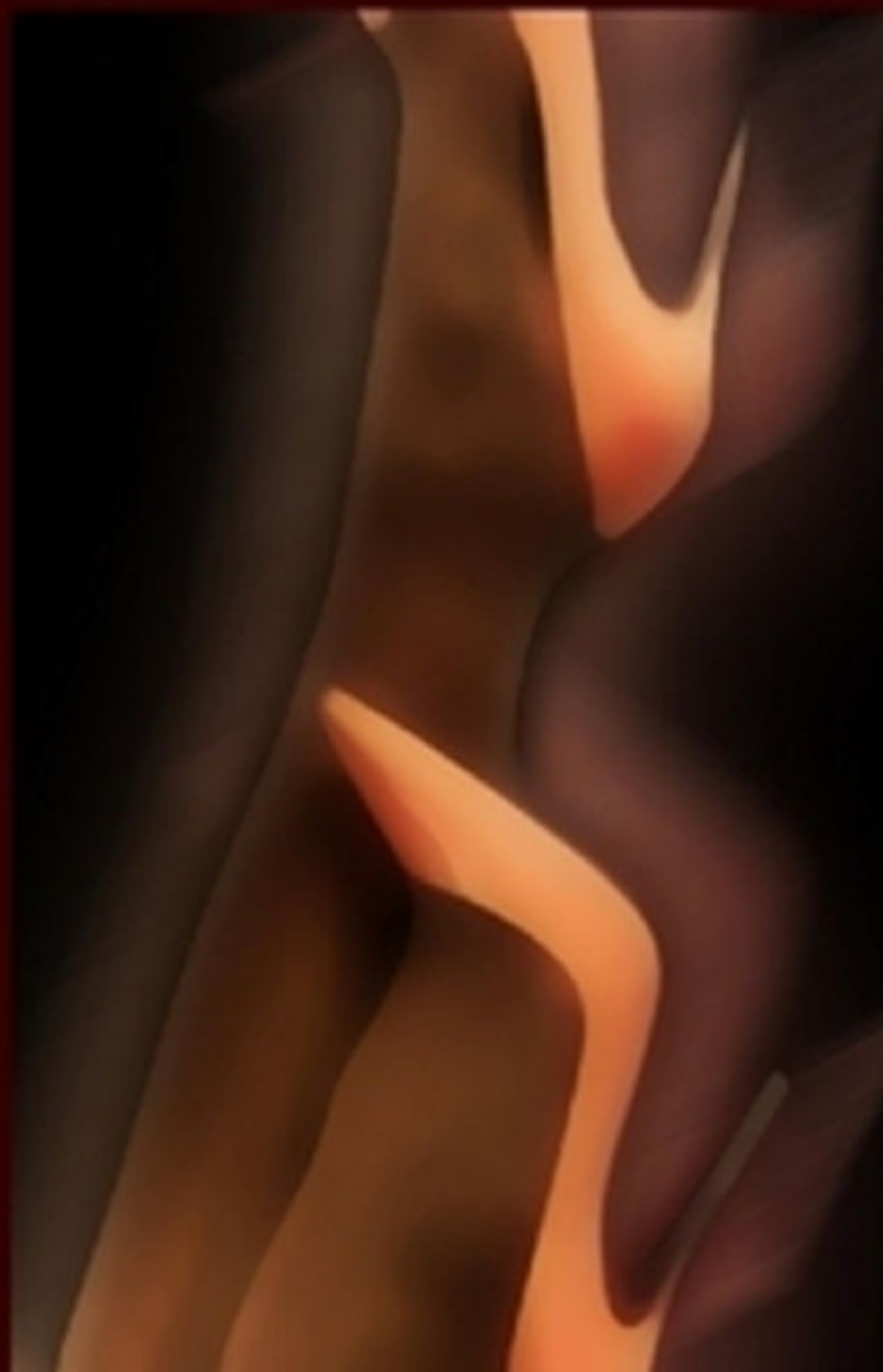


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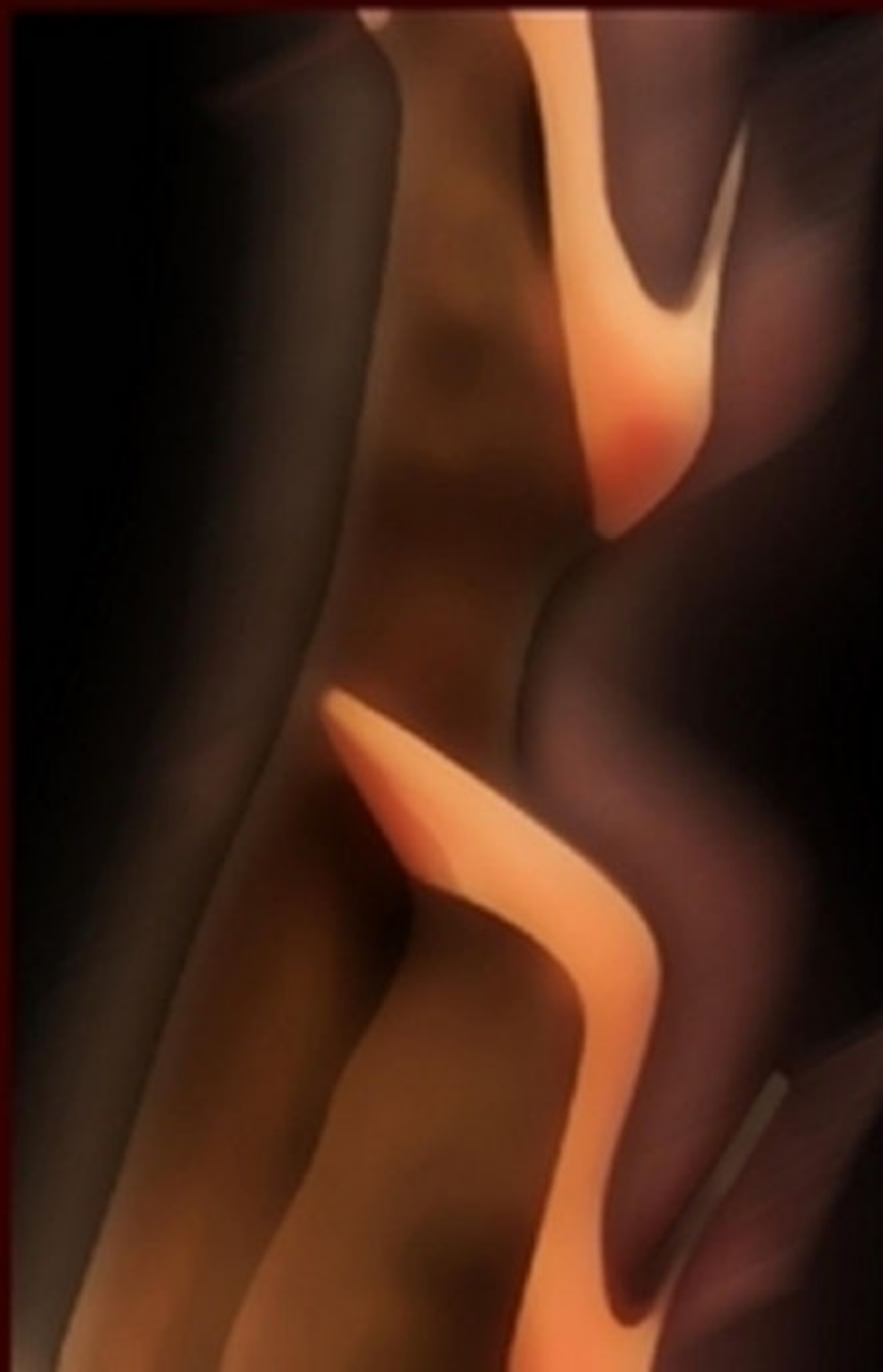


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Finding Chastity

A Decadent and Domestic Tale of Female Led Fiction

By

Miss Irene Clearmont

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“Finding Chastity”

By

Miss Irene Clearmont

Part One

The Cot I

Chastity lay in his cot and waited for Mother, but it seemed that tonight she was busy. The playroom was dark, just a soft nightlight to give the shadows form. The bright designs on the walls reduced to pale grey, the curtains glowing where the streetlamps lit them from behind. He turned a little to watch the still mobile hanging from the lampshade, a grouping of outlines that cast vague shadows on the ceiling.

Chastity turned on the hard mattress and pulled the blanket to cover to his chin. The soft wool cover soothed him, the silken hem between his fingers as he sucked on her comforter and wondered how the fantasy had become so real. It had taken over his life, crept up, to become the totality of his existence.

Mummy had overwhelmed Chastity totally...

A noise came through the door from the house. It disturbed the perfect silence with the sound of chattering and laughing voices. Those were people who lived lives outside of the nursery that had become Chastity's home; people who lived as adults, people with responsibilities and everyday existences. The voices rose and fell in greetings and conversation to be cut off by the closing of a door somewhere downstairs.

The dark seemed a frightful place to the mind of Chastity and he wished that Mother had left the light on for him. The dull glow of the nightlight just added to the gloom, highlighting it, making the monsters that inhabited the dark more worrisome. He tried to turn over and lie on his side, but the movement was not allowed by the restraints. Just a small change of posture was permitted, legs held

wide and hands kept decently above the waistline.

Chasity lifted his hands and inspected them in the dark. Woollen mittens were secured around wrists and locked in place ensuring that she could not use them to pull the tiny bolts that secured and barred the cover to the cot, not that there would have been any sense in doing so. The bolts were not the only defence, merely placeholders that guided the padlocks that secured the cage that was the cot.

Once again there was utter stillness, only the slight sounds of Chastity's breathing and the soft sucking sounds of his lips on his dummy. Mummy was entertaining her friend.

He could taste a little honey on the dummy and sucked at it slowly, making the sweetness last. He could feel the strange shape of it and realised that the shape was that of the tip of a real man, the part that, in his case, was welded into hard cold steel. The sound of breathing slowed as he drifted to sleep.

A time that seemed lost in the past intruded on his dreams...

Part Two

Taken

“I have room for three lodgers,” said Mrs Allinson as she opened the door. “If you take the room, you will be the only one.”

The door opened to reveal a bedroom that was in the early stages of redecoration. Boxes of wallpaper, huge boxes that held a recently delivered bed and pots of paint stood stacked on the floor.

“This one could be yours, but it needs to be decorated. Come with me and I’ll show you the other two and you can choose.”

Charlie nodded and followed the woman who was showing him her house. This was the third place he had seen in the week and the lowest priced. Finding a room for under five hundred a month required a great deal of work and searching through the small ads. The previous two had been shabby in the extreme and badly placed to commute into the city centre.

