

Dominatrix

A deviant female-domination tale written by

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Clive

The day that Marta moved in I knew that she was right for me! Most men seem to go for a woman who does what she is told, easily led and all that, but I have to admit that my tastes are just a little different. She knows that she is good looking, in fact a stunner, and for women like that there has to be a little give and take. What's more, she is one of those women that know that they are sexy and had learned to make the most of it. Let me put it like this, rich women spend thousands to get a perfect figure, Marta was in no need of any adjustment and I had made the catch of a lifetime.

So, she moved into my little apartment in Docklands and my life changed on the first day. Of course, we had been going out for two months already and we knew each other fairly well, but living with her was a different matter. She is one of those people whose motto could be, 'everything has a place and is in its place', a combination of OCD and attention to detail and such a way of getting whatever she wants. I figured that there is always a price to pay for everything and simply adjusted the way that I lived. Gone were the days of sleeping in and working late, the take-out meals and listless TV watching. What took their place was a life that was dictated by the calendar and planning.

Of course, it could be said that this was just what I needed. A little order in my life and it did not take long to realise that she had me dancing at the end of a string. Not that I minded, suddenly she was there most nights a week, blowing my mind as she rode my cock, fucking like a whore, looking like a model. All I can say is, it was fucking good. I traded the nights out drinking and partying, spending my monthly bonuses on wild nights and gambling at the casinos, instead we had a party every night, playing the games that she had rolling in her head and then sleeping like babies in each other arms.

It was a good trade!

I suppose what I loved the most was the sheer inventiveness of the insatiable woman in my bed. We role-played, we tied each other down with her collection of silk scarves, we got a million toys to test each on other and she bought outfits that made me feel like Viagra was coursing my veins. The heels, the fully-fashioned stockings, the tight corsets and the gloves. Most nights seemed to be an adventure in sex and I just could not get enough!

Marta, with her hard, German accent, the way she purred when she had my cock in hand, the teasing and torments and the fact that she sought out my little fantasies and enacted them made every day perfect.

Marta

I have to admit that I was in a bit of a tight place when I met Clive. We bumped into each other in a bar in the City where I was supposed to meet a client and when he was late, I hooked up with Clive and we got wasted! It was a mistake, no doubt about it, I earned nothing that night and had a real problem with Harry, who I work for, the next day when I turned up still half-cut and a little the worse for wear. I had always been a good earner for Harry and I suppose that he cut me a little slack. After all, he had invested in me and had a dozen other girls working for him and could afford to be just a little generous.

The upshot was, that I worked as an escort for Harry five nights a week and the others were filled with Clive. He had no idea, in fact he is more than a little naïve, when all is said and done and the situation seemed stable with Clive as my pro-bono work while the other nights were filled with the clients who paid for my attention.

Harry's game was really simple and quite clever as a business. Each of his 'girls' specialised in some kink or other, either that or they had a certain 'look' that the clients demanded. Ling-Ling, for instance was the petite decorous Chinese girl who would look great on any man's arm for the evening. Estella, the fire-breathing Spanish whore who could suck a man dry and Sammy the trans whore who could bring any cock under complete control! So now you ask the question... what was my 'speciality'?

You'll find out!

After about two months, Clive asked if I fancied moving in with him. It turned out that most of my work was during the day, so I thought, 'Why not?' and moved in the next week. It was sort of fun at first, we fucked and fucked and I have to admit that it was a thrill having a man who doted on me. I had to reorder his life a little, but that was no problem for me, the problems started when Harry found out what I was up to!

"Marta, darling," he said when we had the inevitable confrontation, "You can't do this! He'll either find out and I'll lose you, or he won't and you'll be so fucking bored out of your skull that you'll be useless to me! You're one of the best and I love you!"

What you have to understand, is that Harry is a pimp, but actually it is more like having a guy that ties it all together and takes a third than having some fur-coated and bling-guy who thrashes his 'girls' each time they take a step out of line. No drugs and no tricky stuff was allowed. His website made everything possible and the way that he kept us in line was that he helped us make a packet of cash by organising us. We all made a fortune with Harry! The worst thing that could have ever have happened, and it did occasionally to others, was that we would find ourselves alone and vulnerable and on the streets. And, he knew it!

