

miss irene clearmont
ruthless adult female-domination fiction

fourth word



love and
servitude

and the line between

Fourth Wall

An ADULT Tale of Female Domination

By
Miss Irene Clearmont

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First Edition

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“Fourth Wall”

By
Miss
Irene Clearmont

Not the novel that CH wanted, but satisfaction always comes in the
end...

Monique's Path

Equal

Attraction	Fidelity
Affection	Need
Rebuke	Punishment

becomes...

Wanting

Abstinence	Chastity
Carnality	Fetish
Anguish	Torment

becomes...

Belonging

Obedience	Discipline	Control
Obsession	Duress	Coercion
Ordeal	Degradation	Captivity

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An Interlude – Monique's Path

Start with abstinence for him and intense pleasure for oneself, that always sets the tone of the relationship.

That is a sort of motto of mine, but actually, I don't really believe in mottos and written rules, I tend to make things up as I go along. Unplanned is the rule, just follow the basic principle that sex allows a man to be guided and trained and then, he is mine. I have stated my principles above, but, you will have skipped them as you raced to start reading my narrative. Naughty boy, go back to the start and pay attention, read and understand, learn to obey. You see, I have decided to take you into my world and allow you to see it through my eyes. To realise how easily a man can be broken down and his staunch sexuality revealed as a passing phase.

This is going to be the way that you and I are going to get along. I will occasionally allow a little latitude, a small loss of self-control and you will be called on to submit! Now that you have read my principles we are going to get along just fine.

You are a man, obedience comes naturally! Women are different, but they too can become whatever is desired of them as long as the suitable bait is dangled before their lips. That too is part of the tale, but then let's just relax and see how it happened...

Let's start at the very beginning, when the sun still shone on a world that Charlie and Susan fully understood. I'll pass on what goes through my mind now as I tell the tale and hope that you realise that I *know* who *you* are. A man who can feel himself panting as he strokes and massages his pathetic little dick as my words scroll past his gaze.

Not yet, my dear, not yet; I decide...

Another motto comes to mind, perhaps *this* one is more of a rule!

I *never* allow a man to fuck me unless *his* cock is longer than *my* heels. That has always been a problem for me, there are not many men who qualify... and *you* have no fucking chance!

But, this is not a place to make light of you, it is something quite else! It's what happened when Monique (that's me) found her true love, how she made mistakes and why she is panting in climax even as she writes this, a little tale of sex and obsession.

So, I shall go to the start, well not the very start, but the start of this story.

It must be a year ago now, that moment when it all started, when I finally made contact with the man that I had chosen. The man who will be mine by the time that the tale is done.

A deception needs a willing victim! The prey needs to willingly step into the jaws of the ambush blindly and the hunter needs to honey the bait to make it the only thing that motivates. After the trap closes, *then* comes the nectar! It is not the fatal step into the jaws of the trap that defines the moment, it is the moment that the trap closes that marks the moment.

Monique was the hunter.

The honey, sweet and alluring, was me.

Between my thighs is the greatest man-trap there is!

One

I heard the click of the heels on the hard floor.

A lazy percussion that measured each step, the tick of the metal heel followed by the echoing smack of the soles. The sound filled my head, knowing that the man whom I followed, longed to turn his head and see me walk behind him, but dared not. Not yet. I had been watching him, following his every move from the shadows at last I could see him in the flesh.

As I always do!

Bare concrete floors, pillars that marked the vast space of the space that waited for occupancy. Vast windows that looked down on the Thames, an apartment fit for a queen that was, as yet, bare of all embellishment.

He came to the window and placed a hand on it to steady himself as even he paused before the drop of twenty stories and shuffled with vertigo as I moved beside him and stared down at the distant traffic and a view that was spread below. Smart suit, plain tie, wedding ring on his finger and a signet on his pinkie. A salesman who was dressed to inspire confidence in his clients, conservative and confident, the carefully primed image of a man that projected reliability. Yet I knew that he was vulnerable, a man moved by his lustful impulses.

"Three hundred square meters," he commented and finally looked back at me to see if I was as impressed with the panorama as I should be. "City centre, well almost, and perfect for an executive who wants everything to hand..."

"Not bad," I replied with a small smile as his eyes took me in.

There was no doubt, the look was shaded with desire. His gaze

dropped from my smile and swept the height of me, picturing and imagining me naked and available. I was neither!

"It's ideal, for the person who can afford it..."

A challenge! A small test of my reaction...

"I can afford it!" I said nonchalantly.

He shrugged and turned back to the panorama.

"A mortgage can be arranged," he commented. "Good terms, I act as a broker for a Chinese bank that is eager to step into the property market in London..."

"No need!"

He signalled with a shake of the shoulders that the finances were just an option, though one that was most lucrative, without a doubt.

"Fine! Of course, there will be a large cost in fitting out all this space," he answered and turned back to lean on the glass and face me again.

I could see that he longed to move the conversation to a personal level and felt a small thrill as his eyes roved and stripped me of my jeans and leather coat to leave me naked and accessible.

"Charles," I said. "This is exactly what I have been looking for! Spacious, untouched and precisely what I need."

"Charlie," he said with a smile. "Call me Charlie! The price is ten million and that includes the hundred-year lease..."

"Nine and I'll take it!"

A slight smile crossed his face and he turned back to the view before he answered.

"I would have to go back to the developers," he said. "I should warn you that there is considerable interest and five of the twenty spaces are already taken..."

"I can wait a week," I lied. "I have three others to see in the next days."

"I'll see what I can do, but no promises! I take it that you have the finance already lined up?"

"I have the cash..."

I turned on my heel and started to wander around the immense space, trying to allow him to think that I was imagining a layout that would do it justice. Charlie trailed after me like a small puppy as I paced the area and allowed my mind's eye to place bedroom and living spaces on the stark bareness of the space. I knew that he couldn't take his eyes off my ass, that the lines on my stockings were setting his imagination on fire whilst I strolled and pretended to look around.

All just for show...

He was the thing that I was planning for!

"There is so much potential," he commented as we walked. "Room for three bedrooms and still leaving space to exploit the views..."

"Just one," I said.

"No children?" he asked.

"No, I'm not married..."

I heard his steps behind me pause as he absorbed my comment and then he followed me to the one space that already had a purpose mapped out. I opened the door and looked into the bare space that would be the bathroom and imagined marble and gold, turning abruptly as his footsteps signalled that Charlie was close behind.

“Banking?” he guessed.

“No! I am in ‘personal development’...”

The small private joke always amused me and I smiled.

Charlie slid his hands in his pockets casually, but I could guess his thoughts and decided to play just a little. He was an eye-catching man. Maybe taller than me, even in my heels, around thirty years and undoubtedly handsome.

“I have seen enough,” I said. “Perhaps there are still some details to discuss?”

“Of course,” he said smoothly.

I stretched out a hand and straightened his tie. A small intimate flick of the fingers as I aligned it and then allowed my fingers to close on the lapel of his suit.

“You have time?”

“For a potential client, always...”

I allowed my hand to slip the length of his lapel, tugging slightly as I did so. It was clear that Charlie wanted *me* to make the first move! Married men always do! They want to put the blame and guilt down to being tempted and overwhelmed, betrayal needs the turn of *another's* key!

"This is what I want," I breathed and pursed my lips.

"The apartment?"

"And so much more!"

Charlie stood his ground impassive, but I could feel the tension as I allowed my hand to drop and come to rest where hand entered his pocket. I gripped his wrist and pulled the hand free and lifted it to place it on my breast. For a moment I thought that the offer was going to be rejected, that he was going to resist despite the clear signal that I had made, but I was not disappointed.

My research had been thorough.

He could not resist, and his lips closed with mine. His fingers traced the lacy bra through my blouse and I moved to place my hand behind his head. A giddy feeling of authority filled me as it always did. The knowledge that my victim could not break from the temptation that filled his head to the exclusion of all else. Marriage, promises made and promises broken, all dust on the wind when I set my mind on a conquest.

Another philandering fool, ripe to be plucked... and fucked!

Our lips broke, but I kept him close with my hand on the back of his head while my other hand snaked and flipped a button on his shirt to burrow between cotton and smooth skin. I dislike hair, that rough masculine vestige of macho and Charlie did not disappoint. Silky-smooth skin overlaying the hard muscle of a man. I teased a nipple and he sighed as his lips closed again on mine. Just one small pinch and his kiss became ardent as I teased while his hand cupped a breast, discovering an erect nipple through the rough lace of my bra.

“Not here,” I whispered as my lips slid by his ear and nibbled.

Charlie tasted clean and fresh, delicious and tempting and I had to struggle to resist the temptation to fall into his arms and be fucked.

“We won’t be disturbed...”

I laughed and wondered how many times that this scene had been played. Charlie was a philanderer, that was evident, a man that thought that his powers of seduction could be deployed without personal cost. Convinced that he was seducing me... Did he really think that he could just lift my skirt, press me against a wall and fuck me like an alley whore?

“It’s not that,” I sighed. “I want so much more... this is not the time, or place.”

He broke off.

I could sense his intense self-control and was a little disappointed that he could check his need so easily. He was breathing heavily, and I allowed my nails to scratch beneath his shirt and teased that pert nipple again as I smiled up at him.

“You have no idea,” I breathed. “What you are getting into!”

“What’s that?” he replied, and he rolled the nipple that he had discovered gently as if to tempt me to allow him to have his way.

“I know what you want! What I want from you!”

I smiled at him and my hand slid from his shirt and clasped the erection that filled his pants. Impressively stiff, not large, but the stiff key to his febrile mind. I squeezed playfully and then closed my hand on the balls that I could sense below.

"I know what you need," he whispered.

"You think that you do, Charlie! What I need... is stiff cock..."

He groaned as I slid the length of him through the silk of his suit and then gasped as I gripped him hard.

"But! Not now, Charlie! You have to prove that you want it enough to earn it!" I said. "I am not just for *any* man."

I pulled back my hand and teased his from inside my blouse before placing it on my shoulder. There was no doubt, Charlie was mine to play with. Now all I had to do was to trap him in a fantasy of sexual bliss to come. I suppressed my gasp as he closed in on me and pinned me to the bare concrete wall. I have to admit that he almost overcame my own self-control, but I moved my head when the inevitable kiss came, and his lips brushed my cheek.

"How do I prove myself?"

"I'll think of something," I laughed.

The sound broke the moment and Charlie moved a step back and slowly buttoned up his shirt. The erection in his pants was more than evident and I moved to reach for it before simply hooking a finger into his belt.

"So, do we meet again? Or *are* you the queen of tease?" he asked.

"I have your card..."

"When?"

"Oh, in the next few days, Charlie. All you have to do to have

me is to save it up for the next time!"

"Meaning?"

I laughed and stroked his pants.

"Just save it up for me, that's all!"

A smile came over his face and he shook his head.

"I'm not sure that I can manage that, darling..."

But, I knew that he could! Show self-control, focus on the fuck to come, excuse himself with a headache or two for the few days before I called. He was mine to play with and all he had to do was spend the next while imagining what it would be to have me for the night.

I need to be sure before I take them, a kitty playing with a mouse.

"You will, Charlie. I'll call you Thursday and then we will meet up to discuss the details..." I replied. "There will be so *many* details..."

He smiled as if he did was not concerned and instinctively fiddled with the knot of his tie.

"Thursday, three days..."

"It's not much of a test, Charlie, and by then you will be able to lay my offer on the table!"

He started to laugh.

"A million-pound fuck," he snorted. "Is that what you are worth?"

“Far more than a million,” I replied. “So much more!”

“I’ll do what I can...”

“You’ll do what I want!”

Two

When I made the call, I knew that the moment was exactly right. Late evening, when the TV was on, when the faithful husband was at his most vulnerable. When work was done, and his wife was curled up next to him on the sofa. A perfect moment to test his metal!

"Monique here," I said with a purposefully breathless, husky tone.

I could sense the shock.

Had Charlie forgotten that I would call?

"Er, hello..."

I could picture the enquiring look on his petite wife's face and Charlie pushing the phone to his ear to prevent my low voice reaching her ears. I wanted her as well as him, the clients wanted a pair of sluts. Both of them.

"It's Thursday, Charlie. Have you kept your promise?"

"I have..."

In the background I heard his wife's voice.

"Who's calling at this time?"

"Just a client," he replied to her.

"Have I caught you at a bad moment, Charlie?" I asked innocently.

"Not at all... I thought that you'd call earlier!"

“Or not at all, Charlie,” I breathed.

There was a pause and I imagined him standing. In the background I could hear the sound of dialogue on the TV and almost hear his wife's unspoken words. I imagined her curled on the sofa in negligee and dressing gown and chuckled as I visualised his embarrassment. The serial seducer caught in my little trap.

I knew him so well. I knew his wife and I knew her life. It was all part of the game... study your prey, understand their weaknesses and foibles. Isolate and then close in. Routines, likes and dislikes, the cafés that she haunted, the shops that she frequented and the places that she spent her time. All her former boyfriends every website that she visited, I knew her better than I knew myself. In my mind I could see her frown as she watched her husband talking on the phone. Attractive, petite, curved with generous breasts, perfect for seduction. I could feel the excitement rise, this was the moment that they became real, the special moment that I became part of their life.

“I want to fuck...” I breathed. “Fuck that hard cock of yours...”

“What now?”

Charlie's voice signalled his shock as his mind struggled to prepare an excuse. Either for me, or for the woman who watched him disapprovingly on the phone.

“I need it now, everything that you have been saving up for me,” I whispered, struggling to control the laugh that accompanied the intense feeling of power in my head. “I want you between my thighs, making me come endlessly tonight...”

“I'm not sure if...” there was a pause as Charlie constructed an

excuse. "It's rather late and..."

"Tell him that tomorrow is the best time," said his wife's voice in the background. "It's *after* ten at night Charlie..."

She sounded irritated, angry at the disturbance of her routine.

"It's never *too* late for a *fuck*..." I hissed into the phone.

"Where are you?" he replied.

That's not the game! The victim does not get to question his queen! The rules are really quite simple. I decide where and when, what and how and my chosen victim jumps to each pull on a string like the puppet that he is! Time to get serious!

"Meet me in an hour at Piccadilly," I said in my huskiest tone. "It's what you've been waiting for! And so much more!"

I think that Charlie replied, he certainly started a first few words, but I broke off the call with a touch of my thumb and sighed with a feeling of sheer pleasure as I imagined him struggling to make an excuse to the wife who sat beside him.

"I really *have* to," he would be saying as he tore himself from reality to indulge the sexual need that I had created in his mind. As he thought of high heels and seamed stockings. "An *important* client and these people with the money have *no* idea about what is and is not a reasonable time to do business!"

"Well, if it *must* be..." she would say, resignedly. "If you really have to..."

"I have to!" he would reply with his erection swelling and his thoughts focussed on the firmness of my breasts.

I glanced at the time on my phone. Ten minutes to dress, ten to get to Piccadilly on time while he made his excuses.

Forty minutes to spare and enjoy a last little foreplay to get me in the mood!

Dropping the phone to the coverlet, I clicked my fingers in summoning and the door to the bedroom opened. Cindy stood as she had been trained. Shy, coy, demure and ready for her mistress' use as always. Perfect in her tiny pink dress, heavy breasts exposed, hands clasped behind her rounded ass looking for all the world like the manga-bitch that she was. Cherry on top, blushing with shame and with a fluttering of her long lashes.

My latest project, Cindy, was ready now for disposal, ready to be passed to the man that had ordered her. The next project already beckoned, but she still had a last special use for me! To remind me what the object of the meeting with Charlie was.

That, and to say goodbye in my own inimitable way!

I held up my hand and showed her three fingers before relaxing back to the softness of the pillows as she stepped forward. Cute little Cindy; diffident and servile, broken and trained to the click of my fingers. Always ready to serve, always ready to perform for me. Each step that she took was enticing, a wiggle of her behind, each step on the pink stilettos a submissive gesture.

Just as it should be.

Hands still fettered behind her, she asked the question with her eyes and I assented for her to service me in the only way that she now knew. How could she know that this would be the very last time? That a new life would begin for her tomorrow? That the woman that had created her from the dry boring dust of normality was moving on to new fields of endeavour that no longer included her presence?

"Make me come..."

They were the only words that needed to be spoken. The response had been ground into her consciousness, the signal of my three fingers making my demand quite clear.

Training!

One finger held high, the signal for a slow night's passion. Two for the punishment that would make me shudder with orgasm. Three for urgent forceful attention and four for those sordid intimate duties that were my constant demand. I could almost physically feel the rising need in myself and slowly opened my thighs as she knelt at the side of the bed and placed a small sweet kiss on the drenched pussy that was her real owner.

I sighed and displayed the fourth finger with a smile.

One thing after the other.

Four always followed three...

The first touch was always so perfect.

Anticipation resolving to pleasure, expectation to reality. The tip of her tongue swept from belly to the tender corners between thighs and ass, licked and lapped every streaming drop of my pleasure from my perfect smooth skin as Cindy brushed her lips on my needy cunt.

This was what we were both made for and I groaned as the touch slipped inside a little and stroked my swelling clitoris. Enticed it from the tight hood that kept it hidden, lured it to swell forth and be pleased. Cindy was not a lover, she had never been that, a lover is permitted to decide! No, she was a perfect tool for climax, a sex-toy to end all sex-toys. Nurtured and punished, loved and trained, my work of months reduced to a sensation that was pure sex and unadulterated domination.

It's what I do to men...

A shudder took the muscles of my thighs. A twitching response to the delicate touches of her tongue. The first hint of orgasm that my little maid had been trained to nurture like a glowing coal that would soon start a fire. I felt the intrusion between the lips of my pussy and then the tip of her tongue slid slowly between the crack of my ass as I raised my hips in response.

It touched me.

Lapped at the clenched button of my ass, laved it with love, tasted and probed, exciting and penetrating. I opened wider, pressed my heels into the soft mattress and arched up, to allow Cindy to serve as she had been trained. I could feel her lips kissing and then the stab of her as she fucked me slowly with a stiff wet tongue. My clitoris cried out for attention, swelled to become the small prick that would soon be fucking her pouting lips, but Cindy knew that a single orgasm was not the final goal, she knew that I demanded so much more!

Servility and thralldom to my will.

That was the goal that led to pleasure and the only thing between her and savage punishment and degrading penance. I could feel the tears that she wept, oiling the penetration that she worked so hard to make perfect and that was better than each piercing stroke of her tongue. To make it perfect for me, my little sex-slave had to abhor her submission, regret every moment and realise that service was only satisfactory when it was torn from her psyche.

My hand guided her with a light contact.

Touched the nape of her neck, urged without pressure, causing her to lick the cleft of my ass with delicate strokes until she was

lapping at the hole that she had never been allowed to fill. Her lips kissed, her tongue sipped at me and I slowly lowered to the bed to leave her lips covering the delicate bud of my clitoris.

“Slowly, slowly lover,” I breathed as she suckled at the very point of my gratification.

The response was as it should be. Tiny licks, contacts that were barely sensed and the opening of her lips to seal me in. She sucked slowly without touching the centre of my pleasure. Drawing me in, making me swell to sensitive perfection. Causing me to moan and sigh as I engorged and awaited the subtle touch that was to come.

I lifted my feet, saw in the corner of my eyes the pinkness of the pussy between my thighs and the dagger-like spikes of my heels resting on the bed. The bright pink braids, the ribbons that decorated and the naked shoulders that were marked with the rose tattoos. Then I lifted and dropped my feet, pressing the sharp heels into her back as the first touch of her sent me to heaven. I felt her start at the agony of the contact of my heels and relished the moment as my heels urged her to greater efforts.

Her lapping at my swollen clitoris sent me to my first climax.

My head was filled with sheer bliss as the sweet little slut suckled at me and teased me to each savage thrust of my heels as they scored her back and ass with convulsions of my pleasure. What made it all the sweeter was to imagine her acting this out with the man that would soon own her. Being his slut, eyes fluttering as his cock paused at her lips.

Then a pause.

Cindy knew my needs intimately, knew what came next and

knew that the second orgasm had to be a tumbling fall into infinity. She pressed hard against me with her lips, cupping me and teasing me. Running her tongue to the edge of the chasm that was streaming in response to her service. Then began the second round, the firm pressure, the force that would compel a second coming.

I do believe that I cried out. Dug in my heels and lifted against her lips. Teetered and tottered over the chasm of ecstasy while Cindy enclosed and suckled at my quivering flesh.

When it came it was like a wave of sheer delight. A falling into utter depths of a maelstrom. A tsunami of paradise as my thighs quivered and I reached the singularity. I felt my legs thrust down at her, felt her weight pin my thighs to the bed, felt her tongue rasp over my desperate flesh and then the urgent release that filled her mouth as my slave slaved to serve up the perfect climax.

Every drop that the fourth finger had demanded.

I emptied with the gushing rapture, fountained between her lips, but she did not lose a single drop. She drank from me, savouring every drip, every droplet with lips pressed hard to me and I relaxed at last, empty and sated.

Gasping with release.

For the moment.

I lay prostrate.

In repose.

My hand gripping her pink hair, keeping her close and sealed. Denying her breath and enjoying the fact that Cindy did not struggle but massaged me slowly while she helplessly drank from

me and swallowed. Tears from her, wet on my thighs, as the lips and tongue sucked the last drops from me. At last I allowed the slut to lift from me to kneel on the floor between my thighs with one of my spikes resting on a shoulder.

Her tattooed-on lipstick, still perfect, the tracks of her tears on her cheeks. Her cheeks blushing with terror that she had in some way failed to satisfy. Her breathing controlled and silent despite the heaving of her considerable chest. My foot slid from her shoulder. The sole offered for a moment for her to kiss before the heel slid to the thrice-pierced nipples of her large breasts. For a moment, I slipped the metal spike through the largest ring and tugged, before the sole of my shoe coursed from naked breasts to her dress.

The heel lifted the hem of the dress to expose Cindy to my inspection and I frowned as I saw the tiny erection that stood between her tattooed thighs. Amidst the delicate, twining roses that my client had insisted upon, there stood a tiny fleshy thorn that betrayed Cindy's stimulation.

"You *have* to learn to keep it under control," I said.

Now Cindy could not help herself. She shuddered with shame and suffering as she looked down at little cock that had disloyally betrayed her with its unwelcome stiffness.

"Mistress," she begged as the heel of my shoe moved under that short fleshy stem.

"Do you think that you deserve it?" I asked casually as I delighted in her craving. "Do you *really* think that you have pleased me enough to deserve my intimate attention? Do you deserve a little reward from my soles and heels?"

Cindy nodded, and more tears streamed from her eyes as the

lashes fluttered and she attempted to control her weeping. She knew what the punishment for requesting relief was from the mistress who owned her, but her eyes beseeched me, and I could not help but laugh at her distress.

I moved my heel a little.

The tiny cock that rested on the length of it scarcely reached half way to the arch of my sole as the point pressed against the little balls that were tied tight with pink ribbon. This is what they become when they surrender to me, feminised bitches, desperate sluts. Balls like tiny cherries, little plums, they were smooth and tight as the steel of my heel pressed and teased them.

"Stay still, girl," I ordered and was gratified when she responded by stiffening and trying to smile gratefully through the tears. "Come when I say..."

It was always the same.

The only relief was at the soles of my stilettos, the only release on the tips of my spikes. My client would love the desperate obedience. Her cock lifted a little and the ring at its base moved over the silky flesh. A single offshoot of the roses that grew on her thighs and belly wound over that pathetic stalk of flesh. Curled around it, suckled it and bloomed in a bud that adorned the circumcised tip. I pulled my thigh up a little and watched as the spiked tip of my heel followed the course of the tattoo.

Cindy's little cock jerked and then was pinned as the sliver of my heel discovered the tender lips that would swallow it. I waited a moment, pinning it in position as I enjoyed the moment.

"Fucked..." I breathed.

With delicate care and the slow movement of my foot, I slid deep into Cindy's desperate cock and smiled. How ironic that the cock that had never been permitted to fuck me, was itself fucked by me! That my heel violated her and pierced and all she could hope for was that I would permit her to come for me.

I slid into her and a look of hopeless lust in her drying eyes locked onto my body. A longing that could never be fulfilled. My hand moved into her vision and the fingers curled and made that movement that she longed to feel. Her own hands were behind her back, but I saw her shoulders move and knew that she longed to touch herself.

That could never be permitted unless I gave the signal to her!

I slowed the fuck and moved my other heel to her lips.

"You may..." I said softly.

Permission! The key to the gate. Every service, every chore, every punishment needed permission from Cindy's singular owner. I gave it with a small nod and the lips suckled on my other heel with love. Kissed delicately and then smoothly slipped over one heel while the other violated her desperately needy cocklet.

"Wait until I permit it."

Cindy's eyes were locked to mine and I knew that she longed to beg for release. I could almost feel the rising tide of her desperation, but all I did was to smile and shake my head.

"I have to come first, Cindy. Always me... Owner first and if you are perfect..."

My hand moved and teased my breasts, before moving to the wetness that was dripping from my pussy. My fingers moved and

entered me, fucked me slowly while a thumb played over my clitoris as I enjoyed the terror in Cindy's eyes.

"Ooh, that's better," I muttered, as I felt myself succumbing to another climax. Perhaps the best of all!

"You may," I smiled as my heel now pressed slowly deep into my victim.

No sooner had I spoken than I saw those little plums move of their own accord. That tiny cock stiffen, and her come welled between steel and flesh. A drowsy and coy look come into the shining eyes locked to mine.

"Thank you, Miss, thank you for loving me..." breathed Cindy and her thighs twitched as I withdrew and offered the heel for her lips.

"My pleasure," I laughed as I watched her lips open and take the few drops of come from the smooth steel and savour them as if they were manna from the gods.

It is all part of the conditioning I use, to allow occasional release, but you will have to wait for permission. First comes a little self-control! I shall try to remember that you are just starting out on this path...

Three

As I moved into the neon brightness of Piccadilly Circus, I could not help but smile. Here I was, ready to begin my next conquest, while the previous one was ensconced in soft darkness, never realising that she would never see me again! Bent in silent prayer, awaiting the transport that would take her into a world of corruption that even she could not imagine. While I stalked my next prey, my previous conquest would be taken, crated and gagged to be transported to the gardens of sadistic pleasure that awaited her presence.

Lovers came, lovers went, there are always more.

I stood waiting for the lights and surveyed the crowd.

A warmth filled my pussy still, heightened by the sense of newness that always arrived when I had disposed of one victim and now decided upon the next. Crowds of tourists filled the pavement and I was just a static observer to this moment in their pathetic empty lives. I was their worst nightmare come true. Sexual and insatiable, sadistic and alluring. Irresistible. I was not just the bait, I was the hook that would pierce them, should I desire it.

Ah, there he was.

Charlie, the next one to bite at the lure!

In jeans and leather jacket, he stood nervously by the bowl of the fountain as I surveyed him from the other side of the road. I weighed him in my mind and decided that he was perfect for the clients that had contacted me. It was not often that I had a demand for more than a single male, but then variety is the spice of my life!

The lights changed, the busses halted in their tracks and I crossed the road. Charlie saw me and raised a hand as if to wave. My response was to nod and join him amongst the throng of people that crowded the open space.

"I don't have much time," he said as I joined him.

I pressed myself against him, the mockery of intimacy. Slid my thigh between his legs and pressed to remind him of why he was meeting me.

"I have all the time in the world," I replied and smiled before planting a kiss on his lips.

"I don't even know why I am here," said Charlie.

"I do, Charlie," I breathed. "You are here because you cannot help yourself! You need to fuck me!"
He seemed to relax and then started to chuckle.

"You are right Monique," he muttered before the long kiss that I took from him. "I really just cannot resist..."

"That's better, Charlie, now then, we can't fuck in public... unless it's your thing! I have a place that we can go!"

"A hotel?"

"Clever boy!"

It's all they can think of! Once the play is made, all men just follow where their instincts lead, and it's always to bed. No wondering how they got there, just a primal urge that drives them to add to their conquests. All I have to do is take the reins and let them feel the bit between their teeth, lead them with a gentle touch of the spur to wherever it is that I am taking them.

"Follow me..." I whispered in his ear.

I took his hand and led him. Like a little boy eager to play, I led him to the chosen playground. Up Piccadilly, a short walk through the theatre-goers, past the Regency facades, the brightly lit shop windows, we did not speak until we were almost there.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"To a bed, Charlie, to a soft bed," I answered.

"Don't you want to know about the apartment?"

I started to laugh. How typical! Despite his eagerness to take me, he had to break the spell of mystery with everyday concerns.

"What of it?"

"They have *not* agreed the price! Nine million is not enough..."

"Then I'll have to consider my position!"

"Just give up? As simple as that? You don't want to meet the owners and negotiate?"

"Everything is so simple, Charlie. *If* I want something, I get it. The world can wait. Right now, I want your cock! No negotiation is necessary, I think!"

We stopped and kissed again. It seemed that Charlie needed that verbal foreplay, the feeling that he knew me, to make sense of this wild moment. I kissed him back passionately and enjoyed the moment. How could he possibly believe in this? That an attractive and rich woman phoned him and called him to her bed without so much as a by-your-leave?

His ego made *everything* possible for him. You foolish men are all the same!

I was brazen, he was furtive. Already he was falling into the pattern of following me as we entered the brightly lit reception of the Ritz. I could feel the dampness between my thighs. The wetness of Cindy's lapping at my ass. It was not the thought of him fucking me that gave that thrill, it was the knowledge that the next game had now begun.

We waited for the doors to open.

In the elevator, we kissed again. My hand between his thighs, his hands pawing at my breasts through my long coat. He tried to pin me against the side of the cubicle, but in moments the position was reversed. I bit his ear, ran the tip of my tongue the length of his jaw and then enveloped his lips with mine. I could feel the passion and almost-desperation in his body as the doors opened into the cream and gold corridor and we had to break.

"Monique..."

Charlie had used the word like a talisman. As if it suggested closeness and passion, when all that he wanted was to press that little cock into me and spew his sticky filth into my body. He needed to feel that this was more than just a pressing of the flesh, that there was something between us that was more than just sex.

"This one..."

I led him into the suite. As soon as the door was closed, Charlie grabbed me. Pinned me to the wall and explored the territory that he thought now belonged to him. His hands burrowed into my long leather coat and discovered the tight latex corset. Endless criss-cross of laces on each side that clasped tight to my

waist. Armoured rows of metal studs that were savage braille under his fingertips.

“Strip,” I said. “I want to see what you have for me...”

Charlie was almost frantic now. Inelegant and eager as his hands feverishly almost tore his clothes from his body. I could see the wild zeal, the desperate fervour as he fell into the trap. The first lesson was about to begin, the lesson that uncovered, a man is vulnerable, exposed and susceptible as long as his partner is clothed. That symbols mean so much more than the mind can ever guess.

“Mmm,” I lied appreciatively. “I do like what I see...” It was the truth.

He was naked. Well proportioned, muscular without being overly masculine, smooth as if glazed, the sweat of anticipation on his neck and forehead. A cute little cock that would be perfect for his owners’ teasing and torment. Physically, nearly everything that my client wanted, all that needed work were the patterns of lust in his mind and a few details in mine.

My hand clenched on his erection and I pressed him to the wall. Placed the soles of my boots between his feet, parting them while my hands weighed his heavy balls and stroked his short cock. I let him feel the coldness of my leather coat against his naked flesh as I smiled into his eyes and gripped him. His hands sought breasts and skin but slid over the shiny latex of my corset and his fingertips read the message in the braille of the studs that lay in rows from breasts to hips. Then his hands slid between my thighs and discovered the gap between the lace of my stockings and the tight latex that moulded my pussy.

“Kinky,” he breathed.

"My little secret," I answered. "I am a real bitch!"

Charlie shuddered with eagerness and pawed at me like a schoolboy on his first discovery of pussy and tits in the bushes. It excited him, this newness, a feeling of helplessness in the face of my fortress of latex and leather.

"The bed," he gasped.

"Not yet Charlie, first the foreplay! Don't you know that a woman needs to warm to the touch of the man that she has chosen?"

One hand on his balls, the other running the length of him, I explored and played. Testing reaction, feeling the weaknesses and savouring the vulnerability of my victim. The eager cock, the heavy balls, the quiver of thighs at each stroke while Charlie gasped in my ear.

"I decide..."

"Oh God, yes," he gasped. "You decide..."

I kissed him.

He needed that normality as I took his measure and sensed his reactions. Irregular strokes, long sweeps of my hand that brought that cock to rigidity and mastered it with touches and squeezes that caused his thighs to quiver and thrust against me.

"That's a good boy, Charlie, come for mummy!"

The words caused him to start, but a hard thrust of my wrist quelled the shock as I slid my hand from his balls and pressed a finger into the crack of his ass. He tried to resist, clenched his ass as the finger found him and I laughed in suppressed glee at the reaction. His virgin ass was smooth and tight, the fingers that

controlled him worked their magic until the small twitch that signals climax-to-come caused my hands to drop leaving him gasping and desperate for more.

"Fuck, Monique, don't stop now..."

"It's only just begun," I laughed. "Get to bed boy!"

The order seemed so natural that Charlie stepped to the vast bed and flung himself onto it. His eyes opened wide as I allowed my long leather coat to slip from my shoulders with a small gesture. Revealed at last was the lover that he thought that he had chosen. Tall and shapely, long black hair braided into a single long plait, figure moulded by corset and stockings. Boots to the knee and heels that spiked the soft carpet.

He gasped at the sight and his mouth formed a pout as I stalked to the bed with a wiggle of the hips. Each step carefully chosen, a huntress stalking her victim. My hands moved to my waist, posed for a moment and then pulled the slack gloves from their place. I pulled them on with slow movements. Rolling the soft latex the length of my arms to my elbows and then spreading the fingers wide.

"You take no prisoners, Monique," he said nervously, but the way that his cock jerked and stood, showed me that my estimation of his lust was not misplaced.

"I take what I want," I laughed.

Now I was standing looking at him. His face looked up and I placed a gloved hand on his forehead and pushed to make him fall back. So good to have him looking up at me, waiting for my move, naked, vulnerable and stripped for my use.

"Role play," he muttered and I shook my head.

"No this is reality!" I stated.

A small movement of my hands and the thongs at my hips were loosened. The triangle of latex fell from between my open thighs and Charlie could see the naked lust that needed to be gratified.

"First a little lesson from teacher," I said in a strict tone. "Every man that hopes to have me must learn that *my* pleasure is paramount! *If* they want me."

I looked down at him and smiled before moving on to the bed. It moved under my weight and the laces of my boots rasped on the coverlet as I moved. It is difficult to learn, but I have the talent! Moving elegantly into position. Keeping authority and control, leading and positioning, keeping the focus on *my* wishes and guiding a lover to learn what I want. One slip and it becomes awkward, paused and broken. Elegance is my gift... I moved my hands over his body lightly as I moved. Teased nipples and so near to that stalk that longed to enter me. Take me. Moved over him and allowed him to feel the hard boots move astride his naked flesh.

All Charlie could do was groan as I sat astride him and looked down at his eager face. I leaned back and played with him, sliding ever upward until his face was framed by the naked skin of my thighs. Placing the object of his desire before him as my legs trapped his arms and there was just one thing that he could do to please me.

The first touch of his lips on my streaming cunt was electric. It almost overwhelmed me and I had to suppress that shudder in my thighs that urged me to envelop him under me. Force my eager and naked pussy onto his face and grind it for my satisfaction. Instead, I parted the lips of my pussy wide with my gloved fingers and showed him what he could taste. His lips

were wet with my juices, his tongue eager to dip into me and my other hand encouraged him with hard strokes on his cock.

"Please me," I whispered almost unconsciously, and he lifted his head and dipped into the depths of me. "Make me come, boy..."

This first time, this almost-normality is always such sweet triumph that I just cannot help myself! The first touch of a victim is the choicest tit-bit. A moment that lasts and drives me onward! He touched my swelling clitoris with his lips, brushed it and I burrowed my fingers into his hair to press him to me. The orgasm swirled in my head, seemed to freeze the moment and I knew that this was the moment of conquest.

All else seemed lost and I screamed with the bliss. Even untrained and unprepared, Charlie had found me out and my body convulsed and caused my thighs to clench and grip his nakedness.

"Perfect," I cried as I released his head and longed to move to smother him with my thighs. "Good boy!"

It was that moment when Charlie came for me. I thrust down with my gloved hand and forced a fountain of come from him that splattered my back from nape to waist and his body pressed upward compelling me to ride my bronco for a few convulsions.

The look on his face was surprise and he pressed his face between my thighs and lapped my wetness from me as I rode him. My hand did not stop, it moved the length of him, squeezing the last of the filth from his cock until my hand slithered with the slime.

"Jesus, Monique..."

He used my name again and again like a spell, as if uttering it gave him closure, as if it gave him back the control that he had lost. It is what you men do, place their faith in names!

"You are exactly what I am looking for," I chuckled as I dismounted him.

"I am?"

"Of course you are! Just what I need..."

After climax, Charlie just lay there while I moved and stooped to pick up my discarded knickers and slip on my fallen coat. Allowing him to recover would squander everything achieved so far. Allow him to imagine that he could return for a second bout, fuck my cunt with his pathetic cock, form a pattern that was not of *my* making.

That could not be permitted!

Control was in place and he had to realise that I decided...

I decide for you too! I think that I can allow you a little touch now, just a touch of pleasure. It would *not* do if you came when I have really only just started, boy! You see it is not only Charlie that needs my attention, you need me to guide you and teach you respect...

"Tomorrow," I said as I closed my coat and hid what he still lusted for.

"We have time now," was his reply.

"All the time in the world," I laughed as I stalked from the room with a swish of leather and closed the door behind me. "Go back to your insipid wife..."

Charlie groaned in disappointment.

Four

My perverted clients wanted a pair, a couple. They wanted *both* for their pleasure, they are sadists of the clearest water. I can tell; I too am addicted to the pleasure of other's submission. They wanted man and wife, woman and husband, a pair of sluts to tease and torment, who was I to deny their little desires?

That meant that I had much work to do!

I found her with a dress draped over her arm. Standing with another hanger in her hand trying to decide which was the best choice. The black or the bland cream. I looked at the sequins on the black dress on her arm and then to the formless dress that hung from her hand. I would have chosen the black. Tight, and given form by hips and breasts, feminine and alluring, hiding nothing revealing nothing.

"Black is too strong..."

When I spoke, Susan looked up in shock and then back to her choice. This was a meeting that would be perfect, I decided. An entry into her life at the exact right moment.

"Cream then?"

"It matches your perfect complexion," I replied and then approached with a smile.

I almost towered over my prey in my heels.

"I can never decide," she said uncertainly. "It's for a cocktail party and..."

"They will *all* be dressed in black and red," I said with a small chuckle. "You will so stand out in cream and the colour will

make you look a million dollars.”

Susan seemed to take the conversation in her stride and an assistant arrived to make us three women who would decide the best choice.

