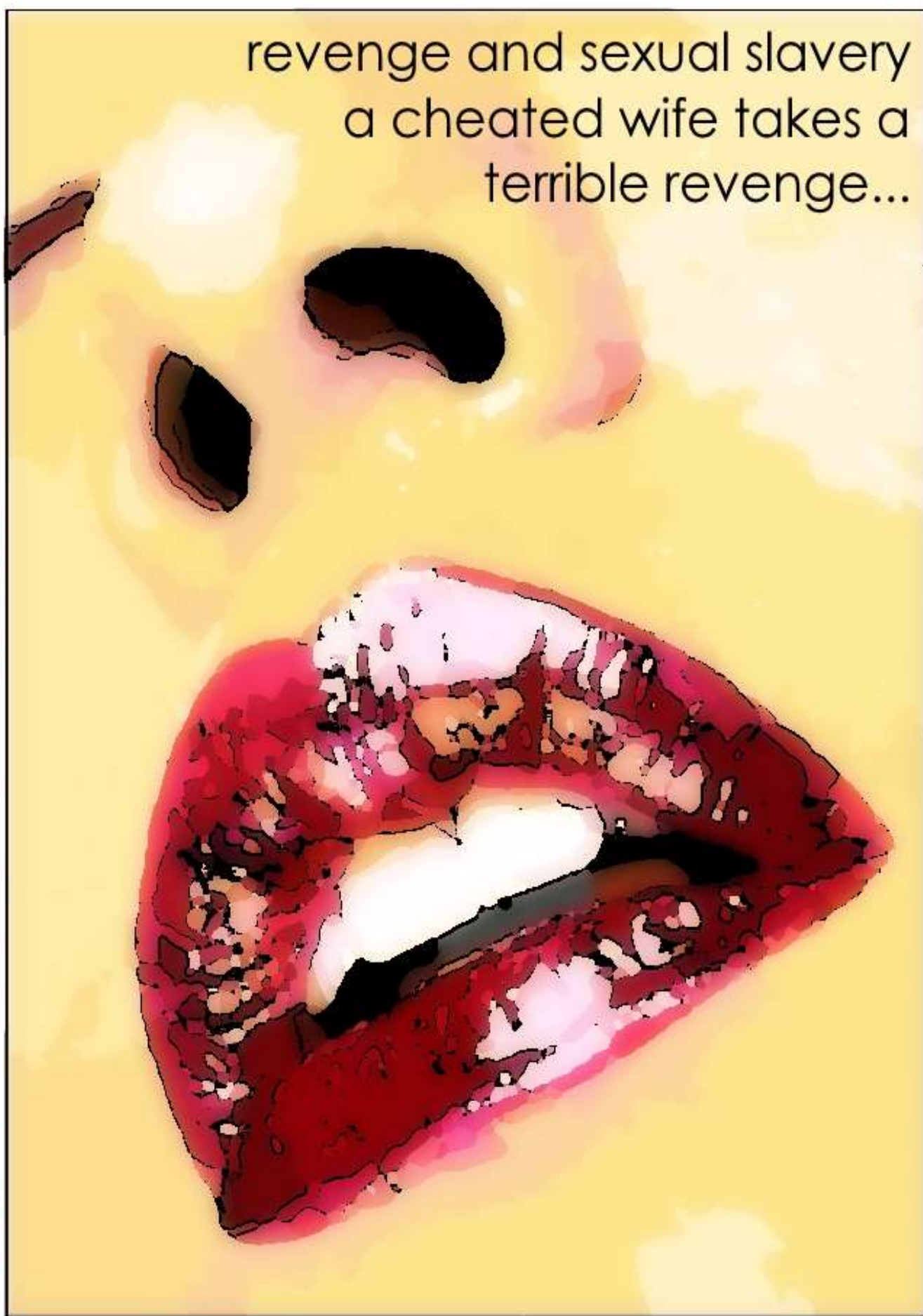


miss irene clearmont

adult female domination fiction

revenge and sexual slavery
a cheated wife takes a
terrible revenge...

diane...



Diane

by

Miss Irene Clearmont.

If you paid for this work, then you have been cheated! Despite the fact that the work is copyright, distribution is permitted as long as the form, layout and contents are not altered in any way. Available free at www.missireneclearmont.com

A Miss Irene Clearmont publication.

This work is copyright © Miss Irene Clearmont 1998-2016
All rights reserved.

Email: irene@MissIreneClearmont.com

This Edition 2016 January

Copyright © 1998/2001
Revisions © 2011/2012/2013/201

Chapters

Preparation
Assignment
Revelation
Infiltration
Decision
Dictation
Manipulation
Satiation
Captivation
Deprivation
Information
Intimation
Abduction
Induction
Machination
Penetration
Extraction
Transportation
Obsession
Evasion
Expedition
Union
Alteration
Conclusion

diane

Preparation

With a languid sigh Diane lay back for a moment on the comfort of the quilted bedcover and stared at the ceiling. In just half an hour Jack was to visit her. She had a few moments before she had to prepare herself for his visit. One hand smoothed over her thigh. Diane felt the ruffled silk under her fingers and smoothed it with a soft brush of her hand. As she did so, Diane thought about the encounter to come. Jack liked novelty so she would have to slip into another persona. Yesterday it had been so exciting. She had dressed as a femme fatale. Black silk and very high heels and a fur stole draped on her smooth shoulders.

She had known Jack for four years now, first as the partner of her boss, later as his mistress. Now she was Jack's private secretary.

Private in all senses of the word.

She took his dictations during office hours and his love in those secret times when he visited her in the apartment that he had bought for her. Two years ago he had suggested the operation to enlarge her already voluptuous charms.

Diane would do anything for her Jack.

Jack had gently undressed her, slipping off the dress and fur to find a scarlet and black corset encasing her. For an hour they had made love. He the masculine tycoon, she the willing but proud lady. His caresses had pushed her to new highs until with powerful strokes he entered her, rode her, and made her scream with delight.

Stripping her to nakedness he had kissed her large breasts pushing her to yet another orgasm. As Diane remembered that high, her hand slipped up to fondle the proud nipples that pushed the silk into peaks. With a small motion she nipped those buds between forefinger and thumb feeling them swell beneath the smooth fabric.

He chose to have her altered to his personal taste.

When she had awoken from the operation she found herself a changed woman. Not just a slight augmentation as he had promised, but more.

Her breasts were huge.

Smooth and firm with prominent nipples.

Diane smiled to herself as she remembered trying to get a bra to fit. That had been strange. In the end Jack had led her to a ladies outfitters where all garments were made to measure.

That had not been all.

Her hips were broader and more feminine. Her waist narrow, almost waspish added sublime curves to her body. Not content with the new Diane, she had returned to the clinic for more. The surgeon had tightened her pussy and made her naked sex bulge with erotic promise. A snake tattoo curled around her thighs and prominent lips finding its way into the secret recesses of her pleasure. It had taken months to recover.

Months of tenderness and discomfort.

But, now she was Jack's sex goddess. With her long legs and slender arms he fell on her like a wolf falls on the lamb. She could see how difficult it was for him to restrain himself at work, in the office. Diane revelled in the attention that he gave her.

In the office he had reached under her short skirt to fondle her jutting soft pussy mound, the lips still raw with the tattoo. Every visit that he paid her was a revelation in lovemaking. She switched persona like a chameleon at every visit. Diane became coy, dominating, wanton, submissive and naïve to order.

The perfect mistress for her rich lover. Her wardrobe grew as she accumulated the clothes and props to match her changing moods and fluid sexuality, all the while devoting herself to Jack's deep needs.

With a slight tip of the head she looked at the bedside clock. In twenty minutes he would be ringing at the bell. With a slow movement Diane rolled off the bed and entered the bathroom. Allowing the silk dress to slip to the floor she stepped into the shower. This was where she prepared. As she lathered herself she thought about the task in hand.

What would she be tonight?

Tonight was important. Tonight she would persuade Jack to abandon his domestic life and join her for a life of sex and pleasure. Diane would use all her powers of persuasion to get him for herself. Sharing him with Joan, his wife, was too much. Joan, the wife.

Diane had met Joan several times at cocktail functions. She was the opposite of Jack's lover and mistress. A tall but austere lady, slim to the point of gauntness, with few physical charms that Diane could see. Yes, she was rich in her own right, but so was Jack.

But she was also a lady with moods.

Mostly bad moods.

She cut a poor figure at parties, hiding in corners and leaving early. Whilst the partners and clients made small talk and deals she hung back and left Jack to entertain on his own. Diane could not see how she was any competition for her two years ago, now she was less. Diane had the body of a sex nymph and the stuff of Jack's fantasies curling around her over-ripe sex.

With these thoughts she stepped out of the shower and selected her identity for tonight. With careless fingers she thumbed the clothes in the wardrobe. She needed to contrast her persona with her requests. Naïve and coy would suit her needs as she broached her petition.

Her hand came to rest on a dark blue skirt as if drawn there by impulse.

Just below the knees, cotton and childlike. With a smile she remembered the last time as a schoolgirl. Jack had been so gentle and willing, fumbling through the blouse like it was his first time in bed. Then he had played the part of the schoolboy, this time he would be the stern teacher she decided.

Suitable?

Of course, it was perfect!

Jack would respond to her every wish and she would make her move. The white silk blouse stretched over her breasts showing every contour to advantage, the lacy white bra beneath clearly visible. She picked a tie with bold stripes and tied it under the collar. The skirt hung in pleats to her knees showing the tops of the white socks that encased her calves. Diane picked a pair of black low shoes and laced them before turning to the mirror. With her hair in a plait and a pink ribbon she really looked the part.

It took her just a few minutes to add the pink lipstick and a light touch of rouge to complete the school girl appearance. Glancing at the clock she had just five minutes before Jack was due. Going once again to the huge built-in wardrobe she quickly hauled out the last few props.

A small blackboard on an easel and a cane that she leaned on the blackboard. A final touch was a long black gown and a mortarboard hat that she hung on the hook by the door.

Diane stood for a moment and looked at the little classroom that she had created. Had she forgotten anything? Yes. She dashed to the kitchen and came back with an apple

that she balanced on the chalk rack at the base of the blackboard. Everything was perfectly planned.

Jack would be the teacher whilst she played the errant pupil.

She would make mistakes and he would punish her before taking her. Then she would beg him to add her properly to his life. Jack would assent and in a few months she would be his wife.

Mrs Diane Lorde.

Assination

John Washington Lorde II, an enigma to his business associates and a dangerous man to his enemies. This was the image he fostered so carefully. 'Rich and secretive' was how the Wall Street Journal had put it.

In fact so secretive that the newspaper had been hard put to put a value on his assets when it came to listing the top five hundred men in America. They had settled on 450 million dollars and left him out, and that was just the way that he liked it. In fact they had missed the twenty-per cent share in Texoil that he had sold a year ago and the half share in Verity insurance that had been sold just a week before the article was written, both private companies with no traded shares on the NYSE.

Altogether he was worth over seven hundred million.

But, he was a man not interested in money as such, just the freedom that it gave him to work and play, as he liked. After marrying Joan some ten years ago he had more than doubled his fortune.

Of course she was rich as well.

Coming from a wealthy Pennsylvanian family she had brought tens of millions into the house. Jack had married her for her position in society. With austere looks and a forbidding character she had given him entry to the respected chambers of the 'Old Money' families that still held so much of the wealth on the east coast. But, sexual she was not. Going to bed with Joan was like chopping firewood. A task that needed to be done but no fun for all that.

Still, he had not married her for her charm!

In Diane he had found a true partner. At least for sex. He reflected on the many mistresses he had had, both before and after his stale marriage. As he drove through the heavy traffic on his way to her Central Park apartment he was already anticipating her welcome. He never told her what he wanted; he just let her fertile imagination

entertain him. Her body, so sexual that he had an erection every time that he saw her, was his creation.

Jutting breasts, no body hair and a sex that pouted its soft lips to meet his lips or cock and then grasped him like a closed fist. And yet, he could not say that he loved her. In fact he could not say that he had loved any of his many lovers. Tonight he had a proposal for her. Another alteration to bring her body yet closer to perfection. He would have to persuade her.

That would require tact, and good sex.

Turning off the main road he plunged into the underground car park under her block. As he entered the elevator he could feel his cock stiffen in anticipation. He felt so in control that he hoped that she had picked a submissive role tonight. By the time that he rang her doorbell he was almost panting with lust for her smooth body.

The door opened to reveal a schoolgirl. A tidy plait with a pink ribbon fell over her shoulder. She smiled sweetly and allowed him into her schoolroom. As the door closed a passing stranger glanced into the room just in time to see a blackboard with an apple teetering on the chalk holder.

"I have prepared for the test Mr Lorde," said Diane as she passed the black gown and mortarboard hat to her teacher for the evening.

"I hope that your revision is better than last time," he replied as he took in the blackboard with the cane leaning on it.

"I need top marks if I am to progress," said Diane with a coy smile as she sat on the edge of the large bed.

Jake walked to the board, his gown fluttering behind him. Taking a piece of chalk in his hand he wrote a sum on the board.

"I want you to say all the answers without hesitation," he said in a stern voice. "For every correct answer a reward, for every wrong answer a punishment."

Diane looked at the sum '6 x 6'. It was up to her now how the evening went. Was she to be the good or bad girl? Somehow she sensed that he wanted to punish her, but she wanted to tease him.

"36" she said in a high voice. The teacher nodded and quickly wrote another sum on the board.

"What is eight times nine," said Jake as he wrote the sum.

"Sixty four," said Diane allowing uncertainty to creep into her voice. Now she would find out what he wanted.

Jake picked up the cane and tapped it on his left hand. "My dear girl you have not done your homework," he said as he turned to the board again. "Seven plus nineteen," he said as he wrote the sum.

Diane hesitated as if unsure. Then she spoke, "Twenty three."

The teacher pulled a frown and pointed the cane at the errant schoolgirl. "What were you doing last night when you were supposed to be studying?" he asked in a strict voice.

Diane twisted her hands and hung her head.

"Answer the question young lady. What were you doing last night?" He asked.

"I went to a party," said Diane in a quivering voice. She could feel tears well in her eyes as she spoke.

"Stand up girl and look at me when you answer."

Diane stood up and held her hands behind her back. Jake tapped the cane on the floor in front of her to tell her to touch the floor. As she brought her hands to the front the teacher stopped her with a tap of the cane.

"What is that on your nails," he said in a stern voice.

Diane looked at her fingers where a dark red polish glistened on the long nails.

"Nail polish sir," she whispered.

"Bend over and touch the floor," he said.

She bent over as required, the plait falling to brush her face as she did so. Diane felt a hand raise her skirt to expose her tight rear. The same hand pulled her cotton pants. With a slight tear they tore off, leaving her naked ass exposed.

"I shall give you two strokes," said Jake as he swished the cane in the air. "One for your wrong answer and one for wearing nail polish in class."

The first blow caught Diane unaware. It stung her suddenly. She flinched a little but did not move. She felt a hand smooth over her rear feeling the slight ridge where the cane had struck. Then came the second. Much harder than the first, she bit her lip a little and felt more tears well up.

"You may stand now," said Jake as he took a position next to the blackboard. "Let me explain again. You have not learned your sums. You partied last night. If you get any more sums wrong you will be caned again."

Through the tears Diane saw him write on the board again. She planned to get a couple more right before she got caned again. Then she would beg him not to cane her and submit coyly to his sexual orders. She longed to free his erection and let her tongue play over his balls. Jake moved from the board to allow her to see the next sum.

Diane started as she realised that it was not going to be so very easy. '23 x 17'. She looked at him pleadingly.

"Come on now young lady," he said.

Her mind a muddle she tried to calculate, but all she could see was the cane tapping his left hand. Diane blurted out the answer. "Two hundred and ninety."

A small smile of triumph flickered on Jake's face and he slapped the cane into his left hand.

"Bend over."

Diane touched the floor. Once again she felt the dress get lifted. Then his strict voice. "Spread your legs."

The schoolgirl moved her feet apart. She felt a tap from the cane as he lined it up. The touch was to her melting pussy. Then a sharp blow.

It contacted the lips of her pussy and stopped there. A slight movement and it had slipped in her damp sex. With a slow movement he pulled the cane through her sex. Diane felt every ridge on the bamboo as it passed over her inner lips.

For a moment she thought that her knees would give way. Slowly she stood.

"Did I allow you to move little girl," said Jake.

Once again she bent over. For some reason she felt that she had lost control of the game. Her thighs quivered with anticipation of the next blow. She felt Jake's hand fondle her. One finger touched the pucker of her asshole. Then it slipped down to her pussy and stroked her clitoris.

"What did you do at the party Diane?" asked the teacher as he allowed his finger to wander into her tight, moist hole.

Diane was starting to wonder just how naughty she should be. A few strokes of the cane were fine. A thrashing was not what she had in mind.

Jake broke in to her thoughts. "I hope that you are not allowing boys to fondle you!"

"Never," she cried as she tried to sound outraged.

The cane found its mark. Harder than ever it kissed her smooth ass with a crack.

"Tell the truth."

"Only a petting." Diane was almost crying. Once again a hand fondled her. This time it pushed forward touching the nub of her sex. She felt her legs quiver with excitement.

"What is a good test mark worth?"

Once again the cane swept down. This time it struck her thighs. Diane could feel the heat of the weal as Jake's hand found the slight ridge and caressed it gently.

"When I ask a question you will answer directly."

"I must pass the test sir. If I do not then I have to repeat the class next year. Please sir, I will do anything," cried Diane through her tears.

"Very well then young lady."

She heard the teacher walk round her, then the sound of his zipper. A hand closed over her chin and raised her head to confront his prick. Grasping her plait he pulled her mouth over his erect organ. Willingly she massaged the intruder with her tongue as he moved her back and forth over his organ.

"Suck and please me."

Diane moved her hands to grasp the root of his prick and sucked. She knew that this treatment could make him come. That was not allowed. Somehow she had to slow him down.

Anticipating her he pulled free and moved behind her. Diane was anticipating him pushing into her and braced herself for the entry. She gasped as the cane again punished her.

"I know that you are not as innocent as you make out," said Jake as he gave her another blow. "Petting indeed! You are nothing but a teaser."

He paused for a moment and then reached between her legs to unbutton her blouse. With deft flicks of his fingers he undid the lower buttons and then grasped the loose material on her back. With a strong tug he ripped the blouse off leaving the sleeves and collar still on. A quick movement and her bra was unhooked and allowed to fall. Diane felt her breasts swing free to hang in her face.

"Touch the floor," he ordered.

The cane caressed her full breasts and erect nipples from the side. Diane felt a tear hang at the tip of her nose for a moment. Never had he caned her breasts. He loved her breasts. A small tap awoke her from her reverie as he lined the cane to touch both nipples.

"Are you still a virgin?" He asked. "Do not lie my little slut."

"Yes sir," she replied.

The cane touched the floor a few inches below her breasts for a moment and then swept sharply up. Diane gasped but held her position.

"Answer again."

"No sir. I love cock."

Once again he moved to her rear. She felt his prick pressing into her flesh. Then it slipped into the wet pussy. He felt so large. Her tight hole gripped him as he pushed to the limit.

"What is eight times eight slut?" He asked as he pushed deeper.

"Sixty four," she replied. "Sir."

With steady strokes he pushed into her, pulling almost out and then returning to stretch her to the limit.

"Very good slut."

A finger probed her tight ass. "Have you allowed the boys here?" asked the teacher.

Once again Diane thought of the consequences of her answer. "No sir, never there."

As Jake pushed into her he slapped her butt with the palm of his hand.

"Liar," he gasped.

"No sir, never there." Diane could feel the first warmth of an orgasm making its way through her pulsing pussy. Jake was pushing so hard that her hands were slipping on the thick pile of the carpet.

"Please not there sir, you are so big." begged Diane.

She felt him slip out of her pussy and press against her other hole.

"You do want to pass your test? Don't you?"

His slick prick pressed into her, opening her gradually. Then he was in. Diane slipped to her elbows allowing her nipples to brush the carpet. The rub of the pile gave her the final push to orgasm as he came in her rear. She felt him stop, gasp and then slip his hand to her pussy. Another orgasm and she melted to the floor, thighs trembling as he withdrew.

As she lay he caressed her back and rear. Tracing the lines of the caning with his strong fingers, he massaged her. Using the wetness of their sex he smoothed the bruised flesh. Almost glad that the performance was at an end, Diane relaxed. He had shocked her, but she had responded.

Slowly she rolled over to face him. He was kneeling by her, his hands drifting to her breasts. With a sigh of satisfaction he cupped them and then slid his hands to her waist.

"You are nearly perfect," he said under his breath. His hand slid to her slick pussy and parted the lips to allow him to gaze at her inner sex. Thumb and forefinger gripped her inner lips making her thighs tremble.

With a small motion she opened her thighs a little to allow him to see her properly. "Would you wear my ring?"

Diane was suddenly awake. He had asked the question as though he had read her mind. Suddenly her dream came real.

A wedding, and life with her Jake forever.

"Darling I would be proud to."

Abruptly Jake realised what she meant. She wished to marry him. It was a misunderstanding of the greatest magnitude. He had in mind to pierce her sex and she thought of marriage.

The thought of living with Diane was tempting but he could not cut his ties from Joan so easily. Money had never been the reason that he had married Joan what had mattered was the doors that she had opened in society. He realised though that he should

temporise. There was no way that he could marry her, in fact if Joan even found out about Denise he would have to let her go.

He had a suspicion that she already knew somehow but said nothing because the diversion of his lust suited her, Joan had seemingly never been interested in sex.

"It will not be easy to put a ring on your finger," he said. "We must take our time."

The idea of any other rings would have to be delayed whilst he thought of a plan.

"I understand," said Denise, spreading her thighs a little more to show the snake that wandered from her thigh, curled over her groin, its tail vanishing into her ripe pussy.

In her head the thought of an end to the life of secrecy made her almost drunk with excitement. How long would it take? What about frigid Joan? How would a settlement hurt Jake financially?

"I have to make a lot of preparations. It could take a year," said Jake as he mentally switched gear. He could see now that his liaisons with Diane had an end in sight.

Six months?

A year?

He would then just have to move on, and so would Diane!

Revelation

The doorbell rang three times in quick succession. After a few moments it was opened by a servant who let in the rather scruffy man without comment. Without a word to the butler the man crossed the hall and entered the main drawing room. Seating himself on a sofa he cast a quick glance around the room.

Taste and money.

Leather Chesterton with wood panelling.

He opened his slim briefcase and pulled out a couple of cassettes and a thick report. By the time that he had arranged them on the coffee table to his satisfaction Joan had entered the room. She nodded a greeting and sat facing him.

"Good morning Mrs Lorde," he said as he flicked to the first page of his report.

"We shall see," she replied and waited for him to continue.

"I have bad news for you I'm afraid," he started.

Casting a glance at the report as though he needed reminding of last night's work he explained. "The situation is as follows. I have been watching your husband for a week now. His movements are difficult to follow easily so I have found it necessary to hire another man to cover all bases. The costs are not small but I'm sure that it still fits my original estimate, especially since I have concrete results."

Joan Lorde leaned forward showing a little impatience. "Well then?" she asked.

"I expected it to take about three weeks to find out if your husband was cheating. However, we stumbled on a meeting last night that could change the level of gravity of the whole situation. You indicated that his private secretary was the one to watch, and you were correct. Three days ago I bugged her apartment and phone, but I must say that in these cases it is normal for lovers to meet in hotels so I did not expect any real results."

From the way that Joan moved her hands he realised that she was impatient to get down to details.

"After a visit to his bankers in 43rd Street your husband drove to her apartment. I lost him there because I could not park but my other man happened to be in the building because I wanted him to reposition the microphones as reception was bad." The private detective flicked to the next page of his report. "At about half past seven he spotted your husband and followed him. As he passed the apartment door he saw your husband enter and caught a glimpse of Miss Diane Faslane. She was dressed as a 'sexy school girl'. Y'know, hair in a plait with a bow, pleated skirt, tight blouse and white socks."

The man glanced at Joan to see the effect that his words were having on her. She was leaning forward to catch every word. All signs of impatience had been replaced by calm attention.

"Even though the microphone was badly placed we got a good recording of the proceedings," he continued. "The long and short of it is that they had sex, he played the part of a teacher, Miss Faslane was the naughty schoolgirl. The most important part is that he proposed marriage to her after the sex."

Joan made a slight sound at this revelation. He could have mistaken it for a gasp of shock but got the distinct feeling that it was rather, a grunt of satisfaction.

"The full transcript of the meeting is in the report as transcribed by my secretary but I have a copy of the recording that we made." The private detective shrugged apologetically. "I originally thought that the bed was the place to bug so the sound quality is a little poor but I feel that you should listen to the tape as well as the transcript

because much of the meaning of the conversation is the tone of voice rather than the words themselves."

The man pushed the transcript and tapes towards Joan and leaned back in the chair. He knew from experience that the transcript of sex was never as effective as the actual recording for ensuring that the client lengthened the surveillance and paid promptly.

With a flick of the fingers Joan opened the report and scanned the transcript. "It seems that your work is well up to your reputation," she commented as she read a few lines and turned a few more pages.

"This was going well," he thought as he watched her, waiting for the next question.

"Stay on the job. Money is not an object here. I would like you to find out more about Miss Faslane. Her background. Her education. Her family and a detailed report on her movements. Needless to say you will have to follow my husband as well."

The man coughed quietly and broke into her monologue. "This will drive expenses up. In fact I can see that I shall have to hire a couple more PIs as well as a specialist in surveillance."

"Hire as many as you need. You have a blank cheque. I shall pay you now for your work and give you enough to continue at least another two weeks," said Joan.

"The expense list is at the back of the report with a complete breakdown. My bank details are there as well," he said. "I have a last piece of advice. Hide the report properly and we will meet in a place other than your house in future. Your husband must have no cause to believe that he is being watched."

"Yes, yes," she replied impatiently. "Whatever."

"Please be careful Mrs Lorde. If you make my job more difficult by telling others what is going on it will make the evidence gathered less use and meagre." The private investigator paused for emphasis and then continued. "The courts are only one of many channels of action. There are other ways but they require that from the very beginning security is tight. Naturally you will have to think about a public or private response. In both cases I will be happy to ensure that you, the client, are the one that will benefit."

In his mind ran the thought. 'If you know what I mean.' But the thought remained unspoken. One thing he was sure of. Whatever Mrs Lorde decided he would make a fortune and her revenge would be bitter.

After the PI had left the house Joan sat in the drawing room thinking about the next step. She had vague ideas about revenge. Her husband and the trollop, both would regret their liaison.

But what to do?

The more she thought of retribution the more her thoughts turned to murder. But murder was not her style; she was a lady for whom revenge was really a dish best eaten very cold.

Of course there were the practical problems of the undeniable link between murdered and murderer. She was not likely to meet a stranger on a train any time soon.

No, and anyway if she wanted rid of Jake she could divorce him and wring every red cent from his pocket. There was no prenuptial agreement. Divorce treats might be a tool but she needed to make sure that he would not stray again.

She had married him to possess him not to give him up!

Against her families advice she had married him. It had taken years for him to be accepted. She had let him into society and it would damage her to prove that they had been right.

That was the real hurt.

It was the bitch he slept with that she would exact her revenge on. When Diane was out of the picture she would force him into her bed and make him pay for his infidelity.

'I need help though,' she thought to herself. 'That means disclosing the shame. Who to talk to?'

Joan dismissed her normal circle of society friends. If she told them the news it was as good as written in the society pages of a dozen magazines. She pondered the dilemma and had only one real option.

She would tell her own lover!

Infiltration

Diane sat in the office the next day. Even though she had a somewhat raw behind she glowed with happiness at her new status. She already felt like Jake's wife. Even though it was a secret she walked on air with the feeling.

Jake was away on a business meeting in Texas but she could scarcely contain herself as she went about her duties. Telephone calls, appointments to be made and an appointment with a lawyer that she had to sit in as Jack's witness to documents that needed signing.

Jake's private office was a realm apart from the rest of the office so she had a quick shower and dressed, leaving of the lacy underwear that simply rubbed against the cane weals from last night's encounter. Her pussy still ached from the pounding that Jake had given her. Half in her own world of heaven as Jake's new wife drinking cocktails at parties with the social elite and half in the office she started at a knock on the door.

The door opened to reveal a young man in casual dress. Hurriedly she slipped on her shoes and stood to face him.

"Hi," he said in a friendly way. "Name's Jim. I've come to check the computer and modem link."

Diane looked quickly at the appointment book and noted that he was half an hour early. "ID?" she asked.

For a moment he rooted in his jeans before producing the pass for the building that he should have been wearing. "This is the one," he said as he showed it to her. "Got nowhere to pin it."

In his hand was a well-worn airline pilot's bag. He set it down by Jake's desk and flipped it open. Diane glanced into it to see tools and computer parts.

"How long will you be?" She asked.

"Not sure. Probably under an hour."

Jim started work on the two computers in the office. For a while Diane watched him open them up and start to work on the insides. They passed a few comments about the weather before she attended to some of the jobs that she could do without using the computers. Jim mounted a couple of video cams on the monitors.

"Video conferencing," he remarked as he wired them in.

"Does that mean that they are on all the time?" Asked Diane.

"No, only when the program is running," he answered as he worked. "But, because the Internet connection is on all the time you will occasionally hear the hard drive working even when the computer is not being used," he commented.

Jim hummed under his breath as he worked. After working the cameras into the system he installed the software. This would ensure that the cameras ran constantly and stored the film in the hard drive to be downloaded when needed.

Probably at night he thought, then the last 24 hours of video could be taken. Now for the sound. He installed the software and the extra microphones and started to work on the program that would sift through the data on the disk every few hours and extract any new data entered.

Letters typed on the word processor.

Updated spread sheets and any modem communication with other computers, phones or the Internet.

As the work was done Diane asked a couple of questions that showed that she understood the computers.

"If you experience any problems with the computer just call me," he said as he gave her a card with his mobile phone number.

Diane filed the card and helped him tidy the mess of snipped wires and the inevitable two screws that had come out but found no place as the machine was reassembled.

"We need to test the system now," he said as he closed his bag.

He turned on both computers and waited. He then showed her the software. As she sat he stood behind her and guided her through the program. He marvelled at her figure. Wasp waist and big breasted she was definitely a turn on. His boss had warned him but the reality made him sweat with lust.

Finally he left the secretary and office behind him, secure in the knowledge that if he wanted to see her again he would just have to download the pictures from her computer.

His next stop?

Diane's flat on Central Park. Cameras, software, surveillance and microphones, that was his job, and he was an expert.

Joan Lorde had never been in the arms of her lover. She was not one to cuddle and kiss in bed. Her sulky disposition and repressed social bearing had a balance. Growing up in a family where the children were at arm's length and the servants were there to be ordered around had made her shy from contact, but paradoxically strong if she had the power to order others around.

She sought in her sex life a symmetry that could not be satisfied by loving contact. Never having been attractive as a child she had married late. Now that she was just short of forty she had never entertained the hope that some man would give her satisfaction.

Marriage, that was a contract.

Love, over the horizon, behind her.

Power, that was satisfaction.

The apartment was secluded, private and unnoticed. The woman that she thought of as her lover was really her servant. Gail, her lover, was her outlet, her release. Sometimes she only went there to order Gail around. Often for sexual release and sometimes because she enjoyed the secret life that she was living.

Tonight she sat on a low chair whilst Gail stood holding her cocktail nearby. Joan sat brooding. Somehow even her servant was unsatisfactory. She pondered finding another as she did every year or so by advertising in a fetish magazine. Gail was quiet and completely subservient. An ideal servant. With a flick of her fingers Joan indicated that she wanted a drink.

"Yes Miss," said Gail as she passed the glass to her mistress.

Drink in hand Joan sipped twice and then passed it back. She knew that Gail wished to be punished but denied her the opportunity by ensuring that no drink was spilled.

"I have a problem," said Joan without looking at her servant.

"Yes Miss."

"Simply put I have found out that my husband is screwing around."

"May I speak Miss?"

Joan ignored her and continued. "The worst is that I think that he wants to divorce me." Joan felt the unaccustomed feeling of a tear well up. Joan was sorry for herself, loss of status and the shame of divorce. She blinked quickly and continued. "I won't let him get away with it. And that bitch is going to suffer." Joan paused for a moment.

"Do you need help Miss?"

Joan looked at Gail. It was as if she had noticed her for the first time. Gail stood naked holding the cocktail. She was perhaps fifty, Joan had never thought to ask. Not unattractive but rather past her good looking years. Grey hair and heavily made up she seemed almost to be naturally subservient or at least diffident.

"How can you help?" asked Joan.

It seemed odd that Gail felt that she could. In fact it seemed impossible that Gail was capable of anything that required independent action.

"I can ask a friend." came the reply.

Joan knew that Gail was deeply involved in the fetish scene. How else could she have found the small ad that Joan had placed.

"Who?"

"I know a woman who ... " Gail hesitated for a moment as she sought to find suitable words to describe the most dangerous woman that she knew.

"Who?" asked Joan again.

This time her interest was aroused.

"I know a woman who specialises in solving these sort of problems." replied Gail.

"Speak to her. No. Better yet let her come here and I will speak to her," said Joan quietly.

'That's it then.' thought Joan. *'I hire a servant and she has the contacts!'*

"I shall be here at eight tomorrow night," said Joan feeling that speaking her problem aloud had helped. If this did not work than she would have to speak to her private investigator. But, she loathed the idea of using a man to solve her problems.

Joan settled in the chair a little and spread her legs. Slowly she lifted the hem of her dress. This was as good as an order to Gail who placed the drink on a low table and crept between Joan's thighs. With a sigh of satisfaction Joan put her feet on her lover's back to allow the heels to rest on the soft flesh of Gail's lower back.

Gail slipped her tongue to her mistress's lean pussy and gently massaged her. A small shudder passed through Joan and she dug her heels in. In response Gail worked her tongue and lips into the dry flesh and began to lick. The pain from the heels acted as an aphrodisiac to the naked servant as she noticed that Joan was becoming moist.

It moved her to greater effort.

It was so rare that Joan seemed to respond sexually that Gail could think of nothing but pleasing her mistress. Suddenly it was over. A convulsion that scored Gail's back ferociously. This was what she wanted. Servitude, punishment and to please her mistress.

With a sigh Joan pushed Gail back on to her knees. Then suddenly she leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead.

"You really must do better," said Joan. "Fetch me the quirt and I will teach you not to make me come so quickly."

As Gail fetched the leather strap she felt fulfilled. She almost danced to the cabinet and selected the heaviest of all the short whips. She had spent months waiting for this moment. It was like a dream come true. Her mistress was going to punish her properly at last and best of all she would meet Miss Clearmont.

Miss Clearmont would know how to deal with Joan as well as the tart that had stolen her mistress's husband.

Diversion

After a rather acrimonious business meeting in Austin, Jake flew to Las Vegas. An evening at the gaming tables and then a willing partner were what he needed to soothe himself.

'I must be getting old,' he thought wryly. *'Making money is no fun anymore, just a reflex that needs to be tested to make sure that it has not faded.'*

Las Vegas was a vice of Jake's.

He never lost very much at poker but the game was a stimulus. Somehow mixing with gamblers and prostitutes gave him a boyish thrill. A sort of seamy adult Disney World feeling.

He played longer than he meant to and picked the most outrageous of the bitches as a partner for the night. Of all the girls she wore the most makeup. She was the only one with a plastic skirt and was chewing gum like a demented sheep. For two hundred he bought the whole night. 'Looks cheap, is cheap.' could have been her slogan.

For three hours they moved from the bed to the shower and then to the floor. She chewed her gum and he almost made her come. But not quite. She, on the other hand made him come, twice. She moaned and groaned like the true professional that she was, finally sitting on his prick and sucking the juice from him with irresistible force.

Jake almost imagined that her pussy milked him in waves. Pumping him dry by sheer suction. He hardly felt her nails score his chest but he did see her chewing as she twisted on his prick. Truly screwing him, making him surrender every last drop until at last she pulled free, one last pull that made his erection stand proudly even though he had come the second time.

But no more!

He felt finished. Her hand gripped his prick, all false nails and pink polish. She had not even removed her plastic skirt. His erection faded leaving her poised to take him into her mouth but Jake stopped her with his hand.

He had had enough.

Miss Clearmont *could* be described as attractive. The touches of grey in her hair were slight but definite. What she lacked in youth she made up for in strength of character and surety of bearing. Just a year ago she had gained a considerable fortune that allowed her to pursue her hobbies without hindrance.

Her pastime was art, her passion was sex.

Formerly a nurse she had stolen a fortune from her blackmail victims.

Gail Vasdek, was her special creation.

Miss Clearmont had first met Gail at a party a year before and recognised the familiar bearing of a submissive immediately. After the party she had taken Gail under her wing and they had had a brief affair but somehow Gail was almost too passive and the contact had dwindled. Miss Clearmont preferred to subdue rather than encourage her submissives so it was with considerable surprise that she got a telephone call from Gail.

The next day Gail called at Miss Clearmont's Manhattan apartment. As she was led to Miss Clearmont's private office she felt a nervous but elated thrill run through her. The door was opened by the servant to reveal a sumptuous room, fine art hung on the walls and a massive mahogany desk dominated the chamber.

"Come in Gail," said Miss Clearmont.

With nervous steps Gail entered and stood before the desk. There was no other chair in the room so she had to remain standing. Miss Clearmont sat on a leather armchair behind the desk looking relaxed and pleased to see her acquaintance.

"You spoke of a friend's problem, tell me all about it."

As she spoke she pressed a button on the desk and the door opened to reveal the butler who had shown Gail into the apartment.

"A water for me and a brandy for my guest," she ordered.

The liveried butler served the drinks from a cabinet and retired from the room, closing the door softly behind him.

After a sip of brandy Gail explained. "My present Mistress is Mrs Joan Lorde. She has a problem in that her husband is seeing another woman."

"Just how can I help?" said Miss Clearmont in an enquiring tone. She knew of Joan socially but it was news that she had Gail as a partner. That could only mean that she was the dominant one.

"She is worried that her husband plans to divorce her. I think that she would rather not go through the courts with a divorce," came the reply.

Miss Clearmont was intrigued. First that Joan Lorde had Gail as a lover and second that she knew that her husband was rich. She smelled money and an interesting opportunity.

"Tell her to call on me in the next couple of days and we shall see if I can help, but I'm not promising anything!"

Gail showed signs of relief. She had been worried that Miss Clearmont would be either angry at her or try to persuade her to stay. She had been a hard mistress.

"Has she been treating you well?" asked Miss Clearmont.

"Mistress Joan is good to me," came the reply. "She looks after me and punishes me fairly for my failings."

"I am glad to hear that my little slave. Return to your mistress and remember to ask her to call on me. I am always glad to meet a woman of like mind."

With a small dismissive gesture she waved her hand to discharge Gail. With a "Thank you Mistress," Gail left Miss Clearmont.

For a few minutes Miss Clearmont sat thinking. Then she reached under the desk and pulled on a leather leash. The leash was attached to the collar around the neck of a naked woman who had been waiting silently unseen under the desk.

"Stand up Desire," she ordered.

The slave stood by her mistress and waited for further orders. The jewellery that she wore tinkled as she stood. Three steel rings, one through each nipple of her large breasts and another tucked out of sight in her naked pussy dangled small bells that chimed with every move.

For a minute Miss Clearmont admired her chattel. Here was the secret of her wealth.

Late Denise Lamont, rich widow, now Desire the pliant bitch.

"Would you like to meet Mrs Lorde?" asked Miss Clearmont.

"I am your slave mistress," replied Desire as she looked at the floor.

Miss Clearmont stood up. Placing a hand under the chin of her slave she raised Desire's eyes to look into her own. Then she allowed her hand to drift down the slave's neck until it rested on her breast.

"Would you like to prove it?" she asked.

"I only wish to give you pleasure my mistress."

The hand wandered from the breast to the triangle between Desire's thighs. A finger entered the narrow slit and rubbed against the pierced nub of the clitoris.

"You have given me so much pleasure my dear. It would be such a shame if I had to dispose of you. But you are the last remaining evidence that Denise Lamont ever existed. One day I shall have to, perhaps in the near future because it seems as though you might just be a distraction now that I have work to do," said Miss Clearmont in a quiet tone.

She felt Desire shudder but if it was the attention to her pussy or the fear of being disposed of Miss Clearmont did not know.

With a tug of the leash Miss Clearmont led her slave out of the room. The two passed through a corridor lined with delicate watercolours and small statues on pedestals. A door revealed another corridor, this time rather austere in white and black tiles.

Pulling a key from her pocket Miss Clearmont used it to enter a cubical no larger than a meter square. She allowed Desire to step past her into the small room and then shut the door locking it as she did so.

In the dark of the cell Desire sat down on the cold tiles. She was glad that her mistress had not chosen to put her back into the punishment cage. Miss Clearmont was good to her.

Miss Clearmont walked the length of the corridor, her heels clicking on the tiles with a sharp sound. Entering another locked door she came into her punishment room. The room was decorated as a boudoir, four poster bed and sumptuous furnishings contrasted with the other half of the room which looked more like a dungeon than a bedroom.

Closing the door behind her she went to the wooden box by the bed and opened it. The sides fell away to reveal a cage containing a slave. The woman was corpulent making her flesh press against the bars. Miss Clearmont opened the cage to allow the woman to crawl out with slow movements.

"How are you today Kathy?" she asked in a soft voice.

Kathy stayed on all fours. Just the effort of escaping the cage had exhausted her. Her 280 pounds of flesh heaved as she panted with exertion.

"I asked you a question." Miss Clearmont's voice had an edge that suggested that she would not wait long for an answer.

"I need to be punished mistress."

With a smile Miss Clearmont looked at her former friend. So very fat, but there was room for more. She reached out her hand and took a fistful of a roll of fat. For a moment she squeezed and twisted before letting go and sitting on the edge of the four poster. With a flick she undid the waist of her dress and allowed it to fall open. No knickers covered her ripe sex allowing Kathy to see the moist lips of her pussy.

"Please me and I may feed you," said the mistress as she opened her legs and leaned back. Miss Clearmont heard the movement of her enormous slave as she crawled forward. Then she felt the tongue on her pussy. Four studs piercing the tongue pulled over her pussy making her shudder with pleasure.

"Use your breasts," ordered Miss Clearmont.

Kathy pulled one huge breast from the floor and put the metal pieced nipple in her mistress's pussy. Slowly she worked it over Miss Clearmont's soaking pussy. It did not take long for Miss Clearmont to orgasm. As she shuddered with pleasure Kathy withdrew to all fours and waited for further orders. Slowly the mistress sat up. Her slave, shaven head down, was a mass of pink flesh. Here and there were the criss cross marks of the caning that she had received yesterday. On her back was tattooed the word 'SLAVE' in large cursive script. Miss Clearmont stood and walked round her.

"That was good slut. In fact it was so good that I will allow you a request."

Kathy looked at her huge breasts. They were all that she could see. They hung to slump on the floor hiding the pierced soft nipples. For a moment she considered asking for something worthwhile like a drink of fresh water or a cooked meal, but she no longer had the courage.

"Please mistress, could I go to the toilet?" asked Kathy.

"You wish to try my generosity slave?" Came the reply.

"No mistress. But I so need to."

Miss Clearmont paused for a moment. Now she regretted her charity. Still, she had offered. Stooping down she withdrew the plastic plug that was blocking her slave.

"Control yourself and do not make a mess of my floor slut. You may go."

With a waddling motion Kathy crossed the floor to a chamber pot and lowered herself. Still she was on all fours. Miss Clearmont picked up her skirt and put it on before going over to Kathy. With a brief look at her watch she said. "You have a minute."

Whilst Kathy strained on the pot she selected a fresh plug and went back to stand by her labouring slave. After the minute was up she slapped Kathy who crawled forward. With great satisfaction Miss Clearmont noted that the pot was still empty.

"Tomorrow you can try again." Was her only comment as she passed the plug to Kathy. Kathy looked at the plug. It was larger than the last one and would have to be inserted into rectum and vagina. A small tube hung limply from the rear of the device. Resigned to the discomfort she inserted it until only the tube was to be seen hanging from between her plump behind. Miss Clearmont fitted a bulb to the tube with a practised motion and began to squeeze. As she did so Kathy could feel herself being stretched.

"This is my little reward for your service slut. I have decided that since you have become so large it is fitting that you should have matching holes. I intend to make you reach a weight of 350 pounds. You are simply not big enough for me to enjoy your distress."

"Thank you mistress for your devoted care. I only wish to please you," said the abject Kathy.

"Doctor Vance will be in to see you later." Replied Miss Clearmont. "I have a little plan for you that you will really enjoy. Would you like to guess what it might be?"

Kathy simply shook her head and murmured. "Whatever you wish, mistress."

"You are to go on a regimen of hormones. Your breasts need enlarging somewhat and your thighs are still so thin that you can nearly put your legs together."

Miss Clearmont stopped pumping the rubber bulb and detached it from the tube. With a gentle pat she urged her slave to the cage. Once in the cage in a kneeling position she fetched a bowl the size of a large tureen and set it before the hapless Kathy. It was filled to the brim with cold fatty lumps of boiled pork and a sour smelling liquid. With that she wiped her hand on Kathy's head and closed the cage.

"I will be back in about half an hour. If the bowl is not licked clean I will thrash you and then give you two more to eat. You are simply not eating enough. From now on it's double rations for you anyway."

With that Miss Clearmont pulled up the panels to cover the slave pen and slipped the bolts in place. Inside was complete and utter darkness. Kathy had no trouble finding the bowl but the space was so small and filled with her bulk that she could not get her hands to the bowl. With resignation she began to feed.

She knew that she would never get into the corners of the bowl to finish it off, so the punishment was inevitable. But she also knew that if she did not try her chastisement would be terrible. The food tasted of salt. With no teeth she had to swallow the lumps of gristle and fat whole making it difficult to swallow. She moved with discomfort because the dildo in her pussy was stretching her terribly and the one in her rear was almost unbearable.

A year ago she had been mistress of her own fortune, training slaves and living the life of a wealthy woman. But because her friend Miss Clearmont had believed that she was trying to steal she had been subjected to a year of terrible revenge. For a moment she paused to swallow again but the fat would not go down. Her face was wet with the salty liquid and congealed fat.

She almost choked as she struggled to swallow and then it went down. Never a slim lady she was gross now. On her knees motionless most of the time and never allowed to walk she was not even sure if she could. Toilet visits were far and few between and terrible when they were allowed. She was not a sex slave, she was Miss Clearmont's revenge. Kathy rarely saw anyone but her mistress. Often she heard others being tormented or used in the room but in her box she had no real idea of the passing of time.

Some time ago she had been led out of her box and shown to some of Miss Clearmont's friends. Grotesque in a huge basque and stockings she had been used as a table for drinks and then as a sex doll. For several hours they had fucked her wide gagged mouth. One of the men then complained that her teeth had caught his cock. A couple of days later Doctor Vance had removed them.

Now her smooth mouth with its studded tongue was ready for pleasure but Miss Clearmont had not used it. No she had taken to Kathy's breasts. Each nipple had a stud through it holding a stretcher in place. Several weeks later they were replaced with larger ones. The good doctor checking that the nipples were growing. Kathy was being enlarged all the time. Her clitoris was as small as a short prick and constantly rubbed on whatever object was in her pussy. The worst of all was the hopelessness of slavery.

She knew that she could never escape, she was physically not able to. She was doomed to be a living reminder of her mistress's wrath. The best that she could manage was to rock back and forth to orgasm, at least she had that pleasure.

Miss Clearmont had a warm glow of satisfaction as she left Kathy. She was so rich that money had almost no meaning but the videotapes of Kathy as a slave that she sold the rights to, gave her no end of gratification. She had a whole store of tortures prepared for Kathy but one at a time stretched over months was the way to get her revenge.

As she passed the door behind which Desire was locked she had a sudden thought. Opening the door she found her slave curled on the cold tiles fast asleep. A touch of her heel brought Desire to her feet.

"I forgot so put you in restraint," she said as she reached up.

She pulled at a trio of small chains and attached them to the rings in Desire's pussy and nipples. With a small tug they spooled upward to the ceiling stopping when taut. When the door closed the spool would not unwind. Desire had a long night ahead of her.

"Thank you mistress for restraining me," said Desire as the door closed.

Once in her office Miss Clearmont made a phone call. She rang the number of a private detective agency that she always used when discretion was required.

"Can I speak to George please," she said to the secretary.

For a moment there was music on the line. "George Watts here."

"Miss Clearmont. I wonder if you could do a little research for me in the next day or two."

"For you. I am sure that we can."

"I need information and a watch kept on a Mrs Lorde," she said

"Ahem." For a moment there was silence as George thought about customer confidentiality. The fees that Miss. Clearmont could pay overcame his reticence. "Funny coincidence, we have her as a client at the moment."

"That does save time," said Miss Clearmont with a chuckle. "Are you watching her as well?"

"No just her husband and his lover."

"Well at the usual rate I want you to dig up as much as you can by tomorrow. Also follow another woman. Gail Vasdek. I believe that the two of them are having a somewhat unconventional affair."

"Anything else?" asked George. "What time do we meet?"

"At two in the afternoon will be fine. I will pay in cash as usual."

"Fine."

Miss Clearmont put down the phone. This was really coming together now. Mr Lorde was in deep trouble, but he did not know it yet. Mrs Lorde was in deeper than she realised and Gail Vasdek's powerful friend could look forward to an exciting time.

Decision.

Joan Lorde was expecting her husband to return in the late evening flight from Austin. Usually having the whole day to herself was a bore. Shopping or socialising.

Today was different.

She rang Gail as soon as she had breakfasted. There seemed little hope that her servant could have arranged anything so quickly but it was with almost bated breath that she waited for Gail to pick up the phone.

"Hello. Have you managed to contact your friend yet," she had meant to be cool and cautious on the phone but somehow she could not wait.

"Yes," said Gail. "You can call her to arrange a meeting as you like." With that she gave Miss Clearmont's telephone number to Joan. Gail continued. "Are we meeting tonight?"

Joan paused for a moment. "If the meeting brings any hope then you can expect me round tonight. I shall be expecting you to be ready to be punished."

Gail's heart leapt with excitement at the thought. "I shall be waiting for you mistress."

Joan put down the phone. After a moment considering the name that Gail had given her she dialled the number. She felt that Miss Clearmont's name was familiar, had they met at some social party or event? No matter, she would meet her and find out. The phone rang for several seconds before being picked up.

The voice on the other end of the line sounded stern and matter of fact but Joan arranged to call at Miss Clearmont's apartment in two hours. When she had put the phone down she realised where she had met Miss Clearmont before.

Maybe a year ago at a party given by some distant acquaintance. Yes that was it. All the maids serving the drinks and food had been outrageously dressed but the party had really gone with a swing.

Deciding to impress Miss Clearmont she dressed carefully and decided to drive there herself in the Mercedes. After all she did not want anyone to know whom she was meeting and where.

She found the apartment with no trouble and was let in by a pretty maid.

Led to Miss Clearmont's drawing room she was served a fruit juice and seated on a sofa to wait for her. She looked at the oils on the walls and the tasteful furniture. The huge mahogany desk alone must have cost 10,000 dollars. The whole room smelt of money. She did not have to wait long. Miss Clearmont entered. She was dressed in jeans and a

sweater. With a slight smile Miss Clearmont proffered a hand. "Mrs Joan Lorde I presume. I believe that we have met, about a year ago."

Joan relaxed a little. She had expected some sort of society high flyer but Miss Clearmont, on first impression, seemed to be self-assured and friendly. "Glad to meet you. Gail has spoken quite highly of you."

"I could not claim Gail as a friend, she is rather an acquaintance with similar interests," said Miss Clearmont with a smile as she sat on an armchair opposite Joan.

"Well, I am glad that I can share my problem with you," said Joan. "I'm sure that she has told you the basic facts."

"An embarrassing situation to be sure, but I am not quite sure yet exactly how I can aid you," replied Miss Clearmont looking serious. "As I understand it your husband, John, is seeing another woman and has promised to marry her," continued Miss Clearmont.

"Yes. About a week ago I suspected that he was seeing this other woman. Diane Faslane is my husband's secretary. She is certainly an attractive woman."

Joan pulled a wry face. "A few nights ago my inquiries revealed that he visited her for some hours. They had sex and..."

"Quite. So what course of action were you considering?" asked Miss Clearmont.

"Well. Divorce is not possible. I would be the laughing stock of New York." Joan paused and then continued. "If I confront my husband I'm sure that he will not see her again. But..."

"That would only push the problem away as long as he did not find another lover." Miss Clearmont had echoed Joan's thoughts exactly.

With a sigh Joan considered. She was beginning to like Miss Clearmont. Even if the talk came to nothing she had unburdened herself. "Absolutely. I must bind my husband in a way that will prevent him from straying again."

"I shall be perfectly frank with you Joan. Just fending off the secretary will lay you open to blackmail. I know, I have been the victim of a similar case. If you are to achieve your aim you must follow an illegal course."

Miss Clearmont paused to see the effect her words were having and was gratified to see that Joan neither flinched or started. In fact she leaned forward as if this was a conspiratorial meeting of minds.

"I have some ideas that may be effective but before we go on I need to know that you will not flinch from an unconventional and perhaps bizarre course."

"I would never stoop to murder," said Joan with a determined look. "Revenge would be satisfactory but..."

Miss Clearmont sat back. Joan was coming round. "Murder is certainly not an option. But if we could cause your husband to find that his slut was unsuitable for him. Or perhaps we could change your husband's mind by tying him to you more effectively. These are the options that I was considering. Murder is much too risky. I have no wish to involve the authorities in any way."

"That would suit me, but how?" Joan had visions of a sniper with mirrored sunglasses taking pot shots at her rival. She pushed them aside and wondered how her husband and lover could be separated and put under control.

Miss Clearmont cleared her throat.

She was really enjoying this meeting. The phone call from George, her PI had dug up some useful information. For instance Joan had had several lovers before Gail. All submissives culled from small ads to a fetish magazine. Obviously Joan kept herself distanced from the sexual scene, but she could be brought in. The question was, fast or slow? If she came on too heavy Joan might be lost and the game would not be played. If she came on too slow then Joan might decide after all for a divorce, messy as it would be. She decided fast.

"You have opened up yourself to me," said Miss Clearmont. "I will do the same for you. I will show you how I solved my last blackmail problem to my complete satisfaction." Miss Clearmont stood and went to the desk. "But you must promise me that my secret stays as hush as yours."

"I promise," said Joan.

"You might find it a little disturbing but I think that you will find it elegant," replied Miss Clearmont.

She had already prepared for this moment and was confident that Joan would buy her lies. *This will be interesting,* she thought.

Miss Clearmont pressed a call button on the desk and then sat behind her desk.

Moments later the door opened and in walked Desire. She was dressed in normal everyday clothes but wore a metal collar on her slender neck. Joan looked at Desire focusing on the collar. Desire walked to the desk with small steps.

With a smile Miss Clearmont sat back in her chair and said. "Tell Mrs Lorde your story."

Desire turned to face Joan and hung her head. "A year ago I tried to cheat Miss Clearmont of a lot of money by trying to blackmail her. I had a photo of her from many years before. When she found me out she captured me and got the photo back. She made me realise how I had so nearly damaged her place in polite society and took me from my former life as a prostitute."

Desire blushed with seeming shame and continued. "I am now her slave."

"That's enough!" Said Miss Clearmont to Desire. "I shall tell the rest." Turning her attention to Joan she continued. "Desire is now my little slave," she waited for the effect and noticed that Joan seemed to be breathing more heavily. "Of course Desire was not her former name, that is forgotten. She lives here now and lives to serve me in every way. In many ways she is not the perfect slave but punishment for her original crime and other oversights is continual. I hope that in a year or so she will be ready."

"Ready?" Said Joan. "For what?"

Miss Clearmont smiled sweetly and continued. "To sell to a friend of mine."

Joan sat back in the sofa. This was so shocking but also exciting. Here was a slave and her mistress. The slave was ready to serve, the mistress to sell her. Her own relationship with Gail seemed so very tame. This was the next level. She felt so stimulated by the situation, no wonder that Gail had known Miss Clearmont.

"Would you like a demonstration of my slave's obedience?" Asked Miss Clearmont. Joan seemed almost dazed, was it lust or shock. Miss Clearmont decided to find out. Either Joan was in or out.

"That would be interesting, certainly."

Miss Clearmont turned to Desire. "Undress for my friend," she said in a stern voice.

Desire took off her sweatshirt. Underneath was a lacy bra in white. Next she slipped off her skirt to reveal the stocking tops and lacy suspender belt that had been bought for her just this morning. The triangle between her thighs was covered in matching knickers.

"Now then Desire, turn round," said Miss Clearmont. As she did so Desire showed her back on which was a tattoo which proved Miss Clearmont's ownership.

Miss Clearmont spoke to Joan. "Would you like to see the rest?" she asked.

"I am impressed by what I see already," she replied. "Of course I should like to see all of your slave."

Desire slipped off the bra. Both nipples were pierced with a shiny ring. Next she stepped out of her panties. With a glance at Miss Clearmont to see what was required she stopped. Joan could see another ring peep out of Desire's pussy. She crossed her legs at the thrill that passed through her loins.

"Of course Desire is fully trained to please me or any other that I order her to." Miss Clearmont went to stand by her slave. With one hand she turned the slave to face the desk allowing Joan to see a slender chain that dangled from Desire's behind. "This chain is joined to a small plug. I prefer my slaves under my complete control."

Joan could just see something black peeping from between the slave's buttocks. A small frisson of stimulation tickled between her thighs.

Miss Clearmont could sense success but she had no interest in pushing Desire to really perform, yet. "Desire is due her punishment but you are not here for pleasure. I shall put her in her room and we can continue to discuss how we are going to solve your little problem. Would you like to come or would you prefer to wait here and perhaps have another drink?"

"I am very interested, I would gladly have a look at her room," said Joan. She was disappointed that the show had come to an end but was not willing to say so.

Miss Clearmont attached a leash to Desire's collar and led her and Joan out of the room. They went down the tiled corridor to Miss Clearmont's fun room. As they entered Kathy heard the door click and Miss Clearmont's voice.

"This is my training and fun room. Desire will be punished here and afford me a little distraction before I retire for the night."

Kathy, in her box, stayed absolutely still. It would not do at all to upset Miss Clearmont.

With a click of a small padlock Desire's leash was attached to the four poster bed. Miss Clearmont went to a wardrobe and opened it to reveal a selection of canes and whips. She selected one and put it between Desire's lips. "Do not let it fall out or the punishment will be doubled," she said.

Joan, who was standing close to Desire, noted that the whip was knotted, rather more aggressive than the ones that she used on Gail. Without thinking one of her hands strayed to Desire's breast and fondled the ring embedded in the flesh.

She could not help commenting. "Your slave's nipples are so big, did you do that?"

"Yes my dear. I prefer sensitivity and awareness of vulnerability in a slave. Huge nipples are wonderful to abuse and give me such pleasure."

"You have a few slaves then?" Asked Joan.

"I like to vary my diet," answered Miss Clearmont as she watched Joan's fingers pinch Desire's nipple and explore where the metal ring pierced the tender flesh.

"Men?" asked Joan not daring to hope.

"Male slaves are so vulnerable. Physically and emotionally, but I have more females. They are harder to tame and so much more satisfying to abuse. Violation to a woman is an invasion, to a man it is subjugation. I prefer subtlety, indignity and distress to raw pain."

Joan let go of the slave and followed Miss Clearmont to her drawing room.

"Let's discuss your husband and his slut," said Miss Clearmont as they sat on the sofa. "My idea is quite simple. You have just seen an example of my speciality."

Joan looked at her glass. She had mixed feelings. It was obvious that the dominant Miss Clearmont was proposing nothing short of offering her a slave husband and a life of sexual servitude for his secretary.

If of course it worked. Jake was no push over. He had not made a fortune in business by being weak willed. She had not decided when Miss Clearmont broke into her reverie.

"If you have never had a male slave you have never had good sex. Perhaps you should come back tomorrow and I will show you what I mean."

Joan still hesitated.

But her heart spoke for her mind.

"Until tomorrow then."

Dictation

Diane started the day in the usual way, even though it was a Saturday. First she picked up a few bagels and then some fresh flowers for the office. She let herself in and registered with the doorman. She had a mound of filing to do as well as some E-mails to send.

When she got to the 10th floor office Jake was already there.

He waved a hello and carried on with his telephone conversation. By the time that he had put the phone down Diane had two coffees ready and the flowers were in a vase.

Jake went to the door and locked it. Diane put one coffee on the desk and the other close by.

"I missed you," said Jake.

"I need you now," said Diane.

With a shift of the hips against the desk her skirt lifted to reveal her stocking tops and hungry pussy.

Jake needed no other signal and allowed his jacket to slip off his shoulders. Diane came over to him and rubbed against his erection with her ass.

"On the chair," she whispered.

Slowly she pushed him back until he was forced to sit on the chair. Then with a slow movement she undid his zipper and freed his pulsating organ. As she turned her back she lifted her skirt and sat on his prick. It slid deep into her clutching sex as her reached under her blouse and found her breasts. Slowly she began to slide up and down. Each time seemed deeper than the last until she felt him strain upward. Deep inside her he came.

A release.

"God! You are good," he cried as he came. Pinching her nipples he forced himself to a few more thrusts making her tremble as she too orgasmed.

They sat, joined by their sex, as they recovered their breath. Fast and fun was how Jake always put it when they made love in the office.

"You are such a good fuck," he said as they stood. He still held her massive breasts cupped in his hands. "Let's do it again."

The unblinking eyes of the web cams on both computers had taken in the whole scene. Every motion and every moan in high resolution and stereo sound.

"So you enter the password in the open field. Click on 'send' and you have access to my site." Jim leaned over Miss Clearmont to see the screen and showed her how to access the pictures.

"Now click here if you want to activate the program that accesses the hard disk, and here if you want to see through the web cams. It takes a moment to access because they may be in use," he clicked again.

"This takes us to the other four cameras in Diane's home. You should now see the flat." For a moment the program sought access. Four new windows opened one for each camera. "Now you can see her apartment. No one at home."

Jim moved the mouse and closed the windows. "Now we'll check the office." Once again there was a pause. "I cannot rig more than four more cameras in without having to rebuild my site so if you want more, give me plenty of warning."

New windows opened showing the office. "Bingo," said Jim as they watched the two lovers making love over the desk.

"I am impressed with your work. Your timing is pretty good too," said Miss Clearmont as they watched Jake move up and down over the prone Diane. "Well done. Now I need to know about Diane."

Jim reached over again and closed the windows. "If we watch too long the hard drive will make too much noise," he said. "That might give it away."

"Diane Faslane," said Jim. "Twenty three years old. Can't say much about her life before the last few years but I'll have that in a day or two. Formerly secretary for a Mr Wright of Mills, Wright and Gemme. That is a legal firm in upper Manhattan that deal in stock transfers. She worked there just about a year before moving to become private secretary for John Lorde.

She has been operated on three times in the Valley Clinic. They specialise in plastic surgery so I guess that that is where she had her breasts enlarged. She didn't pay. I'm still tracing who did but of course it had to be Lorde."

Jim paused as he disconnected from the Internet. Miss Clearmont looked relaxed but attentive.

That brings me to Joan Lorde. "I have found one of her previous lovers. I think tracing those before will be difficult in the extreme but we will try. This woman said that Joan was into dominant sex but seemed more concerned to have a servant rather than a sexual partner. Sex was infrequent and not satisfactory. 'Someone to boss around' was her description."

"I'm sure that she will develop now that she is under my wing," said Miss Clearmont wryly.

"You have convinced me," said Jim with a smile. "You are a lady of determination and a mistress of resolve." For a moment he glanced at the woman who was paying his wages. She was undeniably attractive but knowing, as he did, her overwhelming needs, he would never imagine that she would make a suitable partner.

Even casually.

Miss Clearmont adjusted her blouse and opened the top button to allow Jim to see into her voluptuous cleavage. It tickled her that he knew enough to stay away from her charms but was tempted.

"It could be possible to put a camera or two in Mrs Lorde's apartment," said Jim moving to face Miss Clearmont. "You may have to wait a day or two whilst we stake her out."

"I don't think that that is necessary yet. Just a close watch on her husband is necessary. But I want you to work overtime to get as much info. on them both as soon as possible. My main interest is, as usual, money," she said quietly.

"Anything else?" He asked.

"No, but I'll contact you if something comes to mind."

Jim left her apartment to start carrying out her orders leaving Miss Clearmont to ruminate over her next step.

Money.

That was the draw. There was certainly plenty of it in the Lorde household. The problem was to get at it all. Every red cent.

Manipulation.

She had promised. Of course that meant little to a servant.

More than that, the visit to Miss Clearmont had given her both hope and strength. Suddenly Joan found an awakening of a sexual instinct. Sex had not been the real aim of her attachment to Gail. Rather it was the power that she had enjoyed.

The contact with Miss Clearmont had been brief but it had shown her that the ultimate power was over the most intimate moments of another's life. She imagined how she could use her sudden revelation.

As she drove to Gail's flat she pondered what she could do that Gail would really detest. Their last meeting had ended in giving Gail a caning. It had been clear that Gail had enjoyed it. She had to do something new that would bring her slave to suffer. Slave, now that was the right word. Servant seemed so tame. Gail would be her slave.

Gail was waiting for her mistress. She had dressed herself in a tight black dress and wore high heels.

She bowed as she opened the door for Joan.

"I have a present for you slave," said Joan. She intended to call Gail 'slave' now on to seal a new phase in their relationship. From her handbag she pulled out a packet and handed it to Gail. With trembling fingers Gail opened the bag. Inside was a wide leather collar. With shaking hands she put it on her neck and buckled it on. Joan pulled a small padlock from her pocket and locked the collar on.

"You will wear this collar for the moment until the one I ordered is ready," said Joan as she admired the effect.

"Thank you mistress," said Gail.

"I have decided that you are no longer my servant. You are my slave," said Joan. "You will no longer have a private life. You will live to serve me, please me and gratify me in every way."

Joan nodded her head. For several months she had hoped for this moment. At last it was here.

"I love you mistress and I will live to serve your whim," she said.

Joan was almost disappointed. She had hoped to conquer but instead there was quiet acquiescence. Brusquely she entered the living room and sat down. "Get me a drink," she said. "And you can take off that dress. From now on you will dress as I dictate."

Gail slipped off her dress and went to make a cocktail for Joan. "May I ask how the visit to Miss Clearmont went?" she asked as she passed the Bloody Mary to Joan.

"Miss Clearmont suggested a solution to my problem that I am thinking of taking up," said Joan. "She also showed me that I have been treating you too well. From now on you will only speak when I allow it and only refer to me as 'mistress'."

After a sip of her drink she stood. Joan beckoned with a small movement of her hand for Gail to follow her and went to the bedroom. She opened the wardrobe and took stock of Gail's clothes.

"Take all of these out and lay them on the bed," she said.

One by one Gail laid all her clothes on the bed. "You will keep this dress for those few occasions when you have to leave the flat with my permission," said Joan pointing to a tight red dress. "All of the rest will be disposed of."

Then she went to the chest of drawers and tipped all of the contents onto the floor. "You have no need for underwear and petticoats. They are also to be disposed of. In fact you can do it now."

Gail gathered all her clothes and bundled them into a rubbish sack. As she did so Joan checked over all the shoes and handbags by piling them in a heap.

"These are all rubbish as well," said Joan pointing to the heap. "I shall order you suitable clothes and shoes in the next few days."

Gail filled another sack with the shoes. "Throw them away now slave." Joan picked up her drink and watched Gail carry the sacks to the waste chute and tip them in. "That's better."

From her bag she pulled a shirt crop. "You can show me your devotion now," she said. With a shrug she slipped off her fur coat to reveal that she was wearing nothing beneath. With the crop in her right hand and the drink in her left she sat on the edge of the bed.

Opening her thighs she pointed at her feet. "You will now begin the first lesson in servitude," she said as she sipped the cocktail.

Gail got onto her knees and kissed her mistress's shoe. A single blow from the crop caught her back. "The first lesson is to act only under orders."

The lessons continued for two hours. The slave's back was criss-crossed with the weals of the crop as she served her mistress. Finally Joan allowed her to make herself come.

Lying on the floor, legs spread wide, Gail's fingers moved through her pussy with abandon as she surrendered the last of her dignity to her mistress's watchful eye.

"I have some other adjustments to make in our new relationship," said Joan as she pulled on her coat. "Tomorrow I shall return and we shall go and start to fill your wardrobe."

Gail lay on the carpet. Spent and blushing with her orgasm she looked up at her mistress. Joan took one last look and left, slamming the door behind her. It had all been too easy.

She had expected Gail to object to the destruction of her clothes.

She had awaited protest at the clear signal that Gail was to have no independent life.

The mistress would clearly have to push the slave much harder to find her limit. On the other hand she now felt that she really had a slave and not a servant.

After the slamming of the door Gail stood and admired the marks on her back for several minutes. Then she went to the phone and called Miss Clearmont.

"Well done," said Miss Clearmont when she had heard the full details of Joan's actions. "You will encourage your new mistress to punish and use you as strictly as possible."

"I will do my best," replied Gail.

"I want your mistress to develop as fast as possible," said Miss Clearmont. "If you fail to meet my high expectations I will not be pleased."

Gail knew that a displeased Miss Clearmont was capable of terrible revenge. "I shall not disappoint you," said Gail.

"See that you don't." came the reply as Miss Clearmont put down the phone.

Satiation

Miss Clearmont was in a good mood.

The little party that she had laid on for Joan Lorde had gone well.

She felt that Joan was progressing well towards becoming a real bitch. They had met in the drawing room where Miss Clearmont had laid out a selection of clothes for her new protégé.

The first good sign had been that Joan had immediately picked out the most outrageous of all the costumes laid before her and then had the nerve to undress and put it on with Miss Clearmont's help. There was no doubt that Joan was rather thin and severe looking but the leather costume had fitted like a glove, and with her hair pulled back she had looked most severe.

Miss Clearmont had then introduced Joan to Mike. Mike was possibly the most servile slave of Miss Clearmont's but his muscular body had clearly excited her. Miss Clearmont had then taken both of them to her fun room and left them alone with no more than a curt threat to Mike to obey all Joan's commands.

The cameras had allowed Miss Clearmont to monitor how Joan got on. After a brief moment of uncertainty Joan had ordered Mike to undress and kiss her legs. With him at her feet she had seemed to gain strength and ascendancy.

An hour later Miss Clearmont felt that the only weakness had been that she had allowed Mike to be on top during the sex even though she controlled him with a short crop and her orders. Best of all she had forbidden him to come until she was finished and then made him clean her with his tongue.

All in all, a commendable performance and a most interesting video. As she bade farewell to Joan, Miss Clearmont had asked her if she was ready to take her husband under her control.

Joan had looked uncertain but said "Yes."

The next stage in Miss Clearmont's plan was to get hold of Diane. She pondered how she could get Jake to dispose of his sexy secretary. Best that he did it of his own volition and then Diane could disappear. After that she would have to get Jake himself and ready him for his wife. *'There is plenty of time,'* she thought to herself as she pondered. *'Plenty of time.'*

With a sigh of satisfaction she went to her private room. The sheets on the bed lay in disarray where Mike and Joan had been. Miss Clearmont ordered new sheets and the

room to be cleaned up before she attended to Kathy. Opening the box she found Kathy with a half-finished bowl.

"Not good enough," she said as she got Kathy out of the cage. "You must really eat all of the food. I do not want any waste." It had been the third that day and full to the brim.

Tears appeared in Kathy's eyes as she replied. "Please mistress. I ate all I could."

Miss Clearmont stroked her back with her gloved hand. "I know that I am difficult to satisfy sometimes but how would it look if others saw how you refuse to obey me?" she said.

"I will finish it now." pleaded Kathy as the tears rolled.

"Good." Miss Clearmont took the bowl from the cage and refilled it. "Eat it all." Was all she said as she set it before Kathy.

Kathy drank the oily liquid on top of the food and then ate the pieces of fat beneath using her hands. As she ate Miss Clearmont fetched a syringe and filled it. "This is your daily hormone dear," she patted Kathy's rear and injected the fluid. "If you want to please me you will grow as fast as possible." Kathy had finished the food and waited on all fours.

"Lie on your back bitch."

Kathy rolled over and lay on her back whilst Miss Clearmont inspected her breasts. With great care she detached the studs in her fat slave's nipples and rolled them in her fingers.

"As you know," she said. "I am preparing you for something special." With dextrous fingers she pulled two cup size cones over Kathy's nipples. The cups stretched the sensitive skin of Kathy's nipples and were reattached with the studs. "That's better. I may make your breasts all nipple," she said with a grin as she squeezed Kathy's stomach. "Would you like that?"

Kathy nodded slightly.

"Open your legs dear." Miss Clearmont inspected her slave's sex. With both hands she parted the flesh to find the clitoris. Taking it gently she squeezed. "I think that you are not big enough. Three inches is not enough. I wonder if we can get you to six," she mused.

She rolled the pink flesh between her gloves and watched Kathy squirm. "I shall speak to Doctor Vance about this." With a slight movement she nipped Kathy making her start. "If it were longer I could let you fuck me. That would be so nice for me."

Miss Clearmont absently fingered the plug in Kathy's anus. "In a month I will have a little party for a few selected guests. You may be the main attraction."

'Yes.' thought Miss Clearmont. *'Kathy might just do by then.'* The party would be interesting and Miss Clearmont was determined to be the one that brought the most outrageous slave.

She helped her slave into the shower on her hands and knees noting the way that Kathy panted with exertion as she went. Removing the plug she allowed a toilet visit and then fitted her with a hood.

The rubber pulled tight over Kathy's head and was zipped behind. As she pulled the laces tight at the rear it forced a hard tube into the slave's mouth opening the jaw and making the tongue wag. It was time for Kathy to be serviced by Mike. Going to the door she let her male slave enter and pointed at Kathy.

"Fuck her twice in each hole and then report back to me," she ordered him.

"Thank you mistress for your favour," said Mike as he surveyed Kathy.

It was not often that she allowed him to come, this was a reward. "Be rough Mike, but she is not to orgasm," said Miss Clearmont.

"May I cane her," he asked.

"Please yourself slave."

Miss Clearmont sat on the bed to watch Mike take his reward. One hand strayed to her sex as Mike went to select a crop. He returned to Kathy bearing a simple cane.

'A good choice,' thought Miss Clearmont as she watched.

Mike knelt in front of the passive Kathy and slowly pushed his erect prick into the only hole in the mask. He pushed with his strong thighs until his balls struck her chin and then began a slow movement. With the cane he struck her back before he speeded up. Within seconds he almost withdrew.

As Kathy drew breath he came into her constrained extended mouth. Slowly he stood and then knelt behind her. This time he struck her upraised ass with the cane three times before entering her pussy from behind. Kathy was very large so he held the root of his cock with one hand caning her as he thrust into her.

"Use the cane more," ordered Miss Clearmont as she stood. "When you have finished; plug her and come to me."

Miss Clearmont left the room to the sound of the cane punishing Kathy's rolling flesh. In her office she switched on the monitor and watched Mike fuck the fat woman in the mask.

Now he had entered her broad ass and was thrusting with a will. He plied the cane with a will raising pink welts on Kathy's back. Miss Clearmont sat back to enjoy the show. One hand slipped into the folds of her sex and stroked her erect clitoris, the other teased a nipple and pinched it alternately. By the time that Mike was again at Kathy's face she had orgasmed twice.

Mike was now having difficulty.

He rammed at the mask with real force making his balls bounce against the rubber. The blows from the cane were striking Kathy's breasts from the side making her shudder with discomfort.

It took another hour for Mike to follow Miss Clearmont's orders and come six times in Kathy. She was a mass of weals that criss crossed her pink flesh with angry red stripes.

Finally he was done.

For a minute he fumbled around in the bottom drawer of the chest of drawers and then came back with three rubber dildos. One he pushed into her pussy with no trouble. The next was almost too large, but in the end it was pushed deep into her ass. Finally he came to her head. He then realised that the third would choke of her air so he fetched a whip with a prick handle that was not so wide and pressed it in. Miss Clearmont was impressed. Mike was a good boy.

His prick was limp but still hung with impressive size as he walked round Kathy checking that he had stoppered her properly.

A minute later he was standing in front of Miss Clearmont. "Would you like to service the slave regularly?" she asked him.

"I am yours to order as you see fit mistress," he replied.

"Fuck me now!" she said.

With his hand he grasped his flaccid prick. Miss Clearmont opened her thighs and lay back on the sofa. After a few seconds she felt him enter her. Already he was immense. His prick filled her with warmth as he thrust home. Miss Clearmont came with a small cry.

"Withdraw and you may come," she gasped.

With a smooth motion he withdrew and made himself come onto her outstretched glove. There was not much on her glove but she offered it to him to lick from the leather.

"You have pleased me today. I am putting you in charge of the fat slave in my room. Later I shall give you strict orders as to your new slut but now I want you to feed her well and put her in the cage.

Leave the mask on for the moment."

Mike bowed slightly and left to attend to Kathy.

Miss Clearmont felt spent but satisfied. She was getting too soft on Kathy, he would add new urgency to the slut and make sure that she was big enough to please her mistress.

Captivation

Diane was on her lunch break.

Sitting in a café on Times Square she reflected on the last month. It had been that long since Jake had promised to marry her and divorce his shrewish wife. In all that time they had played their games but he had never again referred to that evening. It was as if he had forgotten or put it on the back burner.

Somehow she would have to reawaken his interest in marriage.

Sipping her coffee she fiddled with her mobile phone. Jake was away again for a few days and she missed him so. Diane was so involved in her thoughts that she was startled when someone sat at the table. She glanced up and was surprised to see Joan Lorde.

"How are you?" asked Joan with a smile.

Diane took in Joan with a glance. Her fur coat was parted to show a leather dress beneath.

"Fine Mrs Lorde," she answered.

"Well, I am not but I'll explain later." Mrs Lorde had a slight smile on her lips as she looked at her rival. "I wonder if you could do me a little favour."

"I would be glad to help," replied Diane as she sipped her coffee.

"I have a real problem in my husband's home office. I don't understand the filing system and he phoned me to fax a document. Could you come back to the apartment and help me find it?" said Joan.

"I have a lot to do in the office. But if it won't take too long," replied Diane.

"Fine. Thanks.

The car is just round the corner."

Diane drank her coffee and followed her lover's wife out of the café. They walked a block or two through the busy streets before the car came in sight, pulled up in a taxi rank. Joan opened the rear door to let Diane in.

Diane slid in without looking.

She found herself next to a muscular young man in the back seat. Joan got in as driver and they moved into the traffic.

"This is Mike," said Joan. Normally he would be driving me but I fancied driving myself.

Mike smiled at Diane and nodded to her. Diane had never seen Mike before but he was dressed in a black uniform, his cap on his lap. Joan chattered away inconsequentially as they made their way through heavy traffic to the apartment. The car pulled into the underground car park and they got out and into the elevator.

'Joan seems rather exhilarated.' thought Diane as they entered the flat.

As soon as the door closed Diane was grabbed!

For a moment she was shocked. Mike was holding her wrists behind her. She struggled but he simply held both wrists in one hand and raised them until Diane was forced onto tiptoes. Joan came to face her. Her face so close that their noses almost touched Joan smiled.

"You are a naughty girl Diane," she hissed.

"What? Naughty girl?" cried Diane as she pulled at her wrists.

"Yes. You have been fucking my husband. That makes you a naughty girl," replied Joan as she stepped back a little.

"I would not touch your husband," stated Diane. She started to worry. No one knew of her whereabouts.

"Bring the slut to the bedroom," said Joan to Mike.

He raised her arms a little more and pushed Diane forwards. She teetered for a moment and then followed Joan. In the bedroom was a video machine and a television. Mike forced Diane to a chair and handcuffed her to it.

"Let us have a look at a film that I had made," said Joan with a leer at Diane.

She went to the video and played the film. For a moment there was black and then a picture of Jake in his office. Diane came into the picture her skirt was off revealing her naked thighs for a moment. Then Jake bent her over the desk and shafted her.

"The web cams," said Diane with a gasp as she watched the film.

Sex; short and sharp! Within a couple of minutes the film showed Diane and Jake pull their clothes on again.

The film came to an end and Joan turned off the video.

"What have you to say?" she asked.

Diane mumbled under her breath. She could think of nothing to say. Mrs Lorde had found them out.

"I am sorry," she said almost under her breath.

"Sorry!" shrieked Joan in a shrill voice. My husband's little slut says she's sorry. God. How utterly puerile!"

Diane could not face Joan and hung her head. She felt the cuffs bite her wrists and wondered how she could get out of this awful situation.

"You are never going to see Jake again," cried Joan passionately.

"But," said Diane.

Joan did not let her finish. "You will write a resignation now. You will promise never to speak to him again and I will pay you \$100,000 to get out of his life."

"My job," said Diane as she felt tears well into her eyes.

"That's what the money is for, bitch." came the reply.

Diane nodded. She had to get out of the apartment. Joan was very pissed and she did not know what Mike would do.

They led Joan to the desk in Jake's office. Joan pulled out a stenographer's pad and a pen and gave them to Diane.

"I will dictate; you write," said Joan.

"Dear Mr Lorde, I hereby resign without notice my employment. I realise that I have been foolish to try to entice you from your wife." Joan dictated in a steady voice. "Please forgive me for my stupidity. I shall take a short holiday and find another job outside of New York. Please do not seek to find me, my mind cannot be changed."

Joan glanced at the note. "Sign it and date the top." Diane did as she was told and pushed the pad to Joan.

Joan checked it carefully and pushed it back. "Fold it and put it in this envelope," she pushed an envelope to Diane with her nail. Diane failed to notice how Joan had touched neither the envelope nor the paper. If she had she would have realised that something was afoot.

Diane folded the note and put it in the envelope.

"Now address it," said Joan.

Joan flicked the envelope out of reach and turned to Mike. "Bring her to the bedroom," she ordered.

Taking a wrist he dragged Diane to the bedroom and flung her to the floor. Dazed, Diane lay supine looking at Joan who smiled wickedly.

"Strip her," ordered the mistress to the slave.

With one sharp tug he pulled Diane's blouse off. The buttons sprang off and rolled on the carpet. Diane tried to twist but noticed that Joan had a knife in her hand. She lay still.

Joan passed the knife to Mike who used it to cut off the rest of her clothes. Last to go were the lacy panties that covered her bulging pussy. Mike passed the knife back to Joan handle first.

"Now for my revenge," said Joan.

She reached beneath the four poster bed and pulled out a cloth bag. From it she pulled a leather mask.

"Fit it on her," she ordered as she passed the mask to Mike.

He knelt to place a knee on Diane's chest and pulled on the hood. He zipped the rear of the hood and padlocked it. Diane could not see. Her nose was closed off as was her mouth. As she frantically started to struggle to draw breath the mouth was unzipped. She opened wide to draw breath and a plastic ball was shoved between her lips. With her tongue forced back it was all she could do to breathe through a hole in the ball and whimper for mercy. Joan passed Mike a tube which he passed through the ball, finally zipping the mouth of the mask again leaving the end of the tube hanging.

Diane felt a sharp kick to her side. "Roll over slut," she rolled onto her front. She felt her arms being slipped into something and then a sharp tugging as Joan viciously pulled the thongs tight pulling her elbows almost together.

"That's better," said Joan. "Now onto the bed with her."

Diane was lifted into a sitting position on the bed. She heard her breath whistle through the tube and felt her shoulders ache with the strain of the arm restrainer.

"Have I got your attention?" asked Joan.

Diane nodded.

"Good. Then listen. You are a slut. You fucked my husband and wanted to steal him from me. I shall punish you." Joan sounded angry so Diane nodded again. She could hear her breath almost whistling through the tube.

"I will take my time punishing you. You are mine for now to do with as I wish," said Joan. "Since sex is the speciality of a slut, sex will be your punishment. You will serve me and my friends. I am looking forward to making my pleasure your only goal in life."