At any rate, I insisted and he just said that it was OK as long as I was always on call...

So, for a couple of months I managed to balance it all up. Occasional nights and most days, I worked for myself and Harry, the nights were for Clive. I told him that I worked in some on-line business or the other where occasionally I had to work nights and he seemed OK with it. After all, he was a programmer and had to do the same, so he had no suspicion that my 'nightshifts' were spent in expensive hotel rooms. All I had to do was synchronise the two lives that I was living and with Harry running me, that was not difficult at all.

I suppose that it was after a couple of months that what Harry had warned me about, started to come true. I found that my drive was slipping! Maybe there was more strain that I wanted to admit or perhaps it was boredom, but my two approaches to sex started to mingle. It occurs to me now, that perhaps it is the German in me, but I started to be a little stricter with Clive and that triggered me taking advantage of him and pushing him down a path that, without me, he would never have taken.

Men are so easy to manipulate when it comes to sex. They can't admit that there is anything that they can't do and what's more they all come equipped with a host of little weaknesses that can be exploited by a woman that uses sex as a weapon!

Clive

Do I remember how it started?

Of course I do!

Marta wanted to do a little role-play that we had done before. She was playing the part of the strict boss who wants her underling to beg for a pay-rise

and then fucks him. When we had done this before, she always dressed in a business suit and I was naked and I had to admit that I looked forward to the game. Normally it ended with loads of oral sex for her and a slow provocative hand-job for me as I begged her for more salary. It was a little different this time from the start as usually she had me strip off in the bathroom and then come into the lounge which was her 'office'. This time, she came into the bathroom dressed in her bathrobe and supervised me.

There was a real thrill as she 'made' me strip and then inspected me.

I stood there on the marble floor while she circled me, touching and teasing me before she announced that she wanted me to shave! Of course, I argued that it took weeks for my beard to grow out properly, but she insisted and watched me shave it off with a smile of satisfaction. Instead of the usual aftershave, she splashed Chanel No. 5 on me and then inspected me again.

"I want it all off," she announced and then supervised shaving every hair from my body below the neckline.

I have to admit that it was a thrill. My cock was standing like stone pillar and even I had to admit that I looked a lot bigger shaved than I had, unshaved. I am not all that large! A four-inch erection is well under average, I suppose, but she had certainly never complained. She left me standing, naked as the day I was born, and told me to come into her office in twenty minutes, so I waited the allotted time and then opened the door to find that she was sitting on the sofa with her legs crossed waiting for me with a stern look.

Most women take hours to get dressed. Marta was always so quick and could look perfect in her make-up in just a few minutes. There she sat, a pencil skirt, high heels that could scarcely be walked in and a blouse that was open to reveal the lacy bra and the soft rounded breasts that I had come to love. She looked up at me with a stern look and then I realised that she had a cane in her hands, bent across her knees.

The effect was perfect and I had to admit that this was the best game yet! Her acting has always been of a high order and this time I fell into the scene without any difficulty.

"Here," she said and pointed the tip of the cane at the floor.

I moved to obey and then found myself on my knees looking up at my stunning girlfriend as she flexed the cane in her hands and the immersion was complete.

Marta

I suppose that I had already decided to 'spice' us up a little. That's the thing; if one spends all day and every day playing the dominatrix with a man that pays,

then it comes quite naturally to hand! You may not realise this, because dominatrices are usually silent about it, but we never actually 'have sex' with our clients. Almost never, that is. A few orders, the swish of a cane on a bare ass, maybe allowing the client to have a little wank... that is normally as far as it goes! The power *always* went to my head, there is a real thrill to making a slave of a man for a few hours, but I never allowed real intimacy. I escorted the client for a few hours dressed in some outrageous costume and then, in the hotel room, he was allowed to relieve himself under my strict orders.

