

# Female Principals.

Strawberries and Cream  
With the Fiancee's Mother...

What could possibly go wrong?

A female domination mind-trip from the pen  
of...

Miss Irene Clearmont

# Female Principals

*by*

## Miss Irene Clearmont.

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First Edition

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There are no principals, but the female ones...

Irene.

# Female Principals.

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*A female-domination passion-play in seven deadly acts.*

*written by  
Miss Irene Clearmont*

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## Act One: A Natural Trap

### Strawberries and Cream.

Lydia's long fingers smoothed over her skirt as she posed in front of the mirror. Under her finger tips she could feel the small metal clips that pulled her stockings tight and then the subtle line where the nylon lace merged into the taut skin of her thighs.

The dress was smooth but rough! A tightly knitted mass of mohair that gave texture to her form, moulded over her and yet with an elusive texture of its own. She moved a little, twisted to allow her to see the view from the side. Flattering the figure that she was so proud of, the cloth pulled taut across the tops of her thighs forming a stretched flat expanse that hinted at her near-naked pussy without ever revealing the detail of its rounded shape.

Lydia had always felt that knitted-wear was somehow an older woman's fashion. An unflattering hand-made look that aged the wearer and turned a woman into a spinster in one easy step. After all, the end pages of the Sunday papers were filled with grey and white haired women in their fifties who posed in Lindisfarne and Scottish island-knits with castles and lawns in the background of the advert.

*'But, this is really quite sexy,'* she thought as she admired the way that it clung to her waist and breasts. Hopefully not too sexy for her fiancée's parents!

In the end she made the decision to buy the dress and rolled it from her shapely form with an almost regretful gesture. It would contrast so much with the rest of her wardrobe, amongst all of the fashionable jeans and leather trousers, the silk. The narrow skirts and the sheer blouses. All those outrageous stilettos and thigh-high boots that heaped in disorder at the bottom of her wardrobe.

Her fiancée, William, would be so surprised when she turned up to visit his parents dressed in such a restrained dress. Wine red, subtle hints of black mohair woven into its fabric and tight, but old fashioned.

It was so important this meeting, the first view that the rich and aristocratic parents would have of the woman who their son had chosen to be his wife. Lydia had always thought that first impressions count, and this one was so critical. Of course, William was a good little boy where his parents were concerned at least that was the impression that he gave. They paid for his rather loose life, they had paid for a rather unsuccessful education in Cambridge and then found him the senior post to which he was by no means suited. Now he had found a wife who would no doubt upset their honed sensibilities and make them cut back his stipend yet again. After all it is not often that a Viscount brings back a porn starlet and introduces her to his parents as a future marriage option!

*'Is it all just to do with titles, old-money and faded aristocratic mansions?'* she wondered to herself as she let herself into the small studio flat in Fulham that was her present home.

As usual the flat was in complete disorder. Magazines lay scattered over the table and the floor in abandoned splashes of colour. The last fifty CD's listened-to that lay scattered by the stereo and the fact that the sofa bed still lay ruffled, like a Tracy Emin installation that had been fucked over for a few casual hours.

William had told her so much about himself and Lydia had never doubted that a word of it was untrue. He had wooed her so intensely that just after a month she had accepted his proposal.

Over the mess in her single room were draped clothes and scattered shoes that had failed the choice test that she always applied before leaving her small apartment. Because, that was how Lydia Swinton lived her life. In a rush from one photo session to the next, each venture from the house preceded by a make-up session and a clothes-choosing crisis that ensured that she matched her surroundings, male ideas of sexual availability and magazine perfection. Even a trip to the local newsagent to buy cigarettes created a flurry of an hour's decision-making that used every nuance of her ability to pose every second of the day, as long as the eyes of others were taking in her flawlessness.

Perhaps, 'porn' was a little too strong for her portfolio. 'Glamour' might have been a better word for what she did in front of the lens, graceful fetish photos, black and white, mood filled vignettes that revealed every detail, but were filled with shadows and erotic glow. But that was not how William's parents would see it, should of course they find out how she earned her living.

And they would.

The new dress lay draped over the only armchair in the room, tempting her to try it on again. Shoes to match in the half open box on the floor beneath it and a small black clutch bag to pair off with them. For a moment she stood contemplating the ensemble before she started to pack her overnight bag ready for the weekend adventure.

Two days in that Hampshire pile with William's stuffy parents, finding the right moment to tell them that they planned to marry and then facing the silence of dislike and outraged sensibilities...

It had been a whirlwind romance... Strange how after just four weeks of meeting William she was planning to marry him, not at all like Lydia to be impulsive!

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"This is Lydia," said William to his mother by way of an introduction.

Lydia was almost overcome by an impulse to curtsy. William's mother, Hestia, was almost exactly the picture of a lady of the manor. Grey green tweed jacket as though she was about to go on a pheasant shoot, all she now required was a broad brimmed hat to finish the aristocratic air.

"William has told me all about you," said Hestia as she extended her hand.

Lydia wondered just how much 'all' represented as she shook his hand and then was led into a house that was a monolithic relic of the nineteen

twenties. A maid stood in the hall, waiting to take Lydia's coat, all starched black and linen white with a small cap perched on her head.

"I am just organising lunch," said Hestia as she ushered Lydia and William into a sitting room filled with Chesterfield sofas and heavy furniture. "Perhaps you'd like a small aperitif?"

It was like entering a time warp. The small glass of sherry in her hands, the upper class accents that could have cut glass and the maid with the tray, standing in the background awaiting her orders.

Hestia had a wan smile on her face, an almost predatory look that was focussed on Lydia like a cat watching a mouse before the pounce and Lydia could see that in his parent's home, William seemed like a little boy. Eager to please, eager to say the right thing at every opportunity and totally subservient to his stiff and proper mother.

The conversation was stilted and almost all directed at William who answered his mother's questions about Lydia in a stuttering and almost evasive manner while Lydia was excluded, William being expected to fill in all the background about the young woman that he had brought to meet his parents.

The door opened and a butler in pinstriped uniform stepped into the room to announce that the dining room was prepared and that dinner would be served in a few minutes.

The dining room was a gloomy room, poorly lit even though the sunlight sifted into the room. Hestia turned in the doorway and welcomed her two guests into the dining room.

"I'm sorry but my husband cannot be here..." she said.

Then she turned again to greet her guest and planted a small formal kiss on Lydia's hand. Tall, graceful with a frosty smile on her lips, Hestia waved Lydia to the seat at the far end of the table before taking her seat again as the butler pushed it into place.

"So, you are a photographic model," she said. "That must be such an *interesting* occupation." The stress on 'interesting' was more disdain than interest.

"I enjoy the work," answered Lydia as she sat where she had been signalled to sit. "It's difficult to find work at the moment, but it just about keeps me at the moment."

"I'm sure that it does," said Hestia as two maids entered the room with trays bearing plates of soup. "What sort of modelling work do you do?"

Lydia was about to answer 'glamour' but William got his answer in first.

"Mostly art work and clothes," he said.

Hestia looked up from her soup and said, "So which is it? Artistic or clothes?" The word 'artistic' became almost a sneer as Hestia drew the word out to become an insult.

"Whatever I can get," answered Lydia.

She could feel a flush in her cheeks. This was not at all the scenario that she had played out in her head as she was being belittled by William's mother without him moving to defend her properly.

"We modelled our home and gardens for 'House and Home' just three years ago," said Hestia. "They posed me on the front steps for the photographs so I suppose that I am a model too."

"That's very interesting," answered Lydia.

Inside she sighed. This was going to be so hard to do and she could not see how William was ever going to bring up the subject of their getting married with so much unspoken hostility to her.



The meal was five courses of fine food that was served lukewarm by servants who were silent statues while the actual eating was taking place. Conversation drifted in just two directions. Somewhat snide remarks from Hestia that never became insults, but succeeded in belittling Lydia and other remarks that gave the impression that William was regarded as a drifting wastrel by his parents.

Finally it was over and William gallantly offered to show Lydia the house and gardens for an hour or two before tea was to be served in the rose garden at four.

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The interior of the house was much like the parts that Lydia had already seen. Dark and filled with mementoes of a family that stretched back through time to the powdered aristocracy that sprang up in Regency times. The room given to Lydia was small and at the back of the house. Undersized windows looked over acres of park land that stretched to a distant wall that marked the borders of the land that the family had held for generations. The bed was lumpy and decked with a lace cover and the furniture looked as though it had seen better times a hundred years ago.

"When are you going to announce that we are getting married?" asked Lydia as she looked around the small room with dismay.

"Tomorrow, probably," said William with a shrug. "Hestia just have to get used to you in the meantime. Please try to do your best not to upset her!"

"Huh!" said Lydia as she unpacked her small case onto the rather uncomfortable bed. "What about your father, I mean where is he? I already feel that my mere presence has upset Hestia enough as it is."

"He's away on Hestia's business and I don't think that she is upset by his absence!"

She wondered at the way that William always called them by their names. No 'mum and dad' or even 'mummy and daddy', just Hestia and Harold.

"Just do your best to fit in and it will be all right," he replied with a shrug. "Hestia has her requirements, her word is law here!"

"Well, I suppose that I can manage for a couple of days," replied Lydia as she carefully hung up her new dress in the wardrobe. Though I must say that the room that they have given me is not really what I was expecting."

William watched Lydia arrange her clothes and led her out of the room for a tour of the house.

"This is actually the servants' quarters," he said as they descended the gardens. "Of course there are just four maids, a cook and a butler nowadays, fifty years ago there was an establishment of thirty..."

Lydia felt a prickling dislike for a moment. William knew that she had been put in a maid's room and he had just allowed it! Another sly insult to his wife to be from his strange mother.

The gardens were mainly a series of lawns that surrounded the house like a sea of clipped grass. A folly stood by a large ornamental pond and trees shaded crocuses growing from the clipped grass.

Finally the tour was over and they headed back to the house. Most of the time they had walked in silence unless William had been pointing out some feature of the house and gardens in a reverend tone.

Twice, Lydia tried to hold his hand, but each time he let her go as he pointed at something. It seemed that any sign of familiarity was to be avoided.

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The kitchens were old fashioned and huge. Two of the maids worked preparing the tea and a cook supervised with a stern eye. A few moments later Hestia arrived in the kitchens. Without even a glance at either her son or Lydia she walked around the table where the work was being done and frowned with dissatisfaction.

"Why have the strawberries not been put in iced water?" she said in a sharp voice to one of the maids.

"Begging your pardon, Mistress, I had to prepare the Victoria sponge first," said the maid in a quiet tone.

"Report to me at six for punishment," said Hestia with a scowl. "Tea is to be served in twenty minutes and I shall expect it not a minute late!"

Lydia saw tears well in the eyes of the pretty young maid and felt a sudden pang of sympathy for the young girl. Perhaps now was a chance to get into Hestia's good books.

"I can help," she said to Hestia, "and then we'll be ready in time."

Hestia looked at Lydia for a moment as though considering the offer carefully and then said, "Put on an apron and prepare the strawberries then!"

For a moment Lydia hesitated. She had expected at least a small smile and some thanks, but it seemed that she had made a mistake. Suddenly she had changed status, from guest to servant!

Two aprons hung from hangers in a small alcove by the door, Hestia's finger pointed to them and Lydia could only shrug and put one on. Stiff with starch and pure white, the apron hung to her knees as Lydia helped the maid clean up the strawberries and put them in a glass bowl of iced water that the cook placed on the table without a word.

Hestia just stood and watched as her orders were carried out and then turned on her heel to leave the kitchen. Lydia watched her with a feeling that was almost fear. The slim, tall figure in a tight skirt and jacket, high heeled Oxfords, the grey bun and masses of gold jewellery gave her a severe ladylike authority that was difficult to gainsay.

Meanwhile, Lydia noticed, William just stood with a small self-satisfied smile he watched Lydia help the maid with her work.

"Make sure you get all the stalks out properly," said the cook to Lydia sharply as she inspected the work. "Mistress likes them to be perfect..."

Lydia was about to make a sarcastic comment, but the tears in the eyes of the maid made her hold her tongue. No need to make it worse for her!

It was just ten minutes work before the last of the strawberries were finished and Lydia started to take off the apron. By now the maid had composed herself and was whipping the cream with a whisk. Lydia looked around for an electrical machine, but the only kitchen tools seemed to be of the old fashioned kind.

"Don't take it off while there's still work to be done," said the cook when she noticed what Lydia was doing. "You should be making the tea."

Lydia looked around for William, but he was no longer there, at some point he had slipped silently from the kitchen to leave his future wife to her work.

"I have to get dressed ready for the afternoon tea," said Lydia as an excuse. "I only have five minutes as it is."

"The tea," said the cook with a small smile as she pointed at the boiling kettle. "It would not be a good idea to disappoint Mistress Hestia."

The cook was a large woman in her forties, not fat, but stolid and with a presence that did not brook dissent. In her hand was a knife with which she had been cutting shortbread, carried almost as though it was a weapon. Her starched uniform was spotless, the small cap perched on her tied up hair.

With a resigned sigh, Lydia attended to the tea.

A small bell rang and the maids placed the selection of cakes, the strawberries and the crockery on trays while the cook bustled around making sure that all the arrangements were perfect and that everything was just complete.

"To order!" said the cook as the butler came into the kitchen carrying a tray with three glasses and a decanter of port.

The three maids stood in a line by the door and stood to attention. Lydia just waited to see what was going to happen next.

"Stand there," said the cook, pointing at the maids.

For a moment, Lydia did not realise that the cook was talking to her before she replied.

"I'm sorry?" she asked.

"Be ready for inspection," said the cook.

"I really don't think..." said Lydia who was almost stunned by the cook's tone of voice.

"You don't have to think," said the cook. "You will be serving the afternoon tea to Mistress Hestia and count yourself happy to do so!"

Lydia took two steps. She had intended to walk out of the kitchen. Tell William to 'fuck off', walk out of this awful house as well as tell the overbearing cook where to go, but somehow she found that she was next to the maid who had been crying and being inspected by the cook.

It was a bizarre experience. The big woman stood before each maid and pulled at their uniform, pulling the aprons to position and making sure that the lace was ruffled nicely.

"You're not in uniform," she commented when she got to Lydia, "but, we can sort that out later. Just make sure that you behave yourself properly. Call no one by personal name and always curtsey nicely when offering your platter!"

A tray was put into Lydia's hands and she followed the other maids through the house to the small servant's door that led to the sheltered garden. A small table had been set on the lawn, just two seats by it, William and Hestia were

sitting there, dressed as if for a formal occasion while the butler offered each a glass of carefully decanted port.

Lydia was last in the row, with the cook just feet behind her. For a moment she looked for a third seat, the one that she should be on, but there was none!

The maids set the table, dishes of small fancies, tea, shortbread and the three small bowls of cooled strawberries topped by whipped cream before the three seated aristocrats.

William looked up at Lydia as she placed the plates and cups on the table.

"It looks lovely," he said before selecting a couple of the small cakes and placing them on his plate.

"Very good, Lara," said Mistress Hestia to the cook as she surveyed the table. "The sugar is missing!"

Lara, the cook, tutted and turned to Lydia.

"*Where* is the sugar?" she asked, "I distinctly remember placing it ready for you to bring!"

"It was not on the tray," said Lydia with a smile.

"Well go back and get it," said Lara. "Master William likes sugar on his strawberries and it would not do if he had to go without."

Without a word, Lydia turned on her heel and headed for the kitchen. Once inside the gloomy house, she stood for a moment at the entrance to the kitchen. On the table was the sugar bowl, but somehow she knew that taking it would be giving in to the strange family that seemed to think that they had hired a new maid instead of opening to greet the woman who was going to marry the heir of the family.

Fetching the bowl would be tantamount to surrendering!

Her hands went to the ties on her apron as she considered walking out of the house and showing them that she could not just be pushed around as they seemed to be taking for granted.

At that moment she heard footsteps clicking on the floor behind her and turned to find Lara standing, hands on hips, with an angry smile on her lips.

"Don't dilly-dally here," said Lara. "William needs his sugar and Mistress Hestia is waiting for you to return!"

"I'm not a maid," said Lydia with some determination. "You can't treat me as one."

"Don't back-chat me young lady, or I shall be speaking to Mistress Hestia about your disobedience. Do as you have been told or the consequences will be most unpleasant."

The formidable cook stood and waited, blocking the path to the exit, so Lydia stepped into the kitchen to retrieve the sugar bowl. With it in her hand she stepped towards Lara as if to pass back to the garden, but the cook blocked her with a scowl and a small movement of her body.

"It is *always* served on a tray, I do not see why today should be any different, so go back and get the small silver tray."

Lydia sighed and found the tray. With the bowl on the tray and Lara following close behind, she suddenly realised that she was in no position to exit the house quietly and alone, so she led the way to the table and placed the sugar bowl on before William.

"That's better," said Hestia.

The butler poured the tea while the maids stood to silent attention. Lydia watched them eating. Suddenly she started to feel a fit of the giggles coming on. Here she was, serving like a maid at the table, when she thought that she was a guest! To the strange dysfunctional family that sat and ate in silence, she was nothing more than a servant, even though just hours before she had

walked in at the front door as William's fiancée. It was all so strange, being bossed around by the mistress of the household, her boyfriend's mother and the imposing cook who seemed to be boss under the stairs even though there was a butler in the household.

The silence held for a few minutes before Mistress Hestia made a comment.

"This latest acquisition of William needs to be taught some manners and comportment, Lara," she said. "Perhaps after the table is cleared you could send her to me in the drawing room and I will tell her what is expected of her!"

"Yes Mistress," said the cook. "Will she be attending to you this evening?"

"I have not decided yet," replied Hestia. "Bring her to the drawing room with Clara and we shall show her how good and bad manners are rewarded and punished in my house."

Lydia listened to the exchange with growing trepidation. It seemed that she was to be reprimanded by Mistress Hestia like a servant. It would be good to tell Hestia what she thought of her treatment before she left and got William to take her back to London. She would be able to walk out with her head held high and give Hestia some sharp words to think about.

Mistress Hestia and William went back into the house and the maids were left to clear the remains of the tea under the supervision of the cook. The work took ten minutes before it was finished and Lara had a word with Lydia.

"Go to your room and wait for the bell," she said in a stern voice. "The drawing room is across from the dining room."

Once again, Lydia almost curtsied. This was like being in some historical drama, playing the part of maid in a time before the First World War. All she could manage was a small nod and she fled to her room before Lara could see the tears that were starting to well in her eyes.



The room seemed even smaller than before. It was a place where hopes of marriage and independent thought was crushed by cumbersome heavy furniture and an unwelcoming bed. She lay on the lumpy mattress for a few minutes while she overcame her depressing thoughts and realised that it would be a good idea to pack her things in preparation to leaving.

For a minute she lay there before she opened the wardrobe where her clothes and small case were inside. It took a moment to register that the contents of the wardrobe had changed. The case, the beautiful dress, her underwear and the spare shoes that she had brought were all gone. In their place were four of the maid's uniforms with petticoats, aprons and small caps hanging in a neat row before her eyes. Lydia's make-up, her camera, her purse and the small bag with her toothbrush and personal items was gone as well.

She turned to the door and hesitated for a moment. Should she leave without her case, should she run down the mile long drive with no money, no belongings and none of the clothes that she had brought? For a moment she thought, before deciding that immediate escape was now the only reasonable option.

She turned the handle of the door to find that the handle turned freely without unlatching the door. It would not open, she was locked in, trapped! Frantically she pulled at the door handle and tried to wrench the door open, but the door was solid oak and would not even move a fraction of an inch.

Lydia opened her mouth to shout, but there was no one in the house who would help her, except maybe William. She dismissed the thought, William was a broken reed, and he had stood by while his mother and that evil Lara had been so unpleasant. Now it was all down to the meeting that she was to have with Mistress Hestia...

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A small bell rang in the box above the door. Lydia was not desperate enough yet to attempt to use force to escape, but she waited just behind the door as if she was about to force her way past whoever tried to stop her.

The latch clicked and the door opened to reveal Lara standing with a bag hanging from her arm. She bustled her way into the room, almost forcing Lydia to one side as she carefully laid the bag on the bed.

"You already have four uniforms ready in your wardrobe," she said. "I have brought the fifth from the washing room."

"Where are my things?" asked Lydia. "You cannot take them like this without my permission!"

Lara turned slowly to face Lydia. It was clear that she was more than just angry, she was livid. Her face was blushed pink and her mouth was set in a curl that showed disdain and annoyance.

"As a maid in this house, you will show me proper respect. My orders are Mistress Hestia's orders and they are to be obeyed or the consequences will be dire for you," she said.

"Pardon," answered Lydia.

"Pardon? There's no pardon for a maid who does not fulfil her role! Put on the uniform now," said Lara with a menacing voice. "We can't have you wandering around the house like some sort of guest who does not know her place."

Lydia hesitated.

A sudden slap connected with her face. It left a drift of finger-marks that smudged her make-up and brought pink to both cheeks.

"Before you get dressed, you will wash that filthy make-up off your face. Mistress Hestia does not allow make-up during the daylight hours, only at night when you are attending to her, if it is permitted and then only as she commands."

Lydia started to unbutton her blouse. Her head was reeling from the sharp slap and she realised that she was no match for Lara. The blow had been sudden, blindingly fast and spoke of a competence that was compulsive and unrestrained.

The blouse came off and Lydia reached for the maid's uniform on the bed. She would slip it on and finish undressing under its cover.

"No bra," said Lara with a leer. "Let's see what those tits look like!"

"No," said Lydia, "I won't do it..."

The second slap was, if anything, more painful and humiliating than the first and as she struck, Lara reached out and slipped her fingers in the strap of Lydia's bra. The fasteners snapped with a small twang and suddenly Lydia was naked from the waist up.

"I won't tell you again, young lady," said Lara as the bra dangled from her fingertips. "I can strip you and wash you myself if you want, but I do not think that you will enjoy the experience."

As Lydia reached for the dress again, Lara shook her head.

"I want to see all of you. Nice big firm breasts and pert nipples, what about the rest?" she said.

If it had been a man treating her like that, perhaps Lydia would have cast caution to the winds and attacked to try to escape, but the fact that it was a middle aged woman she stripped off her jeans and kicked off her trainers to stand naked before Lara.

"Very good, Mistress Hestia will be pleased," said Lara, "now wash that muck off your face and get the uniform on. In just five minutes we have to be in the drawing room where Mistress Hestia will be waiting for us. Get a move on!"

Lydia did as she was told and sluiced her face in the cold fresh water. The cool liquid washed the blush from her cheeks while Lara stood impassively

watching. Finally, Lara slipped on the maid's dress while Lara made sure that apron and cap were correct.

"See, that was not so bad now, was it?"

"No," said Lydia as she sought to pacify Lara with assent.

"No 'Miss', to you my young woman. "Miss..."

Finally Lara pointed at the wardrobe.

"You'll find shoes there," she said. "Put on the low heels to match the day-uniform and then you'll be ready to attend on Mistress."

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Lara followed Lydia to the door of the drawing room. The shoes that Lydia now wore were the lowest of all the heels that she found in the wardrobe, but they were still over three inches high. Little round-toed black Mary Janes with a buckle around the ankle just below the lace at the tops of her short white socks. From behind the drawing room door came the sound of crying.

The door opened and Lara gave Lydia a gentle push so that she stepped into the room without really seeing the scene inside.

Hestia sat in a Chesterfield high-backed chair. A bamboo cane was lying across her knees, her fingers smoothing its length as she spoke to Lydia.

"Comportment," she said in a slow voice. "That is the word that, from now on, you will carry in your head at all times. Comportment! Any deviation from that high ideal will be punished in relation to your offence."

There was a pause while Mistress Hestia gauged the effect that her words were having on Lydia. The sight of the maid strapped to a whipping bench had more effect! Lydia had taken part in erotic photo-shoots in which restraints and posed punishments took place, but never had she seen the real thing like this.

Clara still wore a maid's uniform, but the hem was at her waist as she was bent over, face down, on the leather upholstered saddle. Buckled straps held her wrists and ankles and a black cloth bag had been pulled over her head.

Mistress Hestia followed the gaze of the frightened new maid and chuckled.

"I prefer it if Clara cannot see the strokes of the cane coming. It is so much more painful if she does not clench to await the next blow!"

Lydia, for the first time felt real fear. A trembling that made her knees and thighs quiver and her body shake with angst.

"As I was saying," said Mistress Hestia as she stroked the cane, "as a maid in this household you are expected to do just one thing and that is obey the rules and persons who live here. At all times you are at my beck and call as well as here for my personal pleasure. The men in this house do as they are told, as do *all* the servants. All I demand is the utter submission to my wishes. I don't think that's too much to ask!"

Hestia leaned forward and delicately lifted the hem of the maid's dress to reveal the punishment that had taken place just before Lydia had arrived. Milk white and smooth in their normal state, the cheeks of Clara's ass were adorned with the stripes of the caning that had caused her to cry. Straight, sharply delineated lines of bright red lay in parallel, each surrounded by a bright purple welt that was like a glow around the point of contact where the caning had left its mark.

Hestia waited as if she expected Lydia to speak and then, when realising that she would not, she continued: "What you see here is the minimum punishment that is given to maids that flaunt the rules and fail to deliver comportment that is satisfactory to either myself or Miss Lara."

She turned to Lara and said, as an aside, "Take Clara, fit her and place her in the punishment room. By the time that dawn arrives she will have seen the error of her ways and be ready to fulfil her duties with rather more enthusiasm."

"May I still use her?" asked Lara, "Clara was going to attend me tonight."

"Mm, well if you insist! By all means use one of the others if you like. I have decided that Lydia here is going to attend me personally tonight. It will be a fine introduction to the regimen of this establishment."

Lara grinned and bent to undo the straps that fastened Clara to the whipping bench. As she did so Lydia cast a quick glance at the door to see if it was open, but it was closed and a key dangled in Lara's hand.

"There is no escape, my young girl. This house is your home now for the indefinite future. I suggest that you get used to the idea right now and submit to the orders of your betters."

"Mistress," said Lydia. The word stuck in her craw as she spoke, but she felt so much fear that she found that she could not do otherwise. "Why are you doing this? William, your son, and I, wanted to marry and you treat me like this. He will be so upset when he sees what you are doing!"

"Darling, Lydia, really!" said Hestia with a chuckle. "William is not my son, he's just the little pimp that finds me nice young women when I need them. He fills their greedy little hearts with hope to marry a titled heir to an estate and brings them here for me to enjoy. Did you believe all of those lies? How adorable! Do you think that a house like this and all the land that belongs to it can be sustained without a good eye for business? Of course not, that would be ridiculous! Of course we enjoy our little games to the limit. It was so sweet the way that you became a maid almost without a murmur..."

"I will be missed," said Lydia. "The police will be looking for me..."

"Oh really, how many times have I heard that?" said Hestia, enjoying playing like a cat with a mouse. "A porn starlet goes missing? The police search for her on the dirty streets of Kings Cross. That is what always happens first. They ask the whores and sluts that infest the under-city to find a lost whore. Your jail-bait father and lush mother haven't spoken to you for a year and when the police find that you have been telling untruths about meeting a

viscount with a view to marriage they will just toss the file in a corner and get onto something far more important. I hear that there is a great deal of 'hate crime' on the Internet. I suppose that cases like that are really much more to the taste of the British police than whores who run away with fictional aristocracy! Indoor work in the office suits them just fine. As for William, William is really so good at what he does, finding me the ideal young men and women for training. He first told me about you a year ago, long before you ever met. He really is quite particular to choose the right women for me, though he does tend to dally with them rather too long. I suppose that he has to have his fun!"

Mistress Hestia laughed and held up the cane.

"This is your future, and don't you forget it. If you are really special, then you might be elevated to the status of my special pet. In that case I won't sell you on, I'll just enjoy your company and you will be glad that I am your owner and not some spoiled rich brat in Russia or some Yakuza brothel in Japan. *That's* what you have to aim for, being perfect and showing the ultimate in deportment!"

Clara stood. The black bag was taken off her head to reveal the dried smears of endless tears that had tracked her face during her punishment. She walked with a slight stiff movement. Whilst Mistress Hestia had been talking, Lara had clipped a collar to her and was now holding the leash.

"Normally I introduce new young ladies to my service with a thorough caning, but I find that my arm is somewhat tired from teaching Clara that I will not accept rebellion and poor service from my maids. You will be fully prepared by Lara and then tonight you will be my companion in a small diversion that I am intending to treat myself to! That will be your first chance to show that you can do better than Clara at being my personal attendant. Up until now I have given you license, because I relished the little fairy-tale that we acted out. But, now the game is over and the most important part of your life is about to begin. There can be nothing more important for a slut like you than serving your betters."

Lydia felt overwhelmed by the whole episode, betrayed, helpless and in fear of this ruthless woman. Somehow she would escape and expose this house of horrors... Somehow she would manage it, the chance would come and she would take it and flee.

## **Maids all in a row.**

The bell rang.

A small tinkling, insistent sound. The sound of being called, the sound of service. Already Lydia hated that jingle, although she had only heard it twice. It meant that Lara would be coming for her, to put Lydia through some sort of preparation. There was no doubt in Lydia's mind that being a maid in the service of Mistress Hestia was going to involve sexual service, but she could not imagine what another woman might possibly want with her in bed.

Lydia had posed for delicate and artistic recreations of BDSM scenes. Corsets and stilettos, latex and ropes. But, there was a fundamental difference between the two levels that she imagined this sort of sexual activity to divided into. There was the play, the teasing that involved words and small discomforts, the sweet tension that comes with a partner who playfully acts in a submissive way. The next step up in Lydia's imagined staircase was the sort of thing that photographers had tried to persuade her into doing. Tight ropes, penetration that looked and felt forced and costumes that verged on the fantastic. Hoods, chains, locks and safe words. She had never really considered that what was in her imagination was just the bottom rung of a ladder that stretched up as far as the eye could see.

And further.

Lydia knew that if she was to have a chance to escape this prison of a room, this Alcatraz of a house, she would have to submit and seize the chance that would inevitably arrive. They could not keep her watched over every hour of the day and night. They could not possibly guard against every eventuality that might transpire. Sooner or later there would be a moment of laxity and she would escape.



Until that moment Lydia had to keep her mind straight, not allow them to defeat her independence. Bury it deep, out of sight and then unveil it when the moment came. Lydia did not believe most of what Mistress Hestia had said. She could not imagine that there was some sort of network, some sort of marketplace where humans were bought and sold like cattle. What was happening here, Lydia decided, was the deranged fantasy of an unbalanced woman. Sexual predation, unhinged nightmares made real and if it all ended in a shallow grave in the huge park surrounding this house, then there was all the more need to escape and exploit the first weakness that showed. The first chink in the armour would receive the poniard blade.