Joan reached out and nipped the tube in Diane's mask to cut off the air with one hand as she reached out and stroked the captive's breast. As Diane struggled to breathe she moved to free the tube from Joan's hand. A sharp blow to her breast made her sit still.

"You don't get it do you? Your entire body is mine to control." With those words Joan grabbed a breast and squeezed. Diane, in a world of darkness, felt the hand move down to inspect her pussy.

"Open your legs bitch," came the command.

By now she felt faint and weak. A pressure on her knees forced her thighs open and the hand opened her sex wide. Then she could breathe and was pushed onto her back.

"Nice pussy," said Joan as she slipped a finger deep into the warm tunnel of Diane's sex.

Her other hand parted Diane's flesh to reveal the bud of her ass. "Such a sweet ass." As a finger entered Diane's ass hole she commented further. "It needs, it begs really, to be filled. Pass me the plug!"

Mike found a rubber plug and passed it to Joan with a smile. Diane felt a pressure on her ass as the plug was pushed deep into her. For a moment she struggled as she felt the other prong push into her pussy. It went deep into her making her squirm.

"That's better isn't it?" said Joan as she made a final push at the dildo. "Do you like being filled?"

Diane made no move and received a sharp blow to her vulnerable pussy. She nodded affirmation. "Nice to be filled bitch?"

Diane nodded again. This was terrible. The mask was warm and claustrophobic in its darkness while her jaws ached from being stretched wide by the gag. She had expected anger but this violation was too much.

Joan stood up and admired Diane's helplessness. With a curt remark she banished Mike to the living room. It was not fit that a slave saw her next move. As soon as he was gone and the door closed she found the attachment for the plug that she had inserted into her slaves holes. She attached the dildo to the screw fitting leaving it to stand proudly over Diane's loins.

"Now the first lesson in giving pleasure," she said as she gave the free-standing prick a squeeze. Diane felt the intrusion in her pussy and ass swell slightly. "You are going to be fucked by me," continued Joan.

She squeezed again and again making the inserted dildos grow steadily as air was pumped into those intruders. Then Diane heard the sound of zippers and the rustle of leather as Joan removed her skirt and knickers.

Joan was wet. She had never been so excited by sex as she felt the juices rise and seep out to her thighs.

"If you please me I shall reward you," said Joan in a voice almost made breathless as she straddled her supine sex doll. Raising her hips she allowed the dildo to enter her steaming sex. It slid in without hindrance until her pussy rested on the base of the dildo.

"Fuck me," she said as she slapped Diane's huge breasts.

The slave responded by lifting her hips and thrusting at her tormentor with a steady rhythm. Joan felt the rough dildo stretch her and rub the walls of her pussy. Her clitoris bumped against the swollen lips of her sex doll at every stroke. Never before had she felt so much power and pleasure. As she started to come she slapped Diane's breasts and scratched at her nipples.

The rushing sound of the air whistled from the mask in rhythm to the struggling, arching slave exciting Joan even more. With one hand pinching a nipple tightly the other caught the tube and closed it off. Diane's struggles and thrusts turned frantic as Joan came, not once but twice in quick succession. Then Diane, now at the point of fainting, came too.

The pressure in her sex and ass increased as ever the motion of the plunging pair pumped more air in. Joan released the air hose and sat above her exhausted slave.

"You will be glad to know that I have a special place prepared for you. I have equipped a play room for us that has plenty of clever toys that we will play with." Joan withdrew from the upright dildo with a slow move and gave it another squeeze.

"Do you want to come to play?"

With a weary nod Diane acquiesced. She thought of the note that she had been forced to write and wondered how long Mrs Lorde planned to play with her body. She hoped that the pleasure would soon pall for Joan but deep in her heart she knew that this was just the beginning of her frightful slavery to a vengeful mistress.

Deprivation

Jake looked at the letter again.

He felt shattered.

Even though he had known that Diane wanted to get him to divorce Joan he could scarcely believe the contents of the letter that he had before him. Already he knew that his private secretary had not been to the office for four days now.

She had gone on a lunch break and not come back. Her handbag still lay by the desk and some unfinished notes were scribbled on a pad by the phone. He pondered his options and reached for the phone. Dialling her mobile number brought an 'out of contact' message from the phone company.

He called her apartment but the phone rang without even the answering machine to answer his call. '*Clearly she has had a brainstorm,*' he thought as he put the letter back in the envelope. For a moment he considered calling Diane's parents but after reflection he did not.

The door to the office opened. The secretary from the main office entered bringing a pile of files. "We need to find another secretary," said Jake to her.

Pausing as she slipped the files into their drawers she answered. "A temp or a permanent placing?" she asked.

"Permanent," he replied. "Call the agency and tell them to send the hopefuls."

With a sigh he flicked through the other papers on his desk. There were a few faxes from his broker and some authorisations to sign. Under them all was a letter from a legal clerk seeking work. As he flicked through the CV and photo he said. "No wait." Jake passed the CV to the secretary. "Call her in for interview and we shall see."

There were seven guests at the table. Miss Clearmont had organised a party in her usual way. Cut crystal wineglasses and silverware framed the Meissen porcelain on the white silk tablecloth.

Now that the meal was over the guests relaxed with port and cigars. Miss Clearmont herself smoked a cigarette in a long holder that sat elegantly in her gloved hands. The other guests sat back and discussed matters of importance like their latest acquisitions and their training. Joan Lorde sat next to Miss Clearmont. She wore a dress that she would not have even considered wearing two months ago. Cut to her waist at the front with soft leather arms that covered to the backs of her hands.

"I have much to thank you for," said Joan to Miss Clearmont. "The last month has been so enjoyable. Gail and Diane are so good for me."

"No need to thank me," replied Miss Clearmont with a smile. For a moment she drew at the cigarette before continuing. "I have done nothing more than to let you see the real benefits of ownership."

"Maybe you are correct," said Joan. "But you certainly opened my eyes."

"This evening you may see something that will really open your eyes." Replied Miss Clearmont. "I have organised a little show for the party that promises to highlight one of my greatest conquests. On another subject how is your little conquest going?"

Joan smiled and raised her glass. "To Diane, a slut in waiting. Actually she is progressing well. At the moment it is necessary for me to keep her in continual restraint. She is so self-willed after all. But I would not have it any other way."

"Did you introduce her to Dr Vance?" Asked Miss Clearmont seriously.

"Yes. Only yesterday he inspected her and pronounced her fit to operate on," replied Joan.

"And, what adjustments have you got in mind?"

"I have decided to alter her breasts. They are so large."

Miss Clearmont flicked a piece of ash from the tablecloth. "You intend to remove them?" She asked with surprise in her voice.

"No, of course not. They are just too perfect. I like big but they should hang and not stand so proudly."

"My dear friend you are really starting to get the idea. Have you anything else in mind?" asked Miss Clearmont.

"Yes, a few little touches. Tattooed make-up for a start, and her mouth is going to need work. Not much really, I am just starting out and will not alter anything until I am sure that it is what I want."

"That's very wise, my dear," said Miss Clearmont. "How about Gail?"

"For the moment I am doing nothing more than removing all her body hair," replied Joan.

"Well I must say that things are going well. What have you got planned for your errant husband?" asked Miss Clearmont.

"Well we discussed your plan. I must say that a long holiday will suit him. Of course I know next to nothing about his business interests but now that he has a new secretary I shall soon know enough."

Miss Clearmont coughed and took a sip of port.

"My girl is just starting to get into the details," she said with a smile. "We can expect it to take a month or so before we have all the particulars."

"Then a little holiday in a training camp and I get him back," stated Joan.

"Just so," replied Miss Clearmont.

Miss Clearmont stood and rapped a glass for attention. When all were looking she made an announcement.

"I am sure that you will all remember that I am rather an amicable woman."

One or two of the guests raised their glasses in silent toast.

"However when I am crossed I my temper sometimes gets the better of me. A while ago an acquaintance of mine tried to take advantage of my good nature. She was determined to defraud me of a considerable sum of money." Miss Clearmont raised her glass for another sip.

"I was not best pleased and have taken the liberty of exacting my retribution. For over a year now I have been working on this little project and would like you to see the result.

After all what good is private revenge?"

The guests clapped politely and waited for Miss Clearmont to continue.

"I decided that this slave would be totally degraded. This has meant that I have had to not only steer the project but pay a great deal of personal attention to it. Now that I have finished I await your verdict. I also need your help in deciding what to do next with

her. It would be a great shame if she was not made available in some way but I request your thought in the matter if any of you have any ideas."

Miss Clearmont rapped sharply *twice* on her glass.

At the end of the room the doors opened to reveal a large wooden box set on casters. Mike, fully naked, wheeled the box in and closed the doors. For a moment he stood before Miss Clearmont who with a clear sense of the tension caused by the delay, signalled.

Mike unlatched the top of the crate to let the sides fall away. Underneath was a cage in which was a woman totally enclosed in latex. It was Kathy. Her bulk was greater than ever. Joan guessed 360 pounds were swathed in latex. At another signal from Miss Clearmont the sides of the cage were also lowered to allow the guests to see the gross slave properly.

"Come here slave," said Miss Clearmont.

The slave started to crawl to Miss Clearmont with slow heaves of her body. The enormous breasts hung to the floor and trailed behind Kathy who almost put her knees on them several times.

As Kathy struggled across the floor Miss Clearmont made a few remarks to enlighten her guests about the slave. "Yesterday I weighed her. She is fully 420 pounds in weight. Her backside is over a metre wide whilst her waist is a full two yards."

Mike followed Kathy with very slow steps. "The slave has not been allowed to walk or exercise now for over a year and has been kept in her cage for almost all of that time."

A small ripple of applause ran round the table.

"Stop there slave," said Miss Clearmont. "I have been feeding her fat and other high calorie liquids. But she peaked about two months ago and did not put on more weight. Dr Vance then gave her a course of hormones that have had the effect of adding nearly a quarter to her body weight and have enlarged her breasts yet further."

Miss Clearmont walked round Kathy as she spoke. Bending down she took one breast in her hand and let it fall again.

Joan was close to Kathy.

She looked at the hood that covered her head. There were just two small holes where the ears were pressed into the head and a leather mask buckled tight over her mouth. Two nostril holes allowed the tormented slave to breathe. Joan felt fascinated and repulsed by the huge mass of flesh.

Clearly Miss Clearmont was not a woman who took retribution lightly. She imagined Diane in the place of the fat slave and pondered if this was a good revenge but no, she would do something original, but this showed that the possibilities were great.

"Unzip her," said Miss Clearmont to Mike.

One by one he undid the fastenings and laces that held the costume on Kathy. As the latex was removed it became really clear just how large she was. When he released her breasts they flopped to the floor revealing the huge brown nipples that made up nearly half of the breasts.

Miss Clearmont ordered Kathy to kneel and with a heave she did so. The enormous rolls of fat shuddered as she balanced. Her breasts hung almost to the floor revealing the huge rings in the tips of her nipples. Her sex was invisible in the fat of her thighs.

With a shove on the masked face Miss Clearmont pushed Kathy back until she rested on her hands. This movement opened her thighs to allow the guests to see that the slave had a clitoris that was a full six inches. The tip was pieced by a small ring that twinkled in the candle light from the table.

"This is my favourite bit," said Miss Clearmont as she bent down and held the prick like organ in her hand. Slowly she rubbed it up and down with her hand whilst Kathy shuddered and swayed.

"Perfect for pleasure and torment," she commented as Kathy orgasmed in a shudder of rolls of fat.

"Slave, would you like me to punish you for my guest's pleasure?" she asked. There was a grunt from behind the mask and a slight nod.

"My fat slut loves pain. Slowly she pulled at the clitoris until it stood proudly from the slave's sex. Then with the tip of her cigarette she briefly touched the slick pink skin.

"That's good is it not?" she asked. "Would you like it again." For a moment Kathy showed no movement before she nodded.

"That's good, but we'll continue later in private," smiled the cruel mistress.

The slave's body relaxed slightly. Miss Clearmont stroked her again almost to climax and then let go to rub the palm of her hand over a breast. "As you can see she loves to please me."

Mike removed the gag and pulled out the penis shaped stopper to reveal that the slave's mouth was held wide by a ring on the hood. Miss Clearmont slipped a finger into

the wide-open orifice and moved it around. "To give more pleasure to men I had all her teeth removed. Dr Vance did the work rather too eagerly and reduced her gums as well allowing more room for her studded tongue."

Indicating Mike with a wave of her hand she continued. "This slave has the privilege of pleasuring himself six times a day a day."

Miss Clearmont stood and looked down at Kathy. "We are going to decide what is to become of you. What is your dearest wish?"

The words came slowly to Kathy. She was not often allowed to speak. "Mistress I live to please you and your slaves. Please keep me and look after me."

Kathy sobbed for a moment and continued whilst Miss Clearmont looked down at her with hard eyes. "Mistress Clearmont. I love you so dearly. Please pleasure me and torment me for the rest of my servile life."

"I'm afraid that may not be an option my dear. But if I do keep you I shall work on you further for my pleasure," replied the mistress.

Mike refitted the mask, pushing the gag well into the wide mouth before buckling it very tight. Miss Clearmont sat at her place and looked at her guests.

Joan was the first to speak. "I admire your concept of revenge," she said. "It just shows how much I have to learn."

There was a minute of silence before one of the other guests spoke. She was an older woman, still good looking in a mature way that owned a training farm for slaves. "I think that the slave should be sent to Mexico."

"Mexico?" echoed another. "Why there?"

"I think that she means the torment bordello belonging to a good friend of mine," answered Miss Clearmont. "Actually I sent her there for a month as her first punishment." Miss Clearmont mused for a moment. "I understand that there is a high turnover of slaves there. A good idea but I think that it would be a shame to lose my little corpulent slut there."

Joan sat back on her chair.

"How about, we meet again in a year and see what you can achieve in that time. I'm sure that your imagination will not let you down and that we can await an interesting result from your training."

"Ah. A challenge I think!" replied Miss Clearmont. "Are you seeking to test me Mrs Lorde."

"In no way a test," replied Joan with a smile. "Look on it as a provocation to make you excel yourself and prove your supremacy."

"You have a way with words," said Miss Clearmont with a grin. "I think that you have placed me in a small trap. I think though, that I am up to the venture. We shall meet in a year and see if I have produced an alteration that will amaze you all."

They raised their glasses in a toast. Miss Clearmont declaimed. "To my sex slave's dearest wish. She shall stay here and be subject to my whim for at least another year." The guests drank whilst Kathy regretted her wish. She knew that Miss Clearmont had limitless imagination when it came to pain and suffering.

"I have another little surprise for you all," said Miss Clearmont as the toast finished.

"Whilst in Europe last year I procured a new device. I think that it has not reached the States yet so I would like to show it off. I happened to be in Amsterdam where I visited a good friend of mine.

She gave me this whip as a present."

Reaching under the chair she pulled out a slim wooden box. Placing the box on the dinner table she opened it to reveal a whip. The handle was large and round and the thongs had metal strands in the leather. With a flourish she passed it to Joan. Joan looked at the wicked object noting a small button and light on the handle.

"Technology is something that I was never very good at," said Joan. "Do I press the button?"

"At your own risk," said Miss Clearmont. "When the button is held down the whip delivers a shock, like a stun gun. The user just has to make sure that the thongs of the whip do not touch the hand holding the whip. I wear a glove when using it."

Joan hefted the whip and swished it through the air.

"It is very heavy," she remarked.

The whip was passed round the table, all of the guests getting a chance to inspect it. Several remarked that it was indeed heavy and could really cause damage if used correctly.

When Miss Clearmont finally got it back she held the handle up for inspection. "There is another use for it. If you press hard the button stays in. The handle then delivers a shock every thirty seconds from the metal studs binding the rubber handle."

"Very clever," exclaimed the slave farm owner. "It can be inserted or wielded by a slave who should be also punished."

"Exactly," said Miss Clearmont with a sly smile. "Of course the shock can be salutary if applied internally. Of course it is only a shock, it does not paralyse like a stun gun, that would spoil the fun. Let me show you."

Kathy had listened to the whole conversation with rising fear. In her world of darkness in the hood, all fears were magnified because of the uncertainty. Her breath whispered through the breathing holes in the mask like a hiss making the discussion difficult to follow exactly but she understood that she was to be the first to test the new toy.

She felt drips of sweat caused by fear trickle down her breasts to the floor as well as rising juices in her pussy. The realisation that punishment was coming made her tremble in apprehension but the conditioning made her excited and ready for sex.

Miss Clearmont hefted the terrible new whip and stood by her trembling slave. On her knees with her vast breasts sagging to her knees she had her thighs open showing the first glistening of excitement between her massive thighs. Sweat dribbled from the collar holding the mask in place and found its way over her saucer-sized nipples.

The first blow was a light on her breasts.

"No shock that time," said Miss Clearmont. "But, now watch what happens."

The second blow of the whip was similarly light but at contact the slave jumped and tried to cry out through her gag. The only sound was a low groan. There was no mark on the flesh, just a shuddering of the rolls of fat. Miss Clearmont continued to use the whip.

Sometimes adding a shock to demonstrate how the whip worked. After around ten blows she offered the whip to her guests. "Would anybody like to try?"

One of the men took up the offer. He hefted the whip to get the feel and then suddenly slashed the thongs across the slave's nipples. Kathy leapt and shuddered as the thongs striped the sensitive flesh with a cutting draw.

Bright lines appeared on the light brown flesh and then slowly settled to a slight purple. "An impressive weapon," remarked the guest as he handed back the whip. "We should try the other function."

"If you wish to see it, then of course."

Miss Clearmont stooped and pushed the handle into the supine slut's tender pussy. With a small motion she ensured that the slave's clitoris touched the studs on the handle. "Would you like to test my new toy?" she asked her victim.

Kathy could only nod. A slight movement of Miss Clearmont's thumb and the button was fully depressed.

She went to sit down.

Kathy knew what was coming but could not help be shocked as the first charge ripped through her delicate sex. The metal threaded thongs lying on her thighs made her clench pushing the handle of the whip right into her pussy. Miss Clearmont had not noticed that her clitoris was no longer touching the handle of the cat, for that at least the sex slave was grateful.

The next shock made her jump again and groan but she could feel her pussy getting slick as the intrusion made her stimulated.

"How long will the charge last?" asked Joan of Miss Clearmont.

"Several hours," came the reply.

Slowly the conversation restarted. The slave quivered every now and again and groaned in discomfort as the devilish machine continued to shock her regularly every twenty seconds but she was ignored.

Sweat dripped from her every pore as the tension of the wait and the shocks from the whip took their toll but the excitement of the new device had passed, allowing other, more important, subjects to be chewed over.

Joan felt exhilarated by the company.

They were all so powerful and interesting. She did not add much to the conversation but the occasional comment. She watched Kathy for a few minutes and wondered what she was thinking. Was her mind rebelling or accepting the distress? Had she been so conditioned by her commanding mistress that she enjoyed it?

Joan could not know that Kathy was experiencing orgasm after orgasm from the whip as her muscles clenched against her clitoris. Kathy had nothing on her mind but the thought that she must not allow her arms to collapse. The weight of her upper body rested on them making her struggle to lock her elbows. Her breasts, accustomed to hanging to the floor when Kathy was on all fours, rubbed slickly against her upper legs making the nipples raw and painful. Finally she could not maintain the struggle and collapsed backwards. Her legs opened to reveal the handle of the whip poking out like

a black knob. The conversation stopped for a moment as she fell before she felt Miss Clearmont readjust the rubber invader to once again touch her clitoris.

"That's better is it not?" she said as she ensured that Kathy would suffer as required.

Once again the guests turned to each other and continued to drink. It was a couple of hours before they left the party. Shaking hands and arranging further engagements they left Miss Clearmont and Joan to themselves.

"I too must leave," said Joan as she stood.

"Thank you for coming to my little soiree," said Miss Clearmont as they shook hands. Miss Clearmont drew Joan into a clench and kissed her lips. "I regard you already as a confidant, Joan," said Miss Clearmont. "We shall meet again in a couple of weeks and discuss your errant husband."

"I have really enjoyed your party. It has offered me a whole new perspective." Joan cast a glance at the slave on the floor. "But, I know one guest who had rather not been here," she smiled.

"Slaves are of no account," replied Miss Clearmont.

Information

Mandy should have had the day off from the tedious work in the office but she had come in on Sunday in order to check out the computers. She had been working for Jake for three weeks now as his secretary.

She had half expected him to make a pass at her and had dressed accordingly but he had kept their relationship strictly business. Mandy dressed in a severe style and behaved very correctly. For years she had been a slave of Miss Clearmont before gaining her freedom a year ago. Now she acted as a spy. Her mission was to locate exactly where Jake had his money. It had been easy to find some of the shares and bonds. Interests in businesses and directorships were more difficult. The problem was that Jake had seemingly invested in a number of private companies and kept the two sides of his business well separated.

It had taken two weeks to get a chance at copying the key to the small wall safe and another to ascertain that there were no alarms on it. In the safe she expected to find the encryption keys for the files on the hard disk that Jim had downloaded but could not crack.

A cleaning lady passed through the office and a number of other staff were finishing the weeks accounts. Mandy pottered around filing a few letters and finalising the text of a few others before she realised that she was alone. Quickly she checked the outer office, all was clear.

The safe was behind a sliding wooden panel. Easily she slid it aside and tried the key. It fitted. Inside the tiny safe was one small envelope, a bundle of what looked like hundred dollar notes and a small file of some sort.

Mandy started with the envelope.

Inside was a letter in another language. Quickly she photocopied it and slipped it back to its former position. The file had a number of documents in clear plastic pockets. As she copied them she took one at a time and placed each back to ensure that they looked the same. The surgeons' gloves on her hands were greasy with sweat inside as she flicked through the money.

A small slip of paper lay in the middle of the bundle. On it was a telephone number. Quickly she wrote the number on the back of her hand and put the cash back. The whole operation had taken just three minutes. With a sigh of relief she gathered the photocopies and stuck them in her handbag with the gloves.

One reason for moving fast in the first few weeks was that Miss Clearmont had showed considerable impatience and she was certainly not to be denied. The other reason had

been that Mandy had had to maintain a 'normal' life, even in her spare time to cover her other life.

She simply wanted to get back to the excitement of her entertainments. Mandy hoped that what she had now would suffice and that the dull everyday work in the office could come to an end. Chatting with all the colleagues was such a bore. Their daily round of work, bowling, cinema and relationships left her cold.

Jim joined Miss Clearmont at a business district wine bar. For a moment he looked around at the other tables before selecting a place at her table.

"Well then," said Miss Clearmont. "How did it go?"

Jim had spent 48 hours drinking coffee and seeking the encryption keys. He had not slept and looked like it.

"Not good at all," he replied. "I have been through all the files that you supplied but there are no encryption codes hidden in the documents. Apart from that there were the list of possibilities that you gave me. Names, telephone numbers and such but all brought no result either forwards sorted or backwards."

"He might have them in his head then," said Miss Clearmont with a disappointed smile. "How about just cracking them?"

Jim looked at his coffee and moved the handle with his forefinger. A glance at Miss Clearmont showed him her displeasure. Her mouth was a tight line of frustration and her forehead was showing a frown.

"If the documents are 128 bit coded I can see a job of several years looming, unless of course he has used a birthday or name to supply the password," he continued.

"There must be another way to get this information," said Miss Clearmont.

"We can continue to watch him and hope that he reveals another computer that we have not hacked into. But I must say that it is rare that a code is a random collection of numbers. Usually it is a name or some such because the user is too scared that he will forget the code."

Miss Clearmont looked thoughtful. "I have another little job for you to do for me as well."

She passed a scrap of paper to Jim with the telephone number that Mandy had found in the bundle of dollars. "Check out this telephone number and find out who is at the other end."

Jim looked at the number. "Have you tried calling it?" he asked knowing the answer already.

"Yes. It must be missing a dialling code because there was no connection."

"There is another possibility, but slight. Where did you get it?"

Miss Clearmont told him about the money in the safe.

"I thought so. It could be the decryption code. Look, it is an eight figure number and all the numbers are in some sort of order." Jim looked again at the piece of paper.

"I'll try it out and get back to you."

"Crack the files and there is a bonus in it for you," said Miss Clearmont.

With that she stood and picked up her handbag.

"I'll hear from you tomorrow?" she said.

"Sooner if it is what I'm looking for."

Jim looked at Miss Clearmont as she left. Despite the fur coat he could appreciate her voluptuous figure. *'Walks like a model,'* he thought as she went. *'Definitely not my type,'* he tried to convince himself.

Once again he looked at the number. '12481632' Somehow the number was familiar. Regular and yet concealing something.

Ordering another cup of coffee to hold his eyes open he studied the number as if it could offer a clue just by application of willpower. The waitress arrived and he paid the bill. 16\$. 'Sixteen?' As he passed the money he realised. It was a code. Aloud he said the numbers as he figured it out. '1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32' a series, each number the double of the one before.

That was too much coincidence to be true.

The coffee sat on the table untouched as Jim left the cafe at a fast walk. *'I must be getting tired. Or daft,'* he thought. Number puzzles were a sort of hobby for the mathematics PhD and programmer.

Back in his rather run down and messy flat Jim got to work. Half an hour at the computer later he had written an adjustment in the program to work on the encrypted files. He

waited as it started to work and then went to bed with a feeling that he was on the right track.

Jim slept for only four hours before the computer woke him with a buzz from the speakers. The key had been found. Wearily he opened the files and E-mailed them to Miss Clearmont.

A quick telephone call to her and he laid his head on the pillow again without bothering to read the files.

She had been delighted. "Check your account tomorrow," she said before she cut the connection.

With the computer off and the telephone off the hook he was determined to get the eight hours that his mother had always said was the recommended amount of sleep.

Intimation.

Jake had the curious feeling that he was being followed.

A sixth sense that made him look over his shoulder more than once irked his normal feeling of calm. Never definite in scope he started to take evasive action when he drove to the office and back but there was never a concrete sign of his pursuer. *'I must get a grip,'* he thought as he went round a traffic island twice. *'Who would be following me?'*

Two days ago the police had paid him a visit. They were making enquiries about Diane. She was missing from home and her parents. Patiently he explained the note and passed it over. The policewoman had put it into an evidence envelope and packed it away.

"So. You had an affair with her?" he was asked.

"For a year," he had replied dryly.

The policewoman nodded and asked him the obvious question. "Does your wife know about it?"

"No," he had replied. "I do not expect her to find out about it from you either."

"We shall be discrete, but at the moment she is a 'missing' person."

His reply had been a little flippant.

"Milk carton job?"

"No need to be frivolous about it. When a person goes missing we try to determine if they are in trouble or simply wish to be on their own," she had replied.

"So you would not update me if you found her?"

"Not if she wished it so," came the reply.

Jake had watched the policewoman leave with the thought that he did not really want to see Diane again anyway, but he left the thought unspoken. Better not to interfere and become a hard and fast suspect for her disappearance.

Diane's expectations had been a little steep and they would have been forced to part anyway. There was just the slight feeling of guilt that he had in some way been responsible.

'In the end,' he thought. 'It's her life.'

He wondered about Mandy, his new private secretary. *'Now she was a strange girl,'* he thought as he checked the rear mirror. Naturally he had had her checked out. But there were no signs of dishonesty or fraud in her past. Somehow, though, she was untouchable.

He got the feeling that she was a cold fish.

No boyfriend or husband, nearly no family but an aunt, a Miss Clearmont, and a spotless record of studies. Yet she showed no humour and seemed to have no interests outside of work. Her work he could not fault. Her attitude towards staff and clients was exemplary but her smile was tacked onto her face and did not belong there.

'Perhaps it is better that way,' he thought. No complications at work. He would find another woman to replace Diane and keep her well separate from his normal life.

That was a better idea.

Jake glanced in the rear mirror again but he was the only car on the street. *'Paranoia,'* he thought. *'I'm going crazy at long last.'*

When he got home he found the apartment to be empty. Jake pulled a beer from the fridge and sat down to watch the baseball.

Joan Lorde had never had a hobby before. Like all those who start a new interest with enthusiasm she was consumed by her new interest completely. New friends and nuances absorbed her interest as she soaked herself in the new world that had opened before her.

Diane on the other hand had nothing but Joan's new interest to fret about. That and the treatment that Joan's partner meted out to her. At first Gail had hung back and seemed sympathetic to Diane's plight.