The difference with Clive, was that he expected intimacy and I was a little unsure of how that could happen! Still, that evening, I had come home excited by having a youngish man to 'discipline' instead of a middle-aged out-of-shape guy and I wanted to continue the session with a new victim. Experience that power!

I figured that I had to get Clive 'in the mood', so I played a little game that I occasionally did to humiliate well-paying clients. It's fun to leave a mark on them. Something that they will have to explain to their wives and it heightens the excitement and control and makes it last longer. That way they always come back. So, instead of just dressing for the game I was playing, I supervised him. Shaving off that beard was the first step. Actually, I always hated it and this was as good a moment as any to force him to shave it right off. I don't even think that he realised that instead of his usual aftershave I made him use perfume!

I looked him up and down and decided that more needed to be done. After all, I had pushed him a little way, now I needed to make him mine and get him to understand that I was in charge. So, I made him shave his whole body. That little cock of his looked much better shorn of all of it's fuzz, and I just loved the smooth legs and arms. Of course, I would never have had him as a boyfriend if he had been a hairy guy, but now he was so smooth and girly that he was perfect for me!

In the lounge, I slapped on my make-up in double quick time and then dressed as I had done before for this scenario. Tight skirt and blouse, the only added touch was the short cane that I bent in my hands. The feeling was so stimulating. Normally anticipation is not my thing. I am good at what I do and keep myself in check...

This time it was different. Clive was not some boring client, but a man who was bound to me by more than just a payment of a few hundred an hour. So, when he came into the room, I'll admit that I was just a little thrilled and could not help myself making him kneel at my feet.

I had not started with the intention of making this little scene a change in the usual. What happened is that it developed between us so naturally that by the end it was something entirely different than I anticipated. Normally, Clive

would give me the perfect oral service and I would slowly wank him off while he fell into his role.

This time, it all went differently.

Clive

I was on my knees and she somehow looked angry. All that I could think was that in some way I was spoiling the scene for Marta and I was enjoying the psychological side of it so much that I desperately didn't want to stop.

So, when she said, "Kiss my feet", I bowed my head and went for it. That seemed to satisfy her and I have to admit that she made a perfect strict governess. So much so that I was scared that she was going to use that cane in her hand, especially when, after five minutes, when I stopped, she ordered me back to her stilettos and I almost awaited a blow from her!

I must have been kissing her heels and uppers for another ten minutes before she stood up without a word and strolled around me while I crouched naked on the floor. I could feel my cock going so hard that it almost hurt and by the time that she had managed a slow circuit I was almost desperate.

Standing over me like a goddess of sex, all I could see were her perfect calves and those shoes still wet from my kisses. Then her hands came down and she patted me on the head with a murmured, "Good boy".

I felt so gratified that the mood had lifted and I had done what she expected that I could not help kissing her feet again. The tip of the cane ran the length of my back and I shuddered. It was then that she allowed me to run the zipper from the hem of her skirt to waist to reveal that she had done to herself what she had made me do to myself.

The smooth lips of her pussy were almost dripping and I could smell the aroma of her, but until I was commanded, there was no way that I was going to tempt fate by touching her. The scene was so intense, the feeling of her power so strong that when I looked up at her face, she smiled down sternly and I could not help but swallow with a longing that was, I suppose, not at all concealed.

As I stared up at her and hoped, I felt something between my thighs and then something hard touch my rigid cock and knew then that this was something new that she had dreamed up to tease me with.

Marta

I could not help myself!

It was just too tempting... I was mixed up, between two worlds, my fucking role as leather and latex queen, and Clive on his knees, a target too tempting to miss! My heels scored his thighs, the metal of the tips of my spikes edged from walking the streets. Clive winced, he swallowed the pain and he leaned back for the next stage of his torment.

I balanced on one heel and ran the tip of my shoe over that little cock of his! The way that he jumped and then shuddered at the touch gave me such a thrill. This was a trick that I had never used on a client, but I can guess that most of them would have paid double for the experience. At any rate, Clive was so easy.