The door opened and Lara strolled into the room.

“Mistress Hestia has such a vivid imagination,” said Lara. “She just loves to play out these little dramas for her victims. On the other hand, Mistress is entitled to play with you. Insignificant people like you, untitled peasants and lowlife off the streets and from the sink estates of the big cities are worthless to society. They belong to their betters, they were born to serve, have limited educations and not the intelligence to become well educated.”

The speech was delivered in a lofty tone that came from on high. Lara thought that it was, as if Mistress Hestia’s chief trainer imagined that she was in the same league as her mistress. Lydia listened and just nodded. All she had to do was to get through this, do what they ordered and find her chance when they thought that she had lost her strength.

“Strip!”

Lara gave the order in a different voice, one that had a sharp tone of command and brooked no dissent. Lydia knew that Lara could tear the clothes off her, as she had her bra and panties just an hour ago, so she undressed slowly and laid the black dress on the bed. She looked down at her feet and then at Lara.

“And the shoes and socks...”

Lara stood with her arms folded as she admired the woman that stood before her in just frilly topped ankle socks and medium heels. A slim form, breasts that were large and had a fine shape and such wonderful pink nipples that capped them. She longed to have this paradigm of sexual temptation in her own sweet bed. A place where she could play all night long with her toy and break her down into a shivering slut who would cry to order, shake with fear and then supply the sweetest pleasures that Lara could know.

But, it was not to be. Mistress Hestia had decided that Lydia was to be hers and that meant that Lydia would have to be prepared the way that only Lara could groom her. Lara looked into those eyes and decided that this was another bitch that thought that she could hide in her head while her body was subjected to a training program that was invariably successful. With any luck this one would try to escape, that would make her unacceptable as Mistress Hestia's pet and Lara could enjoy a month or two before the slut-maid was sold off!

The body, such as it was, was perfect. Built to give sensual pleasure, a bed mate that just begged to be altered to the taste of its real new owner. Of course that could not be done in a minute, but Lara was not in a hurry. Drastic change came inside the head and had nothing to do with any exterior alterations. It would just take a week, Lara decided. First, she would push this perfect slave to make her break for the border.

Then Lydia would be put in Lara's care and the real fun would begin!

"Hands up," said Lara as Lydia's hands settled naturally to cover the triangle between her thighs. "I want to see what we are working with here!"

Slowly Lydia lifted her hands. Her breasts flushed pink with embarrassment. Nothing that she planned about 'going along' with these woman was going to make any difference to her reactions to being exposed. Even though she had been photographed completely naked, it had been nothing like the intimate inspection that Lara was intent on.

The small, neat, trimmed triangle of pubic hair pointed at the neat fold of her slit like a directional arrow.

“Waxed or blade?” asked Lara.

“Wax,” muttered Lydia.

Lara stepped forward and pushed her face into Lydia’s.

“Miss!” she shouted from just inches from Lydia’s face. “You always call me ‘Miss’ and don’t you forget it.”

“Yes Miss,” replied Lydia as she realised that she would have to pay attention to every word, every gesture of this woman.

“Good! Wax for now then we shall be removing it permanently. Mistress Hestia has an intense dislike of body hair, so you will be smoothed out and prepared the way that she likes it. Do you understand?”

“Yes Miss.”

“Secondly Mistress Hestia is very generous, she will probably give you some presents tonight. You will bring them to me and I shall show you what is expected.”

The next hour was spent in doing one of the personal things that Lydia most hated having to do before a shoot. Every inch of her body from the neck down was waxed and stripped of hair. Legs arms, back and that neat little triangle all faded away and were torn from her by Lara who, though ruthless, was at least very good at the chore. Lydia was red raw, her skin was pink and she felt every movement of the cool air in the room on her flesh.

“I am sure that you are able to shower by yourself,” said Lara who handed Lydia a bar of soap and a small towel. “I shall be waiting outside for you, so you have ten minutes by yourself. Don’t you dare play with yourself, only the Mistress is allowed to touch you intimately! You do not have any rights in this house!”

Lara's hand rose as if to stroke Lydia's breasts, but then it seem that she thought better of it and she shrugged. Soon she would be able to do what she wanted to Lydia in the name of 'training', there was no point in what might seem to Lydia to be a gentle loving touch!

The water in the shower was ice cold. The soap did not lather well and Lydia could see Lara waiting for her in the outer part of the bathroom, through the glass door. On the other hand her raw skin closed its pores and became tight and smooth after the waxing and the cold of the water did wake her up and make Lydia feel alert and ready for any eventuality.

After the shower came the dressing.

"No pants, thongs, underwear, bras, corsets, slips or stockings for you," said Lara as she slipped the dress onto Lydia and pulled the hem down a little. "High heels, locked on of course, the maids uniform and perhaps a little pinafore to make you look sweet. Lastly comes a touch of make-up and you will be ready for Mistress Hestia."

The tiny clicks as padlocks closed the straps of the shoes at her ankles was as though Lydia had been locked in a cage like a bird, with the seven inch heels, she was not going to be running anywhere soon.

After the diatribe against make-up that Lydia had experienced earlier in the day she expected just a touch of lipstick and blusher, but it turned out to be a process that took almost as long as the waxing had. Layer after layer of base and then corn power toner was followed by a session that was more intense than any preparation for a shoot. Red lipstick was lined with black. Circles of intense pink were built up and her eye lashes became brushes that were an inch of curling fibres that fluttered like butterfly wings. Eyebrows were plucked to a thin line and then blacked in to create an almost Egyptian look with the eyeliner and the reds that were brushed onto her eyelids.

Finally Lara inspected her work and nodded.

"Perfect, all we have to do now is choose the matching colour wig! Of course that tatty straw-hair will have to come off, but there's no time for that now."

Lydia had always kept her hair short; wigs were a normal part of the process of making her ready for a photo-shoot. When Lara turned around she had a bright red wig in her hand. It almost glowed with intensity as Lara carefully fitted it and tucked in Lydia's hair. Suddenly the short hair was transformed, the maid became an intense sexual object and the preparation was complete!

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Lydia had been in bed with a dozen men and had been hit upon by more than just a few women. Now she stood before the door of Mistress Hestia's room dressed in the bizarre costume, a red wig on her head. A gust of fresh air that blew between her thighs, informing her hairless, hypersensitive skin that she had been stripped of every hair on her body. Smooth as a billiard ball, her skin shone as though it had been polished. It was like the first time, a nervous tension that stemmed from not knowing what was required, what would Lydia have to do in that room? What would the room look like, how could Mistress Hestia expect her to behave.

She heard Lara moving behind her and felt hands on her shoes. Lydia looked down to see that two thin rings had been closed around her ankles and a delicate chain ran between them. The same was done to her wrists, behind her back and she was finally ready to be possessed by her new owner!

The word 'comportment' echoed through her head.

To Lydia it signified calm manners, a decorous attitude to others and a polite demeanour. To Mistress Hestia it meant obedience, acceptance of inferiority and service without a sign of complaint.

The door opened and Lydia walked into a room that was lit by one flickering candle that cast flickering shadows on every surface that its light kissed. A huge sleigh-bed, the shiny dark surfaces of furniture that had been polished over the years to a mirror-like finish. The folds of the curtains, like black stripes that ran from floor to tall ceiling and the sight of her new owner waiting for her new pet.

Mistress Hestia stood in the centre of the room and admired her new acquisition taking tiny steps into the room. She moved and Lydia stood still.

"You really are beautiful," said Hestia in a breathless tone. "The most beautiful of all my pets!"

Lydia felt fingertips moving on her bare arms. They drifted to her breasts and then weighed them tenderly.

"And yet, and yet there is so much that I can do to make you even more attractive! You will be the perfect pet for me as long as you behave yourself. It is truly an honour that I am bestowing on you, because I never take more than one lover at a time. Just one lucky little girly."

Lydia could feel her heart beat in her chest as Mistress Hestia walked around her and enjoyed touching her. A slim fingered hand delicately lifted her dress and there was a small inspection that was like a slight massage to Lydia's sex that made her shudder.

Though whether it was distaste or excitement, she could not tell!

Mistress Hestia went to a small table and picked up a small glass of wine and stood in the candlelight to allow Lydia to inspect *her*. Long legs with sheer stockings and high heels, though nowhere as high as the ones that Lydia had locked on her ankles. The straps from the stockings ran under her thong to a girdle that flattened her stomach and pulled in her hips. Her breasts were free, they were sizeable and tipped with small dark brown nipples. Finally she wore long gloves that ran over her elbows, lace stretched over those long fingers that had lent a rough touch to her inspection.

"It's over you know, over and just starting..."

Lydia looked at her in a confused way and asked, "What is?" Lydia paused a moment before remembering, "Mistress."

"Oh, just your pathetic freedom and your independence!"

Mistress Hestia sat on the edge of the bed, as she did so she patted the coverlet by her with her hand.

“Sit here,” she commanded. “I have something to show you.”

With small steps, Lydia moved and sat on the coverlet. It seemed to her that Hestia in the bedroom and Hestia the businesswoman who sold humans by the pound were two different people. The one was like a lover, a gentle courtesan. The business woman, the one with the cane and the weeping, bruised maid, seemed quite another woman. It was almost as if she was trying to woo Lydia. But, Hestia was ruthless demoness that brooked no contrary opinion or behaviour in both guises and Lydia was not quite sure that she knew which she preferred...

Mistress Hestia stooped down and forward. Between her legs she lifted the coverlet of the bed that draped to the floor. Lydia leaned forward too and looked at the space between floor and the raised portion of the bed. Brass bars filled the two foot high space.

“Mistress?” asked Lydia, though she knew that she was going to be given another of Hestia’s lectures, an explanation that would be rendered with great relish.

“It’s a place where those that do not satisfy me in bed spend all their time,” said Hestia. “At the moment Harold is enjoying a little confinement. He’s not much of a husband really, more of a pathetic cuckold really! Sooner or later I will get tired of his wretched delusions of grandeur and get rid of him. At the moment the only thing stopping me is that he owns everything! The house, the land and the titles. How can it be that a mere man holds my future? Never mind, soon it will all be sorted out...”

She stooped a little further and called out to the husband that she kept under her bed.

“Is that not the case, Harold?”

“Yes, Mistress,” came a man’s voice from below the bed and Mistress Hestia dropped the coverlet.

Mistress Hestia peeled off her gloves and cast them to the floor. For a moment Lydia thought that she should retrieve them, but next the two laces that held Mistress Hestia’s thong in place parted and she lay back on the bed with a stretch that was like a cat after a nap. Her legs opened and Lydia saw a plethora of jewellery embedded in the soft lips of that yawning cunt.

Rows of tiny rings that flashed in the candlelight, rows that followed the edges of every part of that soft flesh and ringed it with gold!

“I like to start every evening with a gentle tongue lapping at me and preparing me for the moment that I show how my pet becomes my fuck-puppet,” said Mistress Hestia. “Remember that this is the start of every evening’s adventure.”

Once again she stretched and opened her legs a little wider while her hands parted the slit to show the blackness of her hole and the long unpierced clitoris that was pushing free like a little cock, from its tented house of flesh.

Lydia had never slept with a woman before, she had never even got as far as a kiss on the lips, but she knew what would please another woman and she lowered to that glittering gully of aristocratic flesh that demanded attention.

There was something arousing, something that thrilled Lydia as she felt her owner twitch at the touch of her tongue. It filled her with a sense of fulfilment as she felt the smooth surface of all those rings. The clitoris that demanded attention seemed to swell and a faint suppressed moan came from the lips of the aristocratic woman who relaxed under the attentions of her new pet.

A musky juice welled from Mistress Hestia. It trickled from her flesh like a fresh fruit being squeezed, to end filling the senses of Lydia who kneeled between her thighs. Lydia looked up the full body of Mistress Hestia from her viewpoint buried between those thighs. She could see hands move slowly to breasts, she could see long fingers playing with nipples, manicured nails tracing lazy circles and then pinching the soft sensitive skin.



Hestia sighed with satisfaction.

Every movement was a response to a small lick. Every shudder was a reaction to Lydia's ministrations. Until, at last the Mistress began that final cycle of pleasure that would end in climax.

"All the maids are jealous of you," Hestia whispered. "Being allowed to pleasure me..."

Her legs lifted a little and then closed around Lydia, trapping her head and sucking her into the tight angle between her thighs. The hands became frantic, delving instruments of self-gratification. Lydia and her owner were conjoined by the same act of submission, each a separate part of the puzzle, each experiencing climbing the wall of carnality from a different viewpoint. For Hestia the glory of being served, the joy of the forced submission of a woman who yesterday was a free spirit. For Lydia, overwhelmed and swallowed by the yawning cunt between those strong thighs.

Lydia, on the other side of that wall of sexual possession, could feel a stirring in her own pussy, more than just fear, forced and humiliated, she ached to slip her fingers through her own swelling pussy and satisfy the inexplicable urge that was starting to overwhelm her senses.

A trembling in those strong thighs that closed like a vice on her head. The flexing of those silk encased legs that pushed the points of the stilettos into Lydia's back. A series of small cries that became almost like the mewling of a lost kitten. The lifting of hips that pushed harder into the face of the maid who was serving a Mistress who was climaxing in a slow cadence of sheer gratification.

Finally it passed; that fit of sheer enjoyment of depravity. Thighs relaxed, the hips lowered to the coverlet and Lydia found herself massaging the cunt of her Mistress with careful long strokes of the tongue that were intended to sooth and calm that outraged flesh. The clitoris pulled back into its small tent under the gentle tip of Lydia's tongue.

“I think that you and I are going to get along so well,” said Mistress Hestia with the trace of a breath catching in her throat.

She slowly sat and placed her hands on the top of Lydia’s head, pushing her deep into that chasm of hard gold rings and soft rills of soaking skin. Her legs opened and she looked down at her newest possession. In the flickering candlelight she could see the black and red lips that pressed into her pussy, the delicate face that had been painted to resemble a mask of a harlot and the uniform that denoted service and submission. Best of all, were the chains that bound Lydia’s hand behind her back and chained her ankles together.

They are just symbols of servitude, she thought to herself. The actuality of ownership is yet to come. How could a slave be a slave and not be branded, marked, catalogued and identified as mere property? How could Lydia be a slave if she was not deprived of her name, her identity and her lack of separation from others? She needs to be destroyed, burned up and recast in the mould that her mistress decides for her.

Lydia had to become nothing more than an object, but more than this, was that she needed to become an empty vessel that could be filled with any content that her owner wished to pour into her.

Just the thoughts that ran through Hestia’s mind were enough to start another wave of physical pleasure and sensitivity course through her nerves. She could see how easily Lydia was starting to accept her new role. The lower classes were made to serve. That was all very well! Love was a great motivation, but it was not enough! What had to happen next was, that was love had to be betrayed, love was to become unrequited, love was to be burned to a wisp of ashes and replaced with utter devotion.

And that required skill, a skill that Hestia had in spades, a skill that was the ultimate talent. The ability to ignore the pain of others in her own interest, the ability to sense the weakness of others. The ability to sense emotion and exploit it, remould it and create the flawless slaves that she was justly so famous for. That competence resided in the blue-blood of Hestia’s lineage. A thousand years of belief in superiority, half a millennia of disdain for those lower on the social scale, a hundred years of using others as servants and a

lifetime of causing pain and misery and feeling the forced pleasure turn to sexual bliss.

Mistress Hestia's hands clasped Lydia's head and turned her to look up into her eyes. For a moment there was eye contact and then Lydia broke off and looked down at the slick pussy that she had just been satisfying.

*'Before love can be broken and cast upon the fire, love has to be forged,'* thought Hestia. *'The lower classes are so quick to love, to cast their every emotion into the hands of another. That is the path along which I shall lead her.'*

"I think that it is time for me to give you something back," said Mistress Hestia as she blew a small kiss to her slave. "Show you that you are doing so well and that I am not unappreciative!"

Hestia saw Lydia's lips purse slightly and knew that she had her fish on the hook.

*'How can she possibly think that I love her, how can she be so foolish as to think that I will do anything other than empty every thought from her head and fill it with agony and servitude? How can a real woman who is being held by force, being raped and mistreated, possibly think that she loves her mistress?'* thought Hestia as she lowered her lips to her victim and kissed her lightly, tasting her own sweat and pussy as she did so.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

"You understand that I have to do this? That I cannot make an exception for you, even though I have such deep *affection* for you?" said Hestia to the stricken Lydia as she lay on the whipping bench.

As she spoke the words to the woman that she was about to punish, she flexed the cane a couple of times in her hands and then placed it on the back of the naked woman who was about to find out that her ideas of affection and dreams of love were about to be tested in the fires of suffering.

Lydia felt the cane being placed on her back and underwent crisis of hope. Perhaps her Mistress had changed her mind? Maybe she would be allowed to recompense for her mistake in some other way? Possibly there really was some affection that had melted the heart of her owner?

Lydia looked backwards at Mistress Hestia, but the collar on her neck and the way that she was tied over the soft leather top of the whipping bench allowed her to see only that Mistress had prepared for this punishment in the way that she always did. Stripped bare but for stockings and high heeled shoes. She strolled out of Lydia's sight and then moved about the room with a relaxed step.

The legs moved nearer and now those thighs were filling all of Lydia's sight. They parted slightly and a hand came to touch Lydia's lips. There was a kiss to those fingertips and then the sudden addition of a hood. The cutting-off of the rest of the world came as a shock to Lydia, suddenly she was alone, a fearful lover who had to face the consequences of her failure in comportment.

"That's better," said Hestia with a small sigh. "I could not bear to see your tears and know that it was me that was the bringer of such terrible pain. I love you still, but these ten strokes of the cane are to balance your failure last night! Darling, how could you allow yourself to fall asleep so that I had to actually wake you to perform for my simple pleasure? I do *not* think that it is too much to ask for you to stay awake all night in case I need your attention! So I have decided that I love you enough to reduce your penance to ten from twenty strokes."

"I am so sorry, Mistress," choked Lydia as she felt the cane being picked up and the slight creaking sound that it made when bent double in those slender-fingered hands.

"I know that you are," said Mistress Hestia, "but being sorry is just the start! You have to learn something from every mistake or it will happen again and again and we can't have that happening, can we? You would start to believe

that you sleeping in my bed was what I wanted, when you *know* that pleasing me is the best way to show me your love!”

Lydia was bent double on the bench, kneeling with the tender cheeks of her ass protruding and vulnerable. A single wide strap curved up from the whipping bench over her waist like a wide corset and then down to be tightened on the other side, whilst her hand were bound to shackles near the floor. Standing directly behind her, Hestia could see the rings that now adorned her victim. A double row that pierced the pussy-lips with a single curved rod that rode through each ring and was fixed finally by a small lock. This gold was the present that Hestia had given Lydia at the end of their first night. The night when love had been declared and affection had filled Lydia’s heart.

Lydia had been sealed for her mistress’ use.

So much had happened in that first week of Lydia’s new life.

Mistress Hestia moved around the bench and lined up the first cut of the cane. Holding the cane straight behind her back with her wrist at her shoulder she found the other end of the punishment rod with her left hand and held it until she was pulling hard at the rod with her right hand.

The fingers of the left hand released the cane. It swept over the shoulder to come with a sweeping blur across the ass cheeks of Lydia where it resounded like a slap to be followed by a small cry from the maid. It was so much more than she had expected, a burning fire that seemed to fill Lydia’s mind with the colour red and make her eyes water with the sheer unfairness of it all.

“I have decided to be kind to you,” said Mistress with a small sigh. “I have decided that if you can prove that you love me, I shall halve the punishment again to just five strokes... Can you do that for me?”

Lydia nodded and then tried to speak, but the red hot pain and that she was so overcome by this generosity on the part of her owner did not let her speak.

“All you have to do is to tell me how much that you love me after thanking me for each stroke of the cane. Tell me the truth, tell me what you want from me...”

Hestia felt such a swelling of her power. This was the route that she so often followed with the low-class sluts that seemed to be influenced by their emotions rather than cold logic. Endless declarations of love and affection would follow, but those declarations would only be permitted when Hestia punished. The pain and the affection would become one in the mind until finally only a twisted devotion would remain. Burnt out and drained, the process of rebuilding true obedience, tractability and submission would begin until little of the former individual would remain. Just submission to any degradation, ready for the auction that would determine the final destination of the slave.

“I love you,” said Lydia, her mind a confusion of suffering and warmth for the aristocrat that wielded the cane.

“How much do you love me?”

Lydia searched in her mind for a phrase that would satisfy Mistress Hestia. Never a poetic person or a reader of literature, she could not quote a line that matched her need.

“More than anything in the world,” said Lydia from the darkness of the cloth bag that closed over her head, hoping that it would be enough.

The second sweep of the cane connected just half an inch above the first.

Lydia convulsed in her bonds, pulled had up, but the wide belt held her tight. She screamed in agony at this second, much harder blow that seemed to set her whole body trembling and her skin on fire.

“I’m waiting!” said Hestia. “I would hate to have to punish you for not telling me how you feel!”

“I love you so much, I love you more than anyone else.”

“There, you see, that’s so much better. You can do this if you try! Perhaps you can tell me what you would do for me next time...”

The third blow crossed the other two. It cut and drew the skin leaving a thin line of bright red that gathered a few moments and then followed the rills of the previous lines that scored Lydia.

Lydia screamed!

There was no restraint in that cry, it was the noise of an animal being rendered, an animal in a paroxysm of fright and torture. It filled the room with its plaintive cry and seemed to echo in the ears of the two women who were acting out a scene that had taken so many times before in this room.

“Please, Mistress, please, I will never sleep again when I am in your arms, I promise, I promise, I promise, never, never, never...” Lydia’s voice sounded broken, the word never drifted from her lips in an endless repetition that made Hestia thrill with the dominance that she had managed to assert over the young woman that had only been in her care for a week.

“I know that you are learning, you know that I love you more than you can imagine. I am just trying to help you,” said Hestia with a curl on her lips. “I will teach you comportment, now I want to hear something else. What would you do for me to please me and show me the depth of your love for me?”

The word ‘love’ merged with a sobbing that made Lydia cough and then finally merged with a soft muttering of ‘I love you’. Hestia was patient, this was not a moment to push, but a delicate moment when support and subtle pressure would suffice.

Finally Lydia spoke: “I love you, I just want to please you, make you happy and make you come a million times in a night and I want to make you the most satisfied lover ever!”

The fourth cut of the cane was gentler, but it was across the exposed soles of Lydia’s feet.

She cried out again, but her crying and sobbing had robbed her of reaction except the sudden movement that tested her bonds with a convulsive jerk.

"I love you, I would do anything for you, anything you tell me to do, anything, please let me, please, please!"

Hestia smiled, she had noted the small inflection that symbolised what she was doing to Lydia. The way that she used the word 'tell' and not 'ask'! Subconsciously, Lydia recognised where the power was, that submission was unconsciously required, not insisted on as the natural state of things.

"Anything?" said Hestia. "Would you really do anything for me, my little treasure?"

"Yes, yes, please. I would! Anything for you!"

"Would you like me to cane you when you serve me? Would you like me to punish you as you come? Would you like to fuck you the way that I really want to? Are you ready for me to show you the games that I dream of playing with you?"

Lydia swallowed back her sobs and said 'yes' time after time. A string of permissions that was finished when the cane struck once again at Lydia. This fifth blow was almost gentle but once again it scored the soles of Lydia's feet.

Now Lydia had finally broken down. A heaving mass of sobbing girl that knew that the caning was finished and that she was through the tunnel and back into the light. She could not stop crying, the tears no longer came, her lungs gasped for air that seemed ephemeral and her whole body shook as Mistress Hestia undid the straps that held her maid in place and helped her to stand.

"I love you, I love you, I love you..."



With one arm around the trembling girl helping her to stand Hestia gathered Lydia in her arms and held her close while Lydia nestled into her tormentor's embrace.

"I am so looking forward to our little leisure time tonight," said Mistress Hestia in a kind voice to Lydia. "I can now be sure that you will remain awake for me if I need more loving in the night."

"I promise that I won't do it again," sobbed Lydia.

"That's the lesson learned today. I'm sure that you won't, darling. Tonight I will show you a special little toy that will keep you awake with endless bliss, but dear, don't ever forget to call me 'Mistress' again because I would have to punish your forgetfulness and lack of respect. Love and respect are both parts of the same emotion."

Lydia went to speak, but Hestia put her fingers on Lydia's lips and said: "Hush now, this time I will forgive you, just remember that I have to be stern sometimes for my own dignity! I do not *want* to punish you, if I do it is for your *own* good."

Lydia looked up at her mistress and sighed with gladness that it was over. She imagined that she had done well; she felt a welling of grateful adoration for the woman who was taking her in hand. Soon she would be perfect for her lover and there would be no more punishment, only deep and abiding love...

## **Act Two: Business as Usual.**

### **The Cook and her Lover.**

Lara entered the bedroom and glanced around. When she was satisfied she waved a hand. A small gesture that was almost a twitch of the fingers, a gesture that brought the man into the room to do her bidding.

It was Lara's job to attend to the men who were brought in for training, Hestia was only interested in women, girls and very occasionally couples who would be sold off as a matched pair. Men were simply objects that had to stay in the background.

The bed was still warm, the coverlets turned back and stained with the juices and outpourings of last night's lovemaking when Lara attended her Mistress' bedroom with the man who was to attend to ensuring that Hestia always slept on fresh bedding and never had to contend with the disorder and mess that her nightly activities created.

The latest maid, Lydia, was already in the kitchens cleaning the floors on her hands and knees. Last night's session of games had given the slut a sleepless night, but that was of no concern. Better that she was dizzy with tiredness, better that she worked hard to serve her betters and was passive from being exhausted than that she relaxed in her tiny cell contemplating some delinquent plan or disrespect for her superiors.

Lara chuckled when she saw what Hestia had used on her lover last night. The mahogany box with a single rod that ended in a smooth and slim shape that approximated a less than well-endowed man. That tireless fucking machine will have been running for hours, reaming the maid's cunt ruthlessly at the behest and control of the Lady who would simultaneously have spent hours being spoiled by Lydia before sleeping while the machine still worked its magic. Lara had used the machine for her own pleasure and knew that the remote control was a temptation in the hands of Hestia. A tool to ensure that the maid never once climaxed whilst *she* enjoyed the most climactic of orgasms.

“Clear all the bedding, put on fresh linen and make sure that you do not forget the bathroom. Fresh towels and make sure that the room is properly aired and freshened up,” she said as she noticed that the tube of lubricant was almost empty.

That meant that Lydia had spent all night being penetrated by the unendingly deep strokes of the machine. Fettered between the thighs of Hestia, Lydia had endured whilst Mistress Hestia had slept a deep sleep of utter contentment. Of course it was just the first night. This would continue for two weeks of games in which the trainee lover would never sleep more than a few minutes, head filled with confusion, punishment and degenerate love. Affection and physical service that would suck Lydia into a maelstrom of confusion bewilderment and disorientation that would prepare her for being finally rejected by her Mistress in a scene in which she would beg to be punished and disciplined to allay her Mistress’ wrath at her foolish ‘mistakes’.

Then a new maid would arrive, a new start whilst Lydia would slip down to become just another object who was being auctioned as soon as the bidders were in place.

Lara knew that her Mistress was consumed by the knowledge that she was an aristocrat, a Lady, a superior being whose right it was to use the proles and lower orders to fuel her own self-image. This was how she always proceeded, as a lover, a dispenser of pain and finally as the owner who sold on her property to move onto the next foolish greedy or love struck young woman that William delivered into her hands.

On the other hand there was Lara!

She enjoyed the failures as well as the successes of Mistress Hestia’s little games. Whereas Mistress had begun the business for the money and only later discovered the joys of actually enjoying her new profession, Lara had the taste for domination ingrained in her inner being.

Lara was passed all the men and women who tried to escape, those that resisted despite the games of love and pain, so Lara enjoyed breaking them without playing games. Simple, forthright assaults that were so gratifying to the cook and chief trainer of the bitch-Mistress. That was for the women...

The men, she took and forced them to serve her, she milked them of their strength and then ravished them. Fettered them and made pseudo-women of them. Lara had discovered that every man is like an Antaneus. Separate his feet from the solid ground of his sexuality and he can be crushed and broken to the leash with ease.

The man who served her now was just such a man. Dressed in the uniform of one of the house maids, he was locked into his clothes and high heeled boots, forced to carry out his duties in frilly pink and apricot. Little white socks and a woman-mask that hugged his face with its soft grip. A metal tube on his flaccid little prick that made every erection a passing moment of fear and suffering.

"Yes, Miss," he said in a voice that was required to be suitably alto for the woman who now controlled his every thought and action.

Lara watched him commence his duties and tapped her foot impatiently as she watched him gracelessly rip the sheets from the bed and throw them in a heap on the floor.

*'That is the problem with men,' she thought to herself, 'they were so lacking in feminine grace. How could this useless sissy possibly be sold at a premium price if everything that he did was so hasty and ham-fisted?'*

No matter how many times she had disciplined him for his attitude, he just did not comprehend that every action, every movement should be delicate and fluent. From the everyday tasks to his comportment in bed, he was able and well trained, but lacking in that feminine 'air' that was so important to the men and women that bought household he-maids.

He slipped a surreptitious look at the woman who was increasingly annoyed with him and pouted as if to allay her anger.

"I am going to show you just one more time how to carry yourself," she said. "After that you will complete the tasks that I have set you in the manner that is suitable for a cute little submissive he-maid. Now put the coverlet back on the bed and I shall demonstrate!"

As she spoke her voice hardened to a tone that would have cracked glass. That she had to train by example was such a bother, that Lara had to show him a second time meant that he was going to be punished!

The he-maid stood still, under that mask his expression was hard to gauge, but Lara could see the fear in his eyes as she approached the bed with a wiggle of her hips. Her steps were small, concise and petite. Her whole body exuded sexuality as she leaned over the bed and took the coverlet in her fingers and thumbs and gently lifted it back, folded it and then gently lifted to place it on the floor with a small bow that exposed the stocking tops from under the hem at the back of her dress. One foot delicately placed before the other in a coy pose. As Lara moved, she explained in a falsetto voice what was expected.

"Move slowly and deliberately, no hasty movements or sudden steps," she said. "Your voice will always be sweet, your fingers held just so and of course you bend to show that you are always ready for a pleasurable interlude. When you stand, your feet are to be placed just so, one foot behind the other to show your legs to proper advantage. When you straighten you stand with breasts presented so, back slightly arched and proud of your body. When the job is done and you have no further orders then you will find a suitable corner and stand so..."

Lara walked to a corner with small steps and stood facing into the room with a fixed smile on her face, her feet placed as she had described and her breasts pushed out. One hip slightly higher than the other, one leg straight and the other tucked behind. Her figure was not slim, her hips wide and despite the tight corset under her blouse her waist was by no means narrow.

"Finally, I shall not tell you again after this that your voice will always be *sweet* and high. You will say only the minimum required to understand the

needs of your master or mistress and then you will always assent to any order with grace and a small smile! Do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress," said the maid in a suitably high voice.

Lara frowned as if she had sensed a small note of irony in his voice and then replaced the coverlet on the bed with the same feminine grace with which she had removed it.

Finished with the demonstration she walked to her charge with those same small steps and slapped his face hard, twice. The maid did not move, he just cast his eyes down as he had been taught and waited for Lara to order him to recommence his duties. The feminine mask showed no sign of the slap, but underneath his face was flushed.

"In just a few weeks your breasts will be big enough to satisfy the most lecherous owner, the depilation will be complete and you will be trained how to satisfy the most demanding man or woman in a professional and servile manner. By then, I shall expect you to be able to carry out your every task in proper style and will arrange a little tuition in comportment that will ensure that every move that you make is graceful, tempting and truly feminine!"

"Thank you, Miss Lara."

This time the tone of the answer matched Lara's expectations and she smiled slightly to show her approval.

"You already show signs of being suitable for a female owner," she said. "On the other hand you will need all of these skills to be impeccable for the future and I will brook no unwillingness or carelessness on your part."

Her hand lifted the lace of her skirt to inspect what lay beneath. A short tube that ended in four criss-cross bars through which the tip of his tiny little cock peeped and a collar from which dangled a padlock that ensured that the internally spiked tube could not be removed.

The tips of Lara's long nails touched that delicate skin, which began to firm with an erection that would be denied by the small prison that sealed his fate. A small sign of beginning discomfort was the slight movement of his thighs as the tip of his prick pressed against the bars of its cage to swell between them.

"Would you like me to play with you?" she asked in a sweet voice.

"Please, Miss Lara!"

Lara's hand moved lower to tickle his balls and then back to massage the now tightly imprisoned engorged prick that had reached the limits of its confinement. He moaned slightly as she kissed his lips and played with him.

"If you fail to improve you know what will happen," she said in a cruel tone. "I shall have these miniature balls removed and you will find yourself in a place that is reserved for those that are disobedient..."

She felt a shudder pass through him and smiled as she dropped the hem of his dress.

"Service is what you are destined for, make sure that I have reason to be satisfied with your progress..."

For a moment she stood considering his terror of her power. Exquisite moments like this fuelled her feeling of superiority and made her swell with the feeling of power that she had over her charges.

"Now get back to the tasks that I set you and wait for me when you are done," she hissed.

The maid made a curtsy to Lara. Slightly clumsy, but his feet were in line, the hands lifted his skirt as required and his eyes were downcast as he had been trained. Lara decided to let the slightly awkward curtsy to go uncommented on and stood back to allow her trainee to get on with the domestic work.

He stepped to the bed and bent carefully as he balanced on the heels and slowly pulled back the coverlet for a second time. This time his little fingers were held high and the movement was smooth and correct.

"Do not think that you are unwatched," she said. "I shall be sending Clara to check on your progress..."

He nodded slightly in acknowledgement and folded the coverlet carefully before bending low to place it on the plush carpet. For a moment she caught a glimpse of the ring of steel that confined him, the tops of the lacy stockings and the multitude of clasps that held them in position.

"Better!" said Lara as she left the room and closed the door.

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Just three weeks before, William's small van had arrived at the back door of the mansion in Hampshire. In the rear was a cage that held a single captive, a man who was to fulfil an order for a suitably trained man-slut to provide service and entertainment for a couple in Cornwall. The order had been quite specific, a male, aged thirty, feminised as a maid and able to service both of his new owners with suitably feminine graces. In just a month they would be taking possession of their new slave.

The price was set, the training was proceeding according to schedule as the former computer programmer was fitted into the quite specific requirements. Called out to repair a network that was under contract, Phil never returned from that call. The cup of coffee laced with Ambien made his transfer to the cage simple, the clothes, telephone, wallet and laptop that Phil had brought with him were taken to the council incinerator and disposed of. In a few short hours Phil had passed from a single man who was planning to marry his pretty blonde girlfriend to a tearful, huddled and confused item on the list of available slaves in Lara and Hestia's business.

Submission had been rapid with his induction fettered in his cell. A single bed and basic facilities were his world, windowless and lit by bright cold light. The cell was the place where Lara introduced him to his inevitable



future. Broken by Lara's attentions, deprived of sleep and taught a fear of the cane in her gloved hand, Phil slid into his new world with the help of punishment and a callous disregard of his tears and vanilla sexual preferences.

The sheer terror of that first experience of Lara showing Phil that a woman could indeed rape a man, was his first taste of her ruthless regime. The weeks that followed were a nightmare that became a path that he had to follow to avoid her anger. Shoes that he tottered in, frilly dresses that added rather than detracted from his accessibility to his new Mistress. Domestic tasks that were corrected with painful and demeaning punishments and then after just two days came the fitting of chastity restraints, treatments and injections that started the physical transformation that was gleefully forced on him. Abused by the other three maids, all watched over by a woman who seemed to him to be the Goddess of his servitude and ever present in the background, Hestia, a woman who carried a quirt at her belt and required the utmost respect and servility.

Two weeks after that first terrible night Phil lay in bed and realised that he was truly becoming the sissy that Miss Lara was moulding him into. Apart from the fact that his thoughts were becoming obsessed with the duties that he had to perform, he realised that breasts were starting to form under his frilly dress. That he was starting to be grateful for any chance to prove that he was learning and liking what he was being forced to become. A man pressed into an ill-fitting mould, a man who was finding his new circumstances almost acceptable!

The third week was the hardest.

Another man arrived, delivered by William for preparation, he soon became competition for Phil. A 'natural' in every respect the new trainee surpassed Phil in every way until Miss Lara explained that the new trainee was due to be sold to a sadistic woman in Japan and that Phil might find his 'cushy' billet in Cornwall taken and be heading to the Far East if he did not show sufficient progress.

From that point on, Phil tried to be a model maid, but his clumsiness was so difficult to overcome! At the end of the third week came the incident in Mistress Hestia's bedroom with Miss Lara and Phil realised that he was on the brink. He spent all of his time in his cell practising his walk, making sure that his hips moved and rolled with his small steps. He made and unmade his bed a hundred times to learn to bend and move with that feminine smoothness and grace that seemed so important. He curtsied and tried to resist showing his discomfort with the chastity tube that caused him so much agony. Finally he massaged the small breasts every evening in the hope that more circulation would make them swell and grow more quickly.

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"How is Phil coming along?" asked Hestia of Lara as they sat on the lawn sipping iced tea.

Lara dismissed Clara with a small wave of the hand and watched as she retreated out of earshot before replying.

"Well, as you know and as I told you," said Lara. "For the first week or so I really thought that he was fit for nothing and that William had picked the wrong candidate for the post in Cornwall!"

"Mm," said Hestia.

"But, in the last week he has come along in leaps and bounds. Yesterday I gave him your bedroom to attend to for the first time and had to give him *yet* another lecture about feminine comportment. After I left him to it, I checked the CCTV and must say that he really was trying. It's a funny thing, but I reckon that the moment when he finally came to acceptance was when I threatened him with Japan even though it took a week for him to adjust properly."

"There are no orders for Japan at the moment," laughed Hestia as she sipped her tea and delicately picked up one of the small fancy cakes that were arrayed on the lace decked table.

"No, of course not, but Phil now finds himself in competition with Steve for the post in Cornwall! Normally the new trainees take a month to start to practice in their cells, it took Phil just two weeks and I must say that the last few days are showing a vast improvement."

"When is the Cornwall due date?" asked Hestia.

"In three weeks' time, at the end of April," came the reply. "William will be here in two weeks to finish the training and then transport him."

"Good," said Hestia.

She waved her hand dismissively as if Phil was of no further concern and changed the subject.

"In a month we get the people from Chastity Microsystems to survey the house and grounds," she said. "The fitting of the whole system will be a month's work, so we cannot have any items here while that is going on."

Hestia sighed as she considered all the money that it would cost.

"It means that the other renovation that I promised myself will have to be set back a year, but on the other hand, we shall be able to cope with up to five trainees at a time as well as improve the time that it takes to train each one. Since we are getting a name for delivering quality merchandise to order, rather than just being another provider of fodder for auctions I can see a considerable rise in income that you will of course share in..."

"I think that it might help costs in another way," said Lara. "Perhaps we should consider keeping a couple of the more unsaleable women for ourselves and taking advantage of the control that we have to rid ourselves of the risk that we are taking by using outsiders to do some of the maintenance work here at the house?"

"A good idea! I'll consider it and we'll discuss the pros and cons next week. I suppose that we really ought to make sure that the claims of Chastity

Microsystems for the security of the system are borne out before we move that far though."

There was a brief pause while the two women considered the idea and then Hestia brought up the subject of Lydia.

"I think that the time has come for you to take over the training of Lydia," said Hestia. "A week of intensive tuition and your exquisite attentions should ready her for her new owner."

"I have my hands full at the moment with Steve and Phil," replied Lara. "I am flattered that you think that I can manage three trainees simultaneously, but I think that it will be a week before I can take her on!"

"Mm," came the reply. "Perhaps, then we should aim to keep Clara for after the refit and make her the first of our 'Head Maids'?"

"I see what you mean, she is really a nasty little bitch and she just so loves her punishments and shows real promise. I have noticed that she takes endless delight in making the lives of the other trainees a misery, so perhaps she is the one that we are looking for. I'll give her a little head and keep my eye on her, but that means that we still need an item to replace her. Perhaps we'll get William to look through his files and do a rush job to fulfil the order before we clear the house of all but Clara. I'm sure that if you tell her what's at stake, she will ensure that the new trainee will be ready in double quick time!"

The two women sat back in their chairs to enjoy the sunshine. In the background stood Clara to attention. Her frilly dress moved in the gentle breeze, occasionally revealing her stocking tops to the intense gaze of her owners.

The leaves rustled on the trees, the smell of fresh cut lawns filled the air and the two women chatted inconsequentially about the weather and their private thoughts. A bird twittered in the background and Hestia looked back at the trees with a small satisfied smile. This was the life to which she had been born and would maintain whatever it cost others to do so. This was the

life to which she was entitled by her blood and condescension. The lower born refuse that were there for her enjoyment and profit.

She took another sip of tea and crossed her legs with a delicate movement that Phil could never have imitated, even with years of practice in his cell! The outrageously high stiletto hung from her toes with its point swaying in time to the movement.

This was what life was about, being a woman and exploiting others for one's own indulgence, fine wines, satisfying nights and the capacity to change the lives of others beyond their wildest nightmares.

### **Weak with Clara.**

Clara stood by the door of her cell. Her feet were placed exactly on the small marks on the floor that showed where she was required to wait for Miss Lara. Her hands impulsively fluffed up her dress to make sure that the lace petticoats' edges were presented and that the small apron that adorned the front of the dress lay perfectly. After just a few months in Hestia and Lara's care she was no longer the studious little girl that had attended Loughborough University with the greatest hopes of majoring in law.

Those months had been a nightmare that slowly turned to contentment. It had been her parents that had insisted on Law as a profession. They had hounded all of her boyfriends out of her life and forced her to study until the Latin phrases and tedious learning finally left a sour taste in her mouth. Their insistence on money as the 'be all and end all' for her life was not what she wanted. She wanted to flirt, to entice, to lure and to act the part of the unreachable bitch that every man knows is a slut but never succeeds in fucking. Make-up, heels, dresses and a hip swaying step, that was Clara's idea of a perfect life.

So, she had been picked out by William and brought to Hestia's mansion to find herself in just such a perfect world, the only problem being that she was on the wrong side of the tracks! It made her resist, play a dangerous game between cane and being sold to prove her independence and her

individuality. Whereas Lydia fell for the false affection of Hestia and Phil tumbled before the threat of Japanese owners, Clara was more successful because she did not consciously try to fight her owners, she went with the current, but treaded water near the shore to keep her sanity.

She watched Hestia from a distance and Lara close-up. There were lessons to be learned! She did not wish to escape, she just did not know at all what she wanted until Lara broke through her spirit and opened the door to her deeper yearnings.

There was so much to learn!

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The door opened and Miss Lara entered. As usual she had her crop in her hand and the click of heels in the corridor outside provided forewarning of her arrival.

It was at this time in the early morning when Clara would be given her tasks and assignments for the day and usually a lecture about 'service' and 'comportment' that presaged some punishment that she had earned the previous day.

Lara walked into the cell and looked her charge up and down. The dress was perfect, the half-naked breasts rounded and sweet, this girl knew how to hold herself and enjoyed doing it, it would be entertaining to see how she shaped up in a rather different role!

"Today I am going to begin a new phase of your servitude here, at least a probationary phase that may well result in you becoming Mistress Hestia's chief maid."

Clara did not react except that her eyes opened a little wider.

"Mistress Hestia has decided that you might be suitable to keep here to help me run the training that she herself has no inclination to take up! There will be massive changes when we install the new security system that will be

needed to improve the quality of or merchandise and we shall be seeking girls and women to help make the place run in a smooth and efficient manner. I have discussed the overview with Mistress Hestia and she has agreed that you may, and I repeat *may*, be suitable. If you are *not*, then you will inevitably leave here on the end of a new owner's leash..."

Lara let the little speech sink in and then continued: "You are strictly under my orders, you will carry out all the tasks that I demand, you will be allowed to dress as you like, but if I wish to use you for a little casual recreation then you will be ready to serve at the drop of a hat!"

Clara curtsied. Her hand fluttered to the hem of her dress and she lifted it with a coy little twitch that just for a moment showed her pussy. Just a small flash of her thighs, the smooth slit of her sex and the tops of her stockings. Demure and almost timid, Lara was not fooled! She smiled at her protégée and said, "Clara, Clara, ambition is fine if it's kept on a leash. If you manage to keep in line then you will be rewarded, if on the other hand you cannot follow orders or fail to satisfy me with your behaviour, you can expect a dire future. Mistress and I intend to clear out all the slaves that are being readied at the moment before the new security system is fitted. If you fail me and the trust that I am placing in your hands I will sell you by Dutch auction with the reserve set so low that only a Vietnamese brothel will take you! Do you understand?"

"Yes, please show me how to please you!"

Was that a coy irony in her voice?

The doll-like maid curtsied again, this time more deeply as she sank to kneel on the rough floor of her cell. Clara looked up and pouted, her tongue just showing between her lips. Miss Lara looked down and smiled. There was just enough impertinence to make Clara a wicked little slut and yet she did not quite cross the line that needed punishment.

"You may!" said Lara.

Clara kissed the smooth patent uppers of the shoes and then used her tongue to clean the soles and spikes.

Now she was being a good little girl...

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Lydia woke to the sound of her cell door opening. A slight creak and then the grate of metal on the floor. She looked up from the cage that was her bed where she slept crouched in discomfort while the real bed was unused next to her. For a moment she thought that she had somehow overslept, but that could not be! After all the cage had to be opened for her to dress and Miss Lara had not passed by.

The door opened and Clara stood in the open space. In her fingertips she played with a small key. It took a moment before Lydia suddenly realised that Clara was wearing *her* dress. The red and black mohair that she had taken all day to choose in the far gone days when she thought that she was going to visit the parents of her fiancée. On Clara it looked great, it moulded her hips and narrow waist and formed wonderful hills over her breasts. It came to just above the knee where red stockings smoothed and curved Clara's legs and matched perfectly the black Ghillie stilettos that she stood in. The rounded neck looked like a collar and finished just under Clara's face, upon which was a wicked smile that boded ill for the caged woman.

"It seems that you have upset Mistress," said Clara to her new charge with the pleasure in her voice plain to hear. "So, she sent me to play with you for a while, she even gave me the key, but I think that this morning you will learn that your cage is not a refuge from me!"

Lydia clutched the bars of her cage and looked up at the woman who was wearing her dress. Clara looked as though she was going for a day's smart shopping, dressed to kill!

"Please let me see Mistress Hestia," said Lydia with a tremble in her voice. "She knows that she can punish me however she wants, please let me speak to her, please."



Clara strolled into the cell and walked around the cage. It was so small that Lydia could not turn to keep up with her, she just followed Clara with her eyes and waited to see what Clara intended. Just a few weeks ago she had seen Clara caned by Mistress Hestia. A terrible example of the punishments that could be meted out.

“Mistress does not want to see you until you are ready to meet her high standards of comportment,” said Clara, borrowing from the woman who ruled the house. “Today we are going to fuck you in your little cage and then you are going to serve the other maids food and learn that there is no place worse than as a slave to other slaves.”

Clara squatted by the cage and smiled at the frightened girl that was about to be abused for her gratification. Her legs opened a little and Lydia found herself looking up the columns of those thighs at the shadowy grotto that cast Clara’s sex into the umbra of its shade.

“Do you want to be fucked by me?” asked Clara.

“Please, Miss, please let me see Mistress Hestia, I’m sure that this is all a mistake. I love her and she loves me, she promised me that I would be her lover forever and ever. Please Miss!”

Clara stood up, as she did so she smoothed her new dress of every slight wrinkle with her outstretched fingers.

“I shall be back with plenty of ideas for you, slut. I have been given the task of making you acceptable for sale. Never again mention her name or try to misuse the affection that she has wasted on you, you have no authority here with her and certainly none with me!”

The door slammed and Clara was gone.

Lydia cried, because she was so sure that Mistress did not know what was happening here in the bowels of the house. Mistress could never consign her to the care of another maid, especially Clara.

That would be so wrong!

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The second part of the ordeal came with the same grating of the door that had preceded the first. The difference now was that Lydia could not move in her cage. The low hum of an electric motor still whined. Spitted and fettered she rolled her eyes at the figures of Miss Lara and Clara when they entered the room.

She could do no more than roll her eyes...

An hour ago Clara had left with a small laugh. She had spent over an hour making her ideas of torment become reality for Lydia. She came and went from the cell several times until she was satisfied that she had everything.

First it was the fetters.

Wrists were bound to the corners of the cage and then knees and ankles. Then those bonds were tightened until Lydia felt like an insect pinned to a collector's card. She pleaded with Clara, but it seemed that those futile words were just icing on the cake to the girl who had to please Miss Lara or she might end up in the same cage!

On the other hand it was becoming fun!

Being careful and adding a commentary to her actions, Clara started to really enjoy patiently building up to the little lesson in degradation that she had planned. Finally, Lydia was pinned down and ready to be played with. Clara took a soft clear dildo and forced it into Lydia's mouth. It stifled all her boring pleas as filled her mouth with its soft form. Fixed at its base to the bars of the cage in front of Lydia it became the first spit that would hold Lydia in place for the little show that Clara intended for Miss Lara.

After Clara had pushed a metal rod into the soft jelly-like simulacrum of a cock and then placed a strap around the back of Lydia's neck to hold her

mouth over the dildo she stood back to admire her work. Now that Lydia was totally helpless it was time to show her that she was nothing more than a fuck-toy for Clara's amusement.

Playfully she slapped the rounded rear that pressed against the bars and slipped her fingers into the broad valley between them. Clara played with that pert little asshole and was gratified to see Lydia twitch to try to escape that contact.

"Now I have to decide if I am going to set *this* little baby to ream one hole or the other," she said as she pulled the fucking machine into Lydia's sight. "Ass or cunt, darling?"

Lydia made a stifled sound and her eyes rolled in fear when she saw the machine. She knew only too well what it was and what the rod that stuck out of it could do for hour after tireless hour.

"Mm," said Clara. "I really cannot make out what it is you are trying to say, but since you have already experienced this little baby in your tight little pussy, then I really do think that your ass deserves a chance to enjoy being reamed!"

Once again, Clara squatted by the face of her victim. This time she opened her thighs to allow Lydia to see her pussy open and reveal its glory. Her hand stroked it, fingers tweaking the clitoris and the small rings that were embedded in the lips.

Clara moaned as she found a sweet spot and her thighs shuddered slightly before she smiled and reached over to pick up a dildo from out of the sight of Lydia. She brought it into view and commented: "This might be the one to use! Look at all the glorious little studs that this beauty has. Do you think that your little virgin ass can stand this?"

Once again Lydia tried to speak, but she just choked on the dildo in her mouth and tears sprang from her eyes.

Clara ran the black dildo along the slit of her pussy and moaned with lust. This was just *too* perfect. Fear and anticipation were making Lydia break down already, and the session of a week was only an hour in!

Another dildo was presented to Lydia. Huge, red and made of rough plastic it had small rounded studs of metal along its length. When she saw it, Lydia started to howl through the gag. It had a diameter of several inches and was a fearsome object, especially since it was over a foot long and filled Clara's hands as she allowed her palms to simulate the opening that it would force in a hole that had never yet been used.

Ignoring the tears and the howls that came from the stricken slave, Clara asked: "This is my favourite, would you like this one instead?"

Lydia broke down and almost fainted. Now only whimpers issued from her plugged mouth as Clara brought herself to a delicious orgasm with her fingers. Was it the massage of her clitoris or was it the sheer terror that the object inspired?

"So, now it's your decision. This or this?" said Clara as she presented the huge objects to Lydia.

The game was such fun as Lydia tried to plead and beg for the first and Clara kept understanding wrongly. At last she placed the second plastic object before Lydia and moved out of sight with the machine under her arm. Once there she took a different narrow penetrator and screwed it to the fucking machine, all the while pretending that she was using the black dildo.

Finally she lubricated the slim form of the thin dildo and slowly pushed it in, all the while commenting on how difficult it was to push into Lydia's ass. Fright, terror and a belief in Clara's words made Lydia feel as though she was being forced by some huge object. Clara massaged the delicate sphincter with her fingers as finally the pinned down slut was penetrated. Clara set up the machine to deliver short slow strokes on the self-lubricating setting.

"Are you ready to be fucked?" she asked as she showed the remote control to her victim. "Three, two, one..."

There was a slight hum from the box and the rod started to move with a deliberate in and out motion that reamed Lydia with the smallest object that Clara had been able to find. Howls of discomfort came from her and her eyes rolled as for the first time she was introduced to being penetrated from the rear. In her fevered imagination she was being split in two by a monster that ruptured her and make her unacceptable to her mistress, Miss Hestia.

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Lara looked down at the naked slave in the cage. Now that the machine had been switched off and the probe withdrawn, Lydia had become passive and was ready for her next foray.

On shaking legs she would be taken to the kitchens to be abused by the other maids until Clara came to rescue her. Then it would be back into the cage for a night of being fucked by a machine that knew neither pity nor fatigue.

*'It seems that Clara has done well,' thought Lara as the maid was fettered and taken away to the kitchens. 'I'll have to make sure that she does not get above herself; on the other hand she has managed to seek out and use Lydia's greatest fears to leave her even closer to being fully trained!'*

Of course, all she said to Clara was, "Well done!"

There was no sense in making her have any reason to be over-conceited!

## **Take Your Phil.**

He stood with one foot before the other. For a moment he felt a slight quiver, a small loss of balance that proved that walking and standing in high heels was still not yet something that he found natural! He bent. The motion came from the hips and above as he stretched down and undid the laces on his Ghillie-stilettos. One knee tucked in before the other, flexed slightly, it emphasised his hips, the long legs that were shapely and graceful as long as he was wearing the lacy stockings that had become his favourites.

Undo, redo, untie and retie the bows, all the while remaining still and keeping his legs still. It was so difficult to balance, but at last the practice showed and he managed it three times without stumbling for footing.

Finally he stood and pulled himself up straight to look into the mirror that he had asked Lara for. He could then study his pose and the way that he moved. He looked down at the dress that he had to wear and wished that Lara had gone for something a little less twee, French-maid indeed! The petticoats and the lace, the apron and the starch were all very well and accessible, but perhaps something tighter might have been just a little sexier?

In just two weeks he had to be ready and Lara was not pulling any punches. She had never mentioned Japan again and the feeling that he was in competition with Steve had somehow become less of a worry, but still, there was still so much to learn, so much to do and so far to go.

So he practiced, he posed and walked. He inspected the breasts that were now definite, but not growing at the pace that he might have wished for. He spoke to himself in that practiced falsetto and tried to everything in the feminine way that Lara had ordered. From eating to dressing, from dawn to sleep, Phil was always thinking about being feminine and delicate.

Finally there were the sessions of an hour a day as a wave of hairlessness swept from his feet to his hairline. Every follicle, every hair on his body was destroyed, until now, after three weeks of the treatment, he was smooth and shiny, soft and feminine. Now the treatment comprised of finding the missed hairs that had resisted the first wave of depilation that was nearly complete.

It was a strange feeling, this smoothness, this polished look. Even his clothes felt different, harsher and less comfortable when he was moving. On the other hand the feeling of that glossy skin excited him and made him self-consciously thrilled. Then there had been that moment when Miss Lara had attended to the hair that wreathed around his prick.

Originally waxed when the chastity tube had been fitted, now there was stubble growing and the laser could not deal with it unless the tube was removed.

Lara always left this operation until she had good cause to reward the maid and no punishment was due. Occasionally she managed to remove all the hair from prick and balls without their owner swelling to the point where the tube would no longer fit and hand relief was the only option. In a sense this was a positive thing, she had long since decided. The excitement at being forced into becoming some sort of pseudo-female slut showed that the man was truly on his way to not just acceptance, but that he embraced the idea of being sexually abused for the rest of his life.

As usual Phil had been led to the clinic room and strapped to the bench ready for the attentions of the nurse. The nozzle of the laser hovered over his midriff and the lenses of the cameras that guided it, loomed large as they stared at his confined prick. The nurse pottered around as she always did before a session and Phil stared at that rounded ass covered in thin white cotton with longing.

As always there were no panties to be seen as shadows under that smooth skirt, just the valley of her ass and the horizontal stretch-lines that showed just how tight the dress was.

"We are just waiting for Miss Lara," said the nurse as she pulled sterile latex gloves on and turned to Phil. "She needs to be here because she is your key-holder."

Phil could feel his prick swelling in its cage and the Lara walked into the small clinic room and leaned over Phil. He was staring into the deep valley between her breasts, it filled his entire view.

"Time for you to show just a little self-control," said Lara. "I'm sure that it will not help the nurse if you get a little stiffie! So just lie still while I unlock you and it will all be over in an hour or so..."

Lara faded from view and he felt her unlock him and then slide off the tube and detach the metal collar that encircled his balls. The result of all of this attention was that Phil could not help but get the largest erection that he had ever felt. His prick swelled until it was as hard as a block of wood as the nurse positioned the lenses and the laser over his groin.

"I'll just let the laser do its work," said the nurse with a smile.

There was a small cracking sound and a burst of light from the machine, then another and then a continuous cracking sound that merged into a continuous crackle. Hair after hair was located and eliminated as the nurse carefully moved Phil's prick from side to side to allow the laser access and the cameras a chance to pick out each hair follicle. Phil felt an intense itching in his groin; small pinpricks that made him bite his lip as the laser crackled on.

Finally it was done. A reddish rash showed from Phil's inner thighs to his stomach and every hair was gone. Not just the visible growth but also the follicles had been eliminated. Smooth, as if perfectly waxed, Miss Lara clucked in irritation at the fact that she could not possibly get the tube on Phil if he managed to hold his erection.

After clipping on the collar she held the tube and lock and nodded at the nurse.

"Would you mind?" she asked.

Phil gulped and wondered if the nurse was going to cut something off him or perhaps give him an injection...

"No problem!" said the nurse.

She grasped his cock and held it tightly before slipping a wide metal tube over it. A wire ran from this to a small box where now where the nurse flipped a switch.

"For the full triple-cycle it takes fifteen minutes," said the nurse. "If you like we can pop through to the dispensary where we need to order several drugs



and hormones that are needed for general use, because we are running a bit low on stocks...”

The two women walked out of the room, as the tube that had swallowed Phil started to show that it had a wicked life of its own. It administered tiny electric shocks to the cock that filled it and then tightened to grip as it began the first five minute cycle of milking Phil with a ruthless efficiency.

A low hum started as the milking tube started its first cycle. It measured the blood pressure and the sensor that pressed against the base of his cock as it watched for signs of a climax as it rhythmically brought him to his first orgasm. Phil moaned and tried to push with his hips, but the straps that held him were too tight to allow any movement. The come felt as though it was being squeezed from him like toothpaste from a tube. Drawn forth by suction as the milking machine slowed down and prepared for the next bout.

When Phil came, he felt the machine grip the base of his prick to maintain his erection as the milking tube began a second cycle intended to milk him dry. Never had Phil been so ruthlessly forced to come. The feeling of complete helplessness fed his excitement and anxiety as the machine sensed that a more determined effort was required. Impersonal and programmed to suck him dry, the massage was fierce and the shocks that were delivered were at the very point of causing distress before the stricken Phil yielded to the metal leech that Lara had fitted him with.

The door opened and the two women returned. They stood by Phil and chatted as though he was not even present.

“OK,” said Lara. “I’ll order the drugs through the usual channels, just give me the full list and I will ensure that it is sorted out in the next couple of days. Bear in mind though, in a couple of weeks’ time we are running the establishment down for the fitting of the new security system. That means that there will be a period of four weeks when there will be no merchandise on the premises.”

Lara looked down at Phil who had just realised that the milking suction-tube was starting a third attempt to milk him. The grip on his cock had increased

and the machine hummed as it sucked him to a strong erection despite the fact that he should have shrunk to nothing.

“How long left?” asked Lara of the nurse.

“Oh,” said the nurse as she checked her watch, “In a couple of minutes it’ll be over and then you can fit the new and tighter tube with ease. Wait a sec and I’ll fetch it for you.”

The nurse picked up the metal chastity tube that Phil had been wearing and smiled.

“This is one of the old ones, wait until you see what’s in store for him!” said the nurse.

Phil was now at full erection and could feel the machine massaging him. Suddenly the shocks started again and he yelped as the milker built up the pressure.

Lara looked down at him and smiled.

“That’s a good little girl, but make sure you are nice and quiet as you come!” said Lara.

At that moment the nurse returned with a cardboard box in her hand. She opened it and handed the box to Lara.

“Careful as you go, Lara, when this baby clicks shut it can’t be opened again!”

“Hestia told me that she would be fitting one of these babies when he was ready, but it’s the first time I’ve had one in my hands.”

