

DARK WIDOW



BY
IRENE CLEARMONT

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By
Miss Irene Clearmont

*A fable of immorality and depravity dedicated to those who wantonly
enjoy exceptionally licentious conduct.*

**There are no page numbers because you should read this book in
one sitting but there are *over* 200 pages if you are interested in
trivia.**

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But you may have to wait for an answer as she often has better things to do.

*“Men... pay every pleasure with a pain.”
~ William Henley ~*

CHAPTERS

An Invitation To A Funeral. *A subtle murder of a willing victim...*

Funeral. *Meet the victim, greet the perpetrators.*

The Bait. *Ahhh, so you think that you are in command?*

Training School. *And so it begins, the nightmare in her own mind.*

The Trap Closes. *With a solid clang.*

Graduation. *So you think that your money will buy you out?*

Slave's Slave. *Lowest of the low? White room, black room.*

Planning. *Hope in a friend, hopeless chattel.*

Teacher / Pupil. *Cages and video. A bitter education.*

Self Study. *Sign on the dotted line, it is all mine.*

Further Education. *Several people change their minds.*

Run Rabbit Run. *Kathy realizes. Denise temporises. Mandy chastises.*

The Quarry Breaks For Cover. *Follow the white rabbit.*

Working Girl. *Escape into the real world.*

Hooker. *The one vocation she can follow now.*

The Country House. *Rest and escape from the hurly burly of the city.*

Party. *Social gathering of the owners, purveyors and manipulators of flesh.*

Auction. *The only way out of the door is to make a bid to leave.*

The Doll's House. *Wife but not lover, husband but not benefactor.*

Revealing Greta. *There is more than meets the eye, but it may!*

Toy Box. *Not a jack-in-the-box, no spring in her step.*

Love and the Sex Toy. *Unreciprocated love is still total love.*

Living Doll. *Stay still and be attended to.*

Triumph. *The good prevail, the others fade to black. A happy ending.*

Prologue

An Invitation To A Funeral

He could feel the rising tension and excitement mount in his belly and throat as he entered the traffic on the busy West Side. His meeting had gone as planned. He now had the ten-percent of Graf Fashions that he needed to get onto the board.

Of course, much work had to be done. There were details of company structure and organization that would have to be smoothly run past the new board as well as the usual opposition to change that would need placating or crushing.

No problem.

To George Lamont these were the bread and butter of his life, that and his current destination.

His excitement was only slightly due to his recent conquest of Graf Fashions. There was another, more urgent tension. He could feel a sexual awakening stretching his nerves and waking his excitement.

As he made his way through endless traffic lights and crowded junctions, his mind was only half on the traffic.

The other part of his mind was on his Mistress.

Oh, there were plenty of men who had some doll secreted in an apartment on the East Side; his partner Jake Darrel had another woman, as did many of his other business associates.

George Lamont was different.

No, he did not want to bed a young willing blonde. His tastes were rather special. He felt that his money allowed him to indulge his exceptional sexual fantasies on the one hand as well as satisfy his wife, Denise.

The traffic was moving more easily now that he was on the western highway as he headed towards the well-heeled suburbs scattered on the mainland of New York. As usual, he planned his adventure in his mind, enjoying the fantasy build up to the fantasy reality that would soon consume him.

Reaching over to the seat beside him, he turned off his mobile phone. This was a meeting that should not be disturbed.

Leafy trees passed to left and right. Only a year ago he had bought his Mistress this house. Since then he had spent time and money redesigning it to her requirements.

The money was nothing.

A million for the house and almost half as much again for the interior was money well spent on his hobby. His problem had not been the amount but rather the concealing of the spending.

He could feel the rising excitement as he homed in on the detached villa where, once again he would no longer be the millionaire boss of a huge clothing manufacturer but the lowly chattel of a severe mistress.

At first he had had to tell her what it was that he wanted.

What a paradox.

The slave was telling the mistress how to punish him!

But that was over four years ago. Now he only had to arrive. George the man would become George the chattel. He could only hope that she would fulfil his fantasy as rarely did she do as he hoped - she was so dangerously inventive and usually had something else in mind.

That did not upset him, it was what he wanted after all, her fertile mind keeping him off balance and subjugated, soft and weak to do her bidding.

As usual he pulled his sedan off the road five minutes walk from his destination and parked at the grassy rear of another large house, staring at the other dwellings as he made for his destination and trying to guess what secrets they held.

That house on the other side of the road there, so respectable with its gabled end and smooth lawns, might reveal even stranger enigmas than his. George reckoned that every person had at least one skeleton their cupboard. After all he had used knowledge of the kind to grease the wheels of his own business deals. It was...

Ah, but there was *the* house.

Graded lawns, rose trees surrounded it on all sides. The very picture of respectability. Who could guess what its secrets were?

He opened the gate and strolled up the gravelled path to stand before a solid oaken door; as always pausing for a moment with a deep breath and a feeling of trepidation before his hand pulled the brass chain to ring a bell deep in the interior.

A middle-aged woman opened the door.

Severe looking with greying blonde hair pulled up into a bun; she smiled briefly and allowed him to step into the plush carpeted hallway as his heart began to pound.

It was not very often that Miss Clearmont herself answered the door personally.

Dressed in a long narrow skirt and matching jacket she looked more like a strict schoolmistress or governess than George's idea of a sexual fantasy; there were a few age lines around her sharp eyes but fifty years had not spoiled her full figure.

In fact 'full' was a rather poor word for it. At almost six feet tall with her pointed heels on, her breasts, though hidden by the outfit, would have seemed outsized on a smaller woman and her long silk clad legs were elegantly shaped.

Yes, reflected George, Miss Clearmont was indeed still an immensely attractive woman and her expensive tastes in clothes and perfume sat on her generous frame well.

Closing the door behind him with a gentle push she turned to her willing slave.

“I have a very special experience for you today,” she said in her slightly husky voice.

George just nodded and stood looking at her feet.

“I have dismissed the servants today George,” she continued and with that turned and walked into the house.

George followed her wondering what was going to happen today that was not fit for the servants to see. Miss Clearmont had after all hired all the personnel. Often they had played a part in the sexual games that they played. In fact the only person who was not a servant and took part was the rather severe Mistress Greta who George took to be a close friend of Miss Clearmont.

Led by his mistress George followed to the rear of the house.

In the kitchen was a narrow door that he had always taken to be a pantry of some sort.

When Miss Clearmont used a large key to open it George could see that it led to a white tiled cellar staircase. This was a part of the house that he had not seen before; strip lighting and white tiles giving it the feel of a hospital corridor.

As George waited Miss Clearmont closed and locked the door behind them. Leading the way with the metallic click of her heels on the tiles, she led him down to a narrow corridor. Several steel doors led off to each side. Pausing at the first she opened it to reveal more white tiles and George could see a totally bare windowless room.

“I want you naked George, and then I’ll come back for you,” she said. “I have a new little game for us to play, it is called ‘The Evil Nurses’.”

A shiver of anticipation passed down George’s spine as she slammed the door.

Now that he was fully in the room he could see that it was not totally bare of ornament. Above the door was what appeared to be a lens and on the back of the door was a hook with a small bag hanging by its drawstrings. It was a moment before he noticed that the door had no grip on the inside and because it opened inwards he was trapped at his mistress’s pleasure.

George undressed.

Though not a young man he was fit, no spare tire or flab on this executive. From force of habit he carefully folded his clothes and put them in a pile on the floor. Going to the bag he unhooked it and peeped inside. Puzzled, he noticed that it was empty and that the strings were not cord but leather thongs.

He wondered what this new game was going to entail. Miss Clearmont had never showed him this part of the house before. He had bought and paid without seeing. The lens made him

uneasy but then he thought that it was probably just a means of seeing into the room rather than a recording system.

It seemed to take an age for her to return and George's sense of time was lost in the bright blankness of the white room. He knew Miss Clearmont well enough to know that if she saw him looking at his watch in the pile of clothing she would see it as criticism and argument or criticism was always punished.

Severely.

One ironic comment a few months ago had been punished by a beating, the marks of which he had had to hide from his wife for two weeks. By now, Miss Clearmont knew all his weaknesses and needs and kept him in line with no effort.

When the door did finally open it was not Miss Clearmont but Mistress Greta who was standing there and George felt a moment of fear. The servants had been dismissed so it would be his mistress's enigmatic friend who would help punish him.

The woman was, for George, an unknown. He always had the feeling she was holding herself back and when the games got severe it was Mistress Greta who pushed him to the limit whilst Miss Clearmont directed the punishments. Now Greta was dressed as a nurse - and not a kindly ward sister but a caricature in full sexual pursuit.

Though rather on the short side she had enormous breasts and well-muscled arms. A short white rubber skirt almost covered the tops of her white sheer stockings. Her feet were perched in white high platform stilettos while a tight-buttoned top allowed George to see her cleavage and the tautly stretched cotton did not hide her erect nipples. A white rubber hood covered her hair and framed her face, contrasting with the black makeup and clear blue eyes.

Perched on top was a starched white nurse's cap.

Mistress Greta stepped into the room. She took the bag from the back of the door and opened it wide.

With a step she was in front of him and put the bag over his head. The last sight George saw was the twitch of the lips that for Mistress Greta passed for a smile. With a tug she pulled the drawstrings and knotted them. George felt the air in front of his face warm up with his breath but though he felt stifled he could still breathe.

"Come on," said Mistress Greta in her deep voice.

George felt a tug on the drawstring and yielded. With uncertain steps he followed her out of the room. The woman pulling the leash tugged again and George was led down the corridor to another room. He heard the door being opened and was led inside.

Mistress Greta dropped the leash to move behind him and there was a moment of clattering as her metal tipped heels clacked on the tiles before he felt his hands being pulled behind him.

A moment of fiddling and the handcuffs were on.

George's heart was thumping so loud that he could feel the beats in his ears. This was what he had bought. Uncertainty, danger and hazard. He was not only helpless in the grip of Miss Clearmont's fantasy but also powerless to influence events and his cock already erect responded to the jeopardy by straining upwards.

He felt the tip being stroked before it was gripped and he was led by the prick to be pushed onto a soft chair. For a moment he shuffled to ease the hardness of the handcuffs in his back but a strong grip took a hold of his ankle and one foot was placed in a high stirrup with the next treated in an identical fashion.

George felt straps being buckled.

He had been fastened in.

"Sit up," ordered Mistress Greta.

The handcuffs were unlocked and his wrists were strapped to the arms of the chair and, working methodically, Mistress Greta strapped his neck and torso to the chair. He could feel her strength as she bent him as she wished. George was now completely immobilized by a dozen buckled straps and with the bag on his head he could have no idea what the room looked like.

There came another clattering of heels and the strings of the bag were untied for it to be lifted.

It was Miss Clearmont and an excited George could see into her cleavage - unsurprisingly, given that apart from her shoes and stockings she was only wearing a starched doctors white coat.

One of her manicured hands wandered to his straining cock and stroked it while the other took a grip in his hair and held his head whilst Mistress Greta fastened the chair's last strap over his forehead. The restraint was total. George's prick strained with the erotic implications.

Playing with his prick Miss Clearmont moved until her face was directly in front of George's.

"This is the game my little captive," said Miss Clearmont. For a moment she paused as her fingers fluttered up and down his cock teasing the tip with the sharp edges of her nails.

"You are oh so sick! The doctors cannot cure you. No one knows that the two evil nurses have you. They are going to use you to gratify them as well as making you come. Then they will help you die peacefully."

George tried to nod in agreement but the restraint was absolute. George had never said no! These games had no safe words or restraint, his agreement was not a condition of the game.

Miss Clearmont stood up and moved to a flat metal table. With difficulty he could see that draped over it was a large towel. Gleaming in neat rows were surgical instruments and an open doctor's bag. This was the deepest fantasy yet. He could feel every strap on his chair holding him tight and his prick tautened with the onset of dread.

The fear of excitement and the excitement of fear.

“I think that your illness is certainly terminal,” said Mistress Greta with a sly smile as she ran her fingertips over her ample breasts. For a moment she tweaked the standing nipples through the blouse before continuing. “Before you pass away Senior Nurse Clearmont will arouse you.”

Miss Clearmont had unpacked the bag. Smoothing a pair of surgical gloves over her long nailed fingers she stood between his open legs. The ends of the glove fingers had been cut away to allow the black nails to show. George felt her grip his erection and start to massage him. Her other hand probed his balls and then wandered to his anus.

The rhythm of the hands, the slick rubber of the gloves and the sight of Miss Clearmont’s breasts swelling under her white coat were having their effect. The probing finger penetrated his ass pushing him further towards coming.

“Please, please I’m coming.” he begged.

Mistress Greta pulled a lever at the base of the chair. The whole seat tipped backward giving Miss Clearmont complete control over his helpless body.

“If I were you, my little slut, I wouldn’t come yet. Because then we will have to release you from your illness,” replied Greta.

From the tone of her voice George felt chilled. For a moment he felt his erection dissipate. Then he saw Mistress Greta’s full naked breasts over his face. One hard nipple found it’s way into his mouth. His tongue felt a small stud that pierced the very tip with gold.

With a will he sucked and chewed it as Miss Clearmont worked his cock harder with an insistent rhythm; the effort causing her coat to open - though he was almost too far-gone to notice.

All George Lamont could feel was the stiffening flesh caught between his teeth.

Finally he felt Mistress Greta shaking and sensed her shoulders move as she lifted her skirt and worked her hands into her sheer panties.

George sucked harder.

He came just as Miss Clearmont pulled her gloved finger violently out of his anus and he felt his come splatter his chest and groin.

“Oh dear, that was rather fast, even for you. It is a shame that you came so quickly because that means that the fantasy is at an end.” She said, withdrawing her hand from his glistening prick and rolling off the gloves.

With that she fetched a small bottle from the table before, unscrewing the lid a little, she bent over her captive:

“This is Saxitoxin.” she said. “I understand that death is quick, so you will not suffer. Just open your mouth and your troubles are over.”

Mistress Greta quivered to orgasm at that same moment and after a few deep breaths of recovery she placed her lips by George’s ear and whispered:

“When you have died of a heart attack we will get your pretty wife and your money. How much are you worth George Lamont?”

George strained against his restrictive straps, feeling for the first time felt a shift in his situation.

Never before had a session been so close and personal. Miss Clearmont’s voice had taken on a hard edge and the straps held him snug and tight as she finished unscrewing the little brown bottle. One of her hands covered his nose while the other held the bottle before his eyes. He could see a label but could not make out the text.

George took a deep breath and held it. He was still straining to get free but he might as well not have even tried. The straps did not yield an inch.

While Miss Clearmont waited for him to breathe out, Mistress Greta strolled to his exposed groin and with a strong hand took his balls in her strong hand and squeezed.

He yelped in pain and Miss Clearmont pushed the bottle to his open mouth to spray a burst of bitter fog into the interior as he gasped.

George Lamont’s last memory was pain, a bittersweet taste and the fading thought that it would be his wife Denise who would get his fortune.

Funeral

‘*A suitable day for a funeral,*’ thought Denise Lamont as she peered through the wet car windows. Somehow she felt sorry for George rather than actually mourning him. After all they had led somewhat separated lives.

Through the drizzle she saw the trees go by. Endless stone grave markers marched in formation into the distance with scattered trees offering scant cover from the wet as

Jake Darrel, her husband’s partner sat beside her silently contemplating the dreary scene.

They were almost strangers to each other. George was not a man to socialize with his partners or associates so Denise had heard a lot about the man but had only met him a few times. Still, she did not have any close family so she had leant on Jake in the last two weeks since George’s sudden death and it was he who had organized the funeral and function as well as the release of the body from the coroner. She had found him to be a great practical support but little help psychologically. He had been the one who had arranged a lawyer to oversee the estate as well as run the partnership until the settlement was enacted.

Denise had been astounded by the value of her husband. Even though there had been no final balance of his worth yet, the accountant had estimated a final worth of over Four Hundred Million Dollars.

George had left no will.

The money was all hers.

The limousine pulled up at the side of the narrow path. The driver stepped out and opened the door. Denise stepped into the rain and lowered her veil.

Moments later Jake had an umbrella up and the two of them crossed over to the graveside. Only two of the invited guests stood waiting. Denise recognized neither of them but Jake introduced Miss Clearmont and Miss Greta to Denise and then slipped away.

“I was so shocked to hear of your husband’s death,” said Miss Clearmont in a quiet voice. For a moment she inspected Denise, noting the trim but full figure and slightly elfin face. “I worked for your husband for only four years,” she continued, “but he has almost been more than an associate. Almost, you could say, an intimate.”

Denise just nodded. Here was a part of George’s life in which she had never really taken part. She was not really sure exactly how to reply but was saved by Miss Greta.

“As Miss Clearmont’s personal assistant I cannot say that I knew your husband well but I am so sorry that he passed away. I believe that we have another common acquaintance. Kathy Mycroft,” continued Miss Greta.

All Denise could think to say was. “It’s a small world. Kathy was a close friend at Harvard.” Denise had not spoken to Kathy for years. The reminder did its work in her memory.

Denise felt slightly uncomfortable with the attentions of the two strangers.

Miss Greta, a blonde lady of about forty years, looked to Denise like a spinster. Not tall but well built, with an unsmiling face and a look of severe strength in body and temperament. Dressed in a satin dark grey with just a whisper of lace veil she emanated an air of self-confidence verging on conviction.

Miss Clearmont on the other hand was tall and statuesque. Her blue eyes and slightly angular face was heavily made up and set off by the dark red dress and full black lace veil and hat that half hid her strong face. She projected a strong personal magnetism that fascinated Denise.

“Perhaps we will get to know each other somewhat better in the future,” said Miss Clearmont. “Your husband was so secretive about you but I hope that if you need any assistance or possibly a respite from loneliness you can call me up.”

At that moment another limousine arrived and the conversation was broken as more mourners arrived while Jake wandered towards the grave to stand pondering the black lacquered coffin and several of George’s relatives came to Denise and offered their condolences.

Denise had to struggle to separate reality from fantasy.

It was almost as if she expected George to walk up and join his own funeral. The moment passed and after a short refined service and it was all over. The mourners entered their cars and went to the reception.

There was no let up in the rain. In fact if anything it got heavier, so by the time that the small party got to Denise's house the thunder was rolling in the distance.

For Denise the whole affair was grey and dismal and she felt suddenly as if she had no friends at all. The mourners had all known George but they were compartmented into the different parts of his life he had kept scrupulously separate. Denise just wished that it would soon be over.

The only sympathetic faces were those of Miss Clearmont and Jake. Jake stayed by her and, though he did not say much, his presence was some small comfort; while Miss Clearmont talked of George in the present as if he were still alive before finally offering her calling card.

"Remember to call me in the next week and we will arrange to go out," She said, giving Denise a black embossed card. On it was just a telephone number and her name:

'Miss Irene Clearmont'.

As Denise showed the guests out, she breathed a sigh of relief. She ran a deep bath and relaxed into the soft bubbles. She had to get back to life. The last week had been confusing and stressful but it had also seemed like a dream. She had few personal friends to call up and then she had to make up her mind how her life was to go on.

As she bathed, Denise decided that she would strike out on her own. First she had to see Kathy, an old college friend. Then she had to make contact with her office. The legal partnership could last without her for a few weeks yet but she would have to call them up.

Then there was Miss Clearmont.

She'd need contacting.

Last but not least she had to talk to Jake. Denise was a lawyer but there was no way that she could leave Jake to run George's business on his own. One thing at a time though she thought to herself. First of all there was pleasure and then there was business.

The Bait

"So I suggest that you sell out to me basically."

Jake set down his coffee and leaned a little towards Denise.

"It's easy. We get the value as per. the lawyer who settled George's estate and convert the value into cash, bonds and non-voting shares in the business."

Denise sat musing over his offer. She had invited the proposition but had no idea that Jake would snap it up so readily when she had invited him to discuss how the business should go forward. Now that she had put her job on hold for the time being she had time to put her personal business in order.

First she had called Larry. Unfortunately all she got was a taped message that her sometime lover was away on business for a month.

She had experienced a moment of frustration and anger, but on reflection there were other sexual avenues to explore than her part-time lover.

Kathy had been a better call.

Tomorrow she would see her old college friend. Miss Greta's reminder of their common friend had sparked an interest in renewing her contact with her old dorm intimate. It had been a long while since they had seen each other but Denise was sure that they could pick up where they had let their friendship lapse.

Jake was the next call and soon she was in her husband's old office discussing four hundred million Dollars with only one lawyer present.

Denise.

She was, she admitted, surprised by the ease of the whole operation.

"I accept," she told Jake. "You work out the details and I'll speak to George's lawyer."

"Fine by me Denise," he replied. "It's all settled then. I have to go to my bank anyway, but they'll be no problem. It's more a case of details than anything else."

Denise sipped her coffee and mused over her decision.

Yes it was the right thing to do. She had to decide to follow her own path or else to take George' interests over and run the business.

Jake looked uncomfortable for a moment as she sat silently.

"How do you feel?" he said. '*Inane question!*' he thought.

"Oh, I haven't cracked up yet," she answered. "I just have to settle my life and put myself on the rails."

"Relax Denise and put your feet up for a few weeks. It will do you the world of good."

They talked for a few more minutes before a telephone call for Jake allowed an excuse for Denise to end the meeting. As she left the offices Denise just had a sudden thought. Four hundred million in cash, bonds and shares would make her one of the richest women in New York.

“Ok, then.”

Miss Clearmont was sitting at the desk in the plush office at the front of her house, the phone resting on her shoulder as she skimmed through several papers with both hands.

“You get her interested and within the week we’ll move.”

She nodded at the reply and then continued:

“So we will meet tomorrow if possible and sort out the details then.” Putting down the phone she smiled at Mistress Greta who was sitting in the leather arm chair drawn up to face the desk.

“Can we really move that quickly?” asked Greta. “I mean I know we have to start soon but is a week enough time?”

“First we have to strike whilst the money is not tied into securities that will be difficult to sell.” Miss Clearmont was counting off on her fingers. “Secondly she will be disorientated for only a short while. Third I am an impatient woman.”

Mistress Greta smiled her thin-lipped grin. Her eyes did not reflect her humour. “I’m not just thinking of the money my dear,” she replied, “It’s the other bits that I’m looking forward to.”

“I know what you like and I am sure that we will both be satisfied with the result!” said Miss Clearmont as she touched the intercom button on her desk:

“Bring us a pair of glasses and a bottle of the Rothschild ‘87.” Mistress Greta and I have something to drink to.”

A few moments later the door opened revealing a naked girl carrying a silver tray with two glasses and a bucket with the champagne. With silver fettered ankles she made her way to the desk and poured the drinks. Mistress Greta fondled a breast and stroked a nipple for a moment before Miss Clearmont dismissed her with a casual wave of a hand.

“Our new slave will not be just serving our drinks.” She said. “She will be probably be too busy entertaining us with her body and tongue to worry about her financial losses.”

“I have a plan for her training already in mind.” replied Mistress Greta as she sipped delicately from her glass.

“I was so sorry to hear of your loss my dear.” said Kathy to Denise.

Kathy had not changed in the last couple of years. In fact she had scarcely changed since university. She still dressed like a fifty-year-old housewife with the ironing to do. With no make-up and a rather heavy figure she made something of a contrast to the well endowed but slim Denise.

Her looks belied her mind though.

Denise remembered her first in psychology as well as the way she seemed to get through more boyfriends than all the rest of the fraternity girls together.

‘Yes,’ Thought Denise, ‘there is something attractive about Kathy. Sort of big and sexual rather than attractive’.

They were sitting in a noisy bistro just off Times Square and through the windows they could see the hurrying masses. Inside it was warm and cosy and they had spent a couple of hours shopping and were finally settling down to small talk. It had been a couple of years since they had even spoken to each other though they had exchanged Christmas cards every year.

Denise had found that it had only taken a few moments and they were close friends again, as though they had never parted. Both had started as psychology students but when Denise had switched to law, Kathy had continued in psychology - to pass with honours.

‘Those were fun days.’ reflected Denise to herself.

They had both had boyfriends, and the four of them had done so much together; the recollection of her student days making her blush for a moment as she remembered her guilty secret.

“Do you remember John Glaiser?” she asked in a low voice.

“Remember him? Of course I do. He was one of the best of my students”

“Students?” queried Denise.

“Yes my dear. I had him well trained.”

“After you left university I went out with him for six months.”

Kathy laughed. “I’m not at all jealous my dear. You fucked him of course?”

“I did and I must say he was the best I’ve ever had. Perhaps I should perhaps say he gave me more pleasure than any of my other boyfriends!”

“Yes my dear. As I say: I had him well trained.” repeated Kathy.

“I know.” replied Denise. “The first time that I got him back to my digs I realized he wasn’t entirely normal. Normally the men were trying to get my pants off. John was more eager to keep my shoes on.”

Kathy chuckled. Leaning forward she nodded and said, “I trained him for six months solid. He was my first. By the time that I’d finished with him he was almost perfect.”

Denise remembered John; he was fixated on her feet and it had not taken her long to realize that just a touch from them was reward enough for him to serve her like a slave.

At first it had been disconcerting. But then she had realized the advantages.

He could screw all night and never come.

He would happily serve Denise for hours before finally she stroked his swollen cock with the tips of her toes; within seconds he would come and that was all the reward he needed. For six months or so she had had him serve her every need. Then he changed course and university and left for Boston.

What she had not known was, that Kathy had had a hand in his sexual dysfunction.

“It was so easy. Do you remember the lectures on gestalt and the distortion of sexual behavior?” Continued Kathy.

“Well while all the other students were writing essays on it I was practicing the practical side of what I had learned. I simply trained John to focus all his sexual urges. “The trouble was that he could still come on *any* woman’s feet and not *only* mine. I’ve solved this problem though. At the moment I’ve got another man in training.”

Denise felt a surge of sexual interest and wondered how to get Kathy to show her the method.

“Interesting. I must say that John was the best lover I’ve ever had.” she ventured.

“Listen Denise, why don’t we meet again tomorrow, I’ve got some bits and pieces to buy for my new acquisition and then well go back to my place and you can meet Gilbert if you promise not to steal him from me!”

“It’s a deal, tomorrow at two?”

Denise and Kathy had both finished their coffee. As she paid Kathy said, “I have some business to attend to. OK then let’s meet up here at two and then well go on from there.”

Running her fingernail over the puckered nipple Miss Clearmont slipped her other hand through the short hair of the slave who stood before her.

Her hand wandered over the flat stomach and touched his naked sex.

For a moment she delicately stroked the soft skin as if to make sure that there was no hair lingering around the smooth erection and tight balls.

‘So delicious and young, a sweet looking young man who looked so very immature, such a boy’s smooth body.’ she mused to herself, ‘Steve is going to be perfect as the lever to place a fearful Denise in my hands. He looks so very much younger than his nineteen years.’

Her fingers cupped him for a moment making Steve shiver slightly. The smooth ripe skin at the very tip of his straining organ yielded under her fingertips as her hands caressed him.

“I have a little undertaking for you Steve. You are going to help me in a small project of mine in a few days time.”

Steve lowered his gaze knowing better than to make any inquiry of this intimidating woman. What she had in store for him was not his to ask.

“I have decided to put your talents to use my little man-slut. You are going to be allowed to fuck a friend of mine.”

Her probing hands felt his prick twitch upward. For an instant he raised his gaze to look into her eyes.

‘Yes.’ She thought to herself, ‘You are such a well-behaved slave, but you don’t fool me. You think that you can manipulate me but you are just a minor piece in my game of chess.’

Steve was a willing slave, a rarity in Miss Clearmont’s collection. No force had been required, no pain needed to be inflicted. But he had his uses as well as his shortcomings. At some point he would resist, then she would fold him up and dispose of him. But until that happened she was willing to push at his limits and test his resolve.

“Maybe you would like to fuck me?”

Once again he looked into her eyes. For a moment she sensed a flash of concealed emotion. *‘Hope, fear or desire? I think all three. But I think most of all, desire.’* She decided.

“If you are a good boy that might just be arranged, but you had better not disappoint me.”

“I would never disappoint you Mistress.”

“Let us see how you can play your part in my little drama first and if your performance is commendable the reward may well be to your liking.”

At that moment the ringing phone broke the discussion. Miss Clearmont took it and answered.

“Yes?”

For a moment she listened to the caller and then replied. “That is good news my dear. I await your next call with baited breath.”

Replacing the receiver she spoke to Steve:

“The second act has begun and your part in my little scheme is approaching. In a couple of days I will call for you and explain your role but for now you can show me your willingness to serve.”

Smoothly Steve knelt in front of his Mistress and bent to touch his forehead to the floor.

“You are a good boy Steve and an example to all my other servants. I am very pleased at your subservience.”

With a small step she slipped one foot elegantly from her stiletto and offered it to his waiting lips. The delicate touch of his tongue, a sublime satisfaction as it slipped into the crevices between her manicured toes.

Training School

Kathy and Denise met the next day. The bistro was full so Kathy suggested that they should forget the coffee and go straight to the shop that Kathy had in mind. As they walked through the busy streets Denise and Kathy discussed their present circumstances.

“So when my father died as the only child I inherited his whole fortune.” said Kathy. “In the last few years I have had the leisure to pursue my hobbies.”

“Which is training men?” asked Denise trying to get round to the subject that interested her.

“Not so much training I suppose as preparation.”

“What for?” questioned Denise.

“When they are fully indoctrinated I offer them to those women who need a little extraordinary diversion in their lives. I suppose that makes you my very first customer! Of course it is not just men. There are men who need well trained female partners as well.”

The two women were walking through a back street where a slightly disreputable sex shop’s lurid neon decorated the outside facade, promising all manner of sex items and a cinema that promised the hottest porno’s in New York. Denise hesitated a moment but Kathy took her by the arm and led her inside.

The shop was a sort of supermarket. Fetish clothing, films, magazines and sex toys lined the shelves. From the rear of the shop Denise could hear the soundtrack of the cinema where it seemed that at least one or two women were experiencing monumentally overacted orgasms.

She had never seen such a variety of bondage gear. One whole wall was taken up with leather and rubber fetish clothing as well as whips and fetters. Denise browsed the magazine shelves as Kathy bought a number of items, obviously decided upon beforehand, while her friend felt a slight feeling of embarrassment as she looked at the vast selection of books and magazines.

As Denise made her way down the shelves she saw magazines covering every imaginable variation of sex. She felt a tap on the shoulder and turned to see Kathy holding a bag with the items she had bought. With a smile she opened the bag to allow Denise to see the contents:

Stiletto shoes, some sex toys and a few films and books.

“Let’s get a taxi and go home to see Gilbert.” Said Kathy.

“Does he know that I’m coming?”

“No, but he’ll know when you arrive because I have a little idea that may amuse you.”

Outside the shop they waved a taxi down and set off back to Kathy's house. On the way Kathy managed, without effort, in getting Sam, the driver, into a discussion about sex and he enthusiastically related his latest conquest whilst Kathy replied in eager monosyllables.

By the time that they arrived the taxi driver had given Kathy his card and promised her a night of unremitting fucking if she should ever feel lonely enough to call.

"You really take your hobby seriously." said Denise when the taxi had gone. "Are you lining up another conquest?"

"Maybe, or maybe I am still just studying men." Came the reply.

Kathy's house was less of a house and rather more a mansion. It stood in amongst well-groomed lawns and sculptured trees shut off from the world by a high brick wall and electronically controlled gates.

'For a woman who lives on her own it is huge.' reflected Denise as they walked up the gravelled drive. The door was opened by a handsome liveried servant, who bowed slightly as Kathy passed.

"Gilbert will be arriving in about an hour." said Kathy as she led Denise into a large living room. "Something to drink?" she continued as she opened a cabinet and showed Denise the decanters and glasses.

"Umm a G & T would go down well." replied Denise as she settled into an armchair. Kathy poured the drinks and brought them over. For a moment the two women sipped their drinks in silence.

"Who is Gilbert?" asked Denise.

"Who was he? You mean." replied Kathy. "He was my gardener. Sort of a bit Lady Chatterley I suppose. But that was a few months ago. Before I got him into bed."

"Is that how all your training begins then?" said Denise.

"Yes, it is the easiest way to get a man. Money and sex. It took just two months for him to become fully mine. His wife left him and he moved in with the highest hopes. From then on it was easy to get him into kinky sex."

"Most men have a tendency to get kinky." observed Denise. She was fascinated by Kathy's tale and wanted to know more. Sex, the ingredient that she had always felt to be lacking in George, had always been something that she had been forced to find outside her marriage.

"He's well hooked now. Tomorrow he gets to meet a special friend of mine. That should move towards finishing his training. Then he gets packed off to the farm."

"So what happens today?" asked Denise not daring to ask about the farm.

"He meets you."

Kathy stood and took Denise's hand. "Come on, take a look at the rest of the house."

She led Denise around. Several servants were at work around the house. All were young women dressed in maid uniforms. Every one of them looked as though they could be a model and went about their tasks in silence. As Kathy passed they all stood to face and curtsied. Denise got the distinct impression that they were afraid of her friend.

The house was exquisitely furnished from top to bottom. She marvelled at the antiques and original pictures. The guided tour finished in the huge kitchen where two of the female servants were busy cooking.

Kathy went to a pantry door and opened it to reveal a set of steps leading down to the cellar.

"This is where the tour gets interesting," said Kathy as she led Denise down the stairs. A long corridor stretched away from the two women. On each side were steel doors.

To Denise the whole thing looked like some sort of prison. Each door had an inspection hole. But when Denise made a move to look Kathy hurried her on.

"No, no Denise. I'll show you from the control room." she said as she led on.

At the end of the corridor were two doors. Kathy opened one of the doors and led Denise into a small plush office. Most of the room was taken up with a desk. A desk so big Denise wondered how it had found its way into the room.

On the desk were a monitor screen and a control pad with microphone as well as several piles of papers. One wall was taken up with psychology books and files whilst the other was hung with a number of abstract pictures that looked to Denise to be the standard Rorschach inkblot tests, but in garish color.

"From here I control my little hobby." said Kathy as she waved her arm vaguely. "Sit at the desk and I'll show you what I mean."

A fascinated Denise sat on the large leather armchair. The screen was showing a view of a plain room with a single bed. Sleeping naked on it was a youngish woman. Denise could see that one ankle was chained to the bed.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"That is a new servant of mine. She is just waiting to start the second stage of her training." replied Kathy.

Denise wondered exactly what sort of training, but she could guess that with Kathy as teacher the lectures were liable to be thorough as her friend leaned round and pressed one of the buttons on the control pad.

The screen showed a flash of light and the girl on the bed awoke. With another button Kathy switched the sound on.

"Get out of bed you lazy slut." said Kathy sharply into the microphone.

The girl on the bed woke with a start. For a moment she looked disorientated before she stood close to the bed. Kathy put her hand over the microphone and spoke to Denise:

“She’s a long way from trained. That means that I have to combine gentle and strong treatment. Today is not a gentle day.” she added with a smile.

Uncovering the microphone again she spoke to the slave. “Open your legs slut and wait for my orders.”

The girl shuffled until her legs were wide apart and stood still. Because she was facing the camera Denise could see that her pussy was shaven, the lips parted showing a shiny ring embedded in her sex. The slave’s nipples had been pierced by large rings with a slender chain joining them. Kathy switched off the sound leaving just the picture of the girl standing, trembling waiting for her first orders.

“Today she is going to learn to stand,” said Kathy. “In a few hours I shall attend to her. If she has moved she will be punished.”

“Where does she come from?” asked Denise.

“Oh, she is the daughter of an acquaintance who asked for her to be prepared,” replied Kathy. “She was too intractable and independent. When she is finished here she will be married to a man who wants a nice docile wife. He needs a wife who attends all his many needs and has none of her own. When she is trained she will serve him unconditionally.”

Denise felt a twinge of sexual excitement. The thought of this girl serving her new husband as a slave turned her on. Then she wondered if...

“Could you prepare a man for me?” she asked timidly.

“Of course my dear,” replied Kathy. “You need to think about what sort of slave you want. When you’ve decided, tell me and it’ll take about two months. Of course we shall have to discuss cost. It is not cheap. What you really need is a bit of male companionship.”

“You are right of course but I do not want any sort of commitment.”

“Denise, Denise you are attractive and rich. Buy from me by all means, but do not wait, go out and play the singles game. Every bar in New York is your mantrap. In fact I urge you to go out and get your brains fucked out, it will do you so much good.”

The two women went upstairs to the lounge. They had another drink and waited for the arrival of Gilbert. When he arrived a servant led him in. Gilbert was a tall, dark-haired man of about twenty-five.

“Good afternoon mistress.” he said as the servant left.

Denise noticed that he only looked at her for a moment but his look was directed at her sandaled feet. He was certainly an attractive man. Rangy good looks, well muscled and casually dressed in jeans and T-shirt.

Kathy smiled at him and pushed off one of her shoes. Denise did not notice any other signal but he got to his knees and bent to kiss Kathy lightly on the toes.

“That’s better,” purred Kathy. “Now meet my friend Mistress Denise.”

Denise felt a thrill as Gilbert shifted slightly. Bending low he gently undid her high-heeled sandal and kissed each toe. Denise almost trembled as he finished and put the shoe back on her foot with polite hands.

“Now Gilbert it is time for your training,” said Kathy.

As a flicker of disappointment crossed his face Kathy continued, “Mistress Denise may be able to help me.”

Sitting at her desk Miss Clearmont was flicking through a file of legal papers and bank transactions when the phone rang. Under the desk knelt a woman, not a young girl but a woman of about fifty. Once she had been Miss Clearmont’s teacher. But she had made the mistake of giving poor marks for Miss Clearmont’s final examination as a nurse. Now she suffered the terrible consequences of her poor judgement.

The slave was strapped into a tight corset that pinched her waist and accentuated her large smooth behind. A behind tattooed in blue with the answers that Miss Clearmont had given in the exam. Her hands were cuffed together loosely behind her back making it difficult to kneel forward without support. The slave’s large breasts hung down with the pierced nipples almost touching the carpet. Her mouth was closed over Miss Clearmont’s sex as her flicking tongue caressed her mistress’s pussy.

“Hello, Miss Clearmont here.”

There was a pause as Miss Clearmont listened to the caller. She could feel warmth in her sex as her personal slave gently licked the inner lips of her pussy and ran the tip around the pouting lips of her sex. She so enjoyed the intimate feeling of retribution as her former tutor explored her sex with her tongue.

“Well she certainly has gone farther than I expected for this stage of the game,” replied Miss Clearmont. There was another pause before she spoke again.

“Just three days? That may be premature. I still have to finish preparing for her. Steve has to be prepped and the false ID documents need preparing. Let’s hope that she is so turned on that she falls into our honey trap. And there is another thing. The financial papers have yet to be prepared, as I haven’t heard from my lawyer yet.”

For a moment she listened to the reply. As she did so she reached down and pulled a lever on her reclining armchair. The seat slid forward and as it did so she shuffled to the edge opening her thighs wider.

The slave under the desk understood the signal and moved her attentions down the crack of Miss Clearmont's sex crossing the tender patch of soft skin between both holes until she was gently sucking and licking a sensitive puckered ass hole.

"OK. OK, I'll push it along a bit faster. I suppose there is the risk that the money will get tied up so you may be right to move so fast. Let's make it in the evening and that will give me time to get some of the stuff prepared."

With that she put the phone back on the hook and slid her hands to the head of the slave. Looking down she could see the smooth top of the slave's head and her rounded ass swelling behind. With a sigh she nestled deeper into the plush reclined armchair and gently stroked the slave's naked scalp. Using her long nails she pressed the face of the slave deep into her ass. As she did so she remembered her tutor's comment on the report. *'Lacks the caring touch.'*

'Now who was caring?' she thought wickedly.

With a satisfied murmur she felt the intimate contact of the slave's busy tongue penetrating and stimulating her. The former tutor had no idea of what was in store. Miss Clearmont had a little surprise planned, a meeting with her favorite surgeon. A thrill of sexual power brought her to orgasm as she let her spiked heels furrow the slave's back.

The Trap Closes

When she awoke the next day, Denise stared at the ceiling remembering last night as Kathy had shown her the power that she had over Gilbert.

It had been impressive as he licked her soles and submitted to being ordered to do all kinds of degrading tasks. Finally Kathy had put him in one of the cubicles in the cellar and Denise had watched on the camera as Kathy allowed him to make love to her silk stockinged feet.

It had been a strange but exciting experience. In fact Denise still felt a warm sexual glow as she wondered what other kinds of personal service Gilbert had also been trained to perform.

Bubbling up inside her she could feel a reawakening of sexual frenzy that she had not felt for years. What she needed was a man to satisfy her lust and rekindled need.

With two days to go before she would see Kathy again she felt the urge to go on the prowl for satisfaction. The thought of entering the fray to find a partner did not dismay, the years of marriage had not left her hesitant or shy about re-entering the singles game.

Denise spent a enjoyable day shopping. With no tastes to please but her own she toured the shops on Fifth Avenue. Suddenly she felt single again, flirting with the hunk of a manager in Louis Vuitton and exploring the new collections in a dozen other smaller boutiques.

Back at home she showered and prepared for her exploratory enterprise, testing and discarding the clothes in a frenzy of resolution and indecision. Denise settled on low cut and black all the way from her pumps to the wisp of ribbon in her hair. The predatory widow was ready for her first foray.

Denise missed noticing the man with the mobile phone across her street and the intent way he watched her enter the taxi.

She also missed the blue sedan that pulled out to trail her taxi to East Houston Street and a Tapas Bar with loud Latin music.

One passenger exited the sedan and waited.

The young man who straightened his sober suit and immediately wandered to the all night café on the other side of the street going unnoticed by a Denise herself intent on the bright light splashing from the bar across the sidewalk.

Inside the bar the music was loud and the atmosphere loaded with sexual promise. A small group of revellers danced to the rhythm of a salsa whilst others clapped and cheered as Denise ordered a Mojito and tried to relax. For a singles bar there were too many couples and the few men propping up the bar did not appeal to her.

Mostly middle-aged men who hoped their wives would never find out about their indiscretions.

With a sigh she sipped at her drink, idly playing with the sprig of mint which peeped over the top of the glass. The music was good and the cocktail was not bad but the company was closed. The one young guy she fancied was dancing with a partner but at least the night was still young and she had other bars in mind when she had come to the Village.

As she stood to leave she had to fend off a grey-haired man who ineptly propositioned her.

Not his night!

As she opened the door her phone rang and she groped into her purse to find it. Fumbling the phone and opening the door she bumped into a young man and dropped the ringing mobile. With a slight 'crack' the screen broke and the phone stopped its insistent ringing. The young man bent to pick up the phone and returned it to her hand with an apologetic look.

"I'm so sorry." He said to her. "Entirely my fault, I was so not watching out."

"It's OK," She replied as she looked him up and down. "It's only a mobile after all."

Denise recovered her balance and took a good look at him. *'Young but definitely good-looking. In fact really young and very tasty.'*

"No, I insist, I really must pay for the damage," he replied.

"You insist! Buy me a drink and the breakage is rectified." For a moment she found herself using law court jargon:

'Rectified, breakage! Denise you really must calm down and relax.' She thought to herself.

The next bar was only a few yards away and it seemed a natural choice when she linked arms with her newfound friend. By the time he had a beer in his hand and she another cocktail, they had exchanged first names and felt as though they knew each other a little. She noticed that he wore the same subtle after-shave as the late George and though he seemed about twenty years old his conversational style was very educated.

For his part, Steve could see that Denise was definitely slightly tipsy and this was something of a concern to him - Miss Clearmont had given him very strict orders after all.

“Learn all this information about Denise and her past. It will help you to fuck her,” She had said as she passed a file of papers to him.

“Next, wear the after-shave and clothes I give you, do not let her get drunk because she must remember the night. And do make absolutely sure she sees the documents. I shall be watching you perform and expect the best.”

With a wan smile she had passed an envelope of to him. A driver’s permit a school ID and a list of hotels scattered through New York. “Last and *very* important is to get her to one of these hotels. That is where the cameras and receptionists are set up.”

It was an hour later that Denise and Steve left the bar. Holding hands they strolled through the evening air. The walk sobered Denise but she had now fixed on the idea of spending the night with this attractive young man, already she could almost feel a ringing in her ears that could only be lust.

He led her past several Hotels before coming to one he recognized from the list.

“Let’s be Mr. and Mrs. Smith,” He joked.

The receptionist checked the computer and found that the *only* room available was a suite. Denise passed her credit card and the two lovers headed for the room with a complimentary bottle of champagne in hand.

Undressing her newly found lover took a matter of moments in the darkness of the room. She felt his hands pluck at her clothes with a tremble.

‘*Have I found a virgin?*’ she wondered as they left a trail of discarded clothes on the way to the dimly lit bed.

The crisp sheets felt cool under Denise as his weight bore her to the bed and her hands swept over his smooth body. Her fingertips ran from his nipples to his flat stomach and beyond and suddenly she was at the root of his erection.

No familiar bush of hair!

He was smooth as a pool ball, prick standing proud and naked of all concealment ready to enter and transfix into her.

Denise could not stop her hand going further to feel his tight balls nesting hairless between his soft thighs and felt him hesitate as if unsure of his next move.

“Smooth and big, perfect. Give me your prick! Fuck me!”

Her hand guided him to the gates of her sex and then a small movement of her hips triggered a thrust from him. She sensed him smile slightly as she felt his endless cock penetrate her and his naked groin touched her pouting lips. The cool smooth skin touched the back of her guiding hand and forced her fingers to contact her swollen clitoris.

“Fuck me, fuck me!” was all she could pant as he found a slow rhythm that drove her to scratch him and fold his thighs in a tangle of her long legs.

The first coupling was a fury of pent passions. The following one was with less pressing haste. A firm hand from Denise guided him as she turned his passion for sex to satisfy her own lust. A lesson in pleasing her. Prick, hands and lips. A lecture in desire and gratification.

At last, spent and weary, she slept. He had poured the champagne and Denise had drunk long and deep. Steve not a drop.

While she slept Steve opened the door to find Miss Clearmont and a man waiting for him in the corridor. With a small motion of the hand he waved them into the room and the strange man went quietly to the wardrobe and retrieved the hidden video camera whilst Miss Clearmont stood over the sleeping form of her victim.

Though the room was dark there was enough light for Steve to see the baneful look Miss Clearmont gave the drugged Denise.

‘Satisfaction,’ thought Steve.

‘But depraved satisfaction.’

In the light of dawn Denise awoke from her sleep with the hint of a headache as Steve lay, naked of clothes and hair, in splendid deep sleep, the sleep of the fat cat that got the cream.

In the light of morning he looked even younger and more vulnerable than she had remembered in the frenzy of the night.

Carefully she climbed over him and found her feet on the plush rug. A trail of discarded garments, her small dress and his jacket lay between door and bed and a trickle from her sex reminded her of the previous night of splendid passion. She stooped to collect the garments and noticed his wallet lying under his jacket. Idly she picked it up and a couple of cards dropped onto the carpet with a soft flutter. It was not the driving permit that caused her to look closely, it was the ID card. A school ID!

For a moment she turned it in her hands as if unable to believe what she saw.

The date of birth!

She recalculated as she counted the years again.

Steve was only fifteen!

As a lawyer she knew exactly what she had done. Denise fumbled with the driving permit and inspected it. Same date of birth, not a license but a permit for an under aged boy.

Feeling faint she sat on the edge of the bed.

‘Drink and sex, I am as guilty as sin.’ She thought in a haze as the truth came to her.

It was not just that she would be disbarred.

She would be jailed.

And for years.

Steve lay on the bed deep asleep as Denise wrestled with the implications of her rape of a young boy. Because that is how a jury would see it. Rape. A mature woman and a fifteen year old boy.

Finally, fear under more control; she thought over their conversation and decided that she had given him no more than her first name.

She would disappear and he would just remember his first night of real sex as a distant memory. Where was the harm in that? Gathering her clothes she took a last look at last night’s lover before she slipped out of the room and raced to escape her predicament.

As Denise reached the reception, frantically hopping and pulling on her pumps Steve sat up with a yawn. He had seen her checking the ID’s and followed her frantic escape through half closed eyes.

‘Miss Clearmont is a goddess,’ he thought to himself.

His head shook with wonderment:

‘She can foretell any mortal’s actions!’

Home at last, secure and private. Denise slumped on the sofa with a feeling of despair. How had she been so foolish. Staring out of the window at the skyline she started to rationalize. How could she have been so stupid as to not check before they fucked.

The city skyline took her eye.

‘How many people are there in New York?’ she asked herself. *‘Ten million,’* she guessed.

“There is no chance he would ever find her, even if he searched.” She muttered aloud. In fact she should just see it as a close call and daring adventure. After all the sex had been great!

That evening Kathy rang with news of Gilbert’s further education.

“You really must come round and see the next stage,” Offered Kathy with enthusiasm. “I have a friend coming round to do a little work on him, I’m sure that we will have a great evening if you come round, as long as you are not too squeamish.”

Denise felt herself being tempted again. Look how Kathy had got her into trouble with the suggestion of a one-night stand. On the other hand that had been the best sex that Denise had had in months.

“OK. Sounds good Kathy. We’ll see if Gilbert meets expectations. See you at seven.”

Denise wanted to prepare properly. She had an idea in her head that she should look the part. The result of this train of thought was another visit to the sex shop that she had first visited with Kathy only a few days ago.

Looking at the clothes she decided on leather rather than rubber. After getting over the initial embarrassment she started to enjoy the experience. She wondered whether it would be right to buy a riding crop but settled instead for a pair of handcuffs that she decided would be a better accessory for the tight leather skirt.

When she arrived at Kathy’s house she was dressed in her leather outfit. Tucked into the waist of the short skirt with studs were the handcuffs. Patent leather pumps with sheer black stockings matched the laced leather top. She had applied dark make up and tied back her hair. Lace black gloves finished the look.

“I feel like an owner already.” she thought as she waited for the door to be answered.

The tall butler opened the door and this time Denise paid him more attention; even though he was dressed in a normal servant’s uniform she noticed that he appeared to be wearing a collar.

‘*Another of Kathy’s slaves.*’ she thought as she allowed him to lead her down to Kathy’s office in the cellar.

Kathy was sitting behind her desk watching the monitor.

“My you sexy piece of action. You really look the part,” she said as Denise entered the room.

“For me the mood is helped by the clothes.” laughed Denise as she came round the desk to take a peek at the monitor.

It showed a naked Gilbert stretched on the bed. His erection was encased in a tight tube. The blindfold added to the look of helplessness.

“What happens now?” enquired Denise.

“I have a friend who specializes in depilation. She is going to remove all his hair to prepare him for the next stage of the training.” Came the reply.

Denise pondered for a moment but was not sure if she should ask what the next stage was. She decided that it might be a bit forward so she asked, "Is the removal permanent?"

Kathy swung her chair round to face Denise before answering.

"Now everything that I do is permanent my dear. This slave," Kathy waved a hand at the screen, "is going to become a low-grade slave. He's not fit for anything else."
Denise's eyes remained fixed upon the screen.

"Low-grade slaves are not often used for sex or pleasure. That means that he will have to undergo a few changes that will ensure that he can carry out his duties as his mistress or Master desires without becoming distracted from his tasks."

Denise almost gasped at the casual attitude that Kathy had. She was implying that Gilbert was going to be operated on to please his new owner. On the other hand the sheer consensual power over Gilbert turned her on. She could feel warmth in her thighs that was spreading to her sex.

Denise heard the doorbell ring somewhere in the depths of the house.

"That will be my other invited guest." said Kathy with a wink as she pressed a switch on the control pad. The monitor showed the outside front door.

With a shock Denise realized that the guest was none other than Miss Clearmont and she accompanied Kathy upstairs to greet her.

Miss Clearmont was dressed as a senior nurse and Denise thought that she had probably never looked better. Her slightly greying blonde hair was pushed back with a small nurse's cap perched on top and the severe look it imparted suited her large breasted figure and the black high pumps that she wore complimented her long but very shapely legs.

She wore a white coat similar to a doctor's and carried a large medical bag and all in all looked the very picture of the senior medic that her medical bag showed her to be.

Kathy explained that she had a room downstairs suitable for the job and led Denise and Miss Clearmont down. The lights in the small-unfurnished rooms were off but Kathy led them to the room where they had seen Gilbert on the bed. The bed had a white rubber sheet on it and the room was bare of all other furniture.

Kathy excused herself for a moment and left Denise and Miss Clearmont looking at Gilbert. Miss Clearmont reached down to his throbbing cock. The tight tube allowed only the purple tip to protrude. Miss Clearmont ran her long nails over it.

"My dear Gilbert, you won't be needing this much longer," she said as she gave it a small slap. Gilbert struggled for a moment but was not foolish enough to reply. "Today though, you and I have other business."

Miss Clearmont turned and winked at Denise.

“Kathy and I have known each other for a few years, ever since we met through our common interests.”

Her hand was caressing Gilbert’s upright prick in a casual way as she talked and this caused Gilbert to start to struggle as his erection tried to swell but was constricted by the sleeve.

Miss Clearmont’s reaction was to backhand his cock sharply with her ringed fingers.

“I sometimes do special little jobs for Kathy because of my former medical training,” she continued.

Turning away from Gilbert and Denise, Miss Clearmont took some items from her bag. She had broad strong-fingered hands that looked to have a strong grip. But it was the sharp, elegant, long red fingernails that were really noticeable.

The bag itself contained the type of equipment that Denise had seen when she had had her bikini line done.

When Kathy came back Miss Clearmont inspected his groin and then gave Kathy a felt pen and asked her to mark the area to be depilated. Kathy paused a moment and then circled an area that stretched from navel to his inner thighs. With one eyebrow raised Miss Clearmont asked if Kathy was sure that so much would be done.

“I’m sure that that is just the start.” replied Kathy. “We will certainly do more later.”

Miss Clearmont shrugged her shoulders and said, “That will take one or two days my dear. Unless you’re in a hurry in which case I should have it finished by the morning.”

“OK, all night it is then.” said Kathy to Miss Clearmont “Anyway you have all the time you need to finish the job.”

Miss Clearmont took a syringe from her bag and injected Gilbert’s groin. “A small anaesthetic will be in order. Now if you’d be so kind, I prefer to work alone.”

“Just call if you need refreshment,” said Kathy.

Denise and Kathy went to her office and selected the channel showing Miss Clearmont. Kathy chuckled as they saw her go to the door and lock herself in with the key that had been left in the lock. Poor Gilbert looked more than a little drugged so it was clear that she had injected him with more than anaesthetic.

Miss Clearmont checked the shackles were tight and when he was satisfactorily fixed she undressed slowly.

Denise could see that his cock was straining inside the tight tube. Even though Miss Clearmont was well over fifty she had a fine pair of breasts cupped erect by a lacy bra that did not hide the erect nipples with rings through each nipple. Her panties came off to reveal a naked and shaved sex that glistened with her excitement as Kathy reached for the sound control.

“There’s a good little slave.” Miss Clearmont said. “What’s the wicked woman doing to you?”

With the electric needles in her hand she climbed onto the bed. Positioning herself carefully and kneeling over his head, she started to depilate his groin while her naked crotch dripped onto the gag and Gilbert’s face.

When she had worked for five minutes she climbed down off the bed and retrieved a dildo from her bag. She screwed this onto the gag and worked herself over Gilbert’s head.

“Now little one, you’re going to fuck me,” she said, her voice betraying her excitement.

They could see that Gilbert was starting to recover from the medication and was now fully aware of the situation but it seemed as though he had no power left in his limbs and could only lie passively.

Miss Clearmont had given him a drug that would leave him fully aware but at her mercy. The evil nurse then waved the depilation needles in front of his face.

“Don’t struggle little boy or I might slip and damage you,” she threatened.

Instead of lowering herself to allow the dildo to enter her pussy she slid forward a little and then lowered to take it fully in her rear. When she was right down she closed her eyes for a moment in sheer pleasure and then she wiggled her hips to move slowly up and down a couple of times before resuming work on Gilbert’s groin again as, below her, he started to move and struggled weakly every time the needles entered his groin.

“Did I forget the anaesthetic and only give you the ‘knock out’ in my excitement my little slave? Just you wriggle and make your mama happy.”

Every time Gilbert struggled she lowered herself to get the full effect. The dildo slipped easily in and out giving Gilbert a close up view as she took her pleasure at his pain. After each stroke she removed another hair from his groin with the electric needles to make him move again. Kathy started to giggle. It was a few moments before she could speak.

“Miss Clearmont was disbarred three years ago for misbehaviour. I told her to take it to the limit but not to let her feet touch his prick.”

Kathy laughed then switched off the screen:

“Lets have a cup of coffee and a brandy and come back to the action later.”

It was two hours later that Kathy and Denise turned on the video again.

Miss Clearmont was dismounted from Gilbert but had left the dildo sticking up like an obscene black tongue.

She was just finishing his balls off.

They were red raw by now and glistened with sweat. Denise could not figure out how it was that he was so still until Kathy pointed out the black base of a vibrator sticking from between his ass buns.

Miss Clearmont herself had taken off her bra. There, dangling from her erect nipples were two rings that had small ornaments attached to them. Every now and again she slipped a hand to her pussy lips and excited her large erect clit with her sharp nails. Gilbert had nail marks all over his chest, but she had drawn no blood.

“Time for a break.” said Kathy. Picking up her phone she rang the room downstairs.

“Are you ready for a snifter of brandy?” she asked.

On the screen they saw Miss Clearmont fumble for a moment at the vibrator in Gilbert’s ass. Then she dressed in her white robe and came upstairs, entering the room with a swish of white robe that parted slightly to allow a glimpse of her dripping sex; her clitoris standing proud like a little prick peeping out between her lips.

“Is Gilbert being a good boy?” asked Kathy with a smirk on her face.

“Oh yes he is. I just love your men,” she continued. “They never come but just suffer while I do my work in the usual way.”

“How long will it take?” asked Denise catching a whiff of Miss Clearmont’s heavy perfume stirred with the musk of her excitement.

“Let’s sit down first and have our brandy first before discussing business,” broke in Kathy as she went to the decanter and poured three very large brandies.

The three women sat in the armchairs facing each other.

Miss Clearmont had a compulsive sexual magnetism, Denise decided - even though she was old enough to be her mother. Though she still had the attractive aura of a much younger woman it was complimented by the experience of her years. Her smooth full breasts pushed the white starched cloth of her coat allowing Denise to make out the rings that were attached to each nipple.

Sensing the attention, Miss Clearmont parted her long legs in Denise’s direction as she sipped her at her drink.

The folds of the coat shifted and then fell slightly allowing Denise a full view of Miss Clearmont’s damp and hungry sex. The younger woman could see Miss Clearmont’s naked clit pulsing outside her sex lips and felt a curious attraction and repulsion at the same time. She felt that Miss Clearmont was so sure of herself and so sexually charged that anything could happen.

Certain by now of the attention she was receiving; Miss Clearmont opened her legs just a little wider and allowed her sex lips to part to reveal the cherry red inner sanctum of her glistening opening.

Denise's lips had become dry suddenly and she licked them briefly, unconsciously. As if signaled Miss Clearmont's hand strayed to her lap and with a finger she parted her lips fully with her ring and forefinger; using her middle finger to stroke her clitoris as they talked.

Denise was not sure whether she was offended or stimulated.

"He's such a pleasure for me," said Miss Clearmont. "He wriggles and excites as good as a woman. His darling little cock has never stopped being erect. How far along is the training then?"

As she said this Denise could see Miss Clearmont's middle finger slide into her pussy, not knowing that all the while she was herself being watched the way a cat watches a mouse.

Kathy did not seem to notice the sexually charged interchange between them and it must have been all the brandy but it wasn't long before Denise felt her own hand wander involuntarily towards her breasts.

Before it got there she pulled it sharply to her lap and cursed herself for having got so involved.

Miss Clearmont slowly pulled her pussy wide open so that Denise could see how the juices flowed and then slowly closed her powerful thighs and folded the robe over her knees.

"About as far as Henry was when I passed him to you," said Kathy not noticing the interchange between her two guests.

Then to Denise she said:

"Henry was an earlier attempt at conditioning. The trouble was that he needed too much force to train, and as you know I don't like to inflict pain in the early stages until they are ready to ask for it. So I gave him to Miss Clearmont as a slave. How is he now?" She asked.

"Well I've just got him back after a loan to a friend of mine who lives at the north of Long Island. Any way Greta has him well in hand, he bears her mark. He is fairly obedient and still has a fixation on feet. He's still complete but I'm thinking of having him fully worked over in the near future, he can be a bit of a handful sometimes," said Miss Clearmont earnestly.

"If you do, bring him round for a visit. I would like to see the effects." replied Kathy. They sat for another five minutes until the brandy was gone before Miss Clearmont went down to attend to Gilbert again. When she had gone Kathy turned on the video again.

"Let's look and see what the evil Miss Clearmont has in store for Gilbert now." said Kathy as she poured her friend another large snifter of brandy. Denise tried to object by moving the glass but Kathy was too agile and before Denise could say anything she had the glass half full.

"Did you drive here yourself?" she asked. "Because if you have the car here you can always overnight here and go home tomorrow."

"I'll stay if it's no problem." replied Denise.

Miss Clearmont had disrobed again and was hard at work on Gilbert. She reached into her bag again and gave him another injection. This one did not seem to affect him in the way that the last one had. Then she pulled the vibrator from his ass and switched it off then she took off the gag and then put something from her bag in his mouth.

It took a few moments to fit but with her strong fingers pinching into the side of his cheeks Gilbert had no option but to allow her. With a twist of a tool in his mouth she was finished. Miss Clearmont stood back to admire her work. The balls and base of his cock were red where he had been depilated.

His mouth was stretched open, unable to close, and he was tied to the bed by cuffs and restraints as, once again she lowered herself onto him facing the direction of his erect prick. Shuffling forward she soon had her ass-hole over his wide-open mouth before she finally dropped onto his face.

“Lick me and make me come, now!” she said.

Kathy and Denise could not see his tongue at work, but the effect it was having on the middle-aged dominant nurse was clear. Gilbert was doing as he was told whilst Miss Clearmont used one hand on his chest to pull hard on his nipples and the other to squeeze her engorged clitoris.

This as well as the fervid attentions of Gilbert’s penetrating tongue gave her orgasm after orgasm until she seemed totally spent and, at last, it was over.

Miss Clearmont climbed off her human vibrator and without pause set to work on Gilbert’s inner thighs as the man just lay there with a fearful look in his eyes, chest heaving as he tried to recover from not being able to breathe fully for the last five minutes.

“Later I’ve some other ideas for coming with the help of my little slave. But for now I have a little gift for you that I think you might like. Would you like it my little boy?” Gilbert could only nod his acceptance. The restraints allowed no other movement.

“Good,” she said.

Once again she ruffled through the bag. This time she brought out another dildo. It was only about three inches long with a tube and a rubber bulb attached by a thin tube.

She made him lick it to lubricate its entry into his rear and then inserted it.

“Every time you flinch from the needles I’m going to press once on the globe. If I were you I’d stay very still.” she said as she held up the bulb for his inspection.

“Right then, let’s get on with it and remember, stay still you little captive.”

She worked with a will on the captive Gilbert and the two women watched until Kathy turned off the video screen.

Denise sat down in one of the chairs and Kathy poured yet another brandy.

“Might not her attentions ruin your training?” asked Denise. “After all you’ve invested so much time and careful effort and now he’s being attacked by the dominant Miss Clearmont.”

“Not at all my dear. He’s ready for it and anyway I’m going to rescue him later. It is in fact the first lesson for him that I really rule his life. He has to learn that I can give him to anyone to use. I know her methods are over the top but it gives me pleasure to watch her at work.”

The discussion over brandies continued for over an hour. Denise learned that Miss Clearmont had been disbarred for sexual molestation of a woman whilst the victim was under anaesthetic.

The woman’s boyfriend had walked into the surgery at the wrong moment.

She still operated at the fringes of medicine doing such work as depilation and body piercing that required no license and Kathy had met her a couple of years ago when she had required some work on one of her trainees and had used her ever since.

Denise wondered how it was that her late husband had come to work with such a fearsome woman.

As the conversation continued Denise realized that she was much the worse for wear from all the brandy. By the time Kathy offered to show her to her room she had to help Denise up the stairs. Denise had a recollection that the furniture was all chrome and plastic before she was helped to undress and get into bed.

She also had a vague feeling something was not quite right.

Just how ‘*not right*’ she would know the moment she opened her eyes the following morning...

Denise awoke to darkness. Her head was still woozy from the drink and she could feel the covers over her head. She tried to move her arm but there was something holding it down.

She was strapped tightly to the bed! Some sort of restraint was over her head but it was not the covers but a blindfold covering her eyes and something was fixed in her open mouth.

Denise ran her tongue over the intruder and felt the contours of a smooth prick. For a moment she panicked and tried to thrash around. The restraint was total, she could not move at all.

She gave up struggling and tried to figure out what was going on. Her head was not clear though, and her fuzzy thoughts could not grasp any logic behind her imprisonment. Then she felt a touch and felt the covers pulled from her.

A strong hand wandered over her skin. Momentarily it touched her breasts and nipples and tweaked them playfully. Then it wandered down to between her wide-open legs and briefly toyed with her pubic hair.

The touching seemed to go on forever and Denise's nipples gathered and stood erect and her pussy reacted to the touch of the hands with a slickness that presaged excitement. Her legs were strapped wide apart allowing the hands to play without hindrance. Never had she been played with like this, helpless and isolated, tied and defenceless.

She felt a sharp nail scratch across her ass-hole for a brief moment and realised with a start that her vulnerability was turning her on!

Then she felt strong hands undo the gag and as she opened her mouth to speak strong fingers pinch her under the ears. For a moment she caught a whiff of perfume and realized that it was Miss Clearmont who was playing with her. She tried to jerk her head to one side and as the grip on her ears intensified Miss Clearmont's hand slipped momentarily and Denise was able to let out a whimper.

The older woman slapped her across the face and one of her nails snapped as she used both hands to grip Denise by the ears.

Pinching Denise's ears again she spoke:

"Now you've done it you little tart. I am going to make sure that you regret your resistance."

With that she shifted her grip and slid one hand to the breasts. Denise's head was held in her tightening grip as Miss Clearmont caught her swollen nipple between her fingernails and the captive felt the sharp broken nail bite in before the hand turned and twisted.

The pain caused Denise to open her mouth wide to relieve the pressure and suddenly something smooth like plastic was pressed between the open jaws; covering the teeth and holding them wide. One hand pinched Denise's nostrils while the other fumbled inside her mouth for a moment.

Then there was a click.

Suddenly Denise remembered Miss Clearmont and her treatment of Gilbert and knew she had placed a gag inside her mouth to stop her being able to close it.

The bed flexed as she climbed onto the bed by Denise's head and the warm flesh of her muscular thighs pressed against either side of the captive's head.

With a tug Miss Clearmont took off the blindfold allowing Denise to see that her captor was kneeling over her. The brightness of the light made her blink and when her eyes opened they were greeted by the slit of Miss Clearmont's pouting sex. When the older woman shifted forward it was an ass-hole framed by firm buns that hovered above the recently acquired sexual slave's eyes.

"Don't cry out now little dolly! It will result in a lot of pain, and anyway Miss Kathy is not here and we are all alone to enjoy ourselves," whispered Miss Clearmont with a smile.

"I suggest that you make me happy and I may decide not to hurt you. Especially if you obey me totally."

Denise could sense the soft smell of sex as Miss Clearmont moved slightly backwards to leave her captive's face framed by the strong thighs.

Miss Clearmont looked down at her victim as a smile played over her lips.

"Of course, you like sex don't you? I know that I do, but I would never pick a partner who was inappropriate. For instance you are my partner now and you want to be fucked don't you?"

A hand stole down to Denise's sex and the fingers played momentarily before one of them slipped between the damp lips.

"See? You are all wet and excited so you must be loving it. But I forget, you are an adult and allowed to make your own choices, aren't you?"

A chill ran down Denise's spine. She could feel direction and purpose to these words. The hand playing with Denise's sex removed itself and went to Miss Clearmont's cleavage to pull a small envelope from her lacy bra.

"This is a small memento of a boy's coming of age."

For a brief moment Denise caught sight of a photo of her and Steve in the hotel foyer with a bottle of champagne in her hand. Her heart sank as she realized that more was to come.

"Sadly in black and white because it was taken in the dark this one is somewhat more explicit."

The photo showed Denise guiding Steve into herself. His cock plunging whilst she pulled him into her.

"Of course there are more, and there is the film. Oh yes! You are a star my little slut."

Denise could only continue to stare at the picture.

"What do you have to say to that?"

With the gag Denise's pleadings came as a gurgle and whine.

"Well if you are a good girl I may show you the film in a private showing. The public one in court will probably get you an award. My photographer so overdid it. Do you know how long it takes to look at two hundred pictures of an eminent lawyer and widow fucking a boy. Hours my dear, hours. Still I shall pick the best ones out and we shall get to look at them together."

Miss Clearmont tossed the envelope on the floor and slowly undid her lacy bra. Her heavy breasts fell slightly and her hands cupped them her fingers finding the nipples and tweaking.

"You are beholden to me. I hold not just your career and place in society in my delicate hand but your very freedom. I have been advised that a mature woman who lures a boy to a hotel and then fucks the brains out of him gets between eight and ten years in this state."

“But you are special, in fact you are a predator. You plied him with alcohol, had unprotected sex, left the scene of the crime and took pornographic pictures for your own amusement. I would say fifteen years if the judge is a stand up guy!”

Miss Clearmont smiled and stroked Denise’s face.

“You are going to cooperate now. I need some more photos to prove the depths of you depravity, we really must build this case. Make it solid. A one time event, perhaps?... No, a history of cruel perversion and sexual misconduct is more appropriate, I think.”

She laughed.

“I could write the judge’s summing up already.”

Denise felt Miss Clearmont shift her weight forward as her soft pussy came down over the gagged open mouth. Her large clitoris extended with excitement to tickle Denise’s tongue and she wiggled a bit more until the woman beneath her could only breathe through the nose currently buried in the crack of the Mistress’s sex.

With a low groan of pleasure, Miss Clearmont’s strong muscular thighs flexed as she moved to put her weight on her captive.

“Excite me you prim little bitch, use your tongue to please me well and I’ll give you a little excitement as well,” murmured Miss Clearmont in her deep voice.

Denise felt her nipples being pinched by long nails and Miss Clearmont shifted weight so that Denise could see only bulging stomach and the big smooth breasts hanging, the small rings tightly embedded in the gathered nipples. Miss Clearmont’s breasts swayed as she moved forwards again to give the fettered Denise access to the lips of her sex and for a moment the large hairless belly trembled with passion.

Denise moved her tongue over the extended clitoris and caused another tremble of excitement as she tasted and smelled sex as the woman’s love-juices mingled with saliva.

“Lick me my little cow, make me come before I get angry and give you a fucking good thrashing,” said Miss Clearmont as she clenched her thighs and put all her weight on her sex slut’s face. Denise felt a hand move over her and strong fingers pinched her clitoris and rolled it roughly.

Denise needed no further stimulus and licked for all she was worth. When Miss Clearmont finally came, Denise felt the clitoris between her lips swell and push softly into her mouth driving her tongue out of the way as the sexual nectar flowed down her throat. The woman’s violent orgasm twisted Denise’s head back and forth as her tongue struggled to massage her clit but, finally, it was over and with a heave Miss Clearmont got up from the bed.

Denise tipped her head a little and so was able to see Miss Clearmont rummaging in her bag.

Dread constricted her stomach and throat.

A small bottle and a syringe were removed from the bag and with a professional motion Miss Clearmont filled the syringe from the bottle and tapped the air out with her long nailed forefinger before bending over Denise's thighs and jabbing the needle in.

All the bound captive could do was gurgle with fright as the fixture in her mouth allowed no coherent words.

Miss Clearmont went back to the open doctor's bag.

Out of the corner of her eye Denise could see her rearranging the contents. She felt a woozy feeling from the injection and tried to pull at the restraints. There was no give at all. In fact she felt as though they were getting tighter as she pulled at them. The taste of her mistress filled her senses as she succumbed to the lassitude of relaxation and the grip of the drug as the injection began to loosen her muscles and make her limbs feel like lead.

A strong hand opened her pussy and another pushed in some object.

There was a slight click and a vibration spread through Denise's sex. The feeling of the rubber invader horrified her but the vibration gave her a warm feeling that spread and excited. Denise felt fully awake but her body felt heavy and beyond her ability to control. The injection had sapped her strength and resistance and she could not move but lay passive on the bed waiting for the next degradation.

Looming over her fearful captive Miss Clearmont undid the restraints and with strong hands she gripped her victim's limbs and repositioned her on the bed.

Like a doll.

Denise was rearranged effortlessly; like a child with a puppet as Miss Clearmont manipulated her slack limbed marionette. Her captor had a camera and was using it to capture Denise's shame. There was a loud click and then another as the camera did its work. After a few photos Miss Clearmont turned her doll over on the bed and pushed it on to all fours.

"Oh dear, you're getting all wet. Don't say that you enjoy this treatment?" she said as she closed in for more intimate pictures of the vibrating tool in her victim's sex.

There was another click and a pause and suddenly Denise felt something enter her ass.

Another click and there came the sound of air being squeezed into a soft rubber object as the dildo inserted in her rear swelled to fill her; stretching Denise's hole as it both stimulated and stretched.

Never had she before been violated in the rear.

Stimulatingly but horrifyingly; the intruder opened her, exciting and violating as it swelled her opening.

Another click and Denise was turned back over as Miss Clearmont took another picture before propping the slave onto all fours.

Denise could only just balance.

Miss Clearmont set the camera on the table and peered through the objective. She fiddled with the settings on the camera for a moment. When she was satisfied she picked up a cane. Holding it under her victim's eyes she threatened her breasts.

"Be a good little bed bitch and lick me again. The cane will tell you if you are licking me the way that I want."

Then she knelt in front of her victim. The camera had a clear view of Denise's face between her legs as she pushed out her tongue to touch the lips of Miss Clearmont's sex as the camera clicked away - clicking several times as the older woman waved the cane threateningly outside the view of the camera to make Denise kiss and lick her clit.

"Well done my little cunt licker. Just a few more pictures and then I can relax and enjoy you properly. Make sure you smile as you pose, there is nothing worse than a frown when giving me pleasure."

Taking a realistic looking latex cock in her hand she pushed it into the open mouth.

For a moment Denise gagged as it went in and Miss Clearmont moved around close up to get some more shots, finding angles and perspectives that clearly showed a slut taking cock.

She put the massive dildo in Denise's hand and had her pose several more times. Each time the rubber cock penetrated her in the mouth or sex she took a close up picture. Her fingers relentlessly probed her model's pussy feeling every detail and exposing her for the camera.

Finally the latex cock entered the prey's proffered ass, replacing the other dildo. Next, Miss Clearmont pulled a small plastic bottle out of her bag and smeared a pale white liquid all over Denise's face and breasts. A few more photos and she was ready for the next film. As she photographed Denise in various poses she muttered to herself.

"These snapshots are better than I had hoped. You have such a juicy little ass and cunt my little porno star. Just wait until they see what a prim little rich bitch lawyer like you does on her day off."

The photo shoot went on for quite some time. Film after film was finished as Denise was manipulated like a doll and scolded if she did not stay still. Miss Clearmont scoured the room for props and a candle, a scent bottle and the heel of a stiletto were photographed as they penetrated Denise's dripping pussy.

With Denise's rear in the air the relentless woman pushed a sharp nailed finger into a virgin ass hole before hitting her model with the cane for overbalancing.

The blow was enough to stimulate Denise for the rest of the shoot.

As the woman worked on her, Denise felt a warm feeling of excitement gather. Maybe it was the stimulation or maybe it was the effortless power that the dominant mistress exhibited over her helpless captive, but whatever it was it could not be denied. Miss Clearmont shot four or five films before she was satisfied and put the camera away.

“Now for your reward,” she said with a sneer and Denise felt a finger slip into the warm wetness and begin to stimulate her as another hand fondled her breasts and teased the nipples.

Slowly one after another finger joined the first until the whole of her hand was tightly wedged inside the sex of the helpless Denise and the fingers wiggled, widening and stretching her to the limit.

“What a good girl you are for the photographer. Mama is going to reward you and then show you what your next move is.”

With that she kissed Denise full on the lips, her tongue licking round the open mouth and her lips sucking Denise’s in.

“I love the taste of my sex on your lips darling little clit slave, but now you are going to discover the astringent taste of my ass.”

With that Miss Clearmont stretched the inert Denise on the bed lengthways and lowered herself onto the face of her sexual chattel. Her rear hole swayed for a moment above Denise before covering the open mouth.

Her hand slid out of Denise’s pussy and moved up a little; exposing the clit with strong fingers and beginning to massage it; cunning fingers moving faster and faster as the prone Denise licked what was offered.

Miss Clearmont’s smile was triumphant as she felt her slave responding to the stimulation.

Denise licked the sensitive skin between sex and ass hole as Miss Clearmont sat right back and forced her sexual servant to stimulate her crinkled and folded hole with lips and tongue. All the time she gradually increased the speed of her finger over Denise’s exposed clit building her up to a climax unceasingly.

The orgasm that took Denise made her spike deep into the tight hole with her extended tongue. The heady mixture of power, success in ensnaring this new conquest and the avid sucking at her sex and ass combined to give Miss Clearmont another resounding orgasm.

“Well done my little ass eating slave. Now you can go back to sleep and dream of what the big strong nasty nurse did to you. In the morning the awake nightmares will really begin.”

With that Miss Clearmont placed a sleeping pill on the extended tongue and forced her slave to swallow it. Then she took the plastic mouth opener from the open mouth, un-clicking it with a screwdriver like tool, and kissed her recumbent victim.

Less a kiss than a desecration.

Denise felt her mouth invaded by a penetrating tongue that moved and violated every part of her mouth and throat and as she was orally raped one of the woman’s hands idly took one of her slave’s nipples and twisted it with a jerk.

Denise gasped at the pain as Miss Clearmont slipped her tongue as far as possible down her throat.

Finally, with a reluctant heave she disengaged her mouth and stood by the bed. She cleared up all the items that she had taken from her bag and almost as an afterthought, pushed a visiting card into Denise's numb fingers.

Denise slept until late morning. The sleeping pill and the exhaustion combined to make the deep sleep last until the sun was high. She awoke to see Kathy in the room opening the curtains as she bustled around humming some tune.

Denise felt the visiting card still clutched in her hand and with an impulsive move crumpled it in her fingers.

"My. You slept the sleep of the innocent," said Kathy as she sat on the edge of the bed. "Fancy a coffee and some thing to eat? It's too late to call it breakfast but never mind. Gilbert has been finished and Miss Clearmont has to go soon."

"I'll be down in five minutes," replied Denise.

Kathy left the room leaving Denise to think about the previous night.

'What am I going to do?' she thought.

Miss Clearmont had her.

If those pictures were shown she was in real trouble. Her job, her social position and her career as a lawyer were all at risk. Why had she stayed the night?

A thought struck her:

'Did Kathy know? Was there a camera in this room?'

Denise looked round the room but could see no sign of a lens or aperture. She convinced herself that Kathy would not allow it to happen. As she considered the events of the night before she became sure that Miss Clearmont had acted on her own in this and that Kathy was not involved. Was this going to lead to some blackmail attempt?

Denise went down stairs and found the kitchen. There were Kathy and Miss Clearmont sitting drinking coffee from mugs and deep in conversation. They were both perched on the high kitchen barstools.

"He's done now. It'll take about two days for the rest to fall out and then he'll be as naked as the day that he was born," said Miss Clearmont as she sipped delicately from her mug.

Then she noticed Denise enter the room. Carefully Denise sat down with Kathy between her and the smiling Miss Clearmont and picked up the mug of black coffee that Kathy had placed for her. Slowly she sipped not wanting to either look at or talk with Miss Clearmont.

The coffee was strong and hot, clearing her head.

“I’ll just take a look in at Gilbert before you go,” said Kathy. With that she slipped off her stool and quickly left the kitchen.

As soon as she was gone Miss Clearmont spoke. “Sleep well then did you? Did you dream of my dripping cunt?”

Denise could not answer but made as if to get up to follow Kathy.

“You had better never walk out unless I allow it,” Miss Clearmont continued in a hard tone.

Denise promptly sat back down.

“Interested in seeing some photos? If you are then you’ll leave with me and I’ll allow you to keep a set as a memento. In fact you will be able to look forward to the next time.” leered Miss Clearmont as she licked her lips.

She stood up and moved next to her victim. Slowly she climbed onto Kathy’s stool and spread her long shapely legs. One hand parted the white coat; the other fingered her ringed nipple.

“Do you like my cunt then?” She asked.

Her victim was so choked with fear and emotion that she could say nothing in reply.

“Answer me you prim little shit or you’ll regret it.”

Denise nodded. She could feel the power and sexuality of this evil woman washing over her in waves, making her helpless to resist.

“Good, that’s better you see. It really helps if you love my cunt. Do you love it?”

Again Denise nodded assent.

“It loves you. Do you know what lovers do?”

Denise shook her head in answer. She could not imagine what lovers might do in the terrible eyes of her mistress.

“Well my little uninformed bitch I’ll tell you. Lovers kiss, that’s what they do. In fact I do believe that a ‘French Kiss’ is the norm, don’t you think you should kiss your lover?”

Miss Clearmont pointed to the floor between her open legs with a red nailed finger.

Her order was clear and the younger woman knew she could do no more than obey it.

Denise slipped onto her knees and slipped her dry tongue into the soft moist hole. The naked fleshy mound above it contrasted with the darker crinkled lips and she looked up to see Miss Clearmont cupping her generous breasts with both hands. Her thumbs played over the rings that pierced the swelling nipples and after a few moments her clit swelled, giving it the appearance of a small cock peeping from a fleshy slit.

Denise gave it a lick and it distended slightly and pushed out into her mouth.

She pursed her lips around it and ran them like a little pussy over her mistress's prick-like clitoris as Miss Clearmont swayed her hips on the stool slightly to allow her to fuck the lips worshipping her.

'How have I let her control me like this?' thought Denise as the tip of tongue massaged the moist soft clitoris as it pushed her lips apart and she felt Miss Clearmont take her hair in her hands and lift her head free from the powerful thighs and bend to plant a kiss on her forehead.

"That's not a good bye kiss at all is it? Do you know what sort of kiss it is?" said the mistress to the captive. Denise looked at her and dreaded the next words. She had guessed the next words on Miss Clearmont's lips.

Miss Clearmont did not disappoint her:

"It's a 'lets do this more often' kiss."

From her kneeling pose, Denise could see her tormentor lick her red lips as she cupped her generous breasts, thumbs resting on the erect nipples. In front of her face was her 'lover', dripping with pent up excitement, waiting for more attention.

Kathy's footsteps could be heard returning and Miss Clearmont folded her coat over her thighs and smoothed it with the casual brush of a hand.

"Well, my poor slave is fast asleep," said Kathy as she entered the kitchen. "The whole night and morning of your work on him must have tired him out. I suppose I'd better let him sleep and then I can continue with his training session later. I'm not trying to destroy the poor bastard, just get him ready for the next stage. Do you fancy going home Denise? You look ready for a rest even though you've just got out of bed. I'll call my driver and he can run you home."

Miss Clearmont turned to Denise and said. "Where do you live?"

"Over on the West Side." came the reply.

"Then I can take you if you don't mind."

Miss Clearmont's car was a blue Oldsmobile. One of the big 1950's ones but with the windows blacked out. Denise sat in the front next to her blackmailer and for several minutes Miss Clearmont drove in silence.

Denise was starting to feel a little more at ease when they pulled up at a bank.

"Won't be a moment." said Miss Clearmont in a breezy voice as she left the car.

Denise watched her enter the bank. She was gone for perhaps fifteen minutes. When she returned she leaned over to the back seat and pulled the doctor's bag beside her.

Opening it she pulled a thick envelope out and passed it to Denise. In it were about fifty photos. They were the pick of the bunch. Black and white pictures of Denise and Steve and color ones of last night. There were a few that were obviously stills from a film.

All were explicit.

Denise flipped ever more rapidly through them. Each was worse than the rest. Many showed Denise's face clearly and her tongue and lips fondling cocks and pussies. Her heart sank as Miss Clearmont waited patiently for her despair to reach critical mass.

When the powerless victim had finished Miss Clearmont showed her a small key. It was clearly a safe deposit box key. She smiled and pointed at the bank.

"You are now my property bitch. I have deposited the deeds to your freedom in my safe box. So, what are you?" she hissed.

"I'm yours." came the impotent reply.

"Pardon slave, what did you say?"

"I'm your property, Miss Clearmont."

Miss Clearmont slapped her across the face. Denise felt a ring scratch her on the cheek as she squealed with the shock of the blow. Then with one hand Miss Clearmont gripped the hair at the back of her victim's head and pulled her up close. Her other hand plunged violently between Denise's thighs and forced it's way under the gusset of her knickers to pinch her sex.

"I am your Mistress you little shit. You beg and I give. I say and you obey. I piss and you drink. Do you understand? You are altogether too intractable as yet, but you will beg, obey and drink. Now then what are you?"

One smooth finger entered Denise's sex, the finger curling into the inner passage as her other hand twisted Denise's long hair, pulling eyes to stare into Miss Clearmont's angry face.

"I am your property Mistress." replied Denise with fear tingeing her voice.

"That's better but the tone of voice betrays the meaning of your words. I'll drive you home now but I have a little punishment to remind you that you are an ill-mannered little slut and need correction."

With that she rummaged in her bag and pulled out the little soft dildo with the rubber bulb that had been inside Denise just twelve hours before.

She held it up to unwilling lips but Denise opened her mouth just the same.

It slipped in and was inflated to become a gag and Denise could taste herself on the swollen object as it inflated to fill her mouth.

That was the way she got home.

Every now and then a hand slipped into Denise's dress and either scratched her body or pinched her pussy. At one set of lights Miss Clearmont opened Denise's thighs and slipped a finger over her silent victim's pussy before scratching at the tender skin between sex and ass hole with her broken fingernail. Momentarily her thumb entered deeply as she did so.

By the time that the car pulled up in front of my apartment Denise was scratched from her neck to groin and her pussy felt bruised and violated. Her nipples were sore with being twisted and her breasts were scored with the scratches from sharp fingernails.

With a tug Miss Clearmont let the air out of the gag. Denise's jaws ached from the stretching that they had received. One long nailed hand reached up and pinched her nose closed as Miss Clearmont pushed her lips to Denise's. The other massaged her slave's clit through her panties as Miss Clearmont pushed her tongue into the open mouth.

After probing both holes insistently for a moment Miss Clearmont withdrew the invading tongue and mouth. She placed the gag in the bag and gave Denise the pictures.

"I have two other sets of these and the negatives. Prints are so much better than those boring modern electronic files are, they possess the soul of reality. One set I may sell to a porno magazine or a sordid Internet site. One I may give to your office. You can bring yourself off with your set."

Saying that she gave Denise a copy of her visit card.

"If I call you, here is where you'll be in under an hour."

She reached over and opened the car door and gave Denise a little push.

"You are my chattel now little cunt slave, do not forget it bitch." were her parting words as Denise got out of the car.

The car drove off and Denise hurried up to her house with tears of anger, shame and fear stinging in her eyes.

She rushed inside and locked the door.

For a moment Denise rested with her back to the door and recovered her breath, it was good to be back in familiar surroundings again. She wandered into the kitchen and made a cup of tea. Resting against a cupboard whilst the water boiled she felt better already and tried to sit and plan what she should do about the attentions of Miss Clearmont.

But *what* could she do?

It was not as though she was entirely innocent. If the truth were told, she had helped Kathy with Gilbert. The thought of possessing a sex slave, no matter how unwilling, had turned her on. The photos were all of Denise being clearly a willing participant with Miss Clearmont. Denise knew that she had no legal leg to stand on, and even if she did, the consequences of the photos being shown in any court or police house would finish her career.

Of course she was wealthy and of independent means. That meant that Denise could simply leave her job, lose her friends, earn the disgust of her acquaintances and still live in comfort.

But as she thought about it more and more she became determined not to give in to Miss Clearmont. Denise just needed to get a grip on her tormentor and herself and find some way to get the pictures back.

She also had to find out just what it was that Miss Clearmont was demanding for the return of the photos.

The only option seemed to be to get Kathy's help. She knew Miss Clearmont very well it seemed and might help Denise. '*Perhaps I should get out of town and think about it all,*' she thought as she poured the hot water over the tea-leaves.

Denise finished her tea and decided to take a rest. Feeling soiled by the last few hours' events she had not the energy to take off her clothes so she went into her bedroom and just lay down on the bed.

Her heart nearly stopped.

On the ceiling above the bed was a huge picture. It had been pasted to the ceiling like wallpaper. It was a picture of Miss Clearmont as taken from the floor. Her dripping pussy was held open by her hands to reveal her clit and the hole of her sex. Her thighs were spread wide and her breasts jutted out over her belly. The effect was as though she was lying on the floor with Miss Clearmont standing over her ready to sit on her sex slave.

Denise stared up at it with horror. Miss Clearmont's hands were on her large ass cheeks holding them apart to allow a slave to insert its tongue in her ass hole with ease. Denise noticed that an envelope had been pinned in one corner of the picture.

Unsteadily she pulled a chair under the note and tore it down.

The envelope was pink and had 'Denise' written on the front of it. She hesitated before opening it. The envelope was not gummed and with trembling hands she pulled the note out. As she did so she caught a whiff of Miss Clearmont's musky perfume.

Dear Slut,

I know that you are admiring my picture and wishing that I was really about to let you lick my cunt and ass hole. I knew that you would want a constant reminder of your loved one so I fixed a little photo up for you. Of course your lover misses you. But do not be upset by the parting, I'll allow you to get together again in the very near future to renew your acquaintance. Meanwhile I thought to remind you that I might call at any time, so if I were you I would stay by the phone and wait. I went to such a lot of trouble getting a picture of your lover that I would be very angry if you took it down.

What's more your lover might turn on you and swallow you!

You may like to have some news of your affectionate and selfish lover. She's dripping in anticipation of the next meeting. Your kissing made her so excited that she may want a couple of days to allow a closer relationship to develop. If you have any doubts about how long our love will last lay them to rest! Missy Cunt wants you to be her slut forever. Don't forget that

you are my bed trollop and will serve me as I wish, and I wish it. I will have you, I will change you, I will own you and you will be mine.

Love, Miss Clearmont.

There was no way that she was going to sleep under the picture of Miss Clearmont's thighs and dripping sex. So Denise picked up her bedding and headed for the living room. She could see no alterations in this room so she spread the covers onto the sofa and switched off the light; which was when she noticed there was a message on the telephone answering machine and the green indicator light was blinking insistently.

Getting up and turning it on Denise noticed that there were two messages.

One was from a secretary at the office; there was some special work that needed doing.

The other was Miss Clearmont.

"Do you like the lovely picture? It's my favorite. I need something from you. Please take a picture of yourself and send me a copy. Make sure that your sex is wet with excitement and that your ass hole is visible. It would please me so much if you were penetrated. If I am pleased then you may escape some harsh punishment. Also a pose that shows you as the cunt slave that you are will make me happier. On your knees with your tongue ready to serve my needs.

"You can earn some mercy by having one or both holes filled. My dominant friend Greta says that she'd like to meet you, but I told her that for the moment it's not possible. Anyway Greta is probably a little aggressive for an innocent sweet little bitch like you. Call me anytime you need to see your lover."

For a moment there was silence and then another woman's voice came on. It sounded slightly husky as though she was a heavy smoker and maybe older.

"I'd love to meet you, little cow. Miss Clearmont owes me a favor so I might get the darling photos from her. From the pictures you look to be just the slave I need to give to a friend of mine who is just learning how to cause pain for her pleasure. My other little sex slave would really like to meet you soon so I'd rather you did not send a picture and then we can meet sooner."

Miss Clearmont came on the phone again.

"You will get a call in the next two days or so. Make sure that you're in to receive it or there will be serious consequences."

The contact broke with a click. Denise was left with no thought of rest. She had to speak to Kathy. Probably only she could help. With shaking fingers Denise found Kathy's number in the address book and rang it. It rang several times before it was picked up.

It was not Kathy but a man that answered.

"Mistress Kathy's residence." He said.

“Is Kathy there please?” begged Denise.

“I’m sorry but she isn’t here at the moment, can I take a message for you.”

“When will she be back?”

“I think in a couple of days. She told me that she had urgent business in Canada and would be back maybe Friday or Saturday.” he replied.

“Have you a contact number for her?”

“Afraid not. If she rings I can pass a message on.”

“It’s very urgent, please tell her to ring Denise.”

Denise put down the phone with a sigh of frustration. *‘Two days, no three because today was Wednesday. God, what if Miss Clearmont rang first? Shit, shit and double shit, what was she going to do?’*

She started to pace the room without even realizing that she was doing it. Her head whirled with schemes from the improbable to the suicidal. Kathy seemed the only hope; somehow Denise had to contact her. But she didn’t know Kathy’s friends or any others that knew her except Gilbert and the vile Miss Clearmont.

She decided to have a shower so she could wash Miss Clearmont out of her skin, dress in fresh unsoiled clothes and think; needing desperately to gather her thoughts and recover enough from this panic in order to decide on a plan of action.

She stripped off the torn dress, shoes and panties and dropped them in the waste disposal chute with the great feeling that she was shedding the last terrible couple of days.

Then she luxuriated in a steaming hot shower.

It was wonderfully refreshing.

Denise decided that her first move was to get new locks on the doors and windows.

Then she could relax a little, at least at home it would be safe.

The scorching hot shower was like a refuge of sanity. Denise felt herself calming down as she luxuriated in the powerful stream of hot water. Tenderly she bathed the scratches and sore places on her abused body and rubbed scented oil onto the hurts. At last she was finished and ready to dress.

When Denise went to her wardrobe she got an appalling shock. All of her clothes were gone. The rails were bare of clothes. A lonely pair of open handcuffs dangled from the rail.

In a resurgence of fear she ran to the dresser.

In the top drawer the summer wear and underclothes were also gone, in their place was a rubber bag. When she picked up the bag Denise realized that it was not a bag at all but a rubber mask. It had no eyeholes and just a zipped opening for the mouth and tiny breathing holes for the nose. Inside it was a dress, an electronic camera and an envelope. The dress was made of Spandex and of the most revealing sort. When she let it hang from her hands it even seemed too big for a girl's dolly. As it unrolled, a pair of red lace hold-up stockings dropped to the floor.

The note said:

No knickers allowed. Your lover expects a horny little bitch and not an office frump. Greta added the mask just in case you don't think that you are going to make it on time when I call for you !

They had been through the whole apartment. Denise had foolishly put her only clothes and shoes in the chute and had nothing to wear. What other surprises were in store?

Denise phoned Burt the janitor and found out that, that morning a telephone repairman had been in the house. He sounded worried that something had been stolen but Denise told him that she had noticed that a piece of furniture had been moved.

She made a decision to go through the whole apartment.

All the shoes were gone and two new pairs had been substituted. One pair was a pair of red stilettos. The heels must have been five or six inches with platforms of clear plastic that were another couple of inches.

The other pair was a pair of even higher platform shoes that had laces for the legs that were so long that they would go to tops of her thighs. They were lurid pinks and yellows.

A small note was attached:

Surprise your lover! Personally I like the red shoes but even a sex slave should have some choice as to the shoes that she gets fucked in.

Both pairs fitted but the heels were so high that Denise could only wobble. The kitchen seemed to be clear of their attentions, as was the spare bedroom. The bathroom was also clear of changes. Panic started to set in again as Denise wondered what else the evil Miss Clearmont had in store for her.

Denise decided to phone her secretary and check on the call from the office. She got through to Nancy, her boss's secretary, who told Denise that a new client had been in the office and requested her by name.

Denise's heart sank as the secretary told her that it was a Miss Clearmont, who had come in with a friend, as she was so distressed.

What kind of business was it Denise asked knowing already that Miss Clearmont's supposed reason would be ironic.

It was a case of blackmail of course. Miss Clearmont had seemed so distressed and her friend had had to support her as they left reported the secretary. Miss Clearmont had left a number to call and would Denise be so kind as to call her. The number was the same one as on the visit card she had been given in the car.

Putting the phone back on the hook Denise sat stunned; they had even been in the office. She considered calling Jake Darrel but the thought of explaining in full detail the fact that she was being blackmailed would cost her too much emotional energy. Taking a couple of aspirins she lay on the sofa.

Her life was crumbling around her and the one person who could help was in Canada!

Denise lay in the semi-dark and tried to sleep but she could not. She decided to watch some TV and flipped through the channels but only found the usual dross. After about ten minutes of clicking the channel button on the remote she decided to watch a DVD.

Denise pulled out her favorite film and stuck it in the player. Instead of the film there was different film. She stared with disbelief.

There was Miss Clearmont dressed in a nurse's uniform. She looked severe and dangerous. She strutted through a reconstruction of a hospital ward in perilously high heels whilst a naked man followed behind her with a whip on a tray ready for her use.

Denise watched with horrified fascination as she came to a girl kneeling on a steel table and ordered her to lie on the table and then shackled her down, her head hanging down off the edge of the rough surface. She then took the whip from the slave and whipped the girl over the breasts as she stood with her sex in the slave's face.

It seemed more for effect than too actually hurt and the girl's tongue flickered in and out of Miss Clearmont's sex just as Denise's had only yesterday.

Then she ordered the slave to shaft the girl. While his prick pushed deep, the girl struggled and twisted as Miss Clearmont lashed her. Denise could not stand any more and took the disc out of the machine. She looked through the other DVD cases. All but one other was empty.

With a trembling hand Denise placed the other DVD in the machine with dread and started it.

This time there was an older woman lying on a bed with pink satin sheets.

She was in her late forties and had the most enormous breasts that Denise had ever seen. A small ring pierced each nipple and tattoos chased up her stomach to her crotch. Her lower belly appeared to be clean-shaven but the knickers hid her bulging pussy. She woke up and got dressed. Denise felt that she had to watch to be sure if this was Greta, Miss Clearmont's friend who had recorded on the answering machine. Denise remembered her vaguely from the day of George's funeral but she felt that she had to be sure.

In fact she already knew the answer but had to be positive.

The woman slowly dressed in a tight pink rubber slip-on dress. It was so tight that she had to roll it on from the bottom up. Her breasts struggled to stay inside the dress revealing a huge

cleavage. When she had put on a pair of pink high heels the camera followed her to the living room. There on the wall was another copy of the giant photo that Denise had on her bedroom ceiling but framed and hung like a work of art.

The doorbell rang and a young girl came into the room. The woman told the girl to strip and inspected her fully with her hands. With a slap on the thighs the slave's legs were spread. Almost brutally one hand investigated the girl's sex and slipped in. The woman in the pink dress kissed the girl on the mouth as she played with and manipulated the girl's pussy.

The other hand twisted the slave's breasts and nipples.

Finally she was finished with the investigation and ordered the girl to follow her Mistress to the punishment room. With her slave in the room the Mistress selected a huge dildo and asked the slave if she would like to be fucked with it. The girl then called her "Mistress Greta". Denise turned off the machine and sat alone in the dark.

This was worse than any nightmare that Denise had ever had. She had never imagined that her meeting with Kathy would cause so much trouble. Denise had treated her training sessions of Gilbert as some sort of a game but now the game was serious and she no longer felt like playing.

In fact it did not seem like a game any more and she thought of the photo that Miss Clearmont had asked her for and wondered what to do.

Denise rang Kathy's number again even though it was now two in the morning.

All she got in answer was the answering machine.

Sleep was a long time coming.

As Denise dropped into a troubled sleep Miss Clearmont and Greta were in the back of a taxi discussing their victim. Miss Clearmont had closed the window between them and the driver affording complete privacy.

"Well," said Miss Clearmont. "We've lowered the hook into the water. We know that the fish is hungry. We just have to hope that it bites."

Greta smiled.

"If we push too hard she'll go to the police."

"That was the plan originally," replied Miss Clearmont thoughtfully. "But you are right. Impatience at this stage could be fatal. On the other hand I am an impatient woman."

"Hmm, I suppose that we could slow down slightly and make it a more gradual process."

"Yes."

Miss Clearmont looked thoughtful for a few moments.

“We need someone else to break the new acquisition in slowly. The trouble,” she continued, “is that the number of people who share the payoff has to be kept to a minimum.”

“Absolutely. So far there are four of us, and that’s quite enough,” broke in Mistress Greta. “How about we promote one of our slaves?”

“That’s not a bad idea at all,” replied Miss Clearmont.

The idea seemed to tickle her fancy because her smile widened.

“Yes, that’s a brilliant idea, and I’ve got just the person for the job.”

Mistress Greta clapped her hands with glee. “I know just who you are thinking of.”

“It’s got to be Mandy.” they both said almost together.

Mistress Greta ran a hand over Miss Clearmont’s breasts and kissed her on the lips.

“Mandy will be perfect, and it’s high time anyway for us to prepare her for ownership instead of service.”

Graduation

Denise woke early; a restless sleep leaving her feeling tired; though she was unable bear to sleep any longer.

Her confused thoughts focused on her predicament:

“*Call the police?*” she thought.

“*No.*” she thought. She could imagine the headlines when the story got into the papers:

‘Recent Widow, Prominent Heiress, Distinguished Lawyer and Sexy Slave.’

No, this was a problem that had to be sorted out privately. Part of the problem was that she had not had a demand from her tormentors. Denise was sure that they were going to blackmail her but for how much? Not more than a million for sure. Somehow she had to get to the demand quickly. But how?

“I’ll just wait for the call. I will go and be presented with a demand,” she said aloud as she got up from the sofa. “Then I’ll pay and get them out of my life.

A small doubt assailed her.

What if the demands just kept coming?

“I’ll just have to deal with it as it comes.” she muttered.

Denise let her thoughts wander as she made herself a tea. She thought of Kathy's house full of slaves and a picture of Gilbert's predicament came to mind.

She had asked Kathy for a slave and the thought of a man or woman not only dedicated to her pleasure but also serving her every need still appealed.

Of course that was not the reason that she had convinced herself not to go to the police. But Denise wished to join the owner's club not place herself under the lash of the whip!

Once again she looked at the note that had been pinned by the picture. She searched for a hidden meaning or some interpretation of the words that could tell her what was to happen next. But any hidden meaning escaped her.

With a sigh of frustration she put it down and thought about her next action.

'Clothes and normality.' She thought.

With that thought she dressed. The little dress fitted like a glove. Denise had to admit that it looked pretty good on her shapely figure. Next she put on the red shoes that she had been left. As she climbed into her car she thought of the call that Miss Clearmont had promised.

'She won't ring this early.' she thought and with that she drove to the mall.

It took about twenty minutes to get through the traffic and park the Mercedes. Denise wobbled a bit on the high heels as she entered the shopping-centre and hoped that she would not bump into anyone that she knew while she was dressed like this.

It only took a short while to buy a pair of jeans and trainers.

Now she felt stronger.

In fact she felt in control of her life again as she went back to the car and drove back to her home.

As Denise drove into her drive she could not help checking to see if anyone was watching the house. There were a couple of neighbours up and about but there seemed to be no one who was interested in her arrival. The flashing light on her telephone answering machine indicated a stored message. Denise's heart missed a beat as she pressed the replay button.

"Good morning slave." said Miss Clearmont's voice loudly. "It is a shame that you are not in to take your owner's call. That will of course count against you. I just rang to let you know that I order you to come immediately to me. I expect you to be here by ten O'clock and to bring the photograph that I have asked for. Every minute that you are late will cost you dearly, so don't be late!"

A beep announced the end of the message.

For a moment Denise just stared at the phone as if not believing that she had heard properly; a surge of fright undid all her carefully built resolution and she panicked.

Denise searched for the card. It took only a few seconds to find it and straighten it out so that she could read the address. Next she quickly slipped off the jeans and top that she had just bought and put on the dress.

Denise had a street map in the car so she rushed straight to it before she realized that she still had the sneakers on that she had bought in the mall. With a rush she headed back to the house and found the red high heels. As she stood her right ankle sagged and the heel broke off the shoe! She almost had tears in her eyes as she saw that she only had half an hour to get to Miss Clearmont's house.

Upstairs she went at a run causing the dress to ride up to her waist, showing her newly bought pants. There were the lace-up shoes. Sitting on the edge of the bed she fumbled with the laces. It seemed to take ages to carefully tie the laces crisscross fashion up to the tops of her thighs.

Only twenty-five minutes to get there, and she had not even had time to look at the map.

As she hopped into the car she realized that she did not have the map and had not made a photo with the camera she had been left.

Frustrated with her own absent-mindedness she simply put her foot down and raced out of the drive onto the road. Denise knew roughly where Miss Clearmont's house was and raced through the traffic to get there. Finding an underground car park she parked and rushed for a taxi.

The driver would know the address. It cost a hundred dollars to get the driver to risk his license but when Denise looked at her watch as she stood outside Miss Clearmont's house she realized that she had made it in time.

In fact two minutes early.

A casually dressed young woman whom Denise did not recognize answered the door.

The young woman looked at her for a moment before speaking.

"You must be Denise, Miss Clearmont's new friend," she said as she allowed Denise to enter the house.

The young woman did not offer any more conversation but led Denise through the house to the open door of a small office.

Sitting behind the large desk was Miss Clearmont.

As Denise entered the room she signaled the girl to shut the door. The young woman obediently closed the door and stepped to stand by the desk. Miss Clearmont stood and came to stand a couple of steps from her cowed victim.

"Welcome, my dear," said Miss Clearmont. "Have you got the photos that I asked you for?" Denise shook her head.

“How very remiss of you,” she continued in an almost kind voice.

Miss Clearmont twitched her right hand signalling to the girl by the desk. The young woman moved over to Denise and suddenly pulled at her flimsy dress. With a rip of tearing seams it came off leaving Denise standing in her new knickers.

“How dare you come dressed in clothes other than those which I gave you?” thundered Miss Clearmont. “I see that you have to undergo a bit of correction.”

“I apologize,” was all that Denise could think of saying. She had forgotten her resolution to gain control of the situation. Events were moving at Miss Clearmont’s speed and were overwhelming Denise’s plan of action.

Another gesture from Miss Clearmont and Denise’s pants were ripped off by the young woman. Denise instinctively tried to cover her exposed sex with her hands but stopped when Miss Clearmont stepped up close.

“Hands by your sides,” ordered the strict Mistress.

Denise dropped her hands and stood almost to attention.

“That’s better.” purred the intimidating Miss Clearmont as her voice softened.

Denise heard a movement behind her and then a strong pair of hands grabbed her wrists and wrenched them up into the small of her back. For a moment Denise resisted but the grip was too strong.

“Now let us discuss your insubordination,” said Miss Clearmont.

With a small movement she released a press-stud on her loose black dress allowing it to drop to the floor. Her naked breasts stood proudly over the rounded belly allowing Denise to notice the two small rings piercing the engorged nipples. Sheer red stockings covered her powerful thighs whilst a narrow wisp of lace barely hid her hungry shaven sex.

“What I have in mind for you is a little training in respect.” She said as one of her fingertips passed from Denise’s lips down her naked flesh.

Denise felt the grip on her arms tighten. Her wrists were pulled up making her stand on tiptoes. Then one foot from her unseen captor pushed against her ankle making her open her legs. Miss Clearmont tugged for a moment at Denise’s pubic hair before turning to her desk. Opening a drawer she took an electric shaver. Switching it on she advanced on her captive. Denise tried to struggle but when her arms were twisted up again she gave in.

“Please. I’ll give you what you want,” she said to the advancing Miss Clearmont.

“I know that you would my dear, but I would rather take than be given,” asserted her tormentor.

A knee in Denise’s back forced her to bend rearward as Miss Clearmont took her long hair and passed the shaver over her scalp.

Denise had expected to lose her pubic hair and struggled again as Miss Clearmont ruthlessly shaved her scalp bald.

Seeing her long hair lying on the floor tears came to Denise's eyes, but Miss Clearmont had not finished.

With rough strokes she also shaved her bald slave's sex. Denise felt the grip on her arms loosen allowing her to stand. Tears streaked her face making her mascara dribble in grey streaks across her red cheeks.

"If you speak without permission you will be punished," said Miss Clearmont as she stroked Denise's head with the shaver to make sure that all the hair was gone. A touch or two more of the humming machine and Denise was totally bald.

In a normal voice Miss Clearmont continued as though she was instructing a child.

Denise could only listen and wait.

"I am not satisfied with you, as you might well realize. It is clear that you have a long way to go before you can hope to find favor from me. I am, however, a patient and kind woman and I shall go out of my way to help you to satisfy and please me. You have already met Mandy."

Miss Clearmont pointed at the woman in jeans.

"This young lady is going to be entrusted by me with your education. I suggest that you follow her instructions, whatever they may be."

Denise felt another hand on her head. "I promise that I shall not disappoint you," said Mandy to her mistress. "I shall ensure that Denise is prepared to your satisfaction."

"Take her home and begin her training."

Miss Clearmont shook Denise's handbag and tipped out keys and mobile phone. With one stiletto she crushed the phone before passing the keys to Mandy.

Mandy took one of Denise's wrists and pulled her out of the door. Denise was led naked to the covered carport and seated on the front seat of the car. For a moment Mandy went to the boot of the car and then came back with a blanket. This she threw over her naked captive before unmistakably pocketing Denise's keys. Mandy then drove the car to Denise's house and used the remote on the key ring to let the car into the garage.

She had not spoken during the whole trip whilst Denise sat cowed on the seat beside her wondering what the training would involve.

Once inside the house Mandy stood in front of Denise and issued her first order. "You are my slave. I am your only guide. On your knees!"

Denise complied. With a bowed head she lowered herself to her knees before Miss Clearmont's servant

“I am the property of Miss Clearmont but I have been entrusted with your education and will not abide any disrespect, resistance or rebellion,” said Mandy. If Miss Clearmont is content with my work she has promised to promote me. This also means that I cannot allow myself to fail, because if she is not satisfied I too will be severely punished!”

A click and she handcuffed Denise to the stair handrail.

With that Mandy gave Denise an order not to move and went to explore the house.

It was about thirty minutes before she returned to find Denise still on her knees dazed by the turn of events.

Mandy inspected her; cupping one breast with her strong hand and pinching the nipple between finger and thumb.

Her other hand ran over Denise’s naked scalp caressing the smooth pale skin with its fingertips.

“You will remain naked for the moment,” said Mandy. “Follow me.”

She led her captive to the bedroom.

There on the ceiling was the photograph of Miss Clearmont.

“This is now my room. Eventually you will sleep here,” she said as she pointed to the floor at the end of the bed. “For now though you will stay there.”

Mandy pointed at the door to the small changing room attached to the bedroom. Windowless and lockable it provided a perfect prison. Denise collected her scattered thoughts.

“I will pay you. You can be free of Miss Clear...”

The sentence ended as Mandy slapped Denise hard across the face. For a moment Denise thought that she was going to fall over as she tottered on the high heels. But she regained her balance.

It was clear to her that Mandy was physically too powerful to fight.

A simple push and Denise was in the small cubicle and by the time she turned the door slammed shut and the key was turned.

Through the door she heard Mandy speak.

“Mistake! Miss Clearmont is our owner. There is no escape. Now or ever!”

Denise knew the small room well. There had been clothes in it a few days ago. Now there were just empty rails and a small dressing table with cosmetics. Denise switched on the light and saw herself in the full-length mirror.

Her eyes filled with tears as she saw the red mark on her cheek.

Her long legs were crisscrossed with the pink thongs of her shoes.

Her shaved sex was pouted, fully exposed and vulnerable.

But it was her bald head that accentuated the pain and hopelessness and brought fresh tears to her eyes.

She was a prisoner in her own home.

Slave's Slave

Denise spent over a full day in the small room.

Mandy did not open the door or even speak through it; though through the door Denise occasionally heard speaking and some movement.

Then the light went off and she was alone in the dark.

Mandy had found the fuse box.

Denise curled up in the corner of the small room and slept.

A few hours later she was woken by the sound of some hammering and men's voices but she could not make out what they were talking about, then Mandy's voice and eventually more hammering and what she thought was the sound of an electric drill.

Feeling thirsty she found the small sink and drank.

When Mandy opened the door Denise had been so long in the dark that for a moment she had to shut her eyes against the deep red light. When she opened them it was to see Mandy framed in the doorway. Mandy had discarded her casual clothes and was wearing one of Denise's designer party frocks. It seemed that her clothes had not been thrown away at all but had just been moved. In Mandy's right hand was a riding crop.

As Denise blinked in the soft glow of the red light Mandy swished the crop making it hiss as it cut the air.

"Out of there," said Mandy as she pointed the crop at Denise.

Denise stepped into the bedroom to find that it was changed out of all recognition.

She looked round and saw that the only thing that had remained as she remembered it was the huge poster of Miss Clearmont pasted to the ceiling.
The whole room had been painted black!

A red naked bulb hung where the glass chandelier had hung. The bed had been replaced by a huge round one with black silk or satin sheets. Ominously a steel cage stood at the bottom of

the bed and a rack fronted cupboard with crops and bamboo canes stood where the antique French reclining sofa had been.

Denise could not stop herself.

“What have you done?” she cried as she took in the way that her elegant room had been transformed into a grim dungeon boudoir.

The crop in Mandy’s hand leapt out at Denise’s naked body and caught her a sharp blow on the thigh.

“How dare you criticize my improvements?” hissed Mandy as she threatened her captive with the crop.

“No. No. I really like it,” responded Denise, scared of another blow. “I was just surprised how fast the work has been done.” Her tender thigh stung painfully.

“That’s better. I hope you like the new arrangements that I have organized for your comfort.”

Mandy waved the crop close to Denise’s breasts.

“You will be in the cage while I sleep on the bed.”

Denise looked at the small cage. It was just small enough to crouch in. The bars were set just a few inches from each other except on the top where they were rather wider.

One end was a hinged door with a padlock hanging from a clasp.

Mandy went to the cage and opened the door. As she did so she said, “Let’s see if you feel comfortable in your new quarters”

Denise went onto all fours and crawled towards the cage. The floor of the cell was raw wood and splinters stuck into her knees. She started to crawl in, being careful not to catch the splinters.

A sharp blow with the cane caught her across her rear and she moved faster. Mandy slammed the door as soon as Denise was inside. With a click she closed the padlock.

With the pride of ownership Mandy walked round the cage. She poked Denise several times with the leather end of the crop before settling on the end of the bed in a reclining position facing her captive. Her knees pointed at her captive, slightly apart to allow Denise to see her delicate lacy panties and the red tops of her black stockings.

“I must say that I had to get a cage a little too big for you because this was the only one that they had,” she said as she watched Denise turn over to be able to sit. But don’t worry. I have another one to be made to order that will be a real improvement. It is a little smaller it’s true but you will find that there are a couple of clever refinements built into it. This cage will be put in the living room should I wish to entertain my friends or Mistress with my new pet.”

Mandy laughed for a moment at her little joke.

“Miss Clearmont will certainly be impressed with you.”

It was obvious that she was becoming excited with the thought of the cage that she was having prepared.

With a flick of her hand she raised her flouncy dress to reveal her thighs. The other hand stroked her thigh and then slipped into her pants and stroked her concealed sex. With one hand probing her pussy and the other wandering over her breasts Mandy opened her mouth and licked her lips.

The crop lay next to her reminding Denise of Mandy's Power.

With slow movements Mandy sought her nipples through the crepe of the party dress and tweaked them until they were clearly visible through the thin material. She blew a kiss at Denise and winked, all the while sliding her slim hand in and out of her knickers.

Denise watched her owner stimulate herself to a slow climax. She could see the strong fingers press inward and advance over Mandy's sex. As she came Mandy picked up the crop and beat it against the bars of the cage making Denise cower with fear. She caught a glimpse of a shaven pussy wetly swallowing three fingers that strummed over the glistening pink flesh of Mandy's sex. Denise could not help but feel arousal, and fear. A warm tingling and tingle spread over her thighs making her clench them involuntarily.

Pulling the dress and her pants straight Mandy got off the bed and squatted by the cage. “I have a few things that I have to sort out. I shall feed you later. Perhaps you need the toilet?”

Denise nodded.

Too scared to make a mistake she did not speak.

“Well I'm sure that you can wait a few more hours Denise. Make no mistake. I control your every function.”

With a flash of her dampened pants Mandy stood and pulled a black silken cloth from under the bed. With exaggerated care she unfolded it and then covered her the cage.

“I'll see you in a few hours dear. You had better not make a noise or I shall punish you.” heard Denise from beyond the darkness. “If the cover is off I shall flog you.”

Denise heard her move around the room. She guessed that Mandy was hanging the crop next to the other tools of punishment. Then she heard Mandy leave the room.

She ran her hands over her shaved scalp. She could feel short stubble that indicated that her hair was growing. For a moment she considered pulling off the black cloth. But she knew that she could not get it back on and that she would be punished for removing it. Denise made an attempt to lift one corner of the cloth but the black silk felt so slippery that she feared that it would slither off the cage so she let go without more than a glimpse of her bedroom.

Denise woke from her reverie with a start. She had been uncomfortably crouched in her darkened cage for several hours. What roused her was the sound of the door opening and Mandy's voice.

"I have you to thank for the work on the bedroom," Mandy added a twist of invitation in her voice.

A man's voice answered Mandy.

"I can see that you certainly know how to make a man feel at home Denise."

Denise started at the sound of her name but then realized that the man was calling Mandy '*Denise*'.

The man continued, "It was a quick job but as I always say the customer asks and pays, the customer gets what he wants."

"I do have some other work for you and it is what the customer wants!" said Mandy.

The footsteps approached Denise's prison.

The two were now standing next to the cage.

Denise held her breath.

"I am at your service." said the male voice almost ironically. Then Denise heard him gasp.

"I need something special in the way of décor," replied Mandy. "This room here."

The voices receded a little and Denise heard Mandy open the door to the small changing room where Mandy had held her for over a day. A moment of quiet whilst Mandy led the man into the room.

"I want you to strip the room out and put a hook there, there and just about there. I also need an electric point here and here and a hi-fi with loudspeakers here and here."

Denise wondered what Mandy was up to. The room was only a few feet deep and had barely fitted the hanging racks and small vanity table.

"No problem," replied the man. "What color do you want it?"

"I was coming to that," replied Mandy. "I want the whole room tiled in white. Bright white. Floor ceiling and walls. Finally I want a really dazzling white neon strip there."

"Fine. I'll run up an estimate and it'll be done by tomorrow."

Denise heard the man gasp again and then the sound of a zipper being pulled. The footsteps got closer and then the slight squeak of the bed springs broke the silence.

There was a ruffling of clothes.

“So smooth.” said the man.

“And moistly juicy for you.” added Mandy.

There was more movement on the bed as the couple rolled over and took off their clothes.

Denise heard a kiss and then a gasp from the man.

“Fuck me now. Your faithful customer awaits your service.” Mandy cooed.

There was further movement and then a steady rhythm as the bed moved under the couple. Sounds of kissing and licking invaded the dark of the cage. Denise heard Mandy gasp and then a sound like a slap. The rhythm built faster as he gained momentum and finally climaxed with a shout.

“Denise, that was the best!”

“I promise another if you get my room finished inside a day.” teased Mandy.

“OK, but it will cost.”

“Money is not important, just my special needs.” laughed Mandy.

Denise heard the two of them get up from the bed and then another kiss. The kiss seemed to be the start of another sexual bout but instead finished with Mandy saying:

“Time to meet my little friend.”

The man must have made a reply by shaking his head because Mandy then said:

“Well you must meet her.”

Suddenly the cloth was whipped from the cage.

Denise looked up to see a half naked man standing next to Mandy.

Mandy was dressed in stockings and suspenders and a lacy bra; her shaven pussy and stocking tops were damp with hers and the man’s juices.

The man was well-muscled, blond and about thirty years old; he was also clearly shocked by Denise’s appearance.

With a wave of her hand Mandy introduced Denise to the Man.

“This is Slut. Say hello to Martin.”

“Hello.” said Denise; her voice shaking as the word came out with a squeak.

“Slut has been naughty. I caught her with her hand in her pussy.” said Mandy reaching down to pat Denise on the head.

Martin just stared at the bald and naked woman in the cage. He was clearly trying to work out what was going on. He still looked puzzled as Mandy explained further.

“Slut and I play games.”

Mandy seemed to realize that she had made a mistake. Martin was not reacting in an interested fashion. He seemed shocked rather than excited by the thought of a slave at the end of the bed. Sex interested him but to him this was excessive.

Denise was on the point of speaking when Mandy took his hand and pulled him close. She whispered something in his ear and ran a hand down over his well-muscled chest to his prick.

“I have some other work for you,” said Mandy and she led him to the pile of discarded clothes.

As he pulled on his jeans Martin looked at Denise as if to divine her thoughts. Mandy moved to the cage and stooped to stroke her captive gently. Martin relaxed and pulled on his T-shirt. He had now placed the relationship between the two as a voluntary one.

Denise felt a wave of disappointment. She was too scared of Mandy to make a move or to try to speak out, but had passively hoped that Martin would somehow release her from her imprisonment.

Semi-clad, Mandy led Martin from the room. He had one glance at the silent but beseeching captive before he closed the door behind them.

Denise did not have long to wait. Just a few minutes later Mandy entered the room alone. She had not dressed. Denise could see that she was turned on. Her breath came in gasps and her nipples swelled against the inside of the flimsy bra. When she squatted to undo the lock Denise could see that the insides of her thighs were slick with the liquors of sex, right down to the low stocking tops.

“I need you now slut.” was all that Mandy said.

When she pulled the door open Denise pushed it hard against her. Mandy stumbled and fell, legs spread wide, onto her back. It took just a few seconds for Denise to crawl out of the cage but Mandy had recovered. In a flash her hand grasped Denise’s slim ankle and pulled the leg straight. With a grunt Denise fell on her front. The pointed toes of her stilettos afforded no grip on the soft carpet. As she scrabbled to twist her ankle from Mandy’s sure grip she felt a knee strike her just below the ribs.

For a moment Denise jerked in reflex then her breath whooshed out of her lungs and a savage pain in her stomach gripped her. Mandy loosed her grip and made to stand. Denise, however, was desperate. She had to get to the door while Martin was still in the house. She kicked out, catching Mandy just as she was standing. Mandy fell hard but Denise could scarcely move with the pain.

She crawled away from her tormentor, the door being the only objective, as Mandy stood slowly; the flush in her cheeks telling of her exertion. Her bra had slipped revealing her small breasts and one stocking had slipped to gather around her ankle.

As Mandy moved towards the door she kicked off her stilettos and grabbed a cane at random from the rack.

Denise opened the door.

For a moment she was in shock at the mess. The whole hallway and landing were in a state of disorder. Ladders from the redecoration, sheets covered the furniture and pots of paint and tools lay in confusion.

Then she shouted:

“Help. Martin.”

At that moment she heard the swish of the cane. Mandy’s blow caught her across her naked bottom.

A sharp pain followed causing her to scream.

Another blow and another piercing agony.

Denise stepped forward, her shoe catching on a roll of carpet. As she fell the cane whistled over her. Then she felt a foot in the small of her back.

“Martin has left the house,” screamed Mandy triumphantly. “Yell all you like!”

A dull ache replaced the pain in her belly and a sting on her buttocks. Denise lay out of breath under the foot of her mistress. The tip of the cane coursed over her back and finished pressing against the button of her ass hole.

“Stand up slut.” Mandy said panting with the recovery of exertion.

As she did so Denise noticed the physique of Mandy. Well muscled and the same height she was obviously stronger than Denise was. Though her sides were still heaving with the aftermath of the fight it was clear that she was tensed for more action. Denise on the other hand was spent. Not just physically but emotionally.

Mandy had screamed at the top of her voice. The house really was empty. Her bid for freedom had been far too late.

Mandy used the tip of the cane to push Denise back into the room. Stumbling on the high heels Denise complied. Once in the room Mandy paused to lock the door behind them. She left the key in the lock but Denise drew no comfort from the possibility of escape.

Turning to the rack of canes and crops Mandy opened it revealing a cabinet full of ropes and restraints. Taking a pair of hand cuffs she fettered Denise’s hands behind her back using the

cuffs above the elbows to make sure that Denise's arms were high up the small of her back. With a push the tottering Denise was on her back on the soft bed. Mandy stood over her contemplating her naked vulnerability.

"Do you need to be punished slut," smiled Mandy.

"Yes mistress," said Denise in a low voice. Somehow a loud reply was giving in completely.

Mandy did not notice. She simply took both ends of the cane and bent it a little. Letting go at one end she placed a blow across Denise's thighs. Denise yelped.

"If you make a single sound, slut. You will be whipped."

Mandy pointed to the rack of canes. Denise could see the last item hanging was a coiled leather whip. The ragged thongs that hung from the end of the whip trailed a few inches.

She shivered.

"Good." said Mandy as she placed another blow.

This time the sting was higher.

Slowly she worked her way up her slave's thigh finishing with a blow that seared Denise's pussy. Each blow smacked Denise's tender flesh at a new point making her twitch. She did not cry out until the cane stung the naked mound of her sex.

"Tsk, ts," said Mandy.

She took the cane in her right hand and climbed over Denise to face down the bed. Her open thighs towered over Denise's upturned face and Denise could see the juice from Mandy's sex with Martin seeping out of her shaven pussy to course stickily down her thighs and over the top of her stocking. Then, with a small readjustment, Mandy sat on Denise fully.

"Lick," was all she said as she moved the cane over Denise's breasts and then down to her smarting thighs.

Denise pushed her tongue to make contact with the hard muscled thigh. She could smell and taste the mingled aromas of Martin's come and Mandy's sex. Despite her revulsion she tentatively licked.

"Faster bitch," said Mandy. Her voice was becoming breathless with her victory over her chattel.

The cane pressed against the naked lips of Denise's pussy parting the sensitive lips and resting forcefully against the tender inner lips. The knobbed cane then started to move back and forth. A joint in the bamboo continually caught against Denise's clitoris.

Denise could feel herself starting to become excited. With the order and stimulation combining to arouse, she slipped her tongue into the fastness of Mandy's sex. The opening of her pussy caused a rush of liquid to course down; onto Denise's tongue and into her throat.

The slightly salty perfumed aroma filled her senses and she stretched her probing tongue far into Mandy's sex as the cane gently did its work.

As Denise's excitement rose, the cane slickly slithered to and fro gradually bringing on a heady orgasm. Mandy was rocking over her slave's mouth heightening her pleasure. Ascendancy, power, sex and the change from chattel to mistress were doing their work.

Before Denise could come, Mandy lifted the cane and struck her exposed sex. Denise started and twitched making Mandy cry out with pleasure as she orgasmed and a final rush of Martin's juices splattered down her sex bitch's throat. The sex bitch just lay under her mistress' thighs and felt only frustration at her dying orgasm that never arrived.

Mandy had discovered sexual mastery.

The cage from the bedroom was now in the living room and took pride of place between the new leather sofa and easy chairs while folded out were several pieces of polished wood that could be gathered to turn the steel barred prison into an elegant chest.

The whole atmosphere of the room had been changed.

Dark reds and blacks had replaced the bright modern colours of Denise and George's home. Where once watercolours had hung in plain frames were now erotic prints in gilt. The red shade of the lamp darkened the room and made the far corners of the room shadowed and threatening.

Mandy had wrought a change in the house and now she worked on Denise.

Denise herself crouched in the cage. Around her slim neck was a collar but otherwise she was naked. More than naked. Mandy had shaved her again. Bald between her thighs and bald on her head Denise cowered as Mandy swept into the room.

"Good morning slut," said Mandy as she came to the cage and looked down on her captive.

"Good morning mistress," replied Denise in a shaking voice.

She had been in the cage since midnight. Unable to sleep properly because of the rough wooden base and lack of space she looked and felt tired. She had spent four hours pleasing Mandy.

She had learned to surrender.

Denise had licked and served every part of Mandy's body and Mandy had in her turn brought her to the point of climax time and time again and then had used the cane to stop the pleasure. None of the marks showed because Mandy had always struck her most sensitive parts with enough force to sting but never enough to bruise. Most degrading had been the way that Mandy had shaved her. Every part of Denise's body had been attended to.

Then, using a cream and a razor, Mandy had stripped Denise of hair and dignity as she probed every fold and recess of her slave's body.

Mandy crouched down and pushed a paper and a pen into the cage in front of Denise's face. Looking up, Denise could see Mandy's face smiling at her and saw her tormentor was in receipt of a good night's sleep. Dressed in a silk kimono that Denise recognized, as one of hers, Mandy looked contented and fit for the coming day.

Denise turned her attention to the paper. It was one of her personal checks. The value had already been completed, as had the payee. A hundred and twenty thousand dollars to be paid to Dream Dwellings.

Questioningly Denise looked up at her owner.

"You needed to redecorate. I've done all the hard work, you just have to sign." Mandy smiled, she was in a light-hearted mood. It suited her newfound power. Still smiling she said, "If you want to be trained then you will have to pay."

A hard edge found its way into her voice.

"Of course, if you don't sign..."

Denise took the pen and signed the check.

Mandy reached in and took the check, folded it and carefully laid it to one side.

"I'm glad that you signed because we have invited Miss Clearmont to come round in an hour and we would not wish to disappoint her, would we?"

"No mistress," replied Denise.

Planning

"You certainly have done a wonderful job on the house my dear girl. How is Denise?"

Miss Clearmont's voice could even be heard inside the cage with the wooden sides folded up. Denise had heard the door bell chime and Mandy's greeting. Miss Clearmont's strong tones made her shiver in apprehension.

She had spent the last hour trying to decide how to escape. A dozen bizarre plans had been considered and rejected. It seemed to Denise that her best bet was her friend Kathy. But how to contact her?

Denise finally settled for the only plan that seemed to offer hope. She would be Mandy's slave until she got an opportunity to escape. Then she would seek out Kathy and sort the whole mess out. The main thing was to remain herself. She knew from her psychology course that she had to retain an inner core that was walled off from the outside.

She would await her chance.

Denise heard footsteps enter the room. A clink of glasses and the pouring of drinks followed.

“So when do I get to see your pupil?” said Miss Clearmont after touching glasses with her protégé.

There was a rustle of leather as Mandy sat next to Miss Clearmont.

“Now if you like, mistress,” came the reply.

There was a click and Mandy released the catches on the wooden box. Four sides fell away to reveal Denise in her coop.

Miss Clearmont clapped her hands.

“She does look good,” she said leaning forward to inspect the captive.

“She is all yours, mistress,” said Mandy.

Miss Clearmont reached through the bars and touched Denise with a silk-gloved hand to stroke Denise’s breast before she sat back in the chair and took a delicate sip from her glass.

“Are you ready for the next stage of your training, Denise?” said Miss Clearmont as she smoothed a wrinkle in her stockings with a touch of her manicured fingertips.

“Yes Mistress.”

“Do you wish to know what happens next then?”

“Yes Mistress.”

Miss Clearmont’s face took on a satisfied look.

“I have nearly all your requirements ready mistress,” said Mandy to her owner in a deferential tone.

“Good, slave,” said Miss Clearmont to Mandy. “You can show me later.”

Miss Clearmont crossed her long legs and sipped again from her whisky. The ice clinked in the glass as she paused for a moment before speaking to Denise.

“You will be prepared. I have not quite decided what sort of slave you are to become. If of course you submit you may find me a benevolent owner. If you resist you will be corrected and may find that you receive a poorer position. Would you like to know our plans? Or is it that you still hope to escape?”

“Please tell me how I can help you to train me to serve, mistress,” replied Denise.

“There are four possibilities from which I must choose for your future. After all you are now my responsibility and I must choose what is right for *me*,” said Miss Clearmont with a smile.

As she spoke she counted them off on her fingers:

“First, I have a good friend who needs actresses for his movie studio in Panama. I’m sure that you could be a big star and earn him a great deal of money. I have sent him four girls so far and all have done well in his exciting sex films and he has earned so much money from their hard work.

“Secondly, I can sell you. Of course you might end up anywhere but in general owners do not treat their sex slaves too badly. On the other hand it is possible that continual sexual punishment may reduce your value.

“Thirdly, there is a truly wonderful bondage brothel just south of the Mexican border in which I have a small financial interest. They need girls all the time. Of course that would entail some alterations, you are just not voluptuous enough to suit the tastes of their rather special wealthy clientele. Their sluts do not last long under the lash so they are always glad to get new flesh to punish.

“The last possibility and my personal favorite is that you become my personal slave. I have just rid myself of my last body slave, she was just not attractive any more so you may just fill the post nicely. I am a demanding woman with many varied sexual needs but I am sure that if you respond well to training that you will make an admirable menial.”

Denise’s head swam. Her future looked grim. She was sure that she could not last long as a slave whore or an actress in porno films somewhere in South America. Being sold to an owner who would treat her as a sex object or would simply satisfy his lust on her was a nightmare. At least if she stayed close to Miss Clearmont she might get a chance to get to Kathy. Might!

“I shall hope that I become yours, mistress,” she said.

“That is so wonderful to hear.” replied Miss Clearmont in her throaty voice. “But you will have to work so very, very hard to please my little whims! I shall see to your training now. I hope that you can please my darling Mandy and eventually graduate to being my very personal servant.”

With that she turned to Mandy.

“Let us go and see the preparations then.”

Mandy led Miss Clearmont; still holding her glass, out of the room leaving a despairing Denise crouched in the misery of uncertain futures outside her control. Once out of the hearing of their victim the two women discussed Miss Clearmont’s plans.

“Of course I can’t let her out of my sight.” said Miss Clearmont to her protégé. “But she must not know that. We just need to grind her down. Now let’s have a look at the room that you prepared.”

Mandy led Miss Clearmont to the bedroom and with a nod of approval Miss Clearmont looked at the facilities. She noted the new cage standing at the foot of the bed. Rather smaller than the one in the living room it stood on a rotating stand that allowed it to be turned round. Hand and Ankle fasteners were fitted inside at all corners and a head sized opening between

the bars at the top was closed with a small door. Miss Clearmont pushed the cage with one pointed toe. It swivelled around a couple of turns before coming to rest.

“How much have you paid for all of this?” asked Miss Clearmont as she turned from the cage.

“One hundred and twenty thousand so far. But there is still some to pay,” came the reply.

“Well done. Mandy you are doing well.”

It was the first time in long months that Miss Clearmont had used Mandy’s real name. Mandy felt a warm glow of satisfaction at the approval. She led Miss Clearmont to the door of the former changing room and flung it open with pride. Miss Clearmont looked in. It had been tiled in gleaming white throughout. The sink and other furniture were gone. A small video camera peeped from one corner next to a huge neon light. A metal hook hung from the ceiling with a drain underneath on the tiled floor. At floor level two more hooks were sunk into the wall. Two large loudspeakers were mounted on the wall next to the protruding screen of a TV. With a flick Mandy turned on the lights and both women blinked at the glare of pure white.

“Perfect my dear Mandy. Denise will be so pleased that you have gone to such effort for her education.”

Miss Clearmont chuckled as she closed the small door. “What comes first? The cage or the white room?”

“That is something that I need your advice on mistress.” replied Mandy.

“Since you are doing so well I think that my advice is that you decide. But you do not have more than a few days, and then Denise must be ready for me. Do not fail.”

Teacher/Pupil

Denise awoke with a start as something pulled at her neck. Mandy was leaning into the cage and had snapped a lead onto her collar. Sleeping in a crouched position had left Denise stiff and cramped. The handcuffs bending her hands into the small of her back had strained her joints whilst the rough wooden floor of the cage in the living room had left splinters in her knees.

For a moment Mandy ran her fingertips over Denise’s smooth scalp.

“Time for the next stage of your preparation,” said Mandy.

Denise watched Mandy open the door of the cage. Dressed as a schoolteacher with long black silk gown, Mandy held a cane in one hand and the end of the leash in the other. A pair of circular spectacles and black stiletto’s completed the look.

Painfully Denise crawled out of the cage as Mandy tugged the leash. As she left the cage Mandy swiped her across her bottom with the cane. Denise felt a sharp pain and then a glow

at the strike of the cane. Starting forward quickly to avoid another blow she was on her knees in front of her instructor.

“Good Morning Mistress. That is the proper greeting for your beloved teacher,” said Mandy as she aimed another blow.

“Good Morning Mistress,” repeated Denise.

“That’s better. Today you have two lessons. The first is civility. The second is obedience. After these lessons you may be left to do some learning on your own.”

All Denise could think to say was: “Thank you mistress.”

With a tug on the leash Mandy helped Denise to stand. She led her up the stairs to the bedroom. The Hallway was finished. Erotic prints hung on all the walls. Photographs of cruelty and paintings of brutality. Thick soft pile carpets muffled their steps. Black and silver wallpaper darkened the walls. Close up Denise saw that several of the prints showed Miss Clearmont or Mistress Greta.

Once in the bedroom Denise saw the new cage. It looked so small she wondered if she would be able to get in it. With a shrug Mandy let her gown fall open to reveal that she was naked but for stockings underneath.

Mandy dropped the leash and walked round Denise. As she did so the gown opened and closed giving Denise the chance to see her well-muscled body. Mandy ran the tip of the cane round Denise’s body as she walked and then made as if to strike. Denise could not help flinching as the cane whipped out at her breasts.

“Tsk, Tsk,” said Mandy. “Obedience means not recoiling. Each time you do so earns you two strokes.”

Mandy struck Denise’s behind twice. The blows were not hard but they stung and left two pink lines crisscrossed across the slave’s taut cheeks. Denise tried not to flinch as the blows landed but the urge was too strong. Two more blows and Denise felt a glow spread.

“Now you have forgotten to thank me for the correction,” said Mandy in a sweet voice.

“Thank you for the instruction mistress.” said Denise through clenched teeth.

“Politeness is not just the words themselves but the way that you say them,” said Mandy as she walked to face Denise.

Her gloved hand slapped Denise across the cheek. Denise staggered a little under the blow.

“Thank you for correcting me my mistress.” said Denise as politely as she could.

“That’s better,” said her tormentor. “You are starting to learn.”

Mandy ran the tip of the cane up the inside of Denise’s thigh. A few inches short of her sex Mandy flicked the tip up against the tender lips of Denise’s pussy. It stung but Denise

managed not to move. A slight throbbing took possession of her pussy and warmth spread to her thighs. For a moment she wondered if Mandy was expecting thanks, but the look on Mandy's face told her.

"I am grateful for your correction, mistress."

"Good. Now on your knees bitch," ordered Mandy as she placed the cane on her captive's shoulder.

With her hands fettered behind her, Denise struggled onto her knees. Looking up she saw Mandy part her robe to reveal the naked sex moist with lust. Mandy stepped forward to push her pussy into Denise's face.

"Your reward is my pleasure," purred Mandy.

When Denise did not immediately move, Mandy struck her back with the cane. The blow caught Denise's handcuffed arms. She pushed her face into her abuser's sex. Her tongue probed the moist folds concealing the clitoris. Mandy spread her legs a little and pushed her hips forward. Dropping the cane she gripped Denise's head and pushed.

"Lick me properly you little slut," she hissed. "I want your lips to tease me and suck me in. Then you will use your tongue to stroke me to climax. If you do well I may be lenient."

Denise put her lips over the little hood that covered the nub of her mistress's pleasure. With a gentle suck the clitoris pushed against her tongue allowing her to massage it with her lips and mouth. She felt Mandy's thighs clench and relax as the mistress started to come. The pressure from Mandy's powerful grip on her head was unrelenting forcing her to plunge deeper into the now wet slippery matrix. Mandy's thighs spread a little more and ground pussy against mouth. As she climaxed, Mandy spread her legs wide and pushed over Denise's upturned face. Back and forth she swayed forcing her slave's nose and mouth to grind against her.

With a gasp of satisfaction Mandy stepped back. Denise just panted as she recovered from not being able to breathe for five minutes. Denise could still feel the after glow of the blows on her arms and behind. The taste of Mandy's sex on her lips filled her mouth. Mandy closed her gown with a swish of black cloth.

"Not bad. I can now give you a choice of lessons. Which is it to be? You can either enter the punishment cage," with a wave of the hand she indicated the small cage at the end of the bed. or," she continued, "you can opt for some self improvement."

Denise looked at the diabolical cage with dismay. It was clear that if she crouched on all fours her head would have to bend up through the small hole in the top. The fetters would strap her in position with her sex and ass fully available to either punishment or violation should her mistress wish to leave the cage door open. Or she could sit crouched and fettered so that she would be cramped and twisted by the small size of the cage. But Mandy had given her no idea of what self-improvement entailed.

Was this a trick?

Yes, but she had no idea which to choose. Impatiently Mandy swished her cane.

“Please, I wish to improve myself,” said Denise despairingly with the thought that at least she might be left alone with a chance to pull herself together or try to escape.

Several hours later Miss Clearmont, Mistress Greta and Mandy were sitting in the plush living room in Denise’s house. Dressed casually all three had a drink in hand. Miss Clearmont sat on the sofa, her long legs on the seat beside her. Mistress Greta smoked her cigarette casually, occasionally blowing the smoke. Mandy was the only one of the three who did not appear so relaxed; so concerned was she to impress her two Mistresses.

“So I let her choose and she opted for the white room,” said Mandy to Miss Clearmont.

“Let’s have a look,” said Miss Clearmont and with a long nailed hand stretched languidly to take up the remote control for the TV screen.

Switching it on she selected the channel tuned to the camera. The large television screen showed Denise in the small tiled room that had been her changing room. Her arms were pulled over her head and chained to the hook on the ceiling. Each ankle was pulled to a hook. This kept her legs spread wide. A black leather rope hung from her sex and coiled across the floor. Mandy had pushed the rubber handle of a whip into Denise’s pussy allowing the leather thong to hang to the floor and coil across the white tiles.

Denise hung from her shackles, eyes closed and head tilted over her chest.

“Better wake her.” said Mandy. “The bitch should never get enough rest to recover.”

Miss Clearmont handed the remote to Mandy. With a push of a button Mandy switched the light in the small room to maximum. The whole room shone, almost dazzling the camera before it adjusted to the light. Denise woke with a start but kept her eyes screwed up against the brightness. Mandy pressed another button on the remote.

The lights dimmed and a screen came on but because the camera was looking at Denise the three dominants could not see what the projector was showing.

“It’s one of the first of your films,” commented Mandy to Mistress Greta. Mistress Greta had been in more porno flicks than even she could count.

“Your not going to show her all of them are you.” chuckled Miss Clearmont. ironically, “It could take months!”

“No. Just selected bits of about twenty of them,” replied Mandy. “But over and over again.”

Miss Clearmont nodded her approval. “Two days of no sleep and loud porno movies and she’ll be ready for the final shock.”

Mistress Greta passed her finished cigarette to Mandy to stub out. “I think that little slave Mandy is getting just a bit too cocksure of herself,” she said to Miss Clearmont. “She mustn’t forget who her Mistresses are!”

Miss Clearmont looked at her friend and then to Mandy. Mistress Greta raised one eyebrow in question. After all Mandy was Miss Clearmont's property, not hers. Mandy hung her head and could not meet her owner's eye.

Miss Clearmont glanced at the screen.

There hung Denise, forced to watch the flickering monitor. Ear-splitting volume no doubt. Agony from her outstretched arms. The textured handle of a lash was penetrating her. Her legs strapped by their ankles. With no sleep or comfort just two days would crush her spirit.

Then Miss Clearmont would finish the business with a flourish of a pen and the curl of a whip.

One of Miss Clearmont's hands moved to the zipper on her jeans whilst the other beckoned to Mandy.

"Start on my shoes slut and let's see if you have forgotten that you are my slave or how to serve," she said to the trembling Mandy.

Mandy knelt on the floor by her mistress's feet and allowed the spike heel to penetrate her mouth. Miss Clearmont simply smiled blissfully as her slave serviced her whilst she watched Denise suffer on the TV. This was a risky and piquant game for very high stakes; but, best of all, the real game had not begun.

Denise, she told herself, would not be the only fish to tip from the pan into the fire.

Across from Miss Clearmont, Mistress Greta took in the scene with hungry eyes. One hand strayed to her breasts and rolled a nipple between finger and thumb as the other found her mouth and pushed between her moist red lips. What she enjoyed most was not the punishment itself, but the victim's pain and degradation.

"Run rabbit run," muttered Miss Clearmont to herself as she felt a soft servile tongue cleaning the dust from the soles of her spikes. The power was so carnally stimulating.

Self-Study

Even though her naked feet were touching the floor Denise felt the strain on her arms. Her wide-open legs quivered slightly as she tried to readjust her weight to feel a little more comfortable. The cuffs on her wrists were wide and did not cut off the circulation but her weight pulled at her wrists.

The room was cool and bright and Denise could feel goose bumps chase across her skin.

When she had been put here, Mandy had said that she would have time to reflect on her future. Then she had caned Denise. The blows had not been hard but they had reinforced her helplessness. Denise could not even move or flinch because she knew that her mistress would just cane her all the more.

After the punishment Mandy had run her hands over Denise's stretched out body. For a moment she fondled the swelling nipples and rolled them in her fingers. Then her powerful hands moved down. One held Denise's sex wide while the other probed and stimulated her sensitive inner folds and she could feel herself becoming turned on.

But before she could become really excited Mandy had withdrawn her probing fingers.

Something smooth and moist pushed at her warm humid sex. Slowly it penetrated her, pushing in gently but with irresistible force. Mandy twisted the rubber handle of the whip a little as she inserted it and stood back to enjoy the sight of her handiwork. The trailing leather thong sprang from Denise's pussy and trailed across the floor while, with the care of an artist, Mandy arranged the folds of Denise's sex around the intruder.

'*Just so,*' she thought as she admired her handiwork. Her slave had not even moved or whimpered at the maltreatment. With an almost playful satisfied smack on her ass Mandy left her victim and shut the door.

Denise waited.

For a long while she thought about her chances. Why had no one called her and found that she was missing. What about Jake Darrel her husband's partner? He was supposed to call and sort out the final paperwork of her husband George's businesses.

Had no one missed her?

Her office usually called once every few days even if it was just to call a meeting. Gregory Elmer Howard, senior partner at her office, he must have missed her? More than all of this, how was she going to escape? Denise pulled at the shackles and hooks that held her spread-eagled. There was neither slack nor give. Worse than the shackles was the pressure of her bladder. The inserted whip added pressure making the urge to urinate almost impossible to resist.

If Mandy did not allow her to get to a toilet soon she would not be able to hold it. After a while she started to doze. Despite the fairly bright light she let her eyes close and nodded off.

With a slight buzz the light suddenly became a blinding glare. Reflected and trapped by the white walls the light became almost a solid force. Denise woke with a start as the flash battered her. Almost instantly she screwed up her eyes. Then the light dimmed and a monitor flickered to life on the wall in front of her. A deafening sound track started and Denise watched the film.

Mistress Greta was caning a slave.

Before the scene had really registered, it changed to reveal Mistress Greta stroking a slave who was dressing her in an outrageously tight Basque.

Once again the scene changed.

Scene after scene flicked across the tiles in front of her face. The volume was penetrating. Each blow of the cane. Each moist lick of a tongue. Each degrading order cut through Denise's consciousness like a knife.

Denise could not rest.

Wearily she allowed the film and sound track to wash over her, entering her awareness from the vague borders of her distressed imagination. But her imagination was nothing compared to the actuality of Mistress Greta's command of sexual slavery and control. No intimacy, just pain for the mistress' pleasure.

Denise slowly surrendered to the images and sounds.

She hung there for two days; unable to measure duration and hung in a timeless limbo of discomfort and apathy, recalling only, in a haze of fear and welcoming, visits paid by Mandy.

Sometimes a bitter liquid was forced between her lips. Sometimes it was a salty liquid. Mandy slaked her thirst with bitter, sweet and spicy liquors. Her bladder occasionally relaxed, and she felt the warm fluid trickle down her aching thighs to the floor.

The light went sometimes dim and then suddenly blinding. Sometimes it strobed on and off giving the ever playing films an eerie surreal quality. The soundtrack educated her.

By heart she learned the proper assenting replies of a slave.

She saw how Mistress Greta commanded yet never saw Mistress Greta naked. Just scene after scene of orders and canings. Orders and responses as naked slaves crawled at her feet.

Occasionally Miss Clearmont appeared for a few fleeting moments and once Mandy was the slave who was ordered to satisfy.

The handle of the whip in Denise's pussy had been taken out but Mandy had other instruments.

For several hours she had placed tight clips on her nipples and when Mandy removed them it hurt more than when they were put on. She endured a caning for moaning when Mandy entered the room and another because she refused to drink some evil tasting concoction that tasted of salt and smelt of spices.

One visit paid by Mandy woke her with a start when her mistress emptied a cold bucket of water over her to sluice her down.

For a few hours a rope was wrapped round her tightly; the coarseness pushed into her sex and coiled round her breasts making them sensitive to Mandy's ravishing hands.

The marks stayed on her for minutes but the feeling on her vulnerable flesh remained for hours.

Her first thoughts had been of escape and help. Now all she could think of was Mandy's gratification and Miss Greta's control. Denise was losing her will to the persistent education of servility. By the time that the two days were over Denise felt as though she had spent years of captivity in the cell in her own home.

"I have all the papers now, my dear," said Miss Clearmont to her guest. "We just have to finalize the time and get the slut to sign on the dotted line."

"Where and when?" asked the visitor as she crossed her legs and lit another cigarette.

"At her house and tomorrow," came the answer.

"I know my part..."

"And Mandy and I know ours," broke in Miss Clearmont. "It's just a question of her being ready. I want her to sign because I ask and not because she is under the whip. If I do it this way she will give up completely and then we can play our little game of cat and mouse."

"Let's make it after two then. I have a few other bits and pieces that need to be done in the morning to prepare."

"Right then. Two it is. That way you will have time to complete your end and I will have time to prepare our little quarry."

Miss Clearmont reached forward to ring the bell on her table and scarcely had the ring died away when the door opened and in came Steve bearing a champagne bucket and two glasses silvered with frost.

Naked but for a leather collar he kneeled and poured the two glasses.

Ignoring the slave Miss Clearmont and her friend raised their glasses in silent toast before drinking to their own well being.

After Kathy had left Miss Clearmont sat reflecting on the last few days.

'So far so good. Kathy! That was another problem but not one that could not be resolved. The money. I am not inclined to share! I suppose that I am just not a generous person after all. I want it all.'

Miss Clearmont beckoned to Steve, with a wry smile she took in his massive erection, the tip of his cock glistening with anticipation.

'Men. They are so easy to control and bend to her will.'

Steve stood close, her hand reached and fondled his balls for a moment.

"Do you still want to fuck me?" she asked as a finger felt smooth skin between balls

and asshole.

Steve nodded but stood still as the inspection continued.

“I am inclined to reward you for your fidelity. Fuck me!”

Sliding forward on the chair she opened her thighs and allowed him to see her moist sex, ripe for the taking. Steve knelt between her legs, poised to enter, but waited for final permission.

“You may, but you are forbidden to come inside your mistress.”

As the tip parted the lips of her sex Miss Clearmont drew a sharp breath. Slowly the engorged prick entered her, filling her and penetrating deep, opening and reaming her. She guided him with her hands on his hips and controlled his movement.

“The penalty for coming is severe my little man-slut, you are just a tool for *my* gratification.”

With steady deep strokes Steve pleased his goddess. Filling her, rubbing against her swollen clitoris. With a steady and smooth action he built up the speed. Miss Clearmont gasped as she felt his soft pubis bump her at each stroke. The orgasm made her gasp in pleasure and she reached for his nipples.

Steve tried to slow his motion but he was caught in the mind-zone of her utter control.

He lurched and came deep inside her.

“That was a terrible mistake, Steve. Now you will have to be punished.”

She pushed him away and placed her hands on either side of his head. For a moment there was stasis as the two of them stayed absolutely still. Miss Clearmont pulled his face into her dripping sex.

“Start by cleaning me. I will come again and decide on your penalty depending on how well you perform.”

With a laugh of pleasure she lay back as her frightened slave used his tongue to lick up his own come from her swollen cunt.

He in agonies of anticipation.

She in ecstasies of domination.

‘Men! So easy to mind fuck...

Denise was almost in a trance when Mandy released her.

Two days of the sound and light had prevented her sleeping as it hammered at her consciousness. She fell into Mandy's arms when her arms were undone and Mandy let her curl up on the cold wet tiles and briefly left to fetch the bucket and sponge before, with strong motions, sponging down the soiled slave with warm water and soap.

Every corner of her body was roughly wiped and bathed before Mandy decided that she was clean. A final sluice with the bucket of warm soapy water and Mandy picked up her charge and took her into the bedroom. Denise was still dripping as Mandy put her on the carpet.

Denise opened her eyes to see Mandy standing above her with a frown on her face.

"Onto all fours slave," said the impatient mistress.

Wearily Denise pulled herself together and knelt as ordered. All she could see were Mandy's high heels and sheer stockinged legs. She felt so tired. Her arms ached with the strain of being suspended. Her head was still swimming from the soundtrack of the last clip of film. She had seen it dozens of times and knew it by heart.

"Please let me serve you Mistress Greta. Whip me and degrade me but let me give you pleasure," Denise mumbled the words from the film scarcely noticing that it was Mandy who stood over her rather than the beautiful Mistress Greta.

Mandy nodded in lecherous satisfaction.

"Clean my shoes bitch," she said.

Only forty-eight hours earlier she had been commanded to do the same.

Now she revelled in the control that she had over her victim.

Denise crawled the two steps to the shoes and began to lick. The pink patent leather felt smooth under her tongue as she avoided touching the delicate silk encased ankles. Mistress Greta had punished her slaves for not following orders exactly and Denise was not going to make that mistake. Oh no she knew the rules and commands. As she licked she felt a hand run over her head.

"Time for another shave," said Mandy feeling the slight stubble. "I think that it's time for me to test my new cage."

Denise kept on licking. She knew that the cage was not something that she wanted to experience. But if she was ordered...

With a command and a sharp slap on the rear Mandy made Denise enter the small cage. She opened the small door in the top and guided her exhausted slave's head through the hole. Then she fettered the ankles and wrists to the bottom corners with the leather cuffs. Denise fitted exactly, after all it had been made to measure. With the door open Mandy could see that Denise's sex and ass had also grown stubble. That would have to go as well.

After all in just a couple of hours Miss Clearmont would need her new servitor.

Mandy went to fetch the cream and scraper. She rubbed the sticky white substance onto Denise's scalp and more around her pussy. Glancing at her watch she reckoned that she had under two hours before Miss Clearmont expected Denise to be ready.

Denise herself was bewildered.

The cage was not as bad as the fetters in the white room and the cream felt cool on her sex and head.

Opening her eyes she saw Mandy rolling down her stockings and slipping off the shoes; flimsy pants and a summer dress lay crumpled on the floor.

Denise recognized the dress.

More of her own summer clothes.

When she was naked Mandy pulled a drawer open from under the huge bed. From it she lifted a pile of black clothing. The cream on Denise's scalp and sex tingled as it did its work of dissolving her hair right into the follicles and as she watched, Mandy dressed.

Black stockings and a cat suit that opened to reveal breasts and her gaping sex.

Over her head she pulled a tight hood that opened around the face to frame the smiling face. Mandy carefully pulled her long hair through a hole at the top of the hood. Finally she pulled on a pair of fingerless gloves and pulled them straight. Now that the cream had done its job she scraped away the excess to leave Denise smooth and bald.

"Please mistress may I ask a question," asked Denise quietly.

Mandy turned from admiring her slave's sleek, vulnerable behind and squatted in front of the cage with her eyes level to Denise's. Denise took in the cleft of Mandy's gaping pussy. Moist and warm it almost pulsed with expectation. Mandy had a smile on her face. Her slightly parted mouth allowed the tip of her tongue to linger as it ran over her lips.

"If it is an impertinent question I shall cane you. If it is a clever question I shall whip you. If it is a respectful question I may answer," said Mandy with a smile.

Denise struggled with her confusion to decide what sort of question it was but finally decided that it was Mandy's privilege to resolve the puzzle.

"Who's slave am I?" said Denise in a tiny voice.

"That is a stupid question," said Mandy. "Stupid because you know the answer."

Denise felt a surge of fear. She was totally lost. Unable to think what the correct answer was she paused. Confusion and doubt combined with tiredness and fatigue made her head spin. Mandy grasped her smooth head firmly and looked into her eyes.

"You belong to Miss Clearmont," she said in an icy voice. "You also belong to anyone who she decides to give or lend you to."

Mandy's face moved to a few inches from Denise's. The heavy makeup framed by the tight hood gave her a sinister threatening look as she slowly spoke. Pale powdered skin, dark ruby lips and long lashes. "Any doubt will be punished severely. I'm sure that you will be marked as her property soon. Yes a permanent mark."

The dark carmine lips of the mistress closed on her victim's quivering mouth and kissed. Mandy's tongue probed the depths of her fettered prey. As she did so she slapped Denise's cheek with one hand as the other gloved hand slipped through the bars of the cage and grasped a hanging breast. The kiss was lascivious and intimidating the grip on her breast twisting.

When she had finished raping Denise's mouth with hers she gave Denise's helpless breast a smart smack and then stood over her defenceless captive.

Tears in the slave's eyes broke free and coursed down both cheeks to run down her constrained naked body to drip from her hanging breasts to the rough floor of the cage. Denise, befuddled by lack of sleep and confusion, shook with emotion as she struggled not to give in to the indoctrination. But all she could see in her head was a picture of Mistress Greta forcing an unwilling and bound slave to beg to be caned. As the tears stopped she saw Mandy towering above her.

"Please, please forgive me mistress. Please teach me to serve," she moaned. If she was not able to please Miss Clearmont she would be disposed of. She imagined the Mexican brothel. Customers would pay to abuse her. Men and women would delight in her pain. No she had to please her mistress or be destroyed.

"I am inclined to be lenient with you," said Mandy in a less cold voice. "I would like to hear you beg to be punished."

"Cane me mistress. I beg you to correct me."

"That's better my dear sex slut. I shall help you."

Mandy went to the rack and selected a crop of flexible but stiff leather braided together ended in a small flap of soft leather.

She struck Denise across her behind through the open cage door. The cane struck one cheek allowing the pliant end of the crop to flex into the crack of Denise's ass to strike the area between anus and sex. Denise shuddered and gasped. Then she thanked her mistress and begged her to continue.

So it went on.

The black clad mistress beat the slave's behind at each request. First from one side and then the other. Occasionally Mandy spun the cage on its turntable to allow her access to the other side of her fettered victim. Through the open cage door Denise's bottom was fully accessible. Her knees strapped open to allow Mandy to skilfully catch her ass hole and the lips of her pussy slightly with each blow.

More tears welled from the punished slave, but this time the tears were mingled with gasps of excitement at the pleasure and pain of the beating.

Mandy just felt frustration.

She had planned to screw her helpless captive with a dildo while she enjoyed her face in her sex and ass. This was what the cage was for. But she could not escape the fact that Denise had to be ready in an hour and had still showed too many signs of independence.

Miss Clearmont had ordered it and both Denise and Mandy were truly her property.

An hour later Mandy led Denise in to meet the imperious Miss Clearmont.

The room had been a spare bedroom but had been turned into an office for the terrible woman who sat behind the desk.

With a nod she dismissed Mandy and Denise stood naked and unfettered but felt no chance to escape as Miss Clearmont walked round her noting the stripes from the punishment in the cage.

“Mandy can get a little rough. She should remember whose property she might be damaging,” said Miss Clearmont in a thoughtful voice.

Denise felt a glow of gratitude at her gentle concern for her captive.

Spread all over the desk were papers and legal documents and resting upon them was a decanter and a cut crystal glass that Denise recognized as wedding presents to her and her husband.

Miss Clearmont poured a long clear drink and handed the naked Denise the glass with a friendly smile. Denise drank deeply before realizing that the drink was pure gin then she coughed but Miss Clearmont patted her captive’s back to help it down.

“You really must drink it all my dear friend. I need your help with a little legal problem my dear, and I want you clearheaded.” she said to Denise as though she was a client asking for delicate advice from a lawyer.

Denise finished the glass and placed it carefully on the edge of the desk.

“Would you like to gratify me first or should you like to see the papers?” she asked in a reasonable voice.

“As you wish Mistress.” answered Denise.

“Good, my *pleasure* first, work later. That has always been my credo”

Miss Clearmont opened the cabinet on the wall and took out some restraints and some clothing. Denise had almost forgotten that she was naked. Miss Clearmont came to stand in front of her. First she took a pair of clear latex pants from the pile.

“Would you wear these for me? Tight smooth rubber is a little *fetish* of mine and I would be pleased if you would indulge me,” she said.

“Yes Miss Clearmont, I wish to delight you as much as I can,” replied the dazed Denise.

The gin was adding confusion to the effect of the weariness and she just stood passively as Miss Clearmont rolled the latex pants on.

They tightly covered her from her knees to her waist but a zipper over her crotch admitted entry.

Taking a pair of soft cuffs Denise’s hands were fixed behind of her. “This is fun, just you and your lover, pure pleasure.” Then the slave owner brought out a gag and fixed Denise’s mouth open.

As Miss Clearmont fixed the plastic tube over Denise’s teeth she said, “Please understand that I would not have you catch me with your teeth when you come.”

Denise expected her to open her clothing and ask her captive to satisfy her. Instead Miss Clearmont led Denise behind the solid mahogany desk and indicated she should sit with her legs under the chair facing the seat.

The chair was an old fashioned library reading chair with high winged back and stout legs. When Denise’s face was towards the seat a collar, attached to the chair seat-front with a short chain, was clipped to the slave’s neck to hold her there.

Looking up at Miss Clearmont standing over her, Denise could see under her short skirt.

Her pussy, shaven as always pouted at Denise with longing. She could just make out the shadows of Miss Clearmont’s large breasts tenting her loose top. The smooth orbs hung slightly and the nipples were just visible in the shadows. Miss Clearmont was a sexual goddess benignly gazing at her subject as she reached down and stroked her strapped slave’s face gently with her hands.

“Greta and my slave, Mandy, want to work you over. Greta has a fetish for big tits and pussy’s that a train could drive through,” Miss Clearmont stressed the crudity of Mistress Greta and Mandy to contrast it to her own sweet benevolence.

“She likes her slaves to scream when they are fucked up the ass hole with her heels. Her greatest wish with all slaves is to alter them and break them. She lends her slaves to people who delight in destroying them. If you serve me and obey all my commands to give me pleasure then I will protect you from her. If you do not please my every fancy I will let her have you as her helpless fucktoy.”

Miss Clearmont said this in a soft unemotional way that made Denise hope that she could serve her mistress’s every wish to protect herself.

‘She really is so kind to me.’ she thought to herself.

Dazed by alcohol and weariness she put her trust in the towering all-powerful Miss Clearmont. In one still corner of her mind she still hoped that Kathy could save her, but how was she to contact her and get her to believe her story?

Miss Clearmont's phone rang and there was a pause before she said:

"Show her in Mandy."

With a flick of the hand that raised the hem of her skirt to her hips, Miss Clearmont settled herself on the chair. Her naked ass lowered gently onto the chair allowing her to straddle her new sex toy's pouting face between her thighs. Then she wiggled to settle her slick pussy over the forcibly held open mouth.

Denise could feel the clitoris swell into her open mouth and the inner lips of Miss Clearmont's pussy dripped her excitement into her. Denise's tongue reached up and massaged. Its tip followed the creases and folds of the inner lips and stroked the swollen centre of Miss Clearmont's gaping sex. There was another shift in position as Denise heard the door to the office open. The slick pussy slid forward trailing a damp course on Denise's naked forehead and a soft puckered ass hole was presented for her oral attention. This bent Denise's head back on the end of the collar-chain as Miss Clearmont slid forward on the chair.

The collar flexed a little, allowing the movement.

"Hello," said Miss Clearmont.

She moved up for a moment and then settled her ass upon the forced-open lips and probing tongue.

"Darling, I'm so glad to catch you at home."

The other voice was Kathy's.

Denise started in surprise at hearing Kathy's voice and suddenly Miss Clearmont's thighs closed their grip on her head. She felt the power of her legs as she squeezed, the effect being to make her use her tongue with much more urgency.

Miss Clearmont lowered herself even further closing Denise's mouth with the fleshy gag of her puckered ass that prevented Denise from making any sound and placing her not inconsiderable weight fully on her servitor. The tongue played over the ass hole and teased the little creases and puckers of flesh that closed it. Denise felt a movement as Miss Clearmont shuddered with gratification.

The feeling of serving faithfully and without restraint made Denise almost ecstatic as she pushed her tongue hard against the tight opening.

"I got a strange message when I got back from my business trip." continued Kathy.

“My friend Denise, who you met the other day, left a message to contact her. But then I find that she is not at home and has left no clue at her work as to her whereabouts. Then I find that you are living here at her house. Whatever is going on?”

With a subtle movement Miss Clearmont clenched her thighs to deny Denise the opportunity to hear the speech of her betters as they discussed her future.

“It’s OK Kathy, she’s not in hearing, you can cut the crap.” replied Miss Clearmont.

She was really enjoying her control of both the slave and the visitor. With a slight smile and a shudder of carnal pleasure she continued:

“I have her in the house and you came too soon for me to arrange things. It doesn’t matter though, because she is totally disorientated and we can start our game very shortly.”

“Oh good. How is she? You didn’t give her to the gentle attentions of Greta did you?”

“No, I don’t want her damaged.” replied the woman whose ass Denise was licking. She wriggled slightly in the chair and gave Denise a problem keeping her tongue in place. Denise felt the puckers of flesh loosen a little and licked harder trying to push her weary tongue in as deep as possible.

“Is she ready for her escape then?”

Miss Clearmont replied “She’s not quite ready yet, but she is sure that you are going to come and rescue her from me.”

“Good then we can delay until tomorrow and then you’ll let her loose when I am ready. This really is my favorite game and I think that I may win when she runs to me directly!” said Kathy.

Suddenly Miss Clearmont’s ass hole loosened completely allowing Denise’s tongue to push inside and she pushed as hard as she could upon feeling a reaction from Miss Clearmont.

Miss Clearmont’s thighs were quivering, which made it difficult for Denise to hear the next few exchanges because they closed round her ears and also made it difficult to breathe.

Miss Clearmont orgasmed with a slight shudder. It did not show in her voice as she talked to Kathy except that once she caught her breath and turned it into a cough. But in her privileged position Denise felt the characteristic reaction as her sex swelled and the thighs clamped hard together.

Finally Miss Clearmont relaxed and moved a hand to stroke Denise’s naked scalp with her fingertips, the owner’s graceful acknowledgement of a pet’s good behavior. Denise took it as a gesture of favor from her supreme sexual Mistress. She felt a sudden glow of happiness that she had pleased her and started to work again on her sensitive ass. After her mistress’ orgasm the strong thighs had relaxed and Denise could hear the conversation in the background.

“What will you do to Denise when you have her under your wing?” asked Miss Clearmont.

“Oh, then I imagine that she will be broken enough to be bundled off to Mexico. I find her meddlesome but prudish attitude a bore. I’ll let you have her if you want but I’d prefer her to disappear into an institution because we can’t have loose ends. Anyway I love selling slaves. When I buy designer dresses with the profit I always get wet at the thought of how forced slave sex has bought me a full wardrobe,” said Kathy with a derisive laugh.

Denise listened with horror to the betrayal, hoping now that she could get Miss Clearmont to come again and thus please her even more, her tongue probed as deep as possible as she could feel the heat of the shaved pussy on her forehead as she worked her tongue to full stretch.

Even though she had her tongue slipped up Miss Clearmont’s cleft Denise could hear the conversation and take it in with a sinking heart.

She had decided to try to please Miss Clearmont to escape a terrible fate but she had placed her real hope in Kathy to get her free of the whole predicament,

Now her friend had betrayed her hope.

She was worse than Miss Clearmont, because she was going to sell her slave to degradation after playing some game with her.

Denise felt Miss Clearmont shift back as if relaxing. Her sex slid over the waiting mouth leaving a trail of perfumed moistness on Denise.

Denise touched the swelling clit with lips and tongue and then stuck her tongue as far as it would go up the tunnel of her mistress’ sex. She could taste the warm moist pussy and felt the engorged lips pushing at her own. Somehow serving was turning her on. Her own pussy swelled and sweated sex, but there was no relief. Her lips fumbled for a moment and then gripped a swollen clit. Slowly she massaged it while teasing the very tip with her tongue.

“I’ll tell you how I’ll arrange matters,” said Miss Clearmont. “Just leave the young recruit with me for a couple more days. By then she will be so wound up with waiting for you that she will orgasm when she hears your voice. I’ll arrange the meeting and you can arrange the rest.”

“OK then, two days and I will phone you beforehand. If she comes my way I shall so enjoy whipping her ass. One loose end though, the photos you took on that first night of passion?” said Kathy ironically.

“I don’t know yet, perhaps there may be a use for them yet.”

The two of them said goodbye and Denise heard the door close as Kathy left and Miss Clearmont sat for a while.

Denise worked over her clit again and then moved to stroking her inner lips with hers.

The wetness of excitement flowed into the open mouth, tasting almost sweet with stimulation.

Denise licked and sucked and Miss Clearmont came again. A trembling overcame her and she slid forwards to allow further access. It must have been five minutes before she got out of the chair and stood. She looked down at the eager sex servant with a smile.

“Kathy is such a manipulating bitch, but I love her.” she said. Then she stroked Denise’s face with her nails. One finger slipped into the wide mouth and explored in an almost casual manner.

“I have saved you from that bitch Kathy and her whipping. I cannot believe how evil she is! It would make me so happy if you would consent to serve me, forever.” she continued.

Denise tried to say “Yes” and nod, but her head was held firm.

Miss Clearmont gently released Denise from the chair and the wrist cuffs came off.

The pants remained on but Miss Clearmont opened the zipper at the front and slipped a hand in to caress Denise’s slippery sex. It took a moment to stand but Miss Clearmont supported her shaking slave still keeping one finger poised on the lips of her slave’s pussy.

For a moment she held Denise in her strong arms like a gentle lover comforting a sweetheart. Then she sat Denise in the armchair. The documents on the huge desk caught Denise’s eye. Some of them had her name on them others appeared to be financial papers.

“I need your help as a lawyer. I would like you to sign these papers as a witness. Here, here and here.” She indicated on the forms with a red painted nail.

“This is to stop that evil bitch Kathy getting at your money.” Miss Clearmont slid a hand down the length of Denise’s sex and stroked it. Starting at the soft skin between both holes she allowed her fingers to slip through the wetness of Denise’s excitement and her nail scratched at the inner lips and her thumb thrilled Denise’s clit.

Before her slave could come she deftly slowed down and pushed a pen over the desk with the other hand.

Denise picked it up in a shaking hand. A finger moved in her boiling sex, stroking her inner lips, brushing her clit and moving slowly over the creases of her mound. The insistent finger started to edge into the tunnel of her sex while the thumbnail played over her clitoris making Denise stand on tiptoes to prolong the build up to orgasm.

As she tried to read the papers Miss Clearmont pushed her breasts out of her loose top and moved another crooked finger to enter the slave’s naked pussy, reaming and twisting in her cunt. Denise was on the very brink of orgasm. The invasion of her sex and the sight of those smooth full breasts tipped with pierced gold filled her mind. Her lips pursed over the gag for a moment as she imagined being allowed to touch those huge soft breasts with her tongue and hands. The slave longed to please her mistress and kiss those orbs gently, rubbing the posts with soft lips, teasing the erect flesh with her teeth until Miss Clearmont accepted Denise as her lover.

The fantasy extended in her feverish mind as she imagined both of them making sweet love on silken coverlets. "*I am yours.*" she thought as she picked up the pen with a shaking hand. Denise signed wherever she was told and shifted slightly to allow her Mistress better access to her hungry sex.

Suddenly Miss Clearmont stopped.

Her hand withdrew and the breasts drew back. She took the pen with a hand that was wet with Denise's excitement and placed it out of reach. Then she placed a hand at the back of the bald head and gripped her by one ear. Denise's orgasm receded and Miss Clearmont got her out of the chair with a sharp tug.

"How dare you sit in my chair bitch." she cried as she dragged Denise upright. The shock of the sudden change of events numbed Denise for a moment. Miss Clearmont slapped her face and pushed her to the centre of the room.

The sting of the slap and the push woke Denise from her stupor with a start. The taste and smell of gin and Miss Clearmont filled her senses. From where she was standing she could see the papers that she had signed in sexual heat. A twist of foreboding in her stomach made her giddy for a moment as Miss Clearmont came to stand before her. Her loose top was still raised to allow Denise to see her full breasts heaving with excitement. The skirt was still hitched on one hip to reveal the tops of her silken stockings and the pursed lips of Miss Clearmont's sex. Miss Clearmont pushed the unsteady Denise causing her to fall to the soft carpet. With a stilettoed shoe planted firmly on Denise's smooth belly, she stood towering over the prone slave.

"Now you are mine." said Miss Clearmont with finality. "Would you like to know why?" Denise nodded and said, "Please Mistress don't be angry with me I only did what you ordered. I love you so very much."

Miss Clearmont smiled broadly and went to the desk to pick up the sheaf of papers that Denise had signed. Then she knelt over her victim and showed her the papers.

"Kathy cannot get at your fortune now," she said in a voice that was quiet but quivering with exultation. "That is because you have kindly given me your entire wealth."

Holding one paper up for inspection she waved it in front of Denise's face. The tears in her eyes blurred the writing as she struggled to focus on the words.

"This paper transfers all your liquid assets into a numbered account in the Seychelles," said Miss Clearmont when she saw that Denise was unable to understand the form.

"Of course it is a numbered account. That means that the number and password of the account holder is the only required proof to use the funds. When the money is transferred I shall use this form."

For a moment she flicked through the forms to find the right one. When she had it she held it up. This one transfers the money to an account in Austria, Europe."

Denise felt a wave of fear as she looked at the triumph in Miss Clearmont's eyes and face. She could feel Miss Clearmont's weight holding her body down clamping her arms to her sides with her powerful thighs.

Miss Clearmont continued:

"Your house has been sold to me with this transaction. Of course there is a little fudge because I won't have the money to pay for it for a few days. But luckily you signed here to say that you have been paid in full. You will be interested to know that I paid the full market value and the taxes correctly. That only leaves the part of your former husband's share in the business outstanding.

"This share transfer document," she waved another official form, "orders your broker to find a buyer for the shares. I have bought them like I bought the house. From the money you gave me which of course I will get back again!"

Carefully Miss Clearmont put the papers together then showed Denise a printed letter on headed notepaper. With a small groan Denise read the letter. It was addressed to her senior partners in the lawyer's office where she worked.

Dear Gregory Howard,

It is with great regret that I give notice of my termination of employment with the partnership. The recent death of my husband as well as my new responsibilities for his business have unfortunately combined to force me to choose in which direction I wish to pursue my interests.

I understand that I have to give notice of three months. However, since I have no cases outstanding and also have a considerable amount of leave due I am sure that you will be willing to allow me to terminate my partnership with immediate effect.

I am at the moment in Florida recovering from my recent bereavement but shall be in contact in the next few days to discuss the matter with you in detail.

Yours truly,

Denise Lamont.

Miss Clearmont gave Denise a few moments for the meaning of the letter to sink in.

"You see that I have earned your money. I have thought of everything." she said as she placed the papers on the floor by the desk. "Now we have a couple of small items to attend to before I can set the financial matters in motion."

Slowly she stood. As she stooped to pick up the papers Denise caught a glimpse up her skirt. Then Miss Clearmont placed the papers on the desk and went to a cabinet on the wall.

Opening it she withdrew a small box. Returning to Denise she showed her the contents of the box. Two large silvery rings nestled in velvet folds whilst a smaller but similar ring lay between them. With a long nailed finger Miss Clearmont held one of them in front of Denise's fearful eyes.

“These rings are my gift to you. After all I have to give you something in return for the several hundred million that you are giving me!” she said with an ironic tone.

Denise could see that the rings looked like earrings but were of some shiny silvery metal rather than gold.

Miss Clearmont proceeded to tell her captive about the rings. “They are vanadium steel,” she said. “They are almost impossible to cut. Would you like them now or shall we wait for your present?”

“Please, now mistress,” whispered Denise wondering why Miss Clearmont was going to give her some earrings. The smaller one must be for her nose she thought miserably.

“That’s good,” said Miss Clearmont in a kind voice. “The two large ones are for here.” She touched each Denise’s nipples gently with her fingertips. “The other will go here.” Miss Clearmont slid her hand down Denise’s stomach to her sex and slipped a finger into the still wet opening.

Denise shuddered as Miss Clearmont’s long nail touched her sensitive clitoris. It was not the loss of money but the loss of her love for her owner that shook her so.

“There is another little thing to be done as well, but I think that can wait until later.”

Further Education

Denise was crouched in the larger cage in the living room. The box was shut making it look like a large wooden box from the outside but Denise could feel the steel bars on the inside and the gag pressing it’s rubber cock into her open mouth. At last she had been able to sleep.

Even though she was on all fours and fixed by some leather cuffs the strain of another day in the white room as well as the gin had taken their toll and allowed her a dreamless sleep. She awoke when the doorbell rang. She could see by the slender cracks where the box folded down that it was day, but she had no idea what time it was or even what day.

The door was opened by Mandy. She let in the two suited men and led them into the living room. One of the men was carrying a briefcase that he put down on the low box where Denise was incarcerated.

“Is Miss Clearmont here?” asked one of the men.

“She’ll be down in five minutes,” replied Mandy. “Can I fix you a drink.”

Both men ordered bourbon with ice and sat down on the long sofa. While they made themselves comfortable Mandy made up the drinks and put them next to the briefcase. Inside her prison Denise listened to the conversation wondering if she could shout but only a whimper came from her throat.

“Here you go,” said Mandy as she put both drinks down and then went to kneel on the floor by the other sofa.

There was a long silence as both men sipped their whisky and waited for Miss Clearmont.

When she at last arrived Miss Clearmont briefly shook hands with both men and sat with one hand on Mandy’s head.

“Let’s get down to business right away. I have a meeting in an hour in Manhattan so I hope you will understand my unseemly haste.”

“That’s fine with us,” came the reply as the first man leaned over to open the briefcase.

For a moment he shuffled the papers inside the case before he withdrew a fat folder.

“Here is the account of the work done so far.” he said as he passed the folder to Miss Clearmont.

Eagerly she took the papers from his hand and opened it at random. “Perhaps you could give me a short account of what is in here and then I shall read it through at my leisure,” she said.

“Your requirements were that we seek out Denise Lamont.” said the man beginning his account at the start.

The gag in her mouth choked any cry for help. “What is going on?” she wondered.

She was soon to find out as the man carried on his summary

“This has, so far, been a complex case. In fact I could almost say that it is the most difficult life hacking we have ever undertaken. This is because Mrs. Lamont was a rich woman and had left her mark in so many places. It is easy to find her Insurance Numbers and state records. A few small bribes, as detailed in our cash account page at the back, soon removed her birth certificate, marriage certificate and those other general records.

“Jim here,” he pointed to the other man, “has been working on the computer side and secretary side of things. He followed up our paper chase by deleting all the electronic records. This is the standard stuff. The problems were at Harvard. Their security is pretty good.”

He grinned:

“Not good enough though.”

Picking up his glass again he took another small sip.

“Jim got to their computer records from their own internal legal research library. We couldn’t get in from the outside, the fire wall is just too tough. I cleared the yearbooks and the paper records. We had a lucky break and discovered that the secretary was having an affair. Blackmail is always better than bribery. Anyway, the next stop was the most difficult. Using her credit card details we have done about sixty percent of the general clearing up. Hotels, cars, houses, voting records and club memberships are all done. Shops and restaurants are

about half done but are just a matter of time because these places don't keep paper records they also clear their electronic records after the usual accounting periods. The only area we haven't touched yet is her job."

Miss Clearmont had been flicking through the folder. She looked up and said, "I see that you have started your research though."

"Actually more, much more than that... Well we dug around and found out that the senior partner, Gregory Elmer Howard III, has been cheating on his tax. The IRS is so sloppy, they are so diffident with lawyers and professionals.

"Of course they don't fuck the secretaries like Jim here does!" The man laughed self-indulgently and then continued:

"We think that Gregory whasisname the third will respond well to our offer not to reveal his, well shall we say, financial irregularities of almost fifteen million over some seven years."

Denise gasped. They were wiping her out. She was now nearly a non-person. She pulled futilely at the restraining straps but there was no give.

The man continued. Forget the resignation letter you gave me. "I think that the direct approach is best there. That just leaves the court records. Jim here has a perfect solution. We have found another lawyer, a Miss Debbie Lamont. She is a small time nightshift lawyer, Jim feels that alteration and a bribe would be a better move. Jim's working on it right now. I guess it will cost about a hundred thousand to tie up the ends."

"That's your decision." said Miss Clearmont. "I'll pay, you do."

"Lastly we have followed your instructions about a new background and history for Denise Lamont, that is detailed at the back of the folder. Oh, and there is one final little point." said the private detective. "It is sort of funny but I'm sure that you will want to know why it is that we had to pay for a grave marker."

Miss Clearmont looked inquiringly at the detective.

"Simple really. Her husband's grave stone had her name on it. We had to get a new one."

Both men and women laughed heartily at the comment.

"Well you certainly are thorough." said Miss Clearmont. "I am still offering the bonus of fifty percent if you are finished inside the next couple of days. That means about an extra half a million. I'll transfer your costs so far from the bank today."

All four stood. The detective who had been doing all the talking closed his case and led the way to the door.

"We won't keep you any longer." he said. "I'm sure that we can finish inside the time allowed to your full satisfaction."

"I'm sure that you can." replied Miss Clearmont as they shook hands.

Denise heard the door close. She was stunned by what she had heard. She had always thought that if she could get away she could somehow get back on her feet. What she had listened to were bars far stronger than the cage she was in. Kathy had betrayed her. Denise had betrayed herself and now Miss Clearmont was in possession of a slave who had even lost her name.

Gregory Elmer Howard the third sat in his legal office. Behind him were mahogany bookshelves with hundreds of leather bound books on law and legal precedent. His knees rested under a marble topped desk on the other side of which sat a young man who was blackmailing him.

“I make your tax evasion at seventeen million one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. I think that most of it is in the banks of Hong Kong and the Bahamas. With penalties, probably twenty three million. Of course the IRS may dig deeper and find some areas that I have neglected to cover,” said the blackmailer flippantly.

Gregory’s knees shook slightly, but he was too old a hand at court pleading to allow a reaction to show. At fifty-five years he looked perhaps ten years younger. He knew that the blackmailer had him in a tight corner but he needed to know what the payoff was to be before he could really start to worry.

“Let us say, hypothetically, that you are correct. May I ask why this information has not been tendered to the authorities? Why come to me first?” he replied. He almost held his breath as he waited for an answer. Gregory knew that the blackmailer had evidence. He had to have if he knew so exactly the sum and location of the money that he had salted away for the last few years.

“We need your help in a rather minor legal matter that is of some importance to us,” replied the younger man. “You see we have a little problem with a certain Miss Denise Lamont that you can help us with.”

Gregory relaxed a little. *‘So you don’t want money,’* he thought to himself. *‘No. I am being blackmailed just as a part of some other plan. Thank god that my money is safe.’*

“Denise Lamont? Recently bereaved and at moment on compassionate leave?” he asked. “What can I do for you?”

“Well it is quite simple. I would like you to retire her. That is I should like you to delete her from your records.”

“You mean sack her?” asked Gregory. He was puzzled and had not yet got the drift of the reason for the request.

“No need to sack her. You will delete her name from all company records. If she never worked here then there is no need to sack her, is there? Then you will enter the court records to affect some changes. Here is a paper detailing the requirements.”

The blackmailer reached into a slim attaché case and passed a thin file to the head of one of the largest legal firms in New York. "This will be done in two days. In order to check if you have complied we shall check the case lists and so on from the courts. If there is one reference to her left in either yours or the court records the IRS will call on you." he continued.

Gregory looked at the file. There was a list of every case that Denise had been involved in and how the record was to be altered. He just could not understand why.

"For what reason?" he asked.

"Because if you do not do so then you will spend longer than Al Capone did in jail for tax evasion. And he died in jail," said the younger man, deliberately misunderstanding the question.

"I shall get a team on to it at once." came the reply.

"No. You will do it yourself. I shall send a young man over by the name of Jim. He is an expert in computer hacking. You will give him access where he needs it. You will tell no one of this. If we find out that you have done so then..."

The threat did not need emphasizing.

The blackmailer stood with his case in his hand.

"Jim will call you in the next hour so make sure that you are here to take the call. Rest assured that your secrets will not be revealed if you do this little thing. You are a wealthy man but you cannot enjoy the money in jail. Also if Mrs. Lamont should call you, you will contact this number and tell Mrs. Lamont that she is to call it immediately as well."

The Blackmailer pushed a black and silver business card into the hand of Gregory. The name and telephone number were Miss Clearmont's.

With that the blackmailer left Gregory Elmer Howard to his thoughts. When the door closed Gregory called his secretary, Nancy. "Cancel all my meetings until Monday and let all calls through without question."

Nancy immediately picked up her phone and rang a mobile phone number.

"He's going for it," was all she said before she put the phone down.

Now she had to think how she was to get out of the office early enough to prepare for her date with her new, but generous, boyfriend. The boyfriend who had been introduced to her by the powerful and fascinating client, Miss Clearmont. As she did so her slender hand slipped to her groin and massaged her tender pussy. Last night her new boyfriend had screwed her until she thought that she would never stop coming.

Better than that, the primly overbearing Denise Lamont was going to pay for all the cups of coffee and the slights over the last few years and Nancy was going to get paid generously for her help to finish the stuck up cunt.

'God, how she wished that she could see her now.' She thought. *'The hundred thousand dollars would free her from these egotistic lawyers once and for all.'*

Run Rabbit Run

A click opened Denise's cage. The wooden walls fell back to reveal her naked body trussed to the bars. Her naked scalp and hairless body made her look vulnerable and exposed.

With her ankles and knees strapped to the bars of the cage Miss Clearmont could see the slightly parted lips of Denise's sex and the button of her ass hole peeping from between quivering thighs and buttocks.

Her breasts hung slightly and the new rings that had been put through her nipples swung too and fro. Deep in the front of her pussy Miss Clearmont and Mandy could make out the glint of another ring. All three could only be removed by cutting.

Miss Clearmont, like Kathy, liked her alterations to be permanent.

"Well it seems that Denise Lamont does not exist any more," smiled Miss Clearmont as she inspected her victim.

"Does that mean that she has to have a new name?" asked Mandy.

"Yes, I suppose it is our responsibility to find a fitting new name," came the ironic reply. "What shall we call her?"

"Slut," suggested Mandy.

"No, no, no my dear Mandy. That's just *too* easy. If we just wanted a slut we would have not gone to so much trouble. I was trying to think of a name that will make her proud to be owned by such discerning mistress' as ourselves," said Miss Clearmont.

"Bitch or perhaps Cunt," said Mandy.

"Dear oh dear Mandy, you really have so much to learn. We will certainly call her all those and many more, but she needs a name so that she can remember who her mistress is. I was thinking of something like Verity or Faith. Perhaps Hope or Desire. These are names that we can use when she has served well. As a reward for seeing to our every little need."

Miss Clearmont was clearly enjoying the exercise of taunting her powerless captive.

"I wonder if we should allow our little slave to pick a name for herself? If she picks an unsuitable one then we will punish her in some way."

Denise could see another trap opening before her. "Please mistress, choose new my name for me. I am sure that you will be much more satisfied by your own choice rather than my pathetic efforts."

Miss Clearmont turned to Mandy. "You see what respect our chattel has for her betters my dear."

"Personally I think that she is just trying to avoid her punishment," replied Mandy.

With that she went to the back of the cage and put a hand between the bars. With a single nail she traced a line down Denise's back. The finger travelled slowly to the cleft of her ass and passed over her sensitive orifice. Then Denise felt it enter the lips of her pussy until it rested on the newly fixed ring that penetrated her inner lips. A thumb joined the forefinger and gripped the ring and tweaked it. Denise was still sensitive from the piercing but the movement stimulated her. She could feel a melting sensation as the ring pulled her receptive clitoris this way and that. A dampness spread through her sex and her thighs trembled in response.

Denise lifted her head to see Miss Clearmont.

She stood before the cage so that Denise had to crane her neck to see Miss Clearmont towering over the cage. Miss Clearmont was slowly undressing. First she rolled her loose jumper up over her breasts. From below Denise saw the slow revealing of those large orbs. They hung heavily, unsupported by a bra. A glint of gold at the nipples told of the studs that pierced the sensitive skin, heightening the awareness of sexual pleasure as the nipple swelled in response. For a moment her hands strummed the dark brown nipples before the jumper was taken off fully.

Miss Clearmont looked down on her sex object. She could see that Mandy's fingers were arousing Denise. She cupped her breasts for a moment before her elegant hands slipped to her waist to hook under her waistband.

Slowly and erotically she slipped the short dress down. First a suspender belt in red lace and the straps. Then a smooth almost polished swelling groin that narrowed to a moist pair of pouting lips. The tops of her stockings started half way down her strong thighs. Their lace tops and silver seams spoke of money and designer elegance. She let the dress drop in a flutter of silk and stepped out. Ankle strapped stiletto sandals in red patent leather. Miss Clearmont's hands smoothly ran up her thighs until they were spread to either side of her moist lips.

Then, like a flower, she opened her hungry sex. Denise could not take her eyes of her owner's glistening cleft. She could see the large clitoris standing from a pink hood and below it the dark entrance, framed by soft layers of swelling moist skin. These few square inches of folded skin were her real mistress.

They demanded attention and arousal.

Her excitement intensified as Mandy started to move her other hand down her back. One finger pressed against the nub of her ass and started to push into it while the other stepped up the movement of the ring. Denise gasped as a finger penetrated her rear.

At that moment Mandy slid a finger deep into her sex. Denise rocked back to allow Mandy better access but could not take her eyes off Miss Clearmont's show of erotic undressing.

Miss Clearmont smiled. This was real power over others. Then she stepped forward slightly so that one elegantly clad foot entered the bars of the cage. The silver painted nails of her toes shone through the sheer nylon as her foot slid between the bars to present itself in front of Denise's parted lips.

Miss Clearmont's thumbs lingered over the moist hole of her sex and she could see that Denise was getting closer to orgasm so she signaled with her hand to Mandy.

Mandy withdrew her hands from their delicate work and opened the door of the cage allowing full access to Denise's behind.

Denise felt her coming orgasm linger and die. She knew what Miss Clearmont wanted and leaned forward to lick the patent leather of her shoe.

"That's a good little sex slut," said Miss Clearmont in a husky voice. "You are learning fast. But I did not give you permission, yet. You may not second guess my desires, just obey my every wish. So I am afraid that you must be disciplined."

Denise felt a sudden pain in her vulnerable behind. Mandy had caned her. She jerked back from the foot but the cane had stimulated her. The shock and the warmth of the after glow of the cane almost brought her to climax.

"Now you may kiss my feet," said Miss Clearmont. "A good slave does nothing except by command. My slaves are exceptional and do *anything* by command."

It was clear that Miss Clearmont was coming. Her breathing was ragged as her fingers plunged through her own hungry pussy with strong strokes. Her swollen clitoris was trapped between finger and thumb. Rubbed and twisted by her intense movements it swelled giving Miss Clearmont a powerful climax.

The power over her captive and the sexual stimulation made her gasp with unconcealed pleasure. Surely there was no feeling like this domination she had over the yielding sex slut. She could feel Denise's tongue stroke her toes and shoes, surely the ultimate in erotic power.

As she came a second time she signaled Mandy to strike again. Denise almost jumped out of her skin with shock. The offered foot pushed a little further through the bars. Denise's tongue coursed up Miss Clearmont's ankle and over the red and silver designer silk stockings. They felt dry and coarse to her sensitive tongue and lips. Mandy returned to Denise's dripping sex. Now she rapped the cane against the slightly parted lips of the slave's naked sex and tapped insistently. Denise orgasmed with a cry of gratification but did not fail to continue to service Miss Clearmont's shoes and ankles.

With a feeling of intense fulfilment at being allowed to orgasm she kissed the nylon clad toes. A feeling of unwavering desire to please her loving owner overcame her so strongly that tears welled in her eyes and sobs shuddered her frame. Her tongue and tender lips made oral love to the pointed toes in silky smooth stockings. Denise had fallen under the spell of servile sex and wanted more.

“I have decided a name,” said Miss Clearmont as she looked down at the busy slave. “Desire, is her new name. Because she will serve my every craving until I decide that she has failed to please my fancies well enough and should be sold on to a punishment brothel or slave farm.”

The words did not register at first. Then Denise realized that she was nothing more than an item to be used, owned and then sold on when Miss Clearmont decided that she was of no further use. Miss Clearmont would decide her future. Her feeling of warmth at being owned by this sexual goddess receded and was replaced by a bitter love and empty pathos.

Passion faded, she now kissed the toes out of compulsion not gratitude.

The goddess pulled her foot back from the cage and turned away. As she did so she said, “A few more days in the white room will do her good. When you have broken her, Mandy, let me know because there are more treats, punishments and lessons in store.”

Miss Clearmont then picked up her discarded clothes and strode out of the room. Denise saw the red stockings shimmer with silver and the proud taut behind but did not dare raise her eyes to see more of the almost naked Miss Clearmont as she stooped to recover her discarded clothes.

As the door shut behind Miss Clearmont, Mandy stroked Denise’s throbbing ass cheeks. It was a gentle touch that highlighted the warm afterglow of the cane and made Denise shiver for a moment. “It seems that you please Miss Clearmont at the moment and that is excellent. But for now pleasing *me* is your role.”

Denise felt Mandy start to undo her cuffs. As she released one of Denise’s wrists Mandy’s breast slipped between the bars of the cage for a moment. Denise had the urge to kiss the swollen nipple but resisted. She had started to realize that sex was requested and ordered. On demand but not her command. If she spontaneously served her mistress’s they would punish her. Mandy realized the conflict as Denise moved slightly forward and then stopped. “You do well not to act without a direct order, slut,” she said.

As Mandy released Denise’s ankle cuffs she spoke to her in a light tone, “You and I have a little business to finish and then you can spend a little time watching dirty movies again.”

When the cuffs were released Denise backed out of the cage and awaited orders. Flickering in her confused mind was a new determination to escape her terrible predicament. She was led upstairs by Mandy. There was no sign of Miss Clearmont as she entered the darkly lit bedroom. She shuddered as Mandy led her past the smaller cage and pushed her face down on the bed.

“Lie there Denise I have a little job to do.”

Mandy rummaged around in the cupboard with the cane rack on the front. When she had what she wanted she sat straddling her inert captive and started work. Denise jerked slightly when the tattooing needle first made contact. But thereafter lay still.

Mandy patiently traced out the intended letters and marked her victim in the small of the back. When at last she had finished Denise had a burning sensation on her back where the marks had been made.

Mandy then turned Denise over and studied her victim. With the same feeling of power mounting in her breast that Miss Clearmont had tasted earlier, she moved her hands over Denise's breasts and then to her face. She pushed her fingers into the open mouth allowing Denise to taste the savoury aroma of her own sex. Then she stood on the bed and turned to face the other way. Denise saw the slowly descending Mandy and knew that more oral service was due.

"Now you have permission," Said Mandy in a throaty voice.

Obediently she extended her tongue to touch her squatting trainer's stretched behind. Mandy lowered her full weight down on the slave's face and rocked herself slowly. She felt the cleft of her ass and her moist sex envelope mouth and nose in a wet embrace. The hard heels and inner sides of her court shoes pressed against Denise's head allowing no movement; the metal points of the heels pressing into her temples.

With hands unsteady from mounting excitement Mandy first pulled the slave's nipple rings and then reached forward to the moist pussy where the ring glinted enticingly.

With a small touch she parted the lips to see the penetrating ring embedded through the bud that protruded from a moist hood. As she started to climax she alternately slapped the exposed pink flesh and then rubbed it with a fingernail. She could feel her quivering victim fight for breath as she served Mandy's intimate parts pressed against her lips, nose and tongue. She could also sense that her slave was succumbing to the stimulation.

Every slap made her abject slave jump and press harder. Every stroke of the long red nail made her lick harder in response. Every high on the way to orgasm made Mandy grind herself into her slave's face, increasing the sense of ascendancy and control over her victim.

Both mistress and slave climaxed together. One from being cruelly dominated. The other one from the authority of a degrading service extracted from an unwilling victim. The slave was showing an unintentional exhilarated response to being sexually shattered.

When Mandy lifted herself Denise gasped to draw in the aromatic air. Her tongue had pushed deep into the tunnel of Mandy's sex while her nose had pushed deep into the cleft of Mandy's ass.

Mandy kicked off one high-heeled shoe and picked it up. Holding it in front of Denise's eyes she spoke, "You have three openings. Which is it to be?"

Denise opened her mouth and hoped.

Mandy pushed the heel between the open lips and got off the bed.

“Do not expect to climax every time,” she smiled. “When you do, you will always have to pay your owner for the pleasure,” she said.

Denise lay passive and sucked on the heel while Mandy went into the white tiled room. She could hear Mandy preparing for her next session of indoctrination and sucked at the heel for comfort much as a baby sucks an empty teat.

It did not take long for Mandy to fix Denise in the room. Once again her legs were held apart and her arms were fixed above her head. As she strapped the exhausted Denise into position Mandy told her captive about the prepared films.

“Each little cut of video has a question. You are to learn all the responses by heart. They are the only correct replies. Study well and learn how to please your betters.”

Denise just hung limply and made no reply. Mandy’s parting shot was a sharp slap and to slam the door. It took only a minute for the lights to glare at full brightness and the deafening soundtrack to make Denise believe that she had never left the room but dreamed of the interlude since the last session.

The video was bright and almost blinded Denise with the glare. The sound made her wince. A woman was telling a young girl dressed as a maid to clean the floor.

“I am yours to command as you wish, mistress,” said the maid.

Immediately the scene switched to a cocktail party. Milling round in the large well furnished room were guests in eveningwear. Moving between them were near naked slaves carrying trays of drinks and food. None of the guests paid the servants any attention except to take a drink or an hor-d'oeuvre. Mingled with the guests Denise noticed Miss Clearmont and Mistress Greta. One of the male guests reached out to fondle the prick of one of the slaves. In surprise he dropped the tray. The small snacks tumbled to the floor and rolled amongst the feet of the guests.

A tall young woman in a low cut evening gown turned to the errant slave and said, “You will report to the punishment room for your disgraceful behavior.”

“Mistress, your command is my pleasure,” he replied as he turned to leave.

Denise hung limply and soaked in the film. The whole tape ran for four hours. There were a couple of minutes pause before it showed the maid again and the whole was repeated. Inside she knew that she was being indoctrinated but she could not help seeing the incidents as reality. Slowly she was succumbing to the process as she learned and digested the rules of servility. There was no chance of real sleep but as she dozed off the questions and responses entered her subconscious and worked on her will and sense of independence.

Kathy met the private investigator in a small restaurant just off 42nd Street. He was not impressive looking but she knew from previous work that he was both thorough and careful. They both had a coffee in front of them and were selecting from a menu that promised Italian and Greek specialties on the same menu.

“So tell me why this meeting had to be brought forward so urgently,” said Kathy as she took a sip at her steaming hot black coffee.

“Well you asked me to keep tabs on certain stocks and properties,” said the man lowering the menu for a moment to get a better view of his pay-mistress.

“Yes.” said Kathy a little sharply. She restrained her impatience. She always found his prevarication and explanations rather annoying. But she knew that he was the right man for the job and tried never to show her aggravation.

“Well this morning at about nine O’clock the items I was watching started to change hands.” he continued, seemingly not noticing her irritation. He leaned forward and continued, “They have mostly been sold at premium prices to a buyer whose identity remains unknown.”

Kathy started to pay real attention. This was Denise’s money. Several hundred million dollars that was to be shared between the four conspirators in equal shares was draining away.

“What of the property?” she asked. By this she meant the two houses and several apartment blocks that also belonged to her victim.

“They have been sold,” he said shortly. “The funny thing is that when I traced the money it appeared that everything has been bought with the money raised from the sale.”

Kathy looked puzzled. She had lost his meaning in the thought that Miss Clearmont and Mistress Greta were possibly pulling the carpet from under her feet.

The private detective paused for a moment whilst he considered how to explain his last remark. “It’s like this. The money from the sale of the house has bought the house and the same with the other investments and shares. That means that the sale is backwards, er, sort of.”

Kathy’s mind clicked into gear. “Perhaps the money has changed ownership.”

He smiled, “Aha, you do understand! That’s it of course. It’s an enormous scam! Someone wants to change the ownership of the money. A sale incurs the least tax. A gift would destroy the capital. So the house buys itself with the money raised from the sale. Strictly illegal of course because the...”

Kathy broke into his monologue. “I understand all that, the question is, can we trace who the new owner is?”

“No problem there. It’s a woman called Irene Clearmont who now owns the Lamont house. The shares were traded by computer to a bank in the Seychelles and the cash was transferred to the same bank. The account name is just a number. We would need the password or number to find out whom the account belongs to.

Kathy leaned back in her chair. She had one last question. “What has happened to Mrs. Denise Lamont.

“That is the strangest part of the whole business. I don’t know!”

“You mean that she has disappeared? asked Kathy.

“No, er I mean yes, sort of.... I mean that I think that she never existed and that this Clearmont woman is Denise Lamont under a different name. I cannot find a single trace of a Denise Lamont in any agency or record.”

Kathy took a hundred out of her purse and gave it to him. “Enjoy your meal and keep on the job. I need to find any trace of Denise Lamont. I know that she is not Clearmont because that bitch Clearmont woman is trying to cheat me.” With that she left the restaurant pulling her coat on as she went.

Suddenly the sound stopped.

Denise woke with a start. In her mind rang the last words that she had heard. “Please let me serve you now, mistress.” She had a vague feeling that the words were her own before she realized that the room was dark and the terrible film had stopped. She mouthed the words unconsciously and then continued aloud with those from the next clip:

“I am your slut. Command my body to serve you.” Behind her she heard the door open quietly and someone entered the room behind her.

“Please let me serve your feet now, mistress,” she continued as she felt one ankle being released from its ankle cuff.

A man’s voice answered her. ‘Shh. Just stay still and I’ll get you out of here.”

Strong hands released the other cuff and then supported her, as the wrist cuffs were undone. Denise slumped into strong male arms. They lifted her aching body and carried her into the bedroom. Gently she was placed on the black silk covers of the bed. When she looked up she saw a powerfully muscled man, naked but for a leather pouch over his bulging sex.

“I’ve got to get you out of here,” he said quietly as he looked down at her nakedness.

“Who are you?” said Denise as she propped herself on one painful elbow.

“That does not matter. One minute let’s find you some clothes.”

The man bent to the base of the bed and pulled out a drawer. For a moment he rummaged around before he held up a black tutu dress with silver embroidery. Denise recognized it as one of her own and held out a shaking hand.

“Put it on and I’ll find the rest,” he said as he turned to the drawer again.

Denise struggled up from the bed and pulled the dress over her shaven head. As she did so she noticed that her scalp was covered in short stubble. The naked man found some pants and held them up with a shrug. They were black rubber. Denise took them with resignation and rolled them on. The zipper that ran over her pussy felt cold against the skin of her sex. The

only shoes they could find were a discarded pair of knee high patent boots but they fitted her feet so Denise laced them up. She tottered for a moment because her legs felt so stiff but managed to stand and walk a few steps.

Meanwhile the man had gone to the door. Cautiously he opened it and peeped out. A wave of the hand to give the all clear and he led her out of the bedroom.

It took only a few seconds for him to get her to the front door.

In that time Denise recovered enough to be able to walk; she ached but no real *physical* damage had been done in the white room.

Outside was daylight.

She stepped onto the porch and the entrance closed behind her. For a moment she looked at the outside of the house that had been hers in another previous life. Denise was out. Why the man, obviously a slave of some sort, had released her she had no clear idea. But the way that she had been sneaked out and clothed in secret spoke volumes that this was no planned escape. It might be her last chance to escape before Miss Clearmont destroyed her determination to break out of slavery.

The Quarry breaks For Cover

“So let me get this straight,” said Kathy. “You’ve started the game already without telling me.”

“My dear Kathy,” said Miss Clearmont into the telephone. I am telling you as of now. Our little slut left here about ten minutes ago wearing high heel fetish boots, rubber knickers and a dress that would shame one of the tarts on 10th Avenue. She will find a hundred dollars in the costume, it should ensure that she gets a head start.”

Kathy could not help but chuckle at Miss Clearmont’s description of the once rich socialite hitting the streets looking like a twenty dollar tart. But she still felt uneasy about Miss Clearmont’s direction of the events of the past couple of days. Events were taking a turn that Kathy had no control over.

Miss Clearmont had offered no explanation of the movements of Denise’s fortune other than to say, “It’s all in hand, trust me!”
And that was the problem.

Miss Clearmont was about as trustworthy as a paranoid scorpion with control failure.

Still she had rung Kathy and started the game and there were certainly possibilities if Denise fell into Kathy’s hands.

“OK. So we give her the twelve hours start that we agreed and then the hunt is on,” said Kathy. “Is the prize still as we agreed or have you decided to alter it as well?”

Miss Clearmont laughed and replied: “The prize is still an extra fifty millions when we share out the money. That has not changed. But let me just reiterate that the winner is the first of us to get her into slavery. Of course Denise is part of the prize if you want her. If not then I’ll buy her from you because I still have something special in mind for her as a present to a friend of mine.”

Miss Clearmont reached for one of the espresso coffees that a slave was offering to her and Mistress Greta, and took a sip. “Good hunting Kathy. The rabbit is on the run.”

Knowing that Miss Clearmont had released her would not have altered Denise’s escape route. But she might have looked round and noticed that she was being followed. Miss Clearmont was indeed playing games!

Denise ran as fast as the high heel boots would allow her. She had no thought but to get away from her former home and prison. In her head tumbled a mixture of raised hopes of escape and the phrases that she had learned in her sexual education in submission. Something rasped at her skin in the tight rubber pants. Denise paused for a moment and found that the slave who had helped her escape had slipped a new one hundred dollar note into the close fitting knickers.

She did not stop to think how it was that the slave could have had a hundred dollars to give her.

For a moment she considered going back to the house of torment to try to get the male slave out as well. But fear and a sense of self-preservation kicked in to make her lengthen her stride away from the place. Within twenty minutes she was standing at a gas station. Denise felt the stares of the customers who looked at her boots and tight dress and wondered what a prostitute was doing in this residential part of town. First she had to get to a place of safety. She saw an empty taxi pull in and went to talk to the driver.

He looked her up and down before he spoke. “What can I do for you madam.” His voice had a strong touch of irony as he eyed up Denise’s outfit.

“I need to get to The Upper West Side,” said Denise.

The reply was only two words, “Fifty Dollars.”

Denise knew that it was too much but was so desperate to get away that she nodded and said, “OK then, fifty.”

The taxi driver lifted one eyebrow. “Got enough then?”

Denise showed the hundred bill and the taxi driver let her into the cab. The drive seemed to take forever as the driver took a round about route that led from one traffic jam to the next. Denise sat quietly in the back of the cab trying to decide what to do next. She had a destination in mind; there was a small apartment block where George had kept one flat for his own use. Denise and George had sometimes slept there and Denise knew the janitor. She was sure that the block was still under George’s name so...

The cab dropped Denise off right in front of the small block of six apartments. For a moment Denise hesitated, then she rang the janitor's bell. It took several minutes for the door to be answered but eventually he opened up. He looked at Denise and then let her in.

When she explained that she had forgotten the key he just grunted and said, "Guess I'll just have to give you a copy then."

The elderly janitor went down the stairs to his office and returned to give Denise a copy of the key. With it in her hand she went up to the flat and opened the door. She did not notice the janitor leave the building. The light was out so she reached for the switch and turned on the light.

Denise stood in shock.

The whole room was stripped bare. On a black carpet stood a cage exactly like the one at the end of Mandy's bed. In the cage was a plump naked woman. Her head was trapped to stick out of the little opening at the top and her ankles and arms were strapped to the bars of the cage. An outcrop of one of the bars even seemed to be inserted somehow into the rear of the captive. The straps of a gag were buckled at the back of her head. Denise could not see her face but her behind was towards Denise allowing her to see the marks of a savage caning striped across her ass and back. It looked as though she had been given twenty or so wild cuts of the cane.

Standing behind the cage with a bamboo rod in her hand was Miss Clearmont. Miss Clearmont had a thin switch in her lace-gloved hand. She was fully covered by a single piece leather cat suit that hugged her curves. Bright metal studs and spikes dotted the costume making her look like a sexual demon in heat. An open zipper allowed her sex to pout like a soft glistening oasis in a desert of sinister spiked leather. Denise had never seen her look so ferocious.

Miss Clearmont opened up the rear door of the cage to give full access to the captive's red striped rump.

"Welcome to *my* little West Side retreat," she said with a smirk. "Come in and meet my latest conquest."

Denise's head swam as she followed the orders and stepped into the flat.

Miss Clearmont looked triumphant. She tapped the thin cane against her leather-clad thigh as she spoke.

"This bitch tried to cheat Greta and I of your money."

As she continued she reached through the bars of the cage and played with the caged woman's ass. Her hand lovingly traced the marks of the cane and wandered to her captive's wide spread crack. "But she is a bit careless really."

With that she slipped one finger into the warmth of her slaves moist sex. "With so much money at stake how could I do other than protect my considerable interests."

Now she was pushing more gloved fingers into her tormented slave. Denise could hear the muffled protests of the gagged captive.

Miss Clearmont turned the cage on its turntable using the slave's pussy as a handle. Denise stepped forward slightly and saw that Miss Clearmont's new victim was Kathy.

The caged slave could not speak for a gag that held her mouth wide open but her eyes appealed to Denise. Her face was flushed and her eyes were moist with tears.

"What are you going to do to your new slave, mistress." asked Denise meekly.

Miss Clearmont withdrew her probing hand from the cage and dropped the evil looking cane on the floor. "Slaves don't last long on Jenny's farm. But they do get to be used in so many interesting ways that they are fulfilled by the time that they are retired to the brothel of pain."

Kathy started to struggle. Her moans came past the gag and her body tried to loosen its bonds. The contest was unequal. The straps held Kathy rigid, exposed and unprotected. Her pink striped ass framing the dewy lips of her hairy sex.

"You know what's in store do you not?" asked Miss Clearmont. "After all you have been to Jenny's establishment often enough to enjoy the sex slave's pain. You will have the rare chance to have attained both sides of servitude. Now thanks to me you can experience life from the other side. Aren't you grateful to me Kathy ? "

Tears welled in Kathy's eyes as she nodded. Her chest heaved making her large heavy breasts swing to the timing of her shaking sobs. At the sight, Denise was in a state of complete fear and panic.

She turned to the door and Miss Clearmont moved to cross the room to block her. Her extreme stilettoed boots slowed her and she had placed herself behind the cage so it took a moment to get round the obstacle before she flung open the door to reveal a surprised Mandy on the landing.

With one step Denise jabbed an elbow into Mandy's belly and pushed her backwards. With a cry Mandy's ankle turned and she tumbled down the first four or five steps. Denise leapt across her and almost fell. In just a few moments she was out on the street whilst Miss Clearmont was left shouting threats and waving her cane at the hapless Mandy.

Working Girl

As Mandy climbed to her feet she saw Denise slam the door on to the street behind her. Miss Clearmont stood at the head of the stairs in an obvious rage. Her reddened face and twisting lips indicated her extreme displeasure.

For a moment she pointed the cane at the prone Mandy before she turned to go back into the apartment. Mandy lay for a minute before climbing to her feet and turning to follow her angry mistress.

For the first time Miss Clearmont's schemes were not running smoothly. Denise had meekly gone where Miss Clearmont had predicted. The taxi driver had had no trouble picking her up and had spent hours in the traffic. Mandy had followed to forestall any mishaps and Miss Clearmont had captured Kathy with ease by calling her to the apartment. Now, however, Denise was out of Miss Clearmont's grip just when she should have finally been subjugated to her owners will.

When Mandy re-entered the room Miss Clearmont was standing over the cage releasing her captive. First the leather band that secured her neck and then the cuffs that kept her rigid. Mandy closed the door and turned the key. She thought that Miss Clearmont was about to take her considerable anger out on her captive and breathed a sigh of relief that she was not going to be held to be the guilty one.

Only once had she seen Miss Clearmont look so enraged and that had resulted in a male slave being so damaged that he had fetched no price at an auction but been given away free just to get him out of sight.

Miss Clearmont's hands trembled with anger as she released the last strap and waved at Kathy to get out of the cage.

"Out of there now you fat bitch." she cried as Kathy struggled to make her limbs work.

Kathy pulled her gagged head into the cage and slowly backed out. As she did so, Miss Clearmont snatched her cane and gave Kathy's naked ass a vicious swipe. Kathy grunted through the tight gag but backed out of the cage a little faster. A new sharp red line appeared on her ample backside where the cane had torn the soft pink flesh.

Kathy stood. Her face was streaked with tears and her bright pink lipstick was smeared around her mouth by the tight fitting ball that gagged her wide-open mouth. Miss Clearmont circled round her like a predator sizing up its next meal. With the tip of the cane she touched Kathy's ripe body. Between the fleshy thighs and then under the large hanging breasts. The cane stroked her rear where the marks of the earlier punishments were slowly fading to pink streaks.

Kathy's rounded belly and hairy sex were tapped by the tip of the cane that then chased down the inside of her thighs to her calves.

"You are in such deep trouble cunt," purred the leather studded Miss Clearmont.

She dropped the cane again on the soft carpet and closed in. Kathy flinched as Miss Clearmont took her in an embrace that pressed the studs and spikes of her suit into the naked woman's body. Miss Clearmont hugged tighter and then slipped one hand down the flesh of Kathy's belly and onward to her coarsely covered pussy. For a moment she gripped the black bush and then slipped one finger into the hidden lips. As she did so her tongue reached out to Kathy's parted lips and caressed the swollen pink lips and smooth blue plastic ball.

As her finger contacted the innermost recess of her victim's sex she gripped the hair at the back of Kathy's head and pulled. Her tongue coursed down Kathy's face and neck leaving a moist trail. Slowly she began to massage Kathy's clitoris while her lips and tongue travelled lasciviously to Kathy's pink nipples. A flash of white teeth and she gripped the swollen points of Kathy's breasts and roughly chewed them. Kathy started to react. Her nipples

swelled and her pussy became slick with the juice of her excitement. All the while the spikes and studs scratched at the soft flesh stimulating and scratching it.

“I am going to fuck you bitch. Never again will you be any cause of problems. In fact you are going to make me very happy,” said the mistress as she bit on Kathy’s nipples.

Her hand was working forwards and backwards inside the lips of the captive’s sex. Each time a finger came closer to entering the slick hole between her legs. Then she entered.

Kathy tried to gasp and relaxed into Miss Clearmont’s grip, giving herself to the new sensation of being controlled rather than giving the commands. Her head was woozy with the control Miss Clearmont had over her as her thighs thrust forward onto the massaging fingers that probed her so mercilessly. She could feel the studs in Miss Clearmont’s costume rasp at her tender flesh but it served to excite rather than to dissolve the orgasm. She could also feel a climax coming and offered herself to the pleasure.

Miss Clearmont implacably pushed more fingers into the tunnel of Kathy’s sex until Kathy felt as though she was penetrated by a huge prick. Forced and gripped, servile and surrendering, Kathy melted into the control of her former friend.

The first climax shook her as she thrust forward, impaling herself on her tormentor’s pushing hand. Then she heard a step behind her as Mandy picked up the cane. Moments later the first blow landed on her heaving cheeks. It stung like a hot poker but the pleasure of the thumb on her clitoris overcame the pain.