“Just fifty a week.” Mrs Allinson led the way to the next door and continued, “Bathroom for my guests and passed it by opening the next door to show a brightly lit room. A single bed was crowded by an armchair and a desk. The room was just a few paces wide with overpowering floral wallpaper that shrank it even further.

“This is the best of the other two,” commented Mrs Allinson. “It’s well lit, has everything that you’ll need including a small fridge for snacks. What do you think?”

Charlie nodded and walked into the room, immediately realising that this was the best that he was going to find. Less than three hundred a month got him a bed to sleep in, a place for a laptop on the tiny desk and a room that was overpoweringly feminine.

“I’ll take it,” he said, making his decision immediately.

“You pay a month in advance, a three-month surety and sign the contract,” she said immediately. “For that you get a key, fresh bedding every Monday, the use of the kitchen when I do not have guests and the use of the bathroom we just passed. There’s a key for that too. I will clean the room when you are out and you will behave yourself properly at all times...”

Charlie nodded assent and asked, “When can I move in?”

“As soon as you pay, of course,” said Mrs Allinson with a small smile.

“This evening?”

“After six,” she replied.

“I’ll be back after work with my bags...”

“Perfect, then we can have a cup of tea together and get to know each other better. I do not want some young man in my house that I don’t know.”

Mrs Allinson was not unattractive, even though she was just a little intimidating. Charlie wondered about her husband and shrugged. Already a picture of a hen-pecked man in his forties came to his mind even though she was probably not over thirty.

Charlie left the house for the bed and breakfast place where he was living with a lightness of step that revealed his relief at having a place to live. In six months, he would be in a position to buy a small flat, this would tide him over quite nicely.

Four hours later, he stood on the step of the terraced house that was his new address; three large bags at his feet and a bundle of cash in his pocket.

Mrs Allinson opened the door and held it open whilst he carried his bags one by one up the narrow stairs to his tiny room and he came back down to complete the transaction. He found her in the kitchen standing by a boiling kettle and settled himself at the small table where a green folder lay.

“Black or white?” she asked holding up a canister of tea.

“White and sweet,” said Charlie as he watched her arrange two cups and saucers on a tray before completing the ensemble with a small plate of biscuits.

“Good start,” she said as she moved the tray and arranged the cups and plate of biscuits in the centre of the table. “I’ll be mother!”

When she had poured the cups full, she sat down opposite her new lodger and pulled the green file to her and flipped it open.

“Rent can be paid monthly in advance,” she said as she pulled a densely-written contract into her hand. “Sign here, here and here, and the keys are yours.”

Charlie signed and Mrs Allinson put the copy into her file.

“Four months’ advance, that includes next months’ rent of course!”

Charlie pulled the cash from his pocket and carefully counted the money which Mrs Allinson then recounted and tucked into an envelope before writing a receipt.

“Good, that’s done... Now I have to tell you what my rules are, because even though it is all written in the contract, it’s best that we are clear from the start.”

Charlie nibbled a biscuit and inspected the woman on the other side of the table. Thirty or perhaps a few years more, he guessed. Would be better looking if she wore something more flattering than a plain dress to her knees and an apron. Her hair was pulled up tight to make a single ponytail and the only makeup was a slight colour on her lips. It was almost as if she was trying to look older and less attractive than she was, decided Charlie.

“No guests after nine in the evening allowed in the rooms... have you got a girlfriend?”

“No,” smiled Charlie. “Not at the moment!”

“Well, it applies anyway,” she said. “I want no hanky-panky here! My house is a respectable place is not a centre of immorality. I expect the bathroom to be used before ten to keep the noise down, especially when I have other lodgers. You will keep all of the communal areas tidy. No dumped clothes, no bags and no wet raincoats. I will do your washing once a week on Mondays if you leave washing in the basket by your door and the sheets will be changed then as well. No music, use headphones if you need to hear whatever it is that young men listen to. The kitchen is yours to use if I am not using it, but you can keep all your own food in the fridge in your room. I want everything spic and span when you are done. No shoes on the carpets, leave them neatly by the front door, one pair only...”

Charlie nodded during the recital and felt as though he was in a time warp. It was almost like the sixties; the lodging house was a bubble of the past in the present.

“That’s most of it,” she said at last. “Here’s a copy of the contract...”

Charlie started to stand and said, “Thanks for the tea, Mrs Allinson. I have just one question...”

“Mm?”

“I just wanted to know how many live here at the moment?”

“Just the two of us,” she said in a clipped voice.

So, there’s no Mr Allinson, thought Charlie. Interesting...

“Every Sunday at three in the afternoon, I expect all of my guests to meet me here in the kitchen for a pleasant cup of tea,” she said as he reached the door. “It is good that all of the guests meet occasionally and I want to get to know you all...”

“I thought that I’m the only one,” said Charlie with a small smile.

“Don’t get smart,” she said. “On Sunday you will be here...”

“Of course.”

Sundays

The first week passed and Charlie settled in. He found the best route to the station, and a couple of cafés that stayed open late. The Wi-Fi in his room was slow, but serviceable, Mrs Allinson seemed to be out most of the time and the water in the locked bathroom was hot and the shower powerful. He decided not to use the kitchen and bought himself a small kettle and a couple of bowls so that he could make instant meals in his room.

A decorator seemed to be working on the front bedroom, but Charlie only ever heard the man at work. On Sunday, Charlie went to explore the local area and did not arrive back until eight in the evening.

Monday came around and he left his washing in the basket by the door of his room and hurried off to work. When he arrived home at seven he found that Mrs Allinson was waiting for him in the kitchen. He went to ascend the stairs, but she called him into the small room. On the kitchen table was a stack of his clothes, all washed and ironed and he picked them up with a ‘thank you’.

“I washed and changed your sheets,” said the woman sitting with a cup of tea in front of her. The tone that she spoke in suggested disapproval.

“Thanks,” said Charlie.

“I am a little disappointed,” continued Mrs Allinson. “I keep a moral house and I didn’t appreciate the stains that I had to remove from the sheets.”

Charlie blushed pink and his landlady continued.

“You are right to be embarrassed,” she said. “If you really have to indulge, then make sure that you do not leave a mess! I hope that you have not been on the Internet looking at sexually orientated sites. If you have, then you will have realised that I have blocked all that sort of nonsense!”

“I’ll be careful,” said Charlie.

“Make sure that you are, what’s more... where were you on Sunday afternoon? I most specifically told you that at three we meet here. I wasted a whole pot of tea waiting...”

“I’m sorry, I forgot...”

“Well, that’s not good enough young man! I simply insist that you make room in your life for a little social activity that involves more than your right hand making you expel gunk on to my bedsheets. Do you understand?”

Charlie did not know how to answer her and the blush deepened.

“I have heard all the claims that that sort of thing is ‘natural’,” she continued. “But, I disagree and in my house, my rules are paramount. Do you understand? If you do not wish to find yourself on the street, try to hold back your ‘natural’ instincts and be a good boy!”

“I’m sorry, it won’t happen again,” said a retreating Charlie.

“Well, we’ll discuss it further on Sunday,” was her parting shot.

Sunday arrived and Charlie arrived in the kitchen with a strange pit in his stomach. His take on Mrs Allinson had moved several notches in his mind. From being a landlady who seemed almost Victorian in her attitudes, she had become a tyrant that he tried to avoid at every junction. Only in his room did Charlie feel safe from her. Hurrying up the stairs to hide, making sure that he spent as little time as possible in his room.

She did not seem in a hurry to garner more guests. The decorator finished and the door to the bedroom was locked, as were all of the other rooms in the house. Only the kitchen was left open but even the door beyond to the garden was secured.

Mrs Allinson was waiting for her lodger in the kitchen. He opened the door at the stroke of three and she smiled at him as he greeted her and moved to sit.

“You are making the tea,” she said. “That’s the rule that you would have learned last week, if you’d been here! Cake on the surface and the kettle has boiled.”

Charlie moved to the counter and sought out a knife to cut the Battenberg cake on the board. As he tried how to decide the size of the slices, he felt Mrs Allinson's hands on his hips. Startled he started to turn, but she had the apron tied at his waist before he could do so.

"That's better!" she said as she took her seat. "Dressed properly..."

Charlie glanced down at the floral tribute to the sixties that hung at his waist and shrugged his shoulders before slicing the cake thinly and arranging the slices on the plate.

He turned and moved cups, teapot and the cake to the table one-by-one before taking his place opposite her. It seemed that Sunday was the day on which Mrs Allinson dressed more smartly. Her hair was still back, but now it was plaited and formed a coil on her crown. Her dress was a knitted single piece that stretched over her and he realised that she had quite a figure. As he pulled his chair into the table, he realised that she was wearing kitten heels and stockings.

"I hope that the tea is right," said Charlie.

"Use the tray next time," she said in reply. "Now then, we have a few points to discuss before we can socialise..."

Charlie stirred his tea and wondered how it was that such a young woman could act with such old-fashioned manners. He also speculated on the former Mr Allinson and wondered why he was no longer around. Presumably, he had fled the dragon's lair with his tail between his legs, he decided.

“Also,” she said. “Next time I expect a better standard of dress for Sunday afternoons. What you wear on your own time is your business, what you wear in my time is important. Read the contract for guidance!”

Charlie promised himself that he would read the tract that he had signed and said, “Every detail!”

“Good. Then that’s said and done. I do not expect to have to ever repeat myself. Now then, we come to your oversights up until now. Unfortunately, I just can’t let them go and hope for better behaviour, so that needs discussing as well.”

“I apologised and was hoping that you would realise that I just did not realise that I was breaking the rules,” said Charlie weakly.

A look of smugness spread on her features as she sipped her tea and then continued lecturing him.

“That’s all well and good,” she said. “But, an apology does not make it right. You have forced me to decide some penance and reluctantly I will have to take action. I think that you will understand that I lose respect if I simply say ‘don’t do it again’, I have to make sure that you understand that breaking the rules of my house has consequences that depend on the rule that is broken!”

“Er, I suppose so,” said Charlie as he wondered what punishment could possibly fit the crime.

“Good, then that’s settled! From now on you will do all of the washing and ironing for the next month. Mine as well as yours! You will make time on Mondays for these duties and I will expect to be inspecting your work at six sharp in the evening to make sure that it is done to my high standards.”

“Oh, Mondays? I have to be at work until five...”

“You will just have to make time,” said Mrs Allinson. “Those are the rules for me, they are also the rules for you. I can’t possibly make exceptions, can I! We have both signed and that would be breaking my own contract.”

“You are very strict,” said Charlie. “Surely we can come to an understanding?”

“Understanding? I don’t make ‘understandings’! This is my house and I have certain standards to keep.”

“I suppose that I can get Monday’s off,” said Charlie as he considered using his holiday allowance.

“There... there’s always a way, if you just try hard enough, Charlie.”

At the mention of his name, Charlie realised that he still did not know her first name. Another reason to check out the contract, he decided.

The conversation slipped from her dissatisfaction with her lodger and moved to Charlie's life. He found that he had to tell her all about his work and his life and she carefully avoided giving any hint as to her own past. He told her about his job, working as an intern for the council planning department, the girlfriend that he had left behind and the reasons why he had moved to London. He told her how he had lost contact with his friends and family, but that he was gradually making new friends.

As he spoke, she nodded and seemed sympathetic and before he was done, the teapot had emptied and he was obliged to refill it. The conversation seemed to be coming to an end after an hour and Charlie stood up to go to his room, glad that the interview was over.

"Read the contract carefully," said Mrs Allinson with a smile. "It lists all of the punishments that accompany breaking the house rules. Learn them and we will get along just fine... Don't forget that tomorrow you will report to me at ten and I will show you what I expect from you!"

"At ten," said Charlie.

"We'll get along just fine, if you learn what I expect of you!"

Charlie closed the kitchen door with a sense of relief and headed upstairs. He hoped that she had not noticed what had happened as she undid the apron. The bump in his trousers had definitely been against the house rules!

Scheduled

Monday came and went, an almost bizarre experience that started Charlie onto the idea that Mrs Allinson was in some way attracted to him. The signs were slight, but they were there in the tone of the voice, the way that she tied on the full apron and the way that she was not dressed in her normal plain dress, but wore stockings and kitten heels that she straightened as he watched. The knitted dress seemed almost an erotic statement, but he dared not touch, that would have resulted in a punishment that was listed as 'Immoral Conduct' in the rules. A forfeit of ten to fifty pounds a week added to his rent per item fifty-seven on the list of 'Prejudicial Deportment' that came under a similar long list of 'Untidy Living' that included gems like, 'nocturnal emissions' and 'lighting tobacco products'.

By five in the evening, an hour early according to the schedule of 'Assuring Proper Housekeeping', Charlie had finished to her satisfaction. Mrs Allinson did not have a washing machine and insisted on every item being washed individually, so that the work took hours. The ironing was easy in comparison when he had taken all of the washing from the line after being trusted with the garden key. Every pair of silk knickers and bra, every undershirt and what seemed to be a skirt for each day was ironed, leaving just the woollen items to be carefully folded in carefully sorted piles.

Mrs Allinson stood over Charlie the whole time and he wondered why she bothered. It seemed more trouble for her if he did the work than if she had done it herself. The mystery was solved when she announced that he would be doing it all on his own the next three weeks because she had appointments on those Mondays.

There was something that appealed to Charlie about the whole affair of his

punishment. Now that he had read the scales of delicts and punishments, he started to realise that this authoritarian woman regarded all of her lodgers as naughty children that needed constant attention to bring them up to her high standards.

The contract was a strict schedule that often demanded punishments that fitted the crime and he realised that he really did not want to test her determination to 'take appropriate preventative measures' should he repeat his misdemeanour.

Most of the rules seemed to have simple safeguards and then were admonished with 'appropriate preventative measures' on a second event. A phrase that seemed almost over-used in the small print that was difficult to read in his dimly lit room. Of course, the 'Changing Fittings and Fixtures' rule ensured that a better bulb could not be fitted!

Still, he thought, if he was in charge of the washing he could 'commit physical self-indulgence' as often as he liked with no risk! One punishment cancelling the risk of incurring another with elegant balance. Then there was the thrill, ordinary life seemed to risk a punishment at every turn and he realised that it was almost amusing the way that Mrs Allinson used old fashioned euphemisms to control her guests.

Guest actually... Charlie was still the only one.

A week passed without incident. The Sunday meet-up going well without any need for punishment and Charlie felt as though it was all going better now. Now that he had the rules in his head, he started to be careful not to upset the delicate balance and force Mrs Allinson to evoke them. She seemed satisfied by his housework and he felt almost proud as well as relieved that there was no word of criticism.

Just as well that she never commented on the rock-hard erection that filled his pants as she ensured that his work was up to standard. He was coming to regard her as a focus of erotic womanhood and spent his time puzzling over his attraction to his landlady.

On Friday, Charlie came home at eight in the evening to find his door open and Mrs Allinson standing with her hands on her hips in obvious displeasure.

“I am most put out,” she said as she looked into his room and Charlie wondered what she was angry about.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“That, of course,” pointing under the bed where a scrunched tissue lay in plain sight. “I’m not touching it, but I already know why it is there!”

Charlie blushed and hoped that she had not searched his room.

“What’s more, I found this...”

Her hand held up a magazine by a corner and allowed it to drop to the floor to reveal the naked bodies that filled its pages.

“You have been searching my room?” said Charlie heatedly.

“Item eight, ‘the landlord or representatives may, at any time that they feel necessary, ensure that the rules of the house are being adhered to’,” she said. “You’ve read the rules, you only have yourself to blame.”

“I was trying...”

“My only problem is to determine if this comes under disorderly conduct or immoral behaviour,” broke in Mrs Allinson. “Report to me in the kitchen and I will decide what scale on the schedule to use!”

“This is getting ridiculous,” said Charlie. “Everything is banned!”

“Of course, it is, if it is immoral,” she replied. “Five minutes!”

She stalked past him, and Charlie felt that feeling again and wondered what would be appropriate punishment and then he realised that his landlady was entitled to raise his rent as a punishment. With a sinking feeling he flushed away the offending tissue and headed for the kitchen.

Mrs Allinson was already waiting for him when he slipped through the door. A small wooden box stood on the table and she had a piece of paper in her hands.

“I have decided that I will use all three of the punishments that are allowed me to ensure that you correct your disgusting hobbies,” she said. “First, you will sign this...”

She placed the paper on the table and Charlie saw that it was another contract.

“What’s this?”

“This is what I use to correct the young men that live here when they break my rules,” said Mrs Allinson. “It is a further schedule of punishments and rules to ensure that an orderly house is what I keep. Consider yourself lucky that I do not use the ‘Grave Correctional’ contract in your case! Yet.”

Charlie saw the pen and scribbled a signature at the bottom of the sheet.

“Good, that’s settled,” she said as she tucked the form into her green file. “You do not get a copy; you will just have to be a good boy in future...”

“I don’t even know what the rules are,” said Charlie as he watched her reach down to the chair by her side and pick up a hooked bamboo cane.

“That’s the way that it should be,” said Mrs Allinson. “Good behaviour comes from inside; this simply ensures that I have rigid rules to ensure that I know what punishment is in order!”

Charlie was hypnotised by the cane in her hand. Was she just showing him her power or was this what the next punishment would be? The answer arrived in the next seconds.

“Hold out your hand...”

He hesitated.

“I said, hold out your hand!”

He extended his arm and she tapped the end of the cane lightly on his palm twice.

“This time, count yourself lucky,” said Mrs Allinson. “Normally three strokes on the naked behind are required, but I have decided that you are properly repentant and that this will suffice to teach you that I do not take your behaviour so lightly in future.”

“Thanks,” said Charlie almost ironically.

“Thank you, Mrs Allinson is the required form.”

“Thank you, Mrs Allinson.”

“That’s better, now you already know that you have to pay more each month so we’ll move onto the third punishment,” she said, putting the cane on the table in clear sight. “I have decided that Mondays will become a permanent duty for you.”

Charlie was about to speak, but she waved his objection away with a flutter of her hand.

“However, I recognise that not every Monday is possible for you. As a special relaxation of the rules, you may choose Monday or Tuesday, but you will have to give me a months’ notice in writing of the change.”

Charlie felt as though he was in another world. He seemed to have regressed to being twelve years old with the way that she was laying down the law, but strangely he did not resent it. He just shrugged and said; “Mondays are fine. I will inform you if I need to change it.”

The thought of washing her intimate panties and bras had added a small frisson last week and he was almost looking forward to Monday in an unexpected way.

“So, everything is cleared up between us. You understand that you have to be a model guest while I allow you to stay here and I am reasonably satisfied that you know how to behave well. Just make sure that you do in future because this...” she held up the additional contract to show him, “is quite clear on all these matters and I will not go lightly on you next time!”

Charlie sloped off to his room with his heart beating, managing to hide the lump in his pants. His last sight of her was the strange smile on her face as if she

understood how much she was teasing her lodger.

Cynthia

The next week went well, at least as far as Charlie could tell.

Sunday was an hour of more telling the young woman what she wanted to know about him, but at least the questions did not move to the intimate whilst Charlie still learned nothing new about his landlady.

The rest of the week, Mrs Allinson seemed to be away on holiday and Charlie allowed himself indulgences in the privacy of his room that he knew she could never trace. She had located and disposed of all of the magazines that he had in the room, and he did not dare buy more. Instead he used his laptop to search out erotic stories on the sites that were not blocked on the Wi-Fi. Each time he carefully disposed of the tissues by flushing them away. Twice, as he had his large cock rigid in his hand he found that Mrs Allinson had become the focus of his erogenous thoughts, his mind dwelling on her stockings and the way that she had tapped his palm with the cane.

That sort of thing, caning and punishment had never previously been the direction of his thoughts before, but he went with it and discovered that it was so erotic stimulating that he came like he never had before.

The weekend arrived and signs of Mrs Allinson's presence were clear. The bedroom next to his was occupied, but he never met whoever it was that took up the bed. When it got to Sunday, Charlie decided that he would try to impress his landlady and dressed in a suit and tie for the normal Sunday tea session.

He opened the door of the kitchen to discover that his landlady had company. A middle-aged woman who was primed and decorated like a Christmas tree in gold and silk.

“I’m sorry,” said Charlie. “I didn’t know that you had company!”

Mrs Allinson smiled.

“This is Charlie,” she said to the other woman. “He is a lodger and is doing quite well up until now.” She turned to Charlie; “Sit down and Miss Cynthia will make the tea for us... Miss Cynthia is a long-time friend who is staying for a month or two in London with us. You will address her as ‘Miss Cynthia’ to be polite!”

“Pleased to meet you,” said Charlie, on his best behaviour as he watched the overdressed woman fussily make the tea and arrange the biscuits on the plate with great care.

“Miss Cynthia is in London to take her final examinations as a behavioural psychologist,” said Miss Allinson. “She is fascinated by what I have told her already about you and thinks that you might make a perfect subject for her dissertation.”

“Oh,” exclaimed Charlie. “Which university?”

“Bristol,” said Miss Cynthia as she served the tea. “These examinations are for my Masters; the PhD comes next.”

“So, don’t be shy,” said Mrs Allinson. “Tell her all about yourself. It’s in confidence and you can ignore the fact that I am here!”

Miss Cynthia smiled at her friend and then turned to Charlie.

“So how long since you left home?”

