

# GAIL'S LONG DAY.

By

MISS IRENE CLEARMONT.

AN **ADULT** TALE OF FEMALE DOMINATION.

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## Synopsis:

Gail is a spouse that gets mistreated in the most graphic and painful way. This is Gail's story, the story of *just one single* day of her life. A day on which she reflects on what happened to her, how she came to be subjugated by women who have no interest in anything other than her obedience, no matter what the orders are that are given! How she found herself lower than the pet that is spoiled. The day starts at five and never seems to end for the maid that has been imprisoned, confined and mistreated in order to create the perfect submissive servant. The action bounces between the here and now and the past events that led to total loss of freedom, total service and total humiliation. What begins with breakfast ends in female led violation!

It is just one day, just one long, *long* day for Gail.

*Irene*

# **Gail's Long Day**

## **Morning, Noon, Evening and Night.**

### **Morning**

The dim light of dawn breaking lit the kitchen in dim light as Gail opened the shutters and stood for a moment looking out into the garden on which the dew was like a subtle coat of grey. Today was the day of the big party and the preparation had to begin. In just thirteen hours, the first guests would arrive and everything had to be ready for the guests, friends and others that were due to arrive. Food, flowers, clothes and outfits all needed to be prepared. Champagne had to be cooled, snacks laid prettily on platters for the buffet and everything had to be just perfect for Janine and Pauli. It would mean a great deal of work, but there would be no room for mistakes, because perfection was expected and had to be provided. Would be provided, else the punishment would be severe.

Gail sighed and turned from the window to begin the breakfast that would be served at seven. On the colder days that had now arrived, a full English breakfast was to be prepared, so Gail started to lay out the eggs, bacon and other components on the work surface. As she always did at this time when she was alone, she dreamed of times past and her hopes for the future. The past was just a pile of faded memories like dog-eared postcards lying forgotten in a drawer or a box in the loft.

They had been good, those times, and the memories were a reminder that her whole life had not been spent in service, but they were gone and completed and the here and now was the only thing that really mattered. As for the future, she just wished a day at a time! Perhaps she could satisfy Janine and Pauli so that they would be a little less demanding, a little less inclined to punish her for her mistakes and life would be bearable.

*'But that's just a pipe dream,'* thought Gail as she stared to polish the glasses that would be needed for the party.

So she worked at buffing the glasses and carefully lined them up ready for use. It did not help that she was not allowed to switch on the lights and so had to work by the dawn light. She glanced up at the clock and decided that she had half an hour before the breakfast needed to be ready, so she started organizing the pastry and the other things that had to be done. Carefully she lined up all the ingredients and kitchen tools so that they would be at hand before she suddenly remembered that Pauli had told her to make sure that all the various clothes were laid out and ready for her two superiors. A glance at the clock told her that she had just ten minutes so she headed upstairs as fast as she could without making a noise.

The chains that joined her ankles always made the stairs a tricky prospect, especially if she was in a hurry and the high heels of her boots were a further hindrance. The heels were needle thin and her toes just touched the ground as she carefully took one step at a time. She had been in the boots for three years now, but it was still tricky on the thick carpet that covered

each stair. At the top of the stairs she glanced along the long corridor and checked to see if all the warning lights were green.

They were, except of course the three rooms that she was not allowed in. The master bedroom, the playroom and the room where Sally was kept. So she walked to the door of the dressing room and made a last check. Yes! The small light showed green so she could enter without the sensors in her punishment collar reacting and admonishing her for her mistake. Gail opened the door and the light came on automatically. She leafed through all the clothes and made the selection, laying them out on the table with great care to make sure that they were presented properly, with all buttons and zips open, ready to be slipped on with the minimum of fuss. Then she chