

The Commission.



An ADULT short story of Female Domination

by

Miss Irene Clearmont.

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The Commission.

At The Party

'The bitch is getting out of control' he thought as he watched her laughing amongst the group of women who were gathered around the box.

As he sipped the cognac and tried to pay attention to the couple who were discussing their problems that they had when they were stopped for a defective rear light on the highway. He could not help but watch Karen laughing uproariously as two of the maids tipped the box over onto its side whilst a huge woman, scantily dressed in latex prepared to use the box that they were crowded around.

"OK, I'll admit that the light was out, but really! Don't they know who we are?" asked the woman in the revealing silk dress as she moved her hand in a gesture of enquiry. "We move in higher society..."

Charles nodded and made a small noise that could have been interpreted as the woman wished. Here he was, Commissioner of the Long Island police, a man who dealt with murders, the FBI and who knew how many other serious problems and there they were... people so rich that they could have pasted all the walls of their mansion in the Hamptons with hundred dollar note and not noticed any change in their bank balance!

The gross woman on the other side of the room hitched up her latex dress and revealed that her enormous thighs, ass and swelling pussy were naked

as she sat on the box to the mocking laughter and champagne toasts of the on looking women. Soon the man in the box would start to service her through the hole to which his mouth was fixed, while the onlookers would enjoy the show.

"It's ridiculous and embarrassing," said the man. "I insist that you do something to ensure that this small problem goes away!"

Charles smiled at the man and nodded.

"I can probably sort it out," he said with a small internal sigh. "Give me the ticket and I'll do it!"

"Thanks so much," said the woman. "I think that this is a good moment to invite you to the exclusive little soirée that we are having on the first of next month. It's nice to know that we have the support of the local police."

"I shall of course attend," said Charles. "Birthday or celebration?"

As he spoke his eyes followed the scene being acted out at the other side of the room. Karen, his depraved lover, was clapping with the rest of the crowd of women as the fat woman experienced a climax. Then a look of concentration came over the fat woman's face as she leaned forward a little to further applause. He could imagine what the stupid man in the box was going through. His open mouth, full of the delicate juice of her gratification was being washed by a different emission that would not be so palatable. Served him right whoever he was. Fancy allowing himself to be captured by these depraved dominatrices.

"It's just a little celebration of Gemma's passing her exams;" said the woman to Charles.

Charles could not remember who 'Gemma' was and wondered how he could reply when the man smiled and enlarged on his wife's comment.

"She got married just a year ago and is celebrating the divorce," he snickered.

“Well,” said Charles, “that was over fast...”

“She thinks that he’s after her fortune,” said the wife earnestly.

That comment did not seem to require a reply so Charles just sipped at his cognac and waited for more.

“We had a quiet word with Miss Clearmont,” continued the wife. “She was most helpful and said that she was sure that she could solve Gemma’s problems in a couple of months’ time at a very reasonable price *and* I must say that it is a relief to be able to *call* on her help when there is a small problem like this.”

At the other side of the room, the large woman had dismounted from the service box and pulled the hem of her dress down with a small tug. It did not have far to go. Karen was now in the middle of those woman and holding forth. He could almost see her nipples, the dress was so low over those huge breasts and he wondered at how easily she had taken to this society of the ultra-rich. God, how he wished that he could fuck her, but he was not inclined to put himself on film in one of the bedrooms here. Events like this turned her on so much, made her red hot for his cock, she so loved having the maids attend to her at the same time...

He loved her aggression in bed; he relished the way that every man in a room stared at her with bulging eyes. More than that, he relished her delight in partnering him to these events that were so necessary to maintain his contacts as he networked with the highest level of an underworld that lay just below the surface of everyday society. His aristocratic wife was staid and uninterested in his work. *She* considered a career in the police, even at the highest level, to be a menial activity that was below any partner of hers!

“Make sure that you bring Karen,” said the man who had just invited him to another depraved event. “We have a new stud that she will just swoon over.”