Over the last month, however, Gail had been in charge of Diane for a great deal of the time. At first simply following orders, now she too made good use of her opportunity. Gail liked to engage her mistress' slave in mocking conversations to humiliate her as a form of amusement as she made Diane act as a maid.

"How can you be so careless," said Gail as she wiped a finger over the top of a picture frame. "Have you an excuse?"

"Unless you lengthen the chain I cannot reach the whole room, Mistress Gail," begged the slave as she faced her tormentor.

"Let that be a lesson in humility," cried Gail as the crop contacted Diane's naked thighs.

Lately, Gail had been using the cane more often. She never allowed herself to mark the slave but made sure that it stung all the same.

"End your whining, slut."

Another swipe of the crop brought tears to Diane's eyes as it caught her legs just below the hem of the short skirt.

"Yes Mistress," wailed Diane.

With a sob she fell on her knees and hung her head.

Three weeks ago she had been taken to a private clinic. Drugged and stupefied she had signed the release for Dr Vance, and had to submit to an operation. She had woken not in a room in the clinic but back in Joan's little hideaway.

That her face had been tattooed with clashing coloured makeup had made her more despondent than what the doctor had done to her body. Her breasts, formerly so proud and firm had become slack and soft. They hung like sacks almost to her taut waist. Certainly they were no larger but now they were not so much erotic as an encumbrance.

The silicon had gone.

Gail had laughed when she first saw them, making Diane weep tears of mortification as Joan pulled at the distended nipples with a smile. At Joan's order Gail had taken a black maid's dress and cut away the bra sewn into it.

The result was that her humiliation was always in view.

Short to the point of showing her sex, the dress was pulled in to make even Diane's narrow waist thinner. The hanging breasts matched the face. Gone was the clear almost translucent skin to be replaced with two almost clown like circles of red on her cheeks. Her lips were black and her eyes had been framed in dark red. Truly she looked to be a low class prostitute.

Gail had now ceased to do any of her former tasks. All the cleaning, cooking and other jobs were done by the slutish maid whilst Gail supervised the work. A chain to her slim ankle kept her from escape during the day, her tiny cell during the long nights.

Gail stood over the sobbing Diane as Joan came in.

In Joan's gloved hand hung a shopping bag. For a moment Joan took in the scene. Diane kneeled before a fully dressed Gail, the chain snaked from her ankle to the padlock at the wall across the floor. She could only see the back of her slave but several faint red stripes from the cane crossed her naked shoulders under the roughly bunched hair.

'Gail was getting a little too bold,' she thought as she walked to her side.

Gail had taken to dressing fully and doing less service herself. On the other hand it could be useful to have a servant again instead of a slave. *'I'll help it develop,'* she thought as she looked down at the tearful Diane.

"I have bought you a special gift," said Joan to Diane with a smile.

Diane puckered her black lips and looked at her tormentor. A sharp slap from her mistress broke her defiant stare.

Once again she looked at the floor.

"That's better slut. I have decided that your proper training is to begin. Up until now I have enjoyed your feisty defiance. It has been fun forcing you. Now I am tired of it and am going start training you to total of obedience," she said in a stern voice.

Gail stood still. She felt nervous in her casual dress and hoped that Joan would not reprimand her in front of the slave.

Joan reached out her hand and took the crop from Gail. For a few seconds she lashed the air before she rested the cane under Diane's chin. With a small tap she raised the slave's head to look up.

"What do you say?" She asked in a soft voice.

"Thank you for your gift mistress," came the reply.

Joan noticed the tears and reached into her shopping bag. With a flourish she pulled a latex hood from the bag and held it before Diane's face. "This is a training hood," she said. "You will come to love the darkness I think."

With a flick of the wrist she passed the leather hood to Gail. "Fit it on her," she said. "Then bring her to me."

Joan turned and went into the bedroom without a backward glance leaving Gail to inspect the hood. At first she could not make it out then she realised that it was inside out. For a moment she ran her hands over the padding, laces and buckles.

A look at Diane to see the fear in her eyes and then she pulled it on. The hood slipped loose over the head of the slave and had a ringed opening on the top to pull her hair through. It took just a moment to buckle the neck tight before paying attention to the laces that covered the back of the leather. With these pulled tight the hood fitted like a glove. The slave's face was a smooth surface with just a round screw fitting hole over the mouth and two small holes for the nose. Padded sides closed the ears and Gail had to move the hood a little to make sure that the internal plugs were firmly in Diane's ears.

With the flat of her hand Gail smoothed the face to the contours of Diane's nose and then tightened the laces again to prevent the hood from moving.

Gail admired the hood and moved her hands over the soft but strong surface of the leather.

"That looks good," she commented before realising that Diane could not hear her.

The brass opening for the mouth opened onto the slave's black lips that were all that could be seen. Gail poked one finger between Diane's lips and then over her face. She noticed that both of the small holes for the nostrils were also fitted with brass screw fittings.

Reaching down she slapped a hanging breast and said. "Stand up bitch." Diane did not move so Gail grabbed a breast and pulled. The slave stood and Gail released the ankle chain with a small key. Gail pushed Diane into the bedroom where Joan was waiting.

"You may leave now," ordered Joan. "Make something to eat for about an hour's time."

Closing the door behind her Gail left for the kitchen.

Joan inspected the hood with her fingers and, like Gail she could not resist poking a finger into the hole in the hood. She allowed Diane to suck at the finger for a minute as her other hand wandered here and there over the slave's body. She was enjoying every minute of her power but regretted having bought a mask with earplugs built in.

"It makes you look quite helpless dear," she said.

Reaching once again into the bag she brought out all the other pieces for the mask and laid them on the bed in a row. Slowly she undressed Diane until the hood was the only piece of clothing that she wore.

Then she dressed the slave in leather. A top with two openings for the breasts to fall through but no arms ensured that Diane was disabled. Joan felt as though she was dressing a doll. She added two high heel shoes that made Diane wobble on the five-inch heels and then a pair of ankle cuffs.

Enjoying the dressing she took her time and at each step stood back to admire the effect. The cast back shoulders because the arms were so tight behind the sex doll's back. The way that Diane arched forward because of the boned corset built into the leather. The shiny black heels making the slave's leg muscles take more shape and the cuffs preparing for leg restraint if needed. Lastly of course the hood, smoothing the face to a mask allowing only access for her mistress.

'It looks perfect,' thought Joan to herself.

Joan went to the bed and took the first attachment. It was a simple gag that could be inflated in the victim's mouth. She pushed it in and inflated it. Now she could hear the air move as Diane breathed. With trembling fingers she screwed two tubes into place in the nostril.

Now she could use the valve to even control the slave's breathing.

Joan sat on the edge of the bed and admired her work. Inside the mask Diane was in a cut off world of her own. She felt herself wobbling on the heels but with her arms restrained she had real trouble balancing. Her arms ached as the elbows were almost touching and her stomach was so pulled in that she could only breathe shallowly.

Outside the door Gail crouched with her eye to the keyhole. She could see the slave but not the mistress. She too had been excited as the slave was dressed. One hand had strayed to her breast as the other wormed into her jeans to slip a finger into her moist sex. Slowly she massaged herself until Joan put the gag into the mask.

At that point she came with a rush. When Joan fitted the breathing tubes she had come again. For a few minutes the slave was visible before Joan pushed her out of sight towards the bed.

Joan detached the gag and fitted a black dildo into the slave's mouth. As it was screwed in place a plastic shape pressed over the tongue to force it out of a hole at the base of the tube. For a moment the slave gagged as the mistress closed her nostrils. Diane now breathed through the hole in the dildo her tongue forced to move back and forth to allow air into her wide-open mouth.

Crop in hand Joan straddled the large prick rearing over the face of the sex doll. Slowly she slipped down until the whole it was inside. She felt her victim struggle as the airway closed and tongue contacted her tender clitoris. Pleasing herself with slow movements she slipped up and down feeling the realistic shaped ridges to plough her pussy. At the bottom of every stroke she allowed Diane's tongue too stretch and tickle her.

As the doll struggled to breathe she took her deep pleasure.

"Oh god," she cried each time as a soft lick passed over the flesh of her inner lips.

It was so good. Each stroke took longer as she paused to let the soft tongue service her sex. After a few minutes of sheer pleasure Joan noticed that Diane was not stimulating her properly. Joan used the crop to slash at the slave's open thighs. The blow landed lengthways on the tender slit of the slave's sex making her convulse with distress. The movement made the dildo drive deep into Joan's pussy as Diane jerked her head up.

At that moment the mistress cried out with gratification. As she came she aimed another blow and once again caught the slave's delicate pussy. A mixture of power and sexual fulfilment spread a warm glow through Joan's body with a rush making her breasts and face blush with orgasm.

For a minute she stayed on the dildo and allowed herself to feel the deeply placed tool spread her wet sex. This was the best that it had ever been. Everything before was just a beginning to Joan.

Under her ass Joan felt the smooth leather that was warm from the exertions of her slut. A little cool air passed over her swollen lips as Diane breathed gaspingly. Joan allowed the cane to touch the delicate pussy of her sex doll and slip into the raw interior. She felt a slight motion as it slid through the moist flesh.

'Now for the punishment,' she thought as she slipped off her slave with a smooth motion.

She kneeled by the prostrate form and looked at the beautiful contrast between light flesh and black leather. Two breasts swelled through their openings and flopped to

each side of the torso. Tonight they would be her target. She reached out and stroked a breast with her hand.

Joan took off the mask. Unlacing it she slipped it off Diane's head and looked into her eyes.

"We must do this more often," she smiled.

Diane blinked in the light and said. "I will try to please you mistress."

"You shall do more than try, slave!" said Joan. "But for now the pleasure is over and the learning begins. Later I may well indulge myself but first I'm afraid that I must teach you manners."

With strong hands she attached the ankle cuffs to the posts of the bed. This spread her slave's legs wide making her pussy open and gape with moist folds and hole clearly in view.

"You will not make a sound. If you do then you have failed to learn an important lesson in obedience. If you speak or cry out I shall gag you and allow Gail to punish you with the crop."

Diane did not need to be told that Gail would push to the limit. She seemed jealous of her mistress' new toy and would take it out of her hide. With a nod she signalled that she understood.

"Fine. Now that we understand one another we can start," said Joan. "Tonight I have decided that your breasts are to be tortured. I do not like the way that they spoil the beautiful look of the leather. When I am finished you will thank me politely and ask if I have any other punishments for you."

Diane looked at Joan.

She was so helpless all she could do was to nod.

Joan smiled and went to fetch the items that she had in mind. She returned with a bag of leather thongs. Holding one in front of Diane's eyes she said. "First your breasts will be tightly bound."

One by one she tied the thongs in place. Each was knotted an inch from the next and then pulled tight. Sixteen times Joan tied a thong in place making both breasts stand rigidly to attention. When she had finished Joan brushed the flat of her hand over each swollen nipple. Purposely she had started at the chest so that the flesh was stretched as she progressed.

Diane flinched at her touch but did not make a noise.

Joan showed Diane what she had in her hands.

"These are perfect for your nipples dear," she said as she opened and closed the pincer like clips before her slave's eyes. Diane's eyes opened with fear as Joan opened a clip and allowed it to close over the very tip of the nipple. She noticed that her slave bit her lip as the spring closed the clip.

With a little tweak she ensured that it was in place.

The next clip was allowed to close with a snap. The slave twitched and virtually held her breath in order not to make a noise. The pain burnt her as if a cigarette had been stubbed out on the sensitive flesh.

The mistress then attached the clips with a short length of chain pulling the breasts together. "I think that breast bondage is interesting," said Joan with a grin. "But I am so looking forward to dealing with the pussy that my husband fucked."

Diane felt Joan rub her hands over her constricted breasts feeling how the thongs bit into the soft flesh and caused them to become tight with the grip of the leather. Finally she rubbed the pinched nipples feeling how the clips bit into the sensitive tips.

Joan then opened the bag and brought out a thick candle. "I was saving this for your pussy but I think that I shall have to get another," she said as she lit it. It took a minute for the wax to melt before Joan tipped it over the taut breasts.

The hot wax dribbled over the pale flesh leaving splashes and lines where it hardened as it cooled. Diane twitched with every drop. Joan spent a few minutes splashing the searing wax until Diane's breasts were covered with hardened wax.

"Now for the punishment." Laughed Joan. "Let us see how the wife's touch contrasts with the husbands," she showed Diane a small whip. The strands were short but knotted. "If you are a good dolly I will give you a present. If you are a bad girl I will use a real whip."

The first slashing blow if the whip caught the upright breasts with a cracking sound shattering the wax and leaving red stripes on the raw flesh. Diane gasped involuntarily at the pain. "Oh dear. I asked for silence and you did not comply. Should you be punished?"

Diane nodded and bit her lip as Joan said. "At the next sound I shall use the gag and then thrash you with the crop."

The next blow caught the clips on the slave's nipples. It made her flinch but she managed to stay quiet. "That's better," said the mistress with a grin as she plied the whip again and again.

The swollen breasts were a mass of weals from where they exited the leather top to the nipples. At last Joan seemed to be satisfied. "Not too bad I suppose, would you like your present?" The slave was sobbing silently. Her breasts, so tender and exposed, were bruised and scorched. She nodded causing Joan to fetch two rings.

"These are for your nipples dear," she said as she showed Diane the steel rings. With a sudden move she pulled off the clips making Diane start in pain as the blood flowed through them. Carefully she lined up the gap in the rings to the tips of the nipples. Then she slid a metal part that would complete each ring. It pierced the tender flesh and then clicked into place.

Permanently.

The other ring was put in place in the same way making a single drop of blood ooze from the wound.

"That looks good pet," said Joan as she moved the rings to see how they fell. Then she undid the thongs. "I don't want your breasts to be permanently damaged slave, I have so many ideas for their torment." As she undid the thongs Diane gasped. Pins and needles hurt her as the blood rushed into the sensitive flesh.

"Oh dear, now I have to fit the gag again."

Joan fitted the hood over Diane's head lacing it as tight as possible. Carefully she screwed the gag into place and inflated it until no more air could be pressed into the bladder in Diane's mouth.

Once more she took the small whip that she had used earlier and gave her abject slave ten strokes to her pussy leaving it a mass of bright red stripes. Untying the slave she led her to a plain wooden stool. Standing a large vibrator on the seat, she sat Diane on the stool as she guided the intruder into Diane's sex.

Diane felt her weight push the dildo deep into her moist pussy. It opened her sex and ploughed the walls of her vagina. She felt every hard ridge as it reached the very top of her pussy just as her ass touched the stool.

Finally Joan tied her ankles to the stool and switched on the vibrator. As she left the room Joan could hear the steady whine as the rubber intruder reamed her slave's sex with strong up and down movements.

Abduction

Miss Clearmont lay back on her large armchair to appreciate the oral massage that she was getting from her slave. A tongue moved over her ass with practised strokes and then moved to the sensitive skin between asshole and sex. Slowly the pressure increased as the lips kissed her prominent clitoris before strong licks laved the inner lips of her sex.

After a nibble of her outer pussy the tongue forced its way into the wet dark and reached into the depths. She felt the face press against her and was soothed by the steady motion. It had been a long time since Miss Clearmont had had to order the older woman between her thighs as to her preferences. The tongue passed once again to the nub of her anus and pressed into the delicate flesh before entering that inner sanctum.

Miss Clearmont was leafing through the documents that Jim had sent her just a day ago. In them were details of accounts, shares and directorships of companies that Jake Lorde kept secret even from his wife. With a warm feeling from pussy to neck she leaned back a little to allow the slave to really penetrate her ass. The insistent tongue was now pushed deep into her relaxed sphincter probing and tasting her inner depths.

Once again she roughly calculated the value of the assets listed. Perhaps several hundred million dollars she speculated. Miss Clearmont had an urge to empty her bladder. Once again she shifted in the seat until the slaves mouth was over her pussy. She allowed a drop of urine to slip out and felt the slaves lips press against the small hole just below her clitoris. Gently at first she let it go and felt the slave suck attentively at her, ensuring that no drop would fall. At last she had relieved herself fully. The release was a pleasure. The slave gathered every drop with her lips and when the stream had stopped she once again massaged her owners pussy with her mouth and tongue before working down to the now puckered asshole.

As far as Miss Clearmont could see she would just require several signatures and some other releases to get at the money. That meant forcing Jake to sign and then passing him to his wife for training. The wife could have the money that she knew about, Miss Clearmont would get the rest.

Miss Clearmont felt the slave prepare to swallow any other wastes that her mistress offered but the mistress felt no need. She just enjoyed the lingering ministrations, not allowing an orgasm but hovering just below. Finally she signalled an end. The slave pushed a tongue deep into the soft flesh and flicked it over her owner's clitoris bringing her gently and tenderly to a climax that lasted perhaps a minute. A final lapping at the sex and the slave took in all the juices that had flowed from her satisfied mistress.

Long ago the slave had been the teacher and the mistress the pupil. The teacher had failed Miss Clearmont in her exams. Ten years later she had been trained by Miss Clearmont to tend to her most private needs. Miss Clearmont had been a most

persuasive teacher and now enjoyed the personal service without having to give orders or commands or even punishments.

Occasionally in the last years Miss Clearmont had even allowed her chattel to orgasm. Revenge had been sweet but was in the past. Now all that mattered was that pleasure that came from utter obedience and sexual gratification. For the slave came the intense pleasure of giving her former pupil just that.

Just as the slave crouched submissively there was quiet knock on the door. Miss Clearmont put the papers face down on the desk and rearranged her long skirt.

"Enter," she said in a raised voice.

The door opened and Joan Lorde entered. In one glance she took in the flushed Miss Clearmont and the crouching rubber bound slave.

"Please excuse me for disturbing you," said Joan.

She noted that the slave was considerably older than Miss Clearmont, perhaps sixty or so and that her tight suit constricted an overweight figure.

Miss Clearmont noted Joan's inspection of the huddled slave. "Put out your tongue," she said to the older woman.

The slave turned her head and extended her very long tongue for inspection. Her grey hair was cut short and she wore no makeup.

"She sees to my pleasures and bodily functions," commented Miss Clearmont to Joan. "You can put it away now," she said to the slave.

"I was going to call you later," said Miss Clearmont as Joan sat on the sofa. "I have now located all of your husband's funds. They have a value of perhaps 250 million dollars."

"Then we can proceed with his training," stated Joan with a grin.

"Indeed," came the reply. "First he must perform a few minor transactions and then we can liquidate his assets. You will of course get all the money."

"As agreed," said Joan.

"My interest is purely to ensure that you have no loss my dear. Of course I have some costs but they are not important," said Miss Clearmont. With one hand she gently stroked her slave's head before continuing. "More important is the how, not the cost!"

"My idea is to send Jake on a long holiday. That covers the first months of his training. During that time we can retire his business and cover our tracks," said Joan.

Miss Clearmont smiled. "We could send him on a real holiday to Amsterdam. There we can deal with him and sort out the details."

"I thought that you wanted to send him to Janet's training establishment on Long Island?"

"Yes. But I do not anticipate too much trouble in bringing him back. I often buy European slaves and bring them over here," said Miss Clearmont. She pressed a finger into the crouched slave's mouth. The captive sex slave sucked at it gently running her tongue nearly to Miss Clearmont's wrist with gentle strokes.

Joan could see that the slave was certainly perfectly trained.

"OK then! In Amsterdam. I will go with him and we will take a last holiday there before his subjugation begins."

"I can see that you are really looking forward to the pleasure."

"I am. I plan to be in possession of a fully trained husband within six months. I also have a few other ideas in mind. Dr Vance is going to be a busy man," said Joan with a grin.

"Well then. Arrange the details and dates and I will prepare the European side of things."

"I'll ring you when I have done so," said Joan rubbing her hands with anticipation. "This is really one holiday that I am looking forward to."

The flight was a long one. It was not often that Jake and Joan travelled together. He had been surprised at her new-found ardour. First they had made love for the first time in two years. He found her to be tender but strong in bed, not as he remembered, disinterested and dull.

She had sat astride him and come with such elemental force that he wondered if he was in the same bed as his boring wife. Even her thin body excited him in a way that he had long not experienced. He bit her small breasts as she orgasmed and screamed with pleasure. Then she had ridden him violently until at last he too came in a rush of sweat and stimulation as her long nails scored his chest.

After sex she had proposed the break from routine.

"Let's celebrate our anniversary in Europe," she had said as the lust in her eyes died.

"That's only three weeks away," he had replied.

"It gives time for you to organise the office."

"How long do we go for?" he had asked.

"Let's leave it open ended," had come the reply.

'And that.' Thought Jake. *'Was why he and Joan were on their way to Amsterdam.'*

The plan was a week there and then a grand tour. Florence, Rome, London and Barcelona were on the agenda with Athens and Istanbul to finish.

The flight was comfortable and the room in the Hilton sumptuous. Jake had heard that Amsterdam was to sex what Vegas was to gambling and planned to somehow put his toes in those waters. The pair of new found lovers went on a canal trip on the first night and a walk round the town on the next day.

It was on the third day that he finally slipped out of the hotel for a bit of exploration. As he left the hotel he noticed an attractive lady in furs walking past. With no plan he followed her. The click of her stilettos and the seams of her red stockings offered promise. *'I'll find a dame in the town centre,'* he thought.

The blonde in furs made her way to the old town centre of Amsterdam with Jake in tow. He could not but fantasise about her unseen face.

'She simply had to be good looking,' he thought.

On past the main station she walked capturing Jake's imagination with her swaying walk. He looked around and saw that he was heading into the red light district. Bright windows offered quick sex as the mostly Asian and black whores swayed on their stools and beckoned to all comers.

Suddenly, the blonde entered a bar. Jake hesitated on the step for a moment and followed her in. He just felt that he had to follow her in to finally get a look at her face. As he entered he saw her on a stool by the bar. She appeared to be on her own so he took the place next to her.

For a moment he looked in her face. She was not as he had imagined. Her hair was swept severely back and she was older than he had expected, perhaps nearly fifty. Jake ordered a drink and opened the conversation.

"Perhaps I can pay your drink?" he said.

The woman looked at him and spoke in a German accent. It somehow fitted her looks. The woman had strong cheekbones and a long nose making her look rather austere, but the red lips and heavily made up blue eyes suggested that even though she was older she was a ripe fruit rather than over-ripe.

"A gentleman," she said. "American?"

"Yes. An American looking for company."

The woman pursed her lips at his direct manner and then relaxed into a smile.

"My name is Gudrun," she said as she took a sip from her slender beer glass. "I am also seeking a little entertainment in this rather neon town."

Jake smiled and touched his glass to hers.

"My name's Jake. What is the best entertainment to be found here then?" he asked.

"A drink, a smoke and good company. I myself am quite demanding in taste."

Jake settled down and looked at Gudrun. She was wearing a sort red dress that did not conceal that a corset held her waist and that her full breasts had the soft skin of an older woman. He felt attracted to her without a doubt. The way that she rolled her R's and her deep voice were a pleasure to hear. What was more was her availability. She was deeply attractive in a forbidding sort of way that promised experience and sensuality.

The pair talked for about an hour before Gudrun stood and buttoned her coat. "I am going back to my hotel now," she said in her low voice. "Perhaps we can talk further there?"

Jake felt a lump in his throat and nodded. "I'm in the Hilton," he offered.

"Fine, so am I," said Gudrun as she pulled out a mobile phone. "I must make a short call on my handy," she said as she dialled. Turning her back on Jake she spoke on the mobile for a minute before turning back to the now standing man.

As they walked through the crowded streets Gudrun put an arm round Jake. "I have a little confession to make."

Jake looked at her proud face. "Confess then," he said.

"I will not bash around the bush," she said, muddling her metaphor. "I like sex very much, but I am not easily finding men who can serve me properly."

By now Jake had got used to her rather strange English. He nodded and said. "I hope that I am up to your high standards."

Gudrun led Jake to the Hilton. For a moment he worried that Joan would be there but she had said that she was going to look at diamonds for a while. He knew that it would be very late before she returned.

The suite that Gudrun had spoken of money. Furnished as a luxury apartment it was filled with fine furniture and a giant four poster bed. Jake went to the phone and ordered a bottle of champagne whilst Gudrun disappeared to the bathroom. As he had expected the bottle arrived before the lady so he tipped the boy and waited for Gudrun to appear.

She swept out of the bathroom, her hair still a little wet, dressed in a black dress with a fur collar. She had made up her face with dark makeup that contrasted the light blonde of her hair and her light skin.

"I'll pour," said Jake as he opened the bottle. Quickly he poured two glasses and sat on the sofa. The two lovers drank a glass each and Gudrun recharged the slim glasses.

"Two glasses makes me lose my inhibitions," she said as she emptied the glass in one smooth motion.

Jake did the same before turning to admire his catch. He noticed that the corset was still there under the thin material of the dress. Gudrun's nails were lacquered black with a single stripe of red running the length of the nail. With one hand he traced the contours of a breast feeling with surprise the hard ridges under the silk.

He felt so relaxed that he scarcely noticed that he was sleepy. Gradually his arm fell into her lap and his head felt heavy. He passed out gently with a sigh and toppled towards Gudrun. With a look of satisfaction she saw him sprawl on the sofa and then roll onto the thick carpet.

Carefully stepping over his prostrate form she made a call on the room service phone. "Is that Joan Lorde?" she asked. "I have your husband here in room 607. Would you like to collect him?"

Gudrun stooped and ran a hand over Jake's crotch before slipping it into the waistband of his trousers. Miss Clearmont had told her that he was well endowed but this was really impressive.

Size meant a lot to a woman who made a profession of making men suffer.

Induction

Jake could feel a hand between his thighs. He could also feel the tension in his arms and legs. He had come round, somewhat groggy, perhaps half an hour before. His first feeling was the bad taste in his mouth from the drug in the champagne. This was quickly replaced by fear.

Something was tightly pulled over his head preventing him seeing where he was.

He was hanging in mid-air, as far as he could tell, supported by his outstretched arms and legs and some sort of sling under his waist. His head hung down between his knotted shoulders making his neck ache when he raised his head. By the cool movement of air on his skin he reckoned that he was naked except for the mask that covered his whole head. Something was wedged in his mouth holding it open. It made his mouth dry and heightened the sour aftertaste of the drug.

It was a cliché but the last he remembered was Gudrun's smile as his head tipped on his shoulders. He also remembered that it was she who had poured the second glass. In the half-hour that he had hung, alone, in the darkness of the mask he had begun to worry.

First he worried that Joan would miss him if he had been here long. That was soon overtaken by the fear that Gudrun would not return. Finally the dread of her returning. It was clear that he was not here for the good of his health. This was the worst result of a blind date that he could remember.

When at last he heard a noise, the door being unlocked, his fears were realised. He heard the clicking of metal stilettos on the floor and then the hand on his groin.

"What is going on?" he asked, trying to keep the fear from his voice.

There was no answer but the hand stopped fondling him and started to close on his prick. Despite the fear he could not help himself and became erect. The hand smoothly rubbed him up and down with a steady motion whilst occasionally something rubbed the very tip of his straining cock.

He felt himself transported by the silent movement and soon he was straining in his bonds. Suddenly he felt release as he came. The hand stopped for a moment and then started again. Soon he was fully erect again. Jake tried to struggle but the hand had him firmly in its grip. Once again he orgasmed. This time he felt the strain as he gave up the last of his ejaculation.

Once again the hand worked at him. It took a minute to build him up before he was upright in the hand. The strokes were steady and incessant. He could not resist as he was manipulated to a peak. There was no more. His balls ached with a dull sensation as he orgasmed dry for his tormentor.

"Please, no more," he begged.

But, the hand kept working, teasing and rubbing until he was hard once more. Jake felt almost a paralysis in his groin. A deep-seated ache like a sort of stitch racked him but hard he became.

A soreness spread the length of his large prick as the hand once again did its work. He lurched in the ropes as he came, no drop of come, but a terrible pain in his balls and groin. He had never been in such agony. The stitch spread to his thighs as they contracted and relaxed. The hand did not break but now he was past an erection.

His soft cock, sore from tip to base, would not respond.

Gudrun's German accent broke the silence. "Just four times and you are done. Most men manage at least six!"