By the time that I managed to run the sharp heel the length of his cock, he was so close to coming that I had to pull back to slow it all down. Jesus, but the feeling was so good. This was the furthest that we had ever pushed a fantasy scene and I was falling in so deep. I knew that what I was doing was so wrong, he had no idea of the trouble that his sweet Marta could get him into!!

I looked down and saw the dribble of precum and knew that he was mine to do anything that I wanted with.

Clive

She stepped forward.

It does not sound much when you read it, but it was devastating and I was hers forever. Her stockinged leg pressed between my thighs. The hardness, the friction, the nylon sweetness stretched me so tight. The hardness of her leg pressed and I was forced upward, stretched and trapped. I could not help myself, Marta stood over me and fucked me with her stockings.

I came with rush and she pressed hard against me and pulled my face into the tightness of her. I was almost overwhelmed by the sweetness of the aroma of her and then she wrapped her thighs over my face, parted them and pushed me home and I could do not but do as she wanted.

Marta is a bit dominant! What I mean is that she loves to have everything in order and has no hesitation in telling people how to arrange it. With my face buried between her thighs and my lips slowly sucking in her clitoris I felt her a hand on the back of my head pushing me in and a tap from the cane in the other hand. This was all so different because normally she always climaxed first, this time I had already come on her legs and she wanted me to take her all the way there. The cane started tapping lightly on my ass and I wrapped my arms around her legs and pushed and licked for all I was worth.

I could hear Marta gasping, then the small tells that always signalled climax. A shuddering of the thighs, a trembling of the belly and the swelling pussy that

became hot with need. It was then that she cut me with the cane, just at that moment when she would be at the summit. A single cut of the cane, hard and fast, it made me lurch into her, press hard and force her over the brink at the moment that she chose.

Marta

I have been playing at domination for three years, ever since Harry first said that I would be the ideal Mistress. My Germanic blood and all that! It had been ideal for me, never actually having sex while others paid for it, it was perfect. But, it had only ever been a game until that moment when I laid the cane against Clive's skin. A game, because there had been no real pleasure, except for the clients when I allowed it.

This time it was different.

The bond between us, the climax after pushing him over the edge was service-pure and the orgasm was so powerful. It filled my mind as the reverberation of the stroke of the cane rang in my ears. I dropped the cane and sat back on the armchair behind me with a sigh and there it was.

His face shiny with my juices, his come dribbling on my stockings, he knelt before me and I felt how it was to be a Goddess in reality. It was different because it was so *real*!

So, that was the moment.

The fulcrum that moved the Earth!

I sat with legs apart and he bowed his head. He was mine! More than any paying client, more than those that play the game. Clive was mine to do with as I wanted and I could not help feeling elation at the fact.

Somehow, I want to go on and on about that moment, the temptation is strong, but words escape me. I just can't really describe how exalted I was. There are no terms that can express it, no phrases to do it justice!

What happened the rest of the night was of no consequence. We ended up curled on the bed. Me on my side, him curled at my feet and so it went. He was hooked, but so was I, the feeling was mutual, I guess.

I do remember, as I drifted off to sleep that there would have to be more of this, so much more. The game had to be played until the end and I was the one that would have to decide what the rules were.

The next morning, he kissed me on the lips as he went off to work and with an almost embarrassed smile he called me 'Mistress'. He too, was consumed. I

once read a book about the gods of South America, before the Spanish arrived. Gods who swallowed their human followers whole, who ate them to combine them with their own godhood.

That was me, the Goddess of sex!

The next day, Harry called and gave me a very lucrative session with a Lebanese millionaire whose tastes were for very strict handling in full fetish gear. I sighed, but I took it up, how could I refuse? I left a note in the kitchen for my lover and headed for the West End.

Clive

All day I longed to get home, all day long I hoped that we would do it all again, but when I got home I discovered that Marta had been called into work and would not be coming home until late. I sat up until two and then realised that this would be an all-nighter for Marta and finally went to bed.