The nurse pointed at the smooth metal ring that was hinged and the plastic tip that was fitted to the locking mechanism.

“Take this plastic cap off and snap it closed. That locks the device here and here,” she pointed with her nail at two other places on the tube, “and makes

sure that this little pressure plate is pressing against the base of the prick. Then what happens is that, when he gets erect, these rounded metal knobs extend and make sure that any erection is rewarded with punishment.”

“What I like about this, is that it’s purely mechanical and not some unreliable electronic device where the batteries run out or some switch breaks and all the advantages of the training are lost!” said Lara.

Phil tried to bite back his discomfort. He tried to resist the milking-tube, but it had his measure and was sucking a third climax from his sore cock. Shocks, massage and vibration. Sucking like a pneumatic whore, stroking and clasping his prick it sensed how close it was to making him come. Heartbeat, blood pressure, erection strength and temperature were measured. It forced a last drop from him, a palpitation that delivered almost nothing before falling silent.

The nurse looked down and said, “Ok, it’s done now,” as she slipped off the device and smiled at Phil.

“That might well have been the last time ever, so I hope that you enjoyed it. It’s not often that Miss Lara bothers to milk properly, so I guess that you can consider yourself lucky!”

She swabbed his prick clean and inspected him carefully. Despite the rough and sure handling, Phil’s cock remained tiny and unresponsive as the nurse worked in a little cream and turned to Lara to say: “I just have to put the piercing in, one moment...”

The nurse brought out a small steel ring and showed it to Lara.

“This makes sure that there is no escape,” said the nurse as she inspected the tip of his flaccid cock.

A deft moment with a swab of antiseptic and she held him steady as she inserted the ring and clicked it closed. Phil yelped as he felt himself being modified, but the straps took the strain of the twitch of his hips.

“Please!” he said. “Please Miss Lara...”

“There, there,” muttered Lara. “It’ll all be over in a moment, here you go!”

The metal sleeve swallowed him and the ring clicked into place around his balls. While Lara held him the nurse ensured that the piercing-ring was lined up and then engaged a small plastic knob that she then pulled free from the metal and a catch caught his new piercing.

Lara bent over Phil and spoke to him in the tone that a mother might speak to a distressed child.

“Your new owners have told us that this is the way that they want you delivered and since they are paying so much, it’s only right that you are prepared to their specification. What they have ordered is a slut-maid with permanent chastity device fitted. It will make you so much more amenable for them and I must say that the other option that we offered of complete castration often has a negative effect on the attitude of the maid.”

Phil could feel the rawness of his skin from the depilation, the soreness from being milked and the discomfort of the piercing now that the initial pain had subsided. This had been a moment, *the* moment when his fate had become fixed. Up until now, somehow, it had all seemed a little unreal, like some game... Now he really understood that in a couple of weeks he would start a new life with a couple who had bought him for their own personal pleasure.

## **William’s Payday.**

William was always careful around Hestia. After all, she was not a woman that anyone would care to take lightly; especially when, like William, one knew what her business was and how easily her temper could flare.

She paid him handsomely for all his work for her. The research into the backgrounds of victims, the silent surveillance and then of course the final abduction in which the victim nearly always ended up in the tiny cage

welded into the back of his small van. A cage, ostensibly built for dogs that served perfectly as an initial introduction to slavery.

A short call to Hestia would begin the process anew each time and William would start to look for the man or woman that fitted Hestia's list of needs. That there were more women than men were required was simply a result of the needs of the buyers and not Hestia's choice. The occasional couple were chosen for collectors, but seventy per cent of the trade was in younger women between the ages of eighteen and twenty five.

There was another side of William's cooperation with the woman who could be regarded as his employer, this was the bit part that he sometimes took in the training of the men that he had abducted. William did not normally much enjoy the company of women, Hestia the exception that proved the rule. His taste was for his own sex, but he tended to be closet gay rather than the sort of man who enjoyed the company of others with his own taste in men. It was such a problem when your sexual preferences tend towards unwilling partners!

Occasionally Hestia and Lara found themselves in the business of providing male slaves for male and female owners who wished them to be accomplished at sating the desires of their own sex. When this was the case, William spent the occasional weekend at Hestia's rambling mansion in a haze of sexual gratification. To William it was always a delightfully strange experience, spending two days gratifying himself on a man who usually hated every moment of this phase of his training. On arrival he would have high tea with the rather stuffy Hestia, who would brief him on what it was that she wanted and what was and was not allowed.

Strange, eating cucumber sandwiches and drinking Orange Pekoe in the sun, on the freshly manicured lawns, while the middle aged woman in tweed told William that he could participate in destroying the sexuality of a man who was destined to spend the rest of his days being forced to suck cock or perhaps be a passive partner for a man who fucked his partner.

Then William would be introduced to the new man-maid and the delicious process would begin again! The two days that paid for all of the work that

William did for Hestia, the woman that he did not like to admit was his mistress. Of course she paid him, of course she paid his expenses and the occasional trip to foreign climes, but the real motivation, the true reward for William's work was by no means the money that he got paid every time one of his abduction victims was sold.

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He stopped while the gate opened so slowly and then drove up the long gravelled drive to the house that had been built in regency times in mock-gothic fashion. At night the two dogs would be roaming these clipped lawns, during the day the whole place looked so innocent.

Today the van was empty, there would be no new victims until the present inductees of Hestia's little business, were disposed of. In just a few weeks the house would be empty and the workmen and electricians would be in and the William would be busy without end. William had such a hard-on and was almost breathless with lust as the car rolled to a halt. Today was Friday and the weekend promised to be so sweet because Phil was due for William's attention.

Hestia was waiting in the lounge. As usual she was a little condescending, but that was just the way that she showed her resentment that some of her business rested on the competence of this man over whom she had no real control. In fact the only control that she had over William was their joint self-interest.

Money just did not seem to move him!

He had lived in the same small rented flat in Islington for years and had driven the same second-hand van now for at least five years. He acknowledged his share of the profits, when they were forwarded, but it never seemed to change his bearing. William was motivated partly by the weekends of bliss that Hestia offered. The chance to dominate and use a reluctant man for his own pleasure. He could have arranged it all himself, but somehow he knew that if he struck out on his own too often he would be caught very quickly. Under the stiff wings of Hestia and her helper, Lara, he

was safe and hidden in the shadows of the crimes of others and best of all he never had to worry about the practicalities of his hobby and every victim was used once and then discarded without risk. He had become a predator who was guided and targeted by another, that alone was enough to mask his presence.

"It's Phil of course. In a weeks' time he goes to Truro, by then he has to be ready."

Details of this sort bored William. Occasionally he enjoyed Hestia's little ideas, like the way that Lydia had been taken and tricked. His mind scanned back to that afternoon when strawberries had been served while Lydia still believed that he was Hestia's son. As he recalled that afternoon and the naïve behaviour of Lydia, he smiled.

He lost the thread of Hestia's conversation and watched her with a critical eye without actually hearing or absorbing the words that she was speaking. All he could think of was the man who she kept in the cage under her bed, that husband who lived in chastity and had the privilege of seeing and hearing his wife sport with endless female victims. William wondered what he had done to be treated to such a fate by his wife of thirty years. She was not a woman to treat lightly! Probably she just could not help herself. Finally her words came back into focus and William realised that Hestia was dismissing him to attend to Phil and he had missed all of her instructions.

"...so try not to leave any marks that will last more than a week and bear in mind that he is now in chastity and that his new owners want him basically undamaged and fully feminised."

It was so 'Hestia' to repeat her instructions endlessly, as though William, 'one of the lower orders of society', would not understand what it was that she wanted. Still at least he was up to speed with her needs, which seemed after all to be 'do what you want'.

He stood up and asked, "How long will the building work take?"

"Four to six weeks," replied Hestia.

William just nodded as though she had just confirmed his opinion and stood. Lara stood in the background. She watched William and smiled.

*'One day I will be training William,'* she thought to herself as she wondered if it was even possible to train a man who seemed so detached from life? What could he possibly be threatened with to make him bend to a superior female will?

"He's upstairs cleaning the rooms at the moment," said Lara. "Perhaps you would like to pay him a visit?"

William nodded.

If Hestia was strange, with her notions of social superiority and snobbish predominance, Lara was much more down to earth. Easily read, difficult to satisfy and with a deep wellspring of need that could only be quenched by the suffering of others and satisfaction for being in a position of power of those worse off than herself.

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William stood and watched from the open door and felt his prick grow in his pants. There he was, the man who William himself had delivered just a while ago. William had studied Phil, watched him and monitored him with a view to kidnap, so when the abduction took place it was just another job that had to be seamless.

Now that man, that victim, had become a maid. The transformation was by no means complete and William had to admit that there were still plenty of physical adjustments to be made and a week seemed a rather short time to get them done. Still, that was Harriet's problem! William's next couple of days would be taken up with training Phil how to make sure that the maid knew how to submit to a rampant cock.

William strolled into the room followed by Lara.



The maid, bent over the bed was pulling the coverlet tight. One foot posed behind the other, his ass in the air. Hairless and glossy a smooth moon of rounded flesh, the metal of his chastity tube could just be seen between his bare thighs. Stockings, frills and petticoats completed the look and his motions were almost feminine.

“Stand up when your betters enter the room,” shouted Lara.

The maid almost leaped out of his skin, but he managed to turn gracefully. When he saw William his eyes grew. He recognised the man who had abducted him, the man who had stripped and caged him, the man who had brought him here to Hestia.

Lara pointed at her feet and the maid curtsied gracefully before kneeling to kiss the shoes of the woman who had gained ascendancy over his every thought.

“This is William,” said Lara with a smile. “He is to be obeyed absolutely; you will be his personal maid for the next couple of days. He has the task of showing you a few important things that you will need to know if you are to please your new owners.”

As she spoke she slowly opened the flies on William’s jeans. She never ceased to be amazed at the huge difference between William flaccid and William erect! Flaccid and unexcited he was less than a little-finger’s length and not much more in diameter. Erect he was a sight to behold, girth and length.

*‘Such a shame that he likes the boys more than the girls,’* she thought as she imagined riding that monster and showing him a little discipline. *‘He has size in spades...’*

Her hand held that massive cock and she spoke again to Phil: “This is for you!”

Phil straightened up and looked up. It brought his face to a hand and a cock that filled his vision with its presence.

“William has a cock that needs to be constantly satisfied! It will be your job to attend to his every need and pleasure until I decide that you have reached a level of competence that is satisfactory for the price that we are selling you for. Make sure that you satisfy him because his report will decide your future. Cornwall or Japan!”

The renewed threat brought a worried look to Phil’s face.

Phil rolled his eyes and looked up. It had been mentioned that he was to be owned by a couple, but he had never imagined that he would be used by both of them. He had always imagined that he would be attending to the wife’s needs and the domestic tasks. He imagined that it would be a woman that would own him, but there in front of his eyes was the proof that his comfortable ideas were about to be burned to ashes.

Just two inches above his eyes was the cock that he was going to come to know so intimately. Slightly curved to the left, Miss Lara’s hand clasped around it, the fingers not even meeting on the far side. Smooth tip, purple and engorged while the eye stared at him with its little lips pouting. Above and behind the cock was Miss Lara, smiling as she pulled back with her hand and tightened her grip a little.

“William has stamina to match this weapon,” she said as she burst out laughing at the shocked look on the maid’s face. “I am sure that you will not have disappointed me when William comes to report on your progress. In fact I think that any failure on your part to make sure that William is satisfied will result in exemplary punishment. Do you understand?”

She let go of William and watched the erection bob in front of Phil’s face.

“Yes Miss,” mumbled Phil.

The reality of his fate had now become clear. It was not that it had been a game before, it had certainly not been a game, but this was a turn that shocked him despite everything that had been done to him so far.

William looked down and smiled. His weekend of fun was just beginning and he had so many ideas and erotic fantasies to inflict on this fucking she-male maid that was so close to crying. This what he did all it all for, this is why he took the risks, this is why he enjoyed his work, these weekends of violation, he did it all for this!

“Open up!” ordered William as he gripped his cock.

Phil looked at Lara and saw no friend; he saw a rapacious look on her face that told him everything he needed to know. His lips parted slowly and William waited.

“A good start,” said William with a smile, “but, I want a faster response in future! Now kiss my little cock ‘hello’ and we shall go to my room where you are going to spend the next couple of days getting acquainted with your new best friend.”

Phil pursed his lips and felt the smooth skin of that cock momentarily touch his lips. He kissed and William licked his lips.

“Is my room prepared as usual?” asked William of Lara.

“It’s all there, so knock yourself out!”

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Phil stood in his uniform, his hands were fastened behind his back and pulled upwards until the joints in his shoulders had begun to creak. A chain ran from the collar on his neck to a simple hook high on the wall.

He shifted weight slightly as the heels he was wearing were now so uncomfortable after standing all night after William had used him for the first time. Phil’s little cock trapped in the metal tube was sore from the conflicting desires that he had experienced. Worst of all was the uncomfortable plug that had been slid into his rear. It had stretched him until he had almost cried out and then suddenly popped into place as his sphincter had closed around the narrow part at the base. Then there were the cuts of

the cane on his ass that had been administered as he had struggled to swallow William to the hilt.

He had tried so hard to swallow all of that meat, he had felt it push into his throat, but no matter how hard he had tried, no matter how he had been beaten he could not swallow it all! Finally William had pulled free and then suddenly come. The sticky milk of that come had splattered his face, filled his mouth with a musky taste and the sticky slime dribbled onto his carefully kept dress.

William had clasped his cock to stop his erection fading and massaged himself back to full size. He had played with Phil's prick, touched the uncovered tip that was so sensitive with that gold ring through it. Played and coaxed until his slut-maid had yelped in pain as the device used the power of his erection to clamp down on him and teach him that excitement was not permitted.

William had then indulged in a long slow wank that took place just inches away from Phil's face. He had played with himself, massaging his balls and stroking his ass hole with one hand whilst he enjoyed the power that he had over the man that he had chosen to be Mistress Hestia's latest merchandise.

That was so important!

William had chosen him, William was responsible for changing his life, was answerable for making this perfect little sissy cock-sucker of Phil, even though Miss Lara had done the actual work.

The wank came to an end with a second gushing of come that William made sure splattered his victim's face and chest. Those sweet little breasts that were growing there, they became a valley down which the river of William's pleasure flowed.

William had whispered in Phil's ear what would happen next day, how he would learn to keep all of William's clammy juices in his mouth to grease William's cock up, ready to fuck Phil's ass. How he would teach Phil to use

hands to milk a cock and then suck up all of the result with a gentle lapping of the tongue.

“Like a cat that gets the cream!”

Phil told his captive-maid how a giant plug would relax Phil to make him ready for becoming a real slut and then how Phil would learn that he would have to squeal with pleasure as he was fucked, because it was only proper that he showed real enthusiasm when being used.

When giving gratification.

Finally he had hooked the chain that ran from Phil’s neck to the hook high on the wall and he had gone to bed. While William slept deeply, Phil stood and felt the sperm dry on him. He smelt William’s musty perfume and the last cold drops make their way from the small breasts of which he was so proud, down the warm skin of his stomach.

Phil shuffled in his shoes and tried to move to relieve the uncomfortable way that the metal of his chastity tube dragged at his balls. Every time that he moved, the plug that had been forced into him with so much enjoyment, moved and aroused him a little inside. It rubbed against him, it fucked him, it stimulated him and it frightened him that he could be provoked in this way!

Finally the first light of dawn filtered into the room and Phil could see that even though he slept, William had a massive erection that stood like a throbbing tower over his sleeping form. He stared at it, expecting it to, sooner or later, go down, but it stayed there, towering over William’s belly. A clear signal that his new trainer was a man who had stamina without end.

Finally William awoke.

He sat up and stretched before smiling at Phil.

“Did you have a great night?” he asked casually, “because I love fucking and being spoiled in the morning.”

Phil tried to nod, but all he could manage was what amounted to a small twitch.

“First a shower and then a nice slow fuck this morning,” smiled William. “By the time I have finished with you, you will be just a cock-hungry bitch-boy.”

William stood up and looked out of the window.

“Wait for me here and I’ll be back to find out if that butt plug has loosened you up enough to stop you splitting when I poke you,” he said and burst into laughter as he slipped into a dressing gown and headed for the shower, his erection still bobbing at every step.

Phil was so tired.

So very weakened!

Exhausted and wearied by that terrible night of discomfort. He had to obey, he had to do as he was told and he could not afford to disappoint Miss Lara. The punishment would be terrible...

He was so, so very tired.

He dared not disappoint!

## **Clotted Cream.**

A deep lane, hedgerows that towered over the van, a blue sky and caravans that ponderously weaved to beaches villages in coves. William glanced at the screen on the dashboard and realised that he was almost there. In a small cage in the back of the van, Phil felt every bump of the road and crouched as he had done for hours now. In the darkness, his ankles and wrists fettered, he moaned at every lurch.

All the details of his previous life seemed to have merged to a single memory of his being drugged and taken. There were no memories left, just a feeling that somehow, in that brighter world, his life had been empty and unfulfilled. Now of course, he had function, he had a reason for being and most of all he had Lara and William to thank for that revelation.

The van came to a halt for a few moments and then rolled forward again to a crash of gears before it stopped again and then the sound of the engine ceased. Phil heard the doors open and then the sound of William's voice before the doors were opened and light flooded the rear of the van.

"You're late," said a woman's voice in a clipped tone. "I have been waiting for an hour for you to arrive now, you could have called..."

"There was an accident outside Exeter," said William's voice. "I had to wait until the wreckage was removed to get through. Anyway, It's not wise to call, better to be late than to leave a trace!"

"I suppose so," said the woman's voice in reply. "I have the cell ready, so let's see what is that's being delivered."

There was the sound of someone climbing into the van and then Phil saw William's trainers as the cage was opened.

"He's been fully prepared according to your needs," said William as he unlocked the travel fetters. "Could you pass me the collar?"

"Here," said the woman's voice.

Phil was at last able to move his head and he looked up at William who stood over the cage with a metal collar in his hands. William's attention was taken by the metal ring and he did not notice Phil staring at the bulge in his jeans until he was ready to lock it onto the slave's neck.

"Want some?" asked William as he bent down and clipped on the collar.

Phil nodded mutely and hung his head. Somehow it seemed wrong, what he wanted to do, but the compulsion to try to stretch up and kiss the denim over the bulge was almost too much to bear. William bent down and attached a leash before leading Phil from the cage.

“The breasts are not large enough,” said the woman’s voice. “Otherwise it looks OK.”

“Oh, don’t worry about that,” laughed William. “Another month and you will be more than satisfied. Now then, let’s complete the delivery and I can be on my way...”

Phil looked at his new owner and felt a surge of disappointment. He had hoped that she would be young and curvaceous, but the woman was perhaps fifty five and as thin as a rake. The tight jeans simply emphasised her narrow hips and the tight sweater was scarcely raised by her breasts. An unkempt bush of red hair formed a halo over her head and too much make-up failed to hide the creases by the mouth.

“This way,” she said. “My husband is away, so I’ll get to enjoy him on my own for a while...”

William led the crawling man into the large house. He followed the woman through the hall, up the stairs and into a huge bedroom hung with erotic prints. It was clear that the owners of the house were well off and had made this bedroom the centre of their lives. The woman smoothly slid aside one of the bedside cabinets to reveal a barred cell into which she indicated that her new acquisition was to be housed.

“For the moment he’ll be kept here,” she said. “It’s secure until all the arrangements are completed.”

William slapped on Phil’s rear, who then slipped into his new home to find that walls and floor were studded with rounded protrusions that made every movement a discomfort.



The bars on the cell clanged shut and Phil heard William say; “Now all I need you to do is to call Hestia and confirm the delivery on this phone, and then dispose of the mobile properly.”

“I’ll do it now...”

There was the sound of metal and suddenly the cell was black as the bedside cabinet was rolled to cover the door of the cell.

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It seemed to Phil that he was hours in the confinement of his cell. He moved to try to find a comfortable position and at last realised that there were four small areas of floor that were smooth and allowed his knees and hands to rest. His shoulders started to ache, a pressure built up in his bladder that he dared not release and the collar on his neck hung heavy. Carefully he explored. His hand felt the collar and moved over its seamless ring before he realised that there was no lock that he could find, in fact he could not even locate the place where it either hinged or joined.

Next his hands moved around the cell. It was just a few inches higher than his shoulders and studded on all surfaces. A single ring was fixed to the end by his face and in all, it was too tight for him to turn to face the other way. In the darkness he wondered at the woman who was now his world. He started to worry, would he be able to please her? Would the training that had been given him be enough? Was she a person who would punish him or was she a woman who just needed to be pampered the way that he had been taught to serve?

The pressure in his bladder was almost unbearable.

His thighs felt cramped as he tried to stay still to avoid the studs on the floor.

Finally, just when he was almost sobbing with a need to release, he heard the sliding of the bedside cabinet and light flooded the cell.

“Now, let’s see what I’ve got,” said the woman’s voice.

There was a click and the barred door was opened and Phil felt a sharp slap on his naked rear.

“Out, slut, I have to introduce you to Sasha!”

Phil slowly moved backwards into the room. Every movement seemed a discomfort as his locked muscles rebelled against being used. Finally he could see the thick carpet under his face and he risked looking around to see his new mistress.

“Huh,” he said, startled.

The red haired woman was standing by his side and there by her legs was a Doberman that bared its teeth as soon as he looked around.

“This is Sasha,” said the woman as Phil flinched at a snarl. “She is your other mistress and don’t you forget it. Outside this room, unless you are with me, she will not hesitate to attack you, do you understand?”

Phil nodded and said, “Yes mistress,” in the falsetto that he had been trained to use.

“Mistress is not what you will call me,” said the woman as she tickled the ears of Sasha. “I am just Elisabeth, with no title. You are here to serve me and my husband and occasionally perform for us. You will always be supervised by myself or the house maid, Katie, otherwise you will be kept in your cell ready for use.”

Phil looked up at Elisabeth and saw that there was no smile on her face, just a look of pure disdain that was echoed in the slight growl of the dog that waited for her command.

“I have been trained as a maid,” said Phil.

“I have no need for any such service. Katie does all of the household chores, you are just a plaything.” answered Elisabeth. “You are here as for occasional

use in the bedroom. We have no need for more than that. You will be compliant and beg to be fucked, you will satisfy me flawlessly or be punished like this..."

For a moment she displayed that there was a small object in her hand and then she pressed it with her thumb. A savage shock from the collar caused Phil to yelp and collapse to the floor and he released his bladder in fear.

"Get up," she ordered. "How *dare* you soil my carpet?"

Her voice had taken on a hard edge and Sasha began to growl at the stricken man.

"I'm sorry, please, I could not help myself!"

"I shall get the maid to attend to it," said Elisabeth. "This evening I shall return to show you what I require, mark my words, you will be punished for your loss of control. You have not made a good first impression!"

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Phil tried not to move, but his muscles were cramped and he was almost unable to stay on his hands and knees. Sooner or later he would have to sleep and then he would have to lie down. He reviewed the hopes that he had had of this new home and decided that the reality was in no way like his fantasy. He had thought that he would be kept prim and starched in a delicious uniform. That the couple that had bought him would appreciate his training and fill his life with domestic service whilst the evenings would be taken with pleasing and satisfying them. Instead, he was in a dark hole, in fear of a vicious dog and realising that all of his life would be spent in the dark to be taken out for who knew what abuse by Elisabeth.

He cried and tried to lie down and curl up, but in just a moment he was back on his hands and knees praying that she would come and allow him out, even if it was to be cruelly used.

The thought of escape never entered his mind.

## **The Gentle Art of Husbandry.**

Hestia stretched and yawned, spreading herself over the bed. She opened her eyes, the bright light from the window streaming through as Clara pulled the curtains open. Clara bustled around the room, tying back the curtains and fluffing the cushions on the small ottoman.

“Black coffee and croissants?” she asked.

“Perfect,” muttered Hestia.

“Is there anything else?”

“The coffee can wait,” said Hestia as she rolled onto her front. “A massage...”

Clara nodded and came to stand by the high bed to wait until her mistress was comfortable. Hestia propped her head on her hands and settled down as the first touch came. Small strong hands smoothed over the skin of Hestia’s back and slowly worked at the muscles of the upper back.

“You know where and how...” said Hestia with a small moan. “Very good, now make sure that you attend to my shoulders.”

Clara pushed with her fingertips and worked over the shoulders until she sensed that the muscles had relaxed before working her way down and softly pummeling the lower back again.

The massage continued while Hestia sighed. After a night of attending to her husband, she needed a soothing rubdown and closed her eyes to concentrate on Clara’s expert attentions.

“A little oil,” muttered Hestia.

There was a small pause and then the satisfying feeling of warm oil being poured into the small depression in the small of her back. Clara’s hands

smoothed the almond oil over the expanse of her mistress' back and slowly worked it in from neck to the gentle rise of buttocks.

"Are you in the mood, Mistress?" asked Clara quietly.

"You always get me in the mood."

More oil drizzled onto skin and the hands started to massage and explore the generous cleft. Fingers slipped deep and Hestia reflexively parted her thighs wide to allow her maid to intimately work on thighs and the delicate regions between.

Fingers smoothed over the clenched folds of her asshole. Never quite pushing inside, the fingers tweaked and pleased the skin before daring to smooth over the lips of a soft pussy. Each small ring embedded in those lips was twitched by Clara's fingertips and soothed from back to front with soft pressure that caused Hestia's juices to mingle with the sweet oil.

"Would Mistress like a little more?" asked Clara, well aware of the answer.

The only reply was a gentle 'mm' as the thighs opened wide, parting those gold studded lips and revealing the saturated inner lips of a needy sex.

Clara stroked the small folded hood and watched in satisfaction as the clitoris swelled. First just a peep of pink smooth skin and then it began to extend like a little cock as fingertips coaxed it from its hiding place.

Finger tips ran along the valleys of delicate flesh avoiding touching that clit before attending to it with soft pinches and rubs that caused it to swell to an inch of greedy swollen sex.

It was what made Hestia the perfect bitch that she was, reflected Clara. She was driven by sex. A need for more and more gratification, a sensitive pussy that had to be attended to because the pleasure had become an obsession, an addiction. Those that could satisfy that aristocratic body, those that learned to gratify her were those that rose high in her service and Clara was aiming high!

As she worked to tempt and tease, massage and pleasure, Hestia groaned with satisfaction. Small shudders wracked her thighs as each touch brought more pleasure. Clara played her mistress like a musical instrument. Tempting and satisfying, withdrawing and attending to the puckered ass before slipping a single finger into the yawning chasm and stroking the tiny straining cock that almost pulsed under the tips of her fingers.

“Kiss me, lick me...”

The need to control, to make the giver humble herself was too great. Hestia always needed more, always had to assert her dominance before she could finally shudder to climax.

Hands parted the mounds of her ass, opening it wide for attention. The oil gave a fragrant scent to the skin and lips touched her, kissing the pucker of her ass as the fingers once again explored thighs and pussy. The tip of a tongue pushed to open Hestia making her groan and shudder with gratification.

Clara tasted the oil, the sweat and the slick juices of the woman that she was bringing to a climax. Her tongue pushed deep, forcing its way into her mistress while she pinched and rubbed, finally bringing a ripe orgasm that forced a scream from Hestia.

Finally it was done.

Clara retreated from the intimacy of her French kiss and soothed the pale flesh, allowing a retreat from climax that brought sighs from Hestia. Her hands moved to the back again, the inner thighs and the swollen lips of the pussy that had opened like a bud that dripped dew over Clara’s hands.

“Of all, you know how to serve,” said Hestia. “I think that you are the right choice as chief maid! Don’t get full of yourself, Clara, I will be keeping an eye on your progress!”

“Yes Mistress,” said Clara with a feeling of relief that Hestia was happy with her service. “I am yours...”

“Of course you are, Clara. You belong to me and don’t forget it.”

It was clear that the brief moment of affection was over, Hestia was once again the mistress and Clara the maid.

“Now I will have that coffee, a fresh orange juice and a croissant toasted with honey. Pass me my key, get my breakfast, and then it is time to attend to Harold. He was unsatisfactory last night and needs a lesson to teach him to attend to my needs...”

Clara wiped her oiled hands on her pinafore and stood.

“Will you be needing anything else?” she asked.

“Just the black cane and ready my clothes.”

Clara walked to the door. There was a pride in her walk, after all, she had anticipated Hestia so well. She opened the door to find Lydia still standing to attention with the tray.

“Bring in the breakfast,” ordered Clara as she inspected the contents of the tray and picking up the black cane from the assortment leaning on the wall by the door.

Lydia bowed her head and followed Clara into the room to find that Hestia was already sitting-up and waiting. She placed the tray carefully on the bedside cabinet and stood to attention whilst Clara laid the slim cane on the bed by her mistress’ thigh.

“Get him out,” ordered Hestia, “and prepare him.”

Clara bent to the small gate on the side of the bed. Inside she could see Harold crouched fearfully awaiting his punishment. When the door opened, Clara crooked her finger and Harold crawled out of the cramped space where he

had spent the night. Naked but for the restraint that cruelly caged his cock he crawled out whilst Hestia sipped her coffee.

Lydia stood as still as she could and watched as Clara cuffed Hestia's husband's wrists and hooked the chain to a small hook that descended from the ceiling. A small tug on the chain caused it to slowly pull upward stretching the man's arms upward until he was on tiptoe. All the while, Hestia watched as she ate her breakfast.

Occasionally her eyes turned to Lydia, enjoying the fear that kept her rooted to the spot before inspecting her husband's stricken face.

"Five strokes, one for each climax that you failed to deliver," said Hestia in a flat tone. "Clara will administer..."

Clara nodded, her heart was in her mouth, because this was the first time that she had been commanded to punish Harold. Until now only Hestia herself or perhaps Lara was permitted to punish him or use him at all. This was clearly a sign of favour, a notice that she was progressing to become an authority in the household.

"Make sure that he knows that he has disappointed me!" said Hestia as she picked up the croissant.

Clara found that she could not speak, her voice failed her as she took the cane and bent it in two hands.

"Lydia will count, Clara will administer the reprimand and I shall decide when," said Hestia in her clipped tones.

Clara took up a position to the rear of the moaning man and swished the cane through the air to get the measure of its reach. She could see the inwardly metal spiked bars of the cage that enclosed his cock and wondered what it was like to be punished so fiercely every time that arousal beckoned. It was no wonder that Hestia's poor husband could not serve, the perforations of those spikes dotted the limp cock where he had last suffered an erection.



“First...” said Hestia as she reached for her coffee.