The questions were almost like a job interview. Miss Cynthia asked away and gradually Charlie started to enjoy the conversation. He even managed to glean a little about his mysterious landlady.

The hour passed quickly and at the end of it, Charlie felt almost exhausted.

“We’ll have to get together again,” said Miss Cynthia. “I’m only here a few more days, so next Sunday is out.”

“Tomorrow I am busy,” replied Charlie looking at Mrs Allinson meaningfully.

“Proper notice,” she replied. “I can’t relax my rules, you know that!”

Charlie smiled ruefully, a little disappointed that his landlady could not even budge for her own friend. He shrugged.

“In the evening?” asked Charlie of Miss Cynthia.

“Why not?” answered Mrs Allinson. “As long as you have done all of your chores...”

“Seven then?”

“It’s a date.”

Charlie headed for his room and wondered why on earth he had been so eager to meet up with Mrs Allinson’s friend again.

Not that she was unattractive, but she was twice his age, way past the normal objects of his lust.

Monday was frustrating. Charlie almost felt as though Mrs Allinson disapproved of his liaison with her friend. Tight lipped and abrupt with every word, she was not satisfied with his chores until the clock had reached six. Charlie dared not say a word to her in case she got even more irritated than she was, but at last he was released by a small nod and hurried upstairs to get changed for the evening.

He was half way up the stairs when he was called back by Mrs Allinson who stood tapping her foot at the bottom of the stairs.

“You have forgotten your pinny,” she said, pointing to the apron at his waist. “Fold it up nicely and put it back in the drawer.”

Charlie did as he was told, walking with hanging head past the disapproving woman who stood in the hall, before dashing upstairs and rushing to get ready. Now that he knew who Mr Allinson had been, he was in full sympathy with his landlady. One day, according to Miss Cynthia’s comments the day before, he had walked from the house and disappeared. At least that was how Charlie had interpreted her words. No wonder that she was so prickly all the time.

He missed the train and had to wait twenty minutes for the next one and realised that he knew nothing about the woman who was his date. Not even a mobile phone number to tell her that he was late. The train came and soon he was hurrying to the appointed meeting place to find Miss Cynthia standing annoyed checking her watch.

“You’re late!” she said.

“Sorry, Mrs Allinson would not let me go,” he gave as his excuse.

“Well, if you’d done your chores according to her rules, then I’m sure that she’d have let you go!”

Charlie wondered how to answer her logic, but Miss Cynthia added to the telling-off.

“Women can be late, men gain respect by being on time,” she said haughtily. “Anyway, we’ve missed the reservation for the restaurant, so you will have to make up for it by choosing a nice place for the evening.”

Charlie decided that he needed to do something special to make up for lost ground and led Miss Cynthia to a rather expensive restaurant nearby. There was definitely something attractive about his landlady’s friend, he decided. Elegantly dressed in a dress that hugged her figure, her hair was a careful construction of curls held in place by a gold comb, her face rather over made-up, but no less attractive for it. A few sly looks from the corners of his eyes as they walked allowed him to admire the average sized breasts that were firm and shapely, a narrow waist and perfectly rounded hips that moved deliciously with every step.

“This looks OK,” she said as they entered the restaurant. “I’ll forgive you for being late, but you only get one free pass! Ever.”

Charlie’s mood lifted as they sat and ordered a bottle of house red and riffled through the menus. Her lips were pursed as she decided and he got another chance to size her up. The order was made and at last they made a little small-talk. He told her about his last girlfriend because she asked and she divulged a little about herself, trivia about films and music that still gave no clue as to her personality.

Of course, I’m dating a psychologist, he thought with an inner smile. No wonder that she was picking him to pieces...

“Daisy needs so much care and attention,” she said as they finished the main course.

“Daisy?” asked Charlie, momentarily puzzled.

“Dear me, Charlie, what have you been doing the last month or so? Mrs Daisy Allinson...”

“Oh right. Sorry she only likes me to use ‘Mrs Allinson’!”

“As I was saying. Three years ago she got married, two years ago he walked out on her and ever since she has been retreating into a world of her own.”

“You can say that again,” said Charlie.

“What on earth do you mean by that?”

“Oh, nothing. It’s just that she is a little... difficult to understand.”

“Well, that’s right, I suppose. Difficult? At any rate, Daisy has got over it by making sure that everything is ordered and predictable. That there are rules for everything and predefined consequences for any disturbance.”

“She threatened to cane me!” said Charlie with a small smile.

Miss Cynthia dismissed the comment with a wave of her hand.

“It’s not a game!” said Miss Cynthia. “I expect you to do as you are told to help the healing process and trauma of her bad experience. The best is to go along with everything nicely and do as you are told.”

Charlie was about to reply, but she continued without much of a pause.

“I have known her since we were children,” said Miss Cynthia. “I will be very upset if you play games with her heart!”

“I wouldn’t do that! But, if you saw the rules and regulations, penalties and punishments you would not be so blasé about it!”

Miss Cynthia leaned forward and said, “I helped her write them, so they are my rules as well. I am doing my best to help her out of this state of anger and I expect you to as well... you have a responsibility for my patient that I do expect you to respect and help me with!”

“I’ll do my best,” said Charlie slowly. “It’s just a little weird and I will be moving in a few months anyway...”

“Mm, that’s not good... she will be so hurt! Still, what will be, will be. Just

make sure that while you are in her house you are nice and obedient.”

Charlie decided that the conversation was becoming more about Mrs Allinson than anything else and tried to change the subject.

“How did the exams go?”

“Very well, thanks for asking, but Daisy is more important to me than you could ever know. Tell me, has she pulled out the third set of rules yet?”

Charlie sighed a little and shook his head.

“I just signed the second set, but she would not let me read them!”

Miss Cynthia leaned back and nodded.

“That’s fine. Now I think that we should discuss us...”

Charlie looked at the woman who sat facing him. There was no doubt that it would be interesting to fuck her and the secret thought stimulated him.

“You want to fuck me!” said Miss Cynthia with a small laugh.

Charlie nodded slowly. Now the woman was reading his thoughts!

“You are pretty attractive...”

“Maybe next time,” said Miss Cynthia. “I never fuck on a first date, but it has been known on the second!”

The directness of the conversation was a real turn-on for Charlie and he settled a little as he wondered where this was going. Maybe there was something to be said for older women, he thought. Experience and confidence making up for youth and innocence.

“But...”

She paused significantly for a moment, underlining her next words as of importance.

“That will never happen if you don’t behave yourself! I have to go back to Bristol for a while, but I’ll be back and we can continue from this point... if you like!”

“I’d like that very much,” said Charlie imagining his hands on those rounded breasts.

“It’s a deal,” laughed Miss Cynthia. “You look after Daisy properly and we’ll see

when I am next back in London in a month or so. Just do as you're told and it will all go swingingly with the three of us."

"Did you ever find out what happened to Mr Allinson?" asked Charlie.

"Of course!" answered his date, but the waiter arrived with the bill at that point and Charlie felt that the revelation would have to wait for the next meeting.

It was after midnight when Charlie quietly crept to his room. He slipped into the bathroom and locked the door behind him to expend his frustration and lust in the shower while he imagined all the things that Miss Cynthia and he would do when she next came to visit.

Obsession

A week passed and the Sunday cup of tea held no surprises. He accepted the gentle cane on his ass that was a warning of things to come if he did not leave his bedroom in a constant state of tidiness and decided that Mrs Allinson was all show and no tangible threat. He was not sure what would have happened if she had ordered him to drop his pants and bend over her knee, but it seemed that she was never going to test him that far anyway!

That Monday, Mrs Allinson was an ever-present manifestation of authority. She pottered around and kept an eye on his chores with an eagle eye, ensuring that the hot iron was placed 'just so' and that the clothes were piled and sorted as he worked. It seemed to Charlie that she was becoming ever more demanding, but he did not make any serious errors and finished an hour early with a sigh of relief.

His life in the lodging house was gradually taking over the rest of his existence. Of course, he worked and went for the occasional drink with his friends, but the newly imposed rule that he had to be in his room by eleven at night restricted his excursions and he was sure that somehow, she was checking up on him. Occasionally she was sitting in the kitchen with the door open late at night and he carefully avoided breaking what seemed to be a cardinal rule.

Meanwhile, Charlie obsessed about Miss Cynthia. Even the name was a turn on, 'Miss Cynthia', and she was often the subject of his late-night showers which had become the only way to avoid detection for gross misconduct: 'self-gratification'! On the other hand, there was something extra special about deceiving Mrs Allinson that made every climax a supreme pleasure.

Sunday came around again and Charlie found himself sitting in the kitchen with the woman that was managing him and sipping the customary tea with the knowledge that in just a few weeks Miss Cynthia would be returning.

“I was wondering,” said Charlie, “when Miss Cynthia was coming back to stay?”

He dared not call her ‘Daisy’ and anyway it seemed a far too trivial name for this overbearing woman to whom he paid the rent. Mrs Allinson frowned and Charlie felt that he had made a mistake in asking.

“Why do you ask?”

“Oh, I suppose that I quite like her,” he replied nonchalantly.

“I disapprove of your tone and the way that you think that you can own her,” said Mrs Allinson with a grimace.

“That’s not at all what I think,” said Charlie with a lump in his throat.

“Yes, you do... It’s always the same with all men. They think that a second date is a passport to inappropriate behaviour. I know all about that!”

“I’m sorry, but that’s not the way that it is,” said Charlie wondering how she could be so angry and protective.

“I know what you are up to,” said Mrs Allinson. “You think that by making friends with the only friend that I have will make me relax the rules of my house, but I can assure you that that will never happen.”

“I follow the rules!”

“No you don’t, young man. I have checked up on you and I know that you are indulging in nightly bouts of ‘self-gratification’! I don’t care to speculate upon the focus of those disgusting moments, but I suspect that Miss Cynthia is the victim...”

“Since four weeks ago...” started Charlie, but Mrs Allinson broke into his lie with a wagging finger.

“Don’t lie to me, my young man. Don’t lie to me. If you do, I will have no other option but to throw you out of my house!”

Charlie felt a sudden fear, mostly that Mrs Allinson would somehow wreck his much-hoped-for liaison with her friend rather than actually throw him out of the house.

“I was not going to lie,” he said sheepishly.

“Then start again with ‘since four weeks ago’ and tell me what you were going to say!”

“Since four weeks ago, I have understood how important the rules are,” said Charlie weakly.

“So... If that’s the case, why are you using the shower as a place where you break some of the most important regulations?”

“Because I did not want to upset you!”

Mrs Allinson drummed her fingertips on the table as though she was contemplating which punishment was the most appropriate. At last she reached for the hook-handled cane and stood.