The previous evening's events were playing like a film in my head on a loop and I wondered if she had realised how much I had loved it. The smoothness of my skin, the itch where the cane had left a purple welt from back to the cheek of my ass. As I went to sleep I realised that I hoped that Marta had loved our little scene to want to repeat it.

When I awoke, it was still dark.

I could hear movement in the bedroom and glanced at the clock. It was about five in the morning and Marta had returned. Now, normally she would just curl up in bed beside me and we might fumble around for a few minutes before we both drifted off back to sleep.

This time it was different.

I was still half asleep and turned to see a dark shadow loom over me.

"I love you," I whispered, but instead of the usual mirroring of the phrase, Marta shushed me and I felt her hands on me. They found my neck and moved to one arm, pulling it to the top of the bed. I sighed, the only sound, and then something cold clicked on my wrist and I suddenly realised that she had cuffed me to the bedpost.

"I'm the 'Mistress' now, until morning, so be a good little boy and let me fuck you!"

I started to awake properly as Marta clambered over me and cuffed the other wrist to the bed before she used an old pair of stockings to tie and spread my legs.

"All you have to do is be obedient..."

The covers were ripped off the bed to expose me and when she kneeled over my body I could feel a harness that closed on my ribs and waist. She was wearing a pair of boots that laced to the thigh and the hooks, laces and hard leather rasped at me. Marta leaned over me and smiled. Planted a small kiss on my lips and then she took advantage of her helpless lover!

Marta

That's the trick of it!

It's all about what atmosphere and ambience is created to set the scene. Men are so vulnerable to being taken by the fantasy if the presentation is right. They just give up and roll over, all you have to do is to make the stage-setting right. Of course, he was new to all of this, he was defenceless to me, after all, I was an old hand at milking cash and come from clients and instinctively took advantage of his weakness.

I slipped forward, encompassed his face and sat heavily on him and he just surrendered. Because I had moved to face his legs, I touched him lightly with the cane to show him that I meant business and he obliged by burrowing between my thighs and paying me that attention that I craved.

I think that I must have almost drowned him, the session with my client had so excited me and it was all Clive could do to breathe while I tormented him in my best style. A cane is not just for inflicting punishment, any effective dominatrix can tell you that. It teases, it warns, the point can gouge and stroke and the psychological effect of impending pain can be as effective as the cut of the cane itself.

I think that I came twice, I cannot be sure as one merged into the other and each was as sweet as sugar. I suppose that it was at this point that I realised that there were two lives being offered me. One as the professional call-girl who tormented and teased her clients without completion, the other as something else, something infinitely more pleasurable. The other life could complete the circle and make Clive a slave to a need that he had never ever realised consumed him.

I only used the cane once, briefly and sharply when his attention wandered as I climaxed again and wanted full concentration on my pleasure.

There was a final realisation for me.

If I only ever allowed him to come while he served me, I would be conditioning him to my needs. Just like the puppy he is. So, when he finally came into my

gloved hands, he licked and kissed my ass intimately, a new experience for me that sent me to a heaven that I had never been to before.

Clive

Was it the night before that had hooked me, or was it being taken in the dark that pushed me into obsession? I think that it was the latter, but then that was months ago, and I cannot separate the milestones any more.

All I can say is, that when I awoke the next morning, I was still cuffed to the bed and she lay carelessly over me, the stiff leather corset and boots having left marks that showed where the hooks and laces of her costume had pressed into my skin.

I had to wake her to get free and go to work. She just lay there like a black pussy-cat and purred as she watched me get dressed. I popped downstairs under orders and got a coffee for her, the erection that pointed the way to the kitchen a reminder of the excitement that I felt. I never wondered where she got that costume in the middle of the night, maybe she had bought it weeks before and hidden it from me.

What I do remember, what is an indelible picture in my mind was that she sat there, legs wide, the heels of the boots digging into the sheets, sipping her coffee with a small smile. I went to kiss her lips as I always did before I went and she pointed to her boots and made me kiss the toes goodbye.

"Tonight will be special," she said as I left the room. "Be back by six!"

I looked back at her, my perfect Marta, and she looked so flawless in all of that leather. I felt a tingle in my spine and just said, "Yes Mistress." It seemed to be just what she wanted!

Marta

He fell into the role that I chose for him. How could he not? I had the key to every lock in my hand and he had all of mine! The difference between us was, I knew it and he did not. That is how fine the line is between obsession and control. It is the knowledge of control that is crucial, the fact is not important.

That day was the real start of us living my dream.

When he came back from work I explored a fantasy that so many of my clients loved and paid for. Being naked while their mistress is fully dressed, a make-believe that is all about clothes being a symbol of dominance. In fact, it does not even matter what the clothes are, it is just that complete contrast that works on the mind.

I wore jeans and white stilettos, a thin T shirt over my rounded breasts and he was naked. I had him shower and shave again and I have to admit that there was another strand of enjoyment to be squeezed from all of this that I had never really anticipated! I supervised him every moment, stood over him like a mother with her child. Never nagging, just making sure that he did every little thing as ordered.

Despite years of work with men who submitted to my words and punishments, there was a difference. This was intimate, personal and exhaustive. I had never penetrated the mind of a client like I did Clive's. I knew so much about him and every sign and outward gesture that he made was a clear indicator of what was going on in his mind.

I think that it was that day that I decided that he would be naked all the time that he was in the apartment. It would be good to allow him to feel under my hand all of the time and it just seemed a natural development when I announced it to him that evening. I had thought that there might be some argument, after all what I was doing was to make every moment of our private life a sexual experience.

Clive never argued, he just hung his head and fitted himself to the scene!

What he never realised and I am sure that he still does not understand, is that a 'scene' has a beginning and an end after which stasis reasserts itself. What I was doing was to reverse all of that. Normal life would be the 'scene', moments outside the flat when we were together would be the 'play'. The rest of the time would become everyday life.

I was not in a hurry!

Exploring him, finding the chinks into which I could insert my own ideas was a challenge that I rose to. Meanwhile, his thoughts became mine and fused to make him obedient even in all the small things that make up everyday life. For instance, he never questioned that he should do all of the housework and I was able to get rid of the woman who, once a week, cleaned up the apartment and took the washing. I sent him shopping and the delivery services were no longer needed. Best of all, Clive found that he was on call all of the time where my pleasures were concerned.

I had him use his tongue, a vibrator or one of the other toys that we had bought for our play. The one thing that never seemed to be used to pleasure *me* was that tiny little cock of his. Instead, he performed for me and rubbed against stockinged thighs, laced boots and occasionally I used a lace glove for special rewards. Each time, I assessed how far he was on the path that I had chosen for him and realised that somehow, he had taken another step to becoming fully mine.

The main problem was to think of new little mind-games that I could play to push the envelope. My clients were the main help here! I noted their little kinks, their needs and wishes and then applied those to Clive in ways that were sometimes subtle and sometimes forthright.

Clive

Marta! I love her, but even I have to admit that she has a mind like a machine and the morals of a bitch! The first few days seemed just another branching of the games that we had been playing for months. Then the game became something else, something more than just entertainment. It slowly locked down and became part of us!

Don't get me wrong, I did not mind, in fact I loved most of what she imposed on us and managed to adjust to the rest. It just sometimes seemed that she was testing how far she could push and I was allowing it to happen. In a sense it was a struggle between us that had rules that were often unclear to me, but seemed certain and inexorable to her.

Being naked before her was fine. I loved it! I simply turned up the heating and attended to her like a servant. I missed the frantic fucks, but what she offered me *became* what I wanted. Like a randy puppy, I rubbed on her legs and came to encouraging words, softly spoken. Marta did not often use the cane, but when she did it was exactly at a moment when I could not find an argument against it. When I failed to please her, when I failed to remember something that she wanted done or when I was so close to climaxing that I dared not resist for fear of losing what was coming!

The best moments were those when she was indulgent and pulled on the lace gloves that signified that she was satisfied with my service. Just the sight of her pulling on those gloves was enough to make me so hard that I could almost feel my heartbeat in my head! That was the reason that I did as I was told, the hope of *real* reward, the longing for approval.