“The black is stunning and would look perfect,” said the assistant. “You have the figure to carry it off!”

Now Susan was again undecided.

“I’m Monique,” I offered. “I just could not *help* giving an opinion!”

“I’m Susan,” said Susan. “Pleased to meet you!”

Now we were instant friends, all that needed to be done was to make sure that this was not just another passing meet that would soon be forgotten. Impose myself on her.

“I have to try this on,” I said as I held up a long leather skirt with a smile. “The damn things are almost impossible to get on...”

“Well, we’ll go together,” said Susan with a small laugh. “I’ll help with the skirt, you tell me which of these is the best.”

“If you need any help,” offered the assistant.

“No, we can manage,” said Susan.

Now we were just two women gossiping about fashion. As if we had been lifelong friends on a binge shopping expedition. When she saw the stilettos in my hand she cooed and had to inspect them.

“Wow,” she said. “So high...”

"I took a fancy to them," I said casually, passing them over for her opinion. "Perhaps just a little too high?"

"Oh no, not at all... I just daren't wear sexy stuff like that!"

We took a single changing booth and started to giggle as I helped Susan try on the two dresses. There was no doubt, the black sequined dress was slinky and a real eye-catcher. The cream creation, subtler and less overt. I stood behind her and closed the fastenings and she modelled the dresses and I commented. At last I could see the large breasts on that petite figure and be sure that my choice was right.

Then came my turn.

I positioned myself awkwardly and it was Susan that slid the long front-zipper to my waist.

"That's so sexy," she said breathlessly. "I wish I had the hips to carry something like that off. Here, put on the shoes! They make it complete."

She knelt at my feet and held them, and I slipped in my feet while I placed a hand on her head for balance.

"A little *too much*," I commented as she slid her hand over my ankles to smooth my stockings.

"Not at all, Monique." She said using my name as if to test it. "The look really does suit you to the ground. Stiletto heels, stockings and a tight leather skirt. You look like a vamp-schoolmistress about to go on the rampage!"

"That does it," I laughed. "Now I just *have* to buy them."

"Why?"

"Because I am a teacher of sorts and now I just can't resist!"

Both of us changed back into our street clothes and I felt Susan inspect me in my stockings and suspenders as I slipped my short skirt back on.

"You have such long legs," she sighed. "Everyone compliments me that I am so petite, but I would love to have your legs..."

"We can swap," I sallied. "It's such a bother getting clothes that fit well. Big boobs are such a bother!"

She sighed in agreement, looking down at herself.

"You have the height to carry it off," she chuckled.

"So, which is it to be?" I asked.

"Cream," she smiled. "I'll take your advice and go for it. Then all I need is to get my hair done and I will be all set to be the belle of the ball."

Susan was really so small and cute. Almost tiny, in fact. I towered over her like a colossus on my stilettos and she seemed almost like a little dolly. She would be perfect for what I had in mind and I silently complimented myself on the choice. Groomed and trained for my clients she would be worth a huge sum! All that was needed now was to ensure that the friendship developed suitably. Along the lines that I decided!

"We should meet up again," I ventured as we left the booth. "I'm sure that we have loads to talk about..."

Susan laughed nervously.

"Oh, I really don't have much of an exciting life. Not much to tell about, really!"

"That can't be," I offered. "Cocktail parties and a social life that is endless, I would say!"

"That's my husband..."

She bit her lip nervously and ran her hand through her long hair.

"He sells properties, actually he takes me along all the time, but I hate the endless round of facile parties!"

"Well then, we should do something really wicked," I said, "force you to branch out a little... do you want to be forced?"

I so love playing with them...

"I'm not sure, er, perhaps."

"Don't be silly, Susan. I'll tell you what! In a couple of days, I am meeting up with an old friend of mine... why don't you come along and let loose? Get wild with us?"

"When?"

"Saturday night clubbing," I said. "A few stiff drinks, a little music and we can find out about each other!"

"Sounds great but..."

"No buts, darling. Here I'll give you my number and give you a call..."

Susan looked doubtful and I wondered if I had overdone it, but she pulled out her phone and got me to tap in my number.

"Now send me a text and off we go..."

My phone called and I checked the screen.

"There!" I said. "It's done, now you *can't* escape! I'll call later with the meeting place and we can go from there."

"OK, as long as it's not too late, Charlie doesn't like it when I go out on my own!"

"You won't be alone, darling, I'll be with you. Just don't tell him about me and make up some little white lie and then we can go have some fun like the loose women we are!"

Susan blushed.

"That's what he worries about!"

"I'll keep you safe! Hubby need never know that you are on the rampage."

"OK then, it's a date!"

We paid for the clothes and parted with a peck on the cheek. Susan was still blushing with confusion and I held her a moment in my arms before allowing her to step back.

So tiny, so cute and perfect for my little games! I could feel her shiver in my arms and the lust came over me in a rush of excitement that was just barely controllable. I almost forgot that she was not mine yet and longed to overwhelm her with an intimate kiss, but I managed to pull a casual smile and patted her shoulder.

"Don't forget, girls' night out, babes!" I said.

She put a finger to her lips with a shy smile and I knew that she was mine.

Five

It's always the same in the first stages. The chosen man thinks that he has a right to what he wants and makes his moves to wheedle his way into my affections. The fact that I have no feelings for them is something that I never ever show. I masquerade as a lover, all the while moving them along to the place where the next phase can be implemented.

I need to know them by more than the investigation that selects them. I need to test and prepare them, discover if they are exactly what my clients have ordered.

Charlie was to be assessed!

A man!

Easily led, positioned and used. All that was needed was to guide him to the point where he was continually at the very brink of success, all the while never giving what he most desired. What I had to do was ensure that each meeting, each assignation was under my control, leaving no possibility of him moving from the path that I had mapped out for him.

Then, when the trap closed, fear and helplessness would then be my motivator.

Of course, the apartment was a blind. A simple lure from which I could retreat while keeping him on a chain at my beck and call. There was no way that I was going to invest all my carefully hoarded savings in some flashy place that I had no need of. The argument about price would be the method of avoiding moving forward while keeping the bargaining open.

I arrived in the office and swanned past the receptionists without a by-your-leave.

"He's in a meeting," said the woman behind the desk as I ignored her and swept past to open the door.

Charlie's office was impressive. Carefully designed to assure his clients that a solid financial foundation underlay the company. Of course, Charlie was a partner, standing near the top of the heap, the master salesman, the puller of strings. It was now important to show him that I was the one that made the decisions where we were concerned.

Charlie sat behind his desk, a phone handset cradled on his shoulder and he looked up in surprise as I closed the door behind me.

"One moment," he said into the phone. "Something's come up!"

His hand covered the receiver and he gave me an irritated look.

"Please, Monique, you can't just just..."

"I'm here now," I said, and I moved to sit on the chair by his desk.

I crossed my legs and smiled, allowing a stiletto dangle from my foot and swing as he blushed and spoke into the receiver.

"We can finish this off tomorrow," he said to the phone. "The meeting is at four and we'll settle the land registry problem then. I'm sure that it won't delay the exchange of contracts..."

A few more words and he settled the phone on its cradle.

"Jesus, Monique! You can't just walk in here like this..."

"I'm a client as well as a lover," I said.

"Even so, this is my office and..."

I shrugged my shoulders and stood. Smoothing my skirt as I stood, I stepped for the door.

"No, don't go!"

I turned and stood with feet apart. It allowed him to admire the body that he would never be allowed to fuck. He just didn't know it yet!

"Make your mind up! So, what's it to be, Charlie? Go or don't go?"

"Don't go!"

"That's *not* good enough!"

"OK, please don't go..."

That was better and set the scene. I turned and stepped to the door and he made a small sound that I interpreted as trying to talk me from being angry and leaving in a temper.

"Is that final?" I asked.

"Mm, it's final! Do I have to beg?"

"It's nicer if you do!"

"Then I *implore* you not to go!"

I turned the latch on the door to lock it and then stood with my back to the door with a small smile.

"That's better, Charlie! You see, when I'm here, this is *my* office now!"

Charlie blushed but did not gainsay my words. He just stared at me with the lust in his eyes so clear that I knew that I already had him in a place where he could no longer argue with me.

"You want to negotiate?"

"Of course!"

"Then I will have to arrange a meet with the seller."

"That's not what I am here for, this is not a negotiation for the price of an apartment." I said sweetly. "I'm here for you!"

He sat back in his chair and held his hands in his lap as if trying to hide that erection that tented his pants and I walked slowly around the impressive desk. Charlie looked up at me as I moved behind him and put my hands on his shoulders.

"You know what I want?" I asked.

"Er..."

"Silly little man," I said, "all I ever want is sex, boy."

"Here? Now?"

"Whenever I want," I replied as my hands slipped from his shoulders and I stooped over him. "This..."

I brushed his hands from his lap and slowly pulled down the zipper to allow that eager little cock to spring free. I brushed it with my fingertips and smeared the small drop of precum to make the purple head shiny and oiled.

“Is that what you want?”

Charlie was panting for it and I swivelled the chair to face me and the vast panoramic window behind me. He looked past me, and his eyes seemed to glaze as I slowly unzipped the leather skirt to reveal myself. I could not help but think how his wife had admired it in the cubicle as I slowly sat in his lap.

I placed my hands on the back of his head.

“Nymphomaniac!” he whispered.

“Me, not at all! I just need to be satisfied all of the time!”

I shuffled forward, stretching my thighs over the armrests of the chair to press his straining cock against my latex clad pussy. We both looked down and he gasped as I pressed against him and moved to pull him tight and upright against me.

“Don’t move,” I ordered as I began to unbutton my blouse.

There was no bra, just my heavy rounded breasts. My nipples were swelling and tightening, and I became almost breathless as I grasped his hair and lowered his head to service me. Charlie strained to twist around. I guided him to suckle.

“Slowly, baby, nice and slow...”

Another small shuffle of my hips and he was pressed so tight that the slightest movement between us would stretch him. The root of his hard cock pressed against my pussy through the tight latex knickers and I could not resist rubbing just a little to press him hard on my trapped clitoris.

“Fuck,” he muttered and my hand slid to his naked stalk.

Veined and four inches of manhood stretched so tight, he

gasped at the touch as my fingers retreated and slipped between latex and my bare skin. The touch was electric, wetness and heat from my pussy warmed my fingers as they found what they sought and massaged gently.

"I need to enter you," he gasped and thrust with his thighs.

The pressure brought me a flutter of orgasm. An elusive prequel to what was to come and I had to lift my fingers to slow myself.

"Not like this..." I breathed in his ear as I moved him to the other breast. "You are not ready for me... You might *never* be ready!"

Charlie tried to look up at me, but my hand kept his attention focussed and he teased and bit me lightly. It was a minute before I allowed him free to speak.

"Not like this?"

I lifted his head to face me and planted a kiss on his lips. It lingered and I fluttered my fingers over myself and felt him try to thrust upward with his hips.

"I prefer my lovers to be naked..."

He lifted his hands to start to unbutton his shirt, but I shook my head and he stopped, frozen in confusion. It was all I could do, not to laugh at his expression. He was so deep in my grip that I almost felt that the step that I was taking was too slight, but each step had to be a trifling step forward.

"This..."

My free hand slipped down and grasped his pubic hair. A thick bush of ungroomed wire that caused him to wince when I tugged at it.

“Shave?”

“That’s right boy, I like to see everything, have a smooth little cock that I can admire and play with! Make it mine!”

“Now?”

Now I had to laugh. His word was almost a plea as I tugged at the curls from which his cock sprang, and it became a cry of stinging as I pulled ever harder.

“Not now, dear, next time, ready for me...”

I shifted a little and released him to run my fingers through his hair and grasp the back of his head. I smiled in his face and pecked his lips before guiding him down to my breasts again.

“You will shave or wax every hair from your body,” I said. “All of it from neck down. I want you always so smooth that when I run my hands over your body there is just the silk of your naked skin...”

He gasped again as I began my slow journey to climax. Tender touches of the fingers while he suckled. Melting my pussy as I teased his cock through the latex with each movement.

“Like a little boy, begging to suckle,” I breathed. “Mummy will make you come for her as a reward...”

All lovers do it!

Have their little words, their special private meanings. Pet names, lover’s games, words to tame. Mine were all about control, all about Charlie being a child in the hands of a loving adult. Making him mine, helping him fall powerlessly into the dark world that I was creating for him.

“God, oh God...”

Charlie came before me.

Rubbed and stretched against the latex while he suckled on the woman who was controlling him. He thrust upward and a slow trickle of come welled from the tip of him as I climaxed and held him tight in the cocoon of my utter control. Rubbed against me, thrusting hard. He yelped as I slipped my hand from myself and grasped his pubic hair tight.

“Remember, the next time I want you waxed and naked. Ready to perform, ready to fuck like I want...” I breathed in his ear. “I want you helpless, ready to play my special little games...”

He looked up in that post-climactic state of exhaustion that men always suffer after being taken and nodded.

“If that’s what it takes...”

“That’s what it takes, boy,” I chuckled.

I hope that you understand now how Monique’s path was rolling out before Charlie’s future, soon it would be a walled garden!

I think that the time has come where you too may be allowed a little tribute, but don’t think that I permit my playthings to take their time! This indulgence is not permitted because you are a good little boy, it is because you need to be properly drained to keep your attention on my words.

Six

Women are so different from men!

Venus is a difficult goddess when all is said and done. She demands so much, wants every detail to be just perfect while Mars is equally demanding, but the end always justifies the means. Anything to get what he wants! Venus on the other hand is about the path that leads to where she is going. The end is just the product of that journey! I know now how true that is...

Seduction of a man is so easy.

All it takes is to offer a light at the end of the enticing tunnel, a light so blinding that all else is irrelevant. The path will change the man, but he does not sense that, he just blindly stumbles to reach physical satisfaction. As long as a man is moving forward to that light, he disregards the path.

Control of a woman is hard, but some women have the art.

A woman can see herself in the mirror of her mind's eye. She can sense the changes that are being wrought, even if they are almost imperceptible. For her the light is bright, but it does not blind her to all else. A woman needs to accept and move with the flow and understand herself as she changes.

Not that I want to over-philosophise! I am just trying to show you my own perceptions and how I adapt my methods to the situations that I create. There are no great secrets here, just a story to be told. Other people, other victims require other methods. I have no restraint, no conscience, no religious beliefs but I overflow with physical passion. Outwardly I am like everyone else, inwardly I am calculating and manipulative.

I know this as a truth!

I suppose that I realised my apartness when I was a child, I fathomed that I could influence and control by masking my inner void of empathy with a surface of smiles and reactions that were alien to me. I never cried because I was hurt and I never laughed when I was amused. All I ever showed was what would help me to dominate those around me. All I ever wanted was control, to watch the marionettes dance for my own gratification.

It's how I am, and I make no apologies, especially to you!

Now that I have that small confession behind me, you will see that Susan was a completely different seduction. Like my stalking of Charlie, I had watched her for months, stalking her on social media. I did what I always did as I selected candidates for training.

I became her.

But unlike some crude thief, some secluded fraudster who is interested in a single hit, a plundering of assets and value, I was plundering her past and her mind. Probing every facet of her life passively and with no sign of the intrusion. I like computers, networks and programs. They are like me, dispassionate and working to exact rules and algorithms. A world of regulations and evidence, no emotion or, dare I say it, love and hate.

What could I see?

What approach was going to be a sure touch?

First of all, I need to tell you what I had gleaned from my research!

Thirty-two, university with a poor pass at the end. Content to be in the shadow of the man that had wooed and taken her for his

own. A narrow circle of friends and a little contact with a local church. Full of morals and uncertainty, so certain in the well of her ignorance of the endless one-night stands and lovers that her husband indulged in. Dare I say it? Innocent, dependent and virtuous. Attractive, but shy of making it an advantage, intelligent, but hiding in the shadows. Never much to say, careful and content. Subsumed to Charlie, a part of him and not her own self.

So ripe to be plucked for another.

All of this and more, I learned. The levers at my fingertips that would tumble her into doubt and insecurity, the fruits of which would be harvested by myself. I had purpose, Susan had none. All I had to do was open up her life like a tin of beans and replace her husband as she fell with my guidance and perversions.

I would be the new normal.

The only devoted friend that she had when her world came tumbling down.

Best of all, a lover to confide in and depend on for everything.

Seven

The text was simple, a date and a time.

No breathless persuasion, no emotional lure. All Susan had to do was to make the fatal step of accepting the invitation. Of course, I had prepared and scripted the whole adventure, brought in my co-conspirator who was amused by my little games for her own sadistic reasons.

Natalia.

My casual partner and lover.

A companion would offer security and normality. Make my bid to entice mere familiarity. As usual, this excited me, made me hot to move on. I controlled myself, upped the excitement by denying myself release except with my victims. Narrowed the focus by not moving forward until Cindy was packed and transported to her new owners. There would be no distractions, the feelings of postponed lust would be so much more real for me.

Just as it should be!

I met in the afternoon with Natalia to discuss the script that I had decided on. I could feel the urgency of my need and hunger and she just smiled at my breathless exposition. She did not ask what I had in mind for Susan and Charlie, accepted that surprise as a gift, just tested my libretto with small questions and chuckled at my fervour. That was what makes her such a perfect associate. She never asks for a share, she just relishes the malevolent conspiracy and accepts the gift.

I suppose that Natalia is the closest that I have to a real friend! How can I explain what she is when there is no word that

suggest affection, agony, love and sadism in a single sound?

Natalia made a few points, slowed me a little and then chuckled as I reluctantly had to admit that she had something to add. As I had asked, she dressed severely, stark and almost unattractive if one merely looked at the surface. Hot and insatiable when the mask was torn away. I admired the boots and the formal clothes and the only adornment, a golden cross pinned to the lapel of her collared blouse that somehow signified that she was the personification of an older woman who could be trusted.

Only in her late twenties, but with the bearing of maturity.

We left the wine-bar where we had eaten a light meal and I could not help myself crossing my fingers in the hope that Susan would actually turn up. The pair of us seemed so obvious to me, so recognisable as fakes that Susan would surely be repelled by the evening's entertainment.

We arrived in Chinatown and bought a couple more snacks to eat in the road. I could not help but scan the passers-by for my victim, while Natalia seemed oblivious to my tension. I worried that if Susan did not succumb then Charlie was worthless and the other prospects that I had researched for my clients were a poor second to the couple that I had selected. It would be uncomfortable to admit defeat, to start again.

Natalia just ate the spring roll and licked the fat from her lips.

"She'll turn up, don't worry..."

"On her own?"

"Of course, on her own, darling. Why else would she take a couple of hundred pounds from her personal savings account yesterday if not to hide it from hubby?"

I nodded in agreement, I had seen that withdrawal from her account.

"If Charlie is with her to meet her new friend, then it's all over," I answered.

"He won't be," she chuckled. "She longs to be fucked! Even I can see that from her Facebook page!"

I scanned the pedestrians.

Couples strolling, men heading into the betting shops, a few Chinese who lingered in family groups and a scattering of lovers holding hands. I could not help myself assessing their value. Keeping an eye open with my various clients in mind. The young Chinese couple that kissed in the doorway; she would make such a perfect little manga-dolly for some wealthy man who needed a helpless sweet marionette to fuck while it melodiously wept at each stroke. The young man that stood in a suit and waited for someone. Handsome and nervous, I could imagine him in a cage, banded in crimson stripes of the cane as he waited for the man who wanted to abuse his every orifice with a rigid cock. Then there was the older woman who stood with her husband as she breathlessly pointed out jewellery in the shop opposite. There were mature clients that loved to torment and violate their intimate maids, revelling in the chained slut in their bathroom and luxuriating in the luxury of reducing a slave to a sexual object that suffered endlessly. The older woman would be ideal for at least two of my clients and there was always such exquisite pleasure in taking something ripened by a full life and remoulding it to become a perfect adoring pet.

"Is that Susan?" asked Natalia with a small chuckle.

"No, that's not her..."

The petite woman walked by on her stilettos and I imagined her in pink, curled on the bed like a toy, primped and preened, waiting for the lover who owned her body and soul. Fine features, smooth skin, young and ready to make someone happy as she presented her cunt and ass for abuse. She would have been ideal!

"Excuse me," I said as she walked past. "I wonder if you could help me?"

She made one more step and then realised that it was *she* who had been spoken to. Natalia, by my side, stifled a chuckle as I engaged her.

"I was looking for a good Dim-Sum place... do you know the area?"

The woman smiled and nodded.

"You're standing by the best one in London," she laughed as she pointed at the open window that we had just been served from.

"Oh, we found it and didn't even know," I replied. "Thank you so much..."

"A pleasure, it's my personal favourite," said the woman as she relaxed.

From almost behind her, Natalia discretely took a photo with her phone and then added her own comment.

"Hi, I'm Elisabeth," she lied. "Do you live around here then? We are in London for a few days..."

The young woman smiled. Around her neck was a thin gold chain with her name, 'Lizzie' and she seemed surprised.

"I'm an Elisabeth too," she said. "Lizzie Holden..."

"Well that's an *amazing* coincidence," I said. "Thank you so much for the help..."

"It's nothing!"

As Lizzie walked away I repeated the name and Natalia took another photo.

"And, so it begins," laughed Natalia. "You really are the limit, Monique! Lining them up to fall like ninepins!"

"They all fall and she's perfect when this little project is finished. I have a couple lined up that would *really* appreciate owning her. She's even a natural blonde so she would be ideal. Even perhaps, for myself, I need amusing all the time."

"I won't ask," said Natalia. "But, I want to be there, of course! She was so sweet, maybe I should join your client list?"

"She'd be a bit on the expensive side!"

"I'm sure of a discount..."

"We'll have to see. She might not even be suitable when I look into her background!"

Natalia laughed.

"She is married, did you see the ring? I get the shivers just thinking about it."

"She's really cute," I admitted.

"Hi, Monique!" said a voice from behind.

Susan had arrived, and I had not even noticed!

Alone and all dressed up in the cream dress that she had bought when I had first met her. I could not help jumping at her greeting and looked her up and down. I liked what I saw. The dress really did not suit her, low heels and a slightly frumpy make-up that was no compliment to her pretty features. If anything, she looked plainer dressed-up than when I had met her in the boutique.

"You look good, babes, ready for a depraved night on the town?"

"Hi, I'm Natalia," said my companion. "I heard all about you from Monique..."

She offered a hand.

Susan seemed a little taken aback by Natalia and shook hands and then smiled brightly.

"It's not often that I'm in the centre of London by myself," said Susan. "A bit of an adventure, really."

"Then we'll show you the ropes," I said. "Dive in and have a great evening!"

"I *have* to be back by midnight," said Susan.

"Ooh, a pumpkin awaits," laughed Natalia. "So, we don't have much time, clubbing or a meal?"

Susan glanced at me and then said, "Either is good... whatever you choose."

"Excellent," I said. "Clubbing it is then..."

"Sinderella's?" suggested Natalia.

"Of course..." I replied.

Twenty years ago, Sinderella's behind Wardour Street had been a centre of the fetish-scene, a place where rumours of private parties that involved government figures and wealthy foreigners still resounded in the myths and legends of Soho. Now it was just another plastic strip bar that harked back to its illustrious past.

"Ooh, a Gay club?" asked Susan. "I've heard all about them..."

"Not a gay bar, well, not exactly," laughed Natalia. "Just a sexy dark place where the music is too loud!"

We walked in silence for a while until Susan broke the silence.

"I never go out really," she said. "Charlie doesn't approve!"

"Hubby?" asked Natalia.

"Ten years," answered Susan. "He takes me to all of the champagne dinners and cocktail parties, but they're such a bore. I suppose that I have to get out more!"

"Well, then you're in for a treat," I said, and I put my arm around her shoulder as we crossed the road. "We'll start slow in Sinderella's and perhaps go on from there if there is time. I don't want to shock you too much!"

"I'm not easily shocked," retorted Susan. "Don't go easy on me, I've been so looking forward to this."

The narrow cul-de-sac was lit by red flickering lights and the doorway guarded by a huge doorman who stepped aside to allow us to pass. The electronic beat enveloped us as we

entered the bar and I felt Susan move a little closer to me as if for comfort.

We stood for a moment and took in the atmosphere. Busy and crowded, couples of all ages crowded the bar and strutted their stuff. From plain jeans and crop-tops to latex and feathers, they moved to the beat of the music that filled the place while a waitress in a cute little satin dress and stockings approached.

I had reserved a booth and she led us there, weaving through the crowded room with a sway of the hips and careful steps of her heels. The alcoves were gathered in a circle around a small dance floor where a single pole went from floor to the ceiling. We ordered cocktails and settled in.

"I didn't know that places like this even existed," said Susan. "It's like out of a movie..."

Her voice has a suppressed excitement that boded so well.

"This is a good place to find different partners," said Natalia. "Of course, there are some really kinky ones, so watch it if you come on your own!"

"There's no way," laughed Susan and she sipped from her glass delicately. "I would never dare!"

It did not take long before we were chatting twenty to the dozen. Natalia and I allowed Susan to set the tone and we quickly finished our drinks and ordered more. Friendship and togetherness is a strange and powerful thing. People who are strangers, who have met casually, quickly form bonds from the smallest of beginnings. I fended off a slightly drunken middle-aged woman in fetish gear that seemed to have taken a fancy to Susan and she shuddered when the woman melted back into the crowd.

“God, she wanted me...” said Susan as she watched the rounded ass sway and the lines of the stockings that led to outrageous platform stilettos. “Is it always like this here?”

“All the time, I have met loads of interesting people here,” I answered. “There is no offense taken when you refuse!”

“I think that she was a little too old for me,” said Susan with a nervous laugh. “And a bit aggressive!”

“She's not what she seems,” said Natalia. “Looks like a top, is actually a bottom!”

Susan looked confused.

At this opening, Natalia and I started to explain the rules of the game and soon we were laughing and joking and commenting on all the people who moved in the darkness. Natalia pointed them out, Susan guessed, and I made up stories that were designed to shock and excite.

As the sub-dominatrix stalked away, I smiled. She had only a small part to play. The first act was done, the second would come in half an hour!

More drinks.

We reached the point of giggles.

Now it was just three old friends around the table. Me with my arm around Susan and Natalia had a hand on Susan's knee. My script demanded contact, not sexual, but comforting and somehow intimate.

The music hushed, died and the lights switched off. It was eleven o'clock and the floor show was about to start. When the lights came back on, I saw that Natalia had her hand burrowed

under the split of that cream dress and her fingers squeezed a naked knee before sliding a little higher, but not too far. The lights were focussed on the tiny dance floor and a woman appeared and started to strut herself.

Sinderella's has a reputation that exceeds its reality, but even I must admit that the floor show is a bit of a turn on. The stripper cast off her dress with a small shudder of the shoulders and began her routine.

I looked at Susan's face.

Her eyes were almost glazed over, her lips pouted as the dancer moved around the pole and slowly stripped to the electronic beat. The movements were almost hypnotic and it seemed that Susan was completely taken by the show. When the dancer pulled a coiled whip from her waist and started to crack it to the beat, I felt Susan flinch at every stroke. Her eyes took in the thigh-high-boots and the wide hips, the tight corset that nipped in her waist and the breasts that almost spilled from the top.

The audience laughed and clapped in time to the music and that seemed to spur the woman to an aggressive display of the whip that snaked from her gloved hand and the audience flinched back as she threatened them.

At last the two-minute turn was over and, with a final crack of the whip, the dancer flicked her long hair and retreated to allow the next performer to appear.

"She was almost frightening," said Susan.

Between her two companions, she nestled in as if secure and then turned to me.

"She must be a top," she said in a whisper. "I guess!"

Susan shivered and I could sense the exhilaration in her, being where she did not belong.

“Absolutely right,” I replied. “If you don’t want to spend the night serving her whip, then make sure that you don’t accept any offer... a real bitch...”

Susan nodded and seemed to want to speak but did not dare. I waited patiently and noticed that Natalia squeezed her knee to encourage her. In the end, it seemed that the drink and the small pause between performers helped Susan overcome her inhibition.

“Are you a top or a bottom?” she asked me.

I smiled, it seemed that the script was dragging us in the right direction.

“Oh, me?” I smiled. “I always stay on top. It’s delicious to ride and have the crop in my hand...”

Susan took in my answer and seemed to move an inch from me as if she was anxious before she turned to Natalia and asked the same question.

“This and that,” lied Natalia. “One day this, the next day that!”

Natalia has never been anything other than on top and I smiled at the easy lie that she told!

“Oh,” answered Susan just as the next performer crawled on to the dance floor.

A pretty girl, heavily made up almost like a child’s dolly. Pink frills, lace and candy colours. A curly wig that bobbed around her head and low pink school shoes. Susan was distracted from her next question and sat, leaning slightly forward as if mesmerized

by the sight.

“Bizarre,” she murmured under her breath. “Oh my God, she’s all chained up!”

It was true, between ankles and wrists there were chains that hung from manacles as the dolly crawled across the floor to the pole and used it to slowly and awkwardly stand. The show, such as it was, was not a dance, but almost like a prayer for mercy. There was no partner, but the mime of beseeching begging was clear to all and there were mocking cries from the audience that almost drowned out the slow beat that came from the speakers above. The dolly moved slowly, clasped her hands, crawled like a pet, hung out her pierced tongue and fluttered her eyelashes and some on the crowd reached out to touch her.

Dolly shied from contact and was crawling away from us when the woman who had propositioned Susan earlier leaned from the crowd and lifted the dress high. It exposed the candy-striped stockings, the pale bare backs of her thighs and the dangling cock and balls that had been hidden under the frills. The second part of her part in the drama.

“Jesus,” ejaculated Susan, “it’s a man in drag!”

“Sissy,” I corrected.

The frills dripped and the briefly seen sight was covered.

“Not much of one,” laughed Natalia.

“How could he? She... I mean in public?” asked Susan who was clearly shocked.

“She has no owner at the moment,” said Natalia.

"I meant, how could he dress like that and..."

"A lot of men like it," I replied with a small hug. "In fact a *lot* of men go for that... smooth, pink, girly, what's not to like? Sissies do as they are told..."

By the time that we turned back, the sissy was crawling back into the crowd and the next performer came out.

This time it was an athletic girl who used the pole to great effect. Upside down, with legs apart, her breasts hanging despite all the silicone. Dressed in just gloves and heels she gave a show that seemed much appreciated and even Susan clapped at the end of the performance.

It was clear that, despite the excellent performance, Susan's mind could not get from the brief shock of the sissy's exposure.

"I have never seen anything like this..." she murmured.

"Twice a night," I answered. "The next show is at three..."

"Oh, what a shame," said Susan. "I have to go soon!"

Her words were slurred a little as she took a sip at her cocktail.

"It's the strangest thing, just like a drugged dream..."

"I knew that you'd like it," I said, "get out of the rut of boredom and into something a little edgy!"

"It's more than that, darling," she said to me. "I am so glad that I came here!"

I looked at my watch and nodded.

"One last drink for the road and we'll be off..."

"But, we can do this again?" begged the innocent victim of my crash course in fetishism.

"Whenever you like..." I answered.

Susan was almost nestled into my crooked arm, Natalia had her hand on her thigh and the beat of the music combined with the alcohol seemed to make it all normal.

"Yes, perhaps next week?"

"Or sooner," I crooned. "If you like it here, we'll come back..."

"Please."

The entreaty was like sweet music to my ears and I cuddled her for a moment before we slipped from Sinderella's back into the cold street. In a few moments, we had bundled the almost-drunk woman into a taxi and given the directions.

"Well, that went off well," said Natalia with a slurred laugh. "I thought that you were going to take her home!"

I laughed.

"Nice and slow," I answered as I kissed her. "One step at a time, dear, one step at a time... did you see how thrilled she was by it all?"

"So, what's next?" she asked.

"Always more of the same..."

An Interlude - Taking Aim

Funny how the time slips by!

I cannot help myself. These beginnings always absorb me like the opening of a chess game. Most players think that the opening is a routine bore, a series of moves that have been worked out before and they long for the middle and end-game. Me, I like the *whole* game. From the first pawn pushed forward to the queen that mates the helpless king and everything between. I move into a state of heightened awareness. Sensing the slightest weakness, exploiting it and building my attack with a focus on the final aim that causes an almost tunnel vision.

Only a Queen can mate...

That is the contest, my intuition and razor-like exploitation of weakness that guides that path and draws my victims to my net. It takes time to train a man, even longer to do so with a couple. Keeping the two games apart, masking intentions and closing in on the vulnerabilities to lead to a place where suddenly; there is no escape.

Let's start with Charlie!

A man that had always screwed around, taken what he wanted and never a thought to wife and vows made and broken. I controlled the affair. Turned up from the blue, played with him a little each time, always finding an excuse to avoid allowing him to fuck me, but always giving relief in ways that asserted my dominance.

I had several immediate aims.

The first was to ensure that there were no more intimate moments between him and Susan. Those were now my

province. With my fingers on both sets of buttons, his and hers, I could tell when there was a possibility that their weekly sex was imminent and ensured that on *that* night, poor little Charlie was drained to impotence. This is a special advantage of training a couple. I control the horizontal and the vertical and I steer them the direction that they have to go!

My second aim was to discover a focus.

What do I mean by this?

I believe that every man has one or more fetishes buried in his mind. They might not be overt, might be concealed in his mind even from himself, but they are there, I can assure you. They just need to be awakened, nurtured and brought to the surface. Converted into tokens and totems of sexual power that demand attention until at last they become the end and not the means.

My education was a path that simply followed my own lack of empathy. My psychology and mindset. Six years of observing others and puzzling the patterns of the keys for the locks of the mind. A degree in counselling and human interrelations that allowed me to see beyond the mirror. Of course, I never experienced the emotions that others betrayed, but I understand them like a blind person can hear the names of the colours and their significance to others, even though she cannot respond to them!

Charlie's weakness was my heels!

I sensed that he could not take his eyes from my feet, that he loved the sound of the heels, his heart pounded to the clicks on the floor. Many of the other stimuli that men react to seemed to have little effect, but a pair of high heels, metal spikes and arched soles was something that opened him to my guidance.

His ideas of long afternoons in a lazy bed with a compliant woman seemed to fade from his consciousness to become a longing for the touch of leather on his straining cock and the almost painful spike of a heel on his naked flesh.

One of the main tools that I used was nakedness!

A man that is naked, confronted by a dressed woman is easily led! Easily taken in hand and controlled. When he has not a hair on his body, like a small child, when he is fondled and contacted, he can become something else. Something small and overpowered, something helpless and played with. I arranged for him to visit my beauty parlour once a week for waxing and preparation and it seemed that, once he had overcome his embarrassment, he revelled in each visit.

Of course, I never went with him, even though I paid for the attentions of the girls who attended to him. This was something that he had to do alone, a submission even when I was not there! That brings me to another important point. That, a man who does what is demanded of him when I am present is all very well, but a man who is dominated by me even when I am not there is the real aim! He has to feel my presence, has to experience me with every thought all of the day, has to long for me to play with him and prepare for it with that avidity of a lover.

A man's mind is malleable, when *all* he can think of is sex!

Susan, on the other hand, was quite a different approach!

Women often do not have that fetish nature buried in their soul! Most women seek comfort, security and love. A sense of belonging a need to be protected and safe. There are no foci, no keys to the locks that seal a woman from helplessness, other than love. Submissive women become lovers, become eager

givers and not takers.

Women are different.

In the case of Susan, she needed the stimulation to open her eyes, the togetherness of 'special' friends, the companionship and arms around her before she could surrender and feel safe. Natalia provided that security, I provided the affectionate companionship. Natalia was the loose woman who knew the world from its underside and I was the shield that ensured that she could experience those thrills without a risk.

Women have a weakness for sex, beyond a doubt; but in the end, sex is just a signal of success in a relationship and not the be-all-and-end-all that men find it to be!

Then would come the moment when I brought the two games together, moving the pieces from both boards to coalesce into a single whole. That moment was always the most delicate of all! When betrayal and friendship, love and shock came together, and I would test which bond was stronger. The one between us or the one between my victims.

Who would they run to?

Of course, so many times I have failed!

Many times, I have misjudged and miscalculated my powers. Sometimes beyond rescue, so that I have retreated and been forced to begin again with some other victim. But the rewards are so great, that I could spend months on a failure and recoup it the next time with ease, and to spare.

What I needed was cause, an event that would bring the two games into sight of each other. A realisation for both Charlie and his wife that I was the friend that they could ask advice of, that I was the one that could help.

Two worlds.

Charlie and Susan.

Monique and wicked Natalia.

Anything was possible, it was in my hands!

I have your attention? You are cupped in my hands too!

Eight

Charlie's office was the place where I wrought my domination. His space, his personal kingdom that I invaded and used as a bedroom for my games. With the secretaries outside, only the door between discovery and pleasure. Paradoxically, the one place where he had no opportunity to move into control. Over a few short weeks, I invaded this personal space and came to dominate it. Stripping him of not just his clothes and body hair, but of his power to resist.

Gloved hands and spiked heels.

Charlie became conditioned to both! If I wore my gloves, a stern wank was his reward, if I wore the boots then he was permitted to experience the thrill of touching them while he rubbed against my leather and latex before dribbling his rank slime with a satisfied gasp.

Myself, I had to take his leavings!

As I have said before, even though my aim is satisfaction, sexual gratification, this is less a physical manifestation than a mental one. I can climax at a touch, all I need is to be in control, to dominate and be the one in command. The tangible touches, caresses and friction are just the final key to the puzzle. I always deny myself self-pleasure to heighten my sense of awareness and focus on what is really important. The small signals that lead me on the correct path.

So, I have jumped us forward a little, a week or three to the point where I folded Charlie into my world in a single pass. He was smooth to the touch, soft as a woman, eager to be used, at my beck and call. The time had come to slide under his skin.

The fifth or sixth visit!

I don't remember really, anyway it makes no difference. All that is important to know for you, is that I had achieved three things that I had aimed for and the opening game was nearly at its end. The whole reason for meeting and us being together had been the apartment that I had no intention of ever buying. I could have afforded it, but there was no intention to make a loss on this deal! The second aim was to drill down into Charlie's psyche and discover the weaknesses that he displayed.

That too had been achieved!

Every meeting, different shoes, different heels, different looks. Honing the approach until I understood what he really begged for even though he never dared ask. My little Charlie loved spikes. They had to be long, curved and high, holding the heel aloft, pinning the floor at each step. The shoes had to be closed, but boots did not do it for him. To the ankle, displaying the delightful waves of old-fashioned nylon stocking bagging a little at the ankle. Black was best, though red turned him on as well. Black with coloured soles that highlighted the polished brogue leather of the Oxfords. Toes rounded and not spiked, rough surface of patterns and stitching contrasting with the smooth almost glass-like patent leather that was buckled at the ankle. I have a feeling for this that is almost like a kind of magic! In just a few visits I had discovered what made Charlie go weak at the knees, what would divert him from his desperation to fuck me!

Where did this come from?