Clara swung the cane, it contacted the cheeks of his ass just above the place where Hestia’s brand had been placed. Harold cried out and hung for a moment before regaining his balance.

“One, Mistress,” said Lydia, wide eyed with the ferocity of the stroke.

“Second...”

The cane hummed through the air, scoring a line just next to the first stroke’s rising welt.

“Two.”

Hestia smiled as she watched her husband shudder and manage to stay on his toes. “I think that dear Harold needs a little stimulation,” she said. “Lydia... on your knees for him!”

Lydia looked at Hestia for permission and then walked to Harold. She carefully lowered to her knees and looked up at the stricken form who loomed over her. Her lace gloved hands reached out and she touched his balls. He flinched and looked down at the bare breasts of the woman who had been ordered to torment him and opened his mouth as if to speak, but no words came as a finger slipped through the bars of his cage to touch him.

Hestia smiled and made a small signal with her hand.

The cane whirred, there was the sound of braided leather thrashing skin. Lydia felt a tear from Harold splash her breasts and cupped his balls with her hand.

“You have forgotten!” said Hestia.

“Three,” said Lydia as she watched the reaction from Hestia’s husband.

His cock had started to swell, the foreskin pulled back to reveal the smooth tip and Lydia wondered if it was the pain or her touch that excited the broken man.

Another tear splashed down as Lydia watched the spikes that ran the inside length of the cage press into the engorging cock. There was something unreal about the dispassionate administration of the punishment. Less erotic than meticulous in its cruelty.

Lydia missed the next signal from Hestia, but she remembered to count as she viewed the viciousness at close quarters. The spikes bit, the cock swelled further and Lydia shuddered at the ruthlessness of her mistress' desire to enjoy this distress.

The final stroke of the cane was accompanied by a howl. Harold clearly knew that begging for leniency was not an option. Lydia concentrated on obeying the commands that she had been given. She counted the final stroke of the cane on Harold's thighs and watched in fascination as a small drop of clear liquid dripped from the eye of the stricken cock. Behind her she heard a moan, but dared not take her attention off the stricken man's prick.

Hestia's hand had slipped between her thighs as she reclaimed one of the climaxes that she had missed the previous evening. Clara stood with the tip of the can touching the soft carpet and watched with impassive eyes as Hestia climaxed with a small shudder and then relaxed.

"Now, what do you say?" asked Hestia of her husband.

"I'm sorry, Hestia. I will do better..."

"Better is not good enough," said Hestia. "You have a husband's duty to please me, let this be a lesson for you!"

Hestia swung her legs and stood. For a moment she regarded Lydia and then spoke to Clara.

“Punish her for not following my orders, leave Harold to reflect on his deficiencies. I shall take a shower, I have a morning tea to attend in an hour, make sure that Lara has everything ready. Dame Clare Woodward-Hillington will be attending and everything has to be perfect!”

Clara nodded acknowledgment as Hestia closed the bathroom door behind her. She had not been told what Lydia’s punishment was to be, so she would have to decide herself.

Being chief-maid had so many responsibilities!

## **Act Three: A Trap For The Curious.**

### **William the Conqueror.**

William's little flat in Enfield was his private place. All the money that he had been paid had been ploughed into creating a place that he could retreat to and indulge his deviant needs. It was a place where he often brought the men and women that he found in the bars in the West End. Meticulous with tasteful modern ornamentation and furniture, he loved to indulge himself between the jobs that he did for the aristocratic Hestia.

Men were so much casual about sex, they just needed to be fucked and then be on their way! A bit of bondage, a taste of the whip, a hole to be reamed and a cock to be sucked dry. It was so satisfying when he found a man who needed to be humiliated, forced and fucked. Men who were married, men who were cheating on their male partners, men who needed to be sissified before they were violated. William took them all in, discovered their aberrant fantasies and always pushed them beyond the limits that they had proscribed. The best was, that they passed through the lair of the predator and never dared to expose him, because the implicit blackmail of being exposed was always just a little greater than the prey's fear of disclosure.

Then there were the women that William played with. Married respectable women who could not help but fall for his charm. Women who thought that they lived in a bubble. Women that thought that an affair was just a casual fling and suddenly found themselves in a maelstrom of nightmare that could not be evaded.

Photos, film and threats always kept them nice and passive!

Occasionally William passed his victims to friends or Hestia, occasionally he pulled them into a nightmare of abuse that amused him. Mostly he fucked and discarded them as the mood took him. There were so many professional woman who needed subservient men and women to add spice to the fantasies of the men that they lived off. William knew so many of those professional dominatrices, twenty-four-seven women who lived lives of

pampered luxury, financed by men who had fallen into their relentless grip. Other times he allowed his victims to escape, leaving them to live in a state of fear that he would intrude into their tidy lives and destroy everything with swipe of his hand.

The man whom he had taken to his flat last night had been groomed for weeks. He had caught William's eye, who knew a subbie hubby when he saw one. A man whose fantasies stretched further than his desires! William had first met him in a bar in the City.

A married man who finished every working day with too many drinks, ogling the smartly dressed women who passed through. Thinking of affairs and sex, obsessed by the possibilities without ever being able to step to the mark. Somehow, using an inner instinct, William had known immediately that the man was a victim waiting to be plucked and fucked. He approached one evening and slid into the man's mind.

Together they had discussed the merits of three girls in the bar. The conversation had turned to sex, sex and pleasure, and William had recognised that the man was desperate to initiate an affair. His problem was that he dared not approach any of the women, not shyness, but the fear of being exposed...

The second time had brought the matter forward for William. It had revealed a streak of experimentation in the man, a need for a partner who was only interested in sex, a need for a partner who would not be hung on convention, he had a need to be dominated by illicit partner.

It was at the third meeting that the 'mark', John, had revealed past experiences in his teenage years with a male friend that led to the suggestion that William could show him what he had missed the first time around. Predation was natural for William, he was patient, because men like John were such a rarity, such rare gems.

After the fourth meeting, John found himself being tempted by this plausible young man. Tempted to taste an experience that promised to gratify even if was uncertain.

Three hours after climbing into William's car, John was fettered to William's bed while the man who had tempted him took photos of him wearing stockings and high heels while his erection towered over his shaved thighs. After the photo session had come to an end, William administered a slow climax that humiliated and distressed his prey. A machine that sucked and milked John as William filmed the experience, enjoying the degradation and humiliation of a man who could not fight against the impassionate machine that drained him dry.

"John Winterton," said William as he leafed through the wallet of the man who was struggling to resist a second climax. "Twenty seven Dealton Road, St. Albans. A pretty wife if the photo is recent! I'm sure that she'll be shocked to see what her husband has been up to..."

William glanced over at the bed and smiled.

"I'll bet that she will not be happy when she sees your little performance on the Internet," continued William. "Most wives do not appreciate their husband's having an affair!"

"Please, don't do this," moaned John. "Please..."

"Why ever not?"

"I have children, please, please..."

"I might not if you are a good little boy," said William. "I think that it's about time that you came again for me. You are such a slut, John. You love being milked, the machine can do this for hours. As for your pleading, it all depends!"

The struggling man on the bed succumbed to the machine a second time in the cold light of the camera's glare and William reached over and switched the machine off.

The man's face flushed, "depends on what?"

“If you want to continue our little acquaintance or not, of course! I invited you for a little fun and so far you have had all of the pleasure of our acquaintance... There is someone that I think that you would enjoy meeting! My cock wants to make friends with you!”

John groaned as he watched William stroke his rigid cock and knew that he might never escape the man who had coaxed him to go to his apartment.

There was no escape possible.

He was fucked.

## **John Lackland.**

A month.

It was always a month before William made his move. It was so piquant, allowing the terror and fear to subside, allowing normality to assert itself and leave the victim with a belief that he or she had escaped the man who held their life in his hands. Occasionally, rarely, the victim would find that they were brought before Hestia. Other times, William would abuse them himself or pass them to a friend then again, sometimes they never heard of him again.

John's phone signalled an incoming mail, but he was just too busy to check on it. The memory of his violation had passed, he was resilient. For a week he had feared that William would contact him again, that the man would blackmail him for money or that some friend would show him a collection of perverted porn that revealed what had happened. Two weeks later, John had convinced himself that William had just taken the pictures to protect himself as life continued with its normal rhythm. The memory dwindled and John promised himself that he would never stray again! He never went into any bars in the City, he kept a lookout for his tormentor and he patrolled the seedier side of the Internet, looking for pictures of himself without success.

He had so much to lose, his wife, his family, the public disgrace, his high flying career!

John put it behind him, he put it down to experience...

The header on the mail was simple, a typical spam headline. 'Internet Porn'. If John had not ever met William he would have deleted the mail without another thought. As it was, his heart thumped as he opened the mail to find an address, date and time and knew that the spectre of a month ago had come to haunt him.

He checked the address, to find that it was not in any way notable. A three story Georgian house in Swiss Cottage, a place that seemed to have no connection with the man who had violated him. In a week he would be there, he knew that there was no choice in the matter.

There were no choices available.

He mentally noted the information and deleted the mail.

The next day, John was standing in Swiss Cottage. Forlorn and tense, he observed the bright green door and wondered what was behind it. He considered going to William's apartment to have it out with him, but he knew that short of murder, nothing would stop that man from humiliating him. He considered the ramifications of not attending his appointment and decided that that was not an option either.

He returned to his work, took the lift to the top floor, greeted the other directors as though he had nothing on his mind and retreated into his office with a queasy feeling in his belly.

He was caught in a trap with no way out, but to hope that he could talk his way out of whatever awaited him in the house with the green door!

The week passed in a haze of anxiety.



His wife noticed his mood and asked if work was getting on top of him, his colleagues noticed his preoccupation and assumed that he was having trouble in his marriage and all the while, John found that he could not breathe, could not eat and sleep became a rare snatched moment of nightmare.

## **The Virgin Queen.**

“He’d better turn up, William,” said Elisabeth. “I have booked everything...”

“He’ll be there,” laughed William. “Yesterday poor little John was outside your door watching and scared of what he might find inside!”

“Just because he checked the address does not mean that he will be here on time,” she said. “Its cost a fortune to set this up and I just don’t want to lose one of my best customers because I don’t have a slave ready! It’s important to them, because he’s special...””

William leaned back and grinned. There was something so strong about the young woman who sat opposite him. Something almost overwhelmingly sexual about every word that she said and every small movement that she allowed herself.

*‘That’s it,’ he decided, ‘Elisabeth is so under control of herself... even when she is concerned, she is a goddess.’*

No wonder that she was one of the most sought after of all the dominatrices in London! A haze of red hair, an hourglass figure and a taste in clothes that made her seem to be the very image of a successful business woman. Expensive and exclusive, she pandered to those to whom money was no object. And, under the respectable and attractive exterior, a ruthless operator, a woman who had no limits, a woman who *knew* that she was superior. Elisabeth lived in pampered luxury, surrounded by her male and female devotees who supplied every need at the flutter of her manicured fingers.

“He’ll be there,” asserted William. “He is perfect because he is so vulnerable and helpless, in fact I would go so far as to say that this one is the ideal submissive.”

“I thought that you said that he was gay... Are you sure that he will be suitable for this scene?”

“He thought that he might be, but I think I cured him of that fantasy!”

“Men! Even though I believe that I know where every switch is, they always have more vulnerabilities than a woman thinks,” she said with a laugh. “How can a man not know himself?”

“Some do and some don’t,” said William. “Some are undecided or just curious... I know exactly what I am.”

“You are a *little* exceptional, William! Well, at any rate, I’ve never had cause for complaint for any person that you sent, so I’ll just have to take your word for it.”

William watched Elisabeth pick up her cup and admired that she had every tiny movement under control. Even the way that she sat was a lesson in manners! One shapely leg crossed over the other, the shoe dangling from the toes, the hem showing just the right amount of thigh to be attractive without being overt. A touch of décolletage, make-up that was strong, but in balance and stockings that ruffled just enough to show that she was not wearing pantyhose.

“So who is the client?” said William slyly.

“You know that I’ll never tell, let’s just say that it’s a pair of women who need to let a little steam off now and again. My favourites, because there are so few women who need the service that I can provide, but they are lovers.”

“That’s why you are worried that he’s gay?”

“Of course.”

“All I need are the details then,” said Elisabeth.

“It’s all here,” said William as he passed a note to her elegant hand. “Pay to the usual account!”

“As we agreed?”

“As we agreed!”

Elisabeth opened the paper and a small smile crossed her lips for a moment.

“What is it?” asked William.

“Oh, nothing, but this *will* be fun...” she said as she folded the slip and tucked it into her clutch bag.

## **Act Four: The Green Door Opens.**

### **Victoria.**

Tension, craving, apprehension and indulgence. Four conflicting emotions that fluttered in Victoria's breast as she looked out of the window over London.

Tonight was the night!

She moved her hand to brace herself against the glass as, for a moment, she felt herself falling twenty stories. The illusion made her smile, how just a mere pane of glass held her fall. The height was exhilarating, or was it the knowledge that tonight she would be in yet another one of Elisabeth's delicious scenes?

A knock at the door brought her from her delectable reverie and she turned to see the door open. Her personal assistant with a folder of the statistics that she had requested stood in the door.

"Just put them on my desk, Emilia," she said with a small wave of the hand.

"Are you thinking about tonight?" asked the prim middle-aged woman.

"Of course I am, darling! It's been too long."

"Just a couple of weeks, actually," said Emilia as she dropped the heavy file on the desk. "I'm looking forward to it as well..."

"We'll meet up in at seven and go on from there," said Victoria. "I've arranged for a whole day..."

"What? Tomorrow as well?"

"No. We start tonight and go through to the next morning."

“You are a glutton,” laughed Emilia. “What’s it going to cost, do you ever think about the expense?”

“Oh, never mind about that, Emilia. Call this a celebration of the end of year bonus if you like. I just really wanted to push the boat out.”

“So, what’s Mistress Elisabeth planning for us?”

“Something special, she said, otherwise she wouldn’t say!”

Emilia planted a small kiss on Victoria’s cheek and said, “I do love our little games, darling, but I would love you even if we didn’t play them!”

“I know that, but I just cannot resist...”

“It’s becoming an obsession, Victoria.”

“For both of us! You just love the whip in your hand.”

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John finished work. He felt as though he had a stone buried in his belly. A terrible tension that filled him with a fear that he could not avoid. There was no escape from his terrible predicament and tried to think of a plan, a scheme that would allow him to elude the man that had violated him. The streets were full of hurrying people oblivious to his distress as he moved towards his doom.

Finally, John stood before the green door. It looked like any other door, but behind it was his fate. Would they order him to pay them? What did they want? Why were they doing this to him?

He raised the knocker and let it drop.

The door opened to reveal a large hallway and a young woman. Smartly dressed, a fur stole on her shoulders, a short whip dangled from her wrist.

"You are early. Come in..."

He stepped into the hallway and the door swung to behind him.

"Why am I here?" asked John.

"Because I need you and have bought you for my use," said the woman.

"Bought me?"

"In a sense... follow me."

She walked with a slight sway of the hips, leading him up the stairs, deep into the house.

"Is it money you want? Are you blackmailing me?"

"Yes and yes," she answered.

As she climbed the stairs he admired the perfect legs, the straight seams of her stockings and the delicate high heeled sandals that she wore. John felt as though he was in a dream, a perfect nightmare that had no end. He was falling as he climbed the stairs, falling with no hope of ever reaching the bottom of the abyss.

At the top of the stairs, the woman turned to face him and said; "I am Mistress Elisabeth, this is my domain. No matter what happens, you will obey my wishes or the worst *will* happen. Do you understand?"

John nodded.

"When I pay, will that free me?"

"You will pay nothing here, you will simply *do*. I have bought your contract from William, but I am sure that you will be glad not to be forever at his beck and call unless he loses interest in you. That's the reality that you live in now.

Obey me and you might just be able to live a double life until I find another victim, fight me and I will destroy you with a swipe of my hand.”

She reached out and opened a door.

“It is time for you to prepare for me. Dress in the things that you will find in the box in this room and then wait for me to return. There are no locks, but if you leave or do not obey, I shall ask William to annihilate you.”

She had an air of invincibility, a certainty that he would obey that gave him a prickling that it would be better to run, take the risk and challenge his tormentor to do her worst. She was beautiful, but her face was a mask that did not reveal any emotion.

“Is William here?”

“No.”

John shrugged and stepped into the room and the door closed behind him with finality.

The room was plain, a simple steel-framed bed, a metal toilet and sink in the corner, bars on the windows and a flat cardboard carton on the floor. No key turned in the lock, even though the room was like a cell and he stood in the centre of the room trying to decide what was happening to him. The tension in him had not faded.

He waited a minute and then carefully tested the door.

It was unlocked.

He opened it an inch to make sure and then slowly closed it again. He could not understand, because this did not fit any of the pre-conceived ideas that had been in his fevered mind. John had expected an assault, a demand for money, a laughing blackmailer who taunted him and made arrangements for payments.

He looked around the cell and wondered how long this would take. Hours, minutes? He could not guess. Of course he had told his wife that he might be very late because of a meeting...

The box beckoned and he opened it to find no clothes. A large collar, a bracelet and that was all. For a minute he held the collar in his hands. The impulse to run was almost overwhelming and he had to sit on the thin mattress to stop his compulsion to run from overwhelming him. He found that his legs were shaking and his hands shook as he looked at the collar and realised that he was being played with.

John undressed.

It took him half an hour to undress. Carefully he folded his clothes and laid them in a corner on his shoes. Time seemed to stretch as he opened the collar and inspected the catch that would close it. There was no visible lock, no keyhole and no way to undo it once it was on.

The sound of voices, muffled by the door came through to him. Women's voices, a bit of laughter, heels on the stairs. He clicked the collar on and felt its weight on his neck. His fingers sought the join, but the fit was almost perfect.

An erection started to swell and he looked at the bracelet.

The women seemed to be chatting outside his door. Were they about to enter?

In a panic he tried to put the bracelet on his wrist, but it was far too small. It would have fitted a tiny child's wrist, but his was far too large! It fitted in the same way as the collar, a small catch of steel that would lock when it was closed.

Laughter prompted him, it terrified him and he wondered what he was supposed to do with the bracelet. John looked down at his erection, and wondered if that was the intended place. He heard the handle move and he realised at last where the device was intended to go.



As the door opened he fumbled between his thighs and clicked it closed around his balls. The ring snapped shut and the door opened. His erection swelled and he knew that this was no ordinary blackmail, this was abuse.

The woman who had placed him in his room pushed her head around the door and smiled.

“Stand up,” she ordered.

John stood.

“Good,” she said. “You will stand and wait until we are ready.”

She looked down at his erection and smiled.

“Hands by your sides, stand still and wait...”

Before he could reply, the door closed and John was left to wonder at his fate. He held himself rigid and looked down at his straining cock. Then he looked around the room again. Outside the sun was sinking and the room was darkening. A small red light flickered on in a far upper corner of the room and he knew that he was being watched, filmed. Ever more material to blackmail him with was being accumulated!

He waited.

His leg began to twitch and his erection died.

The weight of collar and ring seemed almost unbearable.

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There were four people in the room.

Elisabeth sat in state, as she always did. Right leg crossed over the left, a cigarette in her hand from which a fluttering strand of smoke rose to break

and fade. She looked at ease with her position as the conductor of ceremonies, a perfect fit in the Victorian-style drawing room facing the two women who were both customers and friends. Victoria, tense with expectation, and Emilia, sat on the sofa opposite their hostess, enjoying this moment before the fantasy was realised.

In the far corner, facing the wall, stood a solitary figure. A man dressed in a smooth black integument of latex, ankles chained and restricted in high ballet boots, arms pinned painfully high up his back. He was the only sign that this pleasant afternoon tea was a prequel to something deviant and debauched. He had paid heavily for his service, a price in cash and abuse at the hands of Elisabeth.

Victoria cast a glance at the figure who paid to suffer and wondered if she was really no different to him in Elisabeth's eyes. After all, she too was paying to be entertained, she too tidily tucked her corruptions into occasional visits to the house with the green door, no differently than him! Elisabeth seemed a friend, a companion in explorations along paths less travelled, but if the fee was not paid, she would be in the street with a sense of longing. The thought brought her to wondering why she craved this outlet. Was it that she had to have a time when every small detail was in her power? Moments when she had to prove her might by forcing others to her will?

Perhaps...

The three women ignored the silent servitor and discussed minor matters that were of interest before Victoria moved the subject of conversation to the reason that the three were gathered there.

"You are so coy," said Victoria to Elisabeth. "Normally the whole menu is laid on the table and then served with a flourish. This time, you have not even hinted at the scene except to raise my expectations by declaring that you have arranged something particularly delectable!"

Elisabeth sipped at her cigarette and blew a stream of smoke upward before answering.

“Ah, so you are impatient?”

“Not so much impatient as captivated by your bashfulness.”

“Well, part of the reason was because I could not be certain that my scheme would bear fruit. It would have been so disappointing if I could not deliver on my promise. That’s why I took *him* on...”

Without looking back at the man who stood silent, Elisabeth indicated him with a small motion of the hand.

“I do not normally allow my clients to combine, but I felt that I had to have a reserve for your use if needs be.”

“So, what have you got for us, then?” asked Emilia. “What could be better than a man so helpless that he pays to be punished?”

“A man who is genuinely unwilling?” asked Elisabeth with a sly smile. “Normally I would be unable to deliver such a thing, but just recently a contact of mine happened to mention that an ideal candidate was available!”

Victoria leaned forward a little and asked, “Isn’t there a risk?”

“In my world there is always a risk,” said Elisabeth with a small laugh. “In this case, however, I think that it is worth exploring something that I can rarely offer. A man who is both supremely unwilling and yet has so much to lose by exposure that he is truly trapped.”

“Blackmail?”

“Of course, my dear,” said Elisabeth as she delicately drew at the smouldering cigarette. “In matter of fact it is so delicious that I may join you in your games!”

Victoria nodded with appreciation. Elisabeth was a woman who had long passed the point where she took part in the scenes that she created.

“There’s something else, isn’t there?” asked Emilia. “Something that you’re still not telling us...”

“Very perceptive, Emilia. Of course this is the first time that I have managed to create the perfect victim. A man who detests the circumstances and compliments his users so impeccably.”

Victoria smiled and nodded.

“It’s someone that we know?” she asked.

“Ah, yes. The curtain opens for the performance and suddenly the onlookers realise that they are in the play as actors as well as the paying audience!”

“But, that means that he will recognise us...” said Victoria. “It will lay us at risk of being identified!”

“My dear Victoria,” began Elisabeth. “That would be true of any place but here. Here you can be masked, invulnerable and secure with a secret that gives you real dominance. You will know all his secrets, drain him of his life and all the while he will never know even the slightest hint of your identity. If you like, or perhaps you can take advantage? That is what makes this such a delight!”

“I’m not sure...” began Victoria.

“Don’t be silly, Victoria! This is perfect! Especially when the moment of revelation arrives.”

“What can we do with him?” asked Emilia. “Normally, at this point, you give us a list of the restrictions, the boundaries of the scene. The rules of the game.”

“There are no boundaries, no restrictions and no limits, that’s what makes this so perfect,” laughed Elisabeth as she stubbed out her cigarette. “This is just the first little taste of a lifetime experience. I think that this scene will last for ever...”

Victoria exhaled and glanced again at the silent black figure in the corner. He was a man that had willingly entered through the green door, a man that had limited his experiences. It seemed a giant step to move beyond that.

“I would not have thought that you would have hesitated, my dear Elisabeth,” said Victoria. “If I say that all is arranged and that all contingencies have been weighed, then that is fact! However, I can understand your reservations. You come from a world unlike mine. A place where morals and principles reign, whilst I live in a bubble of supreme authority.”

### **The Female Principal.**

“In the twisted world of men, the cock pierces the cunt, it penetrates and takes its pleasure from submission, from rape. It stabs home pinning the woman down, making her a mere receptacle for his need.”

Elisabeth smiled and leaned forward to emphasise her beliefs as she gestured with her hand

“In the world of women, the universe of the female principal, true domination is when the man is lured to be swallowed by a woman’s body. She surrounds and enfolds him, she milks him and uses him to satisfy herself without a care for his incidental need. It is the woman who determines how and when the man is allowed to pleasure himself and his need, his power is subverted to become an obsession that binds him to obedience. What I am offering you, Victoria, is the chance to step into my world. You are on the brink of discovering that there really are no limits and rules when you use the man’s need against himself.”

Elisabeth cast a glance over her shoulder at the man who was only partially in her world and a small sneer crossed her features before she turned back to continue.

“Look at that man-slut! He came here with a fist full money and a list of borders and boundaries just a short month ago. Day by day I have pulled him

into my world. I have crossed each and every one of his limits and pushed them to a point where, this time when he arrived, he just begged me to push him further. If I will it he would even abandon all of the outside life that he has experienced so far and become my property.”

The man moved slightly.

It allowed Victoria to see that the speech that Elisabeth was giving was having an effect on him. His cock had risen erect, pointing upward and ready for attention, proof of the ascendancy that Elisabeth had gained over him.

“I could take him in, isolate and punish him, make him beg to drink from me and degrade him utterly if I was of a mind to do so. But, I have an intimate slave already, so he will just have to stumble into the light of the real world tomorrow morning and spend all of his time hoping that one day I might choose to make him mine. I have turned his power to fixation and his urge to fuck to a regime of chastity and false hope. He is mine!”

The man trembled and took a small step towards the wall in his craving.

Elisabeth turned back to her guests, but her words were for the smooth manikin that she manipulated.

“If he touches the wall with that cock he will slime himself,” she said with a smile. “The punishment given will be to brand him with my mark! Poor little dolly will be destroyed, his wife will leave, his family will shun him, his job and life’ll be ruined, and yet he is *almost* ready to give all of that up. This time he will resist because he is not *quite* ready, next time... who knows?”

The man shuddered at her words and managed to control his urge to rub against the wall. For a moment he tottered on his heels as the crisis passed and then he was still again, his prick shuddering and gleaming at the straining tip with a single drop of clear liquid.

“Just a month ago he told me that latex was not his ‘thing’. That being punished with a cane would be too much and that his only need was to kiss my feet and be allowed to wank as he did so. This morning he dressed

himself in that tight suit, he suffered a caning and counted the strokes as he begged for more. Then he begged to be permitted to be chaste for another month. All he has done since his punishment is stand in the corner as I directed and hope that I will deign to speak to him!"

## **Revelation.**

Elisabeth lit another cigarette.

"I envy you," said Victoria.

"Don't! Emulate me..." said Victoria. "Live the moment, exploit your advantages, make men suffer and fear you, join my world!"

"I shall try!"

Emilia breathed out and felt a shudder course through her. The love of her life, the woman that she treasured had stopped on her road to Damascus. If she wanted to continue to be a part of Victoria's life, she too would have to pause and then join her. The choice was clear to her! She heard the words, she understood how Elisabeth had twisted that man to her will. Now, she felt a kinship with him as she, herself, was pulled down a path of obsession and worship.

She made her decision, she could not help herself.

"I love you," she said to Victoria.

Victoria turned to her lover and blew her a small reassuring kiss. Secretary, lover and follower, Emilie was to be pulled in her wake. *That was the way it should be!*

"You have convinced me," she said to Elisabeth.

Elisabeth reached down and took a television remote from the occasional table. Before she used it, she said, "So, *now* you are ready for this..."

The huge screen on the wall flickered into life, exposing a scene that made Victoria's heart almost stop. A man stood rigid to attention, facing the lens of the camera. His arms were tightly to his side, a steel collar on his neck and a rigid cock that throbbed to his heart beat. But, it was not the collar or the thrusting prick that made Victoria gasp. It was the fact that she knew the man so well. A man who she met every day with deference and respect. A man who lorded over her work, a man whom she had to satisfy with careful words, lengthy reports and deference that irked her. He was the man that had denied her a well-earned raise, halved her bonuses with a wave of his hand and ruled his office domain with casual malice.

It was Emilia that broke the silence, "I can't believe that this is happening!"

"He's yours to play with, ladies," said Elisabeth with pride in her voice. "I knew that you'd like my little surprise."

Victoria's hands clenched to fists for a moment and then she sat back on the sofa.

"Anything?" she asked.

"Of course, darling!"

"I would have paid ten times the price!"

"He is yours for nothing, Victoria. I have not cashed the cheque and I never will. I am doing this for you, as a gift. Friends do not pay my bills!"

"I don't know where to start," said Victoria at last. "Every time before was just a game, a playtime, an entertainment. This changes everything!"

"I'm glad that you see that, Victoria," said Elisabeth as she turned off the television. "Today you will play, tonight you will enjoy and the day after you will see the possibilities open because you will hold him in the palm of your hand. The 'female principal', the cock swallowed and dominated!"



## **Daytime Dress.**

John heard the female voices outside the door. He heard the click as the handle moved, he heard the swish of the door open and he dared not move. The light of the camera was steady, it took all of his attention. There was a click of heels on the marble hallway floor and then silence as the stilettos passed to the carpet of the cell. A finger traced the line of his back, he could feel the nail scratch from neck to ass and then the woman that had placed him in the room came into view to inspect him.

Dressed in a flowery silken dress and high-heeled sandals she looked like a glamorous housewife. In her hand was a cigarette that was so close to his skin that the curl of smoke flattened and twisted to his face.

“You have been a good boy so far, John. Now all you have to do is get through a small entertainment that we have arranged for ourselves and then you can go home to your loving wife,” said Elisabeth with a smile. “Are you ready to amuse us?”

“Yes, Miss.”

It seemed so right to call this perfect woman ‘Miss’ that the word just came to his lips without a thought.

“Miss Elisabeth,” she answered. “Follow...”

John turned on the spot and found that he was facing two other women. One was tall and slim, wearing jeans and a T shirt with nipples pushing through the thin cotton. A tight mask covered her face, leaving just bright scarlet lips and mascaraed eyes that looked through him with almost contempt. The other was older, outsized and also masked. Her soft breasts almost tumbled from the corset that she wore, her white skin pressed out at her hips where wide straps held her fishnet stockings in place.

The woman in jeans reached out and touched his straining cock for a moment and her lips pouted.

They led him out of the cell and down the stairs. Elisabeth led, while the other two women followed John. No word was spoken, John found that he had nothing to say despite the fact that a million questions and worries surged through his mind.

They led him down into the depths of the house, a place where bright light left no shadows and no sound would ever escape. Through a barred gate that closed with a clang. The length of a corridor that was unadorned and finally into a room, the bizarre parody of a bedroom that smelled of fear and lust.