Mandy cut at her again as she lunged forward. Kathy almost fainted with the heady mixture of pain and orgasm as she came again.

But there was no let up. Every time that she trembled forward to impel the fingers deeper into her shuddering body the cane left another searing line of pain.

Now Miss Clearmont was on her knees. One hand slipped between her thighs and pressed against the quivering button of her ass as the other plunged through her sex, reaming her lips and forcing wide the gates of her pussy. Mandy now worked her way to Kathy’s front and struck her heaving breasts. Her nipples swelled to full sensitivity while her generous flesh quivered in reaction to the blow. A strong climax made her whole body shake and her knees gave way.

As she crumpled to the carpet, her thighs jerking with uncontrolled gratification, Miss Clearmont withdrew her gloved fist and signaled Mandy to stop the caning. Miss Clearmont stood over her collapsed former friend and watched as Kathy struggled to control the powerful spasms that had wracked her body.

“Very good Kathy. Only true slaves can orgasm to pain and pleasure. I think that I’m going to enjoy having you to train,” said Miss Clearmont as she relished the convulsions of her new slave.

Kathy’s eyes stared wildly at Miss Clearmont. The soft blue rubber ball in her mouth prevented all but a groan escape her throat. Slowly the aftermath of the climax diminished leaving Kathy to lie still on the carpet.

“I have a little program in mind for you,” said Miss Clearmont as she knelt by Kathy’s head. “I think it will help us both to be better people. We shall seek together just how submissive you can be. Look on it as a journey of exploration. I will test my skills at training and you will learn to enjoy suffering and serving. Together we will travel a long, long way.”

Miss Clearmont licked her lips before continuing:

“Some people like a little more flesh on their playthings so I think that we shall make sure that we feed you properly and make sure that you are nice and plump.”

As she spoke Miss Clearmont moved her hand over Kathy’s body. It smoothly ran over the large breasts and lingered on the ample flesh of Kathy’s belly. Tracing a line across the moist sex it rested on the fleshy thighs. Kathy’s pubic hair glistened from the wetness of her excitement. Miss Clearmont grasped the flesh and gripped it tightly. Relaxing her grip she stood over her slave.

“Yes, A great fat drudge to do all the sordid and disagreeable little jobs that the other slaves need doing. Three hundred pounds of soft servile flesh. That will be your mission. You will learn to toil and scrub for your betters.”

Miss Clearmont touched the neck of her prone slave with the tip of her stiletto.

“Best of all, after the training you will enjoy your life. After all, you will meet some of the slaves you have trained yourself. It will be so nice for you to meet them again.”

Denise’s chest was heaving with the exertion of running. The high boots and tight skirt slowed her but there was no chase. She simply ran until she could run no longer.

A stitch in her side made her pause as she rested her hands on her knees watching the way that she had come for following agents of Miss Clearmont. Denise fully expected to see Mandy following her, but did not know that Mandy was helping her mistress deal with Kathy at that very moment.

It took a few moments for Denise to get her breath back.

She stood then and for the first time took some notice of her surroundings. She was standing in amongst buildings that were probably warehouses or some sort of light industry. Their boarded and broken windows glared at her in the gathering gloom of dusk.

Denise could see a busy road in the distance and slowly headed that way. Somehow she had to make a plan. It was not enough to avoid falling into the hands of Miss Clearmont; she had to regain some sort of control over her shattered life.

For a moment she paused and looked down the sidewalk. She was standing in an area of run down bargain shops and graffiti covered walls. Every second building seemed to be boarded up or to have shattered windows. The light of the street lamps made the dusk seem ghostly.

In her outrageous costume she excited no interest. Several other similarly dressed young women were leaning in shadowed doorways watching the traffic crawling by. Denise tucked herself into a dark doorway and considered her next move.

She had to get out of New York. But how and where should she go?

From her place of safety she saw a car come to a halt. Two of the girls approached the open window to talk to the driver. The conversation seemed to last for several minutes before one of the girls took something out of her skirt pocket and held it in her palm for the driver's attention.

Denise left the doorway and walked away.

This was not a good place to stay.

As she passed the car a passer-by grabbed her. Suddenly there were men everywhere. They grabbed the two girls. A black and white swerved across the road and blocked in the halted car.

Denise looked at the man who had her by the arm. In his other hand he had a badge. Through the shock she heard him read her rights. Denise was caught in a police razzia.

From the doorway where she had hidden came two uniformed police with a handcuffed prisoner; he was struggling but the two cops just dragged him to the patrol car and slung him in the back.

A few moments later Denise was pushed into the rear of a van with the two other girls. Handcuffs were clapped onto her wrists and she was pushed to sit between two uniformed policewomen on the hard bench in the van. One of them stood.

"Arms up!" she ordered.

Denise held her chained arms up above her head as the policewoman frisked her. The hard hands probed between her breasts and found the rings in her nipples. With a pull she dragged down the elastic top of the dress to expose the heaving breasts.

"Well look what we have here!" said the female cop triumphantly. "This pervert likes to be restrained."

Her hands gripped the rings and pulled. Denise was forced to stand. The second cop slammed the doors of the van shut and came to stand in front of the helpless Denise. With a booted foot she tapped Denise's ankle to make her spread her legs and the first cop lifted Denise's skirt to expose the rubber pants.

"Kinky bitch," she muttered as she ran a hand over the smooth latex.

"We must search her properly," said the first female cop as she unzipped the pants.

Denise's shaven pussy was exposed. A glint of the ring in her inner lips attracted the attention of her tormentors.

“This one should be interesting to question,” said the second cop with a smile as she gripped Denise’s pussy while allowing one finger to search out the steel ring. “I can’t wait to get back to the stationhouse.”

With a slight push Denise was put back on the bench. The two other girls looked at her speculatively. But no word was said. The van moved into the traffic with a lurch. One of the cops put her hand on Denise’s thigh and gripped the soft flesh. Pursing her lips she whispered into Denise’s ear.

“I’m feeling in the mood for a very thorough questioning session so I’m sure we will get to know one another better soon.”

Denise shuddered and tried to close her legs but the hand moved up her thigh and pinched her fiercely forcing her to desist.

Ten minutes later the van pulled up at the station house. By that time Denise was shaking with fear as the rough hand massaged the lips of her sex probing her inner folds and exploring the tightly set ring. With rough pushing Denise was hustled to the station sergeant’s desk. Her few dollars were taken and she was fingerprinted. She gave her name as Denise Lamont on the forms but did not dare to give an address.

When the three girls had been processed she was put in a bare cell with them and the handcuffs were removed.

“What happens now?” asked Denise.

All she got as a reply was a “Shush” from both girls as they pointed at a video camera and microphone high in one corner of the cell. The two girls sat on the cold tiled floor without another sound while Denise paced the cell nervously. After a few minutes of waiting she forced herself to sit in a corner and waited in silence with them.

It was about half an hour before the cell door was unlocked and a uniformed cop opened the door.

For a moment he surveyed his three captives before pointing at Denise.

“You.” he said. “Come with me.”

Denise stood and followed him. He led the way through the busy station house. Every corner of the offices had a desk. At most of them were officers either on the phone or with piles of papers. The cop led Denise to a private office and waved her through the door.

The door closed behind her.

In the office was a desk. Behind it sat the female cop who had taunted her in the police van. The other female cop stood behind the door and closed it. With a smile she turned the key.

“My name is detective Felicity Bream.” she said. “I have your file here.” She continued as she leafed through a folder on the desk. On the cover was a picture of Denise. According to this you are Desire Tramp. Age thirty-four. Born in Southampton New York State. You have been booked previously for prostitution, sale of prohibited substances and theft. I also see that you have been involved in pornography and indecency since you were sixteen years old.”

Felicity looked up at Denise to see the effect that her talk was having and was gratified to see a look of fear on her face. She opened an envelope and withdrew several photos. From her position Denise could see that they were some of the ones taken by Miss Clearmont on that terrible night at Kathy's house.

"I have a proposal for you." continued Felicity.

Denise had guessed that her file had been tampered with, but the reality it made her head swim. Miss Clearmont had given her a record that made sure that no one would ever believe that she was framed. Obviously her fingerprints had betrayed her.

"For the sum of five hundred dollars I can make sure that you leave this station house with only a caution."

"Five hundred dollars." echoed Denise as her head swam. These corrupt cops were offering her an escape for five hundred dollars but she had almost no money at all.

"What happens if I don't?" she asked.

Felicity smiled. With a slow movement she opened a drawer and pulled out a little packet. For a moment she held it up and allowed Denise to realize that it probably contained a drug of some sort.

"After you leave this room you will be searched by an approved officer."

With a wave she indicated that the approved officer was none other than the other cop who was standing before the door. "My colleague will find this packet of cocaine hidden deep in your vagina. Very deep in fact... That will bring a charge of possession of narcotics. With your sordid record you will probably get five to eight years in a corrective facility. Your options are limited. My advice is that you make a call to your pimp and raise the money pretty damn quick."

Denise felt her hands being grabbed. A pair of cuffs were clicked on her wrists and her knees were knocked from behind. She stumbled to fall on her knees as a strong grip held her ears. Felicity got up from her chair and walked round to stand in front of Denise.

"I happen to like submissive little bitches like you," said Felicity in a low voice. "If you really want to please me you can lower the price of your freedom. Every service lowers the price."

Felicity fumbled with the waistband of her trousers and then slowly unzipped them. The tight pants slipped down her long legs and she stepped out of them to allow Denise to see her pink lacy underwear. The grip on Denise's head tightened as Felicity slid her fingers into the pants and eased them off. Her blonde hairy sex had been trimmed to allow Denise to see the neat lips of her sex below the arrow of golden curls.

"I call it my golden triangle because all the drug pushers go there eventually," laughed the cop as she ran her fingers over her sex.

Denise could not move as the cop moved her groin forward. A single step and Felicity had advanced to push her sex into contact with her victim's face. Then she stepped over her captive pushing Denise's head back until she was looking up her mistress's well-muscled body. Denise's closed mouth was pressed into the mound of the female cop's sex.

"Fuck me with your tongue bitch," ordered Felicity as she moved her hips. Denise could only obey. Her tongue slipped into the recesses of the tight sex and began to delicately search out the niches and hollows of Felicity's mound.

Kathy kneeled before the steel bowls.

One was heaped with a cold grey pile of mush dotted with white lumps of fat. The other was filled with a dark yellow liquid. Kathy could guess what it was but she was so thirsty that she knew that she would have to drink it soon.

She looked at the food bowl again and could make out the slimy chunks of cold fat that made up over half of it.

The chain choke collar chaffed the soft white skin of her neck and allowed her only a few feet of movement because the short chain was attached to a ring set into the floor. Because she could not lift her head properly she could only see Miss Clearmont's shoes. Red stilettos with steel heels and powerful muscular calves clad in sheer silken red stockings.

"Eat up your breakfast," said Miss Clearmont from above. "It will do you good my dear. This is just the beginning of our journey together. Of course I have made sure that you are getting a calorie-controlled diet."

Miss Clearmont chuckled before continuing.

"Your care and the close attention that you need is important but I do have a lot of business to attend to in the next week or so. That means that Mandy is going to have to look after you for a while. I have instructed her as to your favorite foods. Plenty of fat and salt."

Miss Clearmont squatted in front of the dishes, allowing Kathy to look up her tight skirt and to see her taut naked breasts swelling under her loose top.

A smile crossed Miss Clearmont's face as she gripped the hair of her victim and pulled the head further up. Kathy felt the chain tighten on her neck as she was forced to look into her mistress's eyes. With her other hand Miss Clearmont scooped from the bowl. Then she dipped the hand into the drink bowl.

"Open wide dear," she ordered. Her voice was gentle as though she was speaking to a difficult child rather than her former partner.

Reluctantly Kathy opened her mouth and allowed Miss Clearmont to push the dripping food in. Miss Clearmont wiped her hand on Kathy's hair and watched her eat. The salty bitter taste filled Kathy's mouth. She could feel food smeared all over her face. Cold grease and lumps of fat lay on her tongue as she tried to swallow.

“Is it good?” asked Miss Clearmont in the same soft tones. It was clear that an answer was expected.

Kathy forced herself to swallow. She felt the lumps slide down her throat. “Yes mistress. It is delicious,” she replied.

“Then make sure that you eat it all up by the time that I get back. After all how can you have more if you do not eat the food I so kindly put before you.”

Miss Clearmont stood and looked down at Kathy. She could see the sobs shaking her captive’s plump naked body. Her hair was caked with the food. Her face was smeared with fat while drips from her chin splashed on the floor. It would just take a few short weeks of this diet to fatten Kathy up. Already her breasts hung to the tiled floor and her stomach bulged. With no exercise she would swell in every direction. By the time that Miss Clearmont had finished, the once sexily plump Kathy would be truly huge.

The marks of the beating yesterday had faded leaving the lily-white flesh only touched by a few small yellow bruises. As she left the white tiled room she heard her former conspirator begin the noisy and unpleasant task of eating and drinking her sixth meal of the day.

Hooker

Denise found herself in a cell again. The other two hookers that had been picked up sat on the single bed that was against the wall.

“How much did they ask you for?” asked the blond hooker.

“Five hundred.” replied Denise.

“My. You are an expensive ho.” laughed the girl.

Denise hung her head.

“You must have a pretty bad record and be facing a few years of jail. Have you got the cash?”

“I have fifty dollars and that’s all.” replied Denise.

Despair clenched her stomach; she felt that tears were not far behind. She had had her freedom from Miss Clearmont just a few short minutes and now she was facing years in jail for an offence that she had not committed.

“Listen. I may be able to get you out of this place. But you’ll owe me.”

Denise was about to reply when the door to the cell opened. The cop, Felicity stood in the doorway with a well-dressed man behind her. As he stepped into the cell she introduced him.

“Here is your pimp girls. I can give you a couple of minutes.”

The door closed leaving Denise alone with the two girls and their pimp. Ignoring Denise he spoke to his two girls.

“How much do these bloodsuckers want now?” he asked.

“Four hundred in total and five for her.” replied one of the girls as she pointed at Denise.

The well-dressed pimp turned to look at Denise as if he was noticing her for the first time.

“You look like a pretty expensive slut to be stuck in a hell hole like this.” He said to Denise as he took in her figure and dress.

With a flourish, he pulled a money-clip with hundred dollar bills from his pocket and asked, “You want outta here?”

It took the pimp just ten minutes to get the three girls out and onto the street. With one hand gripping Denise by the wrist he led them to where his car was parked. He put Denise in the front and the other two in the back. Through the darkened glass Denise saw a large Oldsmobile draw up that she recognized as Miss Clearmont’s. The driver’s door opened and Miss Clearmont got out. As the pimp’s car left the lot Denise caught a glimpse of her owner flooded with the light of the open doors of the stationhouse.

They went down town. The pimp introduced himself as Greg. The two other girls were Sam and Suzann. Greg drove his Lincoln at a slow patient pace. Probably years of selecting tricks from the sidewalk slowed one’s driving down, Denise thought to herself. He seemed a straightforward guy and told her that he would act as her pimp for fifty percent.

When they got to the apartment Denise was led up a rather grimy staircase to a dingy room where an older woman sat with a mobile phone and a normal line. It was explained to her that this was where the girls were controlled. Denise was given a pager and told to wait for the first call.

Just then the phone rang. It was to be Denise’s first job. Suzann winked at her when they were told to go to the Windmill Hotel, room twenty-four where a man was waiting. The older woman said, “Let’s do a double on him.”

Suzann explained that often two went and the punter was too interested to refuse and ended paying for both. This was normally done on a night with too little work.

“So many men dream of three in a bed that when both turn up, their hard on usually wins over their money clip,” She laughed.

Greg said that he would run them round there. The Windmill Hotel was a typical businessman’s hotel. Suzann told Denise that they got a lot of jobs from the reception there. She followed her up the stairs and knocked on the door. Suzann and Denise entered to find that it was a suite with a huge double bed.

The man waiting for them seemed surprised, but as Suzann had said, he stopped Denise leaving and offered to pay both. Suzann smirked and started to undress with a slow provocative swing of the hips. Denise hesitated for a moment before sliding her dress to the floor.

He stared at Denise, she had forgotten that Miss Clearmont's rubber pants were still on her. Then he grinned when she rolled them down.

Suzann was an expert and slid onto the bed like a svelte film starlet. Her slight figure made her look almost girlish; small breasts and narrow hips covered with the flimsiest of underwear.

Denise's slightly fuller figure and long legs contrasted well with her partner. Denise knelt on the floor in front of him and started to undress him from waist down whilst Suzann stood on the bed and ran her hands all over her body. The man's pants bulged and then slipped to the floor as Denise released his cock. Placing her hand on him made him throb with excitement.

Denise started to get carried away. Normal sex had seemed so far away that the sight of a cock throbbing and jerking with desire heated her thighs to fever pitch. He meanwhile, could not take his eyes off the rings in her nipples. His hands fingered them, stimulating her to fondle his prick with both hands.

It was only moments later that they had him on the bed fully stretched and were ready for real action. Whilst Suzann sat on his cock and helped it into herself Denise shuffled to his head and offered him her nipples. His tongue fondled them softly arousing them and making the heavy rings stimulate her. Then she slipped a hand to her pussy. She fingered her soaking lips and opened them wide for him to see whilst fluttering her fingers over her clit. Suzann had him well in control keeping him aroused without squeezing his juices.

Denise was getting more and more aroused. He was licking his lips and thrusting into Suzann. What could be more natural than that Denise shifted and sat over his face? She was about to lower herself on to his mouth when Suzann started to signal her not to. Denise stayed poised, dripping over him whilst Suzann pointed at her partner and then fingered her clit. Denise suddenly realized that he was a punter and should get nothing for free. Suddenly he lurched and came into Suzann. For a moment he had his lips on Denise's pussy lips, She came with a tremble and sat back on her heels with her pussy away from his head.

"You two are fucking great." he said. "How about another turn."

"Twice is pay twice!" said Suzann as she lifted her slender hips from his dripping prick."

"OK then, let's do it." he replied.

When they got out into the night and the fresh crisp air blew the cobwebs from their minds Denise realized what she had done. But her depression lifted when Suzann started to praise her. Suzann told her that sitting on his face was an extra fifty. These things have to be arranged beforehand, she told her inexperienced partner. The she hugged Denise and they strolled up the street to find a taxi.

“You are a strange one.” She said. “A pair of rubber knickers and the rings in your nipples.”

Denise tried to laugh it off but inside she wept that she was no longer the Denise that she had been two months ago. But that seemed so long ago, almost in another life. They got three calls that night, all for pairs and it seemed to Denise as though Greg was teaming them up so that he could let Suzann assess his new girl.

They made a good team Denise felt, and made nine hundred dollars. Of that only three-fifty went to Greg because what Greg did not know about would not hurt him, Suzann explained.

Dawn saw them at Suzann’s apartment. It was small and a little drab, but it was there Denise got the first unbroken sleep for weeks.

In her mind and dreams, Miss Clearmont was sitting on her strapped down face and Denise was tickling the familiar large ass with her tongue. Miss Clearmont’s ass got bigger and bigger until Denise got scared that Miss Clearmont’s puckered rear would swallow her whole.

Then the dream turned blue and everything became shades of cold azure.

Strapped tightly to a steel bench she could not move. Her wide eyes could see tubes extend from a mask over her lips. She heard a door open, the click of high heels. A masked Mandy bent over her face and said:

“I think that she is ready now.”

One of Mandy’s hands moved to the tubes and closed them leaving Denise gasping for the air that slipped past the seal of the clear silicone mask.

“It’s got to be done for her own good.” The voice was Kathy’s. Denise saw Mandy smile as another hand pressed the mask hard against her face cutting off all her air.

There was a tug as her pants were cut off. Then she saw Kathy with a scalpel in one rubber gloved hand and a needle and thread in the other. Kathy was going to personally operate on her pussy!

Denise awoke with a scream to find Suzann next to her in bed, hair disarranged and a shocked expression on her face.

“God, you gave me a fright Denise.”

“I can’t help dreaming about the last two months.” came the reply and then she turned over and went back to sleep.

Suzann woke Denise. Greg was in the apartment with them. He sat on the end of the bed facing Denise with a serious look on his face. She looked at him and wondered how he had made it as a pimp. He was tall, blonde and looked like a kid. His muscular frame bulged from under his T-shirt and a tattoo of a snake curling round a naked nymph twisted on his right arm.

“You owe me, I figure,” he said. Denise waited for him to continue. “I bailed you for five hundred. You will pay me back a hundred a day and then work for me.”

“Fair enough,” she replied. Denise pushed her hand into her pants and brought a couple of hundred out and gave him one.

“If you need any shit then just ask. Don’t buy from anyone else. I supply the best coke this side of Harlem if you need it,” he offered.

Denise declined with a shake of the head.

“OK I won’t ask you where you’re from and what you did. But I need to know what you’re into, for the business.”

Denise looked puzzled so he enlarged. “Bondage, domination, cunt, ass, fuck and suck. You know the stuff,” he said.

“Just the straight stuff,” she told him.

“That’s not what I heard from Suzann,” he replied.

“I’m going to pair you with Suzann. She’s got a good head for a trick.”

Suzann showed a slight smile then tossed Denise a dress.

“Listen up girls, tonight we have an all nighter. Some bitch in Staten wants a couple of girls for a fuck-fest with her. The price is fixed at two grand. For that you do what the lady says. Don’t fuck this up because she’s one of my best coke customers.”

Then he looked at Denise and tossed her the hundred back. “Owe me tomorrow and get yourself some fucking shit hot bitch clothes.”

Denise took the hundred note back and Greg left. Suzann slid her a small glance and said, “He sure likes you, but don’t expect him to want to fuck you, he’s into coke... and boys.”

With that she left Denise alone and headed into the kitchen. Denise headed for the shower and made her plans. She had to get out of New York. To do that she needed money. To get that she would just have to play along for a few weeks and save every cent. Denise reckoned that she needed a couple of thousand to get out. She had not decided where to go, but a thousand miles seemed like a good start. She had to create a new Denise, rid herself of the rings, and find a job. But she still had her legal knowledge. She could easily clerk and pass the exams again. Once she was established she would come back for Miss Clearmont. How, she wasn’t sure yet but Denise was determined to find a way.

Feeling better for making up her mind and being properly dressed she went to the kitchen for a strong coffee.

Suzann and Denise went to a couple of shops and bought some sexy suspenders and stockings. A dress, black and demure, but sexy. Last of all Denise bought a wig. It was

obviously a wig but the red hair had the effect of completely changing her look and covered her fuzzy scalp.

By the time they were back Denise felt that she knew Suzann. She enjoyed the money that she got from screwing but had a dream of escaping after making a big score.

She was pleasant enough but somehow Denise didn't trust her, she had been on the streets too long.

They got a taxi to the promised job. When they got there they found that the party venue was a large house with tree filled grounds. Already a number of expensive cars were parked in the long drive. Huge outdoor candles lit the pool and frantic catering and other service people ran round organizing the food and the other entertainment.

They soon found the woman who had booked them and she went through the arrangements. Each bedroom was to have one or two girls or boys in it for the guests. Denise and Suzann were to go to their room and await the first arrivals. Anyone could come in and use them and they were to satisfy every whim.

"I hope that there are no perverts coming," sniffed Suzann.

Denise thought to herself that Suzann did not really know what a pervert even was.

They waited in the room nervously sitting on the end of the plush bed. A man came into the room with a tray. On it was a black plate with lines of coke already arranged neatly ready to be scored. He gave the two girls a contemptuous glance and set the plate on the table by the bed.

It looked to Denise as though the party was going to be a wild one.

There were five thousand dollars of coke on the one plate.

They tidied themselves up, all the while Suzann looking with longing at the black plate.

The first customer was a young man of about eighteen who wanted a blow-job. They were half way there when he took a snort of coke, Denise felt that it was the coke not the sex that made him come. It was about half an hour before the next one came in.

She was a girl in her late-teens. Suzann and Denise stood and walked to her. She stood in her girl-like party dress and looked at them with disdain.

"Are you two tarts ready for a bit of action," she said with a sneer.

"What ever you want," replied Suzann.

"Good, because I will need you for a while."

As she spoke she turned to the door and closed it. With a positive movement she turned the key. Then she turned and started to take off her dress. It was the sort of off the shoulder dress that did not seem to hide anything.

Wrong, underneath she was wearing a strapless basque that held up her stockings with eight or nine straps. She wore no pants and was shaved, which allowed the two girls to see that she had a tattoo on her sex that showed a snake's head peering from between her lips.

Denise had to admit that her full figure, long dark hair and the sight of naked sex turned her on. Denise was sure that she wanted a session of ordering the two prostitutes around to satisfy herself but suddenly she fell to her knees.

"Teach me to make you come!" she whispered and Suzann breathed a private sigh of relief as she did not like the dominance scene and being the Mistress was something that she could live with.

Denise felt a lurch of excitement at the thought of giving this girl a chance to serve.

Denise strutted to her and gripped her throat with one hand. Then reaching down she plucked the key from her hand and forced the girl's head up to see into her eyes. Denise stared at her for a moment and then slipped her finger up the throat to her lips before pushing it in. Denise could feel her tremble with excitement. Her breathing was erratic as her hands fell to her sides.

Suzann stood to one side doing nothing while to Denise it seemed that the natural thing to do was to take control and enjoy.

She took command with a feeling that she was going to enjoy the turn about and have a sex slave of her own.

She ordered Suzann to kneel behind the young girl and hold her hands. The position was symbolic. Suzann searched for something to tie her up with. Then Denise realized that her red lacy stockings would make an excellent set of ropes. She undid her suspenders and with a slow motion took off her pumps. Then Denise offered her foot to the captive's mouth.

"Pull off my stockings," said Denise as her toes touched the lips of the kneeling girl.

Being silk they slid off smoothly with a rustle. Denise took them and tightly bound her wrists with palms together then used the other to pull her elbows toward each other and bound them as well. When Denise had finished she ordered her bound slave to stand.

With Suzann's help she staggered to her feet.

"One little word from you and I will gag you as well. You will only answer my questions and ask none. You are now my plaything and will answer all questions with a 'Yes'." whispered Denise in her ear.

Denise shed her pants but left the basque on. Her rings caught the girl's wandering eye. She studied them with a look of extreme interest. Denise sensed that Suzann was not so much into this type of scene so she ordered her to sit and watch.

"I do not wish to know your name." said Denise, "so from now on you will answer to 'slut' and will call me 'Mistress'."

Denise tried to speak with the same authority as Miss Clearmont.

“On the bed Slut.” ordered Denise.

Slut climbed onto the bed and kneeled, awaiting further orders. It was plain that she was in a state of excitement, her little pussy had parted lips. Denise could see the pink of her inner lips becoming slippery with excitement. She picked up a straw from the table and the plate of coke. Slut nodded allowing Denise to help her score a line.

Suzann also took a snort with great relish and then sat down again. Her hand had wandered to her pussy and she idly fingered it awaiting her partner’s next move as Denise climbed on to the bed and kneeled in front of the bound and helpless slave.

Slowly she reached out and slipped a finger into her victim’s pussy. Slippery with her arousal, she slipped my finger around her tight flesh, touching momentarily on her. Slut opened her legs a little and Denise’s finger slid out.

Denise lifted her hand and pushed the moist finger into her mouth. Slut licked it with relish. Denise found it difficult to remember that she was being paid to do this as the power of her control overcame her. With one rough hand Denise pushed the bound girl backward until she fell with her thighs open and her back to the bed.

“You are going to make me come,” she said with relish. “If you have been a good little Slut, licking my pussy, I may let you come too. If you are not good enough little slave then I shall fuck you with the spikes of my shoes. If you are a naughty girl your ass hole won’t forget me.”

A sense of rising power and excitement overwhelmed Denise as she sat over her slave’s face and fingered her pussy. Denise was almost ready to come any way so she ordered slut to go slow and just tickle with her tongue. Slowly, Denise lowered her pussy over the wide open mouth to feel the touch a tongue on her sex. The feeling of sex and power made Denise come but she lowered myself a little more to feel the girl’s face enter the crack of her ass.

“Lick slut and lick me good,” said Denise, and began to slide forwards and backwards in time to the lips on her clit. Denise could not resist and ground the supine face with her pussy for a few minutes enjoying the feeling.

Then she leaned forward.

This put Denise’s ass hole over the pursed lips and let Denise touch her naked and accessible cunt with her own shaking hands. She felt the girl’s soft tongue touch her between ass and pussy. Slowly it made it’s way up to tickle her ass.

The feeling was so sweet.

The feeling, or the power of control?

It was both.

Denise tickled her slave a little with her hand causing Slut to lick her so well that she started to come again.

To slow it down Denise slapped her captive's mound sharply and the servile slave started with shock as her face pressed into Denise's rear with a jerk.

It was wonderful to have such a compliant little sex slave.

Denise teased and slapped her new chattel for a while. She rocked forwards and backwards occasionally letting her slave tease a tender pussy and then a receptive ass hole. She enjoyed the power more than the sex and the sex was delicious. Then Denise could feel from the tension that Slut was coming soon so she slapped the quivering thighs and with a final last push of her pussy got off her mount. With two fingers and thumb she rolled Slut's nipples.

"Would you like to be ringed," she teased.

"Yes Mistress. Please make me come." came the answer as Denise pulled her nipples using nails and fingertips.

"If slave Slut comes then she will pay for the pleasure," was the reply.

Then whilst teasing her breasts Denise pushed her hand slowly into the writhing slave's pussy. Her hole was not tight so Denise forced her slim fingers into it slowly whilst ordering her to lie still or else be punished with a thrashing. Slut complied. Her thighs relaxed as a slim hand entered her, and came when Denise finally got her fingers in, leaving her thumb to rub Slut's clit vigorously.

Denise glanced at Suzann. She was in full view of Slut and pushing her hand in and out of her pussy with excitement. Slut lay on the bed quietly waiting for the next round. Her pussy was glistening with excitement and her breathing was almost a pant. Denise knew that she had her victim ready for any excesses that she decided on. For a brief moment she imagined that she had subdued Miss Clearmont. The power of the fantasy made the next step certain.

Taking off her lacy pants she screwed them into a ball. In full sight of the prisoner Denise rubbed them over her pussy until they were soaking from her juices. Then she stuffed them into the little slave's mouth. The gagged slut gulped and struggled to get her mouth open wide enough, but Denise stripped one of her own stockings off and tied the gag into place.

Reaching to her ankles she straightened Slut up so that her legs were wide open and the lips of her pussy showed glistening in the light. Then Denise went to the head of the bed and got two pillows, which she placed under the small of Slut's back so that her hips were up.

"If you so much as move or make a sound I shall give your tits such a slapping," she said.

With that Denise began to explore.

Into Slut's juicy little slit went one hand, while the other fingered her ass hole. Over her tits tweaking the nipples and touching her face with sex-moist hands. Denise explored her with ruthless attention penetrating her with both hands and tongue. The captive struggled not to move as she trembled with small orgasms.

Finally with one hand thrust deep into her and the other pulling erect nipples Denise started to make a fist and, with eyes wide with shock and offence, the captive started to struggle.

Denise reacted sharply, digging her nails into a taut breast. The powerful mistress could see the excitement mingle with real discomfort and enjoyed the struggle that the slave had, not to move. When finally she had a full fist, Denise roughly stroked the exposed clit with her other hand.

Despite trying to stay still the stretched out slave ground her hips and moaned faintly through the lacy gag.

“You little bitch,” hissed Denise. “Now I’m going to fuck you.”

Her balled hand began to twist slowly and the other hand pushed towards her ass hole. Slut stiffened slightly at the first touch so Denise warned her. “If you move you will regret it.”

A single sharp nailed finger pushed into a clenched ass hole and began to fuck slowly. Denise watched her struggling slave. She felt almost detached from the excitement and fear that she was causing. After all the silly bitch only had herself to blame. By not following orders she deserved punishment. Denise felt her own thighs clench in time with her prisoner’s struggles. Even though she was not touching herself, she came, as the sex slave wailed and tried to beg through the perfumed gag.

Denise felt a surge of power over this pathetic submissive slut and stepped up the pace. Her fingers and fist reamed both holes until at last the struggling slave came with a slight shudder and a scream that was only partly muffled by the tight gag.

Suzann sat watching Denise violate her slut with a scared look on her face but Denise ignored it and untied the little slave. The girl sat up and looked at Denise with scared eyes. Then she kissed Denise on the lips, a chaste kiss, and ran from the room.

“Do you know who that was?” said Suzann. “She is the daughter of the woman whose house this is.”

Denise shrugged her shoulders but secretly worried if she had gone a little far.

It was just that a small taste of sexual domination had led to a banquet!

The two girls had a regular stream of guests as the party really started to swing. Most were single men high on coke and alcohol that simply needed a quick fuck or blow-job and then were out again.

Denise even had time though for two showers and though she found the job exhausting it was stimulating as well. She reckoned that she must have sucked a dozen cocks and had a few slick pussies to lick as well. Suzann just fucked them all and though she occasionally orgasmed Denise never saw a reaction again like the one when Slut had been with them, when she was genuinely enjoying herself. Then there was a quiet patch between three in the morning and four when there were no punters and they rested.

Suzan looked at her watch and said:

“Just two hours to go...”

The door was then opened by a girl of about twenty with an older man in tow. She had an incredible figure. Large breasts and long legs, long black hair braided into a plait and wearing a long evening dress that showed her cleavage to real advantage. The man was probably about forty and well muscled. Suzann and Denise stood by the bed and waited for some signal.

“Look what we have here, two bitches and all alone,” she said.

The man just nodded and turned to lock the door.

“I am Jenny,” she said and started to unlace her long dress.

The man just stood with his arms crossed in front of the door.

Jenny slowly drew the dress down to reveal that it hid a red leather basque that covered her from crotch to nipple. Sheer stockings covered her legs from thighs to the red stilettos on her feet. Denise felt a crawling sensation down her spine as she realized that the young girl was expecting something special. Jenny clicked her fingers and the man got two pairs of handcuffs out of his jacket pocket and tossed them over to her. She caught them with a flourish and held them out for Suzann and Denise. Suzann was looking very nervous but still took a pair.

“Put them on,” said Jenny. “Now.”

They both stood there with the handcuffs on and waited. Jenny then sauntered over to the plate of coke and inspected it. Then she pulled two one hundred-dollar bills out and rolled them up. Denise had never taken coke before and hesitated when she offered her the rolled up note.

“Take it or I shall make you eat it,” she said.

It might have been comical if she had not had the man standing by the door but Denise did not hesitate. Jenny had the air of a Kathy or perhaps rather a Miss Clearmont. She snorted the white powder and nearly choked when it hit the back of her nose. There was a sharp tang like lemon in the sinus.

“Now strip, you pair of whores, and fast,” she ordered.

Suzann had trouble getting her bra off because of the handcuffs, Jenny simply indicated to the man by the door and he ripped it off with a jerk. Denise’s bra was front opening and so she got it off OK. The basque was a different matter as it hooked at the back so she offered her back to Suzann who fumbled the catches open. Denise no longer had stockings on so all she had to do was slip off her pants and kick off her shoes.

Suzann was trembling with fright by the time that she was stripped.

“Now then I only want one of you, which is it to be?” Jenny walked round them both as though they were lots at an auction. She did not touch but Denise felt a premonition of danger run up her spine.

After a few moments Jenny touched the small of her back and said:

“This one would make a better slave.”

A sigh of relief came from Suzann as Jenny opened the door into the bathroom and locked Suzann in.

“What do we have here then,” Jenny looked at the rings in Denise’s nipples and then inspected her back again. “I do believe that I’ve found Miss Clearmont’s famous runaway.”

Denise nearly fainted with shock. “How had she known?” thought Denise.

It soon became clear.

“You have not read your back recently have you? Well I’ll read it for you. Tattooed in red letters it says “Property Of Miss Clearmont” and there underneath is her telephone number. Under that is the word “Reward”. It scarcely takes a genius to figure out that you are the little runaway slut that Miss Clearmont has offered twenty thousand dollars reward for.”

Jenny walked round to the front and slipped a finger through one of Denise’s slave rings and gave a little tug. Then with the other hand she stroked her from belly to crotch. Her hand slipped into Denise’s moist sex. It did not stop but continued all the way in.

For a moment she toyed with the small ring. The coke heightened Denise’s senses. She felt as though every part of the penetrating hand could be felt in detail. Her nipples stood up and she felt as though she was drifting in a sea of sensation. Her clitoris ached to be touched and her pussy strained to massage the long slim fingers.

“Yes. Miss Clearmont has been at your little pussy hasn’t she? Oh dear, a whore who enjoys her sex this much is bound to be a failure so I’d better take you in hand and you are worth at least twice as much anyway.”

Suddenly Denise remembered Mistress Greta and Mistress Torment discussing a Jenny but she could not remember what they had said about her. Denise came out into a sweat of fear as Jenny slowly twisted her hand about inside her pussy and then pulled on the rings piercing both nipples.

“Please don’t give me back to Miss Clearmont.” said Denise.

“Why not my little cunt, why not?”

“Because she will never let me go and plans to give me to Mistress Greta.” she pleaded.

“Would you rather come with me then? I have a lovely isolated country house where you can hide if you want. Of course I cannot show you special favor, but I’m sure that we can get along fine if you do what is required of you,” she said in a quiet voice.

Denise nodded and said:

“Anything, but please not back to her.” The coke was making her dizzy and made her enjoy her own fear as though she was standing in Jenny’s place and threatening herself. Denise swayed a little and Jenny supported her.

“OK then let’s get you out of here. But if I am doing you a favor then you had better be a good little girl and show me that you can obey even the most difficult commands,” replied Jenny.

The man took the handcuffs off Denise and passed over her clothes.

They left the room together as Denise frantically planned how she could make a run to escape.

Then she felt a strong grip on her arm and realized that she was running nowhere.

They passed a number of drunk and merry party makers on the way out, but none of them took any notice of the three of them even though Jenny had not even bothered to put her dress on again. Denise was almost mesmerized by the long legs and perfect ass that swayed before her.

In the drive were parked a dozen or more Porsches and other luxury cars. Denise was led to a large Jeep and put on the back seat. Jenny handcuffed her to the seatbelt stanchion before the trip started.

The Country House

Jenny sat in the rear next to Denise for the whole trip. It took about three hours steady driving to get to the gates of the country house. A drive of several more miles took them through open fields to a large house and out buildings in the midst of trees and lawns. There was no sign of anything extraordinary in the house or grounds that would suggest that Jenny was anything other than a very rich young woman living in the lap of luxury.

A liveried doorman ushered them into the main living room. It was a tastefully furnished room with heavy leather chairs and furniture from the last century. Sitting in one of the chairs was a middle-aged woman dressed as though ready to go riding. A riding crop leaned against the chair and a heavy book rested in her hand. When we entered she stood to greet Jenny.

“Good morning Mama,” said Jenny. “This is Denis, a young lady with a serious problem.”

Jenny’s mother looked Denise up and down and said, “Aha, and what is the nature of this problem?”

“Can’t you guess?” replied Jenny with a smile.

Jenny's mother walked round Denise as if taking her time guessing at the puzzle. Jenny had removed the cuffs in the car as they got out but her mother noted the red marks where they had bitten a little into her wrists.

"I'd say that her main problem is in coming here," said her mother.

Jenny just smiled again and walked round the back of her silent captive.

She unzipped the tight dress allowing it to fall to the plush carpet. With a smile Jenny's mother took a look at the tattoo on Denise's back. Then she ran her hand over the smooth back to her buns and round to the front before cupping Denise's breasts with her hands. For a moment her fingers twiddled the rings, making nipples stand up to attention.

"This is the young lady that escaped Miss Clearmont, I should say," she said finally. "Where on earth did you find her?"

"At the party last night, Mama. She was entertaining the guests in a bedroom when I stumbled across her."

"Well done Jenny. Miss Clearmont will be in such a frenzy when she finds out that we got her first, I wonder what she's worth?"

"I intend to find out Mama, Miss Clearmont is now a very rich woman due to this young lady so I expect that she wants her back pretty desperately," replied Jenny.

Jenny made a signal to the doorman to take me by the arm. "Take her down to a room where she can wait for me to see to her later. Feed her and so on, at level two."

Denise left the room, led by the doorman and was taken to the rear of the house. They crossed a closed in yard and went into one of the outbuildings. There was a corridor that led the length of the building with regularly spaced wooden doors. The doorman opened one of them to reveal a small room with a bed, wash basin and a chair but no window. A small flat TV set sat on a small shelf on the wall but it was switched off.

The doorman shut the door. Denise heard the key turn. The room was a cell and she had once again fallen foul of the wrong people.

About five minutes later the footman brought some sandwiches and a glass of water and Denise was left alone with her thoughts. She ate with the hunger of someone who wonders where the next meal is coming from. She sipped the water to test it but it was clear. Denise tested the door. It was locked. She could see that it was solid enough to resist any attempt to open it by force. Once again she was a prisoner.

She turned on the TV to check the time; it was about midday, Denise reckoned that she had been in the cell about five hours.

Finally she slept.

When Denise awoke there was some more food on the chair and another glass of water. The time was eleven in the morning according to the TV. The prisoner ate the cereal and drank

the water. She could not help but wonder what was going to happen. Finally the handle turned and in came Jenny's mother. Standing in the door was the bodyguard that Denise had seen earlier.

Jenny's mother entered the room and stood over her captive. She had changed out of the riding outfit and was wearing a simple summer dress. The flowery pattern contrasted with the boots and the short quirt that she carried in her gloved hands. For a moment the older woman contemplated her charge.

"You shall address me as Mistress Janet as of now," she said.

"Jenny and I have decided that you will be trained as a body service slave." She held up a hand to stop any questions and moved a step closer.

"This will involve a process that you will not find too uncomfortable if you do as you are requested at all times. When the training is finished we shall decide what to do with you. You may be sold or else we may gift you to someone. In either of these cases you will continue in your role as a slave. I suggest that you resign yourself to servitude now and so spare yourself the false hope that you will be other than a possession of whichever owner you belong to."

Mistress Janet put the end of the short crop under Denise's chin. Her other hand reached out and stroked a breast.

"What are you here for?" she asked Denise.

"To be trained."

"You are here to be trained to give pleasure. There are many people in this world that will wish to enjoy you. They deserve to be spoiled by beautiful slaves and they pay a great deal to do so. Some need sexual gratification. Some will get their pleasure from simply having a slave to do their bidding. Others will get their enjoyment from causing you suffering. That is their right, your duty is to learn to accept the service and pain as part of your life. You really are so lucky, my dear, to be able to give so much pleasure just by accepting that you live to serve."

Mistress Janet held up her hand to stop Denise replying to her lecture before she continued.

"Your wishes are not important. You will be trained to give pleasure, take orders and give gratification through pain. If you do well you will fetch a high price at auction. This will make it more likely that you will find a generous master or mistress. If you do poorly your price will be low enough for the brothels and pornographers to buy you. I can assure you that you will come to enjoy your limited life and learn to make others contented."

The hand fondling Denise's breast found the tender nipple and pinched it, making Denise start.

"You are a sensitive young woman. I suggest that you work hard at your lessons and forget the past. I shall take a personal interest in your training and you will learn obedience and servitude."

With that she ordered Denise to strip. Slowly Denise took off her clothes and laid them on the chair. Once again Mistress Janet inspected her new slave and touched her a couple of times with the crop experimentally to see if she would flinch.