"Please what do you want?" Jake felt stupid asking but the words were out before he had realised.

"I want to have some fun," came the reply.

Once again the footsteps clicked on the floor.

They got louder.

"You wanted some fun, you have had it. I want some fun but the woman must wait, yes?" whispered Gudrun in his ear with a hiss. "You should complement me for allowing you to go first, my American friend."

"Please let me go," Jake pleaded.

"You are no gentleman. A Frau is for pleasure here and you want to get away?" Gudrun laughed.

"When you have pleased me you can rest a little."

Before Jake could speak a damp cloth was pushed into his gaping mouth. He felt the fingers push it in deeply, working it over his tongue. There was a strange taste on the cloth, Jake realised that it was his come. He tried to push out the cloth with his tongue but something was screwed into the opening holding it in place.

"That's better now. I will be back in a few minutes. Do not go away!" she giggled at her little joke.

The pain in Jake's groin subsided to a dull ache. *'What have I got into?'* He asked himself. The footsteps left the room and the door was again closed. More than that Jake could not tell.

Outside the cell in the basement of the small townhouse was a tiled corridor. Gudrun climbed the steps to enter a library through a concealed bookshelf door. Sitting in a chair was Joan Lorde. She was flicking through a book of interesting photographs.

"How is he?" asked Joan as Gudrun entered the room.

Gudrun smiled. "Exhausted," she said. "Would you like a coffee or to go down and look him over."

"It's been a long night. I think a coffee would be fine, then a little look see."

The coffee was served by a uniformed servant and both ladies sat and sipped at the dark elixir. For a few minutes they reviewed the way that they had managed to get Jake out of the hotel and then passed to other matters.

"What is the plan?" asked Joan.

"Stay a night here and then go back to the States," said Gudrun. "It will take a couple of weeks before we can move him to America, in that time I will break him down a little to prepare him for his adventures in New York."

Joan nodded agreement.

They had already agreed that Jake must not know yet that Joan was the instigator of his torment. A couple of weeks would allow her to organise some of the closing of the office and businesses.

Coffee finished the pair of them returned to the cell. It was a concrete cubicle with staples in the walls and ceiling. Jake was stretched in the air with a sling supporting the small of his back. A black rubber hood had been glued onto his head with eyeholes covered by Velcro patches.

From his mouth reared a dildo in translucent purple. Joan went to inspect her husband's prick. It hung, flaccid and red raw with Gudrun's handiwork.

Joan smiled at Gudrun and made an up and down movement with her half closed hand. With a wink the older woman grasped the prick and began to rub it. Slowly the organ straightened and became fully erect.

Gudrun winked at Joan and said, "Perhaps you would like more pleasure?"

Jake shook his head furiously from side to side making the flexible pink prick dance to his motions.

"I see that you are ready for more," said Gudrun.

She worked steadily with her gloved hand as Jake thrashed about in his bonds. It took five minutes to make him come. Five minutes that made Jake's prick so raw that a few slight pearls of blood now showed against the white of Gudrun's gloves.

Joan nearly choked on her laughter. She managed with an effort to hold back the sound and doubled up with a silent cough.

"I think that it is time for you to piss," said Gudrun as she massaged his balls. As she did so Jake winced as the stitch returned.

From a small pocket on her dress she pulled a long soft tube. Holding his cock she slipped it into the eye at the top and slowly worked it into his bladder. Uncoiling the other end she lay it across the floor leaving the other end in a tall beaker. Joan saw the tube flex slightly and the glass beaker filled a little.

"I shall return in a few hours little man. When I do I expect you to return my favours. If you are not satisfactory I shall punish you until you come at my command," said Gudrun as she signalled that Joan was to leave.

When they were once again in the library Joan asked what Gudrun had planned. "Ach, this and that. He will learn to please me and to orgasm on my word. That should be enough. I have many things to do, clients to see and business to organise," said Gudrun.

"He will spend most of his time in the cell alone with his thoughts. I have a couple of male clients who like submissive men and strong women. I may use him, I may not."

Joan raised her eyes. Her husband was not at all inclined to men. It would be something to watch but she had to be back in New York in the next day or so.

"No permanent damage to him though, Gudrun," said Joan. "That is my domain!"

Machination

In Amsterdam Schiphol Airport Gudrun watched Joan enter the customs area and waved a short goodbye. As Joan made her way to her gate Gudrun sat in a small café and waited with a cup of coffee in her hand. She had promised that Jake would be delivered in about three weeks. Gudrun did not have to wait long before Miss Clearmont joined her at her table.

"Good flight?" asked Gudrun as she briefly hugged her friend.

"OK. I suppose." Miss Clearmont cast a glance at the departures board to see that Joan's flight had not been cancelled. "I got in about an hour ago and managed to get some shopping in."

"Joan is on her flight now, let's talk in the car," said Gudrun as she put down her cup and stood.

The two women found a taxi outside the terminal and sped back to Amsterdam. As they did so they discussed their business.

"We have around three weeks to tie up the loose ends," said Gudrun. She reached out and held Miss Clearmont's hand.

"Actually I think that we have about a week and no more," stated Miss Clearmont. "I have to get back to New York and finish up the details there as well."

"That makes the time a little tight then."

"Well, we'll put Jake on a four hour day and speed things up then," replied Miss Clearmont. "If we confuse him enough time wise he'll crack in the first day or two."

"What do you need?" asked the German.

"Obviously a few signatures, that should be the easy part. A day or two will suffice. The problem is that I need two bank account numbers and the passwords for them as well."

"I thought that you already had that."

"I know where the accounts are but the accounts are in a Swiss bank and unlike the Seychelles or Bahamas I have no way to access the codes," said Miss Clearmont with a serious look.

"That could be more difficult," said Gudrun.

"The flip side is that once I have the information I need no proof of identity. Just the sets of pass numbers to get at the money."

"Of course that brings us to how to proceed as well as to discuss my share," said Gudrun with a smile.

"Your share is the ten per cent that we discussed and more if there if we can crack him in the next few days." Miss Clearmont squeezed her friend's hand.

The taxi was in old Amsterdam and making its way through the heavy traffic rather slowly.

"The problem is that since Joan will get him back we must be sure that he will not tell her what has happened," Miss Clearmont said. "That means that he must not see me because later he may recognise me."

"We could make out that Joan has it all," suggested Gudrun. "That way he will not consider even mentioning the money."

"Did you manage to film Joan with him?" asked Miss Clearmont.

"Of course." Replied Gudrun. "I also taped all our conversations."

"Then we'll use that to convince him that Joan is the guilty party," said Miss Clearmont with a small smile.

The taxi drew up outside Gudrun's house and the two conspirators got out. Now that they had a plan of action they just had to refine it and make it work.

Jake hung in discomfort in his bonds, he had been a day in this suspended condition and had plenty of time to consider his options.

'They are not as wide as I could hope for,' he thought.

By now it was obvious that Gudrun was determined not to just have a little 'fun' with him. No. she was going to torment him.

'But,' he thought. *'She was not going to murder him and the whole story would have an end.'*

The question of course was how long?

How could he persuade her to let him go?

Money?

That was a possibility. Of course there was the question of how much and how he could pay. Jake remained optimistic. Somehow he would negotiate and take control.

Then he would show her a thing or two about dominance. He fantasised about reversing the situation and having her go through the fear and pain but somehow he could never see how the opportunity would come about.

Sooner or later she would make a mistake...

The click clack of the heels on the concrete floor brought him out of his slumber.

His eyes flicked open but he saw only the sweaty blackness of the inside of the mask. The panties in his mouth opened his mouth as wide as the ropes that bound his legs opened his thighs. Every muscle ached even though most of his body weight resting on a leather sling from the ceiling.

"Good morning my little captive," said Gudrun to him. The time was late evening and the conditioning was about to begin.

"Are you ready to please me now?"

Jake nodded wearily making the mask attached dildo wobble over his sealed mouth. He had decided to co-operate as far as he could to relax her guard. Thus he might find a way to get her to release him or at least allow him to see.

He heard a movement again as Gudrun approached him. A tugging pulled the tube out of his prick. Jake heard the tube fall to the floor as she discarded it.

"I think that it is time for us to have a little chat," she said in her low voice.

A few turns and a pull at the knickers in his mouth and Jake could feel the cold air of the cell wash around his mouth. There was a ripping sound and Jake was blinded by the white neon light as the patches over his eyes were removed. After a few moments he could see Gudrun standing before him.

A smile flickered across her face as she looked down at her captive and waited for the blinking to finish.

"May I speak?" asked Jake.

"Perhaps, if it what I want to hear," she stated with a laugh. "If not then I shall inflict some punishment on you."

"May I ask how long I have been here?"

"Of course you may ask," she said. "Three days so far, give or take a few hours."

Jake felt a sense of panic. *'Three days already,'* he thought.

"I am desperately hungry," he said.

"I'm sure that you are," she answered. "Thirsty as well I suppose."

Jake looked at his tormentor and could not help his feeling of sexual attraction. Gudrun was dressed in black. Stockings and high heels with a sheer black bra. That was all. Her sex pouted at him with shaved lips and her rigid nipples peeked through the black lace with sexual promise. In one lace gloved hand she held the enormous dildo that she had taken from his mask.

In the other was a riding crop that tapped her thigh with a regular rhythm.

"What happens now?" he asked in a plaintive voice.

"To start with a little respect on your part," she said. "I am a rather dominant lady and you are in my not inconsiderable power. I think that you could at least call me 'Mistress' or 'Miss'. You will provide me with a little amusement and fun until I decide that you can go."

"Of course I may just decide to keep you," she added.

"I need something else, Miss." Jake said in a begging voice.

"And what might that be?" asked Gudrun with a faint smile.

"I need the toilet," he stated.

The smile left Gudrun's face as if wiped away. Hefting the crop she cut him sharply across his exposed chest. "I said Mistress or Miss," she cried.

"Please Miss, I really do need to go," he asked. Jake felt like a small child asking for sweets. His embarrassment overcame his fear.

Gudrun moved until his face was in her moist crotch. Laying crop and rubber prick on his stomach she took his nipples and rolled them in her fingers. All the bound Jake could see was the smooth soft flesh of her mound, slightly parted to reveal a rich, pink flesh that peeped forth. He was so tempted to push into it and lick or kiss the sex of his mistress but he resisted.

"I shall see to all your functions," she said in a soft growl. "You will see to mine. At the moment I am busy. I have a client waiting for me and have no time to play."

"Please Mistress. I am desperate."

Gudrun bent her knees and crouched to look in his eyes. "Do not worry about a thing little man. I will look after you."

She raised her hands and put the eye covers on again leaving Jake in utter darkness. He felt her take the crop from his body and wondered if she would hit him again but heard her walk around and pick something up.

More steps and then she pushed something into his mouth. "This will help you. Swallow them."

Jake swallowed the two pills with a gulp.

"That's better now you can drink," he heard more steps. Gudrun screwed a plug into his mouth. He felt small tube between his lips and sucked at the outlet. Suddenly a salty fluid entered his mouth with a rush.

Gudrun adjusted the tube in the flask of his urine to make sure that it did not fall out and then stood between his thighs. For a moment Jake felt a cool feeling on his ass hole as she lubricated him.

When she pushed the plug into him he cried out.

"Please no."

The crop scorched his thighs with a stinging sensation. "I will not repeat it again for you. 'Miss' or 'Mistress'." The plug pushed deep into his anus until his sphincter grasped the hollowed ring at the end.

"Mistress," he cried. "Please, anything. Not like this."

"That's better my little man. You are learning!"

The door closed to leave the sobbing man spent and distraught. This was not his idea of progress. As he became drowsy he felt his insides move as the laxative started to affect him.

"How long do we let him sleep?" asked Gudrun of Miss Clearmont.

"A couple of hours will be enough," she replied as she fingered the bottle of sleeping pills. These are not very strong so we can wake him easily.

"We shall start slowly," she stated. "Then after a couple of sleep periods he will be softened up and have started to give up hope of release. He will start to offer us money. At that point we will let him know that his wife is there and hope that he figures a way out all of his own."

Gudrun leaned back on the sofa. She was still dressed in her lingerie but had pulled on a dressing gown of Japanese silk.

"When do I introduce him to my customers?" she asked.

"Next time we will threaten but not follow through. I suppose we should just see how it goes and decide how much pressure to apply each time," smiled Miss Clearmont. "I'm sure that we shall have him in a day or two."

Miss Clearmont put an arm round her friend and pulled her close. "I think that you are the only person who I can really call a friend," she said as her lips closed on Gudrun's.

Gudrun returned the kiss and licked her friend's lips with her tongue. "I love the way that you are so cool about all this. Confident and cool," said the German as she allowed her hand to brush Miss Clearmont's breast.

"Love. Now that is a word," said Miss Clearmont as she kissed Gudrun. "We have a couple of hours. Why don't you show me Amsterdam."

Gudrun sighed. "We will make love some other time. You are right, we must not become distracted."

Miss Clearmont's hand stroked the long blonde hair with the backs of her fingers. "Nothing can come between us. Two rich bitches with a plan to make another few million."

"Tens of millions," corrected Gudrun.

Hand in hand the two of them walked round old Amsterdam. The rain poured down soaking them but the atmosphere was electric in the evening. After an hour or so they found a small Chinese restaurant and settled down to duck and lobster.

"What will you do with the money?" asked Miss Clearmont as she selected a lobster claw.

"I will seek you out in the States and we will have fun for a few months. But in the long run I will just do less work and more play."

"You are welcome anytime." Miss Clearmont chewed the lobster slowly and enjoyed the feeling of the meat melting in her mouth.

"I know. But I cannot disappoint my clients. Still I have a good life. Once a month back to Berlin for a week and then to Amsterdam, city of sin."

The long walk back to Gudrun's house allowed the two women to discuss once again the next move in their game. "We have to work shifts on him," said Gudrun. "We, at least need our sleep."

Jake awoke to a light blow of the cane. Already his eyes were open and the tube had been taken out of his mouth. There was movement in the cell. Gudrun passed briefly before his eyes but he could hear other footsteps. A steady pressure in his ass told him that if the plug was pulled from him he could not hold back. He wondered if that was the plan or if his mistress expected him to hold it in.

"This is an example of a man who is to be punished severely," said Gudrun. She was not speaking to Jake but to the other person in the room. Jake moved his head a little to try to see the other one but could not see that far.

"If you fail to obey me in any way I shall punish you like this," she continued in a strong voice. "If you please me then I will let you have the pleasure."

The reply to Gudrun was a male voice. "I will always obey you Mistress Gudrun."

Gudrun passed Jake's sight once again. She was dressed in a tight leather costume in red. All zippers and buckles he noted. Gudrun slid something metal across the floor with a screech making Jake start.

"Pull the plug," she ordered.

Jake felt strong hands wrench the plastic intruder from his ass. There followed the sound of him filling the metal bucket as he failed to control his bowels. Next the hands wiped his ass with strong strokes of a damp cloth.

Gudrun came to Jake's head. "Is that better now?" She asked.

"Yes," he said and then quickly added. "Mistress."

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

After asking for drink and being given what he suspected was his own urine he wondered if it was wise to admit his ravenous hunger. Jake decided to risk it. After all she could do what she wanted anyway. "Yes Miss."

"I shall arrange a bit of food for you then," said Gudrun. "But in the meantime would you like a snack?"

Jake nodded. He did not want the fear to come out in his voice.

Gudrun smiled and waved a hand. For the first time Jake could see her companion. He was dressed in only a T-shirt and had a collar on his neck.

Gudrun introduced him. "This is Steve, he is a client of mine."

Jake noticed that Steve had an erection and a silver ring at the base of his cock.

"You are my little sex slave aren't you Steve," she said.

"Yes Mistress," he replied

"Would you like to fuck my other slave? He needs something to eat."

Steve stepped forward. His erect organ pointed at Jake's mouth as it came towards his gaping mouth. Quickly he shut his mouth to prevent Steve getting in.

"Oh dear. Perhaps you are not so hungry then?" smiled Gudrun.

Jake shook his head a moment before Steve held his head with strong hands. All Jake could see was the prick and groin of Gudrun's slave. He knew that if she ordered it Steve would push into him and he would be commanded to open his mouth.

For a moment the actors in the oral rape of the American stood still.

"If you are a good slave you can have him," said Gudrun. "Let him go."

Jake felt thankful. Gudrun had just nearly made his worst nightmare come true. He babbled thanks to her adding 'Mistress' to every second word.

"I'll send someone down to feed you," she said as she closed his eyes with the Velcro patches. "In the meantime you will just have to hope that Steve is a bad boy," she laughed at her comment and led Steve out of the room.

Penetration

It was Miss Clearmont who tended to Jake. He did not see her but accepted the baby food with grateful thanks. After feeding him she placed a gag in his mouth that passed between the teeth with a hollow tube to hold his mouth open and then put the tube back in his mouth. She used a cloth, slick with baby oil to rub him down and then placed the dildo in his asshole. This time she use a slightly thicker one with the idea of widening him and preparing him for what was to come in the next few days. Already he was sleeping again soundly.

The sleeping pill in the food had taken effect.

Upstairs Gudrun was sleeping. In just four hours another day of excitement for Jake would begin and the conditioning would begin to work. With a last look to check that all was in order for the next phase she locked the door and went for a walk.

The whip woke Jake again with a light touch.

As he came to he tried to work out how long he had been in this terrible position. Finally he came to an answer, five days or maybe six. Already he was losing track of time as the irregular sleep periods and painful experiences distorted his mental clock.

"Good Morning," said Gudrun in a cheerful voice confirming his mental calculation.

"Good morning Mistress," he replied. His dry mouth and the gag made it difficult to sleep. Furthermore he had drunk from the tube and the salty taste did not improve matters.

With a strain he tried to look around but his neck cramped when he did so. Gudrun seemed to be alone. She was fully naked except for a pair of stilettos. Her smooth skin was broken only by a tattoo of a Chinese symbol on her right breast. He could see that she was seeking something in a flat box and wondered what she had in store.

"I cannot move for cramp Mistress," he croaked as she stood.

"Ach," she replied in her German accent. "I shall have to move you to another position then."

For a moment he felt grateful that she cared for him and then he thought that it was all her fault anyway. But the emotion did not immediately die, it just faded away.

"I am glad to tell you that release is not far away," she said as she came to stand just out of sight.

An enormous feeling of liberation filled him as he imagined being set free. His burst of optimism faded as Steve stepped into view, his erection bobbing with the movement.

"Steve has been here two days now without release," said Gudrun. "He has been such a good boy that I had to let him be the first to try your mouth."

Steve gripped his prick and started to guide it into the open hole in the mask when Gudrun placed a hand on his thigh to stop him.

"Sex with no foreplay?" she asked. "That cannot be. Tongue out for Steve little man."

Slowly Jake extended his tongue to touch the throbbing organ. A small drop of fluid on the end touched his tongue as he made contact.

"Lick properly." Gudrun's order was definite.

Jake licked with a will making the prick jerk with expectation. After a minute or so Gudrun took her hand from Steve's thigh and he pushed into the readymade hole.

Jake felt his mouth fill with the giant cock. Even with his mouth wide open it barely made it through the short tube to touch the back of his throat and tongue. He wanted to retch but the prick drew back and thrust again.

"Is the slut hole trying to please you?" asked Gudrun of Steve.

"No mistress."

Jake moved his tongue to press the warm flesh and massaged the cock with a will. It moved in and out with strong strokes several times before there was a sharp slap. Gudrun had caned Steve's butt. It made him come with a rush Just as he was on the outstroke. Jake felt the come fill his mouth and run down his throat.

"Lick him dry." ordered Gudrun.

Jake lapped at the prick getting the last drops until Gudrun pushed Steve to one side. Jake saw her pussy at close quarters. It was wet with her juices, almost dripping with desire. Her fingers parted the lips and rubbed the soft flesh as Jake watched.

When Gudrun came it was with a loud exclamation of pleasure.

"You have started to please me," said Gudrun to Jake.

She patted his head with her hand and then collected the last few drops of Steve's ejaculation with her finger. She offered it. Jake licked.

"Thank you Miss," he said.

Did he mean it?

Unsure of himself he started to sob.

"Very good my little man," she praised him. "Now that you are learning to please me and serve my needs I may get you moved to a better position."

Jake sobbed. Was it relief or shame? He did not know. What he did know was that he was dependent on Gudrun's will. Her praise was what he sought.

Gudrun's finger was still in her dripping pussy as she gave Steve another order. "Make him come for me."

A hand gripped Jake's prick. Savagely it rubbed him to an orgasm. There was none of the gentleness of Gudrun. The shafting was efficient and thorough. He came and arched in his bonds as the hand withdrew.

"Again." Ordered Gudrun. "I want him to come four more times for me."

One by one the orgasms were wrenched out of his prick. Each more a struggle than the one before. As Jake gave up his come Gudrun once again teased her pussy. A finger slid in and out of the fleshy slit, slick with the juice of her pleasure.

The last orgasm was, for Jake the most difficult. Once again he was sore and excited. The muscles of his thighs bunched with the cramp but at last he found release.

Just as Gudrun had promised.

"Thank you little man. That was so good."

Gudrun pressed her slick finger in Jake's mouth. For the first time he tasted her juices. He felt relieved that he had withstood the test. Her will was becoming his desire.

Miss Clearmont and Gudrun discussed their strategy. They lay in the four poster bed in post coital dreaminess. The sheets lay crumpled and damp beneath their bodies as the two women discussed Jake in terms of depth of submission.

Idly fingering Miss Clearmont's nipple Gudrun spoke first. "Here we are now just two days later, and he is breaking."

"Yes," said Miss Clearmont as she stared at the ceiling. "We now need a catalyst. To get things moving."

"Fear and hope," suggested Gudrun. "Fear of you and hope that I will let him go."

"That's right. Good cop, bad cop. I love being the bad one."

"OK," said Gudrun then I'll be 'auntie'."

Miss Clearmont rolled onto her stomach and opened her legs. She smiled coyly and ran a hand over her partner's behind. "Auntie, would you please make me come again."

Gudrun could not help but laugh. "Little girls like their Auntie too?"

She slipped her hand between Miss Clearmont's powerful thighs and stroked her ripe pussy.

"Little rich girls need the loving hand of their favourite niece."

Gudrun opened Miss Clearmont's legs a little wider and tickled her clitoris with a long nail. "I think I almost love you," she said as Miss Clearmont lifted her ass.

She could feel the slick pussy dripping with excitement and massaged slowly.

"I love your touch Gudrun. You are so good to me," purred Miss Clearmont as the fingers penetrated her depths.

"I love your honesty to me."

Gudrun knew that Miss Clearmont would probably never say 'I love you' to her but she also knew that this was as close as it could get. Two dear friends in bed. Equals in their field of pain and pleasure but gentle as two mice when in each other's company.

Miss Clearmont purred like a cat and felt such deep release that she knew that she could never find another for whom she felt such a close bond.

Gudrun looked at the unfortunate figure of Jake.

Just six hours before it had been Miss Clearmont's turn to attend to him. As promised Miss Clearmont had moved him. No longer was he hung by his arms and legs with the sling. Miss Clearmont had put him in a worse position.

Upside down with legs spread wide he hung from his ankles with his head almost touching the floor. His hands were bound to two staples on the base of the wall allowing him to rest some of his weight.

"He is in fear of me." Miss Clearmont had said with a grin when she had attended to him.

Gudrun could see why. Miss Clearmont had obviously caned him thoroughly and then stuffed a huge stopper in his ass. His prick was constricted in a leather tube with studs on the inside and his balls were tightly bound with a wide strap.

"Oh dear me," said Gudrun as she woke the captured millionaire with a slap. "Had my friend been harsh with you? She is a little severe sometimes."

Gudrun could not help grinning as she ran her hands over the tight skin of his balls noting that Miss Clearmont had shaved him and placed a gold stud in the tip of his cock.

Jake sobbed with relief as he noted that it was Gudrun and not his unknown tormentor who stood before him. The hour of suffering with Miss Clearmont had left him in tears of anguish. She had caned him for not calling her 'Mistress' and then fed him a slush of bitter food.

The enormous object in his rectum had stretched him to bursting as she caned his prick and then bound it. Finally she had placed the tube on him and then given him a painful erection as the studs bit his hardened but tender flesh.

"Please Miss. Do not let your friend have me again," he begged as Gudrun let him down.

"I'm sorry but she is my friend," said Gudrun as Jake lay on the floor, his thighs trembling with the strain. "I sometimes let her have my slaves. I know that she is a little harsh but she means well. She just wants to train you, that's all. She just likes to amuse herself a little, that's what you are there for, after all."

Jake felt relief at Gudrun's sympathy.

She was good to him.

She would protect him.

"Would you like to please me?" said Gudrun with a smile as she allowed him to see by removing the eye patches.

"Yes Miss," replied Jake.

"I am too soft on you," said Gudrun as she stroked his chest with her long nailed hands. "But, I cannot resist feeling just a little sorry for you."

His legs were still up the wall but now he lay with his back on the floor. Gudrun kneeled over his head and slowly lowered herself until her naked sex was over his face. In the semi-darkness under her skirt he could just make out the lips of her pussy. Slowly he became erect. The sleeve over his prick tightened as he became larger making the studs bite into the flesh. Jake felt a finger stroke the tight exposed tip of his cock and then the sleeve was taken off.

"If you do well I will help you to come," said Gudrun in a husky voice without telling him what to do.

The naked slave raised his head and licked the warm soft flesh of her mound. "That's right little man," she purred. "Serve me well."

With a strain he raised his head more and entered her with his tongue. He could smell the gentle perfume of her as his tongue probed as deep as the mask allowed. Gudrun stroked his erection with a soft motion making his prick jerk with anticipation.

"That's good," he heard her murmur. "Further back..."

The tongue worked its way over the delicate flesh between ass and pussy as he made his way to the puckered flesh of her other orifice. As he contacted the sensitive flesh he felt her shudder to orgasm.

Gudrun worked at Jake slowly building him up. She could sense his imminent peak and stopped suddenly.

"I have to tell you something."

Jake plunged from his state of bliss to earth abruptly and awaited a further bombshell. His worst case scenario was becoming a reality.

"I owe my friend a favour," she said in a matter of fact voice. "She would like to have you forever." Gudrun sensed his panic and heaped a further worry upon the unwanted revelation.

"She needs only castrated slaves," said Gudrun in an apologetic tone.

"Please no, Mistress," he said in a shaking voice. "Do not give me to her. Please!"

"I am so sorry my little man," answered Gudrun. "But I have no option but to have it done and pass you on. Do not worry about me! I shall find another man and get over it."

"Please Miss. I have not told you but I can buy my freedom. I am a rich man. I'll pay you to find another slave and gain my freedom."

Gudrun smiled and shuffled back to look into Jake's begging eyes. With a gentle touch she stroked his lips through the rigid hole in the mask.

"I have as much money as I need. I am sure that you have a lot of money but I really must give you away. More than money is at stake. I gave her my word and that is something that I cannot break," she said trying to look as though she was apologetic.

"Really Miss, I can make you rich as Croesus," he begged.

"No more of this," ordered Gudrun as though offended. "I do not wish to hear any more. You will be given to her in a few days after the operation and that is that."

Jake made to speak but Gudrun interrupted. "I said that was my final word. Do not spoil our little friendship with lies."

She fetched a gag and screwed it into Jake's mouth with a savage twist. "I will ask her to be nice to you but you will be her slave whatever you personally wish for." In a wistful tone she continued. "You just have to accept the decisions of your betters my little man."

At that moment Jake heard the door open. He made to look round but already Gudrun was fixing the eye patches to his mask blocking out the room.

Gudrun strolled to the door and went into the corridor. There stood Miss Clearmont with her finger on the button of a tape recorder. In her other hand she held a script.

Joan Lorde's voice came from the loudspeaker. The sound was a little indistinct from inside the room but Jake heard every word. "I have all the money, my stupid husband has not got a red cent left. We will share as agreed."

Miss Clearmont held the script for Gudrun to read.

"I know that we have it all. The operation is the day after tomorrow and then he is gone forever. My dear friend will make sure that he does not last long, she likes her pleasures somewhat extreme."

Miss Clearmont smiled and read from her part of the script. "I promise you Joan. He will last no more than a month. Under my whip he will experience a lingering but exciting few days. Gudrun owes me!"