The man's wife blushed a little and said, "I just bought him a month ago and he is such a good... lover."

"I'm sure that she'll be happy to come," said Charles as he slipped a small pun into his acceptance.

"I am fascinated to see what Miss Clearmont makes of the Academy," said the man, changing the subject. "She certainly is creating something special here! Such a shame that Janet is retiring from the business."

The way that he spoke gave the impression that he was a close friend of the archfiend that ran the Academy, but Charles was watching the crowd around Karen again as they seemed to be rounding up all of the she male maids in a line and discussing something with Miss Clearmont.

At last Charles managed to extricate himself from the couple with a final assurance that he would sort out their small problem and yes, he would attend their small party, gladly. He started to make his way across to Karen to see what the women were doing, but once again he was trapped by a guest who seemed to think that he could help them.

This time he had to pay attention and forget Karen, because it was Veronica, the rather alarming woman who acted on Miss Clearmont's behalf. She was the only person at the gathering who was dressed in casual street clothes. Only the stilettos were perhaps a little on the high side.

"Charles, I wanted a word..." she opened.

"Veronica, good to see you!" he lied.

"I need a big favor!"

His heart sank, this was sure to be something that he did not *want* to do, but he would *have* to.

"Of course..."

"I wonder if you would be so kind as to keep me updated daily about people on the 'missing persons' lists," she said.

Veronica was seldom anything other than direct. Charles breathed an internal sigh of relief! This was easy to do and would not raise any questions or be the cause of 'called in' favors.

"Daily or weekly," he said.

"Daily, but I need the FBI and Interpol lists as well."

"Mm," he said. "Interpol updates weekly and the FBI lists are not updated daily..."

"I just need to know who is on the lists as the authorities update them, say, for the next two months?"

"Is it anyone in particular?"

"Of course," she said. "But, it would be better for you not to know whom!"

He tried to smile, but it was more a rictus of the face than his usual amused twist of the lips. A thought occurred to him in a flash of illumination and he spoke almost before it was fully formed.

"I wonder if you could do something for me?" he asked.

Veronica smiled and said, "Of course, I am always eager to balance the score!"

Charles thought of his wife and her lovers, those hunky studs that passed through her life like phantoms to be replaced by the next. He looked over at Karen and felt Veronica follow his gaze.

"Karen?" asked Veronica. "Really? You won't find another like her. I don't think that I've ever seen anyone that orgasms so fast when the whip is out, are you sure?"

"Yes," he mumbled almost embarrassed by his need.

"It will be a pleasure! Are you in a hurry?"

"No, well, I don't think so, but I'm sure she will fetch a high price!"

"Of that, there's no doubt at all," said Veronica as she gazed at Karen and wondered at just how fickle these men were. "I'll discuss it with Irene."

'She is the only person that he had ever known to just refer to Miss Irene Clearmont only by her Christian name,' he thought as he turned back to her.

"Just don't forget those reports," said Veronica. "As for your lover, well just wait a month or two and we'll see if her name turns up on the lists that you give me!"

"I'll keep my eye out..."

"Consider it done!"

Veronica turned away and wandered away while Charles met Karen as the group of women dispersed and she headed towards him. Her face was a little pink with excitement and her breasts heaved like a swelling tide.

"The slave in the box, it was one of the girl's husbands," she said breathlessly. "Full of come and she never blinked an eye when Miss Clearmont had the box opened!"

"I'm sure that he deserved it," said Charles as he linked her. "I think that we should leave now, I've got to fuck you."

"Why not here?" she asked. "Then I can whip the maid who sucks your balls as you fuck me! So much more fun."

"No, let's leave," he said, but he knew that it was hopeless to try to get her out of this depraved house.

“Darling, let’s try one of those she-male maids. Please?”

His cock was rigid in his pants and all that Charles could think about was Karen’s glorious cunt dripping with excitement as he pushed into her.

“Please,” she begged again with that small whine in her voice that signified command and control.

“OK,” he assented feeling trapped.

“I want that one,” said Karen pointing at the rear of one of the maids.

From the back he took her for a pretty girl of nineteen or twenty, when she turned he saw that metal tube that showed *she* was a *he*, no matter how large the breasts and wide the hips with those shapely legs.

“Did you speak to Miss Clearmont and ask her permission?” he asked.

“It’s all arranged,” laughed Karen as she produced a wicked crop from behind her back. “I just love these parties...”

With the maid following two paces behind and Charles and Karen arm in arm, they reached the grand staircase just as Miss Clearmont passed them.

“Enjoying the party, Charles,” she asked as a small smile passed over her lips. “Veronica told me that you had a small job for us?”

Charles felt like an insect pinned to a card because Miss Clearmont was clearly enjoying making him squirm.

“Uh, yes, a sort of quid pro quo...”

“Consider it done,” said Miss Clearmont.

“Thanks,” he replied with a blush.

"These things never work out the way that we expect!"

"I suppose that that's life," he said, misunderstanding her completely as Karen dragged him up the stairs. "You never know what's coming!"

A Second Gathering

The call came in the middle of a meeting with two FBI agents. Charles made a curt apology and retreated to a corner of the incident room where piles of evidence and papers, files and white boards filled the space that was, during the day, a hive of police activity.

"Commissioner Worth here," he said.

"Veronica," came the curt reply. "I just wanted to call you to tell you that our *special* arrangement can come to an end now."

"Thanks," he replied.

There was a moment's pause before he continued.

"I wanted to express my appreciation for the favor that you did me in return!"

"No problem! I was also asked to convey an invitation to a small 'do' tonight. Irene says that it is important that you come along at eight."

Charles glanced at his watch and calculated.

"I'll be there," he said as he calculated an hour for the FBI, an hour to get to the Academy and still half an hour to freshen up.

"Great, I'll see you then."

Without preamble the line cut and Charles dropped his mobile back into his pocket.

How Charles hated being in debt to Miss Clearmont, but on the other hand she *had* kept her word. Karen disappeared just two weeks after his request and by now, she would be tucked away, learning to please her future owners. Of course, he would see nothing of the money that they made from her, but the fact that his lover had disappeared had eased all that pressure on his private life. What he needed was a woman who just stayed at home and waited for him to turn up. A bitch that loved to fuck and did not mix him into difficult situations with the dangerous people that he often had to do business with. Karen had aimed to become a star in amongst people who could eat him for breakfast and had been so careless about *his* needs and concerns.

The meeting with the FBI fraud specialists lasted another ten minutes as he promised to take their interests in the case into full account and Charles found himself with time to spare to get home and grab a shower. Emilia, his wife glanced up from her book when he entered and made a comment that he did not catch.

"Pardon," he said.

"I just said," she muttered, "that an occasional evening at home might be nice!"

"It's a pressing engagement," he replied.

"It always is! I don't understand why you work at all," she said. "There's really no need..."

"I have to fill my time!"

She muttered again and he was forced to ask her what she had said again.

"I said," she said again, "that I can find ways for you to fill your time!"

Now it was that he noticed that she was wearing negligee, stockings and heels.

"I'm so sorry, how about tomorrow night? I'm going to be late."

"Tomorrow night?" she said in query. "Are you sure that you're not going to visit that blonde slut that you try so hard to keep hidden from me?"

"She's gone," he said, trying to stop getting into an argument about all the sweet little boys that she fucked when he was not there.

"I know," she said. "But, there are plenty more where she came from!"

"Not at the moment."

"Well, we'll fuck tomorrow night then," she said.

Under her breath she mumbled again, but this time he was gone to the shower with quick steps and did not get to hear what she had said.

"Or I'll fuck you..."

"Please follow the green strip to park," said the woman from loudspeaker as Charles waited for the security gate to lift.