When Denise did not she smiled with approval.

With a slight tap on the ass she indicated that Denise should go first. She took me to a room on the same corridor. It was a huge wardrobe. Hooks and poles on the walls displayed a fantastic assortment of costumes and clothes. On one wall were full suits in leather and rubber that would enclose the wearer in a form fitting skin.

Some had zips and fasteners to allow access to intimate places on the body, others had mittens that were ringed to allow the wearer to be fully restrained with ease.

Mistress Janet took Denise to another wall with frilly costumes in all shades. With great care she selected a short pink dress with much lace and a pinafore in white. For a moment she held it up against the captive to check the fit and then told her to put it on.

“You will only have the one dress my dear. When it needs repair or cleaning you will do this yourself and be naked whilst you do so. If you require punishment you will wear such a suit.” She indicated the wall with the restraint suits. “The inside of which is rather more uncomfortable than it looks.”

Denise put on the dress. It was almost a traditional maid’s dress but it was so short and flouncy that her sex was clearly visible and her nipples almost showed over the top. Miss Janet then selected a pair of shoes, also pink, with high heels and straps that fitted snugly round the ankles. When she was satisfied that Denise looked correct she led her pink slave back to the main house. There she introduced Denise to another girl. She was a little older than Denise and dressed in the same costume, but the color was black. Her long red hair was braided and tied back and she was rather slimmer than Denise.

“This is Miss Alain,” said Mistress Janet to Denise. “She is in charge of the household maids. She will train you to work on the general housework before you meet your other trainers in sexual and other matters. You will obey her every command immediately and without question as though I had given it myself. Miss Alain has to write a report on every slave in her keeping daily. Should her reports indicate that you are unwilling you will be punished with *great* severity. We do *not* tolerate mutiny in the farm we punish for it.”

With a nod to Miss Alain from Mistress Janet, Denise passed to Miss Alain’s custody.

Miss Alain took her charge in hand quickly. She showed Denise a room that was to be hers. It was similar to the one in which she had spent her waiting time but had no TV set.

“This room will be kept absolutely tidy at all times. If I inspect it and find any mess or disorder it will earn you a demerit. The room will therefore stay exactly like this at all times that you are not sleeping. Every demerit will earn you a fit punishment that may lead to more serious punishment.”

Miss Alain then led Denise to a washing room. Two naked girls were sitting waiting for the wash to finish. They were naked and stood up when Miss Alain entered the room.

Simultaneously both said, "At your service Miss Alain." Both hung their heads and stood stock still.

With one black toed shoe Miss Alain indicated a small pool of water on the floor.

"Two demerits each. Report to the punishment room when your work here is finished." Miss Alain spoke in a stern voice as she led Denise out of the small room.

Miss Alain showed Denise the parts of the house that she was allowed enter and warned her that she was to stand when anybody was present.

"You are the lowest slave in training at the moment, all others are senior so you will not speak unless to answer a direct question at any time. You may ask me any question that concerns your duty and no others." When they had done the tour of the expensively furnished house she took her charge back to her room and lectured her.

"No slave may enter into any sexual situation with anyone unless Mistress Janet or Mistress Jenny orders it. No slave may be out of her room after the curfew that starts at eight at night and runs until five in the morning. At five you will be ready to perform your duties as I stipulate.

"When you have completed a set task you will come to me immediately for further orders. There is no free time. Every moment of your life here is strictly controlled. If you wish to perform any other action you will come to me and ask permission. Even if you wish to go to the toilet you will ask me."

Miss Alain then walked round Denise. With a flick here and there she adjusted her dress. "At all times your dress must be perfect. Your shoes unmarked and your pussy must always be showing. The very tops of your nipples must also show, so."

She pulled the front of the dress down an inch or so.

"Lastly you must be shaved fully. In fact I shall have you depilated because Mistress Janet has informed me that you are eventually likely to become a sex slave and it is required that your body be prepared for it. It is so fashionable to be soft and vulnerable here."

With a small brush of her hand she touched the lips of Denise's sex.

"You will now go to your room and wash fully and I shall send you someone who will show you your duties for today."

Denise went to her room and undressed. She felt a wave of relief that so far all of the women in the house had refrained from misusing her. But she had the feeling that the tasks would be set so that punishment by such strict rules would be inevitable. She washed herself at the sink and used the soap to clean her scalp. The task occupied Denise's mind and prevented her having to think about being sold or passed on at the whim of Mistress Janet or Mistress Jenny.

It was a good half-hour later when there was a knock at the door.

Denise stood by the bed.

In came a black girl dressed in the frilly dress, but in pale blue. In her hand was a bucket carefully carried to keep it off the dress, set down Denise could see that it was almost full of soapy water. The handle of a brush poked out of the bubbles.

“I have been told to instruct you in your next duty. Also I have been told to inform you that slave Edith is to be punished later for three demerits and you are required to attend the punishment. The punishment is at seven and all slaves will therefore lose their evening meal as a reminder that punishment is for all, not just the wrongdoer.”

Denise picked up the bucket and held it away from her frilly pink dress. The black girl led Denise to an out building and through a door into a stable. Several horses were in their stalls. The slave stopped and pointed at the floor. “This tiled floor must be scrubbed until it shines. No speck of mess may remain. When you have finished you are to wait for Miss Alain to come and collect you so that you may see the punishment of Edith.”

Denise looked at the tiled floor with horror. It was thick with horse muck and rotting straw. Most was dried in place and looked to have been there since the stables were built. In fact the mess was so bad that she could not see where the tiles stopped and the wooden block floor began. She almost said that it was an impossible task when the slave added, “Do not leave the stables for any reason until you are collected.”

With that she left Denise in the semi-darkness as she had closed the door on the way out. Denise started the work. First she tucked up the dress and got to her knees. Then she started to scrub. Her arms ached with the work and there was not enough water to do the job. Denise was hours in her frilly dress and pinafore scrubbing the dirt trying to do the task. Not enough water. Her dress stained with horse muck. Tired and sobbing Denise worked at the floor in desperation but the job was never ending. The water turned the horse muck to slime, which splashed and spread, to the areas already cleaned.

The stable got darker as evening arrived and the floor was difficult to see clearly. Suddenly the door opened. Denise had been expecting it because she heard the footsteps outside. She jumped to her feet and pulled the dress straight. There stood Miss Alain framed in the doorway.

With slow steps she checked the cleaning work and then walked round her muck bespattered charge.

“One demerit, your dress is dirty. Another demerit, the floor does not shine.” Putting a finger under her chin she lifted the slave’s head and said, “If you get another demerit you will suffer a punishment. Come with me and watch Edith being punished for three demerits.” With that she led Denise through the yard and into the house. “Get cleaned up and come naked to the punishment room.”

“Please Miss Alain I do not know where it is.”

Miss Alain pointed to a door at the end of the corridor and said, “You have ten minutes. That door there.”

Denise hurriedly got clean and took off the dress and shoes. In the light she could see that there were marks all over the dress and the pink shoes looked to be caked with muck. She gave them a quick rinse in the sink, cleaned the sink and went to the punishment room.

When Denise opened the door she could see at least ten other slaves. Some were naked and some were dressed in the familiar dresses and high heels. They stood in a semi circle round a hook from the ceiling where a girl of about twenty hung by her arms with her feet touching the floor but held well apart by being tied to two rings in the floor. Her sex was hairless and open and her breasts heaved with fright. A gag was strapped to cover her mouth that looked as though no sound would ever escape it.

The slaves stood there for about five minutes in silence before Miss Alain entered the room and checked that all the slaves were there.

In her hand she held a crop.

When she had looked around, she stood in front of the bound girl and said, "Edith has earned three demerits. The first was for having an untidy room. The second was for pulling a face when asked to clean Mistress Jenny's riding boots. The third was for not standing when I entered the room. Let her punishment be an example to you all, because this is now the third time that she has been punished for three demerits.

"When I have finished with her she will be sent to the farm." A couple of the girls winced, but there was not a sound from any of the slaves. Miss Alain then took a crop and started to cane Edith.

She started at the ass and slowly walked round her moving up and around her struggling body to her breasts. Each blow was a short sharp motion that left a thin red line where the crop had struck. After a full turn round her victim Miss Alain looked at the crisscross wheals with satisfaction.

She ran her hands lightly over Edith's taut body feeling the ridges of raised flesh. Her hands wandered to Edith's sex and opened it a little. Then suddenly she placed an expert blow lengthways on her pussy.

Despite the gag Edith let out a cry and writhed in the fetters. Miss Alain then tapped the crop across her own hand, tossed it to one of the slaves and left the room. The slaves left the room in silence and headed for their rooms. Denise cast one last glance at Edith to see her body slackly hanging from the ceiling, tears streaming down her face. Her legs were still twitching with the shock of that last blow. As Denise left the room she swore to herself that she would not allow herself to be caned and would do all that was asked of her.

The days went by in a routine of hard work.

It seemed that the first day was a test and that many starting slaves earned three demerits straight away. Denise had a third demerit for not walking correctly in the pink high heels, but the three strokes of the crop were not bad enough to earn her another demerit for crying out. On the plus side Denise felt that the nipple rings did not pain her as they had done occasionally in the first weeks. She adjusted to the routine and spent her days cleaning and

polishing. Gradually she fell into such a reflex that her life as a lawyer seemed so distant and her terrible experiences with Kathy and Miss Clearmont a dream.

Miss Alain was very strict in her interpretation of the rules, but at least she was consistent. Some jobs such as serving tea and cakes to Mistress Jenny became work to look forward to, and once Denise was so good that Mistress Jenny actually stroked her breasts as a reward. After this praise Denise felt as though she was walking on air for the next few days.

Every now and again a new slave would appear but Denise never found out where they came from as it was strictly forbidden to chatter to each other. There were the occasional male slaves, most of whom had the heavy jobs. The girl slaves were rarely allowed to see them though and had almost no contact.

Party

Denise had spent over a month training at Mistress Jenny's educational institution when she first had to attend as a waitress at one of Mistress Janet's cocktail parties.

These parties always followed an auction of slaves. All the bidders and other invited guests were invited to share a pleasant evening mixing and enjoying the sophisticated entertainment's that the school was famous for.

Denise was waiting outside her door at five O'clock as usual, waiting for her orders.

Normally Miss Alain arrived in a rush and allocated the first tasks of the day. Afterwards Denise would be allowed to eat some breakfast before the next round of chores began. With surprise Denise saw that Mistress Janet accompanied Miss Alain.

Her heart dropped as she reviewed whether or not she had earned some punishment for which Mistress Janet's presence was required. Denise stood straight and looked forward as the two ladies arrived.

"So I will need one more," said Mistress Janet to Miss Alain.

"Well." Came the reply, "There is Sally, but she has two demerits. That leaves Denise. But she may not be ready, after all it is a little early in her training for her to attend."

"Denise it will have to be," said Mistress Janet.

Mistress Janet was dressed in jeans and T Shirt. Denise could see her lacy bra through the flimsy white top and noted the crop in her hand. She made a curtsy and waited.

"It seems as though training is going well. I think that she will do. But make sure you impress her with the consequences of any disobedience. I will not have this one spoiled by a disagreeable incident."

"I shall make the situation quite clear, Mistress," replied Miss Alain.

Mistress Janet walked on leaving Miss Alain to explain the job to Denise.

“A large and very important party is being prepared. You will serve at the party as a waitress. If you create *any* sort of problem you will earn two demerits. Is that quite clear?”

“Yes Mistress,” Replied Denise.

“Good. A slave will bring you your costume later. You will put it on and wait until you are called. You will then be showed what your duties are. That is all for now, but you will have a shower and prepare yourself.”

Denise went back into her room and waited. In the whole of the last month she had never had more than a couple of minutes to herself. It meant that the wait for the slave with her costume seemed like luxury.

She showered herself and combed her hair dry. After a while she started to get hungry. At this time normally she sat down for some bread and hard cheese. But today there was to be no breakfast.

It was hours before there was a knock at the door. Denise opened to see a young female slave carrying a cardboard box. Without a word the box was handed over and Denise was left to get ready for the party.

She opened the box. Inside it was a frilly black and white dress. It looked to Denise to be almost exactly the same as her pink training dress.

When she lifted it out she realized that it was so pretty and frilly. A pair of black high-heeled shoes lay under the dress. The heels were high and narrow. Denise unfolded the dress carefully, noting the delicate lace flounces. She felt the cloth and realized that it was all in silk except for the lace. Denise pulled the dress over her head. The waist was such a narrow tube of silk that she had to breathe in to get it on. She finally got the dress on.

With no mirror she could not see the full effect but from above she could see the short skirt that radiated from her waist. It stopped at her hips. She could imagine the plump naked triangle of her sex and the tops of her thighs exposed below. Her breasts were scarcely covered, rather they were cupped to allow her ringed nipples to float above the black silk.

As Denise bent to put on the shoes she noticed just how exposed she was. The shoes fastened with a strap at the ankle. She tottered for a moment on the very high heels and began to practice walking in them. She had only crossed the room a couple of times when the door opened to reveal Miss Alain.

The House Mistress looked at Denise for a moment before approaching her charge. Denise noticed that she was carrying a makeup bag.

“You look fine,” she commented as she adjusted the dress here and there. Her hand strayed to Denise’s sex for a moment, brushing the lips of her sex.

“I am so nervous.” Said Denise in a hushed voice.

“That’s only natural, it is your first time.”

Denise shuddered a little as Miss Alain's hand retreated from her pussy and wandered up the soft lace to her nipples.

"Your duty will be to serve the guests. You will be given a tray with either drinks or small snacks with which you will move around the party."

Denise sucked in her breath as she realized that she was privileged indeed. Mistress Janet was allowing her a task that was normally only given after six months of training. Denise was looking forward to impressing her Mistress's and performing flawlessly.

Miss Alain opened her bag and took out some makeup. With great care she brushed a dark lip-gloss onto the nervous Denise. Next, she applied a dark eye shadow and dusted Denise's cheeks with pink. Critically she stood back and looked at her handiwork. Going once more to the bag she pulled out a wig. A black bob of hair hid Denise's short hair, framing her face with jet black.

"That looks better," said Mistress Alain as she packed away the make-up. "Now listen up. You must say no word unless it is the reply to a direct question. You never speak about your former life. You will be graceful and willing at all times. If a guest wishes to touch you, you will stand still and be there for his or her enjoyment. If a guest wishes to punish you, you will place your tray somewhere safe and accept the discipline with gladness. Any difficulty from you will be punished with the utmost severity by Mistress Janet.

"Tonight we have as a guest, a lady who acts as an intermediary for one of the richest men in the Far East. She has already bought over twenty of our slaves in one transaction. Be careful and do not disappoint."

Miss Alain led Denise to the kitchens.

Denise walked slowly and carefully. As they passed a window she realized that dusk was coming, she had been alone in her room for hours. She could feel hunger gnawing at her, she had not eaten all day. The kitchens were full of activity. People rushed here and there filling glasses and preparing plates of small pastries. Denise was put in a group of other female slaves to wait until she was needed.

The smell of food tormented her.

She was standing near trays of sliced salmon and cracked lobster claws. A chef scattered fresh herbs and added steaming hot garlic bread slices. Behind her was a table laden with cakes and sweets. A massed phalanx of champagne glasses waited to be charged.

Through the main door of the kitchen Denise could hear a sound of applause. Afterwards a lady's voice spoke. It was some sort of speech but Denise could not make out the words. Then more applause. A man in a waistcoat started pouring the champagne. The heady sweet smell gave a brief flashback to Denise of the times when she had attended parties as a guest.

Suddenly she was awoken from her reverie as a tray was pushed into her hand and she found herself in a queue of slaves waiting for their trays to be filled with the brimming glasses. The man had finished pouring and loaded the trays. On each tray he placed nine glasses in a

square. On top of these went another four and one more completed the pyramid. Denise was fourth in line and stood very still as her tray was loaded.

The tray was *so* heavy. Denise had the measure of her heels now, but the floor was tiled so that she could feel her metal tipped heels skid slightly as she walked. The door was opened as she passed into a room full of people. About two hundred people packed the room. In one corner on a raised dais a four man combo played cool jazz. Mistress Janet stood on the small stage whilst a few people still clapped her speech. The guests were a mixture of men and women. All were dressed in eveningwear, the women in beautiful designer dresses and the men in black tuxedos. With smooth steps on the thick carpet Denise brought her tray to a knot of guests and thankfully watched the tottering glasses being taken. One of the men blew her a kiss as he took the glass.

Denise blushed and passed on.

The tray was empty and she went back to the kitchen. Denise and the other six girls took tray after tray of drinks in to the guests. Soon the rush was over and food was given to the slaves to distribute. The party settled to groups of talking guests and a small area given over to dancing.

Several times she had to stand still as a guest fondled her breasts. Obediently she pushed them forward offering a full inspection. One older woman, perhaps jealous when her white-haired husband slid a hand over Denise's ass, tried to trip Denise.

Though she stumbled for a moment, Denise recovered and managed to make her escape with no fuss. She wondered if she would have been so lucky if she had been carrying drinks and not small cakes on her tray.

She heard short snippets of conversation. The guests chatted like any others at a party so Denise heard scarcely a mention of sex or the slave business. In fact apart from her position as a waitress it was like a thousand other parties that she had attended as a lawyer.

The whole thing turned into a sort of waking dream.

She dodged the guests whose hands wandered and served the food and drinks with style. Denise passed Mistress Jenny. Dressed in a bright red low cut creation she was chatting to a Japanese lady in traditional dress. Denise guessed that this was the important guest that she had been warned of and steered well clear.

Then Denise had a shock.

With a start she recognized Nancy, her old boss' secretary.

Nancy had not yet noticed Denise. Perhaps the dark wig had changed her appearance too much. With her was a young man that Denise remembered as the computer expert who had repaired the hard disk on her computer a few weeks before that fateful evening at Miss Clearmont's.

As she headed back to the kitchen, Denise tried to figure a connection.

It had to be more than coincidence.

Denise filled her tray and headed back out. She hoped to be able to pass a word to Nancy. Nancy would contact Gregory Elmer Howard, her old boss and the senior partner, and she had to hope that he would get her out of this terrible predicament.

With great care she headed towards Nancy and her partner. She was so concentrated on her ploy that she nearly tripped on the edge of a rug. With a curtsy she stood before Nancy and offered a cake.

Nancy glanced at her.

For a moment there was no recognition.

Then she smiled and stepped back to get a better view of Denise.

“Denise Lamont, whatever has happened to you?” she said as she took a bite from the cake. A small smile passed over her face as she took in the naked exposed thighs and pussy and the silver rings in Denise’s nipples.

“Help me, please,” whispered Denise. She knew that it was a misdemeanour to say this, so she whispered, hoping that others would not overhear the conversation.

“Do you want me to get Mr. Howard to help you? Is that your idea?”

Denise choked with emotion and nodded in answer.

“Well, well, well.” said the former secretary, “You really have got a problem haven’t you. Have you been beaten?”

Denise nodded again, feeling tears of self-pity well up in her eyes.

“Have you been used as a sex toy?” Denise was close to choking with tears as Nancy continued. “Are you a fucking sex slave now?”

Nancy took a slow step forward until her sequined dress was pressing against Denise’s tray. Denise felt a hand touch her sex and reflexively opened her legs. A single finger tapped the ring and entered her. Nancy’s smile widened as the smooth finger circled the outer lips of the slave’s sex and then slid into the depths of Denise’s pussy.

“I made you more coffee than enough... bitch,” she said. “Now I get my little revenge.”

Denise felt the finger probe deeper. Nancy’s partner just smiled a wan smile and raised his glass in an ironic toast.

The finger pushed upward forcing Denise onto tip toes. Denise just saw the smile as Nancy’s other hand gripped Denise’s tray and pulled gently.

“I am sure that Miss Clearmont will be fascinated to hear that you are here of all places,” leered Nancy evilly.

“The irony of buying you with your money will make her so gratified. In fact I may just buy you for my own use, I always wanted a fuck slut to tend to all my needs.”

The upward pressure on Denise’s pussy increased, as did the pull on her tray. Denis could feel the finger exploring, reaming as it pushed farther into her. Suddenly Nancy let go, allowing Denise to stumble backwards and fall against a tuxedoed elderly man.

“You stupid bitch, you spilled my drink over my dress with your thoughtlessness.” Nancy almost shouted, making those around look just in time to see Denise fall to the floor.

Nancy stood over Denise. She delicately poured her drink over Denise’s face and said, “Miss Clearmont will hear of this.”

Mandy surveyed her charge with a feeling of pride and accomplishment.

Kathy kneeled on the smooth tiling eating from a bowl. Her almost translucent white skin contrasted with the black rubber cuffs at her wrists and ankles. Even though she was not restricted she cowered from the mistress standing over her.

As she lapped at the pile of food Mandy noted with satisfaction that she was fattening up nicely. Eight weeks of treatment, eight weeks of a diet and lack of exercise that had put pounds on her. Kathy had never been slim, but now she was far more than plump. Mandy estimated that she would weigh in at perhaps seventeen stone. Every part of her had swelled.

Mandy had fitted a room with mirrors to keep her in and this as much as any training had destroyed her will to resist. Seeing her vast bulk every moment of the day had brought her to a depressing low. As Mandy watched, Kathy finished the last of the huge portion of food. With a movement she lowered her lips to the drink bowl and lapped the white liquid. Mandy smiled to herself as she watched Kathy react to the taste of the chilli in the drink. But Kathy continued to drink.

She knew the penalty of resistance well.

“Make sure that you drink it all,” Said Mandy with a smile.

Kathy did not answer but continued to drink the fiery mixture of spices and curdled milk. The last time that she had balked had resulted in a day of chastisement that she still shuddered to think of.

“When you are finished you must dress up nicely for Miss Clearmont. She will be here in an hour and wants to see your progress. Something feminine and pink would be in order I think. Sexy and naïve.”

The last dregs licked, Kathy stood to attention. Mandy ran the tip of her cane from double chin to massive thigh. Then with a peremptory wave of the other hand she led Kathy back to be chained in her cell.

It was rather more than the promised hour before Kathy and Miss Clearmont met.

Miss Clearmont was finding her large fortune impossible to administer without the help of lawyers and advisors. Mr. Gregory Elmer Howard III, her new lawyer, was the ideal man for her. With the inside knowledge from Nancy and the blackmail possibilities of the lawyer's tax fraud Miss Clearmont had him eating out of her hand.

Now that she was starting to allow him to see the possibilities of her business he was hooked.

Miss Clearmont arrived at Denise's former house in high spirits. Now that Nancy had informed her of Denise's whereabouts everything was in the bag. Of course she had not recovered her wayward slut yet. But in Jenny's hands she was as good as already back in her cage.

Miss Clearmont knew that every few weeks there was an auction at Jenny's place. She would simply go and buy Denise back. As Nancy had predicted, Miss Clearmont loved the irony of taking Denise's money and then buying her back with it.

Anyway the amounts, in tens of thousands of dollars were trivial and her one rival, Kathy was in her power.

Now *that* was satisfying.

Subjugating ordinary people was easy compared with the work needed to make a mistress into a slave. But the whole thing had turned out to be so easy. All she had to do now was finish off Kathy and then she could concentrate on Denise.

Mistress Greta?

Now she was an enigma wrapped in a mystery. But Miss Clearmont had paid her share for the disposal of Denise Lamont. Her other partner was also paid, so that meant that she now had a fortune of hundreds of millions.

Now she was working on her new lawyer, Mr. Howard. When she had finished with him he would be hers to command. She would tie him with the invisible bonds of dependency. He would need her to satisfy his craving for well-trained little girls and boys. And he would gain her access to the highest levels of society.

Miss Clearmont's already high spirits soared.

Mandy and Miss Clearmont sat for a while discussing Kathy's training before Miss Clearmont told her about Denise. Mandy laughed with the recognition that Denise had fallen from the frying pan into the fire.

"We just have to hope that Denise doesn't end up on Jenny's punishment farm," said Mandy.

"I think that she is clever enough not too," replied Miss Clearmont with a grin. "Just see, though, how Nancy is growing up. One day a secretary in a stuffy lawyer's office. The next day she is enjoying herself at one of Jenny's parties."

“Jim, that kinky boyfriend of hers. I thought that he would just stick with her only until the job was done.”

Miss Clearmont smiled.

“It seems that my introductions are effective.”

The two women sat back and discussed Nancy as they relaxed over cocktails. After about half an hour Miss Clearmont glanced at her watch.

“How time passes,” she said. “Listen I have to see my stockbroker in an hour so we had better sort out Kathy.”

For a moment she searched in her handbag before she pulled out a DVD disc.

“This is for you and Kathy to see, it shows you both what *may* be expected of her soon,” she continued with a sly grin.

Mandy left the room for a few minutes and Miss Clearmont lit a cigarette and waited.

When the door next opened, Mandy stepped into the room with a docile Kathy following her.

Kathy was dressed in a frilly nightgown and wore pink stockings. Her bulging flesh stretched the outfit to its limit and her breasts bulged threateningly over the top. She walked slowly because she did not walk often and the pink high-heeled ankle boots made her wobble as she moved. The journey up the stairs from the cellar had exhausted her, leaving her short of breath and dripping with sweat. Miss Clearmont just sat and smoked.

The tip of the long slim cigarette glowed as she inhaled.

Mandy came forward and said, “Kathy would like to know what you have in store for her.”

“Would she now?” replied Miss Clearmont. “I’m not so sure that she will be happy with her new career, but I suppose that she will be fulfilled and grateful for my help. I must say that pink suits her so well. You have put on *some* weight since I last saw you but my dear Kathy, really have to try to eat more for me. You are still too frail and svelte.”

With a smile Miss Clearmont reached out and stroked Kathy’s thighs. With satisfaction she noted that Kathy had no waist now, just rolls of fat that strained against the pink silk and lace.

“Please...” said Kathy.

“I like the way that your new erotic shape is coming along,” interrupted Miss Clearmont. “I think that you are growing in the right direction. Outwards. Perhaps you can eat just a bit more. Just for me.”

She stroked Kathy between the thighs. It was hard to find her plump sex in amongst the folds of fat but that was as it should be.

“The hormones must be making her the erotic envy of all the other slaves.” said Miss Clearmont as she surveyed her work.

Miss Clearmont held out her hand and took back the DVD from Mandy then she leaned over and slotted it into the player. The tap of a switch and the screen sprang to life.

Slow music played as there was a shot of a limousine. The car drove through the desert until it came to a high wall penetrated by tall gates. Kathy made a small noise in her throat before she collapsed. She lay there, a heap of quivering flesh, as the video described the dark delights of the brothel in Mexico where Kathy thought that she would serve for the rest of her life in painful servitude.

Auction

Denise lay in her cell, the punishment for her behavior at the party finally over.

The caning had been a nightmare.

Then isolation in her cell.

Then another caning.

Denise had been sure that she would be sent to the farm. But it had not happened and instead she had been given menial duties.

She had spent her daylight hours polishing horse equipment and scrubbing floors. Day after day had passed without her being spoken to. A slave had simply showed her duties with a contemptuous wave of the hand. How much time had passed. Denise no longer thought about escape. She just drudged her hours away.

The cell door opened with a rattle of the key in the lock. Denise sat up with a start and then stood to attention when she noticed that Mistress Janet was framed in the doorway.

“You are a disgrace,” Said Mistress Janet. “I expect a slave to be standing at attention when I enter.”

Mistress Janet circled Denise. When she had finished she stopped in front of Denise.

“You will be sold. I expect you to get a good price. After all Mistress Jenny and I have put a lot of work in.”

Denise’s heart sank. If she was being sold on and Miss Clearmont knew that there was an auction she would be bought by her nemesis. She trembled involuntarily.

Mistress Janet just smiled. “I may invite Miss Clearmont to the auction. It is sure to push your price up...”

“Please, Mistress,” mumbled Denise in fear.

“You have no say in the matter of your disposal. On the other hand it might be interesting to sell you to someone else and see if Miss Clearmont tries to reclaim you. She is *so* impetuous.”

With a swish Mistress Janet left the cell.

The door clicked shut with a finality that left Denise with an empty feeling in her stomach. She collapsed with a sigh onto the spare bed with a certainty that Miss Clearmont would be at her auction.

When she was back in Miss Clearmont’s grip she was doomed.

Denise was groomed by Miss Alain and her short hair was cut into a bob. Once again she was dressed in the outfit that she had worn at the party. Her legs in black stockings and the high platform heels on her feet. When she saw herself in the mirror she saw another woman. Sexy, submissive and ready for sale.

Miss Alain attended to her without a word. She simply passed Denise the costume and critically adjusted it. Seams straight, dress flounced to the waist. Shoes buckled at the ankle and nipples just peeping from the top of the lacy edge of the dress.

Denise was fit for sale.

Miss Alain led Denise to the auction room with a lead on her collar. Denise felt pangs of fear running through her as they entered the auditorium. Like a small theatre the room had a miniature stage and seats positioned to face it. Denise was led to join three other slaves who were also to be auctioned.

After a moment some classical music started to play and the doors opened.

Led by Mistress Janet and Miss Jenny a disparate group entered the room. Most were holding cocktails in their hands and a few were smoking. Denise could feel her heart pound as she waited for Miss Clearmont to enter. Around twenty bidders and other guests entered the room. Some sat whilst others came over to inspect the lots.

They were mostly women. Two men in suits sat at the back whilst the Mistresses were seated at the front. One naked male slave sat at the back with a mobile phone and talked into the receiver describing the three slaves. Most of the women were mature ladies, between fifty and seventy years old and were dressed in formal evening dresses. Two younger women were dressed more casually but obviously had expensive tastes in jewellery and clothes.

Denise breathed a sigh of relief that she saw no one that she knew. She speculated what they would be like as Mistress’s, would they be indulgent towards their slaves or would they be strict? The other two slaves on auction looked tense and looked at the bidders nervously. Did they have their own special fears or were they just frightened by the fact that they were just toys on sale to the very rich?

Mistress Janet introduced the bidders to the lots.

Denise was described as a sensitive slave who had belonged to a rich heiress. Her training was described in detail as well as the fact that she had already escaped one Mistress and needed to be kept securely.

Three of the women including the oldest seemed to show particular interest so when the time came that the bidders could inspect them more closely, they came forward.

The oldest of the women was dressed in so much gold that she rattled as she walked. She was perhaps seventy and wore a long but tight dress in pink that allowed her wrinkled breasts to swell slightly under a mass of gold chains.

With wizened fingers she fingered Denise and told her to open her legs to allow a proper inspection. Denise did so and the older woman fingered the slave's sex. One long nailed finger poked right into Denise before she gave a little tug to check whether or not Denise was still complete.

"This one hasn't been snipped," she complained petulantly. "I prefer a full operation to remove all the pleasure from sex." Mistress Jenny overheard the sour comment and came over.

"We prefer to leave them as we find them. If you wish to change the slave once you buy her then that is your business, but it does mean that you get the slave you want rather than the one that you don't," she said smoothly.

"All my female slaves are clipped and closed," said the older Mistress. "that way they can concentrate on my delicate pleasures rather than their own gratification," she continued rather importantly. "I insist on the strictest discipline where my pleasure is concerned." With that she turned to one of the other older bidders who was nodding her agreement. "Slaves nowadays have no respect. But my darling private surgeon can do such wonders with even the most stubborn slave."

"Oh, I do so agree," said the other woman as she looked over the other two slaves. "Clipped slaves are so much more amenable and placid."

"Selling them intact is so modern," continued the first woman with a sneer. "I remember the day when all slaves were prepared properly for auction." She sipped at her cocktail with pursed lips and then went on. "I have one slave with twenty years of service. She is getting on a bit, but her technique is so stimulating. I dare say that if I had not had her clipped she would never have been so attentive to my satisfaction all these years."

Denise shuddered as the two of them discussed the merits of various changes that could be made to their slaves. They talked over Denise as though she wasn't there.

"I like these full breasts, they would look so elegant if they were a little larger," said the first woman as she stroked them, indicating the size she required by cupping her hands a full six inches under Denise's full bosom. "and I have heard that removal of the arms is so fashionable nowadays, perhaps I need to experiment more?"

Her tongue flicked over her rouged lips as she pondered the erotic potential of creating by destroying.

The other older woman just smiled in answer and allowed her hand to drift over Denise's face. One finger popped into her mouth and moved to explore.

"I have tried it, it is so dreamy to have real helplessness under one's command. You must try it my dear."

"I believe I shall, do you have the name of a reputable surgeon?"

"Oh yes my dear, and a dentist who can make sure that no slave can ever bite or scratch..."

Denise shivered and prayed that neither of them bought her. But she had no choice, a life of servitude to one of these rich evil Mistresses did not appeal at all. One of the other Mistresses listened to the conversation but made no comment. She seemed to show an interest in Denise. She did not touch the slave but inspected her with a careful eye. Then she winked at her and moved on to the other two girls.

Slowly the bidders settled down to wait for the auction. Denise could feel the eyes of the two older women settle on her. As she watched one of them smiled at her and let her tongue circle her heavily rouged lips with a misplaced erotic symbolism. Denise could almost feel herself under the surgeon's knife already.

Then bidding began.

One of the other slaves was taken to the podium. The bidders simply raised their hands to increase the bids by a thousand dollars. Denise could feel the tension rise as only two bidders were left. One was the second older woman. She raised the bid again and again whilst her eyes devoured the object on the podium. Finally the man bidding against her dropped out and the slave had been sold to her for thirty thousand dollars.

Denise was next.

From the raised stage she could see all those who had the chance to own her. The men were dressed in suits, the women in glamorous evening wear. At the very rear of the hall was the attendant with the mobile phone to take bids from those who could not attend.

From the start the bidding was intense. By the time that the price had reached thirty thousand Denise could see that there were just three who were competing to buy her. A bidder on the phone, the younger woman who had winked at her and the older woman who had talked so much about having her slaves altered.

Denise had convinced herself that the phone bidder was Miss Clearmont, and she had almost unlimited reserves to buy back her runaway! At fifty thousand the older woman dropped out of the bidding with a gesture of frustration and fixed her attention on the remaining slave. Denise could feel her knees tremble and her head grew light. But the bidding passed sixty and seventy thousand without either of the bidders dropping out. Suddenly she was sold.

The telephone bidder had dropped out. Denise was sold to the young woman who had winked at her, for a cool eighty five thousand dollars. As she was led naked from the hall, dazed and almost light headed, she wondered what was in store.

The Doll's House

Denise was driven in the backseat of the limousine for about an hour. She had a fleeting impression of passing countryside flashing by. Trees flashed past in the gloom of dusk occasionally broken by the lamps of the small neat towns that scatter the north end of the island. She was alone with her thoughts, the driver separated from her by a smoked glass partition.

One ankle was chained to the car, but otherwise she was not fettered. Her perceptions were dulled by the exquisite comfort of the car and the meaningless passing of the countryside. The car came to a halt and a grey haired man opened the door. He unlocked the ankle restraint and helped her on to the gravelled drive. A huge grey stoned house, ivy covered and with an air of indefinable maturity, loomed in the twilight.

“Welcome to my humble abode,” said the man as he led her up the short set of steps to the house.

Denise felt as though he was being ironic but he spoke with such seriousness that Denise could not be sure. As they reached the door another large limousine pulled up and the youngish woman who had bought Denise stepped out.

Inside the house was a huge hallway. A broad stairway swept into the unlit reaches of the house with a swirl of walnut and dark oak. The man held Denise's elbow in a strong grip as they waited for the Mistress to enter the house.

Wearing a sable fur coat that was almost ankle length she entered and with an almost demure peck on the man's cheek she kissed him lightly.

“Well then Michael, what do you think?”

“What a wonderful gift,” the man replied with a grin. “You really do have the most exceptional taste Claudia.”

Claudia stepped back a moment to get a good look at Denise and then winked at Michael. “She is yours to do as you like. Of course she will need some discipline because she has a history of trying to escape. But she should be a perfect doll for you.”

With a clap of the hands Michael shouted:

“Bessie, Arthur!”

Two large dogs bounded into view. With a rush they raced down the stairs and threw themselves at Michael.

“This is Bessie,” said Michael, “and this is Arthur.

He let the two dogs sniff at Denise, who stood stock still with fright.

“They will not let you out of the house. In fact if they find you outside they will rip you to shreds.”

He petted the two dogs with affection.

“But you do not wish to leave do you?”

“No.” said Denise in a whisper.

“You are my birthday present for my husband.” said Claudia. “You are to please him and serve him. I am sure that you will carry out your duties without question.”

“Yes Mistress.” replied Denise.

Claudia turned to her husband and said. “The party guests will be here in an hour, we must prepare for them.”

“You will come with me now whilst my husband gets ready.”

Claudia led Denise up the stairs to a plush bedroom. The entire room was draped with red satin with a huge bed standing in the centre as it’s only furniture. Claudia pulled a chain from under the bed and fastened Denise’s ankle to it with the snap of a padlock. She then shed the fur coat with a shrug of the shoulders and stepped out of her dress.

As she stripped off her clothes she spoke to Denise.

“My husband is a industrious man. He needs to relax in ways that do not suit my temperament. You will fulfil that purpose. Sometimes he needs to dominate his bed in the same way that he dominates his business. Ruthlessly and without mercy. Do not be deceived by his obliging manner.”

By now Claudia was naked and Denise looked at her trim body and small breasts as she imagined her new master trying to dominate this self willed woman in bed. Claudia ignored the new slave and selected a dress, laying it on the bed with matching underwear.

“When Michael needs to subdue, you will perform for him. If you question his commands or do not willingly submit you will be punished by me. You can be sure that I will teach you the meaning of punishment if you do not satisfy him. It always starts with a caning of fifty strokes and finishes with you begging to obey.”

Claudia pulled the dress over her head and made some adjustments before turning to the prone Denise.

“I happen to know that you are wanted by Miss Clearmont and I see her mark on you. I know her well, in fact she will be here tonight. One single wrong move and I shall sell you to her. I

can acquire a profit at the same time because I hear that she now has the wherewithal to pay almost any price for you!”

Her head swimming with fear, Denise prostrated herself on the floor. Naked and chained she shook with fear.

“Please, Mistress. I will not disappoint you or your husband. I am your slave to command. Please, please do not send me to Miss Clearmont, I beg you.” Denise was nearly crying with emotion.

Claudia placed her hand on Denise’s exposed rear and gently stroked it. “If you are a good girl then you may get the chance to please me as well, my little submissive dolly. My husband is often a little soft so I may be able to add contrast to your life.”

Denise did not see the door close, suddenly she was in the dark on her own. The dark and the fear closed in on her as she shivered at the end of the bed that was to be her only place of employment.

“So there I was, in my office when the alarm went off.”

Miss Clearmont had a drink in one hand and a slim cigar in the other. She was in discussion with a young man who seemed to hang on her very word. “and when I got to the cell she was gone. I still do not know who broke her out but I am sure to recapture the obese slut. God, she is now so fat she cannot walk a hundred feet without a rest!”

“Some one must have known that she was there.” remarked the young man as he tried to get Miss Clearmont to continue the story.

“Well. Kathy does have some friends I suppose, but which one had the nerve to break her out of my house will regret that he or she ever went up against Miss Clearmont.”

Miss Clearmont paused to take a sip of her martini and looked over the rim of the glass at the young man. As she did so she noted the way that he could not take his eyes off her extensive cleavage.

‘Here was grist for the mill,’ she mused as she wondered whether he could be corrupted. *‘Yes, she was thinking. All men could be corrupted, and most women.’*

At that moment Claudia joined the pair with a swish of black silk. For a moment she looked at the tight leather dress that Miss Clearmont had poured herself into. Yes she was looking stunning. Leaner and more in control of herself. The thin corseted waist swelled into the generous hips while the seamless leather pulled around her thighs so tight that the stocking tops were visible through the dress.

More noticeable to Claudia was the fact that Miss Clearmont had allowed the surgeon’s knife to add to her swelling breasts and smooth the skin on her angular face. Money suited Miss Clearmont.

Claudia smiled indulgently at the young man. He was an only son of a very rich widow. Jeffrey had money. Jeffrey was spoiled and Jeffrey's hobby was kinky sex. Already at nineteen he was joining the rich, exclusive network of slave owners and buyers. His mother was bedridden and gave him an allowance that allowed him to indulge himself in ways that she could not begin to imagine. His hazardous fascination for the dangerous Miss Clearmont was apparent. "Miss Clearmont, you are looking so sexy in leather, and so youthful."

Miss Clearmont smiled. "Not as young as I would like, but younger every day." She raised her glass in a prim little toast and then took another sip.

Mistress Greta joined the little group. The slim champagne glass in her hand held delicately. She was dressed in red lace, a tight laced silk basque over a lacy dress, femininity contrasting with her muscular figure. Mistress Greta took a long draw on her slim cigarette before she spoke.

"A wonderful party Claudia, but how your husband flirts." She made a pointed glance across the room where Michael stood chatting with two young girls. One of his hands rested around a slim hip the right arm over the other girl's shoulder, fingers almost entering the low neckline.

"Yes. I let him flirt, but he is mine!"

Mistress Greta chuckled. "Ah yes, most wives own their husbands, even though the men would deny it! I hear from Jenny that you bought him an expensive, unusual but charming present."

"Unusual? I think that every man needs a distraction from humdrum life. Men are so single-minded. Charming? Yes there are others who would like to have that item I hear!" replied Claudia with a knowing smile.

Jeffrey smiled. "Not many wives would buy their husband such a welcome distraction, but I hear that you have bought him several over the years. That is certainly unusual."

He looked furtively at Miss Clearmont as if expecting her to comment.

She did not disappoint him.

"I *too* hear that you bought a very special slave."

She smiled a knowing smile and ran her finger around the top of the cocktail glass to make a brief musical tone. "A person much in demand."

With a laugh Claudia made an ironic little curtsy to Miss Clearmont. "How well you know me my dear Miss Clearmont. Yes. I have acquired a very collectable item. Perhaps you would like a look?"

"No need Claudia. When your husband has finished enjoying his new pet and needs a new distraction I may well buy Denise from you. But for now it is enough to know that she is in your very safe hands." Miss Clearmont made a toast with a motion of her glass. "To money and sex."

“I second that,” said Jeffrey, not quite following the exchange, but eager to follow Miss Clearmont’s lead. He was clearly interested in Miss Clearmont, a slight bulge in his trousers betraying his attraction.

Claudia took a glance across the room. If anything Michael was getting even more familiar with the two tipsy girls.

“My house is your house,” she said to the group. “Feel free to wander, you may look over the interesting collection upstairs if you wish.” With a wink at Mistress Greta she left the group to meander across to where her husband’s hands were better under her control.

Miss Clearmont smiled and said. “Claudia pretends such nonchalance but she is just a little possessive, even if self controlled. In a few months she will sell Denise to me just as she has moved most of her slaves on when her hubby gets too attached.”

She turned back to the group.

“I must be leaving this party soon. I have to be at the Airport at six to catch my flight to Europe.”

“Europe?” asked the Jeffrey. He looked a little disappointed.

“Business and pleasure. Business in perfumed Vienna. Pleasure in the leather stews of Hamburg and Amsterdam,” replied Miss Clearmont. “I am sure that Mistress Greta will keep you amused, I really must go and speak to Mandy about her responsibilities for the next couple of months.”

With that she placed her half-filled glass on the waiting tray of a male servant.