I used to subscribe to the idea that some past event, some sexual adventure, set fetish and obsession. Now I realise that I am that adventure and have more control than I ever credited myself with! Never mind, I am still learning despite having fifteen

successful sales under my belt and becoming ever more ambitious.

At any rate, the Oxfords were perfect overt symbols of sexual power. The gloves were the other. I once had a client who demanded that their new toy be sensitised to wool! I have to say that, even though I managed to fulfil the contract with considerable élan, the rough feel of wool has never been a 'thing' for me. So, gloves, but this time not mittens knitted by my client! Leather was the obvious choice, but with my client in mind, I moved to those elbow high latex gloves with cut off fingertips that somehow are so much more thrilling. So obviously fetish that I could not wear them in the street but had to make a ritual of pulling them on.

The gloves were for my client, the shoes simply a key to open Charlie's locks.

See?

I can be so enraptured by describing my plans that I quite forget where I am.

Where am I?

In Charlie's office for the fifth or sixth time, that's where.

How am I dressed?

You see, now I am pampering you with the details that you love! Red Oxfords, soaring heels and small faux locks that closed at the ankle in seeming BDSM mode. Stockings of course! I like them a little *too* short, leaving a long stretch of skin of thigh that is barred by the ten clasps that support them, connect them to my basque. Hiding the elegant bronze stockings to below the knee, the skirt that I bought when I first met Susan. I had had it taken in a little, so that it should not hang loose like a sack,

instead it should mould my hips and follow my legs to leave just a narrow opening under the knees. The zipper that runs from hem to waist proclaims that this is a garment that is designed to be stripped from its wearer. Over the rigid-boned latex basque that barely suffices to support my largish breasts, a white blouse that buttons to the neck and hints at a collar. The look is stern and uncompromising, a school governess, a dominant secretary, a mother who rules her children. Over that, the long coat that hangs open from my shoulders, the sleeves unoccupied, but runs from ankle to narrow collar. Practical, sexual, officious and assertive. It swishes at every step, moves with my body, outlines and defines and is matte perfection that symbolises power and authority. Last of all, a feminine touch. A round clutch-bag that held the few items that I needed for this next step.

That is how I was dressed, what was in my mind for Charlie, you will just have to wait and see!

I stood with legs apart as far as the skirt would permit, back to his locked door as I smiled and slowly pulled the slack gloves from my belt. At this point, we had already established a simple rule. Charlie was not permitted to speak, he was there to watch and focus on the symbolism of my presence. Just one time had he spoken out of turn and that one moment when I turned and left his office with a scowl had been enough for his simple mind to understand that in some matters, there was no compromise.

The coat slipped to the floor with a sigh and the gloves ran across my palms before I slipped them on. There is a trick to this that stops the whole thing becoming a struggle and inelegant. First of all, I always wax the hair on my arms. Secondly, I dust with just a little talc to allow the latex to slip on with ease. Lastly, I keep them warm by my waist to allow the material to stretch. I flexed my fingers to allow the rubber to distend and form over my palms as well as to allow him to appreciate the long

hooked, red nails that curved from my claws.

I almost think that he wanted to speak, but stepping from the door caused him to close his lips and I smiled in satisfaction. When no words are spoken, there is no chance for him to define the scene.

His hands dropped into his lap and I nodded. I encourage my prey to play with themselves at the beginning as if I were some manifestation of pure porn. It detaches them from what they are experiencing and allows them to think that they are in control at this stage! Charlie's eyes were focussed fully on my feet. He followed each step as the heel pressed into the rug and I carefully took a path that would allow him to see them as I rounded his desk.

"Charlie has been a naughty boy," I said with a grimace.

Suddenly the look of hopeful lust faded from his face to be replaced by a worried frown. He was not sure if he was permitted to speak and struggled with my displeasure, not wanting to further whatever it was that had annoyed me. It was time to turn his world on its head.

"You have been fucking around... playing with another, cheating on me without my presence!"

Charlie shook his head and I could see a tear gather in his eyes. Now that I towered over him, I looked down to see that his hand was clasped around his straining cock and the thumb teased the tip unconsciously.

I stooped over him and grasped the back of his head to lift his face to mine. There was no kiss in the offing, I just needed to be close and make my words have greater effect. At last he figured that he could speak.

"Please, I have not..."

"Tsk, tsk, boy! Do you really think that you can lie to me? To me?"

He shook his head and looked confused.

He had not even fucked Susan for a month, never mind some other woman. Those that I had set to keep tabs on him was sure of it. No, I had something else in mind, something that would start to merge the two affairs that I was playing at. Something that would add a level of control and intimate constraint that would prepare him for the middle-game.

I looked down and grasped his wrist to bring it to his face.

"This has to stop when I am not here," I hissed, "betraying me with your right hand is not permitted!"

As I spoke I heightened his inferiority by turning his chair to face me and placing one foot between his thighs on the chair. Then I loosed his wrist and took his cock in my gloved hand while raising the toe of the shoe to press under his balls.

"I promise, but I did not think..."

"I don't ask you to think, boy! Mummy does not want her little boy to think, she just wants obedience and then she can reward him as she sees fit!"

There was a moment, a brief second, when I thought that I had overdone the pressure. That Charlie would regress to become a man again, but the moment passed as soon as I swept my hand down and caused him to rear from the opening in his pants. I could feel the toe of my Oxford push between the cheeks of his ass and leveraged a little to ensure that he felt thoroughly threatened.

“Do you understand? Does it stop now?”

Charlie nodded obediently and gasped as he was rewarded with another hard stroke of my gloved hand. I used my thumb to rotate the diamond ring on my finger to press into his hard prick and clasped him to allow him to feel the discomfort.

Another little test to see if he was ready!

If he dared not complain about the painful wank that was coming, then he was ready to be fully brought under control. Consent by abrogation of his needs!

I smiled in his face and finally allowed a light kiss as I slowly, and loosely, ran my hand the length of him. I had to find the threshold and be sure not to cross that line. My training is all about gaining traction, into stretching limits until consent is implicit for any abuse.

Only then comes coercion!

His face pulled, but he remained silent and I felt vindicated by his mute permission.

“That’s good, now promise me that there will be no more playing in the dark or in the glow of that laptop screen,” I said slowly. “I want to hear it!”

“Monique, I promise, I really do, no more wanking.”

“Unless I oversee it, boy!”

“Unless you permit it,” he mumbled.

His face twitched as I allowed myself the luxury of a harder stroke and I decided that he was nowhere near his limits. This

was a small revelation, it seemed that my prey would put up with a great deal in the future. Ideal for the regimen of punishments and abuse that was just over the horizon. When I move my victim from consent to a stricter regimen.

Three steps needed to be taken, each one a 'choice' that he would take that would bend his sexuality. Now, the first was coming fast and poor little Charlie was about to become mine...

"That's right, Charlie, 'unless I permit it'. That's the rule from now on..."

Two slow loose strokes, one harder one and the point of my shoe not allowing him to forget that I had him between a cock and a hard place. I could feel something wet at my fingertips and glanced down. For a moment I thought that the pain had forced him to slime on my hand, that would have been perfect, but instead, a drop of blood from a scratch greased my fingers.

He was ready.

I leaned forward and used a hand to ease my breasts from my corset, allowing him no kiss, or touch of the lips, but placing the swelling nipple just outside reach as one long slow stroke after another swept his cock.

"I have to punish you," I whispered in his ear. "Each of my displeasures has a consequence... Time to take you in hand."

"Please, Monique..."

He was begging for it, the time was right.

I kissed him and released his cock. Charlie looked down and moved a hand to touch the small scratch on the hairless skin and then he stopped and dropped his hand. A step forward.

“Strip, bitch,” I hissed.

Using the insult did not seem to shake him and I felt a warmth between my thighs at the way that the relationship was at last moving to the place that it should be. How could he know that he was really my bitch already, it was just that I had not collared him yet?

It was obvious that he had anticipated a far more severe penance and he started to frantically strip his suit and shirt as I stood over him and kicked the crumpled heap of clothes out of reach. Now, Charlie was naked on his vast chair. His cock stood like a wagging finger from his groin, his breathing was heaving, and it was clear that he had fallen deeply into the scene I had created.

Once again, I slipped my foot into the crack of his ass, the narrow-rounded point of my toe resting on the opening concealed between. I pressed a little, allowing his balls and the root of his cock feel the rough brogue surface as I pressed and threatened. Before he could shuffle, I had him once more in hand.

My breasts hanging in his face, the tiny rings through each nipple an addition that seemed to fascinate and hypnotise the helpless fool as I started to drain him. Now the ring was once more turned upward, the strokes were firm on the upstroke and light on the downstroke. A technique that causes a thrill without risking a climax unless the grip is just right.

Each time that I sensed that he was close, I paused and circled the tip of his cock with thumb and finger and moved my wrist to tease him before continuing only when the danger had passed.

As I slowly wanked him, I touched his lips on mine and reached

for my small bag. Everything was ready for this moment. Practiced and prepared, rehearsed and smooth. Inside the bag, I felt the metal object that would soon ensure his fidelity. Just enough to cause no objection, just enough to disallow him finding another source of relief!

Now the strokes were firmer, a little tighter, a little more rhythmic. An irresistible tide that was sucking the man-bitch into my orbit with relentless power. In one hand his rigid cock, desperate for release. In the other the cold surgical steel that was my gift to entrap him.

I could feel him coming.

A tension in the thighs, a clenching of his ass as I pressed my toe against him, a shudder of the shoulders and a twitch of the lips. The oily precum that welled from him and greased my gloves, the whine in his throat.

I slowed.

This was to be his first ruined orgasm. The entry into a mental space that would change his perception. I used my thumb to block the tip of his cock and moved my other hand before finally allowing Charlie to brush his lips on the rings at my nipples.

Exquisite timing, my personal gift to Charlie's obsession...

Just as it welled inside, just as the dam started to breach, just at the moment of revelation, the hand that teased and tormented held him rigid. Charlie could not stop, once that point is reached, all a man can do is to well endless gunk from his cock, whether he wills it or no.

It was that moment that I brought the evil device in my other hand to bear. At the moment when his straining cock was at full stretch, the head bulging and welling under my thumb. I found

the delicate membrane with my nails, pulled him hard, pushed the toe of my shoe against him and then closed the pincers with a small snap.

Charlie cried out in agony!

At the moment of climax he writhed in the chair and I pinned him with breasts and body while the ring through his flesh closed and sealed and the pincers dropped from my hand.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," he whined as the come pumped from his cock, his hips shuddered and his thighs clenched against the intruding toe of my stiletto. "What have you done to me?"

"Made you mine *and* made sure that you don't play around..."

Charlie looked down to see the latest laceration that had been inflicted on him by his lover. A ring, gold plated vanadium-steel, half an inch in diameter, piercing his frenum, securely closed and locked by all the pressure of my gloved hand.

"It won't come off..."

His fingers pulled at the ring and a red drop of blood welled, but the ring was closed. He felt the flat ring and inspected it. Half in agony, half in excitement. Read the word written there on the metal that labelled him and placed him in the order of things.

"That will stop your little games," I hissed. "It will heal in a day or two and make sure that you understand that what we have is nothing that you can wish away!"

"Susan..."

"Your wife?" I asked innocently.

"How can ever I explain this? Please take it off..."

“Oh, you will explain it well enough to her if she ever gets to see it!”

“Oh fuck,” he said and he looked up at me.

My hands went to the piercings on my breasts and I smiled.

“You will find that it enhances our love-making!” I said. “Once it heals.”

Describing my abuse of my lover as a tender love seemed to calm my little bitch and he looked at his slimed cock with the streak of crimson that welled and then almost broke into tears.

There was one last touch that was needed, and I hesitated. It was the one that brought the two seductions together, or rather the moment that ensured that he understood the power that I held over him. I stepped back and looked down at the damage, looked at him mouthing the word ‘*bitch*’ that was inscribed in the ring that pierced him and then decided that the risk had to be taken!

He looked up at me just as the flash of the small camera signalled the photo. The phone rattled off twenty shots in a second. Each one would have been enough, but I had to be sure.

“If you take it off, there will be a reckoning...” I laughed as the camera slipped back into my bag.

Charlie stood as if to stop me and then realised that I already had my hand on the key to the office door and that he was naked with slime and blood trickling down his thighs.

I started to open the door and he flinched and then scooped up his clothes.

“Did you really think that your affair with your right hand would go unpunished, boy?” I spat at him. “You chose to be mine, that has a serious consequence!”

He stood there like a little boy. Naked, with his crumpled clothes in a ball at his chest while his other hand cradled his limp, wet cock.

I could not resist, how could I?

I slowly pulled the camera again from my purse and bent to recover my coat from the floor.

“Smile,” I said.

The phone flashed once more, my naked bitch shying from the light and before he opened his eyes again, I was gone, and he was alone with my steel band piercing his flesh.

A permanent reminder.

Nine

It is so sweet.

Honey for the mind, saccharine for the soul. The moment when a man becomes owned is a moment to be savoured and experienced to the full. What better way than to seal the deal by adding another conquest to the tab?

Now that Charlie had moved to the middle game, it was time to turn my gaze to the other board. The one where the pieces seemed to represent a casual stand-off, a defence on each side that could not be penetrated by either side. That is not true, actually! Defence is the poorest form of moving to a winning position. It deceives the mind, baffles aggression and leads to boredom and accidental events. Better is attack, a move that opens the opponent to risk and forces them to realise that they cannot win.

I have to control the game!

It was time to attend to Susan.

Place her in jeopardy and cause her to doubt every truth that she held dear. The truth that she lived a secure life. The truth that Charlie was a reliable husband. Reveal the truth that the vows that she had uttered at the altar were already mere dust in the wind. The truth that there was just one friend that she could turn to for comfort in her misery.

Me.

We met in a small intimate setting that would ensure that I had the entire focus of her attention. I had instructed Natalia to call at the last moment to say that she could not come and Susan found herself meeting me alone for the first time since the

buying of that cream dress.

She wore it again.

It seemed that she liked it; or was at least sure that I did! After all, had I not recommended it? Was she trying to seduce me? The heels were higher. Not high enough for my liking, but three days before we had been shopping and I had persuaded her into buying them. The fur coat was a new addition, either for the cold snap or perhaps she had an unconscious inkling that I would appreciate it.

I did!

If I am not to be found wearing my long leather overcoat, then fur it is. Soft feminine fur that is warm to the touch, that adds bulk and shape to a figure. Then it opens like a second skin to reveal the secrets beneath.

Carefully she draped the fur coat on the seat by her and then settled into the booth beside me. A smile on her lips as she crossed her legs to show me clearly that she was wearing the shoes that I had insisted upon, but her lower lips trembled with her distress. Like a shy girlfriend trying to please her lover. This was a perfect start to the evening. For the first time there was no noise, no lewd show, no surrounding sexual meaning. This was intimate and more like a meeting of lovers than a night on the tiles.

"So, what do you think?"

"I love them..."

As I spoke I reached down and grasped the heel and pulled a little, bending her leg at the knee, and exposing her stocking tops.

"I love them too..." I said as I touched her thigh on the welt.

"You always wear them and I thought that I'd give it a go," she laughed. "So sexy and impractical."

"I can make them even better," I said with a chuckle. "Watch this..."

My long red nails gripped and pinched. The nylon and not the flesh, cut through the delicate web and then pulled. The result was a ladder that suddenly appeared from the tops of the stockings down to her knees.

"Oh fuck," said Susan as she watched the ladder hesitate and then head south as her leg flexed.

"Watch," I said.

I did the same with the other stocking and now the fabric started to react with another line of a ladder.

"They cost a fortune," she whispered as she looked at the effect.

"Ah, but the art is not the cost," I said. "A woman that is naughty and wicked always has runs in her stockings. You run, but you cannot hide from me!"

This seemed a new idea to Susan and she was about to speak when a waitress arrived, and we ordered a little to eat and drink.

The intrusion caused the subject to change.

"Natalia called," said Susan. "She can't make it and asked to pass on the message."

"It's just us then," I said. "Two friends against the world."

"I suppose so," she answered doubtfully. "Yes, it's so true..."

I nodded as if this was a given and tears welled in Susan's eyes. I knew what was coming, but I let an expression of concern fill my face. So far, she had held it back, but the storm was coming.

"Hell, Susan, what brought this on? I didn't mean that the world is against you. Not at all!"

"No, Monique, you're right. You are all I've got!"

I put my arm around the petite weeping woman and held her close, waiting for her to explain what I already knew. A perfect moment, domination without any coercion in sight. I love these moments, they are so sugar-sweet! She was crying now, leaning into me, while I crooned and an embarrassed waitress unloaded her tray of the two cocktails that we had ordered.

"I mean that really, really, really, really. I am lost..."

"I don't understand..."

She looked up at me with those huge almond eyes and I melted. For a moment I imagined her between my thighs, pleasing me, showing her love with a servile tongue and then I was back in the booth of the steakhouse. I could feel my thighs clench and tighten. I could feel my pussy pinched between the hard muscle and I sighed in delirium as my scheme bore the poison fruit that I had planted.

"Look!"

Susan pulled her phone from her bag and brushed the screen. There was a familiar grid, social media has a look all of its own. Pictures, photos and trivial messages and heart-warming sentiment. This was not the case. On her page, the sum of her

social activity was a photo that I recognised. Charlie, framed by the window at his back in the familiar office that I had taken for my own. Naked and helpless, clothes in hand with come dripping from his thighs.

"That's your husband," I said and raised an eyebrow. "At least he's alone!"

The implication was obvious, but I let Susan explain it to me.

"So, who took the photo?" she wept.

"Oh, I see," I said slowly. "I see what you mean! So, who put it there?"

"A friend of Charlie's, well his friend's wife actually!"

"How did she get it?"

"How else? *She* took the photo, the bitch!"

I longed to tell my prey that that was the very word now binding him, but the moment was nowhere near the right one!

"Well, take it down, for a start," I said.

"It's on every page of every friend that I have," wailed Susan. "It's all over the Internet by now..."

I comforted her and then held her at arms-length. A friend is strong, a friend offers help, a friend gives advice that solves the problem. I was to be that friend, by design.

"So, he's having an affair, then?" I asked.

"An affair, Monique? That's pretty clear..."

Susan tossed the phone in her bag with tears rolling down her

cheeks and the waitress arrived with our order.

"I wish Natalia was here, she would know what to do," wept Susan. "How can this be happening to me?"

It's always like this. They dissolve and melt as if a little peccadillo was the most serious thing in the universe! Crumble and fall, their defences stripped, their emotions welling over into misplaced pathways.

"Well, she's going to the Maldives for a while, so we'll have to wait for her view on this..." I said, pointing at the phone in her bag.

"Then it's just you, Monique! You are all I've got but the clothes that I'm standing in..."

"Did you walk out?" I asked. "Confront him and tell him..."

"How could I?" she begged. "How could I even bear to speak to the little shit? I just ran around here and had to see you! Thank God that we already arranged it..."

She was right, the timing was perfect. After all, I was writing the script!

"What do I do?"

"Confront him..."

"I can't, not now, how can I?"

"I'd be with you..."

"Would you do that for me?"

I nodded and comforted her, all the while a wet warmth between my thighs betrayed my real thoughts.

“Not tonight, Susan. Not tonight! Tonight, we eat drink and then put you in a hotel while we think about this. Tomorrow we can decide!”

Susan nodded, and a thought came to her.

“No hotel, Monique. I would be all alone. Tonight, I need to be with someone, a friend!”

Inside, I smiled, the script was being played out and the writer was enjoying the show as well as her foreknowledge.

“Well then, come back to my place, darling. I have loads of space! In fact, you can stay until this is all sorted out.”

“I couldn’t impose on you like...”

“No imposition, Susan. Take a room and work it out. I will look after you!”

“You are the best friend that I have,” said Susan through her tears.

“It’s what friends do,” I lied.

Ten

What friends do *not* do is to get their friends drunk and then take advantage of a tragedy. I am no friend, I am the stalker in the night, but I can pass as a trusted companion at a pinch and that's exactly what I did for Susan. Plied her with drink, comforted her through the meal, solicited her thanks and pleas, nurtured her loss and then put us both in a taxi where my bedroom was all prepared for the coming events. Wiped away her tears and comforted her, moving closer all the time.

Seduction is easy, it is a simple offer of comfort and/or sex. A mindset that has few demands even though those with real emotions often find it so difficult. Practice makes perfect and I am practiced. Small words of solace and offer of succour and plenty of kissing and contact. A mockery, but pleasant to me all the same!

I enjoy what I do. Love the masquerade!

My apartment is my cosy refuge from the world.

The world cannot get in and no one can get out, if that is my wish.

From the outside and the inside, a modern refuge of soft leather, a little chrome and two bedrooms that are pure indulgence. Behind the scenes, hidden and concealed, locked and bolted, the place has another face. It is the place where my activities always reach their culmination. The place of terror where a victim suddenly realises that being trained by my hand is a lesson in pure slavery. Two small cells, bare of adornment. Barred and sound proofed, one padded to prevent self-harm, the other fitted with restraints that allow exactly the level of control and punishment that is required. Another small room is the

crèche, then there are the two bedrooms. One, my private place, the other my distinctive seduction-bedroom. A room designed to create exactly the atmosphere where an adult can regress and slip into sexuality as his or her mental state is controlled and filtered by patient work on my part. No windows, no exit, an erotic schoolroom where a client has their special little girl or boy prepared to exact specifications.

A place of twisted love.

Apart from the wardrobe where my costumes are kept and the tools of my trade, there is my bedroom that is designed to be the scene of seduction and manipulation. Many a man has entered and discovered that the woman who has taken him home is a woman that can spend days in play. Under the erotic prints, the matte black walls, the mirrored ceiling, the subtly controlled lighting and the endless toys and shoes on display under glass, most men fall into my arms and imagine that they are in heaven without ever realising that their personal hell is in the cell next door.

I think that you understand enough now to understand that Susan's only friend was about to take her on a trip to places where she had never imagined. I bundled her from the taxi a block or more from my door. This is a habit that was perhaps not necessary, but secrecy and security go hand in hand and must be applied strictly to avoid mistakes. Susan is slight, easy to handle for a powerful woman like myself and anyway she really did not need too much help as she was perhaps a little less drunk than I had estimated.

Giggling and crying at the same time, I took her up to my apartment quite easily and sat her in the kitchen while I tried to decide details. Which bedroom, with me or without me? In the end it would all be the same, but the details always obsess me, and the right path has to be decided.

I gave her another drink to keep her topped up and decided that, as per the client's request, she should be completely subdued and recreated, but the best start would be to play at simple seduction. There is a fine line between willing and unwilling, helpless and eager and I have always found that it is important to build confidence and lead, rather than threaten and *push* my prey to their consummations.

It is simple practical advice.

Hope and a connection always makes the later schooling and guidance so much easier in the long run. So, seduction it was. Now the question was, the crimson bedroom or my normal sleeping room? I thought about Susan's voyeuristic interest in all of the joints and bars, shows and sexual theatre that she had visited with Natalia and myself and decided that it would be a challenge and fun to make a nymphomaniac of the rather staid little woman who needed to be an eager and avid bed-partner for my client.

That meant the seduction bedroom!

Best to start on the right foot...

I stood the giggling and sobbing woman up and kissed her before I slowly cut her clothes from her. Long bladed scissors rent the wretched cream dress away, the lacy bra and the rather homely panties with their printed flowers. The tatters were all tossed in the bin with the fur jacket leaving Susan standing naked but for her laddered stockings and the kitten heels that rather spoiled the effect. She seemed in a daze as I worked and only after the cold of the air touched her did she realise that I had shredded her dress and underwear!

I quelled the small protest with a kiss on the lips and picked her up.

She lay in my arms, drooped and so cute and I knew that I had the right material to start the project that she was such an intimate part of. Physically perhaps only seven stone, perhaps. Large perfect breasts and a narrow waist and perfectly proportioned legs. Her eyes were closed, and she had a smile on her face. I allowed the shoes to drop and entered my seduction room. All the prints on the walls had been turned to show women enjoying each other's company and the toys on display had been carefully chosen to match the scene that I had in mind.

"This is my bedroom," I lied, and Susan opened her eyes to see me standing over her.

"I love you," she whispered.

For a moment, the words did not register and then a small regret overcame me. A small regret that I was about to devastate her life, that I was going to take this innocent and burn her clean before creating a new Susan that would have seemed so unconventional to her former self.

"I love you too, darling," I whispered and then allowed my hand to run from her pouting lips to the delicious little creases at her thighs.

This was so much better than I could have hoped for! A tight and beautiful cleft, just the slight touches of her inner lips that parted her sweet little cunt. Perfect for the few touches that were required to ensure chastity when chastity would be enforced. The client had decided that it looks so much better when the piercings are exposed in two neat little rows before they are sealed with the interweaved rod that guards the most precious part of a sex-slave.

The tip of my finger slipped between the moist lips of that pussy and she jumped as if stricken.

"Ooh, what are you doing?" asked Susan in a whine.

"I have to get you ready," I answered and moved to the glass rack where I had the shoes that I wanted her to wear.

"Do you really sleep here?" she asked, now a little more alert and looking around at last.

Her eyes focussed on the prints on the walls and she looked from one to the other with increasing interest. Then her attention was taken by the bed-posts. Each carved like a perfect giant rigid cock, each standing a foot over the mattress, each in ebony, slightly curved and desperate to be taken in.

"Of course, now you are in my home," I said as I picked up the pair of chosen shoes and slipped them on her feet.

She giggled.

I had ballet boots ready, locked-on boots and simple mules with spikes. The shoes that I had chosen were so small, but then so were her feet. Size-fours with heels that were just barely four inches in length. But on her feet they were the longest that could be walked on without platforms. I slipped them on and ran my hand up her calf and to her knees.

"I want you," I said.

A simple statement that she would so easily misunderstand.

"Are you a lesbian?" was her reply.

I almost laughed at the way that she stated the question. As if she had never used the word before, as if it was a question to

ask of a friend.

“Whatever,” I chuckled. “You are such a pretty dolly...”

“I am?”

“You will be if you surrender to me,” I chuckled.

“I don’t think that I can resist!”

Her lips pouted and she shuddered on the bed before opening her eyes and was amazed that I was still merely standing over her.

“I would never force you,” I lied in a soft tone. “But, if you ask me then I would make this night perfect for you.”

“Please,” she begged. “I need it...”

Susan moved a little, propped herself on her elbows and looked at me before blushing when she found herself looking at a bed post.

“Are they... I mean, do you use them?” she asked and nodded to the nearest corner of the bed.

“Occasionally, when I am alone,” I said with a laugh. “This bed has five lovers. Four are there for when I need to fuck, the other would be my dearest friend who needs solace and comfort!”

Susan blushed. The pink spread over those perfect breasts and to her shoulders and I smiled before placing a hand on her thigh.

“Can I be the fifth?” she asked.

“Darling, you are all that I want,” I said, and my hand slid to her

adorable pussy and stroking it gently. "You are the fifth..."

She was so easy, there was no resistance, no fight left in her. Just drying tears and whimpers of need. I moved to the bed and overwhelmed her with what she took to be passion and I would label as expert artifice. I don't enjoy giving pleasure for the sake of it unless it is between Natalia's strong thighs. That is what slaves are for, to give pleasure. Slaves and lovers, and I have never been anyone's loved one. But, I know what makes a woman writhe in passion, what moves to make and how to create a miasma of sexual bliss. I simply run through the menu and choose what I think will be the most advantage for me.

A slow finger fuck to get the measure of that tight pussy. Tease and play with nipples and clitoris. Something a little harder to gauge the need and resistance to discomfort. I do not often use my lips, that is for those who have to demean themselves with service. Instead, a soft vibrator, a larger one and fingers and thumbs.

All of these sufficed and Susan really was in complete bliss as she cried and wept, and I moved and controlled her like a marionette. She gasped at each orgasm and cried as some women do. Wept at the pleasure as the next item on the menu was served with efficient, cold expertise. It was clear that Charlie had never explored the passionate side of the woman who was his wife. Never triggered the desperate lust that bubbled underneath. I found it in seconds, found it, exposed it and tested its limits. I knew that Susan would be the perfect trainee when I slowly entered her ass with a pencil-slim vibrator and then fucked her pussy slowly with my long fingers.

Each orgasm that I gave was tallied.

She would be returning them when the moment was right. I always make a profit, no matter how the value is counted! This

she would learn in spades. But, tonight was a test of her, the start of training and I had to test her limits and discover her lusts. Move her to where she had to be.

Make her mine.

The limits were to do with pain not the activities that I insisted upon. For instance, she held my stilettoed foot tight and kissed the heel passionately, revelled in burrowing with her lips into my streaming cunt and surrendered to being pinned and fucked with slow tilts of my hips. On the other hand, the sight of the short crop made her cry in fear and its light kiss on her ass caused her to beg and beg to be held and kissed.

Cuddled and calmed.

The tears dried.

After an hour of intensity came a gentle time. A sleepy gratification as my prey slowly lapped my pussy while her tear-filled eyes looked up and watched me slowly tease my ringed nipples. It was almost as if weeks of training and force, persuasion and teasing lay in the past! Somehow the path that I chose was *perhaps* the path that she desperately wished to discover in herself.

Clearly, punishment would be sweet to administer when she strayed, but from the point of view of willingness to experiment and climax at each innovation there was little to do but refine her understanding of what technique was best suited to which moment. In the end, I exhausted her when I was really just starting to enjoy what she could do for me. I stood by the bed and slowly massaged my streaming pussy as I watched her curled up in her sleep. Imagined the pretty frocks that she would wear and how like a little kitten she would become.

Helpless and needy, desperate to please the clients that were

to pay so much to own the bitch.

Soon she would be so pretty in pink.

Eleven

I can hear you!

The questions that you have been asking are:

‘Who are those clients?’

‘What money is paid?’

‘How do they contact you?’

‘How did you start creating the perfect sex-slaves that you conceive?’

Naturally, I cannot give the names of my list of clients. That would be quite counter-productive, but I will introduce them to you later! Many of them are really quite dangerous and I take special precautions to prevent becoming a dolly myself! There are one or two who would revel in such a thing and they can be dangerous people, insatiable people! Let's just say that they are occasionally influential, occasionally media stars and quite often outwardly quite innocent. One thing that they all have in common is that they are wealthy. That they spring from the one per cent, or perhaps even the top tenth of a per cent. People who know what they want and are ready to pay heavily to get it.

That is no revelation.

What is more of a revelation is the fact that so often these people have a particular victim in mind. For revenge, for love and perhaps for lust. They want something special, something priceless, something that makes them excited with just the thought!

There are those that cater for that fetish. Who take some calendar girl, some male soap character, a well-known actor or pop singer and deliver them in a cage.

Not my specialisation!

Not at all...

Kidnapping some tennis star, a starlet of stage and screen, a man who reads the news or perhaps a well-hung porn model seems such a sweet idea, but it is *not* my method. I always refuse those contracts! No, what I do is to select and groom to exact criteria, as long as it suits my ideas! I find a match to the requirements that are given. Physical and mental, the job has become so much easier since the dating sites suddenly invaded the Internet. I create a persona, create the selection criteria and then begin the patient work of stalking and burrowing.

A physical match is the easiest!

They are either perfect for use or ignored.

Then comes the *type* of slave required. Some insist on strict punishment and forceful preparation from the very beginning. Unwillingness becomes the object, the peak of desirability. Poor Charlie it would be so rewarding! Susan required a different approach. In the main, I rely on persuasion and control to set the tone and then move on to coercion only at some later and second stage. Of course, strictness is required, punishment can be severe and occasionally even brutal, but that all makes my work more enjoyable. I prefer to bend before breaking, twist before splintering, rebuilding before the terror of the dark is imposed.

I had the wife, now it was time to gather the husband to my arms!

I have you, place your hands where I can see them.

Permission is not granted.

Yet!

Twelve

When Susan woke, it was in my customary bedroom. Tucked in tight into the covers, gazing at me as I opened the curtains and allowed the bright winter light into the room.

"Was I dreaming last night?" she asked.

"Were you?" I said.

"It was like a sugared nightmare, we made love for hours until at last I could do nothing but hope to please you to get more... and more."

"Sounds like what happened," I chuckled.

Susan blushed bright pink and slipped a little under the coverlet.

"This is not the room where we..."

I shrugged.

"That was my play-bedroom, this is for sleeping..."

Slowly, Susan sat up and looked around the room.

"My dress? My clothes..."

"I might have something that fits..."

She looked me up and down and raised an eyebrow.

"There's *no* way that your stuff will fit me."

"Don't worry, I have some play-outfits that a previous lover used to keep here," I lied. "I think that they will fit. Now then, you have a shower and I'll find it and dig it out."

Clearly, she was waiting until I left the room, but I just sat on the end of the bed.

"Embarrassed?" I asked.

She blushed again, her fair white skin shading pink. Susan looked pretty in pink! She overcame her awkwardness with a shrug and slipped from the bed to stand naked. I smiled in encouragement.

"Nice to look at, darling," I said. "I'll find something and then we can have a bit of breakfast."

"What time is it?"

"One in the afternoon."

She looked down at herself and smoothed her long blonde hair a little with her fingers and struck a pose.

"I have never...I mean with another woman...Yesterday, I might have said it was unnatural, now..."

I paused at the door.

"Most natural thing in the world, girly!"

Aha, see what I did there?

Yesterday Susan had been married, today she was my lesbian lover! Yesterday she had been an adult, today she was a little girl! My little victim did not even really sense the change, never thought about it, comfort was all she wanted, a sense of belonging, a sense of reassurance that she had purpose, was not cast aside. A comforting mother to dab at her tears.

By the time that I was sitting in the bedroom with a few items of

clothing, Susan was wrapped in one of my huge pink towels and brushing her long hair as she dried it. She stood by the window, unconscious of the display she made.

"Charlie?"

"Your husband?" I asked.

"What do I do now?"

"Whatever you want!"

She turned. Framed in the window, as small as a child, tears on her cheeks.

"Can I really stay here, with you?"

"As long as you like," I said. "Get it together, figure it out. Together."

Her hand went to the necklace at her throat and tugged at it.

"When did you collar me?" she asked with a small smile.

"All my lovers get one."

"How does it come off, I couldn't find the catch."

"Why would you want to take it off?" I asked sweetly.

Susan looked puzzled for a moment and her fingers allowed the steel necklace to drop. There was no slack but a couple of inches, and it sat at the base of her throat with the small emblem at the front. A silver locket shaped like a stiletto that hung provocatively in plain sight.

"I was just wondering..."

"If you are my lover, then it's only right that you look the part," I laughed. "If you don't like it..."

"No, it's lovely and thank-you."

"That's better, now let's get you dressed and then we can have a bite to eat and a coffee. Then we can go out and get a few things that you'll need if you stay here."

"I have to do something about Charlie..."

"No, let him stew. It can wait, girl," I said sternly. "He deserves to linger in doubt, it will do him good. Now come here and let me kiss you and then we can decide."

Obediently, Susan stepped up and we kissed. Then she turned to the two small piles of folded clothing and picked up the top item. A pink frilly dress that would fit perfectly! Of course, it would, I had bought it a week or so before and it was virtually made to measure.

"Who was she?" asked Susan as she held the dress against her.

"That's not something to ask, ever," I said. "Ask instead, what naughty little games go with this outfit?"

She smiled, but was uncertain.

"Submissive games?" she said.

"It's what I like..."

"Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to upset you."

"I'm not upset, I just have a few rules about these things!"

"It's a strange dress," she said as she inspected the flounces and

ribbons that festooned the dress. "My size, though!"

"Looks good."

"It's sort of kinky, really, dressing me up like a little girly," she said as she allowed the towel to drop and started to slip into the dress.

With her firm large breasts, she needed no bra and the dress slipped on perfectly to leave me to lace the silk ribbons up the back and tie them off in a bow. No doubt about it, she looked so pretty and helpless that I was almost tempted to ravish her there and then. The hem of the dress barely covered her thighs and it exposed those sweet tits perfectly. Nipples barely hidden, flounces at the shoulders and the layers of lace under the skirt held it high.

"Do you like it?" she asked and gave me a small twirl before blowing me a kiss. "I'll be your girly if you like..."

It's a funny thing. How the clothes seem to reveal a truth, but it is a chimera! Like a dolly, a little adolescent angel, petite and innocent, but it was easy to forget that there was a woman inside and she had an intelligence that was merely masked by the dress.

"You bought this for me this morning, while I was asleep!" she said as she smoothed the flounces with the palms of her hands. "There was no other lover..."

I had underestimated my little girly!

Lie or tell the truth?

I started to laugh, and she stood waiting for the answer. It was a sort of moment of truth and I had to be careful. In the end I made the correct decision, occasionally the truth has its

moments!

I sighed.

"It's true," I said trying to mimic embarrassment. "It's new! I just wanted to see what would make you pretty for me..."

"Well, if you bought it specially, then I just *have* to wear it for you!"

A feeling of relief came as a chuckle and I decided that this was all going to be more fun than I could have guessed. Sparring with Susan was certainly going to be interesting.

"Now let's see what else you chose for me," she said, and she rooted through the clothes on the bed.

I watched as she held up the candy striped short socks with the lace tops and then the white plain stocking hold-ups.

"I love dressing up for you," she said with a small grin. "Which is it to be, Monique? Choose for me."

Once again I tried to look discomfited, but I pointed at the socks and watched her put them on.

"I'll bet that there's a pair of shoes to go with this Bo-Peep getup," she said. "Maybe a bonnet as well?"

I started to laugh and said, "No, just some ribbons for your hair!"

"Because I am so small," she chuckled.

There were still drying tears on her cheeks, but the mood of distress had vanished to be replaced by an eagerness to please that boded well so for the future. Susan thought that she was playing, but actually she was already bending in the wind!

I reached under the bed and pulled out the shoes that completed the outfit. Plain white high heels in patent leather that she slipped on and then walked a step in to get the feel of them.

"I need to see," she said and walked to the bathroom where she could admire herself in the full-length mirror.

I could hear the tap run and then shuffling clicks of heels, the sound of her laughing and then the tap again. I wondered what she was up to and eagerly awaited her entrance. Moments later she emerged and paraded around the room for me, as if eager to show off how she was trying to please me. At last she stopped, standing coyly before me with her hands behind her back.

"Is this what you want me to be?" she asked sweetly.

I nodded slowly.

"Then the ribbons need adding and I need a pair of knickers as well..."

"No knickers," I chuckled and then a thought came to me and I extended my hand. "I want to be able to touch and play whenever I want."

She did not move, she shuffled slightly on her heels as I lifted the hem of her skirt and ruffles to see her newly shaved pussy. Soft and so comely, tight and neat. It was melting and almost dripping with excitement!

"Is that right?" she laughed. "Is that what you want, Mistress Monique? A nice little girly-girl to play with?"

Now I was almost shamed, and I actually blushed! It's not often

that I get like this, but my little dolly had anticipated three weeks of persuasion and training in just a few minutes. Fallen into the game and moved herself along the path that I had mapped out! I had sort of looked forward to the challenge, but here she was, all presented. The only problem now was that she thought that it was merely a game!