“There are two possible recourses under the schedule of punishments,” she began in a firm tone. “The second is not going to be implemented. I shall give you three strokes and you will promise at every stroke not to ‘pleasure’ yourself in my house ever again. If you break that oath, then I shall be forced to react. Do you understand?”

Charlie looked up at the woman tapping the cane in her hands and then thought about Miss Cynthia. Clearly, now was the moment to make a choice. Put up with his landlady’s rules and regulations or lose his chance with the middle-aged siren who was always on his mind. He stood and started to undo his belt. It was the thought of his deposit that finally swung the decision.

“You can be good, if you try,” said Mrs Allinson. “Now bend over and touch your toes for your punishment. At every stroke, you will give me the count and apologise for your self-abuse in a convincing manner.”

Charlie could not help the erection. He turned to face away from Mrs Allinson and dropped his pants before bending over at such an angle that she could not see how the punishment was exciting him.

The first stroke caught him unawares and Charlie yelped before managing to say, “One! I am so sorry that I masturbated in the shower.”

“Good! Now stay still, dear. Just two more to go!”

The second stroke of the cane was vicious with a full swing that made Charlie draw in his breath and yelp with the agony. Mrs Allinson had laid it precisely on the tender welt of the first with an exactitude that spoke of familiarity.

“Two! I am so sorry that I masturbated in the shower.”

“My dear Charlie. I expect a different apology at every stroke. That mean that we start at ‘two’ and you bear my sensibilities in mind!”

He waited for the next whip of the cane, but it seemed that she was waiting for him to speak.

“Please, Mrs Allinson, I apologise for breaking the rules.”

“I suppose that you said ‘two’ earlier so I’ll just have to let you off...”

As soon as she had spoken another lash of the bamboo cane added a new stripe to the white skin of his buttocks. Lighter than the last, Charlie managed to speak his apology immediately.

“Two! I understand that the shower is not the place to... pleasure myself,” he said, managing to avoid the word ‘wank’. “Please forgive me.”

“Mm, I am really not sure if the contrition that you are showing is genuine,” came the voice from behind him. “Still, you are being obedient and that will just have to be enough for the moment.”

The fourth stroke was terrible for Charlie. A searing agony that swept his trembling thighs and almost made his knees collapse at her feet. For a moment he could not speak as he wondered how she could strike so hard with just a bamboo rod.

“Three!” he said with a gulp. “I will never pleasure myself again in your house, Mrs Allinson. Please believe me!”

“Make sure that you don’t,” she said. “It’s disgusting and just promotes immoral desires that can never hope to be satisfied. If I ever find out that you have broken your promises, then a far worse punishment will be administered.”

Charlie tried to pull up his trousers without letting his tormentor seeing the huge erection that sprang from his thighs. He belted his trousers and sat down at the table where Mrs Allinson was already sipping her tea as though they had just

passed the time of day.

“I am also not happy that you show signs of enjoying the punishment,” she said. “I failed to expressly forbid it and in fact I never added the infraction to my rules. But...” Mrs Allinson smiled a thin-lipped smile. “I am going to add it to the rules now and you will have to learn to control yourself and respect my dignity in future.”

Charlie blushed and wondered what she thought of what she had seen. After all, she had been married!

“Enough said,” said Mrs Allinson. “My friend is staying at the end of the month, so that answers your question. Though I have to say, I’m not sure that I approve of your interest in her, especially as you are so highly sexed!”

The words caused Charlie to blush again and he did not know how to answer her. In the end, the tea was finished in silence and Charlie sloped away with a feeling of fright that was underlined by the glow on his rear.

That night he broke his promise as he imagined getting another caning and then something sweeter afterwards from the lips of his landlady.

Mondays were becoming easier. Slowly a routine built that allowed Charlie to finish early and ensure that Mrs Allinson was fully satisfied with his work. She

had bought him a new apron that covered him from neck to knees and wrapped around to almost give the impression of a dress. Not until he saw his reflection in the mirror did he realise the effect and it made him smile to see the man-maid with a duster in his hand staring back from the glass.

Mrs Allinson had given him the extra chore of dusting.

“You have time and I can never get around to it properly,” she said as she passed him the feather duster on a stick. “I have decided to allow you in the living room and other bedrooms, except mine of course, to complete your chores and you will do the whole house thoroughly every Monday.”

The living room was just like any other, but the bedroom where the workmen had been when he had arrived was a revelation. It was nothing less than a nursery in light blue and pink. Even the wallpaper was covered in cartoon unicorns and little princesses who played with them. A mobile with animal cut-outs hung from the light and the cot itself was a huge metal barred construction that was painted pink and was laid with a rubber sheet and thin knitted blankets.

Charlie decided that Mrs Allinson was troubled by a lack of children and the nursery signified that need. Since it had never been used, Charlie found it dusty and in need of freshening up. He shook and aired the blankets, plumped up the lacy pillows and left it looking perfect. Mrs Allinson made no comment at his extra work, but he was sure that she noticed, because the next Sunday’s tea party went without a hitch.

That meant, of course, that she had not detected his new way of hiding his immoral behaviour. First of all, no shower was ever than a couple of minutes long. That would ensure that she could not think that he was cheating. A little toilet paper, just a couple of squares, taken into his room and carefully bagged

and tucked into his jean's pocket for later disposal. In a fit of making sure that she did not realise what was happening, Charlie even folded the toilet paper on the roll into a point to give the impression that he had not taken the paper from the roll.

It turned out that, even with the added task of dusting, he was finished by four on the next Monday. Mrs Allinson allowed him to go, commenting that there were other things that needed to be done and, next Monday, he would find that she had added another chore. Charlie shrugged and realised that there was just one Sunday to go now before the end of the month.

Miss Cynthia would arrive the Thursday after next at the end of the month and the thought buoyed him up and sent him scurrying upstairs to relieve the need that filled him at the prospect.

Abuse

Sunday arrived and Charlie made his way down stairs to the kitchen with a sense of relief that he had not been in any trouble. Hopefully there would be no surprises this time and the hour would be finished before he realised it. Then, Monday to get through and three days later, Miss Cynthia would take up the room next to his.

He entered the kitchen to find that Mrs Allinson had closed the Venetian blinds and was sitting in darkness despite the bright afternoon outside. The room was gloomy and she already sat with her tea and a cup for him in his usual place.

“I made the tea,” she commented unnecessarily.

“Thank you,” said Charlie as she went to pull up a chair to his normal place at the table.

“You are not allowed to sit yet,” said Mrs Allinson. “I need to say some words that it that pains me to have to say!”

Charlie stayed still and stood uncertain before the table. The feeling was nothing other than a small schoolboy standing at the headmistress’ desk. The clothes that she had chosen fitted her role and two small boxes lay to her hand on the table. Charlie was glad to see that the cane was not in evidence, he was not sure if he could go through that again!

Mrs Allinson sighed and then said, “Charlie, two weeks ago you promised to never self-abuse yourself under my roof. You promised and then asked me to forgive you... that I did.”

“I have not...”

“You know the punishment for lying, Charlie. Don’t lie to me!”

“I have kept my promise,” he said, glad that the room was in darkness so that she could not see his blushes.

“I would love to believe you, Charlie, and I am sure that you are trying to be obedient,” she said. “But, and I think that you understand my position in this case, I need to make sure that you have not been lying to me!”

Charlie wondered just how Mrs Allinson was going to check up on him. His pocket was empty; all tissues had been thrown in a bin in central London near his work and there was no evidence that could give him away.

“As you like,” said Charlie, trying to inject a nonchalance into his words that he did not really feel.

Mrs Allinson’s hand opened one of the small boxes to bring out what seemed to be a flashlight. For a moment, she fumbled before switching it on with a click. Nothing happened, no light came from the front of the torch and Charlie wondered what was going on.

“Do you want me to look at it to find out what’s wrong?” he offered, holding out a hand.

Charlie’s landlady just held up the torch and pointed it at Charlie before exclaiming; “Liar...”

He looked down to see that the whole front of his jeans were glowing with bluish light where the tissues had been tucked into his pockets. For a moment, there was utter still in the room before Charlie thought of a way out of being caught out.

“Never under your roof is the rule, Mrs Allinson!”

“Another lie,” she said. “If that is the case, why does the carpet in your room show signs of invisible staining?”

“Because that was from before,” said Charlie weakly.

“I checked two weeks ago and it was clear!”

Charlie hung his head and was so glad that Mrs Allinson did not have her cane to hand.

“Drop your pants,” she said.

Charlie wondered if Mrs Allinson was about to use her bare hand to punish him and felt a sense of relief. He dropped his pants and was so glad that he had thought to have a sly little wank before this meeting. It ensured that no stiffness was in evidence as he stepped out of his pants.

“This behaviour is going to stop now, and for all time,” said Mrs Allinson.

Her hands opened the other box and pulled out a clump of tissue paper that was wrapped around a stainless-steel object. As she opened the tissue she cast it aside and then held up the device in her palm for him to see.

“You will wear this at all times and then I can be sure that you won’t indulge your filthy habits in my house,” she said as she passed it to him. “I will have the key for the moments where there is genuine reason to remove it and you will find that lying is a serious matter, but self-abuse is worse!”

The steel weighed heavily in Charlie’s palm. He had never seen anything like this before, but immediately saw that once it was fitted, wanking would be a thing of the past!

“All the time?” he asked. “What about when I am out of the house?”

“My dear Charlie,” said Mrs Allinson as her hand moved towards the flashlight in threat. “I might have considered that as an option, but your incessant lying has

brought me to believe that a total ban on touching that indecent penis in a lewd way is the best medicine for you. Now, put it on, give me both keys and we shall discuss tomorrow and the arrival of Miss Cynthia.”

Charlie realised that further exposure of his naked skin would be a terrible incitement of the already angry woman and hastened to obey. He fiddled with the device and found that the wide collar at the back closed with a tiny padlock with the keys hanging from them. Once that was released the curved tube was free to enter and he slipped it on while twiddling the collar to a comfortable place. It was clear that, once the device was fixed it would not only trap him and prevent stimulation, there was also little room for him to swell inside the tube.

The only place that the collar could possibly fit was around his hanging balls and he closed the ring with a click. The length of the collar ensured that his balls swelled tight and smooth from the base of it, a distortion that somehow seemed to make his cock and balls look like a little boy's. His cock nestled in its tube and pushed the smooth tip from the end to leave it trapped by a subtle rim that closed around the rim leaving Charlie totally trapped. He clicked the tiny padlock closed and then looked up to see Mrs Allinson smiling and holding out her hand.

“Promises are all very well, but this is better. Perhaps it might be better if you removed all the hair around there,” she said, “It will be much more sanitary and less uncomfortable! Maybe next Sunday?”

Charlie suddenly realised that the chastity device would be a real problem when Miss Cynthia arrived! It had not occurred to him that it was not just his nocturnal adventures that were being brought under Mrs Allinson's control, but also any chance of sex in general!