Miss Clearmont closed the door with a rattle of the locks and bolts and then burst into laughter. "That was fun," she said. "Amateur dramatics were always my forte."

"You should be writing screen plays for a living," said Gudrun as she pecked her lover on the cheek. "Now he believes that he's really for it."

In the cell Jake lay with his mind churning.

His wife was behind all this.

He had fallen into a trap but Joan had not realised that he had hidden money to buy his freedom with. Somehow he had to buy his way out and now he had but a couple of days to do it. '*Gudrun is my last hope,*' he thought in a whirl. 'I must get her to listen, but how can I prove the truth to her?'

Extraction.

Jake was left four hours to consider his predicament before Miss Clearmont visited him. He heard the clicking of stilettos on the floor and knew that Gudrun's friend was standing over him. He had not seen Miss Clearmont but imagined her as a young but heavily built woman. She always spoke to him in curt sentences that were invariably orders. The worst was the fact that she did nothing but torment him. It began with a cut of the whip and then became hell thereafter.

This time was no different.

"Slave. You are mine," she began with a cut of the cane in her hand. "I see that Gudrun is far too kind to you."

He heard the pulleys and was hoisted up the wall again to hang by his ankles. Another cut of the crop caught him on the groin making him start in his already tight bonds.

Miss Clearmont grasped his limp organ and pulled at it with a will. "This flap of flesh will soon come off my little ass-licker. So will these," she slapped his balls with the flat of her hand.

Jake, his mouth still stuffed with a gag could only make a stifled yelp as she caned the soft flesh of his inner thighs a couple of times. He heard her move around the cell before she once again stood by him.

"You won't be needing this."

Once again she pushed him into the studded tube and bucked it on with a broad strap. "Do not presume to get out of this through Gudrun," she added. With every word he received a slash of the cane that made him writhe. "I like my men to crawl and beg."

Jake felt his legs cramp with pain as he struggled. Sweat ran inside the mask and made his eyes start. He was sobbing mindlessly when Miss Clearmont removed the plug in his ass with a wrench and pushed something soft inside. More movement of heels on concrete and an even larger object was screwed into his rectum.

Miss Clearmont could see that he was crying into the gag. His body trembled with the sobs as he blubbered. All semblance of rational thought had been purged in his fear and terror.

"Stop bawling like a baby," cried Miss Clearmont. "You will be my little eunuch and then I shall make the rest of your short life an abyss of pain."

With steady strokes she plied the cane from his chest to feet. The last few blows on the soles were the worst making him cry with muffled suffering.

"I think that your tongue must go as well," she said with a laugh. "Then you will only cry out like an animal as I whip you."

With a loud slam of the door she was gone.

Jake was ready for the last act to begin.

Now he would risk all to stop the punishment and reveal the last contents of his wealth to Gudrun. The suppository would send him to sleep allowing him to think that his last day and last chance had come.

Just four hours later Gudrun returned.

Waking the stricken Jake with the tap of her cane she watched him wake. She knew that he was in terrible suspense. Was this Gudrun or her evil friend? Gudrun allowed him to regain his fear of Miss Clearmont. She caned him smartly between his thighs and watched the reaction. Once again he began to sob.

Tears ran from the stitching in the mask as Jake realised that the last hour was here. The operation loomed and he had no way out except that which the two powerful women had allowed. The hope of bribery with no thought other than delay. Chance of release was gone only the forlorn hope that he could prevent Gudrun giving him over to her depraved friend and her malignant plans to make him less than a man.

Gudrun removed the gag and spoke quietly. "I'm so sorry but today is your big day so I must say goodbye to you."

Jake gasped with relief that it was Gudrun. "Please Mistress Gudrun, please, I can get you money."

"Hush now," she said. "I will make you come now as a little pardon for my friend. She means well but is rather impulsive. I think that it is very generous of me that I allow this last pleasure for you..."

"I have two bank accounts in Switzerland. If I give you the codes will you save me?" he cried.

"How am I supposed to do that then my little man?" she asked looking down at him.

"I know that it is Joan," he blubbered. "Please save me!"

Gudrun looked at the small tape recorder at her waist to make sure that it was running and then opened his eye patches. Jake's eyes were red from crying as he stared at her with wild hope.

Taking a deep breath he steadied himself as he looked up at her. He could see to her waist. She was dressed in tight leather boots that came to her knees. Her naked pussy glinted with the promise of sex.

She would save him.

She had to.

"I'll give you all the codes and account numbers now," his voice had a desperate begging tone.

Gudrun squatted onto her haunches to look in his eyes. The lips of her sex parted slightly to allow him to see the slick delicate pink flesh surrounding her hole. Her face looked concerned as she waited.

Jake babbled out the numbers to the accounts at once. Gudrun would save him.

"I think that you are trying to get between me and my treasured friend," she said in a stern voice. "If this is not true I shall castrate you myself."

With a small motion she took a link from his chain and scratched the numbers on the wall with it as Jake repeated them. "I shall check." With that comment she swept from the room and slammed the door.

Upstairs in the library Miss Clearmont called her lawyer in Geneva and gave him instructions. Gudrun sat waiting until the call was finished before commenting. "What shall we do if the numbers are the wrong ones?" she said in a quiet voice.

"Castrate him of course." Laughed Miss Clearmont.

"Really?"

"No of course not." Miss Clearmont sat beside Gudrun and put her arm round her friend. "But he will think that we have."

"You are a hard woman," said Gudrun with a smile.

"Only where money and sex are concerned." Miss Clearmont sat on the edge of her seat. "I suppose that we will have to wait. "Let's get a coffee."

The phone rang with a loud tone. "The Swiss connection," said Gudrun.

They had been waiting half an hour now and had drunk several cups of coffee. Miss Clearmont took the call and put the phone down with a satisfied grin. She had intended

to hide her triumph but the exultation was too much. "We are now richer by far," she cried. "There were over three hundred million US in the accounts. We have it all."

Gudrun laughed and flung her arms about her friend. "Poor Jake, all that money for his little prick!" she cried. "You are a genius!"

"Without your help it would have not been possible," said Miss Clearmont. "You are the only one who will keep the secret properly and men are so weak!"

An hour later Jake was forgotten as the two lovers shared triumphant kisses and champagne in Gudrun's wide bed.

Chapter 20

Transportation

"Your wife will be so happy to see you again," said Gudrun to Jake.

Miss Clearmont had left on the morning plane to New York leaving Gudrun to tie up the loose ends of Jake's trip to the USA. They had parted with a kiss and light hearts in Schiphol after confirming that the money transfers had been made.

Gudrun had untied Jake from the wall and chained him once again to the sling from the ceiling. The former millionaire's head reeled with his close call. Gudrun's friend had stormed out of the room when she had been told of the change of plan leaving Gudrun to move him.

"I have decided to sell you back to your wife," she said. "I think that it is the least that I can do for you in the circumstances."

Jake wondered how he was to be moved but he said nothing. The gag in his mouth made it impossible to answer. Gudrun stroked his chest; the stripes from Miss Clearmont's caning had become narrow bruises that testified to the strength of her arm.

"It will take a week to organise the move. In that time you will serve me and my clients as a diversion," she said. "In any case you are ready to be fucked properly, so I think that you will come to enjoy the feeling of a prick in your ass and mouth."

For the next few days Gudrun was as good as her word. Jake served as a toy for her games. He lost count of the number of stiff pricks that penetrated him and thanked the male clients for their attentions. In all Gudrun had to cane him but once for trying to avoid his mouth being used.

Every day she let him orgasm once for the amusement of her paying guests. Each time it was short and hard, a thrashing motion that made him come before he really even realised that the gratification had started.

When Gudrun gave him a set of papers to sign he did so blindfolded. As she stroked his stiff prick he signed again and again with only the thought of pleasing her in his clouded mind. When he had finished she asked him what he would like as a reward.

For a moment he pondered.

The thought of escape did not occur to him. All he needed was for her to gently bring him to orgasm. Gudrun smiled a proprietary smile and massaged him to a relaxed climax for which he gratefully thanked her.

It all passed like a dream to him, a sort of anti-climax to the treatment of Miss Clearmont who had been so frightening to him. In his sleep-deprived state, used, drugged and soon woken he lost all sense of time.

When his mistress told him that he had been three months in the cell he simply believed her. Jake pondered what his wife was going to do with him but he could not imagine that she would be better than Gudrun. In fact he found a certain attraction to Gudrun. His wife was a distant figure in the far future and the depths of his past.

Gudrun was after all, the centre of his captive life.

She fed him wiped him down. She helped him with the toilet and punished him when he was a 'Bad little man'. Best of all she allowed him to come. He came to almost look forward to the contact that he had with her and her male clients. Her heels on the cell floor heralded his only contact with the outside world. When she walked in the room his prick stood to attention and his heart raced.

All he had was sex, every moment was absorbed with his use. Slowly and without realising it he was responding to her tuition.

Joan Lorde had been waiting for a call from Miss Janet Hardewick for two weeks. Since her arrival back in the USA Joan had been very busy. She visited the office and showed the company lawyer her mandate from her husband.

"I intend to wind up the whole firm," she started. Joan did not beat around the bush with the young lawyer but made it clear that if he did not co-operate he would be fired in any case. "My husband has made it clear to me that either the firm is to be sold, either in parts or as a whole."

The lawyer walked out of the meeting with his head spinning. He was to gather the client list and all the value of the firm and quietly offer it for sale. Joan had told him that every

worker would be paid a year's salary just before the change over and this would be funded from the sale. Personally he could look forward to over 100,000 dollars and perhaps keep his job.

Since there was no way to contact Jake Lorde he had to obey the order.

His first action was to check the legality of the mandate that Mrs Lorde had given him but it was fully in order. It did not take long for the clerks and others who worked in the office to know roughly what was going on. It also did not take long for word to reach the competitors and a list of interested parties was soon on his desk.

By the time that a week had passed the first concrete offers were in. A further meeting with Joan produced a short list and the bids went back and forth. The main value was in the client base but the lawyer insisted that only a bid that allowed all the staff to keep their jobs (and his) would be satisfactory.

Mrs Lorde argued with him long hours that the value was of more import than the workers but he proved that the best bidder was the one who could pay cash and not in instalments and they would need the staff.

A week later and the firm was sold. Some of the clients bitched about the fact that Jake was not there to smooth their egos but in the end most of them stayed allowing the maximum gain from the sale.

For the two weeks Joan had been given little time for her new hobby.

The back and forth between offices and meetings left her with a strained temper and a deal richer. A short meeting with Miss Clearmont had settled the debt for the help that she had received. At last Miss Clearmont had allowed Joan to pay for the private investigators and other costs.

Even Mandy came out with a year's pay in advance.

A good price for her spying work.

At last the rush was over and the firm was gone. Joan felt a great lifting of the responsibility and settled down to invest the proceeds of the sale in stocks and bonds.

When the call from Janet Hardewick came Joan was watching television with Diane between her thighs. With a hand on her slave's head she stopped the service to her pussy and took the ringing phone.

"Good evening," said Janet. "I am glad to be able to tell you that your husband has arrived here today."

"That is good to hear," replied Joan. "Shall I call tomorrow then?"

"That is not necessary," came the reply. "His training will commence and it is usual for a week to pass before the owner needs to take part in the indoctrination."

"I am relying on your capability," said Joan. "In a week I shall be glad to see how the work is going."

"The other reason that I called," said Janet. "Is just to confirm the tuition course. Have you considered any changes?"

"I shall of course reconsider your suggestions of a week ago but I think that I would like to stick to my original concept."

"Good. I shall of course be attending to the medical details in the next few days, the costs will be as estimated," replied Janet. "The doctor will look him over, especially as he has been unable to exercise in the last few weeks."

"Does that mean that it will take longer?" asked the wife of the slave.

"Maybe a few days will make him fit enough and then we shall see. It is unlikely that we can operate before you visit us here."

"Until then Miss Hardewick," said Joan before laying down the receiver.

For a minute she considered her request. What she had in mind was somewhat radical but it was her fantasy. Just a week to go and then the real fun and revenge could begin. Jake would regret whoring around, and his wife would have the perfect slave.

Joan looked down at the slave at her feet. Dressed in a smooth suit of rubber with just her tongue able to exit the suit she was already serving to compensate her mistress for her treachery. She was coming to know her owner's pussy better than her own. Soon the next stage would come and she would be degraded to a lower existence that she would have not been able to imagine in her darkest nightmares.

A small pull and the slave once again licked the moist sex of her possessor. Every stroke of the lips and tongue a pleasure for the woman who planned her total degradation.

Diane was almost at the end of her resistance.

She had read many times of captives who resisted their captors in their minds and retained a small space that was their own, small personal signs of rebellion and insubordination.

That had been her plan.

She would do what was required and resist with her mind, keep her own personality. She had not reckoned with Joan Lorde and her advisor, Miss Clearmont. Every moment had been watched. Every hesitation had been punished, not always with the rod but often with degradation.

As Joan had guessed the operation had been the first step towards her full enslavement. Her once proud breasts hung like fruit on a tree. Huge and sensitive they were the way into her mind. Now she almost always wore what could only be described as a corset for her poor breasts. Two tubes which held them rigid with the rings peeping from the tight constricting leather.

The muscles in her chest lost their tightness with all the support allowing them to lie alarmingly soft and slack when her mistress removed the corset. Now, when free, they hung to her waist, the marks of incessant punishment making them stretch and delicate. Indeed even when the corset was on, Joan often hung weights on the rings that made the nipples distend and ache.

Suddenly a week ago Joan had added more torment.

Once again Diane had been pierced, this time the inner lips of her pussy. The six small rings had barely healed when each was attached to a slender chain with a weight on. With great delectation Joan had explained how she was to suffer. She would be stretched until her delicate flesh became sheets of tissue hanging inches below her crotch, a hanging tube of skin that would be tattooed and enlarged. Diane served her mistress continually.

When there was no sexual service she would lick her feet and shoes making her tongue sore with the friction. Sometimes she had to wear a suit of rubber that gripped her with its leather laces. Her eyes were covered by its smooth coating that made her a polished doll in black.

Just two days after the rings were placed in her pussy Joan had become a little drunk on champagne and tormented the slave with her plans. That had caused her to finally give up all hope of a rescue or a change in fortune. What her mistress planned was nothing less than a series of changes that would create the perfect sex object.

Diane was to lose her teeth. The cruel mistress had then divulged the most major change to her body.

Her arms would be removed to make her helpless.

"Let's face it Diane." Joan had said. "There are many things that you will just not need and I will have them removed. Your arms and all your body hair."

Diane had listened with horror at this woman's fantasies that were to come true on her slave's body.

"You need only please me and that will best be served when you are stripped of your excess."

Not able to reply through the gag Diane had sobbed, but silently. She knew that Joan would punish her terribly if her feelings showed. She was just there to please her goddess of pain and torment.

"Your clitoris will go as well of course, that is already arranged." Joan had said. "My pleasure is paramount, yours is not required."

'All this because I screwed your husband.' Thought Diane bitterly. *'For this single crime I am to be destroyed.'*

Diane had lost the will to resist meaningfully. In fact she had become more than a slave. A slave has some freedom of action,

Diane had only bondage and degradation ahead.

Obsession

Jake had slept in Amsterdam and woken in New York State.

His stay in the cellar in Holland had caused him to lose all track of night and day so there was no jet lag, just the tiredness due to the drugs that had made him sleep throughout the whole of his trip. He awoke in a cell with a window through which the daylight streamed with the early morning light.

He blinked and shook his head, his eyes streaming from the unaccustomed amount of light. He found that he was clothed in a loose shift and had no chains binding him. A hope coursed through his nerves as he thought that this might be rescue. As he looked at his room he realised that it was not to be.

Bars on the windows and a cell door that looked as though it was solid steel. But, he was not bound or held in any way. With a careful turn of his body he lowered his legs to the floor. He had not stood for a long while and his legs shook as he put his weight on them.

His legs had the faint lines of the last caning from Gudrun, but they were faint lines that were fading away.

On the other side of the small bare room he saw a table with food on it and underneath a deep metal bowl for a toilet. The walk of just a few steps were made with the uncertain steps of a small child as he went to the table and ate it bare.

Salad, ham and bread were gone in just a couple of minutes leaving him bloated but full. He tried to touch his toes but did not make it so he struggled back to the low bed and sat on the edge of it. Now that he had time to take in his surroundings he could take in the pictures on the walls.

Every one of the many pictures was of Joan. In each she was smiling and holding one hand out to him. A hand with a gauzy red laced glove reached towards him in greeting. Not knowing what to make of the pictures he guessed that he was a captive of his wife, but the glove?

Once again he tried to stand.

Looking from the window he could see a courtyard with many doors. A bright red sports car stood in the middle and barred windows looked out from all the walls. As he watched he saw a young woman in a leather skirt and jacket climb into the car and roar out of sight.

The door to his cell opened with a clang.

Turning to look Jake saw what he took to be a nurse enter his cell. She was perhaps thirty and not unattractive. Her white cotton coat and skirt made him almost blink with its brightness. On one hand she had a red lace glove, the other had a black leather glove and was holding a wicked looking cane.

"Stand straight," said the nurse.

Jake stood straight, swaying slightly as he did so. It was clear that he could not overpower this woman in his weakened state. Slapping the cane on her thigh she held her red gloved hand up.

"I shall explain just once slave. This is for pleasure. If you do well and obey without question you will be rewarded. On the other hand," she smiled at the quip. "The black glove is punishment. If you need to be chastised then I shall do more than mark you. Do you understand?"

"Yes Miss," he replied.

With a few steps she was directly before him.

"Mistress!" she said and moved the cane so fast that he could not react.

The blow caught his thigh with a sharp crack making Jake collapse in a heap on the floor. "All lessons have to be learned fast here," she said. "If you need to be told twice then the punishment will be doubled each time."

Reaching into her pocket she pulled out a small camera. "Stand still," she ordered. Jake slowly stood on shaking legs. "Open your legs," he shuffled his legs until they were wide.

The nurse couched down and photographed his groin. With one hand she held him steady as she worked. After a few clicks of the shutter she lifted his prick and photographed his balls.

"Face the wall!"

He turned and took up the same position against the wall and again opened his legs wide. Once again she took photographs of his prick. The nurse manhandled him and made him open the cheeks of his buttocks before shooting some more pictures.

"That's good. Now on the bed face up," she ordered.

He lay on the bed as ordered expecting more photos but she rearranged the pillow to lift his head. Then with her red gloved hand she began to work on him. When he was fully erect she took a few more photos before settling into a regular rhythm. The black gloved hand held the crop ready whilst he could see the red gloved hand sliding the length of his straining cock. He shuffled a little as her knee pressed into his thigh. Suddenly the hand stopped pumping him and the cane stuck his erect prick a sharp blow.

"I did not tell you to move slave," she said as she looked down at his now limp organ.

"The next lesson is that you obey orders and do nothing else."

"I understand Mistress," he said.

Indeed he did.

Pain and pleasure.

"You are to take plenty of exercise. You will eat all that is put before you and you will make sure that you empty your bowels twice a day. I shall be back in two hours. In that time you will exercise and then be ready for more training."

The door slammed as she left and the sounds of the turning of the locks persuaded him that he was truly incarcerated.

Jake attempted to do some push-ups.

After just five he could not summon enough strength to lift himself again. His arms trembled with the strain as he lay trying to raise himself by sheer will power. He knew that he had to get the exercise.

If he was going to try to escape he would need every ounce of strength. After a minute he stood on his shaking legs and decided to run on the spot. It lasted just five minutes before he collapsed on the bed a wreck. He wondered why he had to train for them.

What did they have in mind?

Something to do with sex, that was sure, but what?

He had no plan to escape except that he had noticed that his window was a mere two yards over the courtyard. But the bars, they were thick and well seated in the concrete of the windowsill. How could they be bent? Jake looked at the bars and inspected them carefully. They were truly solid and did not ring when struck. Then he looked at the contents of his cell and considered each item separately and then in combination with the others.

A bed with a single sheet.

The bed was like a hospital bed, made of tubes of metal and screwed to the floor. The table was likewise screwed down with strong bolts set in the tiled floor. On the table was a metal tray on which the food had been brought and a jug with water in it. Otherwise there were just the pictures on the walls and the nails that held them in place.

As he once again tried to run on the spot he ran again over the list. A plan began to form in his mind that just might work. But he had to be fitter. He judged that it would take a day or two before he was ready to run.

Somehow he had to stay in this cell for those two days and make sure that they did not transfer him. Then at night he would make his break. A sudden thought assailed him.

Where on earth was he?

He could be anywhere.

Once again he looked out of the window. The car, its number-plates would tell him. Of course he had not thought to look at them earlier but now he had a way. Then there

was the woman's accent. It had been American he decided. Of course that proved nothing but it was a clue. Fifty-fifty America, he decided all bets are off for the moment.

The door opened to let in his nurse.

She smiled as he made a little bow and greeted her. "I am ready Mistress."

"Good boy," she said as she entered. "Stand still."

Jake stopped jogging on the spot and stood straight but looked at the floor. She had fine legs he noticed and the white stilettos made her calves shapely and attractive.

She lifted his gown and considered his erection. "Now you can have the rest of your reward," she said in a sweet voice.

Gripping him firmly she started to slide her red glove up and down over his straining prick. Jake stood still and watched her manipulate him. He almost came when another woman entered the cell.

She was dressed in a pink maid's uniform that allowed her small breasts to peek over the top. Startled he looked up at her to notice that she had another tray of food. As he looked the cane struck the side of his face a sharp blow and the hand was withdrawn from his straining cock.

"Full concentration is required," said the nurse as the smarting brought a tear to his eye. "You will never get satisfaction if you do not attend to the lesson."

Jake nodded and said. "I apologise Mistress. I have much to learn."

The cane struck again. "I decide how much you have to learn. Impertinence gets punished as does any other breach of the rules."

She stroked his cheek with the red gloved hand and held it momentarily before his eyes. Jake felt his prick harden again at the gentle touch of the lace and bowed his head.

"That's better," she said as she lowered her hand to his organ.

The lace felt slightly scratchy as it caressed him and began once more to bring him to a state of excitement. "Repeat after me," said the woman in white.

"Red is pleasure," she started.

He repeated the phrase adding the obligatory 'Mistress'.

"Black is pain," she continued.

"Black is pain Mistress."

"Good. Now listen. You will chant that whenever you are training or exercising. It is your Mantra. Black is pain, red is pleasure."

"Yes Mistress."

Jake started to chant the words as he was gently brought to orgasm. He watched the red glove hum up and down his cock with a steady rhythm. Suddenly he ejaculated. The spurt spilt over her glove and onto the tiles.

"You will warn me in future when you are about to come," she said.

With the crop she pointed at the floor. The meaning was clear, Jake knelt and lapped up the liquid from the floor. A single cut of the crop on his rear reinforced the point. His tongue coursed over the tiles and then stopped. A small drop of his come had spilt on her white shoes. He briefly pondered whether that too had to be cleaned.

"May I clean your shoe Mistress," he asked without looking up.

"You may," she said and watched his tongue briefly remove the droplet.

Jake remained kneeling.

He sensed that to stand was to invite the black clad hand into action. With a click of her heels his mistress left the room and locked the door. From his position Jake could see that there was room under the bed to hide.

He stood and considered the food.

Cheese and bread with leaves of limp lettuce lay on the tray. The peephole to the door was open so he ate the food and used the pot. A further twenty minutes spent jogging on the spot whilst he loudly repeated the words that he had been ordered to say. He was sure to be watched he thought as he chanted.

No sense in inviting punishment.

From the hole in the door she could see his actions. With a smile she watched for five minutes knowing that he would never know when he was being spied on. A couple more days and he would be fit enough for the operation that had been organised.

A few more weeks after that and Jake would be only able to react sexually to the red glove and the black one need only be waved before his eyes to make him quake in

fear. After the operation the course of drugs would ensure that the instruction would become nearly permanent.

Evasion

Corrie, the slave trainer assigned to Jake, visited his cell two more times.

Each time she started to relieve him she found a reason to let him feel the cut of the crop. The second time she carried a much thinner but more painful crop that allowed her to inflict more punishment. By the time that night had fallen he bore eight painful bruises that marked him from thighs to face. She only had to show him the red glove and he became erect.

The whip hand made him shudder in apprehension.

Corrie had trained many men, some for their wives and some for new mistresses or masters who needed pleasure slaves. She sensed that Jake was co-operating because he had some reason other than his training. Corrie was not worried about him attempting to overpower her. She had considerable skill with dealing with obstinate men and could easily overpower him in his weakened state. But, that he kept some corner of his mind open to escape made the psychological aspects of the training less effective.

She therefore planned a strict drug regime after his operation, anyhow the operation would be a considerable blow to his ego that might just crack him anyway.

The second day progressed as the first had.

A beating from the right hand and pleasure from the left.

All in all she had to admit that he was starting to come along. He repeated the mantra as she worked on him and he was allowed to orgasm four times. It was clear that he had separated his mind from his physical tasks but she pressed on regardless. Jake had been successful in business and was bound to be a hard nut to crack. That second evening she reported to Mistress Janet about her feelings but the only reply was a complacent comment.

"He is now fit enough for the excision," said Mistress Hardewick with a smile. "Mrs Lorde will be here the day after tomorrow and we shall then pass to the drug controlled regime."

"I bow to your superior judgement Mistress," said Corrie. "I just wanted to fill you in on my feelings about Jake Lorde."

"Don't worry. You are doing well, after all he is in no real state to cause us any problem."

Jake lay in his cell contemplating the pictures on the wall.

Joan offered him pleasure in all the photos.

He had never been really turned on by his wife but now he saw the red glove and got an erection. *'And that sums up the training'* he thought.

'Red was pleasure and black was pain,' he thought. *'I am to be the plaything of my wife with a training to ensure that she has a total grip on my ego and sexual feelings.'*

Already he was virtually dreaming of red lace, the conditioning was working. *'We shall see if it works or if I can escape this place.'*

Jake waited on his bed. He lay motionless pretending to be asleep. It was difficult because he was so tired.

He had been emptied sexually and was tired from the continual exercise. He was awoken from his drowsy state by the sound of the sports car in the yard. Slowly he crept from his bed to look out of the window.

There was the red Ferrari again.

Just before the lights were turned off he noted the New York State licence plate. He was somewhere in the USA. For a moment he considered and then decided that he was almost certainly on Long Island. *'That's a help,'* he thought. Before the driver could exit the car he pulled his head down.

When the sound of the footsteps had died away he went to work. Using the edge of the food tray he carefully unscrewed one leg from the floor. By the time that he had the tube free the tray's edge was mangled.

He took the sheet and rolled it up tightly. With this rope he made a loop around the bars in the centre of the window space and passed the metal bed leg through the loop. A small prayer and he began to turn the bed leg. It wound in the sheet pulling the loop tight round the two bars of the window. Slowly he applied as much leverage as possible. The bars began to bend towards each other with an almost imperceptible motion. As he turned the bars began to bend and bend until they touched each other.

They were almost free of the sill by the time that they touched.

The whole operation had been almost soundless.

Jake let go of the lever in his hand and placed it on the floor. With his hands he worried at the bars to slacken them until one came off into his hand. In his mind he had a vision

of the black gloved hand. The terrible whip that it bore was going to punish him if he was caught.

With a slow movement he unwrapped the sheet and draped it over the bed until it looked as though it had been tossed there. Finally he had to make the decision. Run or wait.

He had planned to wait.

With a careful throw he tossed the bar out of the window, careful to make sure that it struck the wide walkway that ran the circuit of the yard. With a rush he was under the bed and concealed by the draped sheet.

The bar clanged on the concrete and clanged with sudden noise. It was a moment later that he heard a cry from outside his cell in the yard. The broken open window had been found.

'Time enough to have got away,' he thought.

Moments later the door of his cell opened in a flood of light from the corridor. From under the bed he saw black high heels and fish net stockinged legs head for the window. In the yard there were incoherent shouts and the legs left the room. Jake held his breath. The door closed but was not locked.

Now he was beyond his planning.

Should he wait or should he move?

The sound of a dog in the yard made him start. The dog would find no trace and he would be caught.