Better the truth, or at least part of it!

"I love the look," I muttered. "Cute and sexy as hell..."

"It's the least I can do," said Susan with a coy smile. "But don't expect pink circles on my cheeks, that would be going too far!"

'Yet!' I thought.

I took the blue and pink pastel ribbons and started to braid her hair into two long blonde plaits. The dampness and heat between my thighs made me shuffle as I worked, and she stood with her hands clasped before her and her back to me. I looked down at her naked legs and could not help taking a sly peek at her little rounded ass.

There was so much to do, so many details that needed to be added, but the basic form was there. Just over four feet tall, so petite, but the diet would sort that out. Insubstantial arms with slim hands that would barely close around the eager cock that awaited her. A sweet face that would be buried deep between the thighs and ass of the woman that so needed the thrill of her own sweet slave. Then the sweet pussy that just needed to be sealed with rings of gold and the perfect button of her ass that would be filled and trained for the exquisite pleasure of her wealthy and dominant new owners-to-be.

So fuckable, so ready to be pampered and used...

I finished braiding her hair and patted her behind.

“Come on, Bo-Peep, let’s go down...”

My new little dolly seemed almost disappointed that it was not play-time, but curtsied prettily to me and pouted her lips as if to tempt me to play with her. Her braided plaits swung as she twirled, lifting the hem of the dress high around her waist and I felt a surge of lust to possess her.

She led the way, stepping small steps, taking the stairs one at a time and I knew that my little slut would be the most perfect collectable pleasure toy that I had ever created. She was leading now, but in a month or so, she would be leashed.

Dress and collar.

Plaits and ribbons hanging.

All I had to work on were the details!

Thirteen

I thought that Charlie would call me. After all, there was only one place that those photos could have come from.

Me!

He knew this, I knew this, but it really did not matter. Now that I had anonymously sent them to every place and person that had him on a contact list, they were in the wild and nothing could stop them spreading. I did a search for the photos and started to laugh when I realised that they had even been picked up by several porn sites and Tumblr. In just twenty-four hours, he was a star.

He did not call!

Disappointing really!

I love the bitter arguments, the sharp words, the resistance and hate. But, there was just silence! I called the office and spoke to his secretary. There was a brief pause and then the secretary spoke. Obviously, she had been given a statement to read and she recited it with a toneless voice and then dropped the line.

"He is no longer a partner or director or working for, or represents, Williams and William Properties PLC," she said in her blank voice. "Mr Charles Hoagart can no longer be contacted at this number. An official statement will follow shortly on the company website..."

I shrugged, this was just what I needed to hear. Obviously, I would have to visit him at home to begin the next stage of my attack.

I took a taxi to find two reporters from the local rag outside his

door. I walked past to see the curtains drawn and realised that I would have to be patient. The problem was, not to allow the man too much time to recover. It was important to keep my claws at his throat before he started to adjust and make a plan of how to recover all by himself.

Leave no room for independence.

Around the corner of his and Susan's house, I called his personal number, there was no answer and I stood fretting, trying to decide how to get through to him. There would be a fight, an argument, a bitter slamming of doors, but it was important not to fade from his life. I needed to offer the only refuge, regret and apologies, make excuses and slide back into his life before the weeks of conditioning wore thin.

I surveyed the street and looked down the alley behind the houses to see high walls and barred gates. No way was I going to inelegantly climb a ten-foot wall and then be confronted by a locked door! As I stood, fortune took a hand in my plan! The gate at the back of Charlie's house opened a crack and I stood back out of sight. It seemed that Charlie had a reason to escape and the foolish reporters at his front door had not even thought of the back door!

I waited.

It seemed an age, there was the crunch of slow footsteps approaching and I held my breath. Suddenly the thought that a confrontation might lead to violence took my mind and I hesitated... and then stepped into view.

Charlie stopped in his tracks.

"You!" he spat at me. "I might have guessed that the bitch would be back!"

"I'm so sorry," I began, but he cut me off.

"Fuck you and your apologies," he said.

The crisis was over! You might not think so, but those words and the tone in which they were spoken were enough to tell me that he would listen and not fling some wild punch at me.

"Really, I am so sorry," I said. "Please, what can I do to make it better?"

His body language seemed to melt into a state of confusion. Anger and distress on the one hand, helplessness on the other. He was difficult to read, and I took a small step towards him and held out my arms.

"I never meant this to happen..." I said.

"You sent the photos to everyone in the world," he said bitterly. "Family, friends, work and even my partners and *now* you tell me that it was an accident?"

His voice was almost a scream.

"No I didn't," I lied.

"What the fuck... Lying bitch!"

"Please, please, Charlie, really I'm not! Jesus! The camera fell from my bag in your office and..."

His face softened a little, but I was still the focus of his ire.

"You have to believe me, you do! I don't even know all those people! Why would I do this just when our little game was getting so exciting? The photos were for me only..."

His face showed that he desperately wanted to believe the lies that I was telling and so I moved a step closer and put my hand on his wrist. He brushed it off and his face moved to a scowl.

"Even Susan, even she got a copy... You took the photos, Monique, why did you do that, then?" he accused. "Now she has gone and I don't even know where she is."

"Really, Charlie, I took them for myself..." I lied.

Naturally, they had been forwarded for my clients' approval.

His thoughts seemed to grind a minute and I left him to work his mind around the scenario that I had created for him. Now he was considering who it was in his office that had destroyed him, and it seemed that there were plenty of takers! I allowed this pause, so much better if he created his own back-story without my help.

The best lies are when a man lies to himself!

At last he hung his head and I could see the tears in his eyes gathering. He tried to hide them, blink them away before one broke loose and I knew that this was the cue to make my next move.

"Come on," I said. "Let's get out of here and we can decide what to do... Don't forget that there is speculation about who took the photos. I am at risk too..."

"God, Monique, but you are a cold bitch," he said, but the tone showed that he needed to talk, and I was the only possibility. "I don't even know where Susan is," he added. "I have to speak to her, make it better, get her on my side at least."

"I'll find her," I answered. "Let's get out of here before those reporters at your door realise that you have a back door."

That was the prompt to move him along and he responded. He dodged my attempt to put a comforting hand on his shoulder and I followed him to the end of the alley. From there we walked in silence until I managed to flag a taxi to take us into the anonymity of the centre of the city.

Charlie watched the streets go by, I carefully avoided any contact that could be shrugged off. Even the taxi driver was silent, sensing the tension and only remarked once on the traffic being heavy before lapsing into silence until he dropped us off in Oxford Street.

"We need to discuss this," I said at last.

"For you or for me?"

"For the both of us, boy! Don't be such a prick, I am here to help and as far as I can see, I am the only one!"

"Easy for you, Monique," he muttered. "You haven't lost everything!"

"Yet," I replied.

He sort of nodded at me and then turned to face me.

"So how can you possibly help?" he asked aggressively. "Un-take the photos? Clear the memories of friends and colleagues? Make my wife love me and forget what she has seen? Get me my job back? Pay my mortgage and make my bank balance lurch into the black?"

"Some of that," I said. "Really, I can help, I really can... let's sit here..."

We were now standing outside a sort of wine bar and we

pushed inside. He ordered a stiff drink, I asked for coffee. His thoughts were clearly confused, he so wanted to believe that I held out a hope for him, but deep inside he could possibly sense my disinterest in his distress. I can mask emotion, but when it comes to that glow of empathy, I have to admit that I don't quite get there!

"So, speak to me," he said at last as he drained the glass and waved the waiter over for another. "Tell me why-the-fuck should I even listen to you?"

"Because some of your problems can be solved, Charlie! Others will take time, but there are things that I can do..."

"Like?"

I took a deep breath.

Now was the time for a little investment in making his dependence on me complete. I needed to wipe him out and have him on a rein, create the dependency and reliance that would make him mine. Of course, investments should pay dividends, the money never goes away! I needed to break his every tie to normal life to allow him to fade from the view of his former connections. I cannot just overpower a man and cage him, I have to tie up all of the loose ends.

"How much is the mortgage?"

He smiled crookedly and cradled the fresh drink in his hand.

"Four thousand a month..."

I calculated quickly and tried to remember the bank statements that I had uploaded on-line from his bank. The guess could not be too close, that would lift the deceit. He owed four hundred and seventy thousand and it would be a mistake to go low.

"That's about half a million, I suppose," I said. "I'll take it on..."

Charlie looked up with a sly look in his eyes.

"If I didn't know better," he said, "I'd think that you wanted my million-pound house for half price."

I scowled at him.

"Fuck you, boy," I hissed. "Have it valued, and I will take the price. Then you can rent it from me for nothing. Write any contract that you want, I will sign! This is all my fault and I will put it right!"

"I'm sorry," he said. "I spoke without thinking..."

"I understand, Charlie! I'll buy you out as you like."

"I can't even think about this clearly," he wept and then emptied the double in one gulp. "What do I do about Susan?"

"Let me find her," I said. "You have no chance. We'll spend a day or two getting you on your feet while the heat does down. The local papers will be over the scandal in a few days. It will be old news..."

"Respected real-estate agent caught with his pants down," he said bitterly.

"Then we find who put the photos up and hammer them in court," I said. "Every move leaves a trace..."

"I can't possibly stand before a court with those photos on display," said Charlie tearfully...

"Well, we can think about that later. First things first, let's put you

up in a hotel for a couple of nights until the vultures in front of your door go away and chase ambulances. Then we sort out your finances and find your wife... I'm sure that she can be won over..."

The thought that I had put in his head seemed to brighten him up and he ordered a coffee.

"A hotel?"

"A private place where no one knows us," I said. "It will seem better in the morning..."

"I'm not sure that it will, Monique, but it's a start, I suppose."

"Perhaps even a fresh start," I replied.

Fourteen

Until midnight, I slowly worked him over in the hotel in Knightsbridge. By that I mean that I talked and laid plans that would never become reality. I slowly worked to separate him from hope of resuming his former life and offered an ephemeral future that seemed at least passable. A fresh start, reconciliation with his wife, capital to start again, an end to his financial woes...

Then came something else.

In the hotel room, I resumed where we had left off his training! Half an hour that ended in me permitting him to come, marvelling at the ring in his cock and praising his stamina. Of course, intercourse was not on the cards while the piercing was only a day or two old, but a slow gentle wank that finished with a hands-off climax seemed to bring him back in line! Anyway, I had already decided that this little wanker would not be permitted to fuck me yet, if ever, so the piercing was a good excuse.

As I worked my magic on his cock, my heel was pressing his thigh. Even though he winced and struggled against the impulse to resist the excitement of being under my heels, poor little Charlie just could not resist! I had him grip my heel as it pressed and gouged and almost seemed about to suck off his eager cock before I forced him to come and moved my gloved hand to watch the spunk well from him in a river of slime.

I left him like that!

Lusting after what he could never have while I headed back to see to the cute little dolly that waited for me at home. It was going to be a busy week or three until the chastity regime was

due to begin. After that it would get better and I would be able to attend to Susan and move her along nicely.

She was waiting.

Curled up in her cute little Bo-Peep costume, half asleep and drowsy while the TV sounded in the background. I crept into my living room and switched off the TV before scooping her up in my arms. I allowed myself a small kiss. How could she know that it was appreciation and reward for waiting up for me.

I took her to the play-room and stood her on her feet while I sat down on the end of the bed and admired her. Susan posed nicely with one foot before the other and I slowly parted my thighs while my manicured fingers opened my skirt.

She watched as if in the headlights of an oncoming car.

Like a child that is astounded by an adult doing a silly magic trick!

In reality she was really just half awake, quarter of a sleeping pill given in her coffee before I had left still lurked in her system. It might seem strange giving a sleeping pill with coffee, but the bitter taste easily counterbalances the negative effects of the caffeine. Clearly, she had slept a little and was now drowsy. The plan had been to prevent her leaving my apartment or trying to contact anyone.

“Show me,” I said as I laid the opened leather skirt on the coverlet and opened my thighs a little. “Show me what my little girl can do for Auntie Monique!”

She looked up at me and then to my swollen pussy and moved to all-fours. I took the long blonde plaits in my hands to guide her and reeled her in. Her eyes fixed on mine, and for a moment I saw intelligence and almost amusement, before her lips

fastened on the soft wet flesh that so needed her touch.

After that, all I saw was a coy subservience in those eyes as she learned her first duties in my service. How a slow cadence is required. A gentle heightening of pleasure followed by small pauses to enhance the next cycle of gratification. I gave small indicators and sighs to signal correct service and relaxed into the pleasure of having her between my thighs.

One climax followed another.

Then it was her turn.

Violation!

Of course, no physical punishment. Not yet!

She had to learn that even though I required and guided her when she was attempting to please; when it came to her release, I was completely the superior. Because she was so petite, so easily manipulated, it was effortless. I have trained woman and men that could be regarded as obese. Some clients want that sort of thing! They are so grateful, but the physical domination of a twenty-stone slave is far more difficult and usually requires strict restraint.

Susan was so petite, simply put, I put her over my knee.

With her facing my stilettos and clutching at my stockinged ankles, I parted her thighs and frigged her from behind. Slowly at first, almost lovingly, I investigated and played, ran my fingers over her quaking flesh and then started to finger-fuck her gently. Feeling my way, only two fingers, more would have been too much for that tight little cunt.

She felt almost like a virgin, but then Charlie only had a little cock and had never stretched her as she deserved.

Tight and responsive, gasping at every stroke as I teased her tiny clit from its hiding place before I brought her to climax. One small touch, a sweet little addition was to press my thumb on the button of her ass and rub slowly. Susan needed more introduction in being used in every hole at once and this is my way of starting the process.

She came with a sobbed whimper.

Clutching my ankles pressing her lips to the uppers of the Oxfords that had just escaped the attention of Charlie an hour before! I allowed her the luxury of coming in small waves. Building the lust until she screamed, I pressed my fingers deep into her for the finale. I could feel the grip of her on my wet fingers as I slowly withdrew and a small gasp as I got free. A whimper, really as if she wanted to do it all again.

"Monique," was all that she said, but the tone of her voice and the sigh of repletion that accompanied it told me all that I had to know.

She was mine...

An Interlude - The Fourth Wall

Failures!

There have been plenty of those! Sometimes the client declines the product! Then the poor little submissive finds themselves back in the wild. Selling them to one of the many brothels and houses of pleasure is *not* such a good idea. It is fictional not rational. Places like that get raided, become the focus of the authorities. Then the slaves that are released tell their tales and soon the police are at my door!

I will never end in a cell of any kind...

So, I play catch and release. Place them back into the world and occasionally, later, I trace them to see what has become of them. The story is almost always the same! Some partner discovers their vulnerabilities and learns what a pleasure-treasure they have in their bed!

It is not simple, it requires both resources and the ability to pick the mind apart and then jig it back into the required pattern. Buried in each mind are the locks and the keys. Sexual, moral, religious and guilt. All of these need to be identified and separated, twisted and crossed to create a new image.

Enough of the philosophy and psychology already!

I have you in my grip now, don't deny it! I know that you are mine and I decide when you can release for me. Touch that little cock of yours and rub yourself until you splatter.

When I permit it...

You think that this is a fantasy, fiction, fetish, imagination, but you are so wrong! You indulge your fantasies and imagine that's

all that they are. Fantasies! But, you are, in reality, training yourself in preparation for service! Why else would you be reading this? I have you in my grip, you have to read to the end, before you flick back the pages and experience the excitements over again, now you know the end of the tale!

You see? This the fourth wall is broken between us!

I know you, and even though you read about Monique and her little games, you do not *know* me. You can *never* know me! You revel in the lust and detail, foolish man. But, that is just the physical, not the actual. Pleasure and gratification for me is when the final screw is tightened in the crate that will transport my victim to their fate. The finest climaxes arrive when the transport carries my prey to their destiny, to serve as a plaything for the wealthy client that will violate their every thought and orifice.

Without a touch, without a caress, I orgasm! As I write, my hand drifts to stroke between my thighs and tease in anticipation.

In sated lust.

As you turn the pages, absorb the lessons, live the fantasy, I will treasure these moments that we have spent together and enjoy the small impetus that I have given you into *my* world. As you guiltily conceal your pleasures and fall at my stilettoed feet in your mind. As you long to please me and then imagine how you would top from the bottom, if you could! You serve me and bring me to the point of climax and then I gasp and feel the intense pleasure...

You will break the fourth wall as I do right now.

I grant you permission, I demand it.

The cat gets the cream!

Fifteen

Sue and Charlie.

Charlie and Susan.

Bo-Peep and the Boy.

The boy and little Bo-Peep!

Already I had moved through the opening play of my game and moved the pieces into alignment. The opening is complete, the games coalesce and fuse soon, but first a few pieces need adjustment.

"I will bring you back together," I said.

It had been two days since the hotel, two days that Charlie had spent behind closed curtains while I rearranged his life. I offered the rescue that he needed, the friend that he yearned for. The lover who drained him dry while she administered the buyout that would see him naked and helpless. Slowly being made ready for the shock of becoming my feminised maid.

"You have found her?"

His tone was almost plaintive.

"Of course, Susan is staying at a friend's..."

"Have you spoken to her? Is she OK?"

"Yes and yes," I said. "I think that all you need to do is offer a heartfelt apology, a submissive confession, and perhaps then, I can bring her around..."

He looked up at me and did not see what I saw!

Come dribbled from his slack cock over balls and thighs, his breathing had scarcely quieted from the hard milking that I had administered, and Charlie could not see the absurdity of his train of thought! How could he possibly think that she would want him back when he was addicted to *my* gloved hand?

She would long to see him humiliated.

"Are you ready to make that request for forgiveness?" I asked as I looked down at him. "It won't be easy... you will have to show her that you mean it."

Charlie was finally coming out of that post-coital dream-world that men slip into and, he was edging back to the real world. He shuffled in the leather armchair and his hands moved to cover himself.

"How can I?"

"Let me work that out baby, I'll make it all work. I owe you that... Just give me a day or two to finish the arrangements..."

The delay would be more than just a few days, first there was so much to be done to make him ready to be introduced to his subverted wifey. Stage by stage before the reveal happened and the chains were on.

Charlie nodded slowly, and his eyes slipped from mine to wander down my body to come to rest on my feet. Small slicks of slime on my shoes dribbled over the laces and I saw him blush at the realisation that he so wanted more. His cock hardened, and his hands tried to keep its reawakening from my gaze.

He looked up again and tried to smile.

"You are all I want," he said at last.

I allowed a serious look to wash over my features.

"You know that this can't last forever," I said gravely. "I will move on and you need to get back on your feet..."

A look of disappointment, yearning almost.

"Please!"

I shook my head and looked down to where that short hard stalk poked from under his palms.

"It's not a good idea at all," I announced. "I have to take the blame for this mess, I have to put it right!"

The desperation in his mind sought a way out.

"I don't need Susan," he muttered. "I can start again, really I can and..."

"You don't understand what you are saying," I interrupted. "I don't want some live-in lover, a man to come home to every night and cook and clean for! What I want is something that you just would not understand... You need to be back with Susan, your wife. Show her that you can be a good boy, that you can be hers..."

"We could get ma..."

Men like Charlie think that an offer of marriage is something that no woman can refuse. They utter the words and think that their chosen one will be breathless with gratitude. How could he even think that I would be his?

"Don't say it!" I warned. "If you do, I shall walk out of here and

you will never see me again!"

"Then I won't," he said. "But I need you to know how much I love you!"

I could not stop the smile, how could I? A declaration of love is a point of no return. Time to give him hope! He already had my ring, the rest was yet to come.

"I don't love you," I said, allowing a slight hint of uncertainty to enter my tone. "But, I do *love* our little amusements..."

I bent down and kissed his lips and took his wrists gently and lifted his hands to the arms of the chair. He gasped as my shoe lifted and pinned his wet cock to his belly with the sole.

"I need to fuck you," he gasped as I pressed a little harder and put the narrow heel of my shoe against his smooth balls. "I am ready..."

"We'll see," I chuckled as he shifted in the chair and tried to escape the sharp heel that balanced pain with the pleasure of the friction of my sole. "Perhaps if you can prove to me that you deserve it, little boy?"

He panted in lust as I reached down and fondled that slimy cock with my fingertips. Charlie's torso arched, and his lips opened a little and I decided that it was time to take him a little further.

Each time, just a little more, until he was ready to be restrained. The second level that would end in sissyfication. The ring had been the first, the cage would be the second, then would come the trade-off and Charlie would become Charlene.

My lifted leg moved and teased him with the rough sole of my shoe while my hand drifted from the ring at his prick and traced

a line from belly to nipples, from there to his shoulders and finally to his pursed lips. Even in his fugue of carnality, Charlie closed his lips to deny my slippery fingers entry, but I pressed home and slid a finger into his mouth.

Balance and control!

One foot raised to trap his cock, the other firmly on the floor. Bent over his straining nakedness while I reached and fucked his lips with my finger. I concentrated on the scene, focussed on the control that I was building, even as I felt the heat between my own thighs. I twisted my hips a little to press my thighs against my swollen pussy and clitoris and suppressed a hiss of satisfaction. My heel pressed a little too hard and he whimpered like a child, but the incessant chafing of my soles supplied the antidote.

"Please!" he exhaled.

"I am fucking you, boy," I whispered. "What do you say?"

Charlie was beyond coherence and judgement. His reason subsumed to the climax that was just under the horizon.

"Please... and thank-you."

"That's not enough, boy," I hissed. "If you choose to be mine then begging to come is not enough!"

His eyes opened.

They were glazed and almost unseeing as he struggled to focus on my face. Through their blank windows I could see that his overwhelmed mind was struggling to calculate what would influence me enough to force him to come.

"Anything, anything for you, please," he gasped.

There is no point extracting assurances and promises at this moment! Vows can be unspoken and yet carry weight that shame will enforce. I had heard the word that I required from him and pressed my hand over his lips, sinking a finger into the chasm of his mouth as I pressed hard and then pressed down to stretch his cock to breaking point.

The tip at my toe, the stalk rubbed by sole, balls pinned by my heel and a come soaked finger deep between his lips.

“Well done!”

I rewarded him with a small twist of my foot.

My own elusive climax faded. Something that he would owe me in the future, though there was no way that Charlie could ever know it. I watched an ooze well from him, pale and watery, a second coming nowhere as virile as the first. It dribbled on the white leather of my Oxford, finding the brogue hollows, soaking the laces that almost ran to the toes.

My finger pulled from his lips and my hand gripped his chin.

“You love me?” I asked.

A nod in reply, a shamefaced blush that diffused from neck to cheeks, a warmth that I could feel in my palm.

“Then show me!”

I stepped back from my victim. Both feet on the carpet, fully dressed, a figure of power looming over the naked man that was still gasping from the intensity of his experience.

Charlie slipped from the armchair. His little cock flopping and dripping between his thighs, his balls slack after release. His thighs still trembling from the physical milking at my feet. He was

on his knees, his smooth hairless body contrasting to my clothing. Helpless and confounded at my feet.

I waited before I made my move.

A brief pause that amplified the bond between us.

He looked down at my feet as he decided the sacrifice that he could accord the goddess of sex that he now worshipped. Did Charlie need a signal? Would he understand what consequence his words had? Would I have to point down to show him what I would accept as an offering?

I did not...

His body curved, his lips pursed, and he kissed each of my shoes, almost at the ankle. Avoiding the come that had spilled on the shiny leather, he kissed each twice and then looked up to see if I was satisfied.

I was.

There could have been more, far more!

But, I was satisfied with his progress.

Yours is not so satisfactory, you still think that you can decide what you deserve!

Sixteen

Standing to attention, but with a sly smile on her face!

A smile that showed that she believed that she was merely playing a game, a smile that showed me that Susan still had to learn that the game was to be her whole life!

Play the game!

I closed in on her and stooped to kiss her pouting lips before sliding my hand over the frills of her cute dress and slipping beneath to fondle her. The gasp that she made told me all that I had to know, the wetness that dripped from her waxed pussy a confirmation of my power over her.

"That's perfect, Dolly," I whispered in her ear as I explored and massaged gently. "Well done..."

She opened her legs a little and positioned her feet a little wider to encourage me, but I retreated and held the slick fingers to my lips. I licked and tasted them, the perfume of her stimulation a heady scent. Some women are almost rank, some with an oily reek that has to be overcome. Others are sweet and fresh, attar of rose, essence of lily. Susan was blessed with the latter and its aroma was heady to me.

"I think that I am addicted to you," she whispered.

"I truly hope so," I said truthfully. "I am addicted to you."

Susan sighed and cupped her large breasts in her hands.

"I just cannot help myself..."

"It's only a game," I smiled.

"It's never been like this," she breathed. "Like a dream... I will never be the same."

I patted her head and kissed her again.

"Then close your eyes..."

Obediently, the petite woman closed her eyes and pursed her lips in anticipation. I stroked her breasts and her hands fell to her sides. I rolled the sweet soft pink nipples until they were standing and then picked her up. Like a rag-doll she hung in my arms and I looked down at her.

Porcelain and perfection, pale smooth skin, long plaits, ribbons and frills.

"My little dolly," I said softly as I sat on the end of the bed. "Lover and plaything..."

My words caused the porcelain to flush a light pink, the nipples softened and she sighed in pleasure as I turned her over my knee. So, like a small child, helpless in her mother's arms. The time had come to change the balance of the game a little. Introduce a serious tone and teach my lover that there were rules that would be enforced, punishments that could be imposed.

The rules were changing, becoming tighter.

I lifted the hem of the dress. Pulled at the frills and smoothed them at her waist. Her sigh of contentment was matched by the slightest opening of her legs in the hope of sensuality.

I touched the small ass and circled my fingertips in ever-narrowing circles. The path led my fingers into the valley of her ass, opening and investigating as she cooed in sensual

debauchery. I touched the button of her ass, stroked it and then tutted.

Susan stiffened.

How had she disappointed me?

Why had my fingers stopped moving?

"What's this?" I asked as my finger and thumb took the curly hair that was bedded between the crack of her ass.

She cried out as I plucked a single hair.

Whimpered and closed her legs in a sudden movement. My hands parted her thighs and Susan started to move as if to roll from my lap, escape my intimate inspection. She had waxed herself, torn every hair from the lips of her pussy for me, but never thought to denude herself further.

"Don't do that," she whined, and I pulled her back onto my lap and slapped her ass firmly with my palm. "Ouch, Monique!"

The one light slap was enough. Physical supremacy does not need more than a slight affirmation with a submissive like Susan.

"This all needs to come off..."

I plucked another hair from her ass as I held her as she resisted. Clenched herself and resisted as I gripped another.

"It spoils the effect... Will you do it, or should I?" I asked.

"I will," she whimpered.

"Good! How can you be my pampered dolly if you are not ready to play with?"

"I promise, really I do!"

My hand took her plaits and I pulled her head to face the bedpost in by my side. A rearing ebony cock that towered over her. As her face confronted it, I slipped my fingers into her saturated pussy. A small movement sufficed to bring her lips into contact.

"Satisfy it," I ordered as I slowly fucked her.

The tip of Susan's tongue lapped at the cock as I teased and tormented her. I guided her face to the balls that nestled at the base of the carving, all the while building up the waves of desire that overwhelmed her.

"Make it come!"

From tip to base, balls to the hard head, I focussed her attention on the massive cock that reared over her face. My hand strayed from her pussy and she opened her thighs a little wider before gasping as the vibrator made first contact. It touched and then hummed over her flesh, moving in circles that ended at the tiny clitoris that had emerged from its hiding place.

The reward, the inducement for her submission.

"Good dolly, you learn fast!" I breathed and released her head to allow her face to fall to my ankles.

Now her legs moved of their own volition. Trembled and parted, closed and clenched as the vibrator played over her ass and pussy, goading and teasing her to the giddy heights of climax. Each time Susan gasped, each time she was almost there, I slowed a little to increase her desire. Moving the rounded tip of the vibrator to her ass, teaching her a new sensation.

"Make me come, Monique... fuck me pleeease," she begged.

It was almost a wail of desperate entreaty and I responded by sliding my free hand between her twitching thighs and stroking her gently as the tip of the vibrator pinned her clenched opening and started to enter her tight ass.

"Do you want to be fucked?" I asked. "Are you ready for this?"

"I don't care what you do, *please* just let me come for you! Make me, make me..."

The vibrator was wet with her pussy juices and slipped inside an inch as the girl on my lap climaxed. The invasion and penetration adding an uninvited zest to her helplessness. She cried out, flopped down and clutched at my leg as if *it* were her lover. She kissed my ankle as she orgasmed, and my fingers penetrated deep while the vibrator took her anal virginity with just a little push.

I could see the sweet little feet trembling, feel the waves of bliss that shook her thighs as I pressed the small vibrator home. It entered with a pop. Not an audible signal, but suddenly it slipped past the wide conical tip and embedded itself in her to leave just the round circle of the end pressing in the valley of her ass.

Now was my turn!

I rolled her on my lap and lifted her head to face mine. Once again, I stroked the parted lips of her pussy gently as the small vibrating plug inside her rear kept her at a peak of pleasure. Her face was flushed unevenly, lips open, gasping for breath as I opened my blouse, popping the buttons with one manicured hand before raising her lips to my breasts.

"There you are," I whispered in her ear. "Show me how grateful

you are."

Her lips closed on the small ring, she pulled it with her teeth lightly and then suckled at me while I cradled her. Her lips teased the rings embedded in my nipples. The plug in her ass throbbed and kept her on a plateau, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked and teased and I ground my thighs as I teased her smooth pussy.

"I want you smooth, soft and receptive and ready to be fucked, girl," I whispered in her ear. "Ready for sensuality at every moment, ready to be used and pleased... jewelled and prettily presented for my enjoyment."

Her eyes locked on mine, as my engorged nipple filled her mouth, and I nodded encouragement.

"Anything for you," she breathed.

"Do you promise me?" I continued.

There was a slight nod, an acknowledgement of assent and I lifted my hand from her pussy and then lightly slapped the parted opening. A small smack, an assertion of my power over her, a lesson that she had to learn!

Her thighs closed and she climaxed again and I kissed her.

"It's a rule," I said. "Rules are important!"

Her lips released me, my nipple slick with her saliva.

"I want to please you, Monique," she whispered. "It's *all* I want to do!"

"I know that you do!" I replied. "You are a good girl..."

She smiled and moved to sit on my lap, cradled in my strong

arms and she kissed my lips. I could taste myself on her, a slight hint of my own subtle scent.

"Time to show me..."

The slither from my lap was awkward, almost a fall. She crawled at my stilettoed feet, moving self-consciously as the vibrator buried in her behind continued its work.

"Make me come, baby," I said. "Show me that you are my good little girl..."

Her eyes looked up at me and I watched a tear break free and cross her cheek. My victim was not weeping, she was in a fugue of grateful affection that could not be gainsaid and her kisses to my feet and ankles wet my stockings with her tears.

I allowed her to part my thighs. Slide her slim hand to feel the skin where stockings did not reach. Touch my wet pussy in the darkness beneath the leather skirt before I slowly unzipped myself to reveal to her eyes what her hand had explored.

Oh God, she was so small, so petite, so cute and all mine to use... to abuse.

My hands on her head, guiding and shepherding her. From the smooth friction of stockings on her lips to the straps that held them tight. Lingered and delaying the moment as I parted my thighs and finally allowed her to please me.

Each touch was exquisite, my words in her ears as the delicate little dolly teased and pleased me. Over the smooth skin that swelled to open my pussy wide, touching the clitoris lightly and running along the matrix of my cunt. Lapping as if my wetness were nectar and she were the humble bee on my blossom.

I could not but help myself pulling her to me, clamping her with

my thighs as she burrowed into me. This was not my plan, not the way that I had intended it to be, to punish as she gave me her service and the short crop on the bed lay unused.

Even I can be overwhelmed with the moment and I fell into the bliss that she offered. I climaxed with a shudder, the tiny woman who was my victim showing her love for me in the only way that she was permitted and then lifted her head free and kissed her long and hard.

The crop could wait.

Everything could wait!

Until I had my fill of my little victim.

The second climax was squeezed from me, delicate and sensitive, I controlled each touch until I was ready. Then I orgasmed with a whistle of **an exhale** from my lips and pulled her from me while I gasped and shuddered, and her eyes watched my ecstasy subside.

"You are learning," I said as I stroked her slippery face. **"There** is just one more small lesson for you to discover ..."

Her gaze did not leave mine. She had an almost smug satisfaction at overwhelming me that needed to be quelled. The crop was out of the question! It was too late now, the first kisses of it needed to be administered at her own climax. Be part of her pleasure, match a sharp sting with ecstasy. For a moment, I imagined her kissing my feet, but that submission was for my other lover.

Susan twitched and I laughed.

The hum of the vibrator buried inside her revealed to me the cause and I pulled her to stand before me and turned her. She

bent over, presenting herself and I switched off the hum, leaving it inside her as a reminder of her status.

“Should I leave it there?” I teased.

She straightened and turned to face as I stood from the bed. My skirt slithered down to my ankles and I looked down.

“You decide,” she said slowly.

“Mmm, I decide?”

“Yes, Mistress Monique. You decide...”

My hands moved to cup her sweet little ass and I pulled her to me. Her upturned face was framed by my hanging breasts and I felt the switch under my fingers. A touch was all it took and the vibrator came to life causing her to gasp as I slapped her ass lightly.

“You may remove it when you wax every hair from yourself,” I said. “Until then it will remind you of your disregard for my needs. After that, I have another small thing to make you pretty for my use...”

As I spoke, I smiled, and she smoothed down her dress with her palms and I realised that the punishment had perhaps become a reward!

Seventeen

Time is relative!

Ten seconds in a race, a month in a war.

The next week was, for me, a flurry of activity, where every moment was filled with purpose as I flitted between my two lovers to keep the impetus and training in motion. For them, it was a series of inaction between my visits. The time was approaching when they would be brought together, and we would form a triad where only my approval was paramount.

My busiest time.

With Charlie, I built walls around his mounting fetish to be at my feet. The idea that he would **never** be permitted to make love to me as he desired was supplanted with a need to feel himself under the soles of my feet. With the needs of my clients in mind, I broke him down slowly, overcame his sexual shame little by little.

Always naked, always vulnerable.

Just the sight of me in a tight skirt, pulling on my gloves and strutting in the high heeled shoes quelled his resistance. I added more subtle touches to my uniform. Fetish touches that were enhanced each day. Leather became rubber, makeup became more severe, the tone of my voice hardened as polite requests became orders. I carried my favourite crop but forbore, as yet, to use it. His cock became raw from the friction of my soles and the frequency of release. His mind became filled with sexual need and the kissing of my feet became the opening and closing moments of every encounter.

It was when he was at my feet at the beginning of each visit that he was desperate to please me. The moment of

anticipation, when he knew that submission would earn him a reward that he could not resist.

At these moments of weakness, I conquered him as I gathered the strands of his life in my hands. The house, the debt and his need to reconcile with his wife. He no longer questioned my advice and orders as he came to depend on my efforts in the futile hope that he could sway me to be exclusively his. That was the real weakness of Charlie! He lapped at my shoes and submitted to my increasing violations with the false hope that I would allow him into my heart!

You know my secret!

I have no heart!

A thorn without a rose, the female mantis that heartlessly consumes her mate.

I decided everything for him...

I collared him like his wife. A token of love that would be the first chain of many. I fondled the ring in his cock that was his mark of Cain, though the original sin was mine alone. I punished him for any sign of self-abuse, threatening with untold consequences, the worst of which was that I would leave him on his own. I kept him from pleasuring himself, it was all for me. He was left yearning for each visit and I milked him dry to reward his fidelity.

The next stage in his conquest loomed, though he did not sense it, I did and felt anxiety and anticipation as I did my best to prepare him for its advent. Patiently I waited for the opportunity to make my move, twisting his sexual needs until the moment was right.

The first stage was that ring that he now bore for me!

The second was to be the chastity of that wedlock.

I am a predator, taking pleasure in bending my prey to my will. I could take them and chain them, but what is the fun in that? Better to take my time, until at last the fetters go on and they are safe in my grasp. Willing slaves to me. Proof of my superiority, that is all that I ask, and they make it so easy for me. Charlie needed to be taken with no risk, what better way to make the path to my apartment secret than to have him cover it for me?

Naked at my every visit, ready to be overwhelmed at my presence. I gave no notification, on a day and a time when there was no warning, I entered his house and found him dressed in jeans and T shirt. Charlie stripped for me in a moment, but the pain of my displeasure and betrayal was clear to him. It took little persuasion to make him gather his clothes and pass them to me for disposal. The only difficulty being that Susan's clothes would never fit his frame! I have done this before, somehow a browbeaten man can more easily be persuaded into his former partner's clothes than any that I could supply.

The petite Susan meant that this uncomplicated path was one that was out of reach. Instead, I decided that I would have to show my victim another path that would please me. One that he would come to think was a smart and sure way to sway me towards his goal but was actually the start of the next phase of control.

I entered the house to find that he was waiting, as usual, on his knees, naked and ready for me. The reporters outside his door had long since gone their way in pursuit of the latest sexual scandal. I patted him on the head and beckoned with a crooked finger to follow me to the living room.

Charlie was begging for it!

He stood rigid, his tiny prick moving at every step. I stood in the

lounge and waited, feet slightly apart, hands on my hips. Now it was time... I could sense it. What was more I could not keep him forever at this level. Soon it would become routine and that was not the way to move him along the path.

"Your wife..."

He looked almost surprised.

"Susan?" he asked almost as if he had forgotten her.

"She has agreed to meet up with you, in a few days' time," I said in a matter-of-fact tone. "It's your chance..."

He looked almost disappointed! It was me that he wanted, that he prayed for.

"The time is right," I added. "Now that I have sorted your finances, it is time to make your pitch! Get her back... she loves you, she is just concerned that she cannot trust you."

He looked down and his gaze wandered to my feet.

"I don't know if..."

"Charlie!" I said. "All you need to do is to prove to her that you can be trustworthy and faithful. Demonstrate that you are fully hers... that she is your goddess."

He stared at my stilettos and I smiled at his quandary. This would be the end of his obsessions and daydreams of having me and he knew it! His hand went to his cock and he fiddled with the small ring that pierced him.

"What about *us*?" he asked plaintively.

He was unable to look into my eyes as he spoke, like a small boy

caught in a terrible puzzle between what he really wanted and what he *should* do.

Between right and wrong.

"I have already explained this to you, boy!" I said in a strict voice. "I have to put this right for both of your sakes..."

Now at last he looked up at me.

"I only want you," he blurted.

"I know that you do, Charlie, I know that you do. But, this needs to be done for me as much as you and I really can't see any middle ground."

Would he take the bait? Was I going to have to spell this out for him, or would he manage to persuade me to stay in his life?

Charlie fiddled with his cock and pulled at the ring.

"I don't want to lose you," he wailed. "I need this..."

"I'm not sure that that is possible, boy. How can I bring you back together, promise your wife that you deserve a chance and then still play at this little affair?"