“That would be good,” said Charlie deciding that once the damn thing was off, next week he would simply refuse to put it on again. A week was quite enough!

“Now you can have your tea and we can discuss other matters that concern you.”

Charlie pulled up a chair and sat, feeling his naked balls rub on the chair and the weight of the steel that encased him. He watched Mrs Allinson carefully add one of the small keys to the chain around her neck and then bend to do the same for the gold circlet on her ankle.

“Monday?” asked Charlie, though he really wanted to discuss Miss Cynthia’s arrival.

“That’s right,” said Mrs Allinson with a small sigh. “I have decided to add a few more duties, but that will come tomorrow. What I need to discuss is something more important for me.”

Charlie nodded and watched as she stood from the table and leaned to open a cupboard behind her. The straight seams of her old-fashioned stockings were bisected by the gold line from which dangled one of the keys. The short kitten heels gave her legs an elegant shape and Charlie could not help feeling just a little turned-on by the scene.

Mrs Allinson placed a folded apron on the table and sat down again before speaking.

“You will wear this, starting tomorrow,” she said with finality.

Charlie picked up the dress-like apron and nodded. This was nothing new, he decided, so why all the fuss?

“And... nothing else,” continued Mrs Allinson. “I happen to have a pair of shoes that will fit, so apart from them, you will do the housework and the rest of your chores in a way that I can be sure that you are not deriving some debauched feeling of gratification!”

“But... I will be naked,” he said.

“Of course you will, that’s the whole idea. Up until today I have overlooked your proclivity to show excitement at every turn. This is typical problem for many men and I am simply making sure that you are properly respectful of my sensibilities!”

“I’m not sure.”

“Well, I am and there’s more to say, because I am sick of your lies and evasions. All the time that you are under my roof, you will wear this. That way, I am quite sure that you will always be reminded of your deceptions even when I am not present. Do you understand?”

Charlie nodded half-heartedly and shuffled on the chair. Somehow the conversation and her words were arousing him and the tube was beginning to

bite.

“Good, that’s settled then. Now we have to discuss Miss Cynthia’s visit...”

The cramping tightness of the chastity tube started to bite hard.

“I have decided that she really needs to know what a liar and deceiver you are,” continued Mrs Allinson. “If and only if, you fail to impress me in the next days. Be on your best behaviour at all times, do as you are told, follow the rules to the letter and beyond and I may just forbear to inform her of our little problem with your need to abuse yourself with her image in your mind!”

“I understand!”

“Make sure that you do!”

Part Three

The Fire

Charlie heard Mrs Allinson calling his name and peeped out of his room to find her at the bottom of the stairs. It was Thursday evening and he was puzzled what she wanted, so he leaned over the balcony to look down at her.

“Here,” he called to see her looking up at him.

“Good, come down to the kitchen please, I need to have a little chat with you!”

“One moment...”

Charlie headed back to his room and slipped of the dressing gown to tie on his apron before heading down to the kitchen. She stood with her hand on a small green bag which he recognised came from the chemist’s around the corner.

“I just wanted to give you this,” she said, offering the bag.

Charlie looked inside to see that there was a receipt and two tubes of some cream and looked enquiringly at Mrs Allinson.

“The key is there as well,” she said. “Make sure that you do a good job and then come back down in twenty minutes for my inspection and to return the key.”

“Er, what? Right now?”

“Of course right now young man. I have a nice surprise for you as well, a little reward, so to speak, so hurry along and then it will come all the sooner.”

Charlie walked backwards out of the kitchen. He did not like to allow her to see his naked ass and she seemed to appreciate the good manners.

On the stairs, Charlie stopped and looked at the contents of the bag. The two tubes of depilatory cream were all he needed to know that Mrs Allinson had decided not to wait until Sunday. He lifted the tiny key and hefted it. Now would be the moment to refuse to put the restrictive chastity tube back on and...

His thoughts turned in another direction and he hurried to the bathroom. The relief of taking off the steel device was almost extreme, the feel of his swelling cock in his hands was even better. Charlie stood under the water and allowed himself a luxurious two minutes of relief before he started to use the cream. It never occurred to him that, if he was not going to put the steel tube back on, why he needed to strip every hair from his groin!

After a five-minute wait, he went back under the shower and watched the flowing hot water strip every hair from him. The feel was silky and enticing. Soft and luxurious. There was no doubt, the effect was erotic in the extreme he decided as he hefted the chastity tube in his hands. In the end a thought occurred to him and he smiled to himself. Carefully he worked the tube back on and closed the collar before slipping in the tiny padlock and failing to close it.

Why not? he thought as he inspected the result.

This way he could pretend to please her, all the while being able to slip free whenever he wanted. An ideal compromise!

In the kitchen, Mrs Allinson was waiting for him. She sat at the table and smiled at his return before asking to check that he had replaced the steel restraint. Reluctantly, Charlie lifted the hem of the dress-like apron and then dropped it again before giving the key back to her hand.

“Good, well done. Now, as I said, I have a small surprise for you!”

Charlie looked around. Clearly it was not a gift, nothing out of the ordinary lay on table or kitchen surfaces, so he waited for the reveal.

“As you know, this weekend, Miss Cynthia is staying a few days. I just got a call from her and it seems that she will be here any moment!”

Charlie looked over his shoulder just as the door opened and Miss Cynthia walked into the room, her overnight bag trailing behind. Suddenly he realised how cleverly he had been tricked! Smooth and in the tube, wearing just a backless frilly apron, the woman that he was so hoping to impress was already in the room.

“Hi there,” said Miss Cynthia. “A little early, but then it was just better this way. How’s it going Charlie? I see that you have followed my request that you do

what you're told. Good boy!"

Charlie did not know which way to turn. Either way one or the other would be looking at his naked backside and he flushed pink with the embarrassment and humiliation.

"Charlie was just showing me the effect of the little punishment that I inflicted on him on Sunday," said Mrs Allinson with a straight face.

"Ooh, has he been a naughty boy then after all?" asked Miss Cynthia.

"He lied as well. He is always trying to hide his dirty habits and now he started to lie about it!"

"Now that's even worse," said Miss Cynthia. "I hate liars and cheaters..."

Charlie had managed to find a position where he was facing both women. He felt totally humiliated by these two women and said, "Please, are you trying to humiliate me?"

Miss Cynthia started to laugh.

"Of course not, she said. "You broke the rules and were caught out. The question is, did you lie to my friend?"

“Sort of,” admitted the blushing Charlie. “I couldn’t help myself.”

“But, now you can?” said Mrs Allinson.

Charlie nodded.

“That’s only because I have put a stop to your dirty little games. I am the one who deserves the credit, not you!”

Charlie was staring at Mrs Allinson and did not notice Miss Cynthia was now by his side. Before he could react, she pulled up the hem of his apron and inspected the steel cage that encircled his cock.

“That’s so perfect,” she commented.

Charlie tried to step back, but her hand extended and cupped his stretched balls.

“I can’t see the padlock,” she said.

“It’s tucked behind,” said Mrs Allinson.

The tiny metallic click from between Charlie’s legs proclaimed that the padlock was now closed and Charlie pulled free of the intrusive hand.

“Another cheat! I think that more punishment is in order,” said Miss Cynthia as she followed a step and again lifted the hem of the apron.

“Time to move to schedule three,” said Mrs Allinson.

“Oh, well past time, I should say,” added Miss Cynthia as her hand stroked the tip of his captive cock. “I think that you should punish him most severely!”

Charlie found his back to the wall. He could retreat no further and the hands that played with him, making his cock stiffen in the tube were intensifying his confusion. It was almost as if Miss Cynthia liked what her friend had done to Charlie, almost as if she was complicit in adding to his humiliation.

He looked up from the smiling face of Miss Cynthia and found that the next set of rules was now laid on the kitchen table, with a pen nearby, ready to be signed.

“Sign it, darling, I really think that you should. It’s time for you to realise that Daisy needs a nice subservient man to help her get over her misery. I think that you can be that man if you really try!”

The hands closed on his balls and Charlie found himself having to step forward to the table. He picked up the pen and suddenly the stroking and teasing moved to the tip of his cock. Fingers and nails stroked, they rubbed and pressed and the feeling was heaven despite the relief that he had found in the shower. Please not let it stop, he pleaded in his head as he shakily signed on the dotted line.

The moment that he did so, Miss Cynthia pulled her hands back and the hem dropped. Charlie gasped and looked down to see a tiny circle of dampness spreading on the smooth cotton of his apron. No climax, just pre-cum that spread into a small disk, proclaiming his need.

“There, that was easy, wasn’t it,” said Mrs Allinson. “Now that you’ve signed the final set of rules, its’ time for you to get us both a nice cup of tea while we decide when the new rules will be implemented.”

Charlie was eager to escape the close presence of Miss Cynthia and went to boil the kettle while the two women sat down at the table and watched him with amused expressions.

“I think that you should take your time,” said Miss Cynthia to her friend. “Charlie will need time to adjust to the new conditions. It’s nothing to rush into!”

“I don’t agree,” said Mrs Allinson. “He is a liar and a dirty little baby. If I don’t get him straightened up soon it will just be more difficult in the future.”

“What about that?” asked Mrs Allinson as she pointed at the damp circle on Charlie’s apron as he poured the tea. “That directly contradicts rule seven...”

“You can be so spiteful, Daisy! He signed after it happened,” said Miss Cynthia with a laugh. “You have to use rule seventeen of the second schedule. Three strokes of the cane will be enough!”

“I’ll get the cane...”

Mrs Allinson stood and went into the hallway while Miss Cynthia smiled up at Charlie.

“You see; I will look after you!”

“What punishment was the other one? The one I missed?” asked Charlie plaintively.

“Just the mittens,” said Miss Cynthia mysteriously without further explanation as Mrs Allinson entered the room with the long cane in her hand.

“Let’s do this properly, since both of us are here,” said Miss Cynthia to her friend. She turned to Charlie and pointed at her lap. “Over here, naughty boy.”

Charlie looked at Mrs Allinson and then back to Miss Cynthia.

“I won’t do it,” he said. “This is so unfair!”

Mrs Allinson smiled at her lodger and bent the cane in her hands.

“You will and then you will thank me for the lesson at the end of the four strokes!”

“You said three,” answered Charlie hastily.

“Each refusal is another stroke of the cane, boy,” said Miss Cynthia. “Do not annoy the woman who is trying to teach you your manners!”

“But...”

“Five,” said Mrs Allinson.

A hand disappeared up the apron and Charlie found that he was being pulled to his knees by the smiling woman who sat next to him.

“Do as you’re told and then it will all be over!”

Charlie staggered for a moment and finally allowed himself to be bent over Miss Cynthia’s knee. Her hand brushed the cheeks of his ass, clearing the apron and then plunged between his open thighs to play with his restrained cock.