Jake crawled from under the bed and made for the slightly open door. The sounds of footsteps made him dive back into his insecure hiding place. He was barely under the bed when the black shoed woman entered the cell again. The sheet was whipped from the bed with a swish. Now he expected a curt order to get out but the woman was gone.

'Of course,' he thought. *'A dog with no knowledge of how he smelt would never catch him.'*

Once again he crept from the bed. The noise was all outside in the courtyard as the dog was offered his bed sheet. Jake stopped for a moment and then put both his feet in the cold pan where he had last urinated. Then he stood on the bed to dry his feet.

'It might just work to put the dog off,' he thought.

Carefully he looked into the corridor.

Door after door on the yard side and blank walls on the other. He raced to the left and found a locked door at the end of the corridor. Heading back past his cell he tried the door at the other end. It was unlocked.

Opening it quietly he saw a large hall full of what at first sight appeared to be a fitness training room. With a start he realised that a torture chamber might be a better description. The room had several doors and a stage at one end. Jake ran to the stage and clambered onto it. Just as he tucked himself behind the curtains he heard the sound of people entering the room. For a moment he recovered his breath as he heard them head for his cell.

'Close shave number three,' he thought as he looked around the darkened stage. *'Hide or run?'*

'Hide, it worked last time,' he thought as he frantically considered his options.

There was a stage door, a trap door and all the ropes and lights that would have made a large production possible. Jake noticed a rope ladder into the heights of the stage and climbed up it. The movement made the ladder sound upon the planks of the stage but there was no one in the room to hear it.

When he was high in the lights he pulled up the ladder. Jake had never had a fear of heights but now he was perched on a small perch with the spotlights. When he looked down he felt dizzy. Once again he heard footsteps in the hall and a muffled conversation. Through the thick curtains he could make out no sense of the discussion. Jake gripped the coils of the rope ladder to stop them slipping and waited. Once again he heard the doors of the hall and then silence. Carefully he coiled the ladder and looked round in the dim light. It was clear that he was well hidden but there was no way out except down to the stage by his ladder. He was safe but trapped.

Carefully he coiled himself on the small platform and slept.

Behind the curtains the sunlight of the next morning cast eerie shadows but it was the noise on the stage that woke him. Stifling a yawn he looked down to see that a woman dressed in a topless maid's uniform was brushing the stage down with steady strokes.

For a moment he considered calling down for help but he disregarded his impulse. After all he was worth a few credits to any slave in the building. An hour later the curtains were pulled back and a red carpet was rolled over the stage.

Jake looked down as the stage was prepared and wondered what sort of show was to take place so early in the morning. An hour later he knew. The benches and crosses

that made up the equipment that he had seen last night were dragged to the walls and chairs were set out. Jake realised that in the shadows of the heights where he lay observing the activity he was virtually invisible, unless the lights were turned on!

There was movement and the scraping of chairs as well as the hum of muffled conversation. Then a buxom older woman stood on the stage. From above Jake could see right into her cleavage, a deep warm haven. For a moment she paused as she switched on the microphone.

"I am glad to be able to welcome you all to this little auction," she said in a low voice.

There was gentle clapping before she continued. "Today we have four items for sale. I know that we offered six in the brochure but we have decided that the others will be offered when completely trained and not before. Quality is what we offer and we do not wish to damage our reputation by presenting anything but the best!"

More clapping rippled across the hall before she smiled and continued, "That means that you can cross out items three and four from the list. I shall of course briefly describe the items and will be pleased to answer any questions that you may have about their training and abilities. After which you may as usual inspect them and make your decisions. First though we shall pause for a few moments whilst the items are made ready and the champagne is served."

Jake could only see the stage and not the audience but he heard the clink of glasses. From the back of the stage came a young woman. Jake recognised her as the driver of the Ferrari.

She was dressed in jeans, high heels and a leather waistcoat that just contrived to cover her breasts. In her hand she had a crop in black gloved hands. Jake started at the black clad hands. He could not help but regarding her as dangerous. For a moment the two women exchanged words and then three naked women and a young man were led onto the stage. The young woman arranged them facing the hall about two yards apart. A ripple of conversation passed through the hall at the advent of the 'items' for sale. When the audience had settled down the older woman went to stand by the first slave.

"As you can see," she said with a flourish of the hand. "Prime slaves."

Her hand touched the head of the first girl. Jake could see that she was a slender girl of about nineteen.

Small breasts and slim build.

"This is Antje," said the woman to the quiet audience. "She is twenty years old and is already trained to a high competence. We have prepared her for the discerning male

owner who needs gentle but thorough experience in his bed. You will note that we have undertaken no work on her body except the lack of body hair. She is of a loving and highly obedient nature that requires little physical punishment should she be disobedient. We are looking for bids in the region of fifty thousand."

The woman passed on to the next slave. Jake could see that she was a mature woman with large breasts and a rather Rueben's figure. For a moment the mistress put her hand under the captive's chin to lift her face.

"Marion here is item two," said the woman. "Is rather the opposite. She is item two on the list. You will have already read her history but let me say in passing that we have had to train her for over a year before we felt that she was ready for a new owner. Wilful disobedient and difficult. We offer her in the full knowledge that she needs real control, but I am sure that she will suit that right Mistress or Master who enjoys imparting a bit of domination."

There was some laughter at this introduction and Jake heard a number of chairs scrape as some of the buyers leaned forward with interest. After a brief pause the description continued.

"Marion is trained mainly to satisfy women but there are probably possibilities with a male master. As you can see we have enhanced her with larger breasts and piercing. What you cannot see at the moment is that a previous mistress had cause to remove her clitoris and widen her lower openings to take larger objects."

The woman opened the slave's mouth before continuing. "As you can see she has no teeth to scratch and her hair has been removed. Since she is rather less a sexual toy than a slave to degrade and fulfil other tasks we have concentrated our training on the proper behaviour of a toilet slave.

Marion, I'm sure, will be glad to be of service in any way and is ideal as a punishment training tool for any up and coming owners. We can make any alterations, for the usual fee, should you wish for them of course and are happy to do any special training that you may have in mind. Offers should be in the region of twenty thousand."

The woman passed to the next slave. It was the young man.

She laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Here we have a real prize for the man who needs a willing bed partner. Kevin here is trained to please a man in any way and is perhaps the best trained slave that we have produced in a couple of years. That will explain the premium price of sixty thousand dollars that we have decided to fix on him. He is strong and can take a lot of punishment but we have found that he is docile and very ready to serve. I should point out that he might make an ideal present for the man in your life."

The audience was still as the woman passed to the next offering.

"This is Slut." A wave of laughter swept the hall as the tattoos that covered her were pointed out. "She has it written all over her. This young woman was passed to me by a friend who was not happy with her relationship with her husband. She is number five on the list."

For a moment Jake looked again.

He half expected to see Diane but it was not she.

"Slut has only had a single alteration for the delectation of her new owner apart from her name being written on every square inch of her sumptuous upholstery. After a difficult operation her tongue has been extended."

The girl opened her mouth and wiggled a five-inch tongue from it. Jake could see that the humiliation was making her sob as her body shook.

"This makes her the ideal companion of a discerning mistress who needs more than the touch on her outer lips. This girl is perfect for those private moments when you need intimacy of real depth. Her last mistress has trained her as a sex doll as well as a toilet slave. We expect bids in the region of fifty thousand for her exceptional talents.

"Finally I move to Corrie here. I expected great things of her but she has disappointed me by lax behaviour. She is replacing a similar slave in the brochure who will now be taking her place in the household. Corrie has training as a nurse and is a talented young woman."

Jake recognised his nurse as the last item.

He was responsible for her being sold.

Quietly he grinned to himself.

"Anyone who decides to buy her will get any further alteration and training at our expense. This means that the new owner can really push the boat out and improve her without thought of cost. We already have a list of suitable transformations but it is you, the new owner that may choose. We are of course looking for a Master or Mistress that needs an outlet for all those ideas that were always curtailed by the high price of such work. In addition to the free work on this slave we offer her at the unheard of low price of just ten thousand dollars, reserve."

After a brief but enthusiastic applause, the woman walked to the centre of the stage to finish her introduction.

"You are now invited to come up and inspect all the items and then we shall begin the auction in the usual way.

Jake watched the bidders come onto the stage. He could not hear their comments but he noted the way that the slaves were inspected.

'Like cattle on sale,' he thought. Many of the bidders were older women, often unattractive and overdressed. A few men mixed among them but most were female.

With a start he noticed Joan amongst the crowd!

She did not look at the items for sale but chatted with the woman who had given the introduction. After a friendly greeting Joan seemed shocked. He heard her raised voice say. "Got out," he smiled at the realisation that he was the subject of the discussion. The older woman put her hand on Joan's shoulder in a reassuring way and spoke to her. Joan seemed satisfied and wandered out of sight.

'They know that I have not left the building,' he thought. He could not help himself. *'Elvis has not left the building!'* he thought with a smile. He hoped that there would not be an encore.

After the bidders had inspected the goods the auction began. One after another the slaves were led off to their new owners. The show was over. Jake watched the stage being cleared and the curtains being dropped.

Somehow it had almost seemed like a game before.

Sex and bondage were something that consenting people did in the privacy of their own homes. After watching the auction he was disabused of this notion. These people had money without end. They treated others as items to be bought and sold for their sexual pleasure.

Hidden from the eyes of normal society they acted like a sort of sex Mafia.

Not drugs but enslavement and pain.

The cream on the cake was that they altered their slaves to make them fit their needs.

Suddenly he thought of Diane. He had done the same but without the chains.

Her body for his needs.

Her service for his pleasure.

Suddenly he felt unsure. Was what he had achieved with Diane as bad as his own situation now? Another thought crossed his mind. If he could be taken by his shrewish wife what had happened to Diane. She had disappeared in a way that made it seem likely that she too was now owned by his wife.

Expedition

As Jake was pondering his own fate, Diane was waking in a cold white tiled room. She could feel the straps that held her to the cold steel table biting into her. She moved her head a little to see the room and noted in a daze the lights and gas bottles.

A small table by her head was neatly laid with surgical tools and syringes. All of them sparkled with the sheen of polished steel. She was alone in the room. Diane tried to move her arms but there was no feeling in them. Horrified she raised her head to see the bandages that were tightly wrapped there and no arms.

Her head slumped back to the table with a crash making her dizzy with the blow. Joan had been as good as her word.

Diane lay for a minute as she tried to control her panicked breathing. It did not seem possible that her mistress could do such a thing to her. Other terrible alterations had already been made but they had all been minor in leaving her body intact.

The door opened. Out of the corner of her eye Diane could see Joan. She was dressed in a thick fur coat and a small pillbox hat with a black wisp of veil. Her lips were curled in a triumphant smile as she looked down on her victim.

"I see that you are a step closer to the ideal slut-slave," said Joan as she ran her hand over the bandages. "It will take a few weeks for you to recover and then I shall be taking the next step in your conversion."

"Please Mistress. Do not..." Diane wailed.

The answer was a smile, no a grin, of wicked ascendancy. Then Joan ran her hands over the slave's body.

"I will do what I want to you, slut," she said looking into her victim's eyes. "You will become the ultimate sex slave. Useful for giving pleasure and being whipped and for nothing else."

Tears welled into Diane's eyes, as she saw no bit of mercy. Joan was now in full control of her body and would make other changes.

"Would you like to know what happens next slut?" asked the owner.

"Yes Mistress, please tell me." The answer was almost automatic. 'Yes' was always required.

"I am considering a number of further improvements to you. But let's not worry about the future. Let us discuss now!"

Diane nodded, relieved that Joan was not going to crow over her further punishment and alterations.

"You have noticed of course the fact that you are now without any arms. However, I took the liberty of making a few other small adjustments to you that could be made at the same time."

Joan dragged a stool so that she could sit whilst she talked and observe the reactions of the sobbing Diane.

"First," she said in a matter of fact way. "You will not yet have noticed that I have had your clitoris removed. I just do not approve of a sex slave enjoying any pleasure."

Joan noted with approval the further shocked reaction in the strapped down slave.

"Secondly the muscles around your anal sphincter have been sundered. These were Dr Vance's words. In plain words your ass hole is now unable to close, in fact it is a wide hole ready to be reamed. At the moment you have a gauze pad closing you. I have, however, taken the liberty of buying some items that will close you more effectively. The last little alteration is a little more intricate. In fact it took the good doctor longer than any of the others. Dr Vance has operated on your feet to fuse the bones. Tip toe or stilettos only now I am afraid."

Joan shuffled the chair forward and bent over Diane's face.

"He told me that it took seven bolts to do the work. It means that it will be a few weeks before you can walk again," continued Joan. "So you have a little time to lie down and recover. Of course in that time we shall be stretching the lips of your pussy and be making your breasts even longer, but all in all you are getting there. Are you happy for me to have such a loving subject to work on, little slut?"

"I will do nothing but please you Mistress," replied the sobbing slave. "Please look after me and help me to serve your every whim."

"I shall bear that in mind," came the reply. "Just make sure that you get well soon so that we can continue to enjoy each other's company."

Joan felt an impulse to kiss the sobbing sex doll and suppressed it. This was the bitch that had fucked her husband. When he next saw her he would be allowed to use her under

the whip of his mistress. He too would be coming under the knife, he too would be altered to Joan's exclusive tastes.

In the cold dark of the stage Jake shivered in his thin coat. It was night now and time to make an effort to escape. He had not eaten for a day and felt slightly weak with the lack of food. It distorted his judgement and made him eager to escape.

For several hours now he had not heard a single sound from the stage or the hall beyond so he figured it was time to move. With great care he lowered the rope ladder from his little platform until it reached the stage. Slowly he climbed to the wooden floor making sure to make no sound as he let his weight off the ladder. With a peek through the curtains he looked into the hall.

All was ghostly quiet and the doors were shut. Jake considered trying some of the doors in the hall but though it seemed a quicker way out he felt that he had to get out of the back of the buildings to have a chance of escaping. Going back to the door at the rear of the stage he pressed his ear to the wood. All was quiet so he opened the door slightly.

A few steps down and a corridor. A small barred window at the far end lit the doors to left and right with a ghostly radiance. Closing the door behind him he padded down to the first door. It was metal faced with a simple bolt on his side. He cast a glance at the other doors and they looked to be the same. Leaving the doors he went to the end of the corridor.

The window was set over a wooden door with a normal handle. With a jump he caught a glimpse of the outside through the window. It seemed that the door communicated with the outside. With a slight pressure he tried the door. It was locked and did not give even a fraction.

This exit was closed.

Jake turned to the nearest metal clad door and slipped the bolt. It was well oiled and made no sound. With exaggerated care he pushed. The door opened onto a room clad in tiling. The far wall was divided into empty cells with steel bars each of which had a simple bed and no other furniture.

'A *holding cell*,' he thought.

With no other way out of the room he closed the door and tried again on the door opposite. This room appeared to be some sort of operating room. A low padded couch with restraining straps lay under a powerful light. Cabinets with glass doors appeared to be full of equipment and several metal gas bottles lay stacked against the far wall. An

involuntary shiver ran down his spine as he wondered about the room. Here was where the slaves were worked on. Once again there was no other way out of the room except for the door to a shower cubicle.

Jake went back to the corridor.

The next room was completely empty. Fully tiled and with a small drain in the centre of the floor he could not divine its purpose. Grimly he noted the steel hooks set in the walls and ceiling and passed on. Crossing the corridor he opened the next room. The whole room was full of cupboards something like kitchen furniture. A window at waist height beckoned to him. Looking out he realised that he was looking onto the courtyard, which he had seen from his former cell.

'This is better,' he thought as he noted the lack of bars on the window.

In the courtyard were three cars, one of them the red sports car.

As Jake pondered his chances he heard a key turn in a lock. With swift steps he went to the door of the room and pulled the door to. In the corridor he heard steps. Quickly he found a large cupboard and slipped inside. Before he closed the door he noticed the racks of women's shoes. For a moment he heard the door to his room open and noticed the light through the cracks of the cupboard door.

There was the definite click of high heels on the floor and two voices in conversation.

"They are so careless," said the first.

"Doors unbolted and upswept," said the other.

"I'll sort it out tomorrow!"

Jake heard more clicking of heels and the slight creak as a cupboard was opened.

"I need a number five crop, ah here it is."

"Don't you think that that is a little harsh for him?" asked the second woman. "It is his first misdemeanour."

"It'll ensure that he is not so lax again!"

The cupboard closed and the two women left the room. With a sinking heart Jake heard the bolt being firmly slipped into place. Now his options were fewer. He had hoped to find a window to the outside of the buildings but now he had to exit onto the courtyard.

Jake waited a few more minutes. He tested the door in the vain hope that the bolt was not really in but sure enough the door was locked. One by one he opened the cupboards and inspected their contents. Whips, canes, shackles and clothing were neatly stacked and hanging in the cupboards.

He looked at the shoes and boots but all were for women and would not fit. It meant that he would have to go barefoot. Next he inspected the window. A simple catch held the swinging pane closed. For about five minutes he stared into the courtyard trying to decide what to do.

Finally, summoning his courage he opened the window and climbed into the courtyard. The damp earth below the window was fine but the rest of the surface was paving and gravel.

Holding himself in a crouch he headed for the cars. The two saloon cars were locked. Peering through the window of the huge BMW he realised that it was Joan's car. He had given it to her a year ago as a birthday present. Creeping to the Ferrari he found it unlocked. For a moment he thought that the keys might just be still in the ignition.

No such luck.

But, the two front seats had a gap behind them. Gently he climbed in and huddled behind the seats. There was just enough space to crouch and a car cover served to cover him up. Jake was bitterly cold.

He shivered and lay well concealed allowing himself to drift into a slumber.

He would have to wait.

Jake woke with a start.

The door of the car had slammed closed and the engine had roared into life. The driver was as yet unseen but he or she had turned on the radio as the car pulled off. Jake carefully lifted one corner of the silver car cover under which he was hiding to see that it was still dark outside and the driver was a young woman in a smart business suit. She would drive him out of this hellhole and he was really going to escape.

With a spray of gravel the Ferrari swung round and left the courtyard. In moments it was running on smooth tarmac and driving out of the courtyard. Jake almost held his breath as the car drove. After just a few moments driving it swung right. Jake was sure that they were now on a public highway. A few more minutes and another turn to the right.

The car came to a halt and the young woman got out.

Jake peeked from under his hiding place expecting to see a filling station or an all-night shop but all he could see were ghostly buildings that looked like a farm.

'Get out, or not?' he asked himself.

He was sure that they were at least a couple of miles from his prison. The young woman made him nervous, she was associated with his captivity, he just had to get out. With a strain he pulled himself into the front seat and fumbled to see if the keys were in the ignition but they were not.

Moments later he was standing in the lee of a large farm building. As he watched two women came to the car and stood by it. Then one of them reached into the car and pulled out a small case from behind the driver's seat. Jake breathed a sigh of relief, he had been lucky.

For a few minutes they stood talking before the driver got back into the car and sped off. The other woman vanished into the darkness, as she did so Jake heard the clamouring of one or more dogs wakened at the sound of her footfalls and the noise of the car. Now he realised that he was not out of the grip of these people, this was just another part of the slave training camp.

He pondered his next move and decided to cross the countryside until he found a road. In the darkness he could see a copse of trees and decided to get there first. He had barely gone a few yards when he heard a sound of feet behind him on the gravel. Flinging himself to the ground he found himself in a ditch from which he could observe the buildings.

Where he had stood just a few moments before stood a shadowy figure in black. In her hand were the leads to two large German Shepherd dogs that strained in his direction.

"Shut up," she told the dogs. "There's nothing out there."

Jake bit his lip in fear but the woman with the dogs did not move. They strained at the leashes and barked in his direction.

"Need a bit of exercise?" she said to the dogs and slipped their leashes.

As the two dogs ran in his direction Jake broke cover and ran.

It was simply fear.

He knew that he could not outrun them but he had to try. The two dogs were on him in moments and he heard the cries of the female handler join in their noise. The dogs easily

ran in front of him and forced him to stop. Their hackles were raised and they snapped at him when he tried to move.

In his tired state he simply stood until the woman came up.

"Ah," she said. "Mr Lorde. Of course!"

Jake stood and watched her, he saw little chance of an escape.

"My, you did get a long way. Come with me."

With a slap of a gloved hand on her thigh she called the dogs and walked towards the buildings. Jake saw no option but to follow.

His escape was over.

Union.

Jake was once again in his cell. With weary eyes he noted that a cross bar had been fitted to the bars on the window. His escape would not be repeated. They had walked him back to the training buildings forcing him to see that he had only managed to get a few hundred yards in his escape, the disappointment was total.

Scarcely a word had been spoken just the fear of the dogs and an angry mistress had been enough to bring him back to his captivity. In the courtyard Joan's car stood signalling that she would soon be there to crow over his defeat.

"Funny how he came back without a fight," said Joan to Mistress Janet with a smile.

"He had no hope of escaping from here," said Janet. "With over five miles to the nearest road and the dogs he needed more than a lot of luck to evade us."

Janet raised her glass in a mock toast to Joan and sipped at the Martini. She was dressed in a tight fitting business suit and wore knee high lace up boots. Personally she was relieved. Never had a slave escaped from her training establishment but this had been close.

If Jenny had not been there to exercise the dogs he might have got away.

Janet did not speak her thoughts loud, she did not want Joan to realise just how close an escape it had been but she still heard her heart pounding from the realisation.

"I think that I should pay him a visit," said Joan with a smile. "In fact I am looking forward to it."

"Fine," said Janet as she stood. "After all he's your property, I'm sure that he will be so glad to see you!"

The two women walked to Jake's cell and unlocked it. A powerfully built guard stood by the door as they entered to see Jake sitting on his bed with his head hanging.

"Hello Jake," said Joan as she entered.

He jumped at the sound of her voice and looked up.

"Stand up husband," she ordered.

"Yes Miss," he replied as he followed orders.

"I am glad to see that you are still here for me," she said with a grin, as she looked him up and down. His feet and legs were splattered with mud and his loose gown was torn. "You will of course be punished for your attempt to get from your wife's grasp. But I think that you will not regret coming back."

Jake looked at the other woman and recognised her as the one that had auctioned the slaves the previous day. He saw no pity, just a stern face and an malign mistress.

"There is not much time to sleep my husband. Make the most of what little time you have. Tomorrow you will be prepared for me."

Jake bowed his head and stared at the floor. All fight was gone out of him, his wife was his owner.

Alteration

The slave woke as the light streamed into his cell window. The 'H' of the bars on the windows cast their shadow on the door as they came for him. He ate the food off the tray and remembered no more.

As his consciousness faded he thought of Joan. How she must hate him he thought to destroy him like this.

He awoke strapped to a low table. Recognising the operating room that he had seen briefly the previous night he tested the straps that held him tight. He could just make out a man in a surgeon's coat to one side and wondered if he had been operated on or not.

His slight movements caused the man to turn and come to him.

"You are a lucky man," said the doctor. "You will see the operation being done on you under a local anaesthetic."

The doctor produced a mask and placed it over Jake's face. "This will help ensure that you do not interfere with what is a very delicate operation," he said as he adjusted the strap holding the mask close to Jake's face.

Turning from his unwilling patient he continued to prepare for the procedure. Jake heard a thin his of gas and a metallic taste. Soon he was in a dreamy state, neither awake nor asleep. His body felt like lead and was paralysed.

After a few minutes Jake saw Joan enter his vision. She had never looked so beautiful he thought as she spoke to him. Somehow the words did not register, her lips moved and she smiled but the meaning was unclear. Then another woman appeared. She was dressed as a nurse and wore a mask. When Joan had stopped talking the nurse ushered her away and the operation began.

Vaguely Jake felt his legs being opened and his feet being placed in stirrups. A cold feeling in his groin signalled the first cut of the knife as the doctor started to work.

Jake could feel no pain but a discomfort spread to his thighs. Every now and again the nurse monitored the mask and passed tools to the doctor. He was almost out of sight as he worked on the soft flesh of his patient's groin. The actions seemed to last forever before the nurse passed the needles and thread to the doctor and he worked to finish the work.

Then the gas was turned up and Jake lost his grip on consciousness.

When he came to, Jake was lying strapped to the bed in his cell. He could feel a dull ache between his legs but he could not move to be able to look down. A movement attracted his attention, Joan was sitting by his bed.

"Do you feel the difference?" She asked.

Jake just shook his head.

He felt sick but could not retch.

"You will my dear, you will."

"What have you done to me?" he asked in a small voice.

"Mistress. You will call me mistress. But I shall overlook it this time. I have made you ready for further training and also made sure that you cannot fuck another woman. From now

on I am your only hope of relief," she said with a grin. "Let's just say that you now have the prick that you deserve."

Jake could make no sense of it. What had been done. His face turned away from his wife as tears welled into his eyes.

"When you are healed you will be trained for my exclusive use and then you can look forward to a rather changed life as my enslaved husband," she said. "Oh and I forgot. That slut of yours, Diane, she is mine as well, we will have a lot of fun to look forward to."

A figure stood behind Joan. The face of Diane looked at him impassively. Black lips and red cheeks he noted. A red rubber ball pouted from between her lips and was fastened with straps that looked almost like a horse harness. A wide collar hid her neck fixing her head and allowing a leash to dangle to Joan's gloved hand. He could see that her large breasts had been constricted in a corset to point through two tubes.

Gold rings in the nipples hung with small pointed weights. It took a moment to register that her bare shoulders had no arms. He looked at the red scars with shock before he fully realised that she had been mutilated by the surgeon's knife.

Joan smiled and stood up to allow Jake to see Diane fully. The tight corset ended at her waist allowing him to see her naked sex from, which hung two long sheets of flesh that ended in many rings with heavy weights attached. A pair of boots ended halfway up her thighs.

Jake felt a terrible anguish and sobbed.

"What have you done to her Mistress?" he wailed.

"Dear Diane is nearly finished," she replied with a little laugh. "Already she is so helpless that she can do nothing but await my orders. Poor little slave cannot even stand up unless she has help. Nearly every day she serves me in bed. Soon I will have her completed and then you will see that she has no greater wish than to give me pleasure and be punished by her mistress."

Joan took the lead in her hand and led her female slave out of the cell. As they went Jake noticed a black object sticking from between the cheeks of her smooth ass. Diane was nothing more or less than a sex dolly for his wife.

It took two weeks before Jake was allowed to get from his bed. During that time he was fed by spoon and emptied by catheter.

The days passed in a monotonous progression. Until at last the bandages were removed and he saw the result of the operation.

With one hand he felt the void under his cock. Once there had been a sack with his balls, now there was simply a line of stitches where they had hung. His proud prick had been shortened until just the purple tip protruded from his smooth groin.

The surgeon had shortened him to just an inch of soft sensitive flesh that ached when he touched it. When at last he had an erection he realised what his wife had meant.

No longer could he enter a woman, the couple of inches that he could muster were only enough show where he should have his manhood.

Conclusion

Mistress Joan lay back on the bed with a satisfied sigh. Her glistening skin told of the bygone pleasure. By the bed her slave husband awaiting any further orders. Between her damp quivering thighs was her helpless sex doll, tongue straining to please and lips sucking to entice.

Her husband had returned to her just a couple of months ago he had been such a good boy. The whip and the red silk glove were the key to his chains. With the touch of the glove he came at her command, with the touch of the whip he obeyed her will.

No longer could he spill his milky seed, but she could rub him to climax as reward for good behaviour. As she took her tamed husband to parties, none of her friends could have guessed that he was truly hers, a tongue at her pussy with his lips for her ass.

As for the slut, she stood adorned in her many rings. No longer clothed except in gold chains that webbed her flesh like a binding fence and passed through the rings in her flesh to cage her in a sparkling prison.

Diane's breasts were held tight in their grip to be fondled or caned at Joan's fancy. Her gaping pussy hidden by the long flaps of her inner lips, was filled with ever-larger objects and her ass was stuffed with black plastic. The little pink clitoris that should have nestled at the front of her pussy was no more.

Just another ring to pass a golden chain through.

Soon she would be paying a visit to Miss Clearmont and could show off her slaves.

The future held nothing but further pleasure. In fact she felt pride at these two traitors who had become her sex captives. When she tired of these two dolls she would sell them on and get some more.

At last she was fulfilled and happy with her life.

Finis