"Is that how you see it?" he muttered. "A little affair? Of no importance?"

"Like the others," I said. "You have cheated on her so many times, why is this any different?"

"Because..."

He was struggling with explaining his fixation with me and did not want to admit that I had shown him something that he

could never have from his wife. To be taken in hand, abused for a woman's casual amusement. Limitless sex over which he had no control, a world of fetish and obsession that he was starting to yearn for.

The unreasonable had become normality for him.

"I am not sure that I am interested in playing the weekly mistress to Susan's wife," I answered. "My needs are more than a once-a-week affair after which you hurry back to your wife..."

I stepped forward and brushed his hands from his weeping cock. Took him in hand and idly played with him while his hands dropped to his sides and he gasped with the contact of my nails on his hard flesh.

"Perhaps there is a way," I muttered.

"Yes?" he asked hopefully.

"No, I don't think that she would be interested..."

"Interested? In what?"

He gasped as I stepped close and pressed against him. His cock in my hand upright against the smooth leather of my skirt, the zipper rasping at his skin and I close on him.

"I have only met her twice now," I lied. "Susan is not the type..."

"Type, I don't understand?" he asked plaintively as I closed my hands on his ass and pulled him in close. "I don't see what you mean..."

I clawed him with my sharp nails and planted a small kiss on his lips. He rubbed against me and shuddered under my hands, enjoying the discomfort as his cock rasped the length of the

zipper.

"She is not the type, able to keep you in hand like I can," I laughed. "Vanilla and unsophisticated. She doesn't know what you need like I do. To be kept on the edge, to be milked and disciplined like a little boy!"

There it is!

I spoke the truth and he just took it in his stride, as if the words had no real meaning. To Charlie, this was a game we played, a play that had become everything that he wanted. He was at the brink of the abyss and all he saw was a small step forward, an opening that allowed him to have his cake and eat it. In his mind, he was manipulating me, bringing me round, persuading me to make his obsession with me a long-term bond.

All men are such fools...

Didn't Charlie realise that there was more to this than just the endless sex? That his job, his friends, his family all needed to be rebuilt? That what had caused his downfall was the woman who had taken over his whole life?

Ah, I think that you can see what I am doing to my little conquest!

I love the moments of truth, the moments when they relinquish ego.

The stages are now becoming apparent to you. The lurid and domineering affair, the separation and isolation, the seizure of his life. Detaching him from every contact, making sure that no one is ever concerned with Charlie, quarantining until the point that he disappears, no one will ever notice. Keeping him from ever daring to make contacts other than me. Tying him to me until the moment arrives when he is swallowed into my world

with no trace left behind.

For the moment, creating a humiliated man that cannot bear to pick up the pieces and has to hide from his life before he met me. Then I will swoop and take him, and he will be mine to mould into what my clients need. Charlie will be no more and all trace will be cease to exist. All that will be left is a slutty Charlene, owned and labelled, possessed and degraded.

I allowed myself to be uncertain, it was still a game of lies and deception...

"I could perhaps... persuade her?"

His answering words tumbled from his lips in a rush.

"Please Monique, you can speak to Susan, you could explain what I need... maybe she will come around? I would do almost anything..."

His hips moved against mine, pressed him close as he rubbed against me and I decided that he would be permitted to come. I clawed his ass with my nails, pulled at him and thrust my hips a little and pressed my lips to his. His naked skin on leather and latex, his cock scraping on the teeth of the zipper, Charlie was overwhelmed by the closeness. The intimacy and he climaxed as my nails seared his ass contrasting the agony with the culmination.

"*Almost* anything?" I asked as he yelped and tears came to his eyes.

"To keep you," he breathed. "Anything at all!"

I could feel the slickness of his slime on my skirt, his hips still thrusting up and down as I relaxed my grip and stood back. Charlie looked down at the ooze that dripped on the leather

and a smile began on his face.

“You really are a naughty boy,” I chuckled.

“But you love it...”

“Mmm,” I admitted. “When I allow it!”

“Then you will try? For me?”

I nodded with the slightest tip of my head and tried to look embarrassed, as if I too desired what he wanted. As if I too was as overwhelmed as he was.

“I will try,” I said. “Not for you, though. For me!”

Charlie took his wet cock and covered himself with his palms as if in some way that made him less vulnerable while I thought about the contents of my handbag! What was hidden there could not be brought out as if I had anticipated the last hour. It had to be part of the plan, part of Charlie's fantasy plan.

“Let me think about it,” I said at last. “There is no easy way for me to do this... You will have to be patient and obey every command...”

“But, you will,” he begged.

“Charlie! Now you are being unreasonable,” I answered. “If Susan does not have a dominant streak, then there is nothing that I can do.”

I could see that he had a million questions. The hopeful look on his face, the need and expectation that I could work miracles. He dared not ask, but hung his head.

“Please, Monique, if anyone can do it, you can...”

“I decide, though...” I said thoughtfully.

“You decide!”

Eighteen

Just a few weeks to make everything fall into place!

He was ripe, ready to be the fruit plucked from the hanging branch. His finances were mine, his life was mine, even his wife was mine, friends and family were no more. Shunned and alone he was vulnerable to be captured and worked on.

In the real world, abduction is no easy matter!

I was under pressure. Of course, I could delay the meeting with my eager clients for as long as I liked, but I had already told them that they would get to meet the couple who were to be theirs to play with. That was set for just a month or so's time and it would be such a shame to cancel and postpone. Meanwhile, I had just a couple of weeks to get Charlie and Susan to fall into place so that by the time that the clients met their new property for the first time they would be reassured that the chosen couple would be ready for them to possess as planned.

It's something that I always do!

I always bring clients and victim together.

It creates a craving as well as serving an important purpose. The physical characteristics are important to my clients, and I need to know if there are any changes in their needs. After all, this is a *personal* service and I take great pride in my skill at providing exactly what the client desires. There are many providers of helpless sex-toys, I believe that I am the only one that ensures that the mental as well as the physical are fully catered for! All are unwilling, but the playthings that I create are always broken mentally to the role that they are purchased for, it is all part of the sales-pitch!

It was Charlie that I concentrated on, it was time to move him into my full-time grasp and it would need a little finesse to bring him to my apartment. Naturally, once all three of us were under one roof I had options that were not available while he was still in his own space, but using force was not an option. Bundling a grown man into a van is something that I do not have the resources for, I work almost alone.

Secrets are only secrets when no one else knows them...

This is my weakness and my strength!

Yesterday Charlie had begged that he would do anything, today was the test to see if that was true. This is often the moment in the training that I allow a single session of intercourse. It creates a mental state in a man that allows him to believe that he is a lover and not a toy. I had long since decided that this time, it would *not* be permitted. Even as I studied my victims, long before contact was ever made, I had decided this and my judgement had not changed. That made it a little more problematic, but then a challenge is always welcome!

He needed to go with me willingly, then the fetters would be closed.

I needed to destroy Charlie, degrade him to teach his wife an important lesson.

I arrived at the dull suburban house that I had bought from him, with a small overnight bag rattling behind me on wheels. There was no intention of spending more than an hour, but there were a few things that needed to be organised and the tools of my trade were required. I stood for a minute outside and noted the neighbour-but-one twitching the curtains as I stood.

Nothing to see here!

My long leather overcoat covered the outfit that I had chosen and all that was visible of it were the fingerless gloves and the spiked Oxfords on my feet. When I glanced and 'noticed' my observer, the curtains twitched as the onlooker retreated into the shadows. The local busy-body knew all about the shocking downfall of the man who lived nearby and now the presence of an attractive woman with a case in her grip would add fuel to the fire!

When he disappeared, she would report on the loose women that had passed through his life...

I gathered my thoughts, ran over my script and entered the house.

Charlie was already naked on his knees in the hallway. How could he not be, now that he had nothing to wear? The heating in the house had been turned up and the air was almost oppressive. I parked my case and patted him on the head, the usual signal that he was allowed to stand, but Charlie had decided on his plan to show that he was submissive and knelt to kiss my shoes.

I stood there and waited.

Interesting to see how long before he was contented that I was satisfied!

"Well done," I said at last, as it seemed that he could outwait me and I patted him on the head again. "I am impressed! I want you waiting every time that I arrive..."

"Miss?"

He looked up at me first without allowing his eyes to make

contact before he stood and waited for my next words.

“Take my case... upstairs...”

Charlie picked it up and was clearly excited by the fact that I seemed to be moving in. Perhaps that was the reason for the devoted greeting?

He led the way.

I watched his naked ass as he climbed the stairs and felt satisfied at the long trails that my nails had left the day before. Every time that he sat, he would remember my grip.

“Bedroom,” I ordered, and he lowered the case and wheeled it in.

I had not been upstairs in the house before and took a glance around. Feminine with hangings and frills, closed curtains that dimmed the light and dulled the bright patterns of the wallpaper and curtains. I could see Susan’s touch in the décor. He placed the case on the coverlet and turned to face.

“I met up with Susan this morning,” I said with a small smile. “Casually, just for a coffee.”

I did not tell him that his wife had presented her smoothed waxed ass for me and been rewarded by another pleasurable session of anal training! Just coffee and cake.

“And?” he asked.

“And I told her who was holding the camera,” I chuckled.

“Jesus!” said Charlie.

“It had to be done...”

“What did she say?”

“None of your fucking business!” I replied in a stern tone. “But, it went well...”

Charlie opened his mouth to speak, beg me for details, but I just shed my long coat and revealed a costume that was far beyond anything that he had seen me wear. Gone was the leather skirt with the zipper down the front. Gone was the silk blouse that I often wore, gone were the frilly lacy bras and closed neckline.

What he was treated to was Monique in her guise as an über-bitch!

All he dreamed of but had never dared hope for!

Heels and gloves, tailored stockings with perfect seams. Over this was pure latex! A skirt that moulded my figure from above the waist to below the knees. Tight with small ruffles at the hem, latex that revealed the straps that held my stockings in place every time that I moved. Overlapping the waist, a rubber corset laced at the sides, a narrow band of boned latex that was overlapped by the smoothness of the small tight bolero sheath by which my naked breasts were held in place.

“Oh my God,” said Charlie as he gazed at the vision of dominant womanhood that coolly looked down on him. “Monique...”

I smiled at the obvious effect that my uniform was having on his prick and placed my hands on my hips. My right rested on the coil of the short whip that was clipped to my corset and Charlie breathed a sigh of nervousness as he noticed my fingers close on the short stem.

“Not Monique, just ‘Miss’ from now on...”

He rolled the word on his lips and nodded. He was now fully ready to acknowledge my superiority.

"Susan is not at all pleased with the thought of meeting you," I said slowly. "She doesn't believe that she is ready to even talk with you..."

"But, she will be there?" he asked hopefully. "I mean, she will listen?"

I shook my head and raised an eyebrow.

"She was quite unreasonable, said that you had to prove that you were ready to ask for forgiveness," I said. "I told her that you had said that you would do anything..."

"I will, I will," he stuttered.

Talking about his wife, seeing his mistress. Charlie was in a different world! One of fantasy and improbable events, and I had transported him there! His hands moved to his trembling erection and I took control.

"No you don't," I ordered. "Hands down!"

His hands dropped to his sides.

"Susan was quite concise about what you need to do for her and I guided her instructions for you..."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Miss, always call me Miss, boy! Susan insists that from now on, all women are 'Miss'! It starts now, to get you used to it."

"Miss," he muttered as if embarrassed.

"You will get used to it. I think that she is right, even though it's just a small thing. But, it's not enough!"

I unclipped the whip from my waist and allowed the tasselled end to drop to the floor where it curled like a viper.

"What does she want, Miss?" he asked plaintively.

I did not answer immediately but moved around Charlie to sit in the large comfortable armchair at the end of the bed. The whip trailed behind me and a small flick caused it to curl at my feet. The skirt was so tight that crossing my legs required an effort, but the effect was quite worth the exertion. It pulled the latex to become a shiny sheath that moulded on thighs and legs while my foot moved in small circles.

"What she wants is you never to deceive her again," I said slowly. "You see, once betrayed, twice cautious. Of course, I told her about the other little affairs that you had in the last year. How could I not? I cannot take all the blame here, boy! That's your job..."

"Moni... Miss! That's not fair..."

"I don't have to be fair, boy! How do you think that I feel when all I am is just another casual fuck for you?"

He hung his head.

"You see, it seems that your wife and I have a great deal in common! You will have to learn that you have to focus your strength and mind on making sure that we can both believe in your sincerity and quite frankly, I don't think that you can change your ways."

I had planted a picture in his head, a storyline, a tale of two

women scorned who were allowing a last chance at sincerity.

"Miss, does she know about the house?"

"Foolish boy, of course she does, I needed her signature!"

Now he was starting to realise that the two women in his life had an understanding and he started to shake. Fear, anxiety or just his nakedness and vulnerability? I waited to see if he was going to continue, but he shuffled on his feet and stared at the foot which slowly circled at my ankle. The fact was, he loved it. Loved the idea that mistress and wife conspired to make his life theirs.

"She needs an assurance, a guarantee from you that you will promise never to screw around again," I said. "If you can give that, perhaps I can get you together..."

"I promise, Miss. To you and Susan that I will never..."

"Not really good enough, is it? Just words, just a hollow promise, she and I both want more..."

"What else can I say, Miss?"

The title was coming more naturally to his lips and I decided to reward him.

"Open my case and give me the box," I said.

My naked victim was excited, breathless almost as he unclipped the catches and opened the case. Carefully arranged within were several boxes of different sizes and he looked at them, clearly not knowing which I was demanding.

"The pink one..."

His hand went to the small pink box that lay on top of the arrangement. For a moment I really thought that he was going to open it and I held my breath, but he stepped before me and passed it over and I balanced it in my lap where the latex was tightly stretched.

“She asked me how we could be sure that you were going to keep your vow to us and I promised that I would find a solution that left no doubt!”

My nails scratched the box and I looked into his eyes. This was the moment of truth, Charlie had to believe in the fiction that I had woven and believe that there was no other option but to obey! He had to believe in his hope that his wife was perverted by contact with me! That unreasonable fantasy had to become reality. This was the test of all that had gone before, if he fell into the trap he was mine and his frightful future was laid out before him. If he refused, then all my efforts were probably beyond rescue. Everything up to this point was merely the preparation, the mind-games that primed his mentality for capture.

I hesitated. It could not be undone. I was risking everything on a whim to prove to myself how I could dominate him.

I raised a hand and beckoned him with a finger.

Now he stood with my raised shoe between his thighs. It touched and hooked at him, bringing him half a step closer and then the tip of my shoe pressed into the valley of his ass from behind and held him in thrall.

“First, something that needs to be done,” I whispered.

My knee pressed upwards, the slick matte latex under his bobbing cock as I put my palm on him and pressed him down. His cock was stretched from my knee to my thigh. Pulled tight as

I placed my other hand on his belly to prevent him thrusting.

“Nice and slow.”

I controlled him with my fingertips. It was all that was needed. Each thrust permitted when I gave him ground, the tips of my nails pressed into his groin. His hips moved as I willed, swaying forward, rubbing him between my palm and smooth skirt as he slowly fringed himself for me. I looked up at his face to see that his eyes were rivetted on the tip of him sliding from my wrist and then drawing back.

“Come for **Mummy**,” I whispered as he played the puppy against my leg.

The words made him gasp, or perhaps the slow-motion strokes that his hips made. I pressed the toe of my shoe upward, into his ass and sighed as he performed for me. Like a slow dance, on his tip toes, gasping at every motion, Charlie came for me, preparing himself for what was to come.

“Mummy wants to see you come,” I said and his eyes avoided mine.

Clearly the words were having a devastating effect.

He could scarcely stand, his legs strained with each stroke that I permitted and sweat ran from his skin. It was so intense, so powerful, this grip that I had on his mind and I realised that my victim was long since mine to play with.

“Spill and shoot for Mummy,” I said as he thrust and the eye of his cock distended with ejaculation. “Show her that you love what she does to you... makes you **hump** like a puppy on her legs...”

Pulses of ooze spilled from him at each stroke. Wet the latex and

dribbled down my thighs. Dripped to the floor as Charlie milked himself against me with deep gasps and a helpless shaking.

"I want it all, boy, every drop has to be milked from Mummy's boy... harder for me, bitch!"

He gasped and thrust one more time. Now he could not stay on tip toes and dropped, forcing the toe of my stiletto against the puckered hole in his rear. That brought one more pulse, one more slick slime from his cock and I was satisfied that the slave was ready for what I had in store.

I grasped his cock and felt it recede in my hand. The small ring allowed me to keep him in position as my other hand retreated from his belly and opened the box.

Inside, buried in tissue paper, was the chastity cage that would define his obedience. I parted the paper and took it out. The size was perfect, ordered and manufactured to my exact measurements after our first encounter in his office. Brassed-steel, a cage that would allow complete control over that needy cock.

He looked down.

I smiled up at him and then snapped it onto the flaccid prick in my hand with a practiced movement. The ring at the balls, unnecessary for security, but a clear signal of confinement. The narrow cage that I slipped over him to click into place before a tiny padlock penetrated the piercing on his cock. It sealed the rimmed tip of his prick in the slotted cup that would punish the slightest erection.

"What?" he squawked in fright as a drop of slime emerged from the slot.

"Susan chose it, boy, all I did was fit it..."

His hands moved and he tried to step back, but the toe of my shoe buried in his ass prevented his escape. I dangled the key for a moment in his vision and then pressed it into my glove at the shoulder.

"This is what she wants?"

"It's what you have to do to prove that you are hers," I smiled.

"Fuck this..."

His hand pulled at the cage and he winced as the ring embedded in his frenum revealed its purpose.

"Monique..."

"Miss," I interrupted. "Always 'Miss'!"

"I can't do this..." A thought occurred to him and he investigated the slot at the front. "How will I pee?"

I laughed wickedly.

"Sitting down, boy, that's how!"

I relaxed my foot and allowed him to stand back.

"This wasn't what I meant by *anything*!" he cried.

"If you *meant* it, then it was!"

I wiped the come from my skirt with the tissue paper from the box and rolled it into a ball.

"You will soon realise that good boys get the key, bad boys get nothing," I laughed. "Did you really think that your wife was going to trust your promises without some sort of guarantee?"

Charlie hung his head.

"It weighs so much, it's uncomfortable."

"You'll get used to it, Charlie," I said comfortingly. "When you can be trusted, Susan may decide to take it off. Maybe there is a trade that you could make for her? Until you have earned that trust, she and I will hold a key each..."

There was hope in his eyes at those words that I would be a key-holder and I knew that he was imagining that I would release him daily. After all, had I not milked him every day?

"You will find that she wants obedience, can you do that for her?"

He nodded doubtfully and looked down.

"I suppose so," he mumbled.

"I will help..."

This is what you want too, isn't it? To be bound and tricked, to be manipulated and restrained in steel? I know it, you know it, why deny that you long to be at the feet of a woman like me?

Chastity is not a game, it is a state of mind.

It places you in debt and there is only a one method of repayment.

Obedience!

Nineteen

"I went to see Charlie today."

Susan jumped in shock. A pretty little shiver that ruffled her dress with a blush that caught her unawares.

"You did?"

"I did..."

A look of worry replaced the shock.

"I don't want to see him... please don't make me..."

I almost felt sorry for her. Ensnared in my world of intense sexual pleasure, Susan had retreated from the world that gave her so much anxiety, detached herself and surrendered. Now a mention of that traumatic outside world had invaded her thoughts and her eyes filled and she blinked the tears away.

"I would never make you do anything that you did not want to do, dearest," I said as I felt a swelling sense of dominance fill my mind. "He so wants to see you to tell you how sorry he is for everything!"

The idea that her husband still existed beyond the walls of my apartment filled my little dolly with terror and I could not help taking her in my arms. So slight, so petite and helpless. Deep inside was the adult Susan; the time was coming when that would have to be purged.

"I don't care," she said as she looked into my eyes. "All I want to do is, to stay here with you..."

"I love you Dolly."

"I love you too... Monique!"

There it was! The submerged adult surfacing, as she used my name and she blinked back the tears.

"I want to stay here with you forever and ever."

"I would love that, Dolly," I said softly and kissed her deeply. "Forever and ever..."

For a moment I allowed myself a special fantasy. Keeping her here, playing with her forever, amusing myself and having the little girl at my beck and call without end. Creating a partner in crime, a sadistic little dolly to teach how to be in my world. The idea had a certain attraction as I imagined the delicious contrast between frilly puppet and cruel bitch. She would be the jealous lover, making love at one moment and then heartlessly teasing and inflicting punishment the next...

"He is a such a sissy," snarled Susan. "A cheating lying bitch..."

She had guessed his fate and I chuckled to myself.

"I know that he is, Dolly, if only..."

I had set a train of thought in her mind. I could see that she was contemplating him for the first time since she had become mine. Mulling over possibilities and emotions that had so far been buried in her mind.

I felt her small hands on my hips and then they slid to the hem of my skirt. Some idea had settled, and she slyly slid her hands to my naked thighs and crept them upwards. I love being seduced, having a lover try to tempt me. A heady feeling as they think that they can tantalise with the very weapons that I deploy, and all the while they are playing a game where I

defined the rules!

“Oh, Dolly, what are you thinking?”

I put a slight sigh into my voice. A hint of surrender that was the signal for the seduction.

“Oh, nothing, Monique!”

How could Susan believe that she could seduce *me*?

I relaxed and opened my thighs a little to feel her fingers stroke my weeping pussy. Slip through the furrow of my sex and tease while her head turned upwards and offered her pouting pink lips.

I took the bait and our lips brushed. The tip of her tongue running over my glossy lipstick before pressing inside as her lips closed with mine. All the while, her sly little fingers worked their magic. Pressed to tease my clitoris from its hiding place and then stroke it with small tickles that made me gasp. One half of me fell into the dream, the other half was filled with an exultant emotion. So interesting to see how my few words would resurface into persuasion.

I gasped.

Was it because of the clever fingers that teased, or was it the words that she uttered breathlessly between my lips?

“You are going to see what he really is, Monique, just a little cheater that deceives and lies,” she sighed as she imagined that she was bending *me* to her will. “Are you going to make him pay for hurting *me*?”

“Darling,” I said. “Whatever you want.”

I kissed her again and was swept away by the climax that she gave me. Fingertips dancing on the edge of my cunt, stroking and teasing, insistently nipping me and turning a tease into an orgasm. It was all I could do not to melt and urge her on to greater heights.

"You want revenge?" I breathed as the second wave of climax caused me to sharply inhale. "Is that what you want Susan?"

Now I was appealing to the adult in her. Calling forth emotions of rage and retaliation as I melted under her touch.

"He deserves it... I want to show him... make him suffer! Show him for the shit that he is."

Her breathless tone told me that it was time to settle her emotion in stone. Take the idea of revenge and seal it into her psyche. It was not easy to break away from her grip. Too tempting to put off the moment for another time and bathe in the lust that Dolly was revelling in. I tore my mind from the next wave of climax and picked her up. Pulled her onto tiptoes and wrapped her in my arms before turning to push her onto the bed.

"How do you want him to suffer?" I asked.

"Whatever you want," she gasped as she looked up at me.

"Humiliate him?"

"Oh God yes," she breathed.

The idea of shaming him was exciting her and she was almost writhing on the bed in excitement as he imagined me being the instrument of her revenge. Time to give her some ideas...

"We could dress him up..."

She laughed slyly and her hands almost dared to move between her thighs as she tried to imagine what I could mean.

“Dress him?”

I started to laugh and pretended that the idea had just come to me.

“In frilly knickers and stockings,” I chuckled. “Turn him into a little girly-boy.”

“Oooh,” she breathed as her imagination filled her head. “That would be so perfect! You are such a bitch, how do you even think of such things?”

“I just know what I want...”

“That is?”

“A cute little sissy-doll for us... to play with and humiliate!”

Flushed and panting with lust, she opened her legs and lifted her dress.

“I want to be your pretty Dolly,” she whimpered, “*Please* let it be me! I need to be yours...” Her tone was slyly imploring. “I love your dream and I want to live in it!”

“We’ll see, Dolly!”

An elfin whore desperate to give me anything that I wanted if it would realise the ideas that turned her mind. The smile on her lips as the ruffles and lace lifted and revealed her streaming slit was one of arrogance that she could bend her mistress and lover to her will.

What did she expect?

That *I* would serve *her*?

I kneeled between her thighs and touched the sweet inner lips that swelled out between the rounded flesh of her sex and felt her twitch under my fingertips. I lowered my head and looked up to see triumph in her eyes as I licked the soft hot flesh gently as my hands slipped under the bed to find what they sought.

Each touch of my tongue on her caused a small moan. A gasp of delight at the way that she had seduced me. She laughed as I slipped into her and lapped at the delicate swelling surface, sucking at her clit, teasing and gratifying her while my hands pulled the straps tight between my thighs.

"You should seduce Charlie," she gasped as her plan surfaced. "Teach him to be your sissy-bitch... in frills and curls!"

I almost laughed out loud at her words. The adult in her knew that there would be a price, even as she surrendered to me. The sly devising of a plan that would tempt me, manipulating and playing with my mind!

"I have you," I breathed as I suckled her tiny clitoris and teased it with my tongue. "Why would I need Charlie?"

"Because, I want to give him to you! He will be yours..."

There was a gasp from above as she climaxed. Her thighs lifted from the coverlet and thrust into my lips as she squeezed every last pleasure from the contact. I ran my tongue to her belly as she lowered and straightened my legs to tower over her, even though I was kneeling between her thighs. My hands guided the weapon that now sprang from my thighs and I kissed the pink nipples and suckled while she giggled in the warmth of the orgasm.

"Do you want me to *fuck* him?" I said in a suddenly loud tone.

As I spoke the hard word, the long narrow shaft between my thighs pressed into her like a bolt of lightning. It pressed her open, pinned her to the bed, penetrated deep at the first stroke and caused a convulsion that arched her slim body.

She screamed in shock!

A thin wail that was total surprise and a squeal of joy.

"Is this what you want me to do to him?" I asked as I withdrew and slid my hips again to fill her. "Fuck him, violate him, take him, discipline him and make him come as he is fucked?"

"Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck... fuck *me*... fuck *him*, make him yours, make him your bitch! Your sissy girl. I'm coming, Miss, I'm coming!"

The thoughts in her mind flowered and she screamed in ecstasy as I pierced her.

"I would like that," I breathed in her ear. "Having two little sluts to play with."

My dolly writhed under my thrusting weight, endeavouring escape and yielding, as she screamed in bliss. The thoughts in her head jumbled as she still tried to seduce me to be the tool of her revenge.

"Please, Miss, please Monique, please do it for me... Make us both yours."

I pinned her to the bed.

Clamped her shoulders with my hands and gripped her tight. Bore down on her with thrusts of the long dildo between my thighs and then covered her with my body, lifting her legs high

as I did so. She bent and twisted. Yelped at every long stroke and her mouth opened wide in shock as I took a nipple and sucked hard and brushed it with my teeth.

Susan could not escape her ravishment.

Distorted and helpless, she struggled in climax as I took her body with a ruthless fucking. Sweat broke from her face and breasts, a wave of glow tinged her skin as I pushed deep and then straightened to grasp her ankles. I lifted her legs high and her mouth moved in words that begged me to cease, then I bent her ankles over her shoulders with all of my weight and pushed deep inside with a stroke that stopped at the hilt of the weapon that pierced her.

Short strokes now.

Each one just an inch before withdrawal.

Building a rhythm that she could feel violating her so deep.

I loomed over her, gripping her ankles, pushing them ever further down, stretching her pussy until every movement was exquisite agony and desire. Shudders swept her, tears streamed from her eyes. When the earthquake of final climax took her, she cried in utter submission. The tears caused her mascara to smudge like shadows, her pussy ran with endless lust and she became soft in my grip.

Malleable, pliable and acquiescent.

I withdrew. Slowly tilted my hips to hear the wet sound as I broke free and she sighed and her legs slowly arced over to rest on my shoulders.

"You are a wicked little slut," I laughed. "But, I am won over, I will help you with your immoral revenge!"

My fucked dolly could not speak. Emotions filled her to the brim, tears streamed down her face and liquid dew ran from her pussy to drench the bed. She was pathetic, limbs loose and heavy, sweat drenching dark patches on the pretty dress, her feet in their pink stilettos loose. Her chest heaved with every breath and I smiled down at her.

"I just want *us* to go on forever," she blurted. "Please, please Miss... Fuck me again. And again!"

The child was back in control.

I fumbled the dildo from my waist and let it drop. Now would come a final lesson that would take her to the next level. Quell her conception that she could play with me, show her that my gratification was the only thing that filled her mind.

"Nothing can take me from you," I lied. "Not if you are a good girl... make me come..."

I lowered her ankles to the bed and kneeled beside her. My hand stroked her tender pussy, smoothing the liquid and soothing.

"All you have to do is to be my helpless dolly..."

I mounted her slender body, sitting astride and pinning her arms to her sides. Loomed over her like a colossus and bent to take her face in my hands.

"Do you really want me to take him?" I asked.

There was the wary hint of a nod of assent.

"Give him to me? Fuck him and make him mine like a little girly?"

Another nod, perhaps a little stronger.

“You do not know what you are asking, Dolly,” I said in a low voice. “You will have to play the part that I decide for you!”

“I don’t care,” she wept, “I’ll do whatever you want Monique!”

I did not consent but slid slowly forward to cup her face between my thighs. Now my little dolly was looking up at me with reverence. The wall of my corset, the breasts that overhung her, the smiling face that was her world.

“Then show me that you deserve to be owned by me,” I breathed.

Her head moved between my thighs, it lifted, and her lips met mine. I slid a little more, enveloped her under my thighs and ass and then braced myself for a perfect trip.

The first touch of her lips was bliss.

Twenty

You are playing with yourself again!

As if you decide when you are allowed to do so.

I decide. And the time is not ripe. Obey and just turn the pages as I tell you when it is permitted! You are mine to tease and your own gratification will have to wait until I determine that you are permitted.

So, read on and wait for permission!

It was time!

Time to put my couple-in-training back together and watch the fun.

There was just one small detail that needed to be attended to. Feminising a man is not an easy task, though it is satisfying and creates ideal conditions in which to dominate and coerce full submission. The clothes maketh the man, or in my case, the sissy!

It is always a delicate operation and requires finesse, gradual pressure and persuasion. Sometimes corporal punishment and blackmail, other times my prey already has a secret fetish that can be exploited easily and the whole exercise becomes a game that becomes suddenly serious. Susan was the latter, Charlie just needed to understand that he was the child and I was the adult and it would happen all by itself.

Naked and vulnerable, but still Charlie and not the Charlene that I wished to create. I walked into the house that was now mine and looked down at the man that soon would be. He knelt

at my feet and looked up expectantly and I just smiled at him, creating expectancy and anxiety.

"Can you get me a lighter, I forgot mine, dear," I said to him.

The key that locked him tight was on a slender chain at my ankle and he tore his eyes from it. I towered over him, my crossed ankles at his knees, it was time to take him in hand and there was a feeling of tension in me that always comes when I try to direct a scene that has a particular goal in mind.

"You smoke, Miss?"

Good to see that he was using the title that I had insisted on.

"Sometimes."

He stood and headed for the kitchen. I watched his naked form, the smooth skin and felt a frisson of excitement. I heard him rummage in the kitchen before he returned with one of those lighters that are used to light a gas ring. I pulled the slim gold box from my handbag and, by the time that he returned I had a long cigarette in my hand.

"That will do!"

Charlie tried to pass me the lighter, but I smiled and placed the cigarette between my lips and permitted him to light it. I could see his hand trembling as the flame licked the tip of the cigarette and knew that I had discovered another weakness. I drew and blew a cloud of blue smoke upwards in a stream. How is it that smoking gives a woman such an air of superiority?

Charlie knelt again at my feet and looked upward at me. I allowed a few moments to pass and then changed my tone to a softer, warmer tone. The tone that a mother uses with an obstinate child.

"We can't have you running around naked all of the time, Charlie," I started. "I like it, but we need to find you something suitable..."

Charlie nodded, but his attention was once again at my ankle where the small key hung just out of his reach. I moved my foot and rested it on his thigh, so close to the metal of the cage that closed him in that he moaned and moved his hands, but he dared not interfere.

"Is this what you want?" I asked in my motherly tone.

My foot lifted, and the sole of my stiletto brushed briefly on the metal. A slight touch that caused him to shiver before I moved it back to rest with the point of my heel resting on his thigh. I could see that he longed to take the key, release himself and I decided that there would have to be a clear reward for the obedience that would come later.

"Take it, Charlie," I said casually. "I think that you deserve it!"

His fingers were trembling as he carefully unhooked the chain from my ankle and he fumbled with the key as if nervous that I would change my mind. The tiny lock that hooked through his piercing snapped open and he discarded it before gently pulling himself free. Another long draw at the cigarette, a plume of smoke and then I lifted my foot once more.

"Ask mummy nicely," I said.

"Please Miss?" he started, and I shook my head.

I needed Charlie to acknowledge that he was the child and I the adult. I had a potent ally in my battle with his mind. It stood now from his groin, swollen and needy, directing his thoughts. Though it was caged, the beast attempted escape! For a moment, I thought that he was going to grasp himself, but the

battle between arousal and disobedience was won and he gave me the right answer.

"Touch me, Mummy!"

I sat back, the tension draining from me as I slipped the toe of my shoe under him and then slowly raised to press his caged cock on his belly with the rough sole. A little tension, a slow friction and he gasped. I pressed harder and he was forced backward to lean on his arms while I kept his imprisoned cock trapped between sole and flesh.

"Like this?"

He nodded and I slowly moved my foot down an inch and then moved the heel to tease his hanging balls.

"I think that perhaps I can free you to play with," I whispered. "Would you like that?"

He nodded mutely.

I reached down and unlocked him. Slipped off the cage and patted his little erection to bring it to full hardness. His thighs trembled, gratitude filled his features as my sole lifted once more to press him hard.

"Look at me, boy..."

His eyes lifted from watching my stiletto torment him and moved my hands to slowly unbutton my blouse. One button at a time, slowly opening myself to his gaze while I kept up the pressure and smiled.

I sighed and teased a little more. Charlie was so close to climax and I had barely started! It would not do if he spurted before I had him on the hook. My foot pressed, but rubbed no more and

I took another drag from the cigarette. The tip glowed and a thin whisper of smoke rippled upwards. I stubbed the cigarette in the saucer of the cup by my side and smiled.

It was time to show him the price of the indulgence I was granting him.

"Perhaps I don't need to keep you all locked up? Just when you are alone..." I suggested. "Maybe there is something else that your lady wife would permit..."

A small movement of my heel and a gasp from him. Was it the mention of his wife that excited or the friction of my street-worn soles? My free hand moved and I slowly drew up the zipper on my dress. As it slid up with a rasp, thigh and stocking top were exposed and he could not help but stare as I peeled back the tight skirt to reveal myself. Stockings, the tight straps that held them in place and the lacy knickers that only half hid what he was desperate to see.

"Oh dear," I said as I looked where he was staring to see the wetness that soaked my knickers and then looked to him with a grin. "You see how this is making me so horny?"

He nodded and I rewarded him with a small movement of my stiletto.

"Do you want to see Mummy's pussy?"

"Please!"

Please what?"

"Mummy," he croaked hypnotised by my hands moving to my waist.

I hooked my thumbs under the thongs of my knickers around my

waist and lifted a little to slip them off, a strip-show that had Charlie entranced. As far as my thighs, showing him the slick cunt that he longed to touch.

“Take them off, boy.”

His hands lifted and he carefully slipped the pants down my legs. I lifted my feet a little and he found himself with my damp lacy knickers in his hand. Charlie was about to cast them aside, but a small flutter of my fingers stopped him just as I once more moved my sole to press at him.

“They’re for you...”

He made as if to speak, but the foot that caressed him hard pressed down, stretching his rigid cock tight and the words became a gasp. I crooked a finger and beckoned him to me. The moment had come and I dropped my stiletto between his legs as he raised to his knees and hobbled forward, his cock bobbing as he approached.

I could see what he hoped and almost chuckled, but as he moved towards me on the sofa I raised the leg that was between his thighs until he was pressing hard in my leg. Rasping that desperate cock against the hard nylon, causing him to sigh.

“Mummy wants you to come for her...”

“Can I?” he asked plaintively and the look of annoyance on my face caused him to add ‘Mummy’ to his plea.

I moved my hand to guide him, stretching his erection on my thigh to rasp against me. The touch was almost too much and he groaned.

“Good boy,” I said, “now show me how much you love it... nice

and slow for Mummy!"

I reached for my hand bag and in a moment another cigarette was in my fingers, while he thrust the length of my stocking tops. Like a puppy on my leg, Charlie could not help himself. His sight filled with the picture of a woman who casually smoked while he thrust himself helplessly against her thighs for her amusement. He raised his hand and I watched almost mesmerised as he lifted my knickers to his face as he anticipated my next order. "Come for Mummy..."

The words were scarcely past my lips when his cock spurted. A welling fountain of come that soaked my stockings, a warm wetness that surged like a wave as he thrust at me.

"Oh, good boy, what a good little boy you are for me," I said warmly. "Can my boy smell me?"

Now that he had climaxed, he pulled the knickers from his face as if embarrassed and croaked a 'thank-you' that I acknowledged with a nod.

"Put them on, Charlie..."

For a moment he looked at them almost shamefacedly and I thought that he was going to resist my direct order. Time to show him what the rules of this game were!

"If you do, then perhaps it will be enough... perhaps the restraint can be put away?"

Ah, now he understood the rules! A trade, steel for lace, restraint for humiliation. He opened them and shuffled, and I blew a plume of smoke into the air as I watched him stand.

"If you wear them all the time, then I think that Mummy can trust you not to play with yourself, can't she? I can tell Susan that you

won't cheat on us, can't I?"

"Yes, Miss. I promise..."

I allowed the verbal mistake to pass and nodded. Important was that he had two women to satisfy and he had not even questioned the idea. Come dribbled from him as he stepped into my knickers and I smiled as he pulled them up.

"That's better, now pass me the restraint..."

He passed it to my outstretched hand and I tucked it into my handbag.

"In a few days, we will go and meet up with her," I said as I stood to tower over him in my heels. "Make sure that you have decided what you how you want to beg forgiveness. I would not want to have to fit this again, boy."

I took my skirt from where it lay on the sofa and put it on and a look of disappointment came over his face.

"Looks good," I commented, looking at him standing naked but for my lacy panties.

I allowed my hand to stroke his hip and adjust the thong that held them in place before kissing him on the cheek. He blushed pink in embarrassment as my hand teased and discovered the fact that he was recovering his erection.

"Like it?" I asked with a small smile and pressed against him.

I could feel the heat of his shame and teased a little. A hand that stroked through the damp lace and satin and caused him to tremble. He nodded and tried to look down, but I lifted his face to mine with a finger under the chin and planted a small kiss on his lips.