The drive now ran through a newly landscaped garden that was invisible to a person who drove up to the house. This was because, after the gate, it dipped into a furrow with high sides that did not allow the visitor to see the house and gardens at all, just smooth stone sides where the rock had been gouged out to make the road.

As he approached the entrance to the underground car park small green lights pulsed in the road and led him to his space. Charles had never seen anything like it before and followed the lights deep into the second level.

In that level he found a space to pull in.

There stood one of the Academy's maids to lead him into the house. Pretty in luscious apricot pink she was a picture of sexual innocence that had been more than touched by a depraved hand. Somehow the fact that she was petite and Japanese added to the painting that shifted with every graceful movement. The short dress just hid the very tops of her thighs but her breasts hung pear-like over the lace to show the intricate tattoos that swathed her skin in a delicate pastel flowers that covered every inch of her skin. From her tiny feet in the ballet stilettos, to the top of her hairless scalp she was a fragile single flower in a Japanese posy of summer blossoms.

Charles found himself towering over her and had the sudden urge to pick her up and use her immediately. This young maid was so vulnerable and delicate, so sexual and yet almost unattainable in her innocence. She smiled and bowed slightly before she led him down a long corridor that he felt must go under the Academy main building itself.

The maid walked with a slight sway of her narrow hips in small steps that made an almost pony like clip-clop on the tiles of the corridor. As Charles followed her he noticed the steel collar that encircled her neck and remembered Miss Lisa's exposition at the party when he had negotiated to dispose of Karen. The collar was linked to Miss Clearmont's security systems and would ensure that this young slave could only do as she was told.

They reached the end of the corridor where two shiny steel doors closed the way. As the maid approached the doors they parted silently to reveal the cabin of the lift that would take them up to the Academy itself. Trapped in the warm cubicle of the lift he now caught the gentle aroma of the tiny slave who accompanied him without speaking a word. A delicate waft of summer wild roses and hyacinth that invoked an emotion in Charles that he could not define.

As the lift climbed he wondered what it was like to actually own someone. To have complete control of their lives and define who and what they were for one's own pleasure. This little Japanese maid would cost half a million dollars to own. At least! She would have been trained to serve men and women without fault in every way that was imaginable. He looked down at

the smooth skin of her breasts, the curled petals of the blooms on her skin and the delicate pink nipples.

The smell of hyacinths filled the lift by the time that the doors opened and Charles found himself in a fugue of lustful need as they did so. He found himself looking into a room that was filled with chatter. The room was one that he did not recognise, no windows and decorated in black and silver. Miss Clearmont, the host stood with a glass in her hand in conversation with two other women who stood with their backs to him. Two other groups of women stood chatting and a couple of maids served drinks and small tit bits from silver trays.

He stepped out of the lift, almost disapointed the the Japanese morsel who had accompanied him closed the lift doors and disappeared back to her post. A maid approached and offered her tray. All she wore was a pinnafore in lace, a plain steel collar and high heeled spikes that were joined by a short chain that kept her steps small and a wiggle in her thighs that was a delight to see.

Charles picked up a flute of wine and sauntered over to Miss Clearmont to pay his compliments. He recognised both of the other women who paused to nod to him. Veronica, dressed as usual in casual jeans and T shirt was, as usual, the only woman in the room to dress in clothes that would not raise an eyebrow on the street. Miss Gudrun, on the other hand, wore a long dress in electric blue latex that hugged her mature charms like a sheath.

"Ah, Charles, I'm so glad that you could come," said Miss Clearmont with a small smile. "I think that you have met Miss Gudrun who is in charge of the Academy for its opening phase and Veronica who is arranging the first intake."

He mumbled a greeting and then said, "Is it to be business or pleasure then?"

"Mm, some business and *of course* pleasure is on the agenda as well!" she answered. "I have arranged a small viewing of a film first and then we can discuss a move towards a new alignment of our business relationship."