A bed, the size of which was beyond all naming conventions. Black wallpaper with photos and drawings of men who were but slaves and racks of canes, whips and leather paraphernalia. Just two other pieces of furniture stood menacingly obvious. A waist height cage whose top was a padded seat and a screen by the door. John looked at Elisabeth, for direction, but she simply pointed at the floor where he should stand.

John stood as she had trained him. Hands by his sides, feet together and straight as a pole.

"This evening our toy will amuse us," said Elisabeth. "Our task now is to prepare him for the show!"

He watched as Elisabeth moved to the bed and undid a catch. The side folded down to reveal drawers and cupboards.

"Select something nice for him to wear, dears," she said as she pulled a drawer open.

Even though the two masked women did not speak, they both exclaimed as they opened all of the drawers and started to inspect Elisabeth's collection. Shoes and boots were arranged on the floor. Items of clothing in latex, leather, spandex and metal were placed on the bed in groups whilst Elisabeth commented.

"It's your choice, of course," she said. "I recommend something like this..."

She pulled a pair of boots out and laid them on the floor.

“These are perfect and will fit nice and tightly,” she said. “Otherwise you have to decide if you want a nice little rubber dolly or a pretty little girl! Or perhaps, something in between to fuck!”

John stood and watched with a sinking feeling as the two women sorted through all of the fetishistic clothing with signs of excitement. It seemed that they had decided on a process of elimination, examining each item and replacing it in the drawers if they deemed it not to be suitable.

Gradually a pattern emerged and it was clear that the desired suit would be both restrictive, tight and feminine. He wondered if he dared speak, if it was still possible to escape this nightmare, but he knew that he had already surrendered at the moment that he had knocked on the green door to this suburban hell. His idea of hoping that Miss Elisabeth would be satisfied with a single night and that William would lose interest, was fading.

How could he know that he had been sold like merchandise? That the man who had humiliated him and then blackmailed him had passed him to a place where his whole life would be pulled apart? That the woman who now owned him had a philosophy that was cruelty beyond his wildest nightmare?

They dressed him like a dolly.

They played and teased him as they did so.

They laughed at his straining cock and the ring that clasped his balls.

Tight fitting latex leggings. From ankle to waist, they smoothed the hairy legs, shaped his thighs and moulded his calves leaving his straining cock to stand exposed through the cut-away that also exposed his moulded ass. Boots that clasped his legs to his knees that would only allow him to totter if he was allowed the freedom to walk. A corset pulled tight, cinching his waist, gripping his torso to make his hips swell and bulge. A short skirt underplayed with lace that stood horizontal from his waist like a ballet

dancer. A hood that zipped tight over his head leaving just mouth and nostrils free while the eyes were nothing but smooth latex concavities. Finally fetters that pulled his arms behind him, straining the joints until his fingers were touching the collar.

John staggered, hands came to support him and led him to a ring on the wall where he was locked to wait once again in silent terror.

Elisabeth and Emilia left the room to leave Victoria to enjoy a few moments with the victim that she had been given.

Victoria inspected the form that was pinned like a fly to the wall. That she could not speak without revealing herself irked her, made her angry that there was a restriction in her enjoyment of the stricken man. She slapped at the exposed ass and then ran her hands over corset, latex and the lacing that held her victim tight before she wandered around the room inspecting the photos and paintings that adorned the walls.

There were so many ideas, so many piquant possibilities...

At last she offered up one more sharp slap and followed the two other women. In the private darkness of his confinement, John discovered that the waiting was as terrifying as the abuse. His thoughts flitted over his predicament and turned inward to self-pity as he began to weep whilst the malicious women planned his downfall.

## **Night-time Use.**

The clack of heels on the floor brought him back. The two hours had seemed endless. His feet pained him, cramped in the tight boots and his arms felt numb with the strain of their unnatural position. Inside the tight mask his world was confined to the hard constriction of the clothes and the sound of his own breathing. The sharp sound of those heels was both a relief and an awakening of dread.

He heard the voice of Elisabeth, "Look at his little cock, I think that he's glad to see us."

A hand slapped his cock from side to side, making him yelp in shock. He staggered and almost fell as two hands supported him and two others slipped the length of his prick and fondled his balls and the ring that weighed them down. Then they led him to the bed, one small push sufficing for him to fall on his front onto the soft sheets. The helplessness overwhelmed him and he could not help crying out in alarm.

"Please, please," was all he managed to say before his face was buried in the coverlet.

John heard the sound of giggling and a rattle before Elisabeth spoke again.

"First a small lesson in obedience," she said. "Here take this..."

The first touch of the cane on the smooth skin of his ass made him scream with shock more than the pain that it triggered. The second cut was much harder as if the hand wielding the cane was punishing him for that cry. John could feel his cock between his corset and the covers, a rough sensation that excited and appalled him.

"Ten kisses of the cane and then we can start," said Elisabeth.

"Only ten?"

John heard the second voice muffled by the hood and then cried out again as the third stroke of the cane made his thighs tremble in reaction. His whole world was filled with the agony of the caning. It wrenched his numb arms, made his legs thrash in the excruciatingly tight boots and rasped the corset on his tender cock.

Stroke after stroke of the cane bit into him, each one seeming worse than the next until at last it was over. There was more giggling from the women who tormented him and then he was rolled over onto his front with a groan as the tender welts touched the silk of the bed.

A hand slapped his face and then he felt the bed underneath him move as someone climbed on to the bed. Victoria mounted the smooth face as Emilia aimed a light slap at the exposed balls. Thighs closed around his head, weight pressed down on him and John felt a small wriggle as she settled and lowered on to his lips.

He could almost savour the smell of her cunt and then the overpowering taste of her as her lips closed to his and filled his mouth with the taste of her excitement. For a moment she slid as if to find the choicest place and then he knew what he had to do if he was to be permitted to breathe again.

His tongue moved, slipping over the oiled smoothness of her sex. It probed and reached to please the woman who ground herself against his mouth and then lifted a little to allow him to breathe the soft bouquet of pure lust.

A second woman mounted him, facing the first, settling on his torso, pressing him deep into the bed as he struggled to please the cunt that had become his world.

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Elisabeth watched Victoria and Emilia start to play with their new toy and smiled in pleasure before she moved to sit on the top of the cage to enjoy the show. It was rare that she took part in the scenes that she arranged, but somehow just watching the action on the television upstairs was not enough.

Victoria gasped and rocked a little, before pushing down again as Emilia leaned forward to kiss her. Both women had chosen to wear light summer dresses that contrasted with the pink and black of the cramped man who served them. Only the frills of the pink dress, the straining prick and encased legs were in sight under the loose silk.

Emilia tenderly touched Victoria's breasts with one hand through the silk of her dress and leaned forward to kiss her again. Her other hand slid down, disappearing under that frock as Victoria gasped with an unrestrained moan. The hand beckoned, Victoria raised for a moment and slid forward.

John felt the shift, gasped and then the pussy which he had been pleasuring slid from the reach of his mouth. Another hole presented itself for his attention. A puckered clench of flesh that settled over his lips looking for satisfaction.

The weight of the two women pressed hard on him, wrenching his shoulders, as he probed the ass hole. He felt a shudder in the thighs that gripped him, a relaxation of the opening and he kissed the orifice that had become his world.

Elisabeth watched with mounting excitement as Emilia's probing hand found its objective under her partner's dress. Shudders wracked Victoria as Emilia kissed her open lips and slipped her tongue between the perfect teeth.

"I love you, darling," said Emilia as she played with her lover.

Victoria moved a little and gasped and a climax took her. The touch of those gifted fingers, the helpless man that pressed his tongue into her ass. That was already enough, but she could see Elisabeth watching and smiling as her legs opened and she slid her fingers through the lips of her pussy and that sight pushed her over the edge again.

It was over, the climax to end all climaxes. Her breath came in sobs and gasps, but still the stricken slave under her ass kissed and probed her and the finger of her lover twisted inside her. She sat shivering with the intensity of the fuck until at last she lifted to hear a gasp as John drew the air that had been denied him.

"It's your turn, darling" she whispered to Emilia.

The finger retreated slowly as the two women changed places. As Victoria moved to stand by the bed she touched the straining cock and then could not help looking back at Elisabeth.

The woman who sat on the cage had lit a cigarette, her face was flushed with climax and her lips were apart with a small bloom of dense smoke curling

from her red lips. Elisabeth made a small motion with two opened fingers and Victoria nodded in agreement.

It was time to play out her lover's fantasy...

Emilia flicked the back of her dress and settled on the eyeless face below her. The cheeks of her wide ass parted and then lowered to enclose John's mouth. As she did so, Victoria tied the ankles of the man trapped under that wide ass and pulled his helpless legs back and wide with ankles tied to the bed posts. His exposed balls and cock were too tempting not to abuse as they were pulled towards the corpulent woman who already had the lips of her captive pressed against her sensitive anus.

Emilia gasped and took the offered cock. Her sharp nails closed on the rigid shaft while her other hand sought her needy sex.

"Punish him," gasped Emilia.

Closed in his world of flesh to serve, John felt lightheaded as he strove to please the relaxed orifice for permission to breathe. He pushed deep in and felt her rock against him, forcing him deeper. She lifted for a moment and then pressed all of her weight against him.

## **Zipless Fuck.**

The crop hissed through the air to kiss the soft skin of his behind with a slap.

He thrashed in his agony, his head swirled with the lack of air, his body moved in reflex, sharp nails bit into the hardness of his cock as he tasted and savoured the depths of Emilia.

Her whole body quaked as she watched her lover hold the tip of the crop in one hand, bend it into a curve and release to strike once more at the man who was pinned by her weight. One hand slithered through her pussy, the other punished his shaft dug her nails into the hardness. Scratching, gouging as she climaxed.



For a moment Emilia lifted and then ground down on the face that was worshipping her ass. Every touch of his tongue brought her closer until she cried out and felt him pierce her ass in desperation.

A last hiss of the cane came after the peak, Emilia's fingers slid inside herself and she experienced a sensation of utter dominance that was almost a revelation. Emilia had finally discovered the fulfilment that comes from using a man as a tool for her own pleasure.

She lifted a little to hear John gasp as he caught his breath before she settled to enjoy his attentions while she came down from the heights that she had reached.

"Oh God, that was so good," said Emily with a sigh. "So fucking good..."

"The best moment is when the realisation comes," said Elisabeth as she drew on her cigarette, "that it's not the actual sex, it's the power that satisfies! A man's cock is not a strength, it's a weakness to be used against him!"

Victoria bent the crop in her hands and looked down at the wine coloured welts that criss-crossed the lily-white skin.

"He's never going to explain this away," she said with a small smile.

Elisabeth laughed, "Poor little hubby will have to hide it from his wife! Avoid her in bed for weeks, it's perfect, because chastity is the best way of controlling him!"

Emilia resettled a little, allowing her victim a momentary gasp of air. Her hand slipped from his cock, a single drop of blood hanging from the nail of her little finger.

"When do we reveal?" she asked. "I can't wait to watch his face when he realises who it is that is fucking him!"

“How about now?” said Victoria. “I have another little idea to make it all the more unbearable for him.”

“As you like...” commented Elisabeth. “It really makes no difference. There is no way that he can escape his fate now...”

Emilia lifted her leg and dismounted from her sex-toy. Liquor dripped from her, making the matt latex seem oiled, revealing the lips and tongue that had been buried deep in her behind. As she slid from the bed she raised a finger to her lips and shrugged a query at her lover.

Victoria responded by pointing at where she had tied John’s ankles to the bed posts and made a small movement to tell Emilia to pull the ropes tight now that she was out of the way. Then she turned to Elisabeth and raised a fist with her middle finger held rigid and straight.

Elisabeth said, “Ah, I know what you want, I have just the thing...”

She stubbed out her cigarette and opened one of the drawers under the bed to pull a red rubber prick from the jumble of articles inside. Straps dangled from the flat end of the dildo and she passed it to Victoria with a comment.

“This should be perfect, if I have guessed what you are about to do!”

Victoria giggled. She strapped the dildo to her hips and passed one loop between her legs as Emilia pulled the ropes tight to leave John doubled up with ankles low over his head.

He grunted at the strain and then a realisation came to him and he began to blubber, “Please, please, don’t fuck me...”

“It’s what you’re for, little man,” said Elisabeth. “You came here to be fucked and you know it! We’re just going to have a little fun before we pop out for a bite to eat, then we’ll be back to play some more!”

He could not hear the reply because of the hood, but his answer was instinctive.

“You can have anything, but please...”

Emilia got a fit of the giggles as she looked at the stricken man. At work he was the master of all he surveyed, here he was just a piece of meat to be abused and fucked.

At last, Victoria had finished strapping on the dildo, she spat in her hand and wetted the bulbous tip before climbing to kneel with it hovering before the clenched ass hole that beckoned.

A small movement of her hips pressed it forward.

John cried out and clenched himself as he felt that first tentative thrust, but he was forced open, penetrated an inch. The first of nine that he would have to suffer.

Victoria’s hand slapped the clenched cheeks of his ass and then slipped to the raw cock to grasp it and pull back. From her view she was looking down at the blank face of her prey, the tip of his cock pointing down at the mouth that moved in silent plea. His legs stretched rigid and wide, the heels of the boots pointing at the bedposts, livid parallel lines marked the two canings on the expanse of flesh of his ass and his balls had swelled behind the constriction of the steel ring.

She made a small sign to Emilia, finger and thumb together, pulling down.

Hands sought under his head. Emilia giggled with the tension. Fingers slipped the length of the zip to find the little grip and then slowly pulled it down. The tight mask loosened, the flat surface became a loose bag and then she looked at Victoria for guidance.

One hand worked at the tender cock, hips moved and another inch of the dildo was forced into the reluctant orifice. At that moment, Emilia slipped the mask from his face, intent on catching the expression when John realised who was violating him.

John blinked as the light hit his eyes.

The removal of the mask was a moment of release and then he saw the smiling face of Victoria looking down, licking her lips. He saw his own bruised cock in her hands, pointing at his surprised mouth. The realisation made him cry out as Victoria thrust her hips and pushed deep into him with a smooth motion.

"Oh God," he cried. "Please, please don't..."

"It's just a little fuck, darling," laughed Victoria. "Enjoy!"

Emilia loomed over him and looked down with a sneer.

"Did I taste good?" she mocked as her hand slipped to her wet cunt and stroked the engorged flesh. "I hope so, because you're often going to be kissing my ass and begging to make me come, pig!"

He was overwhelmed.

He could feel the hard rubber pushing deep inside, Victoria's thighs pressing on the welts on his cheeks and the hand that steadily moved to milk him. He saw her framed between his legs, the first pre-cum welling from the tip of a cock that now belonged to the woman who was raping him and he knew that he could not stop the intense feeling that was the prelude to him climaxing. It surged inside his belly, he tried to hinder the inevitable, but the rush was too strong to control.

"Open your mouth wide," said Emilia with a gasp. "Open!"

She slapped his face, bringing tears to his eyes whilst Victoria slowly fucked him with the full length of the dildo. Her hand gripped him tight, stretching and pulling with ever faster strokes. Emilia's hand ruffled through his hair and gripped with sudden strength. He opened his mouth as if to speak, to implore mercy from his violators and then he came.

The first drop oozed, the second spilled and then came the rush from the tip of his battered cock. A spurt shot and splashed on his cheek. Victoria pressed home and the next jet erupted to catch his lips and tongue as Emilia slapped his face with brutal blows of the flat of her hand.

He tasted himself and then another spill of slime spouted to its target.

“Come on, bitch, you know that you have more...” exclaimed Victoria. “I want to see you drink it all!”

Her hand worked faster and faster, forcing jets of come to splash on his face and lips as she fucked him to the rhythm of the moans of Emilia until at last he was dry. Emptied of every drop except the last that hung on a thread over his mouth, stretching downward until at last it fell between his lips.

Victoria fucked his ass with a few more strokes of her hips and then withdrew slowly as Emilia shuddered with the aftershock of her climax. A small shudder as fingers pulled from the soaked hole and stroked the engorged clitoris with a gentle touch.

John looked up at Victoria and then to Emilia before a movement caught his eye and he saw Elisabeth smiling with her phone in her hand.

“Perfect, that’s a wrap,” said Elisabeth, unable to help herself from laughing. “Just wait until this one goes up on the Internet. Every subby-hubby from the UK to the US will be wanking as they watch our poor little dolly being fucked!”

She put the phone on the top of the cage and lit a fresh cigarette.

“That’s the best fuck I’ve filmed for years,” she said. “Come, tears and sheer fright! Perfect!”

Victoria slowly unstrapped the dildo and tossed it on the bed next to the crying man. Her hands smoothed down her dress and she smiled.

“You’re right, Elisabeth. Let’s go for a bite to eat and then we’ll come back to fuck him again. He’s going nowhere!”

Emilia got another fit of the giggles and licked her fingers with an exaggerated movement, tasting herself with every touch of the tongue.

“I’m starving! It’s not fair that he’s already eaten, so let’s leave him here to think about what is going to happen after we’ve had a few bottles of wine.” laughed Elisabeth.

She loomed over John’s face and looked down.

“It’s only fair that you get a sip of wine as well, pig,” she said. “Sharing is what we do best!”

The fear in his eyes, the welling tears, sent the women into a gale of laughter as they left the room while the video of his humiliation started to play on the screen on the wall.

## **A Glass of White Whine.**

Four empty wine bottles, six empty plates, four glasses charged with Cognac. Elisabeth, Emilia and Victoria sat in a niche of the restaurant replete and satisfied.

“If you show the film, then we will lose him,” said Victoria with a slight slur in her tone. “That would spoil all the other games that we can play with him! I want to play with him forever.”

“Darling,” replied Elisabeth. “There’s no way that I would ruin him like that! I was just having a little fun, giving him a little mind-fuck.”

“What about his wife then?” asked Emilia. “Won’t she notice what we did to him and then the whole thing will be out in the open?”

“You don’t know men,” said Victoria to her lover. “He’ll just avoid being seen naked, he’ll be ‘too tired’ every night for weeks and he’ll think that it’s all going to blow over! Maybe he even thinks that he can get rid of us in some way, you know, pay us off or fire us.”

“He’d never risk firing us, surely?” asked Emilia.

“I think that you’re right. John is just too weak to resist,” said Elisabeth. “He knew that he was going to be abused when he came through the green door of my studio, but all the same he could not fight what was happening.”

“How did it happen?” asked Emilia.

“Oh, a friend of mine passed him to me,” said Elisabeth casually. “Here, look at this...”

She pulled her phone from her bag and found the photos that William had passed to her. For a moment the screen flickered. Elisabeth’s finger swiped the screen and they saw their victim strapped to a bed wearing stockings and heels. His cock was rigid, his face splattered with come and livid red marks showed where he had been slapped into submission.

“The film is better,” commented Emilia as she watched the gallery of photos follow each other. “Who is the other man there?”

“That’s my friend... he often finds men and women for me as well as for other people. In fact he’s a bit of a predator actually,” said Elisabeth. “At any rate, when I realised who John was, I just had to buy the photos and it was too perfect an opportunity to miss! Luckily William, my friend, had no idea of the amount of money that he could have gouged from your boss, otherwise he would never have told me about his latest dupe.”

Emilia stood up and took a sip of her Cognac.

“Just be a moment,” she said as she took a step. “I’m bursting!”

“Stop!” said Elisabeth. “Let’s go home and use the facilities there. Can you hold out for twenty minutes?”

“Oh, him?” exclaimed Emilia. “Is *that* what you meant?”

“Jesus, darling, sometimes I think that you are a bit scatter-brained,” laughed Victoria. “It’s no good hinting something to you, is it?”

“It’s not my fault that I’m always direct,” said Emilia. “We’d better get going!”

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The film played out and then the screen went black.

Twenty minutes of his humiliation, twenty minutes of watching himself being milked onto his own face. The slaps, the brutal wank and the red rubber prick being used to fuck his ass while only the strong thighs of his rapist were visible under the silk summer dress.

John watched. He could not help himself looking as his abused cock spilled across his shocked face.

Finally it was over and he moved a little to relieve the strain of his position. His arms, trapped behind his back, were numb. His feet cramped every few minutes and made him cry in agony as he moved to relieve the pressure by a few inches. His limp cock hung over his face, damp and used with the scratches of feminine nails that had gouged its length. His pubic hair was clotted with dry come. The pink lace of the skirt that they had dressed him in, flounced at his hips.

A spasm swept through his thighs. Cramp, a sharp pain that just became worse when he moved. He cried out and felt tears come to his eyes, but it was really an overwhelming sensation of self-pity that engulfed him.

All he had been looking for was a bit of fun, a quick affair with some married woman. He saw how he had been groomed, tempted by lust by that terrible man, how *he* had become the woman, the victim.



He cried, and the release of emotion soothed him.

He looked around the room realised that, though it was a bedroom, no one ever slept where he was lying. In reality it was a torture chamber, a place where men were abused, fucked and raped for the amusement of the woman who held his life in her hands.

A place where the oldest profession fused with fear in exquisite accord.

He dozed a little and then awoke to more brutal discomfort. His legs pulled at the cords that held him fixed and vulnerable and he knew that when they came back they would be in the mood to play some more with their prey.

The doorknob turned.

The door opened and he heard the sound of laughter.

Emilia, the overweight secretary who had always been beneath his notice. Elisabeth, the woman who had opened the door to his degradation and Victoria, revealed as a sadist who delighted in making him suffer.

"He's still here waiting for us," exclaimed Emilia. "He must *like* us playing with him!"

Victoria stroked the ridges of the welts on his ass and then fondled his limp cock.

"He's not pleased enough to see us," she said. "Let's see if this helps."

Her hand moved and slapped his clenched balls before moving to hold his prick. There was no reaction from the limp organ, so she slapped it again.

"I expect a little respect," said Victoria. "A degree of interest in the three attractive women who just want a little fun! Is that asking too much?"

"It hurts," he whined. "I'm in agony!"

“That’s good, it will focus your mind on the next task that we have for you,” laughed Emilia.

As she spoke, she pulled up the hem of her skirt to reveal the naked slit of her pussy and climbed to kneel on the bed. She ducked under one of his outstretched legs and then moved to kneel with his head held tight between her thighs as Victoria delivered another slap to his balls.

John looked up. He saw the overhang of Emilia’s breasts and her face smiling down at him with a malicious expression. His cock was stiffening, a reluctant reaction to the sadistic way that Victoria was playing with it. Her fingers closed around the root of it and then pulled while her other hand slapped his balls.

Emilia sat up a little, her hands closed on her smooth pussy and opened it like a flower. Thick inner lips, the emerging clitoris and then she moved over his face to plant the wide open orifice over his lips.

He stiffened his lips closed on the softness of the cunt and the ordeal began.

Wanked brutally, so cruel that he stiffened but would never climax, nails biting the exposed balls and skin, Emilia pressed hard against him, so forcefully that John could not reach the swollen clitoris that pressed on his lips with his tongue.

He heard the woman above him sigh with satisfaction, a wetness filled his mouth and an aroma of savoury saltiness filled his mouth as she relieved herself, forcing him to drink from her and swallow all that she spurted into his mouth.

It seemed to last forever.

Emilia swayed and rubbed herself on his lips, moaning with relief and elation as she climaxed and relieved herself, forcing every gush from her bladder while her hands held herself wide open over her human privy. John felt as

though gallons sprayed into his mouth, he choked as he struggled to swallow and then another stream filled his mouth as she rubbed against him.

All the while his stiff cock was manipulated until it was rigid in Victoria's hands. As Emilia squirted the last, a tight rubber band was pulled to the root of his prick to make sure that the erection was at the whim of his tormentors.

"Do you want to use him?" asked Emilia of Victoria as she looked down at John's face. "I'm sure he's still thirsty..."

"Later, dear. It think that our little toy needs to be got ready for the next fuck," answered Victoria as her hand grasped the thick bush of hair that nestled between his thighs. "A little shave?"

"I've got something better," laughed Elisabeth. "A few strips of wax and he will be as smooth as silk."

"Can I do it," said Emilie as she climbed off the bed. "We can do his chest and legs as well, it'll be fun..."

"Well, we need to strip him first..."

"Seems a shame really, I love the look that we've given him," said Victoria.

Elisabeth showed a pack of waxing strips to her two friends and grinned.

"There's enough to do all of him here," she said as she tore open the packet. "Get him undressed and we'll have a little fun."

"Don't do this," moaned John. "Please have mercy, I'm married and..."

Elisabeth leaned over the stricken man as the other two women untied his legs and started to peel off the corset. "You should have thought about all of that weeks ago when you were sitting in a bar, looking for an affair! You got yourself into this, now all you can do is obey your two new lovers!"

He cried out as his legs were released and again as the tight punishment boots were unlaced. Circulation started again and he lay helpless as stockings and lacy dress were stripped off to leave him with just his arms high up his back as the only restraint.

Every small movement was torment, his rigid cock swayed and his shoulders ached from the pull of his arms high up his back. It took both Emilia and Victoria to spread his legs and tie ankles to the bedposts with heaps of pillows under his hips.

“OK, Emilia, you do the honours,” said Elisabeth as she passed the opened carton to her. “It makes a mess...”

It took ten minutes to smear the wax and lay on all of the paper until at last John’s body was a mass of overlapping strips. While she worked, Elisabeth lit a cigarette and took her customary place, sitting on the top of the cage.

## **Smoothed and Stripped.**

“When do we let him go?” asked Victoria.

“Um, in the morning, I suppose,” answered Elisabeth.

“It’ll be fun on Monday at the office,” she laughed.

“It’ll be more fun next weekend,” answered Elisabeth. “I have a scene ready with an older lady who want to play with a man for a two day session and he will be ideal. So much better than all of the submissive men that I normally use!”

“Oh,” said Victoria. “I was sort of hoping that he would be *just* for us...”

“There’ll be plenty of other times, but I paid a great deal for this little fuck-puppet and I have to recoup all that money somehow!”

Elisabeth took a long draw on the cigarette and watched the smoke curl for a few moments before she continued.

“This is a business, after all, what you’re getting here are the privileges of a special client as well as a friend!”

“How much is the cost of that weekend then?” asked Victoria with a crestfallen expression.

Elisabeth smiled wickedly, “It’s already booked, my dear. There’s no way that I can go back on my word. Anyway it’ll be good for him to meet a real sadist to find out what his life is going to be like from now on.”

She looked over as the pinned man tried to struggle in the ropes that bound him at her words and smiled. Emilia was placing the strips on his chest and belly as she watched, covering all the skin with warm wax and carefully laying on the strips.

“I think that we had better gag him now,” said Elisabeth. “He’s going to make a lot of noise when Emilia gets to work.”

She pointed at the half open drawer from which she had taken the dildo and Victoria pulled it open to find a suitable gag.

“No, not that ball gag, darling. Get the other one, it’s more effective. Yes, that’s the right one!” she said as Victoria held the gag up for inspection.

Emilia looked over the bizarre figure stretched on the bed as she made sure that every inch was covered. She had enjoyed his fear and the trembling as she had worked, now it was time to reveal a new smooth man as the strips were pulled off.

John refused to open his mouth and received a sharp slap on his cheek.

“Open up, slut,” whispered Victoria in his ear.

John turned his head away and received another slap and Victoria looked up at Elisabeth as if asking for advice. Elisabeth slipped off her seat, cigarette in hand and walked to lean over John's face. She pulled at the cigarette and blew the smoke into his face with a slow exhale before she bent to whisper in his ear.

There was a small pause before John said, "Please Victoria, gag me please!"

"See, that wasn't so hard was it?" said Elisabeth to John. "You just have to obey and let us play with you, that's all!"

She took the gag from Victoria's hand and slipped the small ball into his mouth before passing the strap around his head. Finally she passed the rubber bulb to Victoria's hand and turned to return to sit on the cage.

"What did you say?" asked Victoria as her hand squeezed the bulb.

"Just the consequences of disobedience, that's all," answered Elisabeth.

Victoria shrugged and pumped with her hand. The gag swelled to fill his mouth and force his jaw wide. From behind it she heard her boss trying to speak, but the words were just a muffled moan in his throat.

Emilia took the end of a waxing strip on his chest and stripped it off with a steady pull. The noise from her stricken victim was a muted groan and a smooth surface was revealed with pinpricks of red where the wax had torn each hair by its roots.

She ran her fingertips across the white skin and grinned.

"Perfect," she said in triumph as her fingers moved to the next.

John pulled again at the ropes that bound him, but it was almost a reflex rather than a hope of escape. His eyes followed every movement of his tormentor's hands as she decided where to pull next.

The second strip was pulled free leaving a wake of pale naked skin where it had pulled free and Emilia tossed the hair-darkened strip to the floor.

"This is fun," she laughed. "If he thinks that this is bad, wait until we get a little more intimate with him!"

Victoria blew a kiss at Emilia and watched her tease her prey as she tested which strip to pull next. Something had changed in her, she decided. They had often played out scenes behind the green door, but this was the first where the victim had no limits. It was that small detail that had brought the sadist to the surface, that and the identity of the victim.

Strip by strip, Emilia pulled and relished the moans that came from the throat of the man who was in her power. Shoulders, chest, belly and legs were all gradually cleared until just four strips remained. One that nestled between the cracks of his ass and the other three concealing the bush that covered his balls and the root of his cock. At this point, Emilia paused and looked over to her lover.

"Left the best to last?" asked Victoria.

She looked at the tears in the man's eyes, the bulging surface of the gag, surrounded by drool from his lips and she ran a hand over his sweating brow.

"When you are ready, then we play again," she said in an affectionate voice. "I'm going to fuck you again and again until you come for me and then you will have to be punished for being such a slut!"

John's body arched as Emilia pulled the next strip free. It tore with a rasping sound that was drowned by the howl from behind his gag.

"There, there, that wasn't so bad was it?" asked Victoria in a quiet tone.

The final strips were ripped from him, the one that pulled every hair from between the cheeks of his ass eliciting the greatest torment as Victoria patted his face and spoke in soothing tones like a mother to a child.

“See, it’s all done now,” she said. “Now, let’s get you dressed up prettily for us and then I am going to teach you how to come when your little man-cunt is violated...”

## **Endless Love.**

It was not over!

John stood in the middle of the room, his feet forced down into the punishment boots that were laced tight. At last his arms had been released, but now they were stretched high by thin chains to the ceiling, locking him in position while a devilish machine reamed him with steady strokes. A slight movement of air passed over his tender skin and the gag in his mouth locked his jaw painfully wide.

He looked down at the bed he was facing, the two reposing forms of Victoria and Emilia in each other’s arms. His thighs were cramped, his arms ached and the slight contact that his high-heeled boots had on the floor were barely enough to support his suffering body.