"It's really hot," I said.

"What are you doing to me?" he asked.

When I frowned he added 'Mummy' to his question in a muted hiss.

"Playing games!" I said. "I like playing games."

Tears filled his eyes. Charlie looked so cute and helpless and I could not help feeling a welling sense of triumph as I looked into his eyes and moved to brush away the tears.

"Cry for me baby, it turns me on so much..."

His own hand brushed mine away and he sobbed while I held him close.

"Mummy just wants to play with her little toy-boy," I said sympathetically. "You do want to play don't you? You do want to make her happy, don't you?"

Charlie moved his lips silently and nodded. It is so important to make it impossible to say 'no' and so I piled on the pressure.

"Is this what you want?"

As I spoke I slid my hand between panties and skin and took his cock in hand. Ringed the tip with finger and thumb and slowly pressed down, making him gasp as my fingers parted to cup his balls and squeeze a little.

"This could be our little secret," I whispered in his ear as I massaged him to stiffness. "Only your wife and us would ever know about it... I think that it would show that you really, really, truly want to beg for forgiveness from her and show her that you

are hers... Show her that you are ready to place yourself in her hands and prove that you are ready to give everything up for her... for both of us. Everything!"

Charlie whimpered and I guided his face to where my blouse was almost fully open to reveal my breasts. He nuzzled me and sighed as a nipple was covered by his lips and he suckled at me. Teasing and tormenting him, I allowed him to suckle and stroked his head. I could feel him falling into my influence, suckling at the ringed nipple, moving his thighs closer to mine, encouraging me to make him come as I stroked him slowly and held him to me.

"All you have to do is surrender, Charlie!" I murmured into his ear. "Allow Mummy to play with you and make you come for her again and again... Show her that you love her..."

I upped the pace a little and allowed the words to echo in his mind before starting the end-game. A tighter grip in my palm, sharper strokes more pressure as I timed him against my words that were breaking down his resistance. The time was right to fixate a little, heighten the shame and make it exciting...

"Mmm, I just love you in these..."

My hand slipped from him and then closed in again, this time with the lace between skin and skin. Using the coarse lace against his sensitive wet skin to make him aware of the sensuality of what was happening. Reveal to Charlie a new obsession, excitement and gratification...

I reached the point where a climax can no longer be hindered. When a man comes no matter what happens. I withdrew my hand and patted him before pulling him to my breast hard and pressed my fully clothed body hard against his naked skin.

"Now you can come for Mummy," I whispered as I rubbed against him.

Charlie whined, a long note of distress and contentment as his cock streamed, syphoning the last of his come to wet the knickers and my skirt as I comforted him and held him tight.

"Good boy, Charlie..."

His legs gave out and I found that I was lowering him to his knees. Sliding down the length of me to look up at my face as his eyes filled and I held him close. All the way down to the darkening patch of damp on my skirt, his knees at my feet, his hands holding my waist as he slid.

"Thank you, Miss," he muttered.

"Mummy!" I smiled to correct him. "Good boys get rewarded for good manners!"

His face was blotched pink with his climax and the mortification of his shame and I patted him on the head.

"Mummy, I just can't help myself," he muttered. "I need you!"

"That's good to hear, Charlie," I replied.

He looked down at the sodden panties on his hips and made as if to shed them.

"Charlie!" I cautioned sternly. "If you take them off then I will have to put the restraint back on!"

He looked up as if to see if I meant what I threatened, and his hands froze.

"All you have to do is promise that you won't play with yourself!"

"I promise, Miss."

He was resisting calling me 'Mummy' and I could see that it would take a little effort to make it a habit. I did not correct him, but just frowned down at him as if trying to decide if the restraint would go back on.

"Please, Miss," he said plaintively. "I really do promise to be a good boy."

I tried to look doubtful with pursed lips to make him beg again. It was all that I could do not to burst out laughing and ruin all the work done so far.

"I promise, please, Mummy."

I smiled at the correction.

"I think that you need a new pair," I said. "Come with me... stand up..."

I led him by the hand. He trailed behind me like a small girl and I guided him out of the lounge and to the stairs. As I went, I pondered my next move. Could I manage more than just getting him into my knickers? As we reached the top of the stairs, I knew that I would not risk it. The effects of our 'close' moment was fading and just holding onto the gains that I had achieved would be the limit.

We entered the bedroom, Charlie trailing behind as I pulled. I opened the top drawer of the dresser to find it full of Charlie's wife's dessous. One finger raised, a tiny pair of knickers hanging from it and I offered them to the man who stood behind me.

"Put them on," I ordered.

So very small and tight.

Between his legs, balls and slack cock were a rounded bump in the see-through lace. The thongs bit into his hips and at the rear disappeared into the valley of his ass.

I looked approvingly and nodded as I arranged the thong a little.

"A little on the tight side," I said with a smile, pressing against him. "I think that you need some of your own..."

He blushed and I kissed his lips with a peck.

"Be good and don't break the rules of the game," I urged. "I'll find some that are really sexy for you."

"I promise..."

"I know that you do, but it's not the promise that counts, boy. It's the keeping of it!"

I loosened my grip on his naked body and stood back as if to admire the effect.

"That's a really hot look, Charlie. Like a little slut all hot and desperate to fuck! I'll be back tonight, and we can play again..."

I turned for the door and stood and admired my triumph.

The most difficult stage had been accomplished.
The crèche needed to be prepared.

And my slut needed knickers.

An Interlude - Natalia

I nearly had them where I wanted them, husband and wife, one in my bed, the other at the very brink of obedience. She, thinking that she was playing some game, that there were even rules. He, torn between the two women in his life and ready to surrender to one or both, now that he had been broken to my will.

What remained was to bring them together and for that I needed Natalia.

I have introduced her, told you a little of her, but you still know nothing really!

Since she will have a part to play, I think that it is time to lift the curtain and reveal a little. I cannot say what thoughts are in her head, but I can tell you what I know and what I sense.

Natalia...

I met her years ago, when we were both sweet things in college. There was some indefinable charisma that she had that attracted me from the first. Something dark hidden in her soul that reached out to me and held my hand. Not a woman of many words, a plain dresser, little make-up and never to be seen in all the places that the social set gathered. Never seeming to care much about the opinions of others, cool and standoffish, and yet... the boys and men clustered around her like moths to a flame.

They sensed what it was that attracted me, I suppose!

I sidled into her life and she oozed into mine. I mimicked her insouciant and composed outward attitude and we became friends. Natalia never seemed to struggle with the studying like

all the rest of us. She simply swanned through lectures and exams as if they were no great concern, gaining the top marks in a casual way that was almost offhand.

As for boyfriends, she never mentioned much, was never to be seen cuddling in quiet corners whispering romantic nothings, never hand in hand with her latest flame. But I saw them pass through, and marvelled at her ability to hook up with one after another with ease. Not the young men that all the other girls chased, oh no, Natalia had larger fish to fry. Lecturers, married men and the other mature men that were all part of university life.

How did she attract and capture them?

Simple!

Natalia had a secret sauce, a flavour that the other young girls at university could not offer. She was both mature and adolescent rolled into one. Good looking, beautiful even, youthful and attractive. A smile that did not often curve her lips, but when it did it was devastating. Those older men all fell into the trap of believing that she would make an ideal partner for an affair. After all, she said little, a girl that would keep secrets close to her considerable chest, a girl that could be relied on...

It was when the little affairs started that her various partners discovered the other side of Natalia. After they had been drawn into her web, they soon flailed and struggled to free themselves when they realised the nightmare that opened beneath their feet like a chasm.

For, Natalia was a sadist... an aloof manipulating bitch.

I know that when I say that, that immediately some whip-wielding, boot-wearing fetishist comes into view, but that would

be to misunderstand my dearest friend. You see, Natalia was not so much interested in pain for pleasure's sake as creating evil predicaments that twisted her lovers around her slim fingers. A little blackmail here, a little coercion there, enjoying the struggles of her prey as they suddenly realised that Natalia was energised by her power over them.

That power was expressed by their coercion to her games.

So, while I and all the rest of the students struggled to make ends meet, sweated the exams and gossiped, Natalia sat back, amused, and played her games. With wealthy parents, she had no need to study or ever need to work, all she ever did was for her own amusement.

Five years at University.

I learned so much more than the mere lectures in psychology, Natalia took me under her wing and I discovered that I too could amuse myself with partners and lovers like playthings. We occasionally fucked, but the thrill was to hear her musings and giggles as she recounted her latest conquests and recalled their tears. There was nothing more amusing to her than making some man cry like a baby, torn between her power over him and his need to escape her grip. Forcing some foolish man to become her bitch until at last he was broken and then discarding him to pick up the pieces of his marriage or career.

If he could...

And her favourite game?

'Blow or tell', she called it.

I saw an unwilling and naked Emeritus on his knees before her with tears in his eyes. His begging pleas stifled by her next boyfriend's hard cock that she held for him to suck. The tears

rolling down his cheeks while she smiled and waited for him to perform. Her supercilious laugh as come bubbled from his lips and then the kisses he lavished on her stilettos as he begged her not to reveal his shame. I knew then that I had to achieve what Natalia so easily managed, learn how she could make a man humiliate himself when she uttered a word... Wet himself in fear when she crooked a finger.

So, I joined her game and discovered something deep inside of myself as well as a way to make my way. Not for me the hum-drum nine-to-five job, counselling and listening to damaged people while they lay on the couch. No! I took my experiences and Natalia's sexual logic and played the games for money. It was Natalia that introduced me to my first paying clients, it was Natalia that introduced me to a debased world that lay under every unturned stone.

She the casual player who amused herself.

I, the woman who turned it into a business!

Together we explored and discovered how fetish and obsession could lead victims to final destruction, and the wealthy clients to amusements that had no limits. Where she abandoned her stricken lovers, I found a use for them and together we revelled in the fun of twisting others to become playthings for those who could afford it.

Five years since that first time when I passed a victim to the nightmare of being owned and I found myself with more money than I had ever dreamed of, things have not changed all that much! Natalia is still the occasional lover, the casual bitch who plays her games. She is the observer who takes part in the experiment, the only person that I can open my heart to. I am still her pupil.

There is so much more to learn!

She is such a natural bitch.

Twenty-One

"You are such a fucking bitch!" said Natalia.

"You outdo me every time," I retorted. "I do what I do for the money, you do it for fun."

She shrugged and moved to the other side of the counter where the stockings were displayed in neat rows by type. I could see that she was watching me even though she pretended that her attention was on the display.

"I can't help it, darling, that's the difference! I am just me, but you have created yourself, that makes you the uber-bitch."

She shrugged her shoulders and held up a packet from the display for me to see.

"This is all no good," she said with a sigh. "We need something a little more fetish..."

In her hand was a pair of black pop-socks. I saw it for a moment and nodded and she put them back in the display.

"None of this shit is *really* sexy," she said. "We need something totally feminine and girly for him..."

"Can I help you?" said an approaching assistant.

It was Natalia that answered.

"We are looking for a present," she started. "Something frilly and really feminine for my friend's boyfriend!"

The assistant looked at me and then back to Natalia as if she had misunderstood.

“Her boyfriend?”

“Stockings and a nice frilly little dress,” continued Natalia.

I started to giggle and joined the fun.

“Perhaps, these in pink?” I asked as I held up a lacy pair of panties. “In a larger size too.”

The assistant blushed and tried to cover her embarrassment by taking a professional tone of voice.

“We do them in pink, my dear, just behind you.”

As I turned to look, I saw the rows of hooks with sexy dessous and picked up a pair to inspect them.

“Perhaps we should bring him in to try them on,” said Natalia as she piled on the pressure.

“I’m sorry madam,” said the assistant. “Underwear cannot be tried on or returned.”

I held up the frillies and stretched them between my thumbs. The pair that I had chosen were a modern take on Victorian bloomers. Lace and satin, long legs and rows of lacy frills and small bows that decorated the seams. I noticed that the fronts were buttoned with pink shell buttons and held them up for Natalia’s comment.

“These will fit,” I said. “What do you think?”

The assistant stood silently as Natalia spoke her approval.

“They will be perfect, dear. Now all we need are some nice hold-ups to go with them. White or cream with flowers and lots of frilly decorations,” she said and then turned back to the

assistant. "Hold ups?"

"Er, there, Madam," said the women as she pointed at racks tucked into a discrete corner. "Our special lines..."

With five pairs of the knickers in my hand, I followed Natalia and the assistant trailed almost reluctantly behind. I could see that Natalia was enjoying the little drama and she came to a stop by the display of stockings.

"He has long legs," she said. "But, we'll get something just over the knee for him."

With her lips clamped closed, the assistant picked up a packet and handed it to Natalia with a frown.

"Is this what Madam is looking for?"

Natalia inspected the packet and made as if to open it.

"May I?" she asked.

"Of course," said the assistant reluctantly. "Allow me!"

She opened the packet and carefully unwrapped a pair of cream stockings up for us to see. Thin candy pink stripes ran from toe to tops and there were small rosebuds all in a row where the seams ran down the back.

"Ooh," said Natalia. "He'll look perfect in them. We'll take ten pairs..."

The assistant looked at the label and then the display.

"I'll see if we have that many pairs in stock," she said. Then she paused for a moment and turned back to Natalia. "Did you really mean it?" she asked.

“Mean what?”

“That they’re for her *boyfriend*?”

“We like to dress the little sissy up sexily,” said Natalia with a grin.

The assistant shrugged and hurried off without answering while Natalia folded the stockings and put them back in the packet.

“I love shopping,” she laughed.

“We need shoes as well,” I said, “and a dress or two.”

“We’ll have to look around,” said Natalia with a laugh. “We’ll need an outsize shop, though.”

“It’s always the sizes that are a problem,” I agreed. “Size eight stilettos are at the edge of the women’s ranges and I don’t want to have to pay the prices that the sex-shops charge!”

“Are you going to match your little dolly to her husband?” asked Natalia. “It would be sort of cute if they were a matched pair!”

“Good idea,” I replied. “There are loads in her size...”

By the time that the assistant returned with her hands full; I had the basket filled with matching knickers and stockings for Susan.

“Eight more pairs,” said the assistant as she dropped the packets in the basket.

“Perfect,” said Natalia.

We were about to turn away when the assistant started to chuckle to herself. I’m not sure if she wanted to call our bluff or perhaps she was titillated by the thoughts in her head, but she

took my elbow and stopped me.

"You'll have to bring him in," she said.

"If you like," I said. "Perhaps in a week?"

A flush was in her face and I could see that she was thrilled by the idea.

"Of course, you can't try on the stockings," she said defensively. "But, have you seen our wedding outfitters on the fourth floor?"

"Good idea," I said. "Off the hook or made to measure?"

"We do both," said the assistant. "All the way to size eighteen..."

"Of course, you will have to help us," said Natalia with a smile.

"I can arrange it if you tell me when you are coming."

"I'll call and book it," I said. "Monique and Natalia are the names."

The assistant's lips were pouted, she blushed, and she was clearly discomfited at her shocking fascination with the two women who were shopping for a man in her department.

"Perhaps, just before closing at seven," said the assistant. "More privacy!"

"Oh, there's no need to worry about that," said Natalia. "We'll call..."

The assistant was *almost* at a loss as to what to say.

"I'm Carol, one of the supervisors here, just make sure that you ask to be put through to me."

“Thanks,” I said.

“I’ll look forward to it...” she answered with a shy grin.

Twenty-Two

Poor little sissy!

Just a day before he had promised to be a good boy, now I was intent on finishing what I had started. Breaking him to the leash and pushing him further down the road that I had decided on for him. I had a bag in my lap with all of the dross that Natalia and I had bought for him as well as a couple of my loosest summer dresses and other things to make do for the moment. Natalia drove and I contemplated the next stage.

Planned the scene in my head while she sat in silence.

Natalia begged to come with me to join the fun and I had to persuade her that it might just be too much.

"I promise that I won't say a word, dear. I just want to see how you do it to him," she said. "Call it professional curiosity!"

"No can do, darling," I answered. "Perhaps when he is dressed you can come in at the end to pick me up?"

There was a hint of slyness in her voice as she replied.

"OK," she said. "How about at seven? I'll call by and be ever so impressed."

"I can read you like a book, Natalia," I replied. "Don't come before seven, though... He'll be ready by then."

"Not even a little early?"

"Not before seven, darling! I need to get him all broken down and ready before anyone else can see him. If you suddenly turn up, it will break the scene and possibly cause a problem."

"I promise!"

"Well, make sure that you don't ruin it," I said with a sigh. "Even right at the end it could upset the apple cart."

The car pulled up and I slid out, and I bent to the opening and said, "Seven?"

"No earlier," she replied, trying to reassure me.

I hefted the bag in my hand and took a deep breath before opening the door and stepping into the house. Charlie was nowhere in sight, but then I had not warned him that I was coming around so early. I closed the door softly and peeped into the lounge. The curtains were closed and the room was in shade. I heard a noise in the kitchen, the clink of porcelain and a running tap. I crept through the room and saw Charlie stooping over the sink as he washed the dishes. Naked but for the tight knickers stretched on his ass, he was humming a little tune as he worked and I have to admit that I felt a thrill as I watched him silently.

This was such a perfect start!

"Finish what you are doing and then come into the lounge," I said in a loud voice. "No hurry!"

He started and almost dropped the plate in his hand.

"Moni... I mean Miss! I wasn't expecting you."

"Just finish washing and tidying up, boy. I need a minute or two," I answered.

Lounge or bedroom? That was the question. I looked around and decided that what I had in mind was better done in the

bedroom. I turned back to the kitchen door and told him.

"I'll be waiting upstairs for you," I said.

He did not turn to face and I realised that he was embarrassed and probably his little sissy clit was all swollen and stiff. Just the thought that he would have to present himself to me was enough to excite the little slut.

"Just five minutes," he said.

My plan was really quite simple, a trade off. The chastity restraint for the clothes. What would seem a little give-and-take to my newly born sissy was just another trap. Charlie *would* wear the steel on his little cock again, that was for sure. The padlock would click closed and he would be taught how to come inside his cage.

That was to come, for the moment it was all about persuasion...

In the bedroom I arranged the scene. I could feel the butterflies that always assail me when I play this game. Will it go well? Will the humiliated man fight it? What persuasion will be needed?

Have I overstepped the mark?

You see, that's the problem!

A step backwards is dangerous.

It shows that there might be a way out and that can never be tolerated! Each step has to be a small concession until at last the total effect is in place. Then I can start with the other training that consolidates and use a little more punishment to pull the sissy in line. Just two more steps to make, the feminisation needed to be completed and then off to my apartment to make dependence complete.

By the time that my new little sissy arrived at the bedroom door, I had everything in place. A full set of clothes unpacked and laid out on the bed and all the rest packed away the chest of drawers. He stood there with his hands covering himself and saw me sitting on the bed waiting for him with legs crossed and a cigarette in my hand. I caught his eyes, broke the contact and then looked around the room as if inspecting it.

First the bullying... then an escape would be offered.
"I have rented out the house," I said.

"Rented it?"

I turned back to him and smiled.

"Of course, boy! Did you think that I can afford to leave it empty when you come to stay with me?"

"But... Miss, I live here..."

"Not for much longer," I said with a small chuckle. "Anyway, I have already arranged it all, so that's that."

"And Susan?"

"She is already staying with me," I said. "There's loads of space and you can have a room of your own."

He stepped into the room with his hands still over his crotch. I looked at my watch and then back to my bitch. Already it was five... I had just two hours before Natalia would pick me up.

"When?"

The word was said with an almost plaintive cry and Charlie stopped out of reach, his shoulders hunched and tears in his eyes.

"The day after tomorrow," I said. "It's all settled and signed, so all we need to arrange is the details. I'll pick you up at five in the afternoon tomorrow for a little shopping and then we'll go around to my place and have that discussion with your wife."

He was shaking in fear now and I tried to sooth him a little. It could not be allowed to become a crisis. It had to become a downhill run.

"Don't worry, I have already done all of the work," I continued. "Susan is ready to see you as long as you are properly apologetic, I have prepared a room for you and when we go shopping, we'll get some clothes for you..."

Clearly, Charlie was at the point of rebellion. His hands no longer had a problem covering himself as the erection had faded and the set of his shoulders proclaimed his opposition.

"Please, I don't want to stay at your place, Miss," he whined.

Argument or persuasion? Coercion or flattery? I decided that he needed to be soothed and brought into line. I uncrossed my legs and parted my knees a little and then beckoned him close. Reluctantly he stepped to my parted knees, but I could still see that he was at the point of argument.

"Don't be so selfish, dear," I said. "Your wants are not important, you have to learn that my desires always come first. Mummy will decide everything for you..."

I lifted my leg and beckoned him closer. Pulling the hem up on my leg to expose the stocking, sliding the knee between his thighs. Almost in contact, but it was important that Charlie was the one to make the move.

"Let's not discuss all of this now, we can debate it all when you

have moved in," I said, allowing my tone to soften. "Now, I want to see my sexy boy show me what he's got..."

Charlie opened his lips and was about to speak, but he shuffled a few inches closer and I raised my knee to press upwards.

"Hand's down, boy, time for your reward for being a good boy..."

His hands lifted, dropped and then slowly slid to the side. Through the red lace of the knickers I could see the limp cock and the gathered balls bunched in the knickers and I reached out to hook a finger into the waist of the knickers.

I pulled a little and he stepped closer.

"I can see that you want your reward," I whispered. "Show me..."

I tugged sideways at the knickers and they slipped down a little and his pathetic cock and balls slipped from the side by his thigh. At the same time my stockinged knee moved up a little and pressed. Now at last that little cocklet was getting harder and the touch of my thumbnail helped it on its way.

"What a sexy little bitch you are," I said.

"Miss?"

"That's right, on the nylon..."

I let go of the knickers and they snapped back to his waist. My hand dropped slowly and I walked my fingers the length of him as he swelled against my leg. The tiny ring got a tease, the balls pressed, and I smiled up at him slyly.

"Are you going to come for me?"

I smiled and licked my lips.

"Come for Mummy?" I said.

A small nod and I could see that he was entranced by the game. Staring as my hand stroked him hard against the roughness of the nylon. The tip of his cock swelling under my palm before I pressed a finger on it to hold it in place.

"Off we go," I said. "I can feel you all hard and ready for my playtime."

His hips moved forward and back. I steadied him against me and raised my leg a little to increase the pressure. It was time to begin the regression that was the fulcrum of the training. Pushing him to become a sexual child whilst I was the controlling adult.

"Good boy, Mummy loves her boy's stiffy hard on her knee, rubbing against her stockings. I think she would to see some like some cummies," I whispered. "Ooh, look at the little cocklet..."

A drop of clear pre-cum forced its way out and wet the nylons. This was the birth of my sissy Charlene. I was the midwife helping her into the world, coaxing and in control as conception, gestation, parturition and delivery all passed in fleeting seconds.

"A darling little sissy-clit!" I murmured. "Does sissy want to come for me?"

His lips moved, his eyes locked on mine and I could feel his desperation to climax. I thought that I could make out the word that he exhaled again and again.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes..."

There was a gasp from above and I suddenly realised that Charlie was so close to coming with just the one rub, that there would be no stopping him. His mind had fallen into my grip and he had become oversensitive.

"Come for Mummy," I whispered. "Slime for me..."

He sighed and the first globs of come issued curdling the precum dew. A steady pulse of sticky white goo that was pushed from his cocklet with each slightest friction on the nylon.

"Ooh, that's good, can you feel it all being milked out of you?"

"Miss... Please Mummy," he gasped as the come continued to issue. "I love you!"

"Of course you do, baby. Mamma loves her baby too..."

Now, my leg was slick with the goop that ran and dripped from him. It slicked my stockings, wetted them and slid in a flow from the tip of him to the inside of my thigh.

"What a mess," I said. "So much for Mummy? You *have* been a good boy!"

It was quite clear that Charlie had obediently refrained from wanking himself, just the volume of come showed that! He was till now, looking down at the sticky mess before I caught his eye.

"I think that we are going to have to clean Mummy up before we get you dressed," I said.

It would have been so tempting to order my slut to lick every drop from my stockings, but this was not the moment to add the stress of a new accomplishment. That would come later, when it had become a crime to come on 'Mummy', the penance that would have to be paid for naughtiness.

Clearly the thought had occurred to Charlie and he was so relieved when I spoke.

"Knickers off and mop it all up," I ordered.

He was relieved, that was clear! Hastily, before I could change my mind, Charlie slipped off the scanty knickers and mopped at my thighs. I had to stop him as he grew a little naughty and his hand wandered upwards.

"That comes later, if you are a good little boy," I said with a laugh. "Mummy needs her pleasure too, but first we have to get you dressed."

All part of the method that I have worked on since Uni. There is *always* more in store if the victim is obedient. That it often never happens is all a matter of my mood and the stage that I have reached. But, with Natalia arriving, perhaps he needed a little more than I normally gave. He would be so humiliated.

I waved at the clothes on the bed.

"I got you these," I said. "Let's get you dressed and all pretty and then perhaps Mummy will allow you to..."

I opened my legs and Charlie saw my naked pussy. In the shadows of the skirt, the weeping slit that he longed to have. I put a hand over it and my finger slid between my lips and moved to arouse me.

"What are you waiting for?" I asked, "get dressed and be quick before you lose the chance!"

God, but it was so perfect!

Charlie was overwhelmed by the prospect of actually being

permitted to fuck the cunt that he so desperately wanted. He pulled on the stockings to find that they came to just over his knees. Thick silk with thin candy pink stripes, he straightened the tiny row of roses and then reached for the knickers. When he held them out he stopped and gave me a questioning look.

"The only ones I could get that I can open and close," I said.

I was getting so fucking hot.

Melting at my own touch and I allowed myself a climax, concealing it with a sigh as he pulled up the knickers and then reached for the dress. Thin silk slid in his hands as he opened it and then slipped it over his head. It fluttered down to just about cover the legs of the knickers, leaving a cute little gap between the roses at his hold-ups, a stripe of bare flesh that was soft and pink.

"You look so cute," I said and I leaned forward to button up the knickers. "Time to show Mummy how much you love her!"

Charlie needed no prompting. He dropped to his knees between my thighs. His shoulders touching the wetness on my stockings as he bowed. I parted my fingers to open myself he lurched forwards toward contact.

"Slowly, slowly," I breathed. "Mummy likes it soft and gentle... slow and special. Show Mummy how much you want to be hers to play with..."

My hand on his head steadied him, slowed him and allowed the very tip of his tongue to contact my swollen clitoris. I pushed him back a little and then lay back with a sigh. Staying in control was so important, my sissy needed to be restrained from burying himself in my slit.

This was my fuck and not his!

Charlie was a good boy! He managed to get himself under control and tease me with slow strokes while I guided him and used the hand that held me open to make the orgasm that was already lapping at my mind, slow and deep.

"Lick me deep," I breathed.

I pressed the heels of my stilettos on the floor, lifted my ass off the coverlet and opened my thighs wide to present to him. Explicit and like a dream, I dropped my ass and lifted my legs. Pulled my knees up and straightened my legs in a pose that left the sissy between my thighs with me unfolding like a bloom.

My hand slipped away from in front of his face as I bent double, curving my back, raising my ass to him as he struggled to follow the movement.

"Mmm, Mummy needs it from her little girly..." I whispered.

My knees touched down by my waist and I moved my arms to trap my legs. My ass and pussy wide and flowing, his face presented with a pornographic view that he had previously only dreamed of. I gasped at his slow long lapping and placed a hand on his head, while the other slipped to my pussy and stroked.

For a moment, resistance.

Then my little sissy did as he was expected to and discovered that my ass and his lips were in contact. A hesitant touch, a probe and I started to massage myself while he was held down to lick my ass.

I climaxed almost immediately, gasping and my thighs quivering as I pushed harder and he responded by closing his lips over my ass and massaging with that tongue of his.

"Oh, Mummy loves you, darling," I breathed as the next climax hit me. "Fuck her..."

I can climax again and again, if the circumstances are just so...

I felt the probe, testing and then his tongue pressed in deep and I almost thrashed with the effect that it had on me. I had to hold my legs from lashing down with my elbows in the shock of that final climax and pushed him from me as I became too sensitive to touch.

I lay a moment and then swung my trembling legs down to touch down on his knees. The spiked heels making him cry out as I sat up and leaned forward.

"Well done, sissy," I gushed. "You made Mummy come again and again... She likes that."

I took his head in my hands and pulled him to kiss my cheek, sliding my feet down to rest on the floor between his thighs.

"You look so cute and sexy," I said. "Now we need to get you ready, because Mummy has to leave at seven and she wants you to look perfect!"

Somehow, make-up is so much more intimate than clothing. No matter what frilly lace I deck my sissies in, it is always the makeup that is more difficult to persuade them into. I have a method, practiced over the years and it has never failed yet.

I reached into my bag and pulled out a lipstick. For some reason the lipstick is always the best starter! Easy to put on, a taste that all men are familiar with and running the stick over their lips is so gorgeously intimate. Charlie tried to move his head to the side, but my hand now gripped his chin as the other administered the colour to his lips. I raised a foot a little, trapping his balls against his body.

A threat?

No, more of a clear signal that this was expected of him.

He pursed, and I added the pink lipstick and touched between his lips as though it was a little cock before I returned to gloss his lips and then add foundation. Like a good boy, he was well shaved and smooth, so the foundation gave a velvety surface to dust a little pink colour on the cheeks and then start on his eyes.

As I worked, I smiled encouragingly with a few well-chosen words. Putting on my own make-up is easy for me, working on another is sort-of difficult. On the other hand, the first time it is not perfection that I am looking for. That will be the sissy's job. I just need to make the slut look like a slut before the final attack comes.

Long lashes. He blinked, and they swept over his face. Curved hard upwards, an inch long in small tufts, they add so much femininity. A dab of pink eye shadow and then comes the liner. Black and strong, sweeping lines that meet in a point far from the eyes, an enticing and sexy look that masks the masculine lines of the face.

A few final touches and my sissy was dressed and ready.

I stood him up in his low shoes and regarded the effect. For a rushed job, it was perfect, he looked so appealing and feminine, though there was no way that anyone would have thought him anything other than a man. It was then that I realised that I had forgotten to bring the pink curly wig that I had chosen for him! It left him incomplete, but the occasional lapse is to be expected.

"You sexy little minx," I said as I stood to admire the sissy who

was looking into the mirror on the wall.

"It's strange.... Miss," he muttered as he moved and blinked to make his lashes sweep coyly.

"You'll get used to it," I chuckled.

It had taken over an hour to get the clothes and make-up on. Soon Natalia would be knocking at the door.

"Let's pop down and get you used to it," I said.

"Do I have to, I mean all the time?"

"Yes, of course you do for the moment," I said. "It's very important for Susan, so *she* decides. We want to tempt her to want you again! Make sure that you practice walking and with the make-up," I added. "Just for a few days and then we'll see."

Charlie hung his head and I took his hands in mine.

"It's a real turn-on," I laughed. "You make such a good girly that we really need to change your name..."

He looked in my eyes and I decided to allow a little time.

"I have an idea, but it can wait. That's to be decided," I said. "Come down with me and we can have a little chat..."

In the darkened lounge, my little sissy was far more convincing. Flat chested and awkward, but definitely a saucy little maid. I posed her in a chair and sat opposite.

"We need to discuss what happens tomorrow," I said. "You need to decide how you are going to apologise to your wife. Then you need to pack a few bags for the move. I will be here in the afternoon to pick you up. Make sure that you have

everything..."

"Do I *have* to move in, Miss?"

I nodded.

"A week ago you were desperate to, that's when I arranged the tenancy. I thought you wanted to?"

"I've changed my mind!"

"My dear," I said, "You will be ready at five. Bags packed and dressed."

I had mentioned the shopping earlier, but my dazed sissy had forgotten.

"Then we will discuss it all with Susan and I will put you in the bedroom that I have ready for you. *That's* what's happening, so make sure that you are ready!"

He was about to speak, but the chime of the doorbell rang and Charlie almost jumped out of his skin.

"That's just Natalia," I said. "Now then, be a good boy and open the door!"

He was standing before he even realised it! He stood for a moment and then stared at me and a red flush filled his face down to his chest.

"Oh God," he wailed, "not dressed like this!"

"Open the door and let her in, sissy," I said in a stern voice. "You need to learn how to behave..."

I stood. This was an important lesson in humiliation and needed

my guidance.

"I'll come with you."

He hesitated as I took a step and then hung his head and went from the lounge. I placed a hand on his shoulder and the bell rang again. More insistently this time. Charlie reached out and gasped a breath before opening the door.

I have to admit that Natalia passed all my expectations. Did me proud! She smiled and kissed Charlie on the cheek lightly and then spoke to me as though there was nothing out of place.

"So, this is Charlene that you told me all about," she said breezily. "What a cute girl, now then, we have to go..."

"We have decided that he's moving in with me," I said over his hung head. "Charlene is such a perfect name, don't you think?"

"Fits like a glove, dear," said Natalia. "Ooh, she will be perfect! I just love the lashes..."

Charlie's eyes were filling with tears as I brushed past him and patted his arm.

"Be ready by three," I said to my sissy. "Don't worry, it will all be over in a day or two..."

"Yes Miss," he mumbled.

"Be a good girl and don't play with your sissy-clitty. Mummy and I will be angry if you do..." said Natalia.

"I promise," gasped Charlene through her sobs of humiliation. "I will be good..."

“Of course you will, dearie,” I said with a small smile. “Mummy and her friends always know when you have been naughty; Mummy would hate to have to lock the restraint on her sissy again!”

I kissed his cheek and brushed my hand over the silk momentarily to reinforce my control. As we left, Charlie was sobbing on the doorstep, forgetting that he could be seen from the street. He watched as I slid into the car and waved a cheery goodbye.

Then the door closed, and I kissed Natalia on the lips and breathed a sigh of relief.

“I love the first time, that moment when ‘he’ becomes a ‘she’,” I said. “Charlie just surrendered and became Charlene like I knew that she would.”

“But, you left the restraint off?” answered Natalia. “Are you sure that that’s wise?”

I started to laugh.

“I trade the restraint for the clothes, then when it has all settled down, on will go the restraint again as some sort of punishment. Poor little Charlene... thinks that she’s moving forwards when every step is really backwards.”

“I prefer to use a little blackmail,” laughed Natalia as we climbed into her car. “Or a thorough caning, of course...”

That’s the difference between us.

In a nutshell.

Natalia so enjoys the moments when her prey realises that there are no options, but the single one that she commands. Myself, I

love offering two paths each time and orgasm when they choose the one that I desire all on their own. Poor little Charlene, twisted and abused, broken and exploited, degraded and humiliated and, each time having picked her own path through the maze that I created.

It's all a matter of using the keys that fit the lock. Opening each door in the correct order and then holding hands as each tenet of normality is swept aside, each moral barrier is broken and at last there are no limits to obedience.

You there!

I have not forgotten you!

Reading my words, absorbing the lessons!

Discovering obedience.

Desperate!

With your tissue in one hand and your stiff little cock in the other. I know who you are! What you are, how your mind laps up my words...

I decide what happens next, that is the rule of the game!

I think that it's time for you to reward yourself, show me that you can obey... I think that you can be allowed a little relief, a slow stroke of that clitty of yours. An unhurried milking as you realise that I am pleased with your restraint. Just one hand, just slow teases and then as soon as you can feel that surge deep inside...

Take the touch from your hardness.

Watch it pulse and spurt for me.

Like the sissy that you are!

Twenty-Three

I could feel the tension, tomorrow would be the day!

Natalia was silent as she drove me home and I could find nothing to say to start a conversation. It had all gone so well, and I was so close that I could touch it, but there was so much still to do. The next day would be critical, moulding my victim into a new mind-set with a little shopping and then would come the final confrontation that had to be done.

Husband and wife brought together under my control.

"It went well," I said at last, just a few minutes from our destination.

"So, I see," laughed Natalia. "Just relax, you are over the difficult bits, from what I saw!"

"I'm not sure if we should really visit that shop tomorrow," I said. "It could be too much for Charlene!"

"Nonsense!" replied Natalia. "It will do her good to be humiliated in front of other women. The more the better! I called up Carol in the department store and she said that she has organised it all for us. We will have the place to ourselves and there will be only one or two others there."

"Well, we'll have to see how it goes! At any rate, by the time that we get to my place afterwards, he will be fully softened up!"

"Stop calling your sissy 'he'," said Natalia. "Bring in the name tomorrow and force the shift to sissy. Sometimes, I think that you are just a little too cautious! Push forwards... always harder!"

"In good time, Natalia!"

"Do you want me there tomorrow?"

"At the shop, yes."

"But not when you bring her home?"

"We'll see," was all I could say as we pulled up at the side of the road. "I have to think about how it will work..."

"As I said, you are *far* too careful! Just relax, it will be such fun. I love the way that you are so full of self-doubt, yet look at the cute little sissy you created. Just take it easy and enjoy the trip, it will be fine."

"I hope so," I answered as I got out of the car.

I opened the door to my apartment with a sigh. A pair of red stilettos shoes lay discarded on the floor and I could hear the television on in the lounge. Through the open door, I could see the back of Susan's head as she sat on the sofa, some soap playing out its drama on the screen with her full attention.

Something was wrong!

The scene was incongruous.

Susan had not noticed me entering over the noise of the television and I walked slowly up behind the sofa and looked down. She half-lay on the sofa with her feet on the arm rests, a loose T shirt of mine pulled over her and a cup of coffee in her hand. Littered on the floor between her and the TV were stockings and the crumpled heap of the dress that she *should* have been wearing.

After all of the afternoon spent carefully grooming her husband,

the bitch had shed her guise as my dolly and calmly made herself at home! All I could feel was an emotion of annoyance. Mostly at myself! I had not been paying attention, not been there to set the routines that were so important for her transformation and now she actually thought that she had free run of my apartment.

There was no time for strategy or planning. I had to regain control of the slut! I resisted the impulse to grab her hair and pull her from the sofa and simply put my hand on the top of her head.

"What the fuck!" she cried in shock as I leaned over her and whispered in her ear.

"What do you think that you are doing?" I hissed.

Her head pulled from my hand and she looked up. For a moment there was a look of fright on her pretty face and then a smile.

"Having a day off," she said in a determined tone of voice. "I can't spend all of my time playacting!"

My hands almost grabbed her hair, but I restrained myself.

"The place is a mess," I said. "Get dressed properly, slut, and clear up the mess..."

There was a slight pause before she replied.

"Are you serious?" she asked and pulled from me to stand on the other side of the sofa.

"If you stay here, it's under my rules..."

"Then I'll go..."

I had a sudden vision of what was about to happen. I would chase her around and around the sofa and we would be like two silly children. She would have no problem evading me, laughing and giggling, wiping out all of the work that I had done to bind her to me in a few inane moments. I decided to be the adult...

"Then go..."