“One,” said Mrs Allinson.

The stroke was almost playful, a sharp shock, but not too heavy and Charlie surrendered to the hand that toyed with his balls as the second stroke caught him and forced a thin scream from his lips.

“What did I say?” said Mrs Allinson. “No noise unless it is to thank me!”

“Thank you, Mrs Allinson...”

“That’s better! What I want to hear from my naughty little baby.”

The third stroke was only a kiss compared to the last and Charlie bit his lip and stifled the yelp that almost came from his lips. But, Mrs Allinson was only playing with him! The last stroke swished down and caused Charlie to almost jump from Miss Cynthia’s grasp. It sounded like a gun-shot, and his yell filled the room. Only the firm grip on his balls stopped him jumping from the soft lap and running from the room.

“Thank you, Mrs Allinson...”

Charlie spoke the words as he stifled his sobs. They came in a blubbering rush as the fingers that were playing with him moved once again to the tip of his cock.

“Stand up,” said Miss Cynthia. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

Charlie could only weep as he felt himself being violated and played with by

both hands.

“You weren’t very thorough,” said Miss Cynthia as she explored Charlie with a humiliating thrust of her fingers. “There’s loads of hairy bits... Uugggh!”

“He did it himself,” replied the strict landlady. “Anyway, it doesn’t matter because from now on I want him smooth like a baby according to schedule three and I’ll make sure that it’s done properly.”

“Ooh look,” said Miss Cynthia, pointing to the apron with her finger. “He’s done it again despite being warned...”

“Dear me, it’s going to take a week to get everything straight according to schedule three,” said Mrs Allinson. “Obviously, the punishments are not enough!”

With the hand that had pointed out the fresh dampness on the apron, Miss Cynthia chucked Charlie under the chin and said; “You really must learn to be a good little boy, Charlie. It will be for the best, you’ll be perfect for Daisy if you just try a little and stop being so difficult!”

Charlie could not stop the tears. The hand kept teasing and the attempts by his large cock to escape the metal restraint by swelling were causing terrible discomfort that was becoming worse as his balls tightened and pulled against the steel collar that was locked tight around the soft skin.

“I think that this restraint is not adequate for your little baby,” said Miss Cynthia. “I’ll bet that I can make him spew all his filth into my hand with just a little

more teasing.”

“We’ll fit the schedule three restraint later,” said Mrs Allinson as she took her place and sipped at her tea. “Actually, I think that it’s almost time to move him as well, so we can do that all tonight before going out for a meal.”

“Sounds good, dear. Now then... I need another cup of tea and we can discuss the details while Charlie goes to his room.”

Miss Cynthia allowed her hand to drop and Charlie found that he was free to leave.

“I am expecting you here in an hour,” said Mrs Allinson. “Then we can run through schedule three and make the new rules quite clear.”

Charlie fled the room. The tender tip of his cock had swollen and the grip of the steel gave him an agonising feeling as he headed up the stairs in a rush. Now he was determined to leave this house of horrors. The lock would come off with a pair of cutters, the humiliation might never be washed away!

In his room, he found that every drawer and cupboard was empty. Every personal item had vanished. Suddenly his plan to get dressed and escape the house, pack his stuff and run for it, no matter what; had failed before it had even begun.

He could hear laughing from the kitchen and then animated discussion as Charlie

searched for something to wear. Even his laptop had vanished. The books by the bedside, the framed picture of him on the top of Mount Snowdon. It had all gone and he stood at a loss. There was no way that he could venture into the street in his feminine apron, so he stormed back down the stairs to confront the two evil women who had played with him and enjoyed every moment of his shame.

“I told you. One hour...”

“Where is everything?” he cried in frustration at the laughs that his entry had caused.

Mrs Allinson pointed to the lounge and then turned back to her friend. Charlie stormed into the lounge and looked around. Everything was as usual in the room. He stood a moment uncertainly before his eyes went to the garden and he rushed forward to see.

A huge rusty barrel stood in the garden, black smoke poured from it and was blown on the breeze. Without even thinking about his state of undress, Charlie ran into the garden and looked into the barrel. The last twisted plastic remains of his laptop, pairs of burning jeans were gone beyond hope of repair or saving. For a moment, Charlie considered getting a stick and pulling the clothes from the fire, but he knew that it was too late. Now the fact that he was half-naked finally hit him and Charlie retreated into the lounge to stand and watch the inferno turn his life to smoke.

New Rules

In the kitchen stood the two women waiting for Charlie to return. As he came through the door he saw Mrs Allinson with her cane in her hands. Almost bent double, she flexed it and he stopped up short.

“Everything,” he said. “You’ve burnt everything...”

“You won’t need it anymore,” said Miss Cynthia. “The rules are more important and you broke them again and again.”

“What rules did I break?” cried Charlie, utterly taken aback by the venom in her voice. “I did everything for you, everything you said...”

“Everything you do is ordered by the rules of this house,” said Mrs Allinson slowly. “I decide them, you signed them and now you have to take the accept consequences!”

Charlie stood with his mouth open and closing like a goldfish as he watched the cane in Mrs Allinson’s hands flex up and down. Miss Cynthia’s thin smile disappeared and her face took on a serious manner.

“I told you a few weeks ago that all you had to do was be a good boy, but it seems that you lied, you tried to trick your way out of your responsibilities and now that the consequences have been made clear you think that you can argue

your way out of this with some twisted logic. What happens next is that you will be treated according to schedule three, that you signed.”

“I haven’t even read the damn thing...” answered Charlie hotly. “It’s just not fair, what you’re doing to me...”

“Uttering curses is not permitted,” said Mrs Allinson. “You keep breaking my rules, so I have decided that you need to be taught right from wrong. I want you in bed and ready immediately so that Miss Cynthia and I can go to the restaurant that we’ve booked.”

Charlie stood uncertainly.

“Now!” shouted Miss Allinson suddenly making Charlie start and then cower as she let the end of the cane go and whipped it dangerously close to his face.

Charlie gave one look at Miss Cynthia as if begging for help and then headed for the door to the kitchen. Miss Cynthia went through first and stood before the front door with her hand on the knob.

“You can go now, if you like,” she said.

Charlie looked at the apron that he was wearing and hesitated. She was correct, he could run from the house, but now he had no money in his pocket, everything that he needed was gone and he knew that he would be in a police cell as a pervert before the night was out if he left the house.

“I’m going to my room,” he said.

With Miss Cynthia leading and Mrs Allinson following, Charlie went up the stairs to find Miss Cynthia was opening the door to the nursery room that he only been able to enter when he was doing the cleaning.

“In here,” she said. “This is where you sleep from now on...”

Charlie looked uncertainly in the room and then stepped inside.

“On go the mittens,” said Mrs Allinson.

Miss Cynthia presented two knitted mittens that were really just bags with no fingers or thumbs and Charlie took them uncertainly.

“Well, put them on, boy. I can’t wait all evening for you!”

Dubiously he slipped his hands inside to find that they were lined with a stiff material that trapped his hands and made any manipulation impossible. Miss Cynthia pulled the straps at the wrists tight and then tied off the thongs with tight knots.

“In you hop!”

The tip of the cane was indicating the giant cot and he climbed in awkwardly with his hands trapped in the mittens. Once he was inside the cot, Mrs Allinson reached between the cot and the wall to pull out a barred pink frame that she and her friend positioned over the top of the cot to create a barred cage of it.

“Oh God, please let me go,” pleaded Charlie as they secured the lid on his cot and then stood looking down at Charlie. “Please, please, I’ll go and never say a word, oh God...”

“You will really have to do something about the bad language,” commented Miss Cynthia to Mrs Allinson. “It’s just not acceptable!”

“Don’t worry about that, darling,” said Mrs Allinson. “We have a few weeks to sort out all of the details as we go. You are staying at least a month, aren’t you?”

“As long as it takes...”

Charlie watched them from behind the bars of his cage. His hands were just like lumps on the ends of his arms, his apron had opened and fallen to the mattress revealing his straining and swollen cock and the tears ran down his face. Mrs Allinson turned to the cot and looked down at her lodger.

“When we come back from our nice meal, you and I will discuss how you are going to pay the rent from now on,” she said. “Then there will be a few other things to sort out between us before I explain to you the rules that will limit your behaviour from now on.”

She turned from the cot and inspected the locks that held it closed before speaking to Miss Cynthia.

“I told you that he was not suitable for you,” she said. “Charlie is nothing but a pathetic baby that will need so much work to get perfect for my use! Anyway, we can discuss the future at our meal, if we don’t get going we’ll miss the booking...”

Miss Cynthia turned and walked from the room, turning out the light as she did so and Mrs Allinson followed and closed the door without a backward look.

In the cot, Charlie moved around and tried to get comfortable. He sobbed a little and then rolled onto his back to stop the tip of his swollen cock rubbing on the rubber sheet that lay underneath him. Charlie was exhausted, he was mentally shattered and yet, at the same time aroused by being treated like a little boy by the two women who now ruled his life. He moved his mittened hands and rubbed the exposed smooth head of his cock against the wool and felt better as he did so.

Finally, Charlie slipped into a troubled slumber.

His dreams were vague and frightening, shadows chasing him, a smell of smoke in his nostrils as a giant cane flexed and threatened while he crawled to hide from his fears.

Charlie’s dream changed to light and soft colours. The darkness faded and Mrs Allinson’s threatening figure faded into the distance. He saw a naked Miss Cynthia stooping to tease him, and he knew that there was nothing he could do

to stop himself coming into her palm. She spoke soft words that he could not understand and freed him of the metal at his groin. She leaned and opened her mouth, her smooth breasts looming over his lips. The imminence was like a flood of release, the dam burst and he climaxed deep in her soft mouth...

When he did, it was the best dream that he had ever experienced!

The two women entered the nursery and stood looking down at their captive. Charlie lay curled in a corner of the cot, his arms twitching and his face changing expression as he slept.

Mrs Allinson turned to her friend and whispered, "This is going so well. I would never have believed..."

Charlie stirred in his cot and opened his eyes at the sound and realised that the dreams were nothing compared to the waking nightmare of reality. Suddenly the light blazed above him as Miss Cynthia turned it on and Charlie was blinking and looking at the two women with a naked fear in his eyes.

"Oh dear," said Mrs Allinson. "Our naughty little baby has made a mess. This really has to be stopped before it gets out of control completely. Men are always so totally motivated by sex, it's all they think about!"

"I've got the other one here," said Miss Cynthia, passing something to her friend.

“Good, let’s get it on and then I can lay down the law.”