It was weeks before a realisation struck me. The fact that I never saw her undressed, was never even allowed to glimpse her while she dressed. Marta never seemed to be dressed casually any more, She wore jeans, but tight and form-fitting. Always stilettos or boots and often some arrangement of tight leather skirt and full corset that had me constantly in a mental torment.

My live-in girlfriend was such a fucking tease!

Marta

Most everything was unplanned!

What I mean is, that I did not work out some strategy or long term goal. I just went with the flow and did whatever occurred to me that seemed right at the time. The whole experience was such fun!

I would think of some small torment, some task or perhaps a little punishment for Clive and then spend a few days working to apply it to him and then see what the result was. Would it lead him deeper or would it be a blind alley? A good example was the first day that I had him wear a pair of my panties!

I was irritated because he had failed to include them in the wash that he did that Tuesday morning before work and I did not have the cane to hand. He stood before me with the black lace in his hand and a shame-faced expression as I tried to keep my temper and keep my voice calm. This was happening more often, simple little things that were supposed to be long a part of his duties were forgotten and I had to go backwards and explain again that he was not paying attention to detail.

In a flash, I decided that Clive needed to understand how irritated I was and I made him put them on all day as a punishment. Of course, as soon as they were on him, I realised that this meant that he was covered up and that would not do! The solution was simple, I took a pair of scissors and cut them to crotchless! Maybe he actually thought that the scissors in my hand might cut more than the panties, because his erection swelled as it popped out with those cute little balls hanging behind.

That day I bought a dozen pairs of panties especially for him and realised that this was a direction that was so much fun that I would have to follow the path and see where it led.

I have a few clients that like this sort of thing, but it had never really turned *me* on that much. They want it, they pay for it, but I never really found it especially interesting! On Clive, it worked like a dream. That shaven body, the black and red on his white skin and the thought that he disliked the whole thing made his punishment-knickers a feature from that point on.

The rest did not take long to follow!

Clive

I detested this latest development!

It was not as though I had ever had a cross-dressing bone in my body. What was more, the lace of those damn knickers rubbed like hell on my thighs and she made me wear them all day as a punishment whenever she fancied. Still, it had a salutary effect on my behaviour. I did the best that I could to avoid those knickers, the cane hurt, but it was over in a second. The knickers were a constant reminder of the fact that I had failed Marta.

There was something else that I disliked. The fact that I was never allowed to come when I was wearing them. I have no idea if this was conscious on Marta's part, but it certainly had an effect on my attempts to please her. A feedback loop started! I tried to be perfect and she worked to use the knickers to punish more often!

I almost rebelled when she produced a pair of stockings and high heels that would fit me. Almost... but not quite! How could I resist? There were no arguments left, just the sex! It was clear to me that Marta had been annoyed or was under stress at her office, and the look on her face told me not to fight this one!

What I was really worried about, what scared me was, that the day seemed to be coming when she would have me permanently in dessous and there was nothing that I could think of that would stop it! I started to feel oppressed by the whole thing, looking for a way to escape from her clutches, but Marta balanced the wire so well that I was never quite pushed far enough to move to open rebellion.

There was so much to lose and I did not dare resist in case I lost what I had discovered so far...

Marta

I could see that this was another turning point!

Clive simply hated the connotations of dressing up for me. At first I just pushed a little to get my way. Not having to milk his little cock was a relief. I had become sick of touching it and watching him come with a childish gratitude.

That gave me a new target!

How could I get him into a state of long term chastity? How could I move him from needing to total giving? I knew that there was a whole area of domination and fetish that we had not touched on, but the idea of getting him into some sort of physical restraint seemed to me to be like too much hard work. The idea rolled around my mind for weeks until a solution arrived.

I have pierced nipples. Usually just little chains or bars inserted that look pretty and make me so sensitive there. The solution to my problem started with a problematic piercing that I had to allow to close and then have redone. It was then that it occurred to me that a nice little piercing on Clive would solve my chastity problem.