I pointed at the door and then moved to seat myself on an armchair. Now it was clear that I had made a critical mistake. What I had taken as obedience was her merely *playing* the role that I had chosen for her. Susan had not faked it, she had not been fully overwhelmed, but had simply assumed that this was all some huge game!

"Are you serious?" she asked again. "Where would I go?"

In my heels, I would never have caught her. Seated on the chair I reeled her in with argument.

"Wherever you want," I smiled. "It's a big world out there."

Now she stood with that vast T-shirt hanging like a dress and held her hands before her. Suddenly she looked like a child standing before her guardian.

"You know that I can't just walk out," she said slowly. "So?"

This was a new experience for me. Never had one of my trainees jumped out of their conditioning so unexpectedly and completely. The question for me was, how to regain control of her.

"So, we play my little games by the rules that I choose," I said.

I lifted a hand and crooked a finger to her and she stepped up close to me.

"Do you know *what* I am?" I asked with a smile.

"The woman that fucked my husband," she replied with a small smile. "I know that you took those pictures, so I also know who plastered them on the pages of all of my friends and family. I know, because I can feel it!"

I nodded and started to laugh.

"That's *who* I am! That doesn't really answer my question, Dolly. Do you know *what* I am?"

"An abusive bitch?"

I laughed again, my little Dolly was so very intelligent...

"That's right, I am an abusive bitch..." I was starting to enjoy the little exchange and sat back in the chair, crossing my ankles and keeping eye contact as I explained. "I suppose that most people who do not know me would say that I am a sadist, and they would be right!"

"I have seen the cells..." said Dolly. "I found the keys and opened the doors. The padded one, the bare cell and the horrible children's room that is so twisted."

"So, why are you still here? Why didn't you just run away and call the police?"

Susan fidgeted with her hands and looked down at her bare feet as she formulated her reply. Clearly, she was in a state of mental struggle and in the end, she shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know, really I don't. I so wanted to, but I just couldn't!"

"Come with me."

I stood from the armchair and she retreated just out of reach, but I made no movement to capture her, but held out my hand, palm upwards.

"The keys please?"

"I put them back," she said and made another step backwards. "In the box where I found them."

I shrugged and turned to the small cigarette box on a chest of drawers and slid out the small compartment where I kept the keys.

"I want to show you properly," I said. "Then you can decide... Stay or go! But if you stay..."

I got that song in my head:

*'If I go, there will be trouble
And if I stay it will be double
So, come on and let me know...'*

...and almost began to hum it as I led her.

I walked from the lounge without checking if she was following me. When I got to the first door, I moved the electronic key-fob over the sensor and the door opened with a click.

"This room is for those that need constant attention," I said in a matter of fact way. "The occupiers of this room can expect me to arrive and use them at my whim! So useful for severing all connection to reality and breaking their minds to become whatever I choose for them..."

I stepped into the room, onto the thick padded covering of the

floor that was like a child's playmat. The walls were uniformly covered the same and a single plush armchair sat in the corner as the only feature. I moved to sit in it and closed my hands behind my head.

"Perfect for me to indulge myself," I said.

She stood in the door, not daring to venture into the room. She was at the point of running and I smiled reassuringly before I told her more.

"This is where the nightmares really begin," I said. "This is where they end as well..." I stood and looked around the room and then turned back to her. "What do you think happens when they leave?"

"I don't know," she said, and she took a step back further into the corridor behind her.

"Well, I'll tell you later," I said. "First we need to see the other places where I play my immoral little games."

Susan made room for me as I left the room and closed the door. I could have grabbed her with a good chance of success, but I held myself back and pointed at the next two doors.

"That is just the punishment room, all fetters and chains to make sure that my victims cannot move an inch as they are disciplined and trained for use," I said as I led her to the third door. "Occasionally, I like to make a slave understand that every breath that they draw is mine to decide..."

I passed the door without opening it and stood by the door of the crèche.

"You looked in here?"

She nodded silently.

I knew that she had.

I opened the door and stepped inside. The room had been prepared for Charlie's arrival. The barred lid of the cot open, the perverse mobile turning slowly, and the delicate pinks and childish décor did not hide the threat of the small space. I moved to stand looking through the thick bars that were almost hidden by the lace hangings and looked out and down onto the street below.

"So, what is this room for?" I asked. "One for abuse, one for correction and captivity, this one is for...?"

She shivered, and I moved to stand by the tiny armchair that occupied the small space between the head of the cot and the window. I reached down and lifted the seat of the chair to reveal a smooth ringed seat, through which she could see the dark interior of a box.

"Please, really, I don't know." she said.

Her fear pinned her to the spot, her terrified curiosity got the better of her.

"Well then, why don't you come inside and I will explain!"

She took a step but stopped at the entrance and looked around the room in revulsion. Everywhere there were the things that could be expected in a small child's bedroom. The few bits of furniture decked with lace, cartoon animal pictures on the wall and bright wallpaper and lace.

"Come in, dear, I won't bite!"

Susan took another step until her bare feet were on the thick carpet.

"This is the place that I have prepared for my next guest," I said with a smile.

"Can you guess who it is?"

"Charlie?" she murmured. "Is it for him?"

"That's right, dear! Now why would I be putting him in here?"

She looked around the room for clues and moved to look at one of the pictures. At first glance, two pink ponies gambolling over a rainbow. A second look revealed the unnatural and sexual content. She seemed fascinated and then moved to stare up at the mobile where the little animals cavorted in voluptuous embrace.

"This place is so appalling," she said as she moved to the cot and in easy reach. "Frightening... and arousing!"

I did not move but allowed her to heft the rings and chains that would keep my little puppet in twisted torment. The pink rubber sheets and the tubes that snaked loosely in suggestive menace. She turned to the small cupboard next to the cot and opened it to reveal a neat row of plugs, dildos and other objects that would be close at hand. The dials and taps that controlled the tubes that would soon have her husband in thrall.

"It's all part of the training," I said matter-of-factly. "The tools of my trade."

"Is this what you have planned for Charlie?"

Her voice was now trembling and breathless. She was standing in my shadow, in easy reach, looking down into the hole of the seat with horror.

"Charlene actually, dear! Of course this is where Charlene will learn how to be a perfectly cute sissy, dear. You wanted payback, and this is where it will happen..."

She looked up at me and said, "This is not a game at all, is it? Why are you showing me all of this?"

"Why don't you run?" I answered. "When you saw all of this, why did you stay?"

"I had to know," she muttered. "I figured it all out, but I just had to know what was going to happen..."

I reached out.

She flinched, but I just put a finger under her chin and lifted her eyes to mine.

"So," I said. "What happens next?"

Susan looked into my eyes and I could see that they were filling with tears. One broke and ran down her cheek and dripped, another ran its way to her lips.

"I don't understand. Where are all of the others? This was not all done just for Charlie and me... I mean Charlene!"

I took my finger from under her chin and moved slowly to slip a cane from the bin to the rear of the small armchair. I took an end in each hand and bent it slightly and then flipped down the open seat and sat on the chair with the cane on my knees.

"What others, Dolly?"

"The others, that were here..."

I shrugged.

"All gone to their new owners, my dear. You see, I am *not* a collector, I am the enabler who allows the wealthy to indulge themselves... I find and prepare them, train them for sale and then begin again with fresh prey," I said in a patient tone. "That's why you're here!"

My words seemed to awake her from a dream and she stepped back.

"Charlie and me, you arranged *this* all for us?"

"I spent months deciding which couple would suit the needs of my latest clients, Dolly. Then I seduced that pathetic husband of yours and brought you here. You will make a perfect pair of puppets to play with, I am just the bitch that makes my client's dreams come true!"

She was so close to running, but something still held her back from flight. A deeper need that she could not overcome. A deeper apprehension and need. I held up the keys with the fob from the crèche between finger and thumb and squeezed. The door to the room swung closed and locked with a click and Dolly backed up against it in terror.

I just sat in the chair and smiled wickedly.

"It's what you really want, slut!" I said. "You had your chance..."

"Oh God, let me out of here, please..."

Her voice trailed off to a sigh and she took a defensive stance as if I was about to jump up at her and grab her.

"I'm afraid that that's just not possible! Anyway, this is what you want. How can I let you go when we have come so far together? You have a part to play and I would not dream of

letting you upset all of my plans."

She turned, and her hands sought a handle that wasn't there. By the time that she turned to face me, I was standing. My hand dropped, and I slowly lifted the seat of the chair to reveal the dark space below.

"You see, Dolly," I said. "There is a lesson to learn here for both of us! I have to learn to keep better control of the sluts that I train and you need to understand that you should have fled while you had the chance. Now that we have both learned something, it is time for you to know that my clients have ordered a matched pair of slaves. Such a lovely couple, two mature women who idle away their time playing such intimate and perverted games."

I shrugged my shoulders and continued.

"So, where was I? Oh yes... One of you will be a pretty little slut who is kept in tight bondage and squeals with delight as she is punished and tormented. The other will be a plaything for madame who delights in such intimate service and needs to be kept warm at night. They make such a perfect couple and are so very demanding of their property. But... I have a bit of a problem... can you guess what it is?"

Dolly did not answer, she just put her back to the closed door and slid down it as her knees gave way. The T-shirt rode up to her waist and she looked so delightfully helpless and sexy as I took a step to loom over her. It was enough, and I chuckled as she started to sob piteously.

"Which of you both will be *which* and they left it for me to decide! That's the problem for me," I continued. "So, I think that I'm going to do something that I have never done before, Dolly. I am going to allow you, my victim, to choose your very own fate!"

She shuddered and watched as I bent down and opened the small trap-door between the legs of the arm chair. Revealed was the space that was now opened under the seat.

"Hers and hers! Such a cute idea of theirs," I said. "It would be quite unfair of me to have you make an important choice like this without knowing what will be expected from you. Tonight, you are going to learn what it is to be a fuck-toy for an owner that believes that a slave should be utterly helpless. Then you can tell me what your choice is," I added, and then switched to a kindly tone, "I think that that's so very fair, don't you?"

Dolly was huddled on the floor in a sobbing tangle of limbs. The T-shirt around her waist revealing her delicious ass. The time had come to teach her that this was no game.

"Stand up and strip, Dolly," I ordered.

Her limbs were so slack and out of control that she could not get further than her knees. She bent to the floor and stretched out her hands towards me, imploring me. Her voice babbled dislocated sentences in a stream and I took two steps to stand over her. It was important that she surrendered without me needing to use any force to make her comply, so I stood and allowed the fit to pass.

Dolly's tear-filled face looked up at me and I felt that surge of dominance that is such a mind-blowing emotion. The petite slut begging at my feet, the cane bending in my hands, her wails and pleas music to my ears. These are the moments that make all of the anxiety and work so very rewarding.

That and the moment when the new owner takes possession! I waited for her to exhaust herself at my feet and in the end the sobs failed her to become a rasping drawing of breath before I

repeated the order again.

“Strip,” I said in a hard tone. “Unless you want me to forget myself and teach you a lesson in obedience that you will never forget!”

She stood trembling and slowly pulled up the T-shirt that covered her beautiful breasts. The slim waist, the curve of her hips, the adorable little slit of her cunt and the rounded cheeks of her ass. By tomorrow, she would have to be broken and ready to take on the role that I had decided for her. That of a Dolly that would keep her new owner at a peak of climax every night and serve as the maid during the day. Dolly would make the perfect pleasure toy and really had no choice about it, despite my words. Her husband would be feminised beyond recognition. Reduced to a cute little baby in tight bondage for a mistress that believed in constant chastity and menial tasks for her property.

Those were the chosen roles and nothing that Dolly could do would change that. But, she was a clever little slut and it would be so much easier if she *believed* that she had chosen her role!

“One as a maid and pleasure toy,” I said. “Just like the last few weeks. The other as an infantile gurl. That is the choice...”

I touched her with the tip of the cane and ran it down from shoulders to breasts and then to the cleft between her thighs.

“Open wide, Dolly.”

For a moment I thought that she was going to start to implore me to have mercy again but, her quivering thighs opened and I flicked the tip of the cane up between her legs. Dolly cried out and started to sob again and I was forced to take her hair in my hand and pull her face upwards to face me.

"Babe or maid! You can make the choice whenever you like, Dolly," I said. "But, when you do, it can never be taken back!"

I let her hair slip from my hand and turned to the small cupboard by the cot and opened it to reveal the toys within. My tone switched to a lecturing tone.

"A baby is always reduced to a helpless state," I said as I picked up a medium sized plug and held it for her to see. "Every hole filled so full and she always in unyielding bondage. A cute little uniform that pulls the arms up high and of course a naked ass for the cane that urges her to slave for her mistress..."

I stood the chosen plug on the bars of the cot and found the collar that I was looking for. I tossed it to her and told her to put it on.

"Nice and tight bitch, and then on go the cuffs... Make sure that the rings are at the back."

From the corner of my eye, I saw her fitting the collar and I found the cuffs and held them on a finger. Now at last, I was going to ready her for the fright of her life. Make sure that she would fall the way that I wanted and consign her husband to a terrible fate. Her choice, her betrayal.

The cuffs snapped on her slender wrists and I pulled her arms up her back and clicked the rings on the collar into place. She squealed and I pulled harder and then spun her around to face me.

"I think that we'll start with the truly intimate duties," I said with a chuckle.

Now she was easy to manipulate.

I walked her two steps to the centre of the room, turned her to

face the door and then forced her to her knees. The sobbing and pleas returned, and I slapped her sharply on the cheek.

"Silence! A girly baby always suffers in silence."

I took her hair in my hand and then pulled. She fell to the soft carpet with a thump her head just inches from the legs of the armchair while I moved to stand over her, looking down.

"A menial is always ready to serve," I said, touching a breast with the tip of the cane. "Normally, you will be properly fettered, not naked, but this will do..."

A small kick on her thigh and she wriggled on the floor towards the window an inch or three. Suddenly the front of the armchair was in her sight and she realised where she was going. She cried out, screamed actually, and I looked down and smiled.

"Into the service chair, Dolly, in you go!"

I bent down and she thrashed, but her arms trapped under her body and the kicking feet could not stop her progress as I slid her head slowly into the box. I closed the trapdoor and secured the collar before looking down into the hole and blowing her a sweet little kiss. Then I moved out of sight and tied her ankles together.

I unzipped my skirt and ran my fingers over my thighs.

Part of me hoped that she would not break as I expected, the other half was in ecstasy as I moved back into her sight. She was looking up at my bare pussy looming over her face, her eyes opened wide in fear as I slowly turned and bent to reveal my ass to her sight.

Perhaps now she would make her choice, but there was no sound but sobbing from the hole as I slowly sat and closed off

the light. I opened my thighs a little to enjoy the sight of her below and watched as he turned her head to avoid me as I slowly placed my weight on the seat and felt myself open and settle.

"Kiss my ass," I said as I fingered the button concealed in the armrest of the chair.

I almost had a giggle in my voice as I watched her try to avoid me. Just an inch above her head, I knew that my ass was spread wide and that my gaping pussy was dripping a sweet dew over her. She did not respond and I used the cane to enforce my command.

Just a slight strike across her belly and hips was enough. Then I touched the button. There was a sigh of air, and Dolly's head was slowly rising, pressing her upwards towards the globes of flesh that demanded her attention.

I felt the lips on my ass. A brief peck, a mere touch that Dolly hoped would be enough.

"I said, kiss my ass, bitch, not just touch the cheeks..."

Another very light cut from the cane caused her face to press between the cheeks of my ass and I felt the delightful touch deep in my crevice. The floor of the box in which her head was trapped lifted further and I felt her face becoming trapped in the valley of my ass.

"Don't stop, slut, tempt me and tease me to want you!"

I allowed her to continue for a little while, while I enjoyed the intimacy with a long sigh. So far, my Dolly was just doing what we had already done before. Now it would become more intense.

"Now my cunt," I said.

I moved a little back on the seat and opened my thighs to watch her eyes staring at mine as her lips clamped around the lips of my pussy. Once again, nothing new here, but the touches and tickles were making me hot and I slipped a hand down to hold myself open wide. Long licks, suction and kissing, a tongue that teased my clitoris and my own fingers flexing to add to the enjoyment.

"Now, I want those lips open wide, bitch! A menial is *always* delighted when mistress relieves herself and she is allowed to drink every drop..."

Suddenly the eyes that stared up at me opened and her lips pulled back from the seal that she had created on my pussy. Her greatest fear had become reality and she turned her head to the side.

I touched a nipple with the tip of the cane in threat.

"Drink," I ordered. "Drink or I will thrash you until you scream!"

Her face turned back to face up and her lips moved. Not to open and seal once more to my streaming pussy, but in words that could not be heard. Tears rolled down her cheeks and she closed her eyes as she finally found her voice. A cracked sound, almost an involuntary wail from her lips.

"Please forgive me Charlie," she wailed. "Please, please, I'm so sorry..."

"Open wide, bitch, I need to piss," I ordered to pull the words from her.

"*Please*, Mistress, let me be a maid, oh God, make that slut Charlene a baby for you, please, please... I beg you, I want to be a maid..."

I looked down and smiled. It had been so easy to bend her to my will and get her to betray that sissy husband of hers.

"Make me come," I ordered, "nice and slow, to show me that you mean it... perhaps it *will* be Charlene after all!"

I felt the wetness of her tears meet my dripping cunt. The lips that teased and tormented, the tongue that worked it's magic and I orgasmed knowing that Dolly was all mine.

Twenty-Four

The vast shop was almost empty as the three of us walked in through the front doors. An announcement spoke over the loudspeakers warning all shoppers to head to the cashiers as they were closing in five. Carol had promised to meet us and she stood with her back to us as we made our way.

I have to admit that my little Charlene was doing so well! In his low shoes, his little summer dress and short stockings he was quite a sight, but he was so close to being a little gurl that almost no one stared at the three of us as we made our way. Natalia in her furs, me in my business suit and heels, our adolescent girly blushing, but managing to stay put as we held his hands and led him to the public humiliation that I had planned for him.

Carol turned, and her mouth opened in surprise.

I think that she had thought that we would never turn up. That the two women who had bought that dessous for a man were living a fantasy. Her hand went to cover her mouth and then she started to giggle, her face going red while the heavily made-up older woman behind the perfume counter just stood with an open mouth.

"This is Charlene," said Natalia with a smirk. "Say hello to Carol who will be looking after us this evening..."

Charlene sort of made a small bow. Perhaps it was supposed to be a curtsy, but it failed on all levels.

"I thought that you weren't going to show," said Carol as she tried to stop laughing. "Er, Jesus, it's true, it really is! I think that we'd better get up to the fifth floor..."

"How long do we have?" I asked as she led us to the escalator.

"An hour, perhaps," said Carol as she looked down.

Once again, she started to laugh and then managed to control it and turned as we reached the top.

"This way please... Madelaine will just love this..."

As we ascended, floor by floor, we got some strange looks from the last customers and staff in the shop. Carol winked at a few and I could see that she was starting to enjoy the whole exercise. It had taken a lot of persuasion and threats to get my sissy into the taxi that took us to the door of the department store. Now, once we were on our way, it seemed that he was felt protected by the two women that held his hands and followed like the good little gurl that he was.

At last...

We emerged on the top floor amongst a mass of wedding paraphernalia displayed in glass cabinets and Carol led us through all of the racks to a small open area that had a mock altar standing under an arch of fresh flowers where the brides and bridesmaids could pose and see themselves in the tall mirrors all around.

"Er, what were you looking for," asked Carol of Charlene.

"Don't ask the sissy," said Natalia. "We will decide!"

"Something nice and frilly, feminine and sweet," I said.

Charlene looked around. He was actually cringing, and I had to tell him to stand straight.

"Well, then," said Carol. "I'll get Maddie to help us and then we

can show you the ranges... She's the seamstress and will know what works and fits..."

She took a last look at Charlene as though she could not believe her eyes and then slipped away to return with an older woman who bustled up and scrutinised all three of us. It did not seem that she was shocked by the feminised Charlene, she took it all in her stride and looked her up and down.

"A size ten, maybe a twelve," she said at last. "No bust to speak of..."

"Fit to a DD," said Natalia. "It matches the rest..."

Maddie nodded and walked around my sissy twice and raised an eyebrow.

"There's not much in stock for a figure like this," she said. "Not off the racks, anyway, we'll need to think about foundation garments as well."

Carol watched the show with her hand over her open mouth. She could not take her eyes off the blushing sissy, taking in the stockings that we had bought and presumably imagining the bloomers underneath.

"Nice and feminine? Then we'll start with the 'Pretty In Pink' range. Carol! Stop staring at the pathetic little girl and pop down to lingerie for something to make her figure better! I'll get a couple of dresses and we can start. We'll be here all night if we don't get a move on!"

As Carol hurried off, Maddie turned to Natalia whom she clearly identified as the one in charge.

"Changing rooms are over there," she said as she pointed. "Get her stripped and ready, please!"

"No need," I said in order to assert myself. "We'll dress her here!"

"As you like," said Maddie and she headed to behind the scenes to make a selection.

"Good gurl," I said to Charlene. "Not a peep from you. I am not interested in your opinions, so not a word..."

Natalia moved to look at the display of shoes while I had Charlene take off the summer dress to leave him in just stockings and his panties. He looked at me pleadingly, but dared not defy me and I breathed a sigh of relief when Maddie returned with a few satin dresses over her arms. One in a lurid bright pink, another a baby blue and a pearly cream thing that was covered in sequins.

"These are the ones. I brought a selection," she said as she held one up to Charlene. "Twelve will be the better fit, I think. Now then, where's Carol?"

She appeared as if called. Boxes and garments in her hands and she piled them on the altar and sorted them out.

"What's all this?" asked Maddie as she watched.

"Corset, girdles and support stockings," announced Carol. "Let's see what fits?"

"No corsets," I said definitely. "She already has a vast selection at home!"

Carol shrugged.

"Never mind," she said. "I think that the girdle would be best. Of course, they're a bit old fashioned now, but they shape so well."

"I agree," said Maddie. "Off with those knickers and let's get one on him. Then we can see what suits best for madame!"

"Please!" said Charlene.

"Do as you're told," said Natalia. "Knickers off and let's see..."

I thought that I was going to have to pull them down, but Charlene finally got up the courage and unbuttoned them and allowed them to drop down her legs. Her little cock stood rigid and she covered it quickly with her hands while Maddie unpacked the girdle and held it up while she unhooked the back.

"Don't be shy girly," she said as she moved to wrap it around the waist of my sissy. "I've seen it all before..."

She brushed away his hands and made a small tutting sound and looked up to Natalia.

"Really? Naughty girl!"

"Hands up," said Natalia and Maddie pulled the girdle tight and started to close the hooks at the back.

"Perfect," she said as she pulled it down over the hips a little. "Looks better with the straps not all hanging around," she continued as she clipped them to the socking tops, pulling hard because they were so low. "It'll keep in place, nice and tight!"

She moved to the front and clipped the front suspenders in place. Standing behind Charlene, I drew a sharp breath as I watched the waist pulled in, the hips rounded and the buns of his ass forced out fetchingly.

"You really need to do something about this," she said as she regarded the erection. "We have some nice tight spandex

knickers in stock that would sort it out..."

"A good idea," I said. "But, Charlene needs to be nice and accessible at all times!"

"Oh, I see," said Maddie as she stood and gauged the effect. Then she turned to Natalia and winked. "I'll bet she's playing with herself all the time!"

I heard a stifled chuckle from Carol behind me and looked at Charlene.

"Tell the nice lady what happens to naughty boys who play with themselves," I said.

Charlene started to blush, but her stiffness just got more pronounced and I could see that she longed to hide herself again.

"If I am naughty, Mummy said that she will put the restraint back on!" Charlene mumbled under her breath.

"Restraint?" asked Carol in a breathless voice from behind me.

I reached into my bag and pulled out the metal tube and locks and passed it to Carol who stared at it with open-mouthed.

"It would have been better if she had been wearing that when she came here," said Maddie with a chuckle. "Never mind, now we can see which dress is best for her..."

Carol turned it in her hands and looked at the design.

"How does this even stay on?" she asked.

Natalia laughed and pointed to where the lock dangled from the rounded front of the steel restraint.

"This lock goes through this," she said. "Show the nice lady, Charlene!"

Charlene shifted on her feet and started to tremble. I could see a sobbing session coming on and put my hand under her chin.

"Charlene, be proud of what you are! Show the lady how it is fitted, like a good little girly!"

His hands lifted his cock and for a moment the small ring was in sight between tip and stalk. Carol stared and then passed the heavy steel object from hand to hand.

"Where do you get something like this?" she asked.

Maddie grunted and started to smile. A broad grin actually.

"There are loads of manufacturers," said Natalia. "Anyway, you can lock it onto the sissy's little balls and it will stay on! Monique just likes to be sure!"

Carol seemed reluctant to hand it back and I reached into my bag and passed her the pair of keys.

"Keep it, Carol," I said to her. "Charlene has loads of them for every occasion! Once this is on, then real control becomes so easy..."

Carol muttered embarrassed thanks and dropped the steel restraint onto the altar top.

The cream dress was first. I have to admit that it was the best of all three, but far too long. It went almost to the knee and as Maddie flounced the frills on the hem I pointed out that it covered the stocking tops. The next on was the pale azure dress. Short and a little too tight.

"We only have a ten in stock and the ordering time is four weeks," said Maddie as she decided not to do up the buttons at the back. "I had hoped that it would be cut a little more generously, but there you go."

Last of all was the pink dress. Almost as short as my summer dress, it flounced almost like a ballerina's petticoats and showed Charlene's thighs nicely. The fit was tight, but the laces at the back allowed a tight fit and I had to admit that it was almost perfect.

"If there are too many flounces, I can take them out," said Maddie. "Just ten minutes in the back?"

"No, it's the feature that Charlene likes best," said Natalia. "Don't you girl?"

Glad to be covered from the wicked women who were shaming him, the sissy nodded and blushed.

"We'll take it..." said Natalia.

I nodded agreement and for a couple of minutes we stood around Charlene and discussed other accessories. It was Carol that added the high heels to the ensemble. Pink sequins and just five inches, the only ones that she had in Charlene's size that were nice and feminine. Maddie fussed over the dress and pulled it down a little and flounced the lace layer under the raised hem.

"Now just the usual little picture of the pretty bridesmaid," said Carol. "Such a shame that we don't have time to sort out the make-up! If you want to bring her back then perhaps..."

"Perhaps you could pop round and show Charlene how to apply it?" asked Natalia. "I'll give you the address and perhaps

next week you could visit?"

Carol wrote it down and I informed the two assistants that Charlene would be wearing her new dress as she had an appointment. This comment caused Carol to smile, but Maddie just shrugged and started to pack up the rejected dresses.

Natalia paid at the till and I gave the two assistant's a tip before we were taken to the back door of the shop and left as a group. Maddie said her goodbyes, but Carol was clearly loathe to leave.

"Can you tell me something," she said in a whisper.

"Anything," I said.

"Was it difficult to do?" she continued and she indicated where Charlene stood still while Natalia topped up her lipstick. "I mean, make her so obedient?"

I started to laugh.

"Not simple, but then what is?" I said. "When you come around next week, I can show you how it's done, though of course, you need the right material to start with!"

"I'll be there," said Carol

"I look forward to it..."

"I love to help whenever I can!"

Twenty-Five

I could see that the taxi driver was staring at Charlene in the mirror as he drove. He did not say much, but he was clearly amused by the little doll that sat between the woman in furs and the strict looking businesswoman. We arrived at my block and Natalia insisted on a few small adjustments before we entered

"Charlene needs to be ready," she said as she dusted a little eyeshadow and straightened the dress. "OK, let's see what awaits her!"

At the door to my apartment, I realised that Dolly would not be ready, so I told Natalia and my sissy to wait in the lounge while I went for her to get her prepared. With her collar chained to the bed in the second bedroom I had to unlock her and make sure that she was presentable. Dolly was already in a tight see-through latex dress, but her makeup needed attention after the hood was taken off and I wanted her to look the part. After that, the wrist shackles high up her back and a short chain between her ankles.

My perfect little rubber-maid.

It was not just that I did not want to take chances, I wanted Charlene to truly understand what his wife had become. The final touch was to add a leash to the collar and a few round bells to her costume.

It took ten minutes and so, by the time that I led her into the room, Natalia had prepared the husband to see his wife enter. The red ball of the gag with those pink lips around it were perfect and matched the one that Dolly was wearing. It would not do if they were able to talk to each other.

Yet!

This first meeting had to be totally under my control!

I led Dolly in on a short leash, a long cane in my hand presented her to Natalia who sat on the sofa with her fur coat open to display her breasts and a leash from one gloved hand to Charlene's collar.

"This is Dolly," I said. "Last night, she *finally* decided to be trained as a maid for my clients."

"Oh, so sweet," said Natalia with a look that was definitely pure lust. "I have Charlene here, all sissified and ready to meet her wife... I think that they will so enjoy serving together, don't you?"

I tugged the leash a little and Dolly followed me as I placed the couple facing each other. Lazily, Natalia raised her hand and lifted the lacy frills to expose Charlene's hard erection that now stood almost level.

"I think that she really likes what you have done," laughed Natalia. "She's got a cute little stiffy!"

She stroked the trembling cock with her gloved hand and then slowly opened her fur coat to show the sissy what lay underneath. Like I have said before, I just love fur coats and no knickers, and I could feel my own temperature rising as the fur rolled like a wave and fell to her sides. Naked, but for shoes and coat, Natalia opened her legs as she stroked the rigid inconsequential cock in her hands.

"Ooh, Charlene really wants it," said Natalia with a small laugh. "Do you want to pleasure me?" she asked the pink vision of feminised slut by her side. "Perhaps even fuck me?"

As she spoke, her other hand dropped to her pussy and her legs

opened.

"Does sissy want a little fucky-fucky?" she taunted, and her hand slapped the cock sharply before returning to torment and tease it again. "Naughty little slut!"

Dolly stared at her husband and then down to his erection. For his part he did not even give her a moment's attention his eyes were rivetted to Natalia's exposed flesh. The smooth velvet skin, the exposed smooth naked pussy. It was clearly all that Charlene could see, all she could take in. Dolly's face underwent a metamorphosis, as understanding replaced shock, envy and revulsion replaced distress. Had she really thought that Charlene could possibly be hers when Natalia *and* I were in the room?

Optimistic naiveté!

Natalia's fingers idly played with her cunt. Opened it wide and slithered over the slick flesh as she teased Charlene mercilessly and slowly pushed a single finger deep inside herself and groaned theatrically.

"This will never be yours, Charlene," she yawned and slowly closed her thighs. "Sissies have to perform for the amusement of their owners, so now I have to decide what will entertain me. What does sissy want?"

Charlene looked bewildered and turned to me, her eyelashes fluttering. I reached out and released the buckle of the gag and allowed it to dangle from my hands. Charlene's lips moved silently, and I nodded to give her permission to speak.

"Please Mummy," she lisped as her hands moved a little to hold up the hem of her dress and look down longingly at the diminutive little cocklet that strained to be relieved. "Please,

please, please, milk me Mummy! I promise that I'll be good..." Charlene's voice wheedled and whined as she begged me to touch her. She dropped to her knees and looked up at me with her eyelashes fluttering in sly invitation. I moved a step to Dolly to release her gag. I allowed it to hang from my fingers and turned to her. For the first time, now that the maid had my attention, Charlene's awareness was drawn to the fetish-maid that I had led into the room.

Realisation?

How could Charlene have not recognised the woman that she had married, the woman that she had cheated on and lied to? Even knowing that she would be here, Natalia's display had deflected the sissy's thoughts and only now did she realise that the rubber-maid was Susan.

"Susan," said Charlene, "Oh my God, what happened?"

The wife's reaction to her feminised husband was all that I could have asked for, the best that I could have hoped for, jealousy and detestation in every tone she spoke.

"Faggot whore," she hissed. "I bet that you long to suck cock for Mistress?"

The former guilt of her betrayal now turned to a gratifying spite as she watched tears roll down her husband's face.

"When you crawl under Mistress' throne, remember that I decided what you would become..."

"Be nice to Charlene, Dolly," I said. "If you can't keep polite, then I will have to pop in the gag again..."

I could see Natalia's hand go to cover her mouth to stop herself laughing at Dolly's reaction. Dolly stood straight and absolutely

still, looking down at her husband with total disdain and could not resist piling on her loathing.

"I hope that mistress castrates you," she spat. "Pervert!"

I held the gag up dangling before Dolly's eyes and she watched it swing as if hypnotised.

"Open," I ordered. "Now, Dolly!"

Her eyes looked down at the upraised face of her husband and then she slowly, reluctantly, she opened her mouth wide and I popped in the gag and threaded the buckle.

"I know that Charlene is nothing but a sissy and not a real person," I lectured, "but, I warned you..."

Natalia leaned forward and took Dolly's leash in her hand.

"On your knees," she ordered. "I think that you need to apologise to your owner properly."

Dolly grudgingly knelt and then dropped to all-fours and Natalia placed her hand on the maid's head lightly.

"How do you say sorry?" she asked.

Dolly muttered something that no one but she could hear and the hand on her head pressed her lips to my feet. She dropped to her elbows from her hands while the hand guided her, her lips on my feet while Natalia pressed her down harder. Her ass stuck in the air, the clear latex skirt she wore fell gathered around her waist.

A smile came to Natalia's lips and her hand slid down and her fingers hooked under the collar at Dolly's neck. She cast a sly glance at Charlene and then to the ass that Dolly was

presenting and winked at me.

"I think that Charlene wants to fuck Dolly," I laughed with Natalia. "I think that it would be so sweet if sissy was allowed just a little fucky-fuck!"

Dolly's feet moved, her knees closed together as if she could stop what was about to happen, there was a sharp sound as Natalia slapped the kneeling Charlene's ass.

"Charlene, fuck her!"

There is something so horny about being in control. Being the one that decides... better still is watching my little pets-in-training not make the grade, fail and break.

Was it the words I used?

Was it that Dolly's tight little cunt did not match the nylons stretched on Mummy's knees? Was it that putting her little dicklet into his wife was no longer exciting for my feminised slut? Or, was it the stifled laughter from Natalia and myself that took his manhood from Charlene and humiliated her?

She looked at me and shuddered.

Charlene shuffled forward, cock in hand.

Approached the soft slit that was to be violated.

Held it tight, tried to press it between Dolly's thighs with a will.

Flaccid in his hand, limp and pathetic...

Failure to carry out a direct command? What could be the punishment for such a heinous crime? How dare Charlene not fuck the bitch that was kissing my feet? There was a slap from

Natalia. A red mark on that naked ass accompanied by a small cry of pain. Then, the click of brass on steel. Of metal on metal as the leash was pulled tight, the restraint was fitted, the gag pressed home and Charlene was led to her cot in the crèche where she would learn all of the skills that my clients were paying so dearly to have her learn.

Twenty-Six

I have my likes and dislikes, just like every other woman. Somethings are a chore, others a pleasure. The crèche is one of my favourite places. A wicked and twisted world that is such an exquisite fantasy world.

That's not to say that I dislike leather and latex, the padded cell where the victim loses hope or the cage in the punishment cell that is such malicious torment. I love those places too, but they do not have the air of total psychological collapse that the crèche adds as spice to a breakdown.

Each method of ensuring submission and obedience has its charms but regressing a man to utter sexual dependence is the most enjoyable. Natalia prefers the whip, the goad and hard bondage, I prefer my prey to become my children, to slide into addiction as they lose the mental means to make decisions and come to surrender autonomy.

The cot in Charlene's room was not one that any child would have ever been placed into. Painted pink, a cage in all but name, a lockable cell within a cell that had no handle on its door. Next to the cot, my favourite armchair, the one that allowed such simple control as the seat was lifted to expose the dark hole where a slave could serve their mistress.

I placed Charlene in her cot, led her there on her leash and then stripped her dress and slipped a simple baby-doll nightie on her. See-through fluttering gauze with a feathered hem that ended at the point where her thighs and little sissy-clit met. There is no 'tucking-in' in the crèche. No comforting words of parting as Mummy leaves her sissy to the terrors of the darkness. Instead, there are fetters and chains, locks and irons that hold the feminised prey in place as the lid of the cot clangs closed and is

locked with a single huge padlock.

"How could you humiliate me so?" I scolded as I tightened the chains from the outside of the cot. "You left me no choice at all..."

I stood and looked into the cot and frowned down at Charlene in condemnation and allowed my voice to take on a tone of disappointment as if I had been forced to take the measures that were being taken.

"All Mummy wanted was for you to make up with Dolly. Show her that you find her alluring, prove to Mummy that you can follow a simple order. That's *all* that Mummy wanted..." I said. "It's not that difficult is it?"

In the cot, my gagged sissy shook her head slightly and then started to sob. I ignored her querulous whining and held up the small plug-nozzle that ended the rubber hose in my hand.

"Now Mummy has to show her sissy that bad manners lead to punishment, otherwise her Charlene will lose respect for her," I continued.

Charlene had been chained on all fours and was straining to look up through the bars of the cage at me. Now I tightened the three chains that had been added to her collar to keep her head still and moved out of her sight, sliding my hand through the bars of the cage and administering a small dab of lubricant between the parted cheeks of her ass.

She moaned piteously.

"I'm sorry, but you have to learn that obedience is rewarded, and disobedience is *always* punished, Charlene!" I said as I popped in the plug and turned the valve to begin the treatment. "All Mummy wants is for Charlene to be a good little

clean gurl for her to play with..."

There is never a rush when filling a slave. A very slow flow, just a quart, a nice tight plug and it is always best to leave them to reflect on the punishment unaccompanied.

"Mummy will be back later," I said as I closed the crèche door behind me and the light went out to leave the moaning Charlene in darkness.

Natalia was waiting in the lounge with Dolly snugly perched on her knee amongst all the fur, she had put the twenty minutes that it had taken to put Charlene to bed to good use and looked up and smiled as I entered the room. There is something so motherly about Natalia, something that overwhelms her chosen prey in folds of care that cannot be resisted. She enfolds them and overpowers them with teasing and broken promises of lust. When their defences are down, Natalia moves in for the kill and bends them to her sadistic little games when they can no longer resist.

It seemed that Dolly was in that first place as I watched her gasp at each touch of Natalia's fingertips. Tantalised and tormented, slipping into the arms of a woman who would just as easily wield a barbed whip as a soothing vibrator, a pear of agony as a quivering feather.

One hand was teasing between Dolly's thighs, the other holding the fur tight around her puppet as my dominant friend cradled the petite woman and coddled her. I stood in the doorway and watched Dolly being manipulated and lovingly abused. The hand that used two fingers to alternate between fucking ass and pussy, the little kisses on the dome of the gag between her lips and then the other hand moving fingers through Dolly's hair and gripping her tightly and bending her lips to meet Natalia's. The tears that ran furrows through the make-up and the small

pants of lust that alternated with distressed sobs.

Small cries that were at the edge of weeping, moans that were at the edge of sobbing as she burrowed into the fur and was permitted to suckle at the heavy breasts that were offered in motherly solace. One of Dolly's hands cupped the breasts and stroked it while her thighs opened wide to allow her tormentrix to slowly fuck her with slow strokes of a steeple-fingered hand.