Charles nodded and wondered what it was that she wanted from him. He had, so far, managed to maintain some distance between himself and the Service Academy by ensuring that no trace of a connection could be proved between himself and the woman that ran a slave trade in his jurisdiction.

The chatter was inconsequential and it became clear that a few guests still had to arrive before Miss Clearmont's little 'event' could begin. He nodded and made the occasional comment as he scanned the other guests, recognising a couple of them as representing a gathering of women who worked for Miss Clearmont in various ways.

Just to his left was Shareen, the lawyer that sometimes acted as public prosecutor. She stood dressed like a high school teacher in pencil skirt and white blouse. Not a woman that he got on well with; interesting that she was so close with this clique! Part of another group was a statuesque black woman who he recognised from the party a few months ago. She had a dangerous look and he remembered vaguely that she ran some sort of slavery business in Africa somewhere. She was attractive, but had a haughty look that made him uneasy. Not someone to play trivial games with!

A small buzzer announced the arrival of the lift and he half turned to see who else was arriving.

The doors of the lift slid open and Karen, his former lover stepped into the room! Charles almost dropped his glass in shock at her arrival. Just behind Karen was another woman whose arrival almost made him struggle for breath, his wife, Emilia!

Karen smiled broadly when she saw the effect that her entrance had on her former lover. It was heightened by the fact that she was dressed in a leather costume that emphasised her considerable charms. Laces pulled the soft leather tight over her body and her thigh-high boots showed her long legs to advantage.

Charles looked at Miss Clearmont and then back at Emilia. In a summer dress and high heeled sandals she was a complete contrast to Karen. Petite and slim she strolled from the lift and nodded to the other women with a casual smile.

Before Charles could utter a word, Miss Clearmont said, "Now that we are all here, I would like to introduce Miss Karen and Emilia. Miss Karen has accepted my offer to take up the post as chief of security at the Academy and Emilia is here in her capacity as one of the first customers to take advantage of the service that I am here to provide.

Charles could almost not hear the words. His mind was filled with confused thoughts and his breath came in gasps as several of the women in the room applauded politely.

Karen moved to shake a couple of hands and then suddenly she was standing in front of Charles with that brooad smile on her lips.

"I suppose that you thought that by now I would be in some harem?" she said with a grin.

"It was a mistake!" he replied.

Suddenly the room closed in on Charles. Behind him he could hear the words of his wife to Miss Clearmont as he stood with the sound of his heart beating in his ears.

"You know what I want," said Emilie from behind him, "obedience!"

Miss Clearmont laughed and then said, "That is what we are in the business of supplying."

"A mistake!" said Karen to Charles. "How can selling *me* be a mistake?"

Karen's hard voice woke him to what was happening. He looked around in panic and realised that there was no escape. Veronica turned to him. In her hand dangled a metal collar that was open. A small red light blinked as he

passed it to Emilie who held it in her hands as though almost uncertain what it was for.

"It is your right to take him," said Shareen to Emilie.

"I think that he should put it on himself," said Emilie in reply as she offered the collar to Charles with a tightlipped smile. "Here..."

She passed the collar to Charles who took it with nerveless hands. He turned the almost featureless steel ring in his hands and watched the small blinking red light balefully flash.

"Put it on," said Karen, "now!"

His hands moved almost involontarily to his neck. The collar was warm and heavy even though it seemed so slim in his large hands. Around him all was still, one or two of the women's lips were pursed as they savored the moment that he closed it on his own neck.

There was a loud click in the stillness as the two sides came together to make a whole and then a smile from Emilie that spoke of triumph.

"Well, that's done," said Miss Clearmont, breaking the moment. "Let's take a look at this."

She made a small movement with her hand and the lights dimmed to show a bright square on the wall where a film played in silence. Charles felt the weight of the collar on his neck and the film being played on the screen filled his vision.