As Miss Clearmont made her way across the crowded room she stopped for a moment to exchange a word with Claudia. Mistress Greta and Jeffrey watched her. His eyes followed Miss Clearmont’s swaying hips greedily. It was clear that Miss Clearmont was becoming an obsession, a dangerous fixation.

Mistress Greta noted his interest and could not resist commenting:

“An attractive lady, but not to be taken at all lightly.”

Jeffrey tore his eyes from Miss Clearmont’s shapely legs in their glossy high heels and turned to Mistress Greta. “She is truly a goddess amongst the mortals but she is not the only magnificent woman here tonight!”

With a casual movement his left hand came to rest on Mistress Greta’s hip.

She turned to face him.

Even in her high heels she had to look up at the tall young man. With a purse of the lips she nestled into him. He could smell her perfume and see into her deep décolletage.

One of her hands slipped down to his crotch. A small squeeze told her that Jeffrey was ripe for the plucking. His prick pressed against her hand but she released it. She took a sip at her glass and remembered the mission that she had been given by her friend Miss Clearmont:

‘Make sure that it really was Denise that Claudia had bought.’

With a husky voice she whispered into Jeffrey’s ear. “I think that we should take up Claudia’s kind invitation and explore the house. And, while we are at it we can explore each other’s very private interests as well.”

Another light touch at his straining erection convinced him of the appeal of the idea.

Claudia noticed the pair of them climbing the stairs. She smiled inwardly as she turned back to speak to her husband. It was important that to her Miss Clearmont knew the identity of her new acquisition.

The darkness at the top of the stairs allowed Mistress Greta to stop and kiss Jeffrey lightly on the lips. As she did so one hand caught the knot of his cravat and loosened it. He could smell the perfume again, the smoky breath and the clean smell of her smooth skin. He returned the kiss and cupped one large breast in his right hand.

“I am sure that we can find somewhere private where we can indulge ourselves,” said Mistress Greta.

They moved on and opened the first door on the landing. The room was a drawing room. Expensive furniture and a desk. Mistress Greta closed the door. “I think that this is Michael’s office.” she said. Below, in the downstairs room they could hear the chatter and the music of the party continue. The couple wandered on. The next door led into a marble bathroom.

“I think that we are looking for a bed,” said Jeffrey with a smile.

The next door opened into an unlit room. Mistress Greta groped for and found the light.

“Aha,” she breathed. A room in red, a huge, inviting bed. Everywhere satin and silk, oak and mahogany and, best of all...

A forlorn Denise chained to the bed.

Denise had almost slept. The carpet was soft and thick. The dark was only slightly relieved by the meagre light from under the door, the chain holding her was long and thin and Denise quickly found where it was attached to the floor by a thick metal staple. Even though she was naked the room was warm and comfortable.

For a moment she considered lying on the bed but instinctively she knew that that would not be permitted. Just as she was dozing the door opened and Mistress Greta and Jeffrey entered. She sat up with a start. Immediately she recognized Mistress Greta and her heart fell.

“Well look what we have here,” said Jeffrey. “Naked-ass Barbie!”

Miss Greta closed the door behind her and locked it.

So it really was Denise!

Miss Clearmont would be so delighted that the runaway had been found safe and sound. Of course the slave had to stay with the present owner. There was a certain owner's code to follow in such *delicate* matters and it was so *crude* to ask to buy without an offer. But there again Claudia had a reputation of buying slaves and then reselling them within a few months so Denise was sure to find herself back in the cells in Miss Clearmont's basement within a short time.

"Let me introduce Denise, Jeffrey," said Mistress Greta. "She escaped from Miss Clearmont a while ago and Miss Clearmont wants her back. But as you know, slaves are not stolen they are bought."

Jeffrey moved to stand behind Mistress Greta. With a movement he cupped her breasts. For a moment his fingers brushed her nipples through the red lace. Then, slowly, he pulled down the dress to expose the huge breasts. Mistress Greta pressed herself into his bulging crotch with a slow motion of the hips and took a drag at her cigarette.

"I think that we can use this bitch, my dear Jeffrey, as long as we do not damage her. Claudia would be so upset if her husband's birthday present was marked."

Jeffrey's hand moved over the stiff corset on Mistress Greta's narrow waist, but a movement of Mistress Greta's hands stopped him short of her crotch and her hands guided his back up to her nipples where he felt the small posts that pierced them. He strummed the jewellery with his fingertips, gratified that her nipples swelled with pleasure at his subtle touch.

"My shoes slave." said Mistress Greta in a husky voice.

Denise crawled to the full length of the ankle chain and licked the red patent leather, tongue flicking over the smooth surface as her naked behind swayed erotically.

Mistress Greta looked down at the busy slave. She noted the cleft of Denise's ass and the tremble that betrayed the suppressed sobs. She could feel the excitement mount. The excitement that came from the finding of Denise and that other feeling she always got before she made a man her victim.

The victim of his addiction to sex.

Greta was so often the user of the men who lusted after Miss Clearmont, but that just made the sex so much better for her, so much more piquant.

Jeffrey took her engorged nipples and rolled them between his fingers as Denise moved to the other foot and attended to the other shoe. For a moment Miss Greta felt the slave's tongue on her stockings.

"My shoes you fucking bitch, not my stockings!"

Jeffrey tried again to lower his hands to her waist. Mistress Greta stopped him and said. "My breasts need your attention now little boy, there is time enough for other and better things later."

She felt him shrug as he cupped her in his large hands.

Denise worked her way to the heels of the stilettos. Her body shook with sobs and fear. Mistress Greta looked down at the trembling slave and her pretty ownership tattoo as she slipped her right hand to Jeffrey's trousers and with a deft movement she undid the zipper and slipped in.

He felt her long sharp nails catch his prick for a moment as she grasped him. Then with an expert twist of her fingers his erection was standing free pressing into the rough lace of her flounced skirt as she pulled it back. The tender tip rubbed against raw lace making Jeffrey quiver. Mistress Greta now had the boy completely in hand.

"Now my legs slave," Mistress Greta wanted to feel her slave's attentions.

Denise licked first the lacy ankles. Her tongue felt raw against the rough pattern of the stockings. The seam under her tongue felt sharp enough to cut her. Slowly Denise raised herself as she worked higher noting the strong muscles of the calves and the tendons that tented the stockings at the backs of the knees.

Mistress Greta moved her hips as she felt the tongue work higher.

As she did so Jeffrey almost winced as his cock strained against the moving dress. When Denise reached her stocking tops Mistress Greta slowly turned to face Jeffrey. For a moment her heel came to rest on Denise's hand. She almost allowed herself to put her weight on the foot when she remembered that Denise was not her slave, yet.

Now Denise's head was under Mistress Greta's dress. Her tongue found the uncovered flesh of the strong thighs. It was smooth and pleasant after the rough stocking tops. Her eyes were closed as her tongue reached the crease of the firm buttocks. Now Mistress Greta had turned to fully face Jeffrey she cautiously massaged the tops of Miss Greta's powerful legs with her lips and tongue.

Jeffrey's prick jutted like a pole from his trousers as Mistress Greta put her hand to his waist. Moments later Jeffrey was stepping out of his trousers. His shoes kicked off, naked from the waist down, he pinched the engorged nipples of his lover. She started and moaned almost involuntarily and then smiled with sly pleasure.

"Does this prick need a warm hole?" teased Mistress Greta.

"God. Yes." Came the awaited reply.

"Just wait a moment There are more holes for you to fuck than just mine!"

Mistress Greta moved back. For a moment she opened her thighs and trapped her slave's head between them. Denise felt the power as her head was held in an iron grip. With a deft

movement Mistress Greta lifted her dress. Her hands slipped down to Jeffrey's naked ass and pulled him in with the spiky pressure of her nails. His cock hesitated for a moment before slipping into Denise's already open mouth.

Denise felt the tip of the erection press against her parted lips. She opened wide and allowed the swollen organ to enter and touch the back of her mouth. The pressure on the side of her head increased, forcing her jaws wide and her lips guided the prick past her teeth allowing him to slowly fuck her mouth.

As the gorged cock smoothly reamed her mouth, she could feel the pulse and quiver of muscles as the tip touched the back of her throat. Mistress Greta controlled the fuck with exquisite authority. Her sharp nails prompted his motions. She controlled his access to the slave's mouth. She dug in her nails. For a moment he felt the hot tip of the cigarette in Greta's hand then the warmth and depth of the slave's orifice. He plunged in deep and rhythmically, he could feel a rising pulse in his temple and that almost sweet moment just before the orgasm is sure.

Mistress Greta pressed her breasts to him. Her grip on the cheeks of his ass controlled him with the rhythmic pin pricks of her nails. A slight jerk in his balls signaled coming orgasm. Somehow Mistress Greta sensed his peak and held him tightly, preventing him moving in slave's open mouth. His climax faded and receded as Greta felt a small thrill of gratification.

"Has the nasty little fuck-bitch spoiled your coming?" asked Mistress Greta with a theatrical sigh.

It took a moment before Jeffrey could answer. "The stupid cow stopped deliberately," he said petulantly.

Denise waited. Jeffrey's cock was deep in her mouth. She could feel the shrinking as he slowly lost his erection. With her tongue she massaged the diminishing organ but the erotic charge was lost and he had lost his orgasm. With lacy clad thighs over her ears she could not hear the conversation over her head. She just felt that something had gone wrong but all her efforts could not stop the withering of his cock.

Mistress Greta released the trapped head so suddenly that Denise did not have time to brace herself. Jeffrey's prick slid out of her mouth and she collapsed into a heap.

"Would you like to undress for me?" said Mistress Greta. She started to unbutton his shirt and helped his jacket off his shoulders with a small movement. It only took her a moment to have him naked, standing amongst a heap of his clothes.

For answer Jeffrey reached round and unhooked the back of Mistress Greta's dress. Her dress came away in two parts, a skirt and a top. The corset stayed. Long straps from it ran under her pants and supported her stockings.

Denise looked up at Mistress Greta. Powerful legs, stockings and a basque. She drew in a sharp breath. There was no mistaking, a huge prick from Mistress Greta's groin tenting her lacy pants from the inside.

Shaven and powerful it quivered as Mistress Greta pulled Jeffrey to her.

He could not see the straining erection that proved Mistress Greta to be a man.

Mistress Greta slid round Jeffrey and pushed him to the bed. There he fell forward onto his hands. Mistress Greta reached between his open thighs and grasped his flaccid organ. With a slight twist she pulled it and stroked it.

“Can you please a sexually demanding woman like me?” she asked.

“Please let me try. Please let me.” he croaked.

Mistress Greta signaled to Denise to take his growing prick and then she worked her way up Jeffrey’s prone form. She tucked his arms under his body and then turned to face his rear. Her knees passed over his head to leave him face down by her bulging erection, then she put her hand under his chin.

Denise worked at his straining prick. His erection swelled anew as he anticipated his confrontation with a juicy pussy. A slave working his manhood. A strong woman needing his skilful tongue on her clit.

Mistress Greta held Jeffrey's head down with one hand as she pointed to Jeffrey’s ass with the other. Denise knew what to do and slipped her tongue deep into the crack of his buttocks. She felt the button of his hole with her tongue and licked it as all the while she massaged his cock.

“Make me come little boy,” whispered Mistress Greta as she cupped his chin and pulled his head up to confront her straining cock.

Jeffrey opened his mouth to speak. As he did so the huge organ plunged between his lips. For a moment he struggled but Mistress Greta’s knees pinned his shoulders and his arms were trapped by his weight. With a smooth rocking motion the hips drove the prick into his mouth with a fierce movement of Greta’s thighs. A servile tongue probed his ass hole and his cock strained to an insistent rhythm of hands running it’s length. Mistress Greta covered his eyes with her thumbs pressing the sharp nails against his lids.

“Will you swallow for me little lover?” Mistress Greta’s voice was rough with pent up excitement.

This was the moment she enjoyed as much as orgasm.

A poor straight guy below her, prick ready to burst.

But if he wanted it he had to cock-suck and Greta fully directed the oral rape. The pressure on his eyes increased slightly as he tried to nod. He could feel the sharp nails and surrendered.

Denise, with raised eyes, could see Mistress Greta. A triumphant look on her face betrayed her rapt enjoyment. It was more than sex and power, it was a sneer and a self-satisfied look of total control. She licked her lips and signaled to Denise by poking her pointed tongue and wiggling it. Denise moved slightly to envelop his balls with her lips as she pulled his cock

back in strong strokes. Mistress Greta had won the battle and could now enjoy the rewards of her sexual cunning.

A quiver and Jeffrey came, prick jerking and pulsing as a jet of come washed his quivering thighs.

“Suck me off little Jeffrey. Now!”

Jeffrey sucked but felt the massive prick withdraw from between his pursed lips. A splatter of come across his chin and lips and the monstrous cock withdrew further to pump over his face.

With a jerk Mistress Greta lifted his head. Her come dripped from his face and mouth. She noted the look of subdued shock on his face and nestled forwards.

“If you are a good boy and lick me I shall reward you so sweetly.” she said.

As she did so she moved forward to push her wet groin into his face. Once again the swollen prick pressed into his mouth. This time he opened willingly and sucked the glistening liquid from her cock.

“I did not tell you to stop, bitch,” said Mistress Greta in a loud voice. It was no longer clear who her bitch was!

With a final look at the victorious Mistress, Denise slid her hand through the damp and grasped the spent prick. Her lips pursed as she worked to excite the young master.

Mistress Greta looked down.

Jeffrey's lips were closed around the very root of her organ. Come splattered his hair and face as he worked to excite her, his goddess of sex. She slid her hands to her large firm breasts and grasped the extended nipples roughly.

In the next hour he would become hers. He would do her bidding. Not because she could force him to, but because it was the power of sex that controlled him and drew him on. Finally she would reward him. She would let him fuck her ass, her sweet tight ass.

And Denise?

She would keep his interest.

After all, a woman in the bed helped him to come to terms with this strange new variation of sex. Already she could feel her prick swell again. Her nipples were becoming more sensitive. Mistress Greta knew that there was no feeling like *total* conquest, and sexual triumph was the most exquisite pleasure of all.

Toy Box

“Make sure that you look after him!” Claudia made a last comment to Mistress Greta with a wink as they got into Greta’s car.

By Mistress Greta’s side was Jeffrey. He had one hand on her knee, his cravat was not tied, one cuff of his shirt had no link and his hair was stiff with his mistress’ dried come.

Claudia shut the car door and stood as the car smoothly sailed into the dawn; the party had been a success but her life was descending into mediocrity.

For a moment she shivered as Michael put his hand on her shoulder. In his bedroom was the whore that she had bought for him. How different this all was from her original ideas of marriage. Then it had all been so easy. Michael had just started out. She was in charge of her own life. Now she ran scared as Michael ran both their lives with his desires riding the driving seat.

With a turn of her heel she faced Michael.

“Darling, spend the night with me.”

She pressed herself into his body and looked up at him with pleading eyes.

Placing his hands on her shoulders he smiled as he looked into her eyes. “But you have bought me such a lovely present! Tomorrow we can unlock the doors between the bedrooms.”

She sighed under her breath.

‘How was she going to get back in control?’

Hand in hand they walked back into the house. Michael thought of his new little sex doll upstairs whilst Claudia pondered how she could regain mastery of her own life.

Michel entered the room.

He refrained from switching on the light.

His bed dominated the room and at it’s silken foot lay his new toy.

Denise was naked, vulnerable and asleep. Curled up on the soft carpet with the ankle chain snaking under the bed. With approval Michael noted her breasts. Not large but well formed they did not sag but gently rose and fell with her steady breathing. Her firm stomach and long legs. Denise was indeed exactly the bed doll that he had dreamed of. He hoped that she would be perfect in temperament.

He moved to the bed without stirring her. He noted Miss Clearmont’s ownership tattoo. He also saw how her curved back and slender waist swelled at the hips forming a perfect ass for fucking.

Crouching down by her side he gently brushed his fingers against Denise's lips. With a start she woke from her light sleep. He saw the fear in her eyes. Her eyes rolled for a moment as she took in his face.

"You really are a perfect little fucktoy," said Michael with a smile. His hand wandered from lips, chin, neck and made it's way to her breasts. For a moment his fingertips brushed her ringed nipples. Then they wandered over her taut belly to her naked sex. Denise straightened her legs and opened them obediently.

"And so obedient my dear."

Michael's finger slipped into the naked lips of Denise's pussy and touched the ring.

"You are mine now." The probing finger slipped in deeper and explored the depths.

As it did so Denise felt a gentle pulling at the ring in her flesh and a swelling warm feeling as she surrendered.

"You will be perfect. Just lay still and be my submissive little fuck-puppet."

Michael moved his other hand through her short hair and then over her face. His gentle fingertips brushed her eyes closed and then slipped to her lips. He saw Denise relax. Her thighs relaxed allowing him to massage her. Her head tipped to the side as his fingers touched and fondled her ear.

'She is so responsive.' he thought as he saw her tongue ran over her lips.

He withdrew his hands and undressed. His bed-dolly watched him. Through half closed eyes she saw him cast his last clothes aside. Then one of her hands crept out across the carpet. It moved between his kneeling thighs and came to rest just below his hanging balls. There it stopped as if awaiting an order. Michael moved to lay down covering the panting Denise. His erection pressed into her belly. Her breasts felt warm on his chest.

"Fuck me!" asked the slave.

His finger closed her lips as he indicated that silence was required. She could feel her juices rising. Her master slipped down her body. The sweat from both their bodies allowed them to glide without friction. The tip of his rod pressed against her pussy for a moment, pausing at the gates of her flesh, then suddenly he was in. With smooth strokes he shafted her. His lips brushed hers as she came. Her thighs shuddered and shook as he pumped at her. Deeply he pushed. The root of his prick pressed against the ring in her clitoris and she came again. Denise felt him filling her, opening her out with steady strokes.

The feeling was the best sex that she had ever had. She was subdued, dominated, commanded, controlled and fucked. She twitched as waves of sensual energy spread from groin to panting lips. A haze of pleasure took her as she pressed her hips into his. He responded by pinning her to the floor with his body.

"Don't move little sex doll, just enjoy."

Denise relaxed and soaked in the sensuality. Michael watched her face. The parted lips. The pointed tongue. The closed eyes. With a surge of power he thrust deep into her. He felt himself come and as he did so his little puppet smiled.

“You are perfect.” Michael lay on his slave and rested. She just puckered her lips to kiss but made no move to lift her head.

He touched her lips and let her kiss his fingers.

“Do not speak, just obey. That is all. You are a doll. A puppet. A sexual marionette. Sometimes you will be dressed to play a part. Other times you will not have to do any more than be fucked by me. From now on you will not speak. No word need pass your lips.”

Denise nodded and relaxed her whole body. Her legs fell open and her hands fell to her sides. If her master required her to be passive she would comply.

For the first time there were no threats. No indications of coming punishment, no conflicts and pressures just an intense shared need and simple orders to fulfil. After the nightmare of Mistress Greta came the caring ownership that Denise had dreamed of finding.

Leaving his slave on the floor, Michael went to the bed. From a drawer in the bed he took a long chain. With a smile he used it to extend the one that attached to Denise’s ankle. Now her chain was long enough to reach all parts of the room. Michael picked her up and took her to a curtain on the wall. He placed her on her feet and opened the door concealed behind the folds of red silk. There was a small bathroom. A shower and glass sink as well as a toilet. Michael took Denise’s arm and helped her into the shower.

From her bedroom Claudia could hear Michael playing with his new sex doll. Claudia turned on her side. She could make out a slight light where the door to Michael’s room allowed a glow to pass between floor and door. Claudia knew that Michael would be obsessed by his new toy. She had seen it all before. First he would be gentle with it. All he would require would be passivity. All Denise would have to do would be lie there. Denise, like all the others would be glad that their new master was so intent on pleasure.

Claudia shuffled on the bed, uncomfortable. When she analysed her feelings she knew that she had become her husband’s procurer. Her gifts of slaves and bed dollies were working against her own best interests. With each new one she lost a little more of her contact and power over her husband.

At first she had believed that he needed her to find new flesh, now she was not so sure. One thing was sure, and that was that Claudia would *not* become some sort of passive dolly. What she needed was a plan of action. Somehow she had to gain a full ascendancy over her husband’s sexuality or regain her own by other means. Claudia thought back to Denise.

Yes, at first Michael would seem only intent on pleasure, for both master and slave. But then he would begin to take his little fantasies further. First he might bind his dolly. With her immobile he could really enjoy the helpless captive.

Next would come the dressing up.

Claudia sighed. Denise, like the others would end up as a permanently bound and restricted manikin. Simply a passive set of fuck holes. Then she might be sold on and Claudia would get her husband a new one. Or she might end up like the one in the basement. That was always a possibility. She needed to speak to someone who could help her, who would understand her husband. Claudia was a strong woman but she needed guidance.

Love And The Sex Toy

Denise was slowly regaining herself. It had taken weeks but Michael was so gentle.

True of course, she was only an object to him and she had never left her master's bedroom.

Most nights he came to her. Otherwise she had no other duties. The room was empty of all distractions, just a bed, not even pictures on the walls. Sometimes Michael had dressed her in an outfit. So far Denise had been a nurse, a maid and naked. She had lain there whilst he fucked her brains out. Never had she orgasmed so often. But she was not allowed to speak.

“You must never speak a word. If you do you will break the spell and I shall be severely disappointed.” he had said after one session in which he had dressed her as a maid.

Denise had not even nodded in reply. She understood his fantasy would be broken but she had not spoken a word now for weeks. She never saw Claudia. It was Michael that always fed her. Denise felt more and more bottled up. Michael almost seemed to get as much out of dressing her up as the resulting sex. He chose her clothes and dressed her. He tied the laces on her shoes and the bows of the pink dresses. Then he arranged her on the bed or floor for yet more sex.

Now it was early morning with the light stealing in through the heavy curtains and Denise lay on the floor, at the foot of her master's bed.

She stared at the ceiling and listened to Michael's breathing. It was regular and steady. Slowly she picked herself up.

She could see Michael.

He lay amongst the crumpled sheets of last night's sex. Now that she was standing she could see his powerful physique. His large, but flaccid cock, his hairy chest and around his neck a short chain. On the chain was the key to Denise's chains. Denise had never even considered trying to escape. The thought of the dogs was enough to hold her back.

Denise moved to the bathroom. Her silver ankle chain made no sound on the thick carpet.

Gently she opened the door and entered.

For half an hour she would forget servitude, sex, pain and slavery as she stood under the streaming water. Then she would wait and wait. Hours later as the day dimmed to night her Master *might* come. If he did, she would once again be Dolly. She would passively lie as Michael entered her. He would service her. She would orgasm and be almost smothered in sexual pleasure. Then he would screw her over again and come as she lay soundless and responsive. A day would have passed and another similar one would begin. She felt tears start in her eyes. Washed as they were by the shower she still felt them warm her face. Denise trembled with anguish. There was no escape, she was just his property like his car, house and dogs.

She was so taken by her self-pity that she did not hear the bathroom door open. Michael slipped into the room and watched her in the shower.

He saw her cry and shudder with sobs.

'It is time,' he sighed to himself.

This little Dolly was not nearly passive enough.

What a shame!

She had seemed *so* perfect as he first fucked her. So still and quiescent as he brought her to climax. Now she was starting to become independent. Michael slipped out of the bathroom before Denise noticed that he was there. He really felt as though he was in love with her. She just needed his guidance to become a perfect silent lover. A gag for silence and a nice restrictive garment would make her feel like loving him in return. She would forget her cares and be fully his fuck-doll. Curly blond hair would make her perfect. He would feed her and look after all her bodily needs and she would in return love him and be his perfect puppet.

'Black or pink? That was the question.'

'Which of the costumes would she enjoy the most?' He thought as he headed for the wardrobes.

"Michael you really are the limit," said Claudia as she lifted the fresh orange juice to her lips. "Either we have a proper household of slaves or we have none at all." She sipped the juice and waited for Michael to reply.

"Well then we should indulge ourselves properly. Dismiss all the servants and replace them with domestic slaves. At least that way we no longer have to conceal the slaves from the paid servants." he replied.

Claudia considered his reply. What he really seemed to be saying was that he wanted to keep his sex slaves. His little dollies. Claudia saw an opportunity to assert some control.

"OK then. But I select the new slaves as I run the household." she said.

"Umm, honey. Whatever you want," he replied almost absentmindedly.

“I’ll go to see Janet then.” said Claudia. “In fact I think that I’ll go today and have a word with her. After all she is the expert.”

Another thought passed through her mind. “How much can we spend?”

“Oh, spend as much as you like honey. When you’ve discussed it with Janet we’ll see just how much it all costs.”

As soon as Michael went out to his office Claudia set off. The drive was uneventful and allowed her time to sketch out her plan. They had four paid staff. All would have to be replaced, and that included the gardener she reminded herself. Fantasies of muscular men passed through her head. If Michael had his little dollies, she would indulge herself as well.

‘Yes,’ she thought. *‘Muscular, willing, obedient and with plenty of stamina.’*

As she drove past the gates of Janet’s large house her mind was firmly fixed on her requirements and fantasies of pleasurable nights. She had spent far too many nights alone.

She needed more, so much fucking more!

Claudia found Mistress Janet by the house door. Dressed for riding and carrying a short crop she cut a fine figure as she discussed the exercise of the horses with one of the grooms.

With a smile she greeted her friend and ushered her into the house. A young man took Claudia’s coat and she was led into a large sitting room. The walls were hung with oils that matched the luxurious carpets and classical furniture. As soon as the two friends sat down the same man returned and offered them a drink from the decanters on the small occasional table.

“What a surprise to see you my dear,” said Mistress Janet as she reached for a slim cigar from the silver box by the decanters.

“I do not visit as often as I should,” confessed Claudia. She took a sip of the sherry in her hand and continued. “But I have to admit that this is not just a casual visit.

Mistress Janet fingered the crop. “I suppose it’s about your recent purchase from me,” she said with a slight smile.

“Yes and no,” replied Claudia. “Michael and I have decided that we want to replace our servants with some of your slaves.”

“And you need some advice, I suppose,” broke in Janet. With a flourish she lit her cigarillo and drew from it deeply.

Claudia sipped again at her sherry. She felt a little nervous talking of her personal problems with her friend. She knew that Janet would not laugh at her but she felt like a small schoolgirl asking her mother for advice about a first date.

It was Mistress Janet who broke the pause in the conversation, sensing Claudia’s hesitation and divining the problem:

“Michael is becoming obsessed with his hobby and you are feeling left out.”

Mistress Janet smiled reassuringly and continued:

“I know how it is with husbands,” she said. “After all I have had two, and both of them turned out to have very individual tastes in women.”

Claudia knew about both of Janet’s husbands. The first had been a rich sugar-daddy. When he died Janet had had to fight with his family in the courts for two years over the fortune that he left. After all they had only been married for three years and the inheritance had been huge.

The second husband, William, had tried his best to spend her massive fortune. Janet had divorced him after only six months. William had been well known for his philandering and had dropped right out of sight almost the day after the divorce.

‘There had been rumours that he had never left the farm but...’ mused Claudia to herself as she wondered if Janet had enslaved him.

“The trouble is that I almost never see Michael any more. He spends his nights in bed with his dollies, and his days running his business.”

Mistress Janet relaxed into the sofa with a compassionate sigh. “Advice from my own failed marriages is scarcely going to be of much help to you,” she said finally. “But one thing I can say: I think that Denise was a good investment but a poor choice for Michael. Sell her to Miss Clearmont. From my modest stock you can get a replacement as well as domestic slaves.”

Claudia reflected for a moment.

“Janet. You are so refreshingly candid. I shall get rid of Denise,” she leaned over and kissed Mistress Janet on the lips.

Mistress Janet looked thoughtful for a moment. “What you need is some sort of diversion as well as a new household.”

“My thoughts exactly. You are a true friend, and so perceptive. Michael has become so introverted.” She sighed as she recalled her lonely nights that had become such a bore.

“OK then. Stay for lunch. Then we will take a tour and you can pick out some slaves and we will have time to discuss your needs. I have a few things to do in the next couple of hours. Feel free to look around before we eat and then we can take our time selecting your new household.”

Mistress Janet went to the desk in the corner and brought out a thick album. “These are the current batch that are for sale in the next weeks,” she said as she placed the book on the coffee table.

“This is a good place to start. You can have a flick through them to see if there are any that appeal.”

Mistress Janet extinguished her cigar and left Claudia to amuse herself with the catalogue.

By the time that lunch was served Claudia had examined the whole book. There was a mixture of slaves, male and female, young and mature, domestic, hard labour and sexual. Their skills were listed as well as their previous histories and owners. Claudia was impressed. At least five seemed perfect for her new household and several more were suitable as replacements for Denise.

Living Doll

“I have something special for us tonight.”

Michael was carrying a sports bag. He put it by the bed and went to Denise.

“I so love you my little plaything and lover,” he said with feeling as he leaned over and kissed her hair.

Denise shuddered with emotion. Michael was so generous and loving. She did not speak but lifted her face and kissed him. He could see tears of emotion in her eyes as he cupped her chin and kissed her long and hard.

She was so beautiful.

Her breasts moved gently as she breathed. Her taut belly. Her smooth hips that curved inwards seductively towards her neat, bare sex. The small steel rings in her puckered nipples and the knowledge that another lay, just out of sight, tucked in the folds of her naked pussy. Michael felt emotion grip his chest as he allowed his hand to drop to her slender neck, dusty pink was the color he had chosen. She would look so very feminine.

He turned to the bag and retrieved an electric razor.

“Tonight you will be perfect for me. In fact you will be perfect forever.”

He switched on the razor and began to shave her hair. The short locks fell to the carpet as he removed her brunette look. Soon she would be blonde.

When finished with her hair he cupped her face and kissed her again.

“Tonight you will be pink for me. Feminine blonde and pink. You will be my special lover and love me so deeply in return.”

With a flourish he pulled a gag from the bag.

“You will like this.” he said as he showed her the way that it could be closed with a heart shaped stopper but would keep her mouth open and available for his pleasure at all times.

Denise’s eyes stared at him as he fitted the intruder.

Michael left the plug in for the moment, it would be opened only to allow later access by a very special visitor.

“Perfect! You look so sweet,” he said as he fixed it in place. He reached over and tipped the contents of the bag on to the floor.

“Next is your new hair.”

From the pile he picked a mask with a blonde curly wig attached. “Blonde locks, Goldilocks. My bed will not be too hard!”

With great care he folded it inside out and rolled the pink latex over Denise’s shaved head. For a moment she could not breathe. A wave of panic came over her and she made a noise in her throat.

“I love you too.” he replied.

With his finger tips he moved the mask until it stretched taut over Denise’s features.

“I will leave the eyes closed for now. When you are ready I will let you see how sexy you look, it will be such a wonderful surprise for you. Denise opened her eyes. She could only see pink and a few chinks of light through the flaps that denied her sight.

She found that she could breathe freely through her nose.

Michael worked for several minutes until the mask and hair sat firmly before moving on. Denise heard him unpack the sports bag and wondered what was next. She felt a wave of resignation to her fate and hoped that he would be pleased with the result.

She desperately did not want to disappoint her master.

With trembling fingers Michael dressed her.

Patiently he zipped her into a suit of some sort. Zip fasteners and studs. Gloves on her hands. The material felt smooth and cool as it was rolled onto her naked flesh. He put a deep collar around her neck. She felt it’s rigidity, preventing her moving her head. It must have taken an hour before he was done dressing her. He smoothed on her new skin and she smelt the tang of solvent as he glued the suit together. Every join was melted to every other until he had created a skin that could only be cut off.

As he worked he commented on the effect:

“You look perfect my little doll. I am so glad that you want to dress up for me. Now all you need are some clothes.”

Denise heard him leave the room. For a moment she was tempted to open the eye flaps but she fought down the urge, frightened that he might surprise her in the act. Instead she lay passive as he had left her.

A few minutes later and he returned. The dressing continued as he clad her body and fitted shoes to her feet. Denise allowed Michael to bend and move her as he dressed her. Finally it

was finished. He helped her to her feet and led her a few steps. Denise heard a curtain being opened and then felt his hands free her eyes.

She opened her eyes to see that he had stood her before a full length mirror.

Through the slits left by the open flaps she could see Michael's new doll.

Blonde locks cascaded over her shoulders and her face was painted with a look of almost comical shock, lips parted with the stopper of the gag filling the open mouth in the shape of a pink heart.

In fact her whole body was bright baby pink - the matte vinyl covered every inch of her flesh almost without a single wrinkle.

A lacy bra covered her latex covered breasts. It did not serve to hide the red nipples that had been painted onto the latex. No pants but a suspender and stockings in white. Her sex had been replaced by a zippered opening that allowed soft private access for her master.

She held up her arms.

The gloves had long fingernails and were now just another permanent part of the suit.

She could see Michael standing behind her.

He watched her reaction but saw none. Denise could only think that she looked like a sex doll. Sealed into a skin that took away her identity and replaced it with the image of a toy but a plaything with three holes for an owners delectation.

With a smile he reached around her head. With a light twist he unstopped her mouth.

"Perfect." was all he said.

Her latex red lipped mouth was open. The lips full and inviting. The gag was a tube that covered her teeth and prevented her closing her mouth.

"Do you like it?" Michael sounded as though he was worried that Denise would make some negative signal.

She nodded and saw the relief on his face. Once again he reached forward and closed her eyes. He slipped two disks of black latex over her closed eyes and glued the two small flaps into place so that the large painted eyes on the face were correct.

"There is no need for you to see anything ever again my little dolly. You must always remember the sight of us like this." he whispered as the light dimmed before Denise's eyes. Then one hand slipped down to her lips and a finger entered her waiting mouth. It touched her tongue before retreating.

"You will be so happy to know that I can open you everywhere to make love to you."

Denise felt a zip open. A warm breath of air coursed over her ass as he checked that there was full access before he closed it again. Then he opened the front and spent a moment playing with the lips of her sex.

“I have chosen a new name for you.” he said in a whisper. “You are ‘Blondie’. My little love doll.”

Denise let her arms fall to her sides.

“I shall feed you and help you. Everything that you need. Best of all I shall play with you. I have a whole collection of clothes for you for every game that we play. If you are a good girl we will have such fun as lovers. But if you are naughty I will lock you in the dark of the toy cupboard.”

Denise shivered but Michael did not notice. He zipped up her sex and led her to the bed. Denise heard him undress. He arranged her on the floor to kneel and then sat on the edge of the huge bed. With one hand he guided her wide open lips over his prick. With steady movements he moved her head forward and back.

“I love it when you agree to suck me dry, darling.”

Michael built up a steady rhythm.

Denise could hear him gasp. She tried to use her tongue but Michael was intent on his pleasure. Grasping her head firmly he plunged into her and came with a gasp. As soon as he had come he fastened her mouth closed with the heart, sealing his come into her gaping mouth.

He bent and took the chain. With a movement he fastened his doll to the chain. Denise heard him dress and move round the room.

“Now that you are fed you can rest. Tonight we will play a new game. I think that you will like it. It is called ‘Dolly loves to be in agony for her owner’. Best of all I have ordered another and better skin for you, soon you will try it on for me. You will be truly smooth like a doll. I love you and I know that you will do *anything* to keep my love.”

The door closed leaving Denise to kneel fettered at the end of the bed. No use to cry, the tears would never be seen.

Triumph

“It is time to wrap up all of the loose ends.”

Miss Clearmont was looking tanned and fit after her European trip. She had been to Holland, Vienna, Hamburg and London. Returning with Mandy from JFK they stood in front of Denise’s former house. She spoke over her shoulder as Mandy waited for her mistress to open the door.

“That means that Denise must be back in my control. Kathy has to be found and the last of the money has to be portioned.”

Miss Clearmont opened the door and let Mandy in.

Mandy knew better than to interrupt Miss Clearmont’s train of thought even though she had good news for her mistress.

“So I have organized a meeting today to settle our plans.” continued Miss Clearmont. “Jake, Gregory Howard my devoted lawyer, Greta and Janet will be here in an hour. I plan to have a little soiree. You have time, I think, to organize our entertainment.”

Mandy nodded and then said. “I have a little confession to make.”

Miss Clearmont pursed her lips and waited for Mandy to tell her. She had been left in charge whilst her mistress was away. If she had made a mistake she would be punished.

“There will be another very special guest at the meeting. Kathy!”

Miss Clearmont smiled. “Guest or part of the entertainment?”

“The second I guess.” Mandy swelled with pride as she told Miss Clearmont of her coup. “I found her using that PI she had. Shackled up in a motel in New Jersey she was. He got her out and free but when he realized that she had no money to pay him, he abandoned her. He came to me looking for you and I bought her from him. She was cheap at the price.”

Miss Clearmont kissed Mandy lightly on the lips. “Well done Mandy, you have done well, I can see that you are heading for the very special reward I have in mind for you. I will be so glad to see her. But is there any news of Denise?”

“Yes, but it would be better if Mistress Janet tells you about it.”

“I like surprises, if they are pleasant ones. I’m sure that I can wait.”

By the time that the guests arrived, Miss Clearmont had showered and dressed.

After a long flight there was nothing better than the steam and rush of a shower.

As she lathered then rinsed she thought of Mandy:

‘Ready for independence or not?’ she asked herself.

‘Yes. Sometimes a slave had to be set free as a client,’ Miss Clearmont thought. ‘How satisfying that she had been ready to be moulded and changed by her Mistress.’

Maybe, just maybe, it might be interesting to take her as a lover rather than a slave.

Of course Denise could never aspire to such heights. Her secrets were covered but there was always a risk. Denise would have to remain as a slave forever.

Then of course there was Kathy.

Miss Clearmont had a clear duty to herself to keep Kathy from ever getting free. A slave brothel was perfect but so crude. Miss Clearmont's Mexican friends would use her and find the change from customer to merchandise so deliciously ironic. Maybe just for a week or two to frighten her to obedience.

Gregory Howard was the first to arrive. By the time that Miss Clearmont entered the room he was already sipping Bourbon on the rocks and talking to Mandy.

"How wonderful to see you Miss Clearmont. You are looking so relaxed after your trip," he said as he stood, glass in hand.

Miss Clearmont had dressed casually in jeans and T-shirt. Her hair was bound back making her look a little severe.

"It was certainly relaxing for me," she replied. "And how is business."

He made a slight gesture with his hands and said. "Good, as usual. I have the final legal bits and pieces with me so that we can sort out the last of your bequest."

'How very typical. Bequest!' thought Miss Clearmont. *'Denise's fortune was a bequest to a lawyer, theft to a policeman and investment to a banker.'*

"Good," she said.

At that instant the doorbell rang again. Moments later Jake Darrel and Mistress Janet entered. Jake, casual in a sloppy silk suit, Mistress Judith in a long black evening dress.

"Welcome to my house," said Miss Clearmont.

She introduced the guests to each other and was just sorting out drinks when Mistress Greta arrived.

The six of them served their own drinks and Miss Clearmont made an apology:

"Because of our discussion I felt that the slaves should not be present immediately. After business of course I shall give you a little tour of my house and we can have some fun. I have someone special for you all to meet, so Mandy tells me."

First to start business was Gregory Howard. He produced the papers and bank statements before Miss Clearmont and Jake signed them.

"That solves the last of the monies that were tied into securities," said the lawyer as he placed the papers into a briefcase. "A few minor details have to be sorted out but I think that I can safely say that Mrs. Denise Lamont is now non-existent and that her entire fortune is legally and safely sequestered."

“The next point for us to consider is Denise herself,” broke in Miss Clearmont. At the moment she belongs to Michael Denchard. I am hoping to get her back safely under my wing in the near future.”

She glanced meaningfully at Mistress Janet.

Mistress Janet smiled; one hand stroking a breast absently.

“Good and bad news really, but mostly good.”

Her fingers absent-mindedly tweaked a nipple through the sheer material of her dress.

“Michael is a bit fanatical. Claudia, his wife has replaced all her paid servants with slaves. I gave her a rather energetic gardener so we see each other quite often. Of course not as often as Claudia sees the gardener! She tells me that Denise is being a good little doll to her husband. He feeds her from a bottle and helps her to perform even the most very basic functions. Every night he plays with her. Claudia tells me that as long as she makes no move or speaks he will not let her go. If you like I can speak to Claudia and she can arrange that the perfect little sex doll is no longer perfect.”

Miss Clearmont leaned forward:

“I do not want her at all damaged. I have a very special use for her.”

“No, of course she will get to you in good condition. Claudia will simply make sure that Denise does not behave. Michael will get her to procure another dolly from me. You will buy Denise. Nothing could be simpler. In fact, with this in mind I already have a dolly ready for Michael. A really well trained fuck puppet.”

Mistress Janet’s hand fell to her lap and she took another sip of her martini.

“Let Claudia name a price and I shall buy,” laughed Miss Clearmont.

For a moment she looked at Mistress Greta and then continued:

“Denise is possibly my birthday present for Greta. They met at Claudia’s you know.”

She paused a moment.

“That just leaves one point outstanding, my former partner, Kathy,” said Miss Clearmont. “It just so happens that Mandy has earned her freedom.”

Mandy gasped with shock. ‘Free’ rang through her mind like a bell. Miss Clearmont waited a moment before continuing. “Of course we shall continue our long and fruitful association because I would like her to run my day to day affairs.”

“Thank you Mistress.” was all that Mandy could say as the reality of independence sank in.

“You see.” said Miss Clearmont. “Mandy found Kathy all on her own. We shall be seeing her soon. She is a lot more than the woman you knew just a couple of months ago, my dears.”

Gregory leaned forward excitedly:

“Denise and Kathy. It’s finally wrapped up then!”

The six conspirators relaxed.

Now there was time to enjoy the company as Mandy opened the door to the dining room and ushered the guests through.

A huge table had been set. Silver and crystal gleamed on the silk tablecloth. Six places were already prepared each chair with a maid standing ready. As they sat at the table uniformed servants brought in the wine and the first course.

Kathy could wait until after the meal.

‘After all she was so gross,.’ thought Miss Clearmont.

‘Her guests did not want to be put off their food by a 280 pound slobbering slave begging for her freedom.’

Claudia had been at work on the sex slave. Blondie would not put on the boots because she had been told that if she did, Claudia would do away with her. Michael tried persuasion, then force.

A single blow laid her on the bed.

She cried, but the big blue painted eyes did not fill with tears.

Roughly he pulled on the boots and stared at his slave with disgust. His dollies should not cry it was just not part of the fantasy. Her body shook as she sobbed and cried.

Even the gag could not stop the noise.

The sobbing was, to Michael, unbearable. Now he would need another doll. Blondie had to go. He would speak to his wife about a replacement. *‘Still,’* he had to admit, *‘she had lasted well.’*

With a petulant stamp he left the room but he consoled himself. Making a new dolly would be interesting, it always was. This time he would give her a shiny black skin.



New ideas were starting in his mind, what he needed was a fuck puppet that was truly silent and really helpless, perhaps he could have the next one altered to his taste...

Already his prick was stiffening.

END

*Miss Irene Clearmont is an obsession, your obsession.
She is the welcome demon of high society and one who revels in the
servitude of others.
She does not always get what she wants but she takes revenge when
she does not. It is not at all a game for her, it is life itself.
It is not the sex that motivates her, it is the service, the submission
and the capitulation.
Now that she is rich enough to indulge herself, more will assuredly
follow....
Irene Clearmont*