I walked into the room and stood over the loving couple while Natalia looked up at me and made small signals with her hands. Pointing at me and signalling, pointing at herself and with a smile pursing her lips in a soft kiss. It was easy to tell what the silent message was, and I nodded. Agreed to be the bitch while Natalia would be the comforting mother, helpless in the face of Monique.

Draw her down to obedience, break the adult and strip her to the child.

A deceitful path of coercion where sex was the only reward.

Where lies and untruths strewed every conversation.

A world cosseted in new fetish and obsession.

Where Natalia was the tender mother.

Where Dolly was only a child.

An Interlude – Family Excursion

It has been so long since I last permitted you to play and show your appreciation of my writing. Just show me that you can remain chaste until the end of this chapter. Just keep control and read on...

Hold and tease with no release! Don't stop teasing!

That's the rule for all of my readers.

A few touches, but no permission to come!

But, enough about you, the man that is wandering blindfolded and helpless in a citadel of unrestrained lust! You are just at the very edge of my consciousness, a blip on the radar, a small tree on the horizon. You are at the very start of learning what it is to be taken, and abused, by a woman who has no limits to her greed and lust.

Did you think that I was talking about myself?

Or perhaps Natalia?

Are you thinking of Elisabeth Holden that we met in China-Town? Wondering when I will swoop and take the bitch for my own use? Perhaps you are thinking about the little trollop, Cindy, who left my account before you could properly get acquainted?

Are they even real?

Let me answer that for you?

Every person, every pet, every word is real, genuine and authentic. You are the only element of fantasy here, wishing

that shackles bound you in my cot, that you are full of warm soapy water in chains and gagged. Perhaps you wish that you were burrowing through the deep ermine fur to find a pierced nipple to suckle on while fingers pushed inside you deep and twisted to show how far you had fallen.

So, who am I talking about when I write about the women in this world of mine? If it is not myself, not Natalia, not Lizzie or Susan (and Charlene is not even in the running), then who?

Let me tell you a little about my clients...

All shapes and sizes, mostly female, though there have been a few males amongst them. Fantasists, dreamers, perverts, lovers and degenerates. Usually all of the above, but they all have one thing in common. They can all afford to buy my services, pay the fees and bear the costs of keeping humans as pets and sexual playthings. All are wealthy enough to buy, sell and dispose of the living amusements that I supply to assuage their defiling desires. They come to me by personal recommendation, word of mouth and intimate introduction being the only means to discover the service that I offer. There are no evaluations, no dark-net advertising and auctions. No visit-cards, no glossy brochures and no five-star reviews.

Just the word of others...

They pay the price that I demand in full and months later they first see the work that I have done. They pay a visit to satisfy themselves and add any last-minute touches and then just a few months later, a crate arrives and they can play at last with their new toys.

It can take a year from that enticing seduction to the sides of the crate being lowered at last, but that is the other price of buying from the me. The time had come where the clients could

at last see the playthings that they had paid for. The time had come for the consumers to evaluate the products that they required. Add any last choices and alterations and then prepare themselves for the arrival of their perfect pets.

Klemantina and Ulyana are in many ways model clients of mine.

Their own needs are for a couple every two years or so and they have referred more clients from Russia and the east of Europe than any other of my contacts. They come from that strange little Russian enclave on the Baltic coast, Kalinigrad, where a blind eye is turned to keeping a few playthings for entertainment and personal pleasure. Where having wealth, that suddenly came to hand when the Soviet Union collapsed is nothing to be embarrassed about.

I know that both were married years ago, but have never found a trace of the husbands who seemingly faded from view in the late nineties. I suppose that Ulyana and Klemantina's ravenous palates swallowed their husbands whole and that they are no longer in circulation. They have a low profile, exclusive restaurants, opera and ballet, élite social gatherings in the shadows of Knightsbridge and Mayfair.

This is their life in Great Britain.

Two dominant black-widows that spend much of their time in London and the other half in Kalinigrad and Moscow! Four times now, I have sold to these two Russian women who are so discrete that they are almost invisible. Each time, pairs of male pleasure-toys, each time semi-feminised with one neutered, the other just a sissy-slut trained in the most intimate services.

There is a first time for everything and this time Ulyana and Klemantina had specified a married couple as the next to enjoy their attentions. A more difficult demand that Charlie and Susan

were to fulfil. Perhaps, now that both are in their forties and a little more discriminating, they have decided that it would be a delight to have a female as part of the pair? A matched pair of malevolent lesbian lovers, I cannot help myself thinking of them as Caviar and Krimskoye, perfectly matched though quite different in taste!

Since Ulyana and Klemantina are now such an important part of my business, I have to admit that meeting with them is always a stressful experience. From the first message on a disposable phone to the moment when they kiss my cheeks and leave after inspecting their purchases, I always feel as if I have been holding my breath the whole time during their visit.

This time was no different!

Now then, let me see...

You had just seen how Charlene was placed in her cot for the first time and how Natalia decided that she would be the trainer for Dolly. That means that around two months have gone by. You have not missed all that much really, there are not many highlights between the first day and every other. A few subtle differences to be noted, but they creep forward each day and are not even noticed by the couple that are now receiving the full attentions of myself and my sadistic friend.

With Charlene, I concentrated on the details that are so important to create the atmosphere and ambience that disintegrate the adult mind and reduce it to dependency. It is a slow process that introduces rewards and punishments and a set of regulations and unspoken rules that are so complex that there are always endless failures to be punished and so very few rewards to be given by a woman who resides in every thought of her victim's mind.

I could see that Natalia soon had purged Dolly of her little moments of rebellion and was almost envious of her naturalistic approach that did not shy from any punishment that she impulsively decided upon. She played the deeply caring mother, the principal of feminine power that offered solace and intimate chastisement. Dolly retreated to a wordless helplessness, offering herself at every opportunity, begging for Mother-Mistress to abuse her as long as she could fall into her arms and sooth herself suckling and rubbing in ecstatic appeasing surrender.

I had a moment of respite as Charlene needed some physical modification that had been ordered for her enhancement by Ulyana and Klemantina. I dislike drugs in general and rarely use them. I tend to stick to more direct methods that are longer lasting and do not risk the vigour of the sexual appetites that I work so hard to enhance.

I used that month to start a little research on Elisabeth Holden while Natalia enjoyed free use of the crèche and used the fear and terror that it inspired in Dolly to finally break her to become the intimate maid that the two Russian women had ordered for their personal use. When Charlene returned at last from her little sojourn at the wellness clinic she was a little tender, a little sensitive, but that always passes in a month. There are still plenty of good choices for training that can be applied that do not prejudice the healing that has to take place after reshaping the pet's contours.

The clinic always does such a great job at creating feminine sexual allure from what is often rather poor starting material. Lasering away, hair by hair, all signs of body hair, smoothing curves and moving the fat from one place to another to reshape and build, recontour and soften. Reducing tone to weaken muscles as well as a diet that ensures that there is plenty of puppy fat added to hips, ass and breasts. It always costs as much to have quality slut created than it would to buy

a house in London, but since the costs are just ten per cent of the price that the pet sells for when fully ready, it is well worth paying for perfection!

Ulyana and Klemantina would just love what I had created from Charlie!

I know their tastes so well and over the years that I have been selling pets to them. Charlene was the summation of every request that they had ever made. One small change that seemed to send Ulyana into raptures was the almost translucent skin tone that made each vein that snaked beneath visible and the toy seem almost like delicate porcelain. Rounded, plump and shaped so temptingly. Plenty of curvy flesh to punish and shape with corseting and collars. Veined plump breasts that hung deliciously when she was crawling. A fleshy, curvaceous ass that begged for the cane, that had a deep valley that would be so delicious to explore and fill to the limit. Charlene's smooth head would allow wigs and makeup to be applied without restriction and the steel ring that pieced her nose added the perfect method of casual restraint.

Perfection, I have to admit that I was almost loathe to sell the little bitch!

From the point that Charlene arrived back after the changes, no mirror was permitted in the apartment. She was fitted with unfocussed contact lenses to ensure limited vision as well as pretty sparkling pink eyes that so complimented her pretty make-up and the wigs that I had chosen. A little sensory deprivation is so good for a maid, earplugs and contacts are so easy to use and have such a limiting effect on a pet's experience of the world. It helps if every word is muffled, if every shape in her world is soft and unfocussed, that every taste is bland. It adds contrast to the hard confines of shackles, tight shoes and elastic clothes that rasp sensitive skin. The savours

and fragrances of sex that become the only stimulation and of course the sting of the punishments that overload the senses of the pet.

Uncertainty of meaning heightens every lesson that is taught. I know that it's so unfair, but then a puppet should always feel as if they are on the brink of the abyss.

The inspection of Ulyana and Klemantina was due and the tension was rising!

I knew just how critical they could be, how their demands for perfection could even lead to me having to dispose of pets and begin again afresh. It happened the second time that they took a delivery from me. I actually thought at the time, that I had lost them as clients, but the loss of profit was worth it in the end.

Naturally, no client is ever permitted to see where all the hard work is done! That would be rather on the risky side, so instead, the meeting always takes place on ground of the client's choosing.

When the message came, I saw that they were picking us up as usual and I started to dread and yet look forward to the meeting as I always did. In the sinister and enclosing confines of a limo as it moves silently around the streets of London the decisions are made that will ensure the final polish on my products.

When the limousine arrived we made such an appealing little party of four. Natalia in midi-skirt and stilettos with Dolly all dressed in her sailor's uniform mini-dress and white high heels. I wore the jeans and long leather coat that I always wear and Charlene looked so pretty in her pink frills and bows. Her delicious little rolls of puppy fat where the corset pinched and the way that her large breasts swelled and almost spilled from

her dress. We sat, the two pets facing the two mistresses as the car slid through the traffic towards Mayfair where my clients awaited to join us.

"Here," said Natalia as she passed a lipstick to Charlene with a leer. "Do it again, you look as though you have been sucking cock all night..."

Charlene blushed prettily and topped up the lipstick with small twists of her lips that had become automatic in the last few weeks. When she had rolled her lips afterwards she passed back the small tube and a single tear broke free of her eye.

"Please, Mummy," she asked me. "Please can I ask a question?"

"Only if you pull yourself together and stop sobbing, dear," I said.

Charlene sniffled a little and made as if to wipe the tear away with the back of her hand before she thought better of it and whimpered helplessly.

"That's better, darling," I said when she had settled down again. "You can ask Mummy anything..."

Charlene looked at me.

I watched her pretty pink eyes move as she tried hard to see me through the distorted haze of the lenses and I tried to imagine what it must be like to live in a world of translucent shadows and half-discerned words that had to be obeyed on pain of continual punishment. I knew that I was just a blur in the already dim light of the limousine and that my words must seem as if I was whispering from a mile away.

At last she decided that I had indeed given permission and she stuttered her question.

“Mummy, please can you tell me if I am really pretty?”

From the corner of my eye I saw Natalia's hand cover her mouth in amusement. I leaned forward and slipped my hand up Charlene's skirt. From the knee to the edge of her stockings where I paused a moment while I answered.

“Do you really want to be pretty?” I asked.

It seemed that Charlene had heard me clearly and she nodded.

“Of course you do, sissy,” I continued. “It makes Mummy want to play with you, so she made you a sexy slut for her special friends...”

There was a pause while Charlene digested this new idea and then she asked

“Mummy's friends?”

I pushed my hand further and ran my nails over the soft skin of Charlene's thighs. Just an inch short of her little caged cock, I stopped and idly drummed my fingertips on the naked skin.

“We are going to meet them now...” I said. “Make sure that you are a good little girl for Mummy's special friends.”

I could see that Dolly was following the conversation as I explained to Charlene what was expected of her. Her face had a blank listless look as it often did just as she was becoming excited and I wondered if Natalia had plugged her with a vibrator before we had set off.

“Mummy's friends have heard all about what a special little girl you are,” I said clearly to my sissy. “If you behave, then they

might want to play with you... If you are naughty then Mummy will be so angry with Sissy-Charlene! This is very important for Mummy."

"I don't want to make Mummy angry," whined Charlene. "I want Mummy to love me..."

I tapped a finger against the steel of the restraint that was so tight that his cock swelled between the bars even when it was limp.

"I do love you, Charlene," I said. "But, only when you are well behaved!"

She sat in absolute stillness. The touch of my finger on the metal that enclosed her cocklet always caused her to hold her breath and hope hard that Mummy would play a little with her. I smiled and stroked the tip of her through the bars of the cage and then played a little with the padlock that hung from the ring embedded in Charlene's flesh.

At last, Charlene could hold her breath no longer and she exhaled with a sigh and then dared to speak again.

"I promise that I'll be good," she lisped. "So good that you will love me forever!"

I allowed my finger to run along the rill of flesh that pressed from the bars of her restraint and felt the slippery pre-cum greasing my fingertip. Charlene was always so prone to climax at the slightest touch and I pulled my hand back from her.

"Pleasing Mummy is so important, Charlene! Make sure that you are obliging if her friends want you to show them what a little slut you are! I want to be proud of you..."

Charlene began to nod furiously and even dared open her

thighs a little. I patted her knee in consolation.

"Perhaps Mummy's friends will tease you a little if you are lucky, Charlene, let's wait and see!"

"I want you to punish me, please..." she implored.

Funny how it all becomes one in a sissy's little mind. Punishment and pleasure become confused, each mingled with the other in a haze of sensation that overwhelms the senses.

"Good little sissies are allowed to have five minutes of play alone," I said. "Bad little sissies find themselves on the end of my cane! Perhaps you will have both all at the same time, slut. Would you like that?"

Charlene nodded and the tip of her tongue slowly circled her open lips and then stretched to lap at the ring that hung from her nose. She knew what would make me pleased with her...

I heard a small chuckle from Natalia and she patted Dolly's knee as I spoke to Charlene.

"I hope that you are taking all of this in?" she asked Dolly. "There is a lot to learn still..."

Dolly nodded and shuffled a little on the seat as the car came to a halt and my clients slipped into the car and then beckoned a man to join us. Slab faced and huge, he seemed to fill the compartment in the limousine as he sat between the two Russian women. Ulyana and Klemantina were both dressed in masses of fur and each had a small crop draped from a wrist almost as a fashion accessory.

"Ivan looks after our security," said Klemantina by way of introduction.

"Mistress Monique," said Ulyana in her heavy Russian accent. "Always good to see your and Natalia looking well. Please, introduce us to these delightful angels..."

Ulyana was sitting next to me and Klemantina had entered to sit next to Dolly. When Dolly shuffled to give room I saw the seatbelt clip that she had been sitting on and realised where her lustful expression had originated.

"This is the maid, Dolly," I said as I tapped Dolly's knee, "and this is my darling sissy, Charlene..."

Klemantina nodded and put an arm around the tiny little Dolly next to her while the tip of the short crop in her hand touched Dolly's lips. Dolly's eyes slid to focus on the tip of the crop, the small flap of leather that touched her lips and she kissed it and lapped a little with her tongue.

"Mm, darling," said Klemantina to me. "Very impressive, this gets better each time! Dolly is certainly a very responsive pet! I hope that she can perform like this with *whatever* is placed at her lips!"

"Dolly won't disappoint," I said. "She shows exceptional promise. As usual, I need to ask if there are any small alterations that need to be done in the next three months before they become yours?"

Seated next to me, Ulyana leaned forward and lifted Charlene's dress. Her fingertip traced the vein that ran from the top of the candy stockings to the crease of a thigh and she smiled approvingly. Then she touched the cage and fondled the cock that was now starting to stiffen and strain to escape.

"Cute little bitch," she muttered to herself and then followed it by a few words in Russian. "Klemi, I still think that we should fix the little bitch, makes them so much more attentive and

focussed on our needs," she said to Ulyana. "Otherwise, I like what I see. She just needs a few small adjustments...."

Her hand stroked along the length of the restraint cage, teasing and tormenting while Charlene struggled not to come. A smile flickered on Ulyana's lips as she watched Charlene's face intently, every struggle to keep control etched on her pretty features.

"You want to come, slut?" asked the teasing Russian bitch.

Tears welled in Charlene's eyes as she struggled to understand the words. The combination of the rich Russian accent and the restricted hearing making it impossible for her to decide. She knew that an answer was required and dared to nod a little, as if testing the waters.

"Of course you do, but that's *not* going to happen, is it?"

Now Charlene could understand that permission had been denied and started to sob as the fingers played with her and pushed her to her limits.

"Please Miss," begged Charlene in a whisper as she approached the point of no return.

The hand pulled back suddenly and Ulyana turned to me with a small smile.

"Silenced would be an improvement," she said. "Have it done! Also, I would like a touch more bimbo. Let's see..."

Klementina's hand dropped the hem of Charlene's dress and she leaned to pull down the front of the dress. Just a little tug freed the porcelain breasts to fall and hang, nipples down, as she explored the nipples and translucent skin.

"Perfect, darling, she is flawless! These will be perfect when they are pierced as we agreed. Make sure that you remember to have it done, I am so looking forward to playing with her, but I am a little disappointed that these are not all that large!" Ulyana's fingers pinched Charlene's nipples as she spoke. "Big and soft, that's what I like."

The claw that teased the nipples moved to hold Charlene under her chin and pushed a finger between her lips. I could see that Charlene was upset, almost at breaking-point and hoped that she would not embarrass me by starting to cry.

But, when the sobs came, it just seemed to amuse my client who slapped the face lightly and sat back to take in her new pet with a look of pure lust.

"I think that we could almost take them both now," said Klementina. "I like what I see..."

"Don't be so impatient, dear," said Ulyana to her companion. "You know that we want them for the dacha in Moscow and it's months from being ready! In a few months they *and* the dacha will be all set and we shall take delivery as agreed."

As she spoke, Klementina inspected Dolly.

I knew that she was the strictest of the two women and the most demanding. If anything difficult or complex was required, it would be Klementina that would be the one requesting it. She lifted the mini-skirt and fingered Dolly's pussy and raised an eyebrow.

"This needs to be completed," she said as she dropped the hem of the dress.

"It will be done in the next two weeks," I said. "I have it booked..."

She nodded and turned her attention to weighing Dolly's breasts.

"All natural, I hope," she said.

"Absolutely," I answered. "As per your instructions. The same with Charlene..."

Klementina nodded and spoke in Russian to her friend. Then she turned back to me.

"You have had the bitch **spayed?** She would not be ideal breeding stock!"

I shook my head.

"If you require it, it will be done!"

"I require it," said Klementina with a small smile. "That and the other small adjustments... We shall take both with the small modifications you promised. However, for transport, they will be taken in the diplomatic bag this time, there will be no need to crate them as usual, we shall arrange everything..."

"As you like," I answered.

"Ivan," said Klementina with a small smile.

Silent until now, simply a set expression on his face, Ivan nodded, and his huge hands dropped to his lap. A single movement of his fingers unzipped his pants and the enormous weapon that sprang forth almost made me gasp.

"Ivan has a taste for sissies," explained Ulyana and her hand moved to the back of Charlene's head and pressed her forward. "Let's see what she can do for him?"

The car lurched slightly as it crept through the traffic. Charlene could not see what awaited her, the massive cock with its bulging head. The man in a suit who awaited her lips. She simply moved at the urging of the manicured hand and slipped to her knees between the massive thighs of the bodyguard.

Klementina licked her lips and watched intently as her lover pushed a little to force contact between the massive cock and Charlene's lips.

"Open wide," I ordered and watched fascinated as pink lips opened and the hand pressed Charlene down. There was no sign from Ivan, his face showed no emotion as Charlene spluttered and her lips bulged.

"Don't lose a drop, slut," said Ulyana.

A slight twitch of a smile from Ivan. The choked whine of Charlene and then Ulyana pressed down hard. She spoke in Russian and the man moved at last, placed his huge hands on Charlene's head and used her to suck him dry. Three, perhaps four movements and a small grunt from the Russian and he pushed the head down until his cock filled her throat.

He held her there for a few seconds and then lifted her.

A few drops of come dribbled and bubbled from Charlene's lips as she was freed and gasped for air before being forced down again to suck Ivan dry.

"What a slut!" laughed Klementina. "Ivan will be so happy to have her every day..."

Still no sign on his face. He lifted Charlene clear and zipped his pants before pushing the sissy back onto the seat.

"Then it's all settled. We shall be in contact, expect around two

to three months at a day's notice..."

"A pleasure..."

Ulyana leaned and kissed me on both cheeks.

"I always so look forward to seeing you," she said with a small smile. "Such a shame that you cannot visit..."

The limousine pulled to the kerb in Piccadilly and the two Russian women slipped out with Ivan going first, and closed the doors.

"That went well," said Natalia. "God, Monique, sometimes your clients frighten even me! Those two make me shiver and that bodyguard!"

"It was better than I expected," I answered with a sense of relief. "Ulyana invited me to Moscow last year. I think that she fancies me!"

"But, you didn't accept?" smiled Natalia. "I think that I can see why!"

I breathed a sigh of satisfaction and leaned over to kiss my friend on the lips.

"I am sure that there would be no risk," I said. "But, even so..."

It was done, everything set and I could *finally* relax.

Now it is your turn!

You have my permission.

Play a little, relieve that pressure, but remember, I won't give you another chance until the end of my tale! Slowly does it, we

are near the end now and you have all the time in the world!

Twenty-Seven

Clients!

They pay for the product, they get what they pay for!

Luckily, Ulyana and Klementina were not all that demanding, well, certainly not as demanding as most of my Middle Eastern clients. Just a few small adjustments here and there that were simple to satisfy. More work was needed on comportment and indoctrination, but the next three months would be enough to ensure that both Dolly and Charlene were fully prepared for use and with Natalia to take up some of the strain, I was sure that Charlene and Dolly would be ready for my Russian couple.

It is all of the small things that count.

The lessons in feminine accomplishments that need to be absorbed and become habit. From manicures and the hours of preparation that every sissy needs before she is presentable for her owners. Each of these little skills needs to be applicable for an owner. Massages, pedicures, manicures and so much more. Make-up, dressing, care of shoes and boots as well as all the punishment equipment that is so necessary for daily life. I believe that a sissy pet should know how to oil the leather whips and tawses, how they should soak the canes for use, how fetters and locks are to be maintained in perfect condition.

The last few small modifications were completed now to Klementina and Ulyana's specifications. The small touches that made the couple fit the exact concepts that my Russian sadists had demanded. Already Dolly was being used fully now by Natalia and myself and Charlene was to be introduced to the intimate tasks that would be her life once she was in the hands of her Russian owners.

Now, at last you can learn how easily a man's sexuality can be twisted out of shape to match the preferences of my clients. The type of training that Charlene still had to undergo a month before her transportation is something that I always leave to the last. Most client's request at least a basic proficiency in pleasing cock for various reasons and the introduction by Ivan heralded the future for Charlene. Some use it as a punishment and require aversion therapy, others find that the entertainment value of watching their sissy serve in this way is an amusing diversion. Ulyana and Klemantina always required this of their sissy-sluts, and Dolly and Charlene were to be no different in this regard.

Ivan needed to be drained regularly!

Of course, Dolly was Natalia's responsibility, but we decided that it would do Charlene good to be a spectator of her wife's training regime for a week before she began the same routine. It is good to show a slave that only Mistress can be relied on, that there is no going back...

So, now comes the obvious question... where do Natalia and I get all the cock from, to train the sluts that we have worked so hard to create? The answer is that we began with simulations and copious helpings of suitable film before we called in the professional male escort that is required for a twenty-four-seven week of preparation.

I think that Charlene knew that something new and distressing was due to happen when I led her from the crèche even though Ivan had had her lips around his cock. She had been so perfectly obedient and well behaved in the last week that the tight chains and the hood were a shock to her and she started to sob as I tightened the slack from the shackles on her wrists. Now that Charlene had been silenced, all that issued from her lips was the whistle of her breath, but the tears and the heaving

of her chest were a disobedience that I could not ignore.

“Charlene, bend for the cane...”

She looked at me with that begging look that she can do so well. A flutter of the lashes, a pouting of lips and the tip of her tongue showing. Without the contact lenses in, her eyes were slate grey and I felt that there was a hint of defiance in them. Perhaps just my imagination, but unacceptable all the same. I hardened my heart and picked up my cane. Today was intended to be an important lesson, a stroke or two of the cane would make it more memorable. Charlene bent down, balancing on the high heels, ass out, bent at the waist with legs braced far apart.

“One stroke...”

I waited.

The pause always adds stress. I counted to five slowly in my head and then tapped the rounded ass lightly as if to line up the cane. The very touch caused Charlene to almost jump into the air and I had to suppress a giggle.

I waited.

I lifted her skirt and laid it on her waist to leave the beautiful lily white skin ready to be punished. Every vein could be seen, perfectly smooth, inviting me to thrash the slut. Once again, I touched and then suddenly I whipped back the cane on high and laid a single cut just where the thighs crease and meet the rounded ass.

Just the rasp of indrawn breath and the slapping sound of the bamboo meeting skin.

“More tears will earn more punishment, Charlene,” I said.

I knew that she could scarcely hear my voice, and revelled in the fact that she would not know if I had ordered her to stay for more or to stand straight to allow me to complete her dressing and tight bondage. I could see the hesitation in the flexing of the muscles in her shapely legs. Charlene decided to stay put and I patted her behind lightly before inserting the plug that was always required when she was permitted to leave the crèche. I moved to fondle her hanging breasts, being careful to not damage the enlarged nipples that were healing or drag at the rings that hung almost to the floor.

Charlene has such beautiful breasts. Pale and heavily veined, perfect udders that now were tipped by vast nipples pierced by the heavy rings that Ulyana had decided upon. Soft and dangling they made my sissy look like a little cow waiting to be milked and I could not help teasing her with my nails a little.

“Stand to attention!”

An order that Charlene could understand! She stood straight and I locked the ankle chains and pulled her arms a little higher up her back. I allowed myself a little grope between her legs and squeezed the low hanging balls before clipping on her leash and leading her to the lounge.

Charlene was locked to my favourite armchair and I sat by her and waited for the little show to begin. I heard the voice of Natalia and then the door opened. It was time to teach Charlene to satisfy a man!

In walked Steven with Dolly on the leash behind him.

Steven is an absolute darling and I just love to invite him to help the training. Bisexual and loving it would be a good summation and the middle-aged women that he normally fucks just love to have him on their arm. In fact, I think that he spends more time

wining and dining than fucking, but fucking is what he does so well. For the next week, Steven would spend hours a day training both Charlene and Dolly to pleasure his long cock. He would be constantly forcing both my trainees to develop their skills.

I think that Dolly hesitated for a moment at the door when she saw her husband in his frills standing behind the armchair that I was sitting on. Unshackled, merely collared and leashed, Dolly looked the perfect whore. Her breasts almost fell from her tight dress, her skirt was so short that it barely covered her ass, never mind her cunt. I looked over my shoulder at Charlene and saw the tears gather in her eyes as Steven started to undress.

Muscular and ripped, Steven takes great care in his appearance and has a chiselled cut that makes him masculine and virile. I knew that I would be taking advantage later and could feel the warmth between my own thighs as he carefully dropped each piece of clothing and then turned to face Dolly. She was tiny in comparison, looking up into Steven's eyes as his hands came to rest on her shoulders and pressed her to her knees. Now, Dolly was looking up at the erection that hung over her, her lips pursed, all attention on the man that she knew that she had to satisfy.

Her sissy husband was ignored...

What was *he* in comparison to this perfect man who was only here to fuck her?

I raised my hand and it slid up Charlene's thigh to her caged cock. I turned the key and Charlene almost jumped at the slight click as my hand pulled the restraint from her and then moved to grasp her balls. This side-play had not been noticed by the two performers. Dolly concentrated on that huge cock and Steven seemed almost spellbound as her lips opened wide and

a hand took his cock to guide it between them.

"Watch, Charlene," I said and my hand idly played with the cock that was hidden in the darkness of her skirt. "Dolly is going to have a little fuck... can you see how excited she is for a real man?"

Charlene, able to see clearly for the first time in months stared at his wife as she slipped her lips over the cock. Over the head, over the shaft, slipping it down her throat as she had been trained, causing her throat to swell as it filled her and Steven's balls hung from her chin.

"Hold it there, Dolly," I ordered.

Dolly kneeled, and her eyes looked up as she held her position until I finally permitted her to slide back and take a breath. I teased a little and then looked up at Charlene.

"Dolly loves cock," I said as I slowly rubbed at Charlene's sissy-clit.

I allowed Steven to take the lead and he proved to me that he was worth every penny I had paid for the week. A slow display of oral sex followed by my cock-for-hire bending Dolly over and slowly fucking her with steady strokes. As he performed, I tormented Dolly's husband with scratches, pulls and tickles until at last come was leaking from Dolly's ass.

Charlene stood, legs apart, bent double and panting with the climax that had filled her and I dismissed Steven with a small flutter of the fingers. There was a sly grin on his lips and he gave a sneer at Charlene as he slipped from the room. I looked up at Charlene and smiled.

"Would you like to make Mummy happy?" I asked as I played with the sore little cock in my hand. "Show her what a slut you

are?"

Charlene trembled and shook. I thought that she was about to collapse to the floor, but my fingers that clawed at her balls kept her focus on her mistress.

"What do sissy-sluts do?"

Charlene looked down at me and her tongue licked her lips. A single tear broke from her eyes and dripped to her breast where it splashed and then made its way to her nipple.

"That's right," I said. "Mummy's little slut loves cummies..."

Was the hesitation rebellion or merely that Charlene took a moment to decide that permission had been given? Being the first time, I allowed the pause to pass and then took my hand from her swollen cocklet and guided her to kneel behind Dolly.

"All of it, Sissy, suck up every drop from your wife..."

I could feel a resistance and had to take Charlene's ear in a firm grip. I did not pull her in, that had to come from her, I just stopped any retreat as the lips hovered in the crack of that sweet ass. My other hand moved to play with the sissy-clit that hung slack between her thighs. Peeling it, tugging the piercing and running nails over the soft defenceless balls while I leaned from my chair and spoke into the slut's ear.

"Every fucking drop cuckold! You are not man enough to use that little dick so suck that come from her ass and be grateful that I give you permission to touch her!"

Now the tears were streaming, weeping sobbing shook her flabby frame. She turned her eyes to me and I spat full in her face!

"It's all you are good for, bitch! To lap at a real man's come as

your wife aches for more real cock from a real man. Lap it up like the good little domestic pet that you are! Look at yourself, skank! A cock like a worm, tits like sacks and an ass that begs to be fucked..." I screamed into his ear. "Mummy commands you to drink every drop of that slimy come... then I think that it's time for you to learn what you are for..."

I was almost as angry as I sounded. How dare the little sissy-faggot dare to resist the finale that I had planned? It was time to show Charlene that I alone decided her future. I squeezed those soft balls and pulled and at last the lips pursed and closed over the wellspring of the thick creamy come that was trickling from her ass. Now that she was obeying at last, I could not allow another moment of resistance. I held Charlene's face deep in the crack of Dolly's ass whilst the cuckolded husband licked the streaming come from the ass and cunt of his wife and then it was time for another humiliation for the sissy.

"Up, slut," I rasped and pulled her back up to her knees, one hand positioning her, the other sliding between her thighs to press hard at her ass. "Now you get fucked, bitch," I said as I pushed a finger deep inside her and hooked.

Charlene's body straightened and her little cocklet stiffened as I probed deep inside that ass.

"You come only when Dolly permits it, then immediately!" I laughed as Dolly looked over her shoulder at the sissy that had been her husband. "Beg for it, bitch..."

Charlene's lips opened, they moved as if she were saying please again and again while Dolly looked at me and then to the thing that gasped as it was fucked. Begging for release, begging with tears and sobs.

Dolly turned to sit and a twisted smile came to her lips. A malicious leer as she realised that I was permitting her to decide.

I thought that the little bitch was going to wait as long as she could get away with, but she had another revenge in mind. Her foot kicked out at Charlene's balls, the heel leaving a livid red line on his thigh.

"Come for your Mummy, Charlie you pathetic cocksucker," she screamed at him. "Faggot sissy-bitch... I saw how you loved to suck that Russian's cock..."

A dribble of thin come leaked from Charlene's little cocklet and he exhaled. If I had not had her silenced, it would have been a scream of terror and anguish. She collapsed in a heap at my feet and I trod in the come on the floor with my stilettos and then offered them to her lips.

"Lick the shit of my shoes, douche! How dare you show any hesitation when I give you a direct command?"

As Charlene lapped at the dirt and come on my soles, as his wife sat and enjoyed that he had fallen further than her, as I slowly climaxed to the rhythm of my own fingers, I knew that what I had created was forever...

I love that feeling!

Twenty-Eight

If I could have, I would have taken Dolly and created a special maid from her. She had it in her to be as hard as nails, to be ruthless and unforgiving and I knew instinctively that she *could* have been the one that I needed. Obedient and brutal, submissive and vindictive.

Loving and callous.

But, it was too late for her, she was on the point of no-return in the hands of those two Russian lesbian sadists, Klemantina and Ulyana. Perhaps it is a shame that it all turned out like it did. In another time and place there might have been a far happier ending, Dolly in my bed with her sissy husband under her command as her personal slave.

Instead, Natalia ground that streak of naughtiness from her in the last few weeks that she spent in training. Used a wetted cane and strict bondage to prepare her for her adventure in Moscow in the summer dacha of the women that had bought her from me. Had the lips of her pussy pierced with the two small rows of rings that allowed her to be sealed with a bar threaded between them. Had the barcode that labelled her as owned property discretely tattooed on the soles of her feet where they would not lower her resale value.

For my part, I concentrated on the final phases of Charlene's training.

A week of being fucked and used.

A week sucking cock and presenting his ass to be used. Through the bars of the cot, at night, woken and violated. At any time in the haze of foggy pink that filled Charlene's vision a rigid cock

could need to be drained or taken in. Wanked over by all six of my hired cocks perhaps or just Steven, lapping it all from the soles and spikes of my shoes after it leaked down her thighs from her ass and then begging to do it all again.

Exhausting!

For Charlene as well as myself as every moment needs to be supervised carefully, but there was an exhilaration that filled me as I watched the final dregs of self, drain from both of my victims. Every moment of their time was now filled with endless torment, service and submission.

Endless!

Walking the treadmill in ballet-boots. Being punished for minor derelictions. Showing myself and Natalia that they had not forgotten how to please. Dressing and undressing, preparing make-up and pampering their owners with manicures and intimate service. Tightly strapped while slowly fucked by the machines that never tired of defilement. Monitored, evaluated, violated and broken until, by the time that the message arrived, both of them were nothing more than sexual automatons.

Dolly and Charlene unable to resist the overturning of their world, unable to swim against the tide until at last they were ready to be sold as sex-slaves. Taken by the undertow, gasping just to please and avoid the punishments that Natalia gave at the slightest failure.

Whatever little perversions and games Klemantina and Ulyana hide in the deep woods in Melikhovo, they have an insatiable need for more players in their wicked games. There is inexhaustible sadism in the Russian soul, my two clients proving that rule.

I supplied that need.

There *are* worse places than stretched tight on a frame before a sadistic Russian rich-bitch with a braided whip, but they are far and few between! Women like Ulyana and Klementina have the money to make their desires come true and; because of them, so do I.

All that remains now is to tell the final ending...

An Interlude - Goodbyes

Natalia sat in the open car door while I stood holding the two leashes in one hand as my two pets stood with me, waiting for the arrival of their transport. The lane was dark, the desolate ruin of the farm buildings behind us looming in the darkness. Distant lights moved amongst the hedgerows and trees and I knew that the exchange was about to take place.

The moon slipped behind a cloud and now I could see that there were two vehicles moving slowly down the lane. The first a simple white van that bounced over every rut in the unmade road. The second a limousine like the one in which we had met before.

I could hear them now and my two leashed slaves became unsettled. In the haze of her pink contact lenses, Charlene could feel the menace and knew that some momentous event was in the offing. Dolly had a light of excitement in her eyes. As if the arrival of a van fitted with cages was an anticipated event. Myself, I had expected the van, but the presence of the limo was a surprise.

The van stopped and a woman climbed from the driver's seat and looked at the two figures that were under my command. Muscular and tall she shrugged and I offered her the leashes. A small tug and my two slaves were taken to the back of the van and hustled into the cages within.

Against the lights of the limousine, like a shadow-play and the driver then closed the doors of the van and gunned the engine. It executed a turn in the weed-filled farmyard and then retreated the way it had come. One of the limousine's doors opened and I approached to find Ulyana sitting alone in the leather lined luxury of the Mercedes.

The dim light inside the car showed the mass of fur that hid all but her face and hands. She smiled and crooked a finger from the depths of her furs.

"You were not expecting me, *da?*" she said.

I shook my head.

"I cannot come with you," I said, though I was tempted.

The furs moved like liquid and opened a little to show a large breast and a hint of thigh in the slit that formed in the sable and mink. A hand extended and offered something shiny and black.

"I quite understand, *Nyezashita*, darling. Take this and you will be contacted, there is a job for you to do, a very special job for me... All you have to do is wait for the call, *panymeioo?*"

I reached for the phone and her other hand shot out of the fur and grasped my wrist.

"I have *chosen* you, do not disappoint me!"

There was a moment when we were still and then she planted the small mobile in my palm and released my wrist.

"Chosen me for what?" I asked.

"A little project that is very dear to my heart," she replied. "A chance to fuck the Americans over, *da?* You are just what we need, a *suka!*"

Ulyana rearranged the furs that she nestled in and I caught more than a glimpse of the toned body beneath, the pale skin that was decorated with dark tattoos that curled around the thighs and belly. She smiled up at me and slipped her hand

amongst the furs before uttering a small moan.

"I can tell you nothing now, *dorogoy*, just wait for the call and show me that I can trust you..."

She reached for the door and pulled it closed.

The engine of the Mercedes purred and Ulyana was gone. I looked at the small phone in my hand and slipped it into my pocket before heading to where Natalia sat in her car.

"What the fuck was that about?" she asked.

"Ulyana," I said.

Natalia put on a mock Russian accent and said, "They are all so crazy these Russians..."

I laughed with her, but the phone in the pocket of my jeans left me cold.

Two weeks later the private jet sent for me by Ulyana touched down in Moscow military airport and moved to the terminal.

I was on board...

End

Note

'Fourth Wall' stands, as originally intended, on its own. My thirty fifth novel. However, I so liked the characters that I had created,

both Russians and British, that I felt that they could have further life in a thriller-series that is the project next on my lengthy agenda.

The meaning of the invitation by Ulyana and the purpose of the trip to Moscow will be revealed in a later book of that series and Monique will resurface in quite different circumstances to those related here.

The first novel of the 'Domains Series' is to be entitled 'Pink'. It is planned to appear in mid-2018 to be followed by at least four other novels that encompass a vast and complex female-domination conspiracy...

Love,

Irene.

www.missirenelearmont.com