A sumptuous bedroom filled the screen. A bed, vast in compass filled the space. For ten seconds there was no movement to be seen and then three people moved in the room. Karen, himself and a female figure that was dressed in the parody of a maid's costume. Karen lay back on the bed and spread her legs and the maid crawled onto the bed. From behind, the onlookers watched the maid crawl as Karen threatened with the vicious crop in her hand. The maid's dress rode up her ass, it reached her waist to

show that the maid was male. Large breasted, severely attractive, smoothed skinned but *undoubtedly* a deviant hybrid with low-hanging balls and a stiff prick from which hung a piercing that dangled between her thighs.

The maid lowered her head and attended to Karen as Charles bent over and kissed Karen as she climaxed. As her body trembled, Karen whipped the maid with a fervor of orgasm with the crop and then relaxed to push the maid from her.

Charles watched the film with rising embarrassment as he looked at Emilie beside him. Her mouth was pursed and her tongue licked her lips as she watched the film of her husband fucking his lover. He tried extending a hand to her shoulder, but she shrugged him off.

He knew what was coming next in the film. The next ten minutes would show Karen ordering the maid to suck his cock while Charles suckled at her breasts. Then he would bend the maid over and take her from behind as the slave once again serviced Karen with hands and tongue. Karen used the crop with one savage blow after the next. He remembered the feeling of complete satiety, the moment of climax in the slave's hole as Karen came with a rush and a scream like never before. He remembered that it was the moment that he had decided that he had to shrug her off. The moment when he had realised that she had found the keys to his needs, the moment that he had decided to rid himself of the woman who had discovered Charles' dirty sexual little secret.

Finally it was over and the lights in the room slowly illuminated the faces of the women who now had a grip on him that was going to be turned into the coin of servility.

"It seems as though our local Police Commissioner finds that he is in a rather tight place," said Veronica with a sardonic tone. "I think that his wife might need this..."

She passed a small plastic dongle to Emilie with a small bow.

"Thanks," said Emilie. "I think that my dear husband should strip!"

Emilie turned to Charles and made a small movement with her hand. He opened his mouth to speak, but his wife interrupted him before he could speak.

"I have arranged that you stay here, at the Academy for a couple of days for a little education before I allow you into my home. When you return you will find that I intend to adjust our relationship a little! So, I suggest that you learn that my word is now an order and disobedience will always be punished!"

Her finger touched a button on the remote control that Veronica had passed her and the collar dealt a sharp electric shock that made Charles gasp in pain.

"Luckily for you," said Karen with a laugh, "Miss Clearmont would like you to continue helping us here in your role as Police Commissioner, so your new status will remain our little secret!"

"In two days your wife's house will be fitted with all the refinements that will ensure that you stay an obedient husband for Emilie," said Miss Clearmont. "In the meantime you are a guest here and will have the opportunity to enjoy our hospitality."

Charles undressed slowly. Embarrassed under the eyes of the women who enjoyed his discomfiture, he stripped until he stood with just the collar as an adornment.

"He can't wear the collar in his job," commented one of the women as she reached a manicured hand to touch the erection that he had despite his shame.

"There are other ways..." said Veronica as she closed her hand into a loose fist mimicing the steel tube that would clasp his cock and balls, "but the collar will be put on at home."

Emilie shrugged as if it was not important and looked her husband up and down. She had long passed the stage where she wanted to use that prick that he had been dipping into lovers and slaves. On the other hand, that short film had given her ideas that would certainly be amusing to indulge in. Charles would be a perfect sex toy for her lovers. She pictured the scene as her husband became the maid that offered himself for her lover's enjoyment. Ass in the air, face buried in her ass he would learn that a crop in her hand would not be just a fashion accessory!

The Commission Fulfilled

The bed was a new one. Huge in size, it filled Emilie's bedroom and offered a playground in which there were no rules but hers. She lay back and slowly opened her legs to reveal the trimmed bush of her sex. In her hand was the crop from that film. Karan had offered it as a gift. Weighted and rough with the braided leather it felt good in her gloved grip.