Victoria had fulfilled her promise and fucked him until at last she was satisfied when he finally climaxed for her. Finally she had released him from the tight band that had held his erection in place. After that violation, Elisabeth had retired from the room and the two remaining lovers had made love on his strapped-down form, using him as a prop in their night-time games before Victoria had relieved herself into his mouth as he struggled to please her with his lips.

Finally they had strung him up and retired to embrace in each other’s arms. They had drifted to sleep as he was wracked by discomfort. Their last act, to switch on the machine that worked with a slow hum between his legs.

He felt every stroke as the rubber cock opened and reamed him.

He felt the lubricant dripping down his thighs to his stockings.



He struggled to lift himself to shorten the strokes.

The warm tears ran to his collar.

His new life had just begun.

## **Act Five: The Other Half.**

### **Show and Tell.**

“What’s the matter, dear,” said John’s wife with a wry glance. “We haven’t made love for weeks... it’s as if you’ve lost interest in me!”

“Nothing like that, darling,” he replied. “I just need some time...”

“Time for what?” she asked as she put the menu down and looked him in the eye. “It’s been four long weeks now and you always say the same!”

John looked at Florence and then looked back down to the wine list in his hands. Three months ago his life had been normal. A routine of work and family that had left little room for anything else, now his life was an endless rote of abuse and violation at the hands of the woman that rented him to her clients with ruthless skill.

The worst was that they had begun to humiliate him in the office. Victoria had him curtsying when he entered her office and Emilia gave him all of her trivial tasks, like the photocopying and filing. Then there was the house with the green door. Two weeks ago he had been called in to serve an older woman who delighted in abusing him, next week he had another appointment. Just as the scars from one abuse healed the next was lined up!

“I’m sorry darling, it’s work...” was his lame reply.

“Well, I’m not a happy bunny,” said Florence, but the rest of her words were cut into by the waiter taking their order.

When he had gone, she clasped her hands in front of her and continued.

“Tonight’s the night... I’ve prepared everything. Forget about the pressures of work, what I want to do will take your mind off all of that!”

“Please, I can’t!”

Florence's lips became a hard line.

"I'm not accepting excuses, John. We need to get this sorted out because if we don't..."

John wondered what the unspoken threat was, but dared not ask. Instead, he changed the subject.

"I was thinking that we need a new car," he started. "I was thinking of that BMW that you wanted..."

"Don't change the subject, John. I don't care a shit about our car, what I do care about is a good fuck!"

The couple on the next table turned slightly, but Florence ignored them and continued; "I am starting to think that you are having an affair! What other reason could there be for your lack of interest? So, tell me what the fuck's going on!"

John sighed. A sudden feeling of self-pity expanded and caused his eyes to fill up and he shrugged because he knew that if he spoke he would start to cry. Weeks of being mistreated by callous bitches had had its effect, now suddenly his mind classified Florence as one of his tormentors and words failed him.

"Are you crying?" asked Florence. "Because if you are, then you had better tell me what's going on! Are you sleeping with some slut?"

"No," he choked. "It's not like that..."

For a moment she paused in thought, looked him up and down with a frown and then said, "What are you hiding?"

John looked down and a tear broke loose and rolled down his cheek.

"I can't tell you until I've sorted it out!"

“Sorted what out?”

There was no reply.

“What the fuck’s got into you, John? I know that there’s a woman involved, so tell me or I’ll walk out of this restaurant right now! Tell me or else...”

Her tone had hardened, he looked up into her eyes and then looked down at his lap again.

“I mean it...”

“Not here,” he stuttered. “I can’t tell you here.”

“When we get home then, John. When we get home!”

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John undressed, the dim light of the bedroom cast shadows on his form, but revealed the bruises and welts of the whips and fetters as dark patches that scored his lily-white smooth skin. He almost felt a sense of relief, at last he could tell someone of the terrible month that had scarred his mind and body. Reveal the abuse to be comforted by the woman that he loved.

Florence sat on the edge of the bed. Dressed in a tight dress that moulded her form, legs crossed with one stiletto hanging from her toes, swaying with every slight movement. They had returned from the restaurant, Florence silent and incensed by John’s silence, he anxious as to her reaction. But, there was no escaping it, he had to tell her or else lose the comfort that only she could provide.

As he undressed, she did not speak. She just watched dispassionately as his shirt was tossed on the floor and the marks became evident. Of course they had played little games in the bedroom, master and servant, dominatrix and slave, but what she was seeing was several levels of intensity above those amusements. The trousers dropped, the socks and pants, to reveal the criss-

cross welts of a cane and then finally she realised that John had been stripped of all of his body hair. He was smooth and exposed from neck to his feet. His cock hung, half erect, his balls dangled between his legs, a metal ring claspings them tightly.

There was something erotic, something exciting about his state, she decided, something exciting about the way that he held himself so submissively, but she made no comment, but waited for him to explain. For a minute, he hung his head and faced her, before she made a small movement with her hand to rotate and show her his back.

John slowly pivoted and came to face her again. Her expression was the question that had to be answered.

“They did this to me...”

“But, you went willingly?”

“I had to!”

“You *had* to? What do you mean by that? Blackmail, abduction, kidnapping or extortion, what the fuck is going on John?”

He hung his head.

“A film...”

“What film? Tell me what the fucking hell is going on...”

John dropped to his knees and his voice became a whine as he spewed the words in a rapid staccato of sobs.

“There was a man,” he said.

Florence’s face set into a hard expression, but she indicated that he should continue.

“Anyway, he did things to me at his flat and then he filmed it all. Then a couple of weeks later he told me that I had to go to the house with the green door and there was this woman, Elisabeth. She and her clients abused me...”

“Was this when you said that you were in Birmingham?” she broke in.

“Yes, that weekend. They raped and used me and did other things and then I had to go there another time and there was another client of Mistress Elisabeth, she punished me for not serving her acceptably and then she told Mistress Elisabeth that I had to go again this weekend, but I’m frightened of her and they keep on filming every time I am there.”

The words tumbled from his mouth in a rapid string of sobs.

“I know that they are going to tell me to pay them, I know that Victoria wants to use me again and now they have started at work and I have to beg them not to humiliate me and do all the chores and make them coffee and kiss her toes when I first arrive in the morning...”

“Is this Victoria, the woman that I met at the Christmas party?” asked Florence.

“Yes, and her personal assistant who is also her lover, Emilia. So far I have managed to hide it all from everyone, but I know that soon they’ll all know and I’ll be a laughing stock,” he gasped.

There was a minute of silence. The shoe swung on the foot, expressions flitted across Florence’s face and then finally she broke the quiet in a harsh voice.

“Let me get this story straight,” she started. “You went with a man to his flat for sex...”

John opened his mouth to speak, but Florence spoke on.

“Don’t interrupt, John! I just want to understand what has been happening to my witless husband! So where were we? Oh, yes, you went to a man’s flat

for sex. There you willingly allowed yourself to be filmed having sex with him. He then blackmailed you to go to some whore's place where she arranged for you to fuck this Victoria, presumably where you picked up some of those bruises from a whip and then let them wax every hair from your body. And what about that ring on your balls, did you allow that as well or did they force it on you? Did they do that so that you had to hide from me? Then," she said with renewed energy, "you went back again and allowed yourself to become a victim of some other woman, who once again whipped you and fucked you before planning to return again. All the while, this Victoria has been tightening her grip and making you do things at the office. So, I have a question. Did you fuck her in the office as well?"

John looked into Florence's eyes.

"No, it's not like that!"

"Then how is it, you cunt? What am I supposed to do now? How can I help you? Where is all of this film that you keep talking about? Is this blackmail for money? What the fuck happens next?"

"I don't know, Florence," he sobbed. "They just keep humiliating and punishing me, doing terrible things to me and I can't speak to anyone, there's no one to help me and I can't think how to end it..."

Florence uncrossed her legs and stood before her kneeling husband.

"You sleep in the spare room for now. I can't bear to touch you and I can't bear to hear any more! How can I *not* divorce you? What do you expect *me* to do to sort this all out?"

"I don't know," he cried. "Please help me!"

Florence looked down at her husband and was almost tempted to spit at him. Her rage at his pathetic deeds filled her with a cold dislike. Pity was the last thing that she could give in to.

"Out," she ordered and to John her voice had the same tone as Victoria's!

## Visiting Dignitary.

Florence stood on the other side of the road and watched the house with the green door. Just another Edwardian red brick pile in a row of Edwardian red brick piles. In her breast she could feel anger and trepidation as she rehearsed the coming confrontation. There was no doubt that she was going to divorce that idiot husband of hers. No doubt at all, but for her own satisfaction she had to fight for what was hers. That was her right, no it was her due, to confront the woman who had destroyed their marriage in a few weeks and what was more, turned her husband into a snivelling weakling.

She held her breath and then released it with a sigh before smoothing her hand over her dress, flicking her long hair into place and walking over the quiet street to climb the four steps that led to the door.

She pulled the knocker and let it drop twice.

Perhaps this Elisabeth would not be there, she thought as she waited. Perhaps this was all lies after all... A slight movement of curtains in the bay window caught the corner of her eye, too quick to see who had looked out and then, moments later, the door opened to reveal a woman of about forty in the opening.

"You must be Florence," said the woman. "I'm Elisabeth. I thought that you'd show up soon!"

Florence was taken in for a moment and reverted to a politeness that she had not intended.

"Can I come in?"

"Of course."

The door opened wide to reveal a large hallway and then closed behind Florence with a click.



“Come this way,” said Elisabeth.

She turned and led Florence to an opulent drawing room and then indicated an armchair.

“Do you fancy a drink?” asked Elisabeth with a smile. “Tea, coffee or something stronger?”

To Florence the scene was almost surreal. This woman was her husband’s tormentor. Well dressed, long legs, high heels and a narrow skirt. Somehow the reality of her was at odds with the picture of her that had been in Florence’s head.

“Er, tea?”

“One moment and then we can discuss your problem,” said Elisabeth as she pulled a braided cord that hung from the ceiling. “I have been looking forward to meeting you...”

Florence was about to utter a few harsh words, but the door to the room opened and a pretty maid entered to stand just a few feet from the two seated women.

“A pot of tea, some biscuits and something savoury,” said Elisabeth to the maid.

“Breakfast Orange Pekoe or Earl Grey?” asked the maid of Florence.

“Er, Earl Grey,” replied Florence.

As the maid left the room, Florence’s eyes followed her. She noted the incredibly high heels, the straight lines of the seams on her stockings and the way that her behind swayed with every step.

“My husband... John,” started Florence as soon as the maid had closed the door.

"Please, Florence, let's wait until the tea has arrived and then we can discuss the matter. You don't mind me calling you 'Florence'?"

"Of course not," said Florence. "But..."

"Edita will just be a moment and then we will have all the privacy and time that you need, Florence."

The surreal situation caused Florence to shake her head. This was not at all the confrontation that she had been expecting! Florence took a deep breath and waited for Elisabeth to continue.

"We should get to know each other a little, I think," said Elisabeth. "It will help, believe you me! So, how long have you been married and how did you meet?"

The everyday question threw Florence.

"Around five years. I met John at a party..."

"You see, there are things that we have to discuss that only women can understand..."

The door opened and Edita returned with a tray. She laid out a small pot of tea, the china cups and two plates before she asked, "Is there anything else Ma'am?"

"No that's fine, shut the door properly behind you and wait outside for my next call."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Elisabeth reached for the pot, swirled it a moment and then poured the tea.

"Earl Grey. It's a little early for it, but perhaps you are right. The Pekoe would be a little flowery for a serious meeting," said Elisabeth.

Florence watched the ritual and then decided to get to business.

“John has been here twice?”

“Yes, twice now,” answered Elisabeth. “He’s booked in for this Friday as well of course!”

“And you are blackmailing him?” said Florence.

“I prefer to call it social pressure, but if you want to put it like that, then I cannot disagree.”

“With film, he told me. He said that you filmed all sorts of things and that there is some other film involving a man?”

“That’s right, Florence,” replied Elisabeth with a wan smile. “He’s been a naughty boy I suppose, now he’s being punished for it.”

Florence scowled, “Is this all about money?” she asked. “Because if it is, then there’s not a lot to be had!”

“Of course, money’s involved, darling, but I’m not going to empty your bank accounts with demands for cash in brown paper envelopes if that’s what you mean! What’s happening is that I bought the film from William, that’s the man who he probably told you about. Anyway, William sold me the film of their little rendezvous and I intend to make a profit by selling your husband to my clients!”

“So you’re a whore?”

“Whore is just a little pejorative, my dear. I’m a woman who supplies certain intimate services for women who feel the need to relieve the tensions of their privileged lives by having men serve them.”

Elisabeth paused, before continuing.

“Whore fits I suppose, however nicely I try to justify it! Anyway, let’s not get hung up on the meaning of a word, Florence. What’s happening here is that I have him, you are losing him and I have a lot of money invested in his training. He only has himself to blame for his situation!”

“That’s as maybe, but he’s still my husband.”

“True, but I suppose that he won’t be for long, because how can a wife possibly bear to have a husband who has done what he has done with another woman and a man as well?”

“I am going to divorce him,” said Florence, “you can be sure of it and he already knows. But, I can’t just let him go without a struggle...”

“What you mean is that you can’t just let him go without knowing exactly what he has done? You can’t just let him go without knowing exactly who he did it with and you can’t just let him go without being certain that you are doing the right thing?”

“Did you *fuck* him?” asked Florence.

The conversation was just a *little* too polite to match Florence’s anger.

“No, so far he has had his little prick in three women, but I’m not one of them! I just arrange the pleasure of others, I don’t get physical except in exceptional circumstances.”

“But *all* of this is your fault?”

“No, dear, it’s *his* fault. He was the one who picked up William, he is the one that came to my door, he is the one that gave in to the pressure and he is the one who allowed us to film him.”

“You were blackmailing him, though.”

“I would never have released the film, if he had been strong and not just surrendered, I would have released him!”

“So, you will now?”

“If you like!”

“So you will destroy all of the films or give them to me? Is that what you are saying?”

“Exactly, that’s what I’m saying. But...”

“But, what?”

“But... Only if you do not divorce him. Only if you take him back!”

“Why would I do that?”

“Because you love him, perhaps?”

“Not anymore!”

“It’s in your hands. You don’t have to love him, you just have to want to have him back. If that’s the case, I will give you copies of the films, destroy the others and call off the two women that are enjoying making him suffer. It’s no skin off my nose, take the little shit and he’s yours!”

“No money?”

“Not a penny!”

The two women sat for a while and did not speak. Florence was clearly in a quandary. Her emotions could be seen flickering on her face as she sipped her tea. The fact that she had the power to release her sobbing husband, but on condition of taking him back, filled her with doubt.

“I have to know...”

“Know what, darling? What he did here? Know what he did with William? Know if you want him back? Know if he’s soiled and ruined beyond any redemption? Know what happens to men behind the green door?”

“All of those!”

Elisabeth sat back. She crossed her legs and smiled smugly at Florence.

“You’re enjoying this,” said Florence accusingly.

“Of course I am! It’s what I am. I break men on the rack of their own fetishes and weaknesses. It’s what I do, so I enjoy the small interludes and the agony of judgement. I like you, but I cannot help you to make your decision! You are the third wife who has faced this problem, right here in this room. It will be interesting to see if you make the same decision that the other two wives did!”

“What did they decide?”

“I’ll tell you later, darling. First you have to see what happens here in this house, then I’ll tell you and you can tell me if you want to have the film and your husband back.”

Florence leaned back and pulled the cord. Immediately the maid re-entered the room and came to stand, waiting for instructions.

Elisabeth ignored Edita and spoke to Florence; “All I ask of you, then, is to learn. Open your mind and understand. Ask any questions you like and then make your decision. That’s all.”

“It’s a deal! There’s not much that can upset me anymore!”

“Good, that’s a start. It will take an hour or so to show you around my little studio here,” said Elisabeth.

“I’ve got all day!”

Florence found herself warming to the attractive woman who was so certain in her supremacy. She sat back in her armchair and waited for Elisabeth to begin.

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In the car, parked just in sight of the green door of Elisabeth's house, sat John. He had watched her enter, he had seen a glimpse of Elisabeth and wondered how it would all pan out. He had expected to see the door open again in just a few minutes, for his wife to storm out, but she had been gone an hour now... and he wondered if he should go and knock on the door. Who knew what horrible things were happening to Florence in that hell-hole? But, his courage failed him and he sat and waited.

He did not have the nerve to move and help her.

His fear was greater than his pluck.

## **The Grand Tour.**

"We should start right here," said Elisabeth.

"Here?"

"Of course. First of all you have to understand that I act, in general, as a sort of factotum. A bringer-together of those with *special* interests. All I do is create scenes, productions, which match men who dream of submissive sex with woman who long to punish men for their gratification!"

"So how does my husband fit this high ideal?" asked Florence.

"He doesn't! He's an outlier," said Elisabeth with a smile. "Most men with a predilection to be overwhelmed and raped by a woman know it and are prepared to pay for the pleasure. I did say 'in general' after all. Occasionally there are women who want a little more and are prepared to pay a little more for it. They want a man who is unwilling, a man who needs to be forced into

line. Others want a particular man, a man who would not normally submit. That's how your husband fits in!"

"So you had a request from Victoria and you got a man to blackmail him?"

"No, it was fortuitous, darling. Anyway, John is perfect. He's outraged, submissive, strong and easily cowed. That makes him perfect for my purposes. Enough of him, let's talk about Edita here!"

Florence passed a glance over the maid and then turned back to Elisabeth.

"Edita is my maid five days a week," said Elisabeth. "Every weekend she returns to her normal life and then returns on Monday to serve my whims as a maid. Best of all, she pays for the pleasure of serving me."

"Pays?"

"Of course, what she pays me every month for her little 'hobby' meets most of the running costs of this house. You see, Edita has a little secret. I hold her with cords that are similar to the 'blackmail' that holds your husband! The difference is that she has no one to help her, no one to argue her release and what's more she is a willing victim, now that she has been trained to the leash!"

Elisabeth looked at the maid and said, "Show Florence why you are here!"

Edita curtsied and slowly lifted her short flouncy skirt. The hem rose to reveal stocking tops, bare thighs and then the triangle between her legs. From the smooth hairless skin hung a tiny cock with marble-sized balls hanging behind.

Florence gasped and looked up at the face of the maid and then to her hands. The hands were delicate, but indisputably a man's hands, even though manicured nails decorated the ends of the fingers.

"Edita has been with me ten years now," said Elisabeth. "When she arrived she was a man who only wanted to occasionally dabble in a little S and M,



but I decided that she would be perfect for me as a maid. Now she sleeps in her cage at night and serves me during the day.”

“Ten years?” said Florence, unable to take her eyes off the bulging breasts, the smooth thighs and the tiny prick that dangled between them.

“Of course, when the money runs out, she will be on the street,” commented Elisabeth. “I think that there are another couple of years left to go and then I will have to find another maid. After all, she has to pay and the money can’t last forever!”

“Then what happens?”

“I don’t know,” said Elisabeth. “I suppose that there are people who might have her, but in the end, this is not a charity after all. Either a man pays his way or he is out!”

Elisabeth made a small motion of her hand to her maid, who then turned to face away and lifted her skirt again. Revealed on one cheek of her white ass was the deep mark of a brand that spelled a cursive ‘E’.

“Of course, she had to be labelled as mine,” said Elisabeth. “You can drop the hem now and turn around to present your little man-clitty!”

“Jesus! He pays for this?”

“Of course!”

Elisabeth turned back to Edita and said; “When was the last time that I allowed you to come for me?”

“Three years ago, Ma’am,” replied Edita.

Florence gasped at the reply.

“You see, he’s a good little girl, he no longer needs the restraint that he used to wear because I really think that he could not ejaculate even if I ordered it.”

Elisabeth turned back to the maid; “Just pop out for a moment and do what I told you to do earlier. When you’ve done it, then it’s off to your bed, Edita, we will be along shortly to check up on you. I’m sure that Florence would like to see how you spend your nights here...”

The maid left and carefully closed the door behind her.

“Neutered!” said Florence.

“She serves me better without all the distraction of being needy,” answered Elisabeth. “She is typical of those men that play with being submissive and then find that true submission costs more than they could ever fantasise about. Actually, I picked her because she looked so feminine. Most men make terrible feminised slaves! Edita just happened to have such a nice figure that she was perfect and the breasts were the ultimate addition.”

Florence shook her head a little and wondered how it was that she was finding the revelation of Elisabeth’s life such a routine matter.

“Let me show you around, Florence. There is so much else to see!”

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John dozed in the car. He had been over an hour, the sun beat down on him and he nodded off as he waited. A knock on the window woke him with a start.

Outside the car, stood a pretty girl dressed in a maid’s uniform. As soon as John noticed her, she beckoned with a finger. He recognised Edita from his last visit and wondered why he was being called to the house. What had been decided, he mused.

He followed the maid to the green door and entered.

The hallway was cool, the maid closed the door and then led him down the stairs. Florence and Elisabeth were nowhere to be seen.

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Elisabeth led, Florence followed.

Florence admired the way that Elisabeth walked in her stilettos. A tight step that swayed her hips at every step. Even on the marble floor of the hallway she managed not to slide the heels. She led the way to a door tucked at the back of the hallway and opened the door to reveal a flight of steps descending into the depths of the house.

“Occasionally I stay at my little villa, but during the week I am mostly here,” said Elisabeth in a chatty tone. “I have about three appointments a week, so it keeps me pretty busy. All that preparation!”

She paused a moment, half way down the stairs and lit a cigarette.

“This is the actual studio,” continued Elisabeth. “The upstairs is my private place.”

She led Florence to a barred gate and unlocked it with a touch of a small tag.

“Of course it is all nice and secure!”

“You lock the doors? I thought that they were all willing?”

“They are, my dear, when they enter. But, this is not a place where ‘safe words’ are used and the clients all know that there is no end to a session until I allow it. They all understand the rules, once they are in my domain, there are no limits at all. The women reign and the slaves submit. That’s the end of it...”

“Men and women, I mean as slaves of course?” asked Florence.

“About a quarter of all the slaves that pay for my sessions are women,” said Elisabeth in a matter of fact way. “But, all the dominants are women. I don’t deal with any men as masters, never have... it’s not fitting.”

“So what happens to the women?” asked Florence.

“They get fucked of course,” laughed Elisabeth. “That’s what happens, now look here...”

She opened a door to reveal a Spartan cell. Just a single metal framed bed was fixed to the floor in the centre and racks of chains, fetters, collars and canes were held in racks on the walls.

“This looks a bit grim,” said Florence as she surveyed the small cell. “No mattress?”

“This is just my little holding cell,” said Elisabeth.

She reached up to one of the racks and pulled down a cane that she handed to Florence, handle first.

“Occasionally, my clients play their little games here, of course,” she said. “But mostly they like the comfort of the bedrooms for their scenes. As to the lack of a mattress, this place is not for comfort, it’s for punishment and also it’s the place where messier scenes can be played out!”

Florence looked at the tiled floor and the single drain that exited from the centre. A chill ran down her spine and she looked Elisabeth in the eye.

“Was my husband in here then?”

“The second time,” said Elisabeth in a matter of fact way. “The client who used him has a special need that can only be satisfied here!”

“What?”

“I’ll show you the film later, if you want,” answered Elisabeth as she watched Florence flex the cane in her hands. “You can keep it if you want.”

“This?” said Florence as she looked down at her hands.

"A memento, if you like. Now let's look at the bedrooms."

Florence followed Elisabeth from the cell and swished the cane in her hands. It made a slight hiss before it kissed the wall by the cell-door and she felt a satisfaction from carrying it.

"Thanks..."

"It's a pleasure," said Elisabeth. "Now here is the main bedroom."

She opened the door onto an opulent room. Erotic drawings covered the walls, a huge bed stood in the centre of the room and a cage with a padded top had been pushed against one wall.

"This room is the main play-room," said Elisabeth. "Most women prefer it, it's the atmosphere I suppose."

Florence looked at the room and sensed a small frisson of fear. Perhaps it was the fear that men felt when they entered this room, she thought. Apart from a lack of windows and the cage, it could have been the bedroom of any large house.

"Er, what do you charge your clients?" asked Florence.

"Ah, now that would be telling, my dear. Let's just say that it depends on what they want and is never less than a four figure sum. Occasionally more for a longer session."

"Oh!"

"Not cheap, but good value," laughed Elisabeth.

She drew on the cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke into the air.

Florence looked around and pointed the crop in her hand at a small black box that stood in the corner.

“What’s that?” she asked.

“I’ll show you...”

Elisabeth led her slave’s wife to the box and opened it to reveal metal handles and a small canister.

“These are rarely actually used, but always available, usually only as a threat!”

Florence pulled one of the handles and withdrew a branding iron that gleamed with polished steel. The end of the implement had a small cursive letter at the end.

“Most men like the fantasy, some get to live the reality,” said Elisabeth. “Once or twice a year a man discovers that the fantasy binds him for ever to some rich woman. There are eight brands in the box, one is mine and the rest are all especially prepared for the women that want to use it.”

Florence shuddered and slid the iron carefully back into place. She found the reality of Elisabeth’s world attractive and repellent. Surface erotic, under the exterior, a frightening reality. She imagined being chained and branded, used and raped by some rich client and the thought was disturbingly exciting and horribly disconcerting. She could not get over the fact that men and women entered this dark world with no safety net, no recourse until they escaped and yet still returned to re-live a nightmare that possibly had no end.

“There really are no limits, are there?” she asked.

“In the end... none...”

The corridor had just two more unexplored doorways. This time Florence opened the door in a fit of bravado and was stunned to see a child’s bedroom.

“What the?” she asked as she looked around the pink room.

The walls were decorated in a floral paper, a huge cot like bed filled the room and racks of feminine clothes in pastel colours filled racks on the wall.

“This is the other bedroom,” said Elisabeth with a grin at the surprise on Florence’s face. “Men as women, men as little girls, men as playthings for a strict aunt. Just as the men love to revert to childhood, the women love to become a strict mother, a wicked stepmother, a stolid aunt or perhaps an evil school ma’am. This is the place where Edita started her life as my maid, forced to re-live a female childhood, twisted into a sissy-slut, ending as a maid.”

Florence looked at the room. This was different, this was a place where female persuasion twisted men into playthings, a place where punishment was more delicate, a place where Elisabeth’s clients could invade their victims with sexual confusion.

“I can’t believe this place,” she said with a small smile. “I can’t believe that there really are people who would allow all of this to happen! What am I saying, what I mean is that I can’t believe that they would pay for this!”

“But they do,” laughed Elisabeth. “This is the most popular room!”

Florence stood before the last door. She could not imagine what room could add to the suite that she had seen so far.

“What’s in here?”

“Something special,” said Elisabeth. “Something that I have prepared for you!”

Florence looked at Elisabeth and shivered with fear.

“Do you intend to put me into a room?” she asked. “Because I am neither willing to be a slave or to be blackmailed by you!”

“I have no intention of doing either, this is just a little surprise, that’s all. After this door, you will have had a glimpse of what I do, who I am. After this you

have to decide... keep your husband, nurture him back to becoming 'normal' or leaving him in my care! Are you ready to open the door?"

"I suppose so," said Florence quietly.

"Then open it, darling and see what I have prepared for you!"

The door swung open.

The space behind was dark, a small space with two cages, one on top of the other, built into the walls. Two sets of bars, each with just a few feet of space behind them. Caged in the top was Edita. Naked and chained, she looked out of the cage with a worried look. Her breasts were large, they hung below her body, nipples tipped with two small closed bells.

Under the wire net floor of the cage, Florence could make out another naked person. White skin showed the movement, so she kneeled to look at the other slave.

John's frightened face peered from behind the bars. A gag in his mouth held his jaw wide, a collar adorned his neck and a slim chain from that collar went to a ring at the back of the cage.

"John?" said Florence with a small cry. "How did you get in here?"

"I don't think that he can answer you," laughed Elisabeth. "But, I will. Edita popped over the road and brought him in. It does not take much to cage your husband, dear. Just an order and he comes crawling! Now, I have to ask you, do you want him back?"

Florence noticed the fear in her husband's eyes as he noticed the crop in her hands and she felt a revulsion. There was no way, he was here willingly, he had consigned himself to this hell and he could live the consequences.

"I never want to see him again," she spat.

"That's what I thought, darling."



“Will you keep him for a day or two until I have organised everything, please,” said Florence to the dominatrix who had destroyed her marriage.

“If you like, I won’t even charge you for it,” laughed Elisabeth.

“By the time he gets out, I’ll be gone,” said Florence.

“Just tell me if you want to see the film now!”

“I’ll see it, it will make my decision final! I have to know...”

The door closed and the two women walked back to the drawing room upstairs in silence. A frosty stillness seemed to have enveloped them.

For a few minutes, Elisabeth had felt that she had tempted Florence. The way that she had flexed the crop, the way that Florence had seen the rooms and then her own husband in a cage and not protested. That would have been so sweet, thought Elisabeth, pulling the wife into her deviant world, getting her to punish her own husband with glee. But, now the issue was in doubt and Elisabeth knew that the film that she was going to show Florence was probably too much in one bite.

When they arrived in the drawing room, Elisabeth switched on the television. The film that appeared was set in the first bare cell that Florence had seen. John lay on the steel net of the bed, his arms and legs chained to the four corners of the bed.

A long tube ran from between the cheeks of his ass to a huge full bottle attached to the wall. He writhed on the hard wire for a minute until a woman entered the cell. Hard faced and perhaps seventy years old, she was dressed in just a pair of heels and hold-up stockings. In her hand was the cane that Florence held in her shaking hands.

The clicks of her heels on the floor echoed from the walls as she surveyed her prey.

“Just another quart left to go,” she said to her victim as she checked the bottle. “Then the fun begins...”

Florence could see the level of the fluid go down until the last of it had drained into her husband. Five minutes of just watching him struggle and weep. She saw the woman pull the nozzle from his ass and then insert a huge plug to trap the enema inside him.

“There, there,” said the woman with mock affection.

Her breasts were full, but they hung deep as she attended to his ass, screwing what seemed to be a dildo to the plug so that it reared over his moaning form like a tower. She reached under the bed and placed two pillows to either side of his hips before mounting him, the tip of the dildo poised between her thighs.

Now Florence could see the woman properly. A proud face, a haughty expression and suddenly she knew who it was. She had not seen Kathleen for years, but there was no doubt. The mother of one of her former boyfriends, a woman who had always seemed so proper, so correct. Florence shuddered and felt a strange emotion fill her before she turned her attention back to the television.