It took weeks for my old piercing to be healed enough to be attended to, by that time I had suggested that Clive get something similar and it seemed that

he was in agreement with the idea. He already had a couple of tattoos and an earring, so the idea was not too difficult to move along to fruition. I spoke to the woman who always does my little body-art and when Clive and I turned up for the appointment, she was ready with what I wanted done.

He thought that he was getting a small ring, but what was added to him was what I had decided for him. Sandra, the tattooist, added a nice locking ring to his tiny little cock that would stop any playing around unless I unlocked it. She passed me the two keys to the miniscule padlock and I promptly attached it to the chain on my ankle. The other, I flipped into a corner of the shop with a casual flick of my fingers and when I led my Clive into the street he was chastened and nice and submissive.

That was good feeling, it was as if I had attached a leash to his collar!

The final step of this stage was to make sure that Clive realised that permission to come was now a reward more than ever. At first I allowed him out all the time. Once a couple of days, as if to prove that nothing would change. Then, what I did was to throttle him back! The periods of abstinence became a week long and then a fortnight.

Where he is now is just once every three months.

Soon we shall be talking years!

Clive

I tried so hard for her!

I did whatever I was told! Of course, I could have cut off that ring in a moment, but Marta made it quite clear that this was in no way a negotiable item in our relationship! At first things didn't change at all. In fact, if anything they got better.

Then the slide began!

First five times a week was the norm, then twice a week. Before I knew it, Sunday night became the only night when I was allowed to break my chastity. The gloves lay in the drawer, I don't think that they have come out since the ring went in.

I have noticed another little thing that seems to be connected. Marta only lets me come when I am wearing the clothing that I hate. Stockings, the knickers and perhaps a corset or some such. I have to admit that I have started to hope that I will be dressed for her, just so that there is a chance that she will relent and reward me for doing *everything* that she wants.

I think that chastity is the hardest thing to bear! After all, it was the rampant sex that was the most attractive part of the love affair, now she is the only one that is permitted to climax and I have to do some much to gain enough points to be allowed to come. Still, she is very fair about it and I can quite understand her dilemma.

Why should she reward me if I have not really earned it?

The system that she invented is fair. I need a hundred points to be permitted release. Each day she assesses the points and writes the current score on the board by the entrance to the apartment. I have to admit that I don't quite understand the formula that she uses, but the total does trend upwards, just not as fast as I would like.

I am guessing now, but I think that every three months I will reach that total.

Marta

So, where does all this end?

Well, that's something that I cannot pronounce on. All I can say is that I have a list now of ideas that will be fun to try out and Clive is coming along quite nicely! The problem for me is to slow down...

It is the road that is fun to travel, the end is not where I want to be!

You asked me what was the next on the list and I would have to say that it would be fun to extend the cross dressing to the rest of his life. Outside the apartment that is! The trouble is that he does not make a very convincing woman, so somehow he needs to get used to the idea that he would be humiliated at work all the time and I haven't quite worked out how to make this happen!

Harry suggested another idea and I have to say that it has a little merit. Clive would be an ideal companion when I have clients that need that sort of thing! There is the occasional woman who I entertain that would appreciate a nice feminised maid and not a few men that would pay a ton of money to have a submissive sissy to give them that final stimulation. I'll bet that my little sissy lover could learn to suck cock if he is broken to it properly. In fact there is no end to this little game when I think about it, Clive would be such a good addition to my earning potential.

As I have said so often before; it is all a slow progression. Clive is a wonderful experiment that both satisfies me and allows me to be pampered at every moment! He allows me to balance the sexless professional that rakes in the money for Harry with a new insight and considerable pleasure as the 'lifestyle'

dominatrix whose approach has little to do with the wants of the boyfriend who suffers for her.

That's all I want!

To live a cossetted life, to do the things that I want, all the while giving the man that I love the education in serving his lover that he so desperately needs. Because, one thing is for sure...

The journey will never end for either of us!

The End

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