nightmare would be endless.

"After all, we've got the whole weekend to enjoy breaking my sissy husband!"

The End



'Down at Heel', three hundred pages of female domination goodness, can be purchased at my publisher's website complete:

www.FemDomCave.com

Find My Website at:

www.MissIreneClearmont.com

A place where there are no adverts, are no pop-ups, are no distractions and there are no men in control. Full of free fiction, guest authors and the inevitable blog. Everything is created by Miss Irene Clearmont herself.

Visit me in my web...