“Mummy’s going to fuck you now, so make sure that you thrust to please her.”

John moaned and struggled, but all she said was, “Wait for it, slut”, before she lowered onto the hard rubber and swept the cane on his back.

Florence could watch no more.

“Please, that’s enough!” she cried.

The screen went blank as the second blow fell.

“She’s one of my best clients,” said Elisabeth. “At home she has a nice young couple who fell into her power and serve her every need, but she loves to come here and get a change of scenery occasionally.”

Florence ignored Elisabeth’s words and simply said, “Leave him to her, if that what he wants...”

“It’s not what *he* wants, it’s what *I* want!”

## **Act Six: A Mature Woman**

### **Couple Therapy.**

She hated them for their youth, she hated them because they had something that all of her money could not buy. That was why they had to suffer while she fed from their distress. She could not take away the years that she had aged, but she could make them pay for having what she could never get back.

Richard was twenty, Gerri was nineteen and they had been in love, doing all the things that young lovers do when they are careless of life. One bright sunny day, Kathleen had been walking in the park, brooding over her lost years when they had been lying on the grass, enjoying moments of stolen affection. It was a mockery of Kathleen’s suffering, a bare faced contempt of her angst. Laughing, tickling, kissing and touching, doing all the things that had long vanished from Kathleen’s life.

For a while she had sat on a bench watching with a mixture of envy, hatred and disdain while they played in the sunlight and she knew that she had to have them for her own. She had to possess them and play with them, teach them that life was not all love and roses, teach them that their lives were hers to control. The thought would never have passed through her mind if she did not have the power to make it come true!

She followed them to the halls of residence, an older woman who was just part of the background. She noted the number on the door through which

they went and smiled to think that soon they would be inside the little world that she planned for them.

For a few moments, Kathleen sidled to that door and planted her ear on the surface. Already Richard and Gerri were making love, careless of the noise, careless of the whimpers of bliss that could be heard by an attentive Kathleen.

Finally, other students passed through and Kathleen was forced to retreat. In her mind was a plethora of torments that she would visit on their innocence. All of that love, they would give to her as she willed, all of the tender affection would be squeezed from them between Kathleen's thighs.

An hour later she passed through the green door, she greeted Elisabeth with a nod and went down the stairs to where a man was waiting for his goddess to arrive. Here she was mistress, the decider of fate, the thin razor edge between her pleasure and their pain.

Here she could forget that she was old.

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The sun still shone on the grass in the park, the trees shaded with their wide-spread leaves. Other lovers sat and lay in the spot where Richard and Gerri had played, but they were now in the wire cages that defined the limits of their world.

Each cage was cloaked with a black cover, denying the lovers sight of each other, even though they were so close that they could have heard the other's breathing. Instead of studies and careless love, they were fettered and held in position. Tight black latex smothered their fresh skin and denied their eyes the light. Gags held their tongues pressed down and tight boots clamped on their calves.

In a perverted switch of identities, Richard was becoming feminised while Gerri was being twisted and trained to learn to make him suffer for the small

favours that Kathleen gave in payment for obedience. A single month had passed since that day in the park, but everything had changed.

### **Café Gossip.**

To an interested observer, the two women that sat in the niche could have been mother and daughter. It seemed that they just sipped their tea and carefully picked from a plate while they chatted about inconsequential happenings.

Hestia and Kathleen relaxed and chattered.

“So, tell me all the gossip, Kathleen, what’s going on with those two love birds that you have roosting in your apartment?,” asked Hestia, raising her little finger as she sipped from the porcelain. “It’s been three months or so and I’m dying to hear what you are up to.”

“Well,” said Kathleen. “He’s a difficult one. He cries and weeps and then is suddenly obstinate and wilful. Yesterday, for instance, he was doing a few menial chores around the apartment when he dropped and broke a plate. I’m sure that he did it deliberately... At any rate I had to use the control system twice. You’d think that he would have learned by now, but he just *had* to be punished. It will be a month or so, I think, before he is broken fully to the leash.”

“What about her, then?”

“Hestia, she’s a natural! I really can’t believe how little I have had to push her in the right direction! Tonight I think I can give her, her first reward. A few touches in the first few days to show her who rules in my house and the rest has been like a downhill run.”

“Are you sure that she’s not just hiding and waiting for you to give her the opportunity to escape?”

“You know me better than that, Hestia! She will be the perfect companion for me, obedient, but with a hard core that loves being in control. Tonight, Gerri will be allowed to play with him for the first time and I am looking forward to the show.”

“Isn’t it a little soon, Kathleen?”

“Not at all, it will be perfect.”

“Well, I envy your skills,” said Hestia with a wan smile. “Just three months in and already you have managed to get so far...”

The two women attended to the plate before them for a moment and then Hestia said; “I would be interested...”

“You would like to come around tonight?”

“If I may?”

“Of course, darling. It’s only right that you see what I have managed to create from the couple that you stole to me,” answered Kathleen. “Come round at about eight and we’ll enjoy the show together.”

“What do you have planned, exactly?”

“That would be telling! You’ll see...”

Hestia smiled at her friend’s little game and decided to change the subject.

“So what have you been amusing yourself with, I mean apart from Gerri and Richard?” she said.

“This and that. Last week I came back from three days in Spain, I just love my little villa in Ronda.”

“Isn’t that where the equestrian centre is? You know the place that trains all those lovely ponies?”

"That's right and I did spend a day there, but you know how it is. I only have the apartment... not like you. You have all those acres and all that privacy," said Kathleen. "You could easily buy a couple of nice ponies and a little trap."

"I have thought about it, but at the moment I have my hands full as it is. I have so many orders to fill. William is complaining because he's rushed off his feet and I just don't have the staff to deal with it all. Lara is away in Scotland for a week and all I am left with is a skeleton staff."

"Oh, well, it was just an idea," said Kathleen. "I am going in for a little cosmetic, a few lines here and a few cracks there and what's more, a touch up down there," she said pointing to her lap.

"Have you seen anything of Elisabeth recently?" asked Hestia. "She keeps herself to herself and I haven't heard much at all."

"Funny you should say that, but I was just round there a week ago. You'd think that I'd get a discount for being a friend!"

Hestia shrugged, "It's a business. Don't forget that she doesn't have the advantages of inherited money that we do. She has to make a living after all."

"Working is just a little sordid," said Kathleen. "Still perhaps you're right. At any rate, a few months ago she got hold of a perfect little man for all of those sessions that the other men won't do. I had a scene or two when he first arrived. Anyway, last week I managed to find out that there is a little scandal."

Hestia leaned forward to show her attention and Kathleen continued.

"It seems that William sold him to Elisabeth, some sort of blackmail as usual, I suppose. Anyway, Elisabeth met up with his wife and showed her around. For an hour or so they talked while the wife seemed half interested in having him back and half wanting to get rid of him."

"Vanilla?" asked Hestia.

"Of course. No connections at all. So, Elisabeth is sure that she has the wife so hot to join her client list that she reveals that all the while that they have been talking, she has the stupid slave in a cage all the time. It seems that all is going well, when the wife asks to see some of the film of his last performance. You'll never guess!"

"Guess what?"

"What film it was!"

"Go on, I'm all ears."

"Well," said Kathleen theatrically, "the film was my first session with him!"

"What were you up to?"

"I'll give you the film if you like, it doesn't really matter."

"Do you keep all the films?"

"Of course, now listen or you'll spoil the story. The wife sees the film and is so upset that she walks out on Elisabeth, leaving her gaping at the way the whole thing has turned around. One moment she thinks that this woman could be a new client, the next she just walks out! How about that?"

"Well, I suppose that she just wanted rid of her stupid husband."

"The best is yet to come. I asked Elisabeth to see the film of the wife and you'll never guess what. I know her. She was dating my son years back, before I had him married off to that sadistic American woman. Now isn't that a strange coincidence?"

"I suppose so," said Hestia dubiously. "But, these things happen."

"That's not all, the best is still to come," said Kathleen. "Yesterday she called me at home and asked to meet me!"



“Whatever for? I mean if she’s so vanilla, then why would she want to talk to you?”

“She must have recognised you, I suppose.”

“Of course she did, but why is she calling?”

“I have no idea,” said Hestia. “It seems a little strange...”

“Do you think that she thinks that she can blackmail me, or something like that?”

“I doubt it, not if she’s seen the film and knows how William sold her husband. She’d know that it would be incredibly risky to play a trick like that. She’d just end up in a cage!” said Hestia.

“Well, I was hoping for a little insight, but it seems as though you have no idea either.”

“When are you meeting then?”

“Tomorrow afternoon, right here.”

“Want me along?” asked Hestia.

“No, I think better alone.”

“Well, tell me tonight if you change your mind.”

“At eight.”

## **Lovers Love No More.**

Kathleen pulled back the cloth and looked down into the cage. As she did so she felt a curious mixture of pride and excitement. The young women that

she was inspecting looked up and smiled. Now there was a blanket to cover the wire netting at the bottom of the cage and Gerri was not fettered, just naked, a simple reward for her good behaviour.

Kathleen had always believed that the withdrawal of punishment was the perfect reward and it seemed as if her method was working well. Gerri had been fitted with the slave collar that kept her in thrall, but it had not been used for two months now, not since she had discovered that obedience brought reward.

“Come on out, Gerri, I have something special for you...” said Kathleen.

Gerri crawled from the cage and lowered her lips to kiss the tips of her owner’s shoes. She looked up at the older woman and waited for her orders.

“I have decided that you can dress *and* pick the costume,” said Kathleen. “There is a special reward for your obedience coming and I want you to be dressed the part.”

Gerri waited.

“Stand up and follow me,” said Kathleen. “We have preparations to make.”

An hour in the dressing room with Kathleen transformed her naked slave into something else. It was true that a short chain ran between the shoes that were locked onto her feet and a collar circled her neck, but the tight clothes and high heels gave the impression of a stern mistress.

Indulgent, Kathleen allowed Gerri to select her own look and was impressed by the change in stance and assertiveness that resulted. Shunning all the leather and latex that was on display, Gerri chose short white socks that ended in lace, a short tartan skirt that barely covered her naked pussy and a loose blouse with so many buttons undone that her breasts peeped out at every step she took. The last touch were the ribbons that tied her blonde hair in bunches to give the impression of a schoolgirl-slut that would have shocked any hen-night.

At first Kathleen had been disappointed. She felt that leather would have hardened Gerri's mood, stockings on those long legs would have been perfect and that a corset would have cupped those huge breasts perfectly. But, the naked legs, the short skirt and the blouse and no bra definitely had something. The clothes had been bought for some previous man-slut, but on Gerri they were a superb transformation.

"Now you get to pick a little addition that you will need for tonight," said Kathleen. "Here..."

Kathleen pulled a drawer open to display a carefully laid out selection of strap-on rubber pricks.

"Choose the one that you want, because you'll be using it tonight for my amusement," she said. "Nothing too large for the first time, perhaps that red one to match your skirt?"

Gerri made a sideward glance at Kathleen and allowed her fingers to wander over the collection as though she was going to select by touch.

"Can I choose one of these?" she asked carefully.

She pointed at a long hard dildo that had a small vibrator set in the blunt end.

"If you like," said Kathleen, but she was privately overjoyed that Gerry had cleverly asked for permission to really enjoy the fuck that she was being permitted.

"Then I'll take this one..."

Gerri's hand picked up a red cock from which straps dangled.

"Perfect, now I want you to put on a little make-up, something pink I think, and meet me in the lounge. Be careful, I have an important guest here this evening, a close friend, and I want her to see how well you are learning."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Gerri.

For a moment she seemed at a loss until Kathleen showed her where all the lipsticks were.

“You have half an hour, when the green light shows you are permitted to join us,” said Kathleen.

Gerri glanced up at the little light that was steadily red above the door and nodded. If her collar passed beneath it whilst it was on red, it would punish her.

Kathleen left her slave-protégée to attend to herself and went to the lounge. A feeling of tension and exhilaration filled her as she realised that this was the end of the first act regarding Gerri and Richard. The trained slut would be made to fuck her former lover tonight.

In the future, Gerri would become something that Richard would fear. She would control every minute of his life. Force him to serve both herself and Kathleen. She would ready him for abuse and punish the smallest failure and the circle would be complete. The innocent lovers would have become the twisted deviants that Kathleen needed for her personal and intimate gratification. A subtle revenge on their innocent love.

The doorbell rang and Kathleen opened the door to find Hestia waiting to enter.

“Am I early?” asked Hestia as she came into the apartment.

She always found it a little strange that the lift opened directly into the hallway.

“Not at all,” replied Kathleen. “Just in time to help me prepare Richard.”

She led Hestia through the apartment to the small room where her slaves were caged. One cage was open and empty, the other was covered and occupied. With a small flourish, Kathleen pulled off the cloth to reveal the unfortunate man who was going to perform for them tonight.

Hooded, with wrists bound to shoulders and ankles to thighs, he stood on his four legs like an animal waiting for the slaughter. Kathleen opened the cage door and looked down at the man who was becoming nothing more than a toy for her pleasure.

"Nice bit of flesh there," said Hestia as Kathleen slapped the exposed rear and ordered him to back out of his cage.

Obviously the thin wire bars at the bottom of the cage were distressing the slave, because he moaned at every step. But, he knew better than to resist or make more than a small groan as he moved.

"Look lively," said Kathleen with a small laugh at his distress. "You are the main attraction, so get going."

Hestia picked up the lead that trailed from his collar and gave a tug as she led him to the door. Kathleen walked behind and admired the huge cock and balls that dangled between his thighs. It had been a bonus, that huge cock. Responsive, ever ready to stand to attention no matter what cruel torments were done to it.

As they passed under the door, a buzzing sound came from the collar on his neck and the fettered toy screamed and collapsed in a heap on the floor.

"Oops," laughed Hestia, "you forgot the zone was still red!"

Kathleen aimed a kick at the prostrate victim of her lust and then looked up at the small light over the door that flickered and turned green.

"I really have to get it serviced," she said with a grin. "It takes ages for the zone to be released when I change the settings!"

Richard struggled onto his knees and elbows with a groan. Under his breath the two women could hear him mutter and mumble pleas and entreaties for mercy, but a swift kick between his thighs brought him back into motion.

They led him to the lounge and parked him on a large rubber sheet.

“Do not move, pig!” said Kathleen as Hestia allowed the leash to drop from her hand and the two women sat on armchairs.

“I see that you are nice and strict with him,” said Hestia. “Though I must admit that that huge cock would tempt me just a little!”

“He can fuck like a machine now,” said Kathleen. “But of course I always use that cream to desensitise him, I can’t have him splattering his slime into me.”

“How long?”

“Since he’s been here, actually. Three months? Complete chastity is the best way of instilling respect!”

Hestia nodded and then looked up as Gerri entered the room. She had not been sure if she was supposed to wear the strap-on that she had chosen and carried it in her hand.

“She’s perfect,” said Hestia looking Gerri up and down. “You’ve done a great job, Kathleen.”

Kathleen nodded in acknowledgment of the praise and said, “Some drinks, I’ll have a sherry and pour a G and T for Hestia.

Gerri nodded and looked down at Richard. There was almost disdain in her eyes, a look of that was almost a sneer. She was just a plaything for her mistress, but this helpless man was lower by far in the scheme of things.

Love had faded, reality had intruded.

The drinks were brought on a small tray, a curtsey with each movement, while Hestia and Kathleen chatted inconsequentially. Gerri served and then stood quietly to the side, waiting for attention to come to her. She felt so strange, horny and anxious all stirred into a knot in her belly. Her gaze focussed on the man who loved her. The stripes of some caning a few days

ago criss-crossed the skin of his back. The mask dehumanised him and the way that he stood on elbows and knees seemed to transform him into something else, something pitiful and contemptuous.

“So, now for my little amusement,” said Kathleen at last. “Gerri is going to perform for us, so sit back and enjoy.”

Gerri found herself for the first time in months, in a place where there were no explicit orders to fulfil. She had to please Kathleen and her friend, do what was expected of her and yet she had no idea what it was that her mistress wanted.

She bent down and picked up the discarded strap-on. One leash went around her waist, the other pulled tight between her legs, pulling the vibrator to nestle on her clitoris while the prod of the dildo stood proudly from her thighs.

The two women on the armchairs settled back and by seeming common consent watched Gerri whilst each slipped a hand to tease her nipples. It was Hestia who slowly opened her legs first and revealed stocking tops, pale thighs and a pussy that was pierced by rows of small gold rings. Kathleen followed suit, her fingers slipping into her exposed slit whilst she soaked in the view.

Gerri saw a small nod from her mistress and walked around the constricted man with small steps. Where to start, she wondered. What was she supposed to do to him? She squatted by his head, her thighs opening her skirt and revealing her waxed cunt and carefully unzipped the hood.

It opened like a flower and fell off to leave Richard’s blinking eyes just inches from the pink heaven that was opening before him. That slit topped by a threatening cock that quivered just inches from his mouth. He groaned and stared, Hestia could see his dangling prick hardening and lifting. He looked up and tears formed in his eyes as he realised that the woman who was tormenting him was no other than his lover in a previous, careless life.

“Please, Gerri, please don’t do this...” he whispered. “Don’t become her instrument!”

Gerri was suddenly aware of her mistress’ hard look and impulsively slapped his face with a ringing blow. She was determined that she would not be punished for *his* misbehaviour. She had to make the best of herself and if that included making him suffer, then so be it.

She saw the tears.

It brought nothing but contempt for his weakness.

Her hand flicked the switch on the vibrator and a hum filled the quiet room. Gerri gasped as it nestled against her tender clit and felt a weakness in her thighs.

“Lick it, darling,” said Gerri as she flexed a little and watched the bulbous tip of the rubber cock pass his lips.

It silenced his words and Hestia sighed with gratification. The small scene that her friend had created was perfect in every respect. Emotional, deep and violating love. It made her shiver with pure lust as she watched him wet the cock and then allow his lover to slip it deep into his mouth.

The tableau was still for a minute as Richard’s eyes rolled up to look at Gerri. For a moment they rested on her luscious breasts and then they focussed on her pouting lips as he swallowed her cock deep and sobbed with hurt.

“I’m going to fuck you, darling,” said Gerri with a smile. “Make sure you tell me how much you love me...”

Gerri had noticed the two women were closing in on their first climax and realised that it was not the sex that was turning them on. It was the situation, they were gluttons for tender words and ruthless violation in the same moment.

“If you don’t I’ll punish you more than you can imagine,” she continued.



The cock pulled free, the vibrator stimulated Gerri to her next act. It would be so much sweeter when it was pressed hard against her. She stood and looked down. The dildo lifted her short skirt like an obscene shaft, the wetness of his mouth dripping from the tip like pre-cum. Small steps took her to his rear. He shuffled forward, as if to escape, but a small slap on that exposed ass stopped his motion.

Gerri kneeled, leaving the cock at the perfect height to press into him. The vibrator made her gasp and she held her hands at the root of the strap-on to press it against her and hold it steady.

"Tell me that you love me, bitch," she muttered as she pressed against the opening. "Tell me, say it!"

"I love you," he cried out suddenly. "I really do love you, Gerri."

"Fuck you," she cried and her hips pressed forward.

The final buttons of her blouse opened, revealing the huge hanging breasts that shuddered as she pressed home. The rubber tool met resistance, it stopped, it curved a little and then it popped him open and slid in deep.

Gerri moaned with the hard contact and twitched her hips again as Richard cried out and screamed with an animal cry.

That was the moment when Kathleen climaxed, her hand plunging through her soft cunt, drenched with her juices and sliding easily over well-worn flesh. The orgasm took her and then released, but the hand kept working because a second was just moments away.

"I can't hear you," said Gerri as she started the long strokes that gave her the best stimulation from the vibrator. "Tell me..."

"Please fuck me, please, please... I love you Gerri, I need more."

Was it the words or the vibrator? The schoolgirl with the cock or the mature cunt that was exposed to the light? Was it the scene of damaged affection and twisted passion? The rape of innocence or the cries coerced from his lips?

All three women in the room gasped almost at the same moment as they climaxed with a cry. Richard was sucked involuntarily into the mood, the cock touched and rubbed inside him and he could feel his own climax starting to surge through his body. A cock that had not ejaculated for months, balls fully charged with come and an ass that had never been raped before.

The cock in his rear pulled free.

It left him hanging, desperately clawing for a final push to bring him to climax. A coming that would make-up for the last three months of chastity and cruelty.

"Please, darling, please fuck me, I need you inside me, fuck me, fuck, fuck fuck..."

A single harsh word from Kathleen froze his blood.

"No!"

Gerri, at the point of pushing back into him, stopped and waited.

"Nothing for the pig," said Kathleen. "How dare he try to trick you into making him come?"

"I'm so sorry," said Gerri. "Please..."

"It's not her fault, Kathleen," said Hestia breathlessly. "How could she know that he might climax and spew his slime when he is fucked?"

Richard turned his head and looked at the woman that had blocked his first chance at pleasure. He saw her pick up the thing willow switch in her hands and he knew that she would whip him with it until he begged her to be put back in his cage. Kathleen looked at the soft cane and smiled. There was

another possibility here, while Gerri was still uncertain of her mistress' needs.

She tossed the thin cane to Gerri with a smile and said, "You decide how many strokes!"

The cane felt soft and flexible. A simple pollarded willow switch. She bent it in her hand and swished it through the air before speaking to the stricken man.

"You are not allowed to come. Ever! You tried to trick me and get me into trouble, how many strokes does that deserve, dearest?" said Gerri.

Richard mumbled something and she used the cane. It whistled from on high leaving a raw scorch mark on his ass.

"How many strokes, dear?" she asked again.

The pain-toy started to weep and sob, inviting a second cut of the cane.

"Tell me that you love me!"

He gasped and choked back the sobs, before he managed to gasp; "Please, five strokes. I love, I really do, please just five!"

"I still can't hear you properly, so ten strokes it is," said Gerri with a smile.

She was an actor in a play, at first just an unwilling extra, but now she realised that *she* was the Prima Donna. This was her chance to *prove* that she was ready to obey Kathleen, ready to please her important and close friend.

The ten strokes that she gave were business-like and forthright. A simple punishment for disobedience and tricking her. Every blow brought another line to his white skin, every stroke brought muffled squeals of pain. Every blow brought her to realise that she now knew where her interests lay.

Finally it was over.

Hestia and Kathleen had settled down and were sipping sherry and gin, while the sobbing Richard had his hood refitted by his former lover. She zipped it tight and hooked the base onto his collar again before delivering a final goodbye slaps in the face.

“That’s from me for tricking me. You are nothing more than a pig that deserves to be punished! You say that you love me, but then you try to get me into trouble.”

As she spoke each word she slapped the masked face before finally unstrapping the dildo and standing to attention to wait for more orders.

“Very good,” said Kathleen as she put down her glass. “I think that you are almost ready for a reward that I have in mind. I think that I will move you from the cage to a proper bed, what do you think of that?”

“Thank you, Ma’am.”

“I think that there is something that you can do for me,” said Hestia with a small grin. “Come over here!”

Hestia’s hand went to the hem of her skirt. It lifted the hem to reveal her dripping cunt and the hands parted the lips to uncover the blackness of a hole and the swelling of her clitoris.

“I think that you should thank my friend,” said Kathleen. “Make sure that you please her, because she is staying the night and will need a little company. Who knows, if you are good, she might be inclined to allow a little latitude?”

“Thank you Miss,” said Gerri, unsure as to how to address the woman whose pussy-lips were sewn with gold rings.

She lowered to her knees, her breasts spilled from her blouse and her lips moved towards the twinkle of the gold.

“I only want to serve...”

## **Last Act: A Wife In Crisis**

### **An Ending and a Beginning.**

Florence wondered if she was doing the right thing. Was she sure that she wanted to do this? Four months now, since she had walked out of the green door. Four months in which she had wreaked her revenge on her ridiculous husband. Four months of getting back on her feet as a single women, taking his money, emptying his accounts, cashing in policies and imagining the suffering he was living.

And yet...

It was also four months where she could not get the thought of Elisabeth from her head. Four months during which she had started to dream of steeping once more through the green door. Florence could not get the green door and all that it offered her, out of her head.

She looked at people in the street and imagined that their secrets were more than just a casual affair or a small white lie here and there. She imagined that she was in a world where women secretly ruled men, extracted gratification and bliss from making them suffer and paid women like Elisabeth for the privilege.

She still had the cane that Elisabeth had given her and daily whisked it through the air to slap against a sofa or bed. She bought high heeled shoes that she would never have dreamed of and then matched it with stockings and corsets. Finally she ordered a latex costume that she had found on the internet and delighted in opening and closing the zippers to feel her body mould into the smooth skin.

Kathleen! That was the key, the old woman who delighted in suffering.

It took weeks for her to remember her surname. Wilson! So she tried to trace the name, but with no luck until she remembered that the woman was probably using her maiden name.

Thus far, the search had been just a paper exercise, once she had found Kathleen, it became a reality. So at last she called the woman who she had seen abuse her husband and asked to see her.

Why?

She did not know. There was no real course of action planned, she just had to speak to the woman and know what she was like in the flesh. The meeting was at Kathleen's apartment, so Florence stood outside the block and gazed up at the huge penthouse where Kathleen lived.

Finally she reached for the buzzer and pressed.

There was no going back now.

The lift opened directly into the flat. Marble and dark wood, gold and oils on the walls. But, the striking thing that caught her eye was the girl standing in the centre of the hall. Tall, long legs, dressed like a schoolgirl with a whip coiling on the floor beside her.

"Welcome, Miss Florence," said Gerri. "My mistress is in the lounge, I'll show you through."

Suddenly, Florence was back in *that* world. Servants who were slaves, slaves that were treated as animals and men that were raped for the sheer pleasure of making them docile, making them cry.

She almost turned back.

Almost.

The girl led her into a well-appointed lounge where Kathleen sat waiting. Next to her was a young man in a sharp suit, on the floor was a man tightly wrapped in smooth rubber, like the suit that she had bought herself. The difference was the tight ropes that wrapped him to make him seem to be

nothing more than a black compact animal with a huge erection poking from the only gap in the costume.

"This is William, you haven't met him, but you know him," said Kathleen in a clipped voice as she indicated the man in the suit. "He does odd jobs for myself and Elisabeth occasionally."

William nodded slightly and then looked back at the man in the costume.

"I really wanted to speak to you alone," said Florence. "It's sort of private..."

"William is here for a good reason," said Kathleen as she picked up a slim cane that had lain hidden by her side. "He is here in case you decide to leave without permission and until I am satisfied that you are not a danger to my *little* intimate secrets."

"You are the one..." said Florence to William.

"That's right, darling. I am the one that tempted and then fucked your pathetic husband," he said in a bored tone. "I could get a few thousand for you on the open market. Thirty five years old, a hundred and thirty pounds, nice big tits and I'll bet that your cunt is well worth a dip into!"

Florence blushed and shuddered, but he was not making a move so the conversation could continue. For now.

"In front of *him* then?" she said to Kathleen.

"That's what I said. Listen darling, if you don't get to the point then I'll have you in a cage in a trice. Gerri *so* needs a playmate."

Florence took a deep breath and spoke.

"I want to change my life," she started. "I want to be like you and Elisabeth and all the other women who get everything that they want."

Now that she had started talking, the reason for this visit was becoming clear.

“Really, I mean it, I want to learn and I’m ready to try...”

“It takes more than just a little visit to my house to do all of that, darling,” said Kathleen. You need to stoke the fire, find the passion to dominate and destroy. You have to feel an orgasm closing in when a man is beaten. You have to know how to make a man obey and then mould him into the squealing thing that *you* really want.”

“Please, tell me where to begin,” said Florence taken aback at the vehemence of Kathleen’s words.

Kathleen nodded to Gerri who left the room and returned with a small box that Florence recognised. It was the collection of branding irons that she had seen in Elisabeth’s studio. Gerri opened the box and brought out the torch that would heat the irons and she lit it.

The sound of the hard blue flame filled the room with its hiss.

“This is where you start, my dear. If you can’t jump the first hurdle then you cannot join the race,” said Kathleen. “Choose your weapon!”

Florence pulled an iron from the box at random and held it up, while Gerri moved the flame to heat the wire shape that would brand an ‘F’ onto shrinking skin. All the brands were the same letter, Kathleen had prepared so well!

Kathleen watched carefully, looking for signs that Florence was unwilling or unable to meet the challenge. She watched the wire glow cherry red to white and then pointed at the helpless man-thing on the floor.

A flick of a zipper parted the blackness of the latex to reveal the cheeks of an ass that had been punished viciously in the last hours. Gerri’s small movement of opening the suit was almost casual.



“Put your mark on the pig,” said Kathleen to Florence.

It was an order. It was a request. It was an invitation.

Florence looked at the glowing wire and held it steady over the exposed skin. William held up his phone and filmed, Kathleen held her breath and hoped for a clean mark while Gerri switched off the blow torch and stood to watch avidly. Soon Gerri would be marking Richard for her own and there was always something to learn.

Florence felt a twinge between her thighs. A small friction that threatened so much more, a need to do this and so learn to use men like she had dreamed in the last months. A leak of wetness that told of so much pleasure to come.

She pressed hard, pressed deep and held her hand steady.

The iron contacted and bit deep as the skin welled.

She pulled clear and looked at the ‘F’ that was white on white.

‘F’ for Florence.

‘F’ for the female principal.

‘F’ for fucking perfect!

*John* screamed!

**The End.**

## A Note from the Authoress.

*Fantasy is an extraordinary thing. It is a trip out of one's mind, a trip that departs from the hum-drum realm of one's life. It takes us down a path less trodden, through a forest of nightmare and fear. It fills the mind with hope of unwilling servitude and hopeless slavery, until at last, we reach the edge of the trees. Where you stand now!*

*We see the sunlight. We feel the breeze blowing away the stifle of heavy air redolent with suffering and gratification. We can step into our world once more and leave the fantasy behind.*

*And yet...*

*Our mind dwells forever in that dark forest of the imagination. It hearkens to the siren call of servitude and submission, until at last we turn. Our steps are drawn, and once more we enter that umbra of our fetish-world and relive the intense pain of our obsession.*

*At the edge of the forest. At the border of our real lives, are places where the thickets can be approached with safety. Where the trees overhang with those creepers of fear and servitude but, it is protected.*

*One such place is to be found on the electronic spider's web that holds our real lives together, at:*

[www.MissIreneClearmont.com](http://www.MissIreneClearmont.com)  
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*See the forest, enter under the overhanging branches and live your fantasy in my words...*

# Miss Irene Clearmont