Charles crawled between her thighs as she played out the scene that he had experienced just months before. By the bed stood Harry, her latest young lover. Muscular and handsome, he played with his cock as he watched the abject husband serve Emilie.

Emilie looked down the length of her body at the man who she now fully owned. Collared and servile, contained and in torment. A man of power who now lived to serve her.

The stripes of severe punishment criss-crossed his back as she drew the braided crop over the bruises. Soon she would climax and then show these two men that served her that she was totally in command. One the tormented and reluctant slave, the other a man who served of his free will.

Just between Charles' thighs hung his captured prick. The tip swelled purple from the savage constriction of the metal tube and his balls were encased in a steel box that could punish him at the touch of a button on the remote that lay by her hand.

'It's not complete yet, I'm not finished with him,' she thought as she climaxed and then felt his tongue gently massage the cleft of her ass. 'What's missing is true femininity.'

Tomorrow she would have to speak to Karen and Irene about the maid's breasts that she had seen on the film...

Emilie felt the bed move as Harry climbed onto the bed and kneeled behind her husband. She could see the huge prick in his hands eclipsed by Charles' ass and then a desperate grunt from the lips that cupped her ass hole as Harry entered and slowly pressed home.

She climaxed again as she imagined his pain and then used the crop to keep him still. Her hand fumbled, quivering and found the remote. As she did so she pressed the button by mistake and a shock was passed from her husband to her in intimate contact.

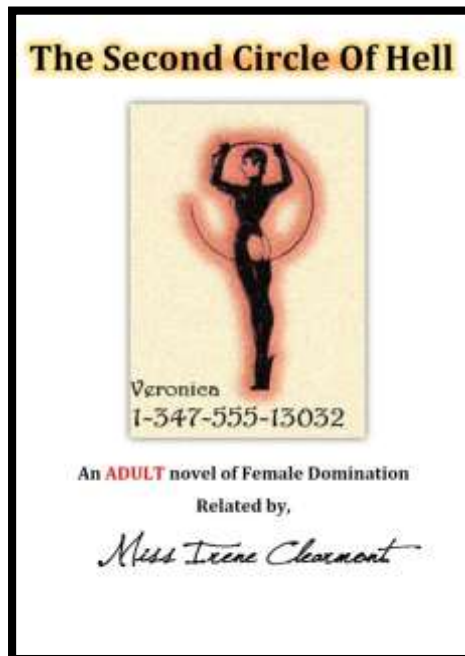
She quivered and clenched, realising that she had found a new experience! A slight frisson of delight as the tongue that pressed against her hole lightly delivered the secondary pulse.

Another orgasm, unexpected and delicious in .

Emilie pressed again...

The End

Please continue...



This small offering is a 'spin-off' from my ninth novel 'The Second Circle Of Hell', it is not merely an extract! It offers just a small, restricted taster of an involved story that tells of the struggle for control of the Sevice Academy between it's female owners. Most of the characters that appear here are players in that drama as well. Many characters from my other stories also make an appearance and form the deviant backdrop for a devilish read!

Expect abject male and female sexual playthings. A struggle for acendency that twists all the participants in directions that they would rather not have travelled in. Scenes of strong and fetishistic nature that are perhaps not for the faint of heart. 'Vanilla' is not a word to describe this novel!

'The Second Circle Of Hell', is well over 90,000 words (about 200 pages) and has a complex tense plot, surprises and twists that has been two years in the writing! *This* short story just rounds off one particular thread that appealed to me and begged for completion.

The full novel is a sequel to 'Grey Widow' that allows the reader to peep inside a world that is hidden from most of us. A world of treacherous women who will do anything to sate their desires. A world of the wealthy people who can afford to play with and own the sex-slaves that are trained at the Academy. A place that it is probably better to experience from the safety of an ebook!

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