Charlie crawled to the far corner of the bed and a small game ensued that seemed to amuse Mrs Allinson rather than make her angry. He whimpered in fear and moved in the cot. It took a minute for the two pairs of hands to trap Charlie in a corner and remove the steel chastity tube and fit the new one through the bars of the pink cot. Mrs Allinson had to slap his thighs to open them and had to struggle to get him into his new restraint. At last it was on and Mrs Allinson looked at it with satisfaction.

“Good, I’m glad that we got that over with,” she said. “It won’t have to come off again for ages, I hope! I don’t want to touch that filthy little cock again.”

Now the whole of his flaccid cock was encased, the balls were properly pushed down as far as they would go and were just two smooth lumps that stuck from their new collar. What was not visible, but Charlie had already noticed, were the studs that lined the entirety of the places where the restraint covered him. He could feel them in the tender flesh where his balls were pulled down and as an erection stiffened, he could feel their grip causing him discomfort that would end even a distant approach to pleasure.

“There certainly won’t be any naughtiness there,” said Miss Cynthia. “A vast improvement straight away.”

“Now then, Charlie, we need to have our little chat!” said Mrs Allinson as she smiled down at him.

He looked at the puddle of come that had soaked into his apron and then up at Mrs Allinson.

“You can’t keep me here forever,” he said at last. “Sooner or later you have to let me go!”

“Tsk, tsk,” said Miss Cynthia. “A tiny temper tantrum from our little baby! That’s unacceptable...”

“I can and will,” said Mrs Allinson, ignoring her friend’s comments. “You have signed and that’s all I need. You’ll be glad to know that I’ve sorted out all the money problems with the rent. I decided that you can stay here for free from now on. Better that way, so that when there are questions about you I can answer that you left owing and left no forwarding address. So, with that all sorted, you can look forward to being cared for without worrying your silly little head about it.”

Miss Cynthia slipped her hand through the bars of the cot and patted his head.

“I think that he’s worried about all of the things that he used to do outside, dear,” she said to Mrs Allinson. “Are you going to tell him, or shall I?”

Mrs Allinson smiled and looked down at the stricken man.

“Don’t worry your little head about all of those details,” she said. “We’ve already sent off your resignation letter to that office where you used to work and

the nice lady there said that it's been accepted!"

Charlie looked up at the two smiling women and a fear filled him. He pulled at the shackles at his wrists and pulled hard, making the chains rattle as he reached the end of their length.

"You see, you're just a little helpless baby now and need looking after! Luckily for you, we have just a little experience how to bring up our new little sissy properly!"

"Jesus, you're entirely mad," said Charlie. "Just let me go, bitch!"

"I told you that he would be like this," said Miss Cynthia. "He thinks that he can decide his own future, but it's already been decided for him!"

"He's just rude, that's all," said Mrs Allinson with a chuckle. "There will be consequences, but for tonight it's enough for him to understand what we expect from him."

He stared at her, tears filling his eyes. Why were they doing this to him? What was the reason that they were tormenting him? How could it have ever gone so far?

"You are a lucky baby," said Miss Cynthia. "You get a special new name that will encapsulate your whole existence. Tell him, darling..."

“Chastity,” said Mrs Allinson. “That is the absolute rule in schedule three that can never be changed! From now on, you will be kept in permanent and unconditional chastity!”

“Of course, occasionally, if you are a good baby, we may allow a little stimulation,” laughed Miss Cynthia. “It will make the chastity so much more special for you!”

“Only if you are perfect, though,” said Mrs Allinson with a frown at her friend. “Maybe once every now and again, but for that reward, we expect impeccable behaviour.”

Chastity listened with horror to the discourse over his head and the tears began to flow.

“So, you have a new name, that’s already so cute. There is so much more, as you will learn over the next month. You will never speak unless you are definitely and specifically ordered to do so. I do not want to hear another word of your whining and complaining ever again. Since there will be never a case where you will need to utter a word, especially ‘no’, then you will be silent all of the time. Even when we are not here, you will be watched...” Mrs Allinson pointed at the baby monitor on the wall with her finger. “So understand that you will be over my knee at the slightest bad behaviour.”

Chastity opened his mouth and then closed it again.

“That’s a dear,” said Miss Cynthia. “Now then, obviously, you will not have to do any more housework. Anyway, when the preventive romper suit is on, you

won't be able to anyway, so this is a lot of hard work for us that I hope that you'll appreciate. We have some special toys for you to play with as well as a lot of games that we are going to play together because Cynthia and I are going to train you to perfection!"

"You forgot the potty training," said Miss Cynthia.

Once again Mrs Allinson seemed put out by one of her friend's comments, but she relaxed and explained the new regime.

"Don't worry, we will feed and train you, and then, when you are ready, we have some people who will just love to meet you. All you will have to do is amuse them and you will find that everything is done for you. You will never have to worry ever again about all those responsibilities that are such a burden. Just be a good little boy and we will look after you... Oh, there's another thing as well. I get a new name too. It's so sweet, from now on, I will be your Mummy and that's the name you will use from now on when you are permitted to speak!"

Mrs Allinson looked down at the sobbing baby in her cot.

Chastity sagged in the bed. He sprawled in a dejected knot of limbs as the two women who owned him reached into the cage and fettered him to the hooks at the corners of the bed. He no longer even struggled, the fight had drained from him and he stayed still as they tightened the pink chains before a final indignity was thrust upon him.

Miss Cynthia pushed a soft dummy into his mouth and adjusted it.

“That’s better now...”

“In the morning, your new life really begins,” said Mummy with a small smile.
“Sleep tight, baby...”

The Cot II (reprise)

Chastity lay in his cot and waited for Mother, but it seemed that tonight she was busy. The playroom was dark, just a soft nightlight to give the shadows form. The bright designs on the walls reduced to pale grey, the curtains glowing where the streetlamps lit them from behind. He turned a little to watch the still mobile hanging from the lampshade, a grouping of outlines that cast vague shadows on the ceiling.

Chastity turned on the hard mattress and pulled the blanket to cover to his chin. The soft wool cover soothed him, the silken hem between his fingers as he sucked on her comforter and wondered how the fantasy had become so real. It had taken over his life, crept up to become the totality of his existence.

Mummy had overwhelmed Chastity totally...

A noise came through the door from the house. It disturbed the perfect silence with the sound of chattering and laughing voices. Those were people who lived lives outside of the nursery that had become Chastity's home; people who lived as adults, people with responsibilities and everyday existences. The voices rose and fell in greetings and conversation to be cut off by the closing of a door somewhere downstairs.

The dark seemed a frightful place to the mind of Chastity and he wished that Mother had left the light on for him. The dull glow of the nightlight just added to the gloom, highlighting it, making the monsters that inhabited the dark more worrisome. He tried to turn over and lie on her side, but the movement was not allowed by the restraints. Just a small change of posture was permitted, legs held

wide and hands kept decently above the waistline.

Chasity lifted his hands and inspected them in the dark. Woollen mittens were secured around wrists and locked in place ensuring that she could not use them to pull the tiny bolts that secured barred the cover to the cot, not that there would have been any sense in doing so. The bolts were not the only defence, merely placeholders that guided the padlocks that secured the cage that was the cot.

Once again there was utter stillness, only the slight sounds of Chastity's breathing and the soft sucking sounds of her lips on his dummy. Mummy was entertaining her friend.

He could taste a little honey on the dummy and sucked at it slowly, making the sweetness last. He could feel the strange shape of it and realised that the shape was that of the tip of a man, the part that in his case, was sealed in hard steel. The sound breathing slowed as he drifted to sleep.

Nightmare

“He’s fast asleep, I’ll bet he’s dreaming of the frightening future that we are preparing him for!” laughed Daisy as the two women looked down on the curled-up man in his cot. “Poor little baby can’t even begin to understand the path that stretches out before him!”

“In a month, we’ll have him ready,” said Cynthia as she reached down to touch his exposed thigh. “Then we move him on and start on the next! I have six applicants and two seem likely prospects.”

“That’s what I find so amazing,” said Daisy. “They all fall for it so easily. The power of not wanting to upset the landlady is like a leash on their necks. Just slow pressure and then a grand finale and it’s all over!”

“How many now?” asked Cynthia. “He’s the ninth, I think.”

“Ninth, tenth or more, I really can’t remember. We are getting so good at this that soon we’ll be able to manage two at a time,” said Daisy. “Anyway, in a month he’ll be ready and then we can start again. Eighty thousand for each one at three months a time! It’s perfect.”

“One at a time, dear, one at a time! It’s enough and we really just don’t want the risk. I reckon that we should do just another two or three years and then get out of this business.”

“You are so cautious,” said Daisy, “but, you are probably right. Sooner or later it’ll go wrong and we’ll have to get out anyway.”

Chastity twitched in her sleep at the touch on her thigh and then tried to roll over, but the fetters stopped the movement and she moaned before the dummy popped out and fell to her pillow. The saliva and drugged honey dripped to the pillow.

“He’s so sweet, they’ll just love this one...” said Daisy.

Cynthia nodded and pulled back her hand.

“It will be so hard for him...” she started to chuckle at her little joke and Daisy could not help joining in. They are all hard for him!

“Harder than he could ever imagine!”

The two women kissed. As they did so, they did not notice that Chastity had opened his eyes and watched them as their hands explored every inch of their bodies.

He heard some words, but the drugged drowsiness muffled their words. He struggled to reach full awareness, but the wall was too high. All he knew was that was trapped and the two lovers who slowly fondled with their hands over his cot, held the keys. When at last the clinch broke, Cynthia looked down and he closed his eyes.

“They get used up so fast,” she said as she watched the relaxed face. “I suppose that it’s good that way, at least they have a constant need for replacements!”

“Well, how long would you last, sucking hard cock all day and night? Being poked and mauled, used and abused, fucked in the ass and tormented by women? Not all that long, I’ll bet...” said Daisy.

“Ugh,” don’t even mention it,” said Cynthia. “The thought of it makes me shiver. I wouldn’t last five minutes!

“I fancy a fuck right now,” whispered Daisy in Cynthia’s ear.

“Why not? Even the thought of all that come being swallowed can’t keep me from your bed.”

“Slut,” chuckled Daisy. “Wait until I get my tongue between those thighs!”

“Fuck, I am so wet...”

“That’s what I just said, you’re nothing but a nympho slut!”

They went to the door and Chastity heard the last few words clearly from his cot, even in his half-befuddled state.

“Next time, I’ll be Cynthia,” said Daisy.

She smiled.

“It’s time for a role change.”

“OK, one time only. But you make a far better ‘strict landlady’ than me, you must admit it! I love being the temptress and having them play with their little cocks imagining fucking me while they suffer at your hands. It’s so horny!”

“Being a bitch just comes so naturally... I just love using the cane the first time.”

There was the sound of laughter and a sloppy kiss.

The door closed softly behind them.

Chastity started to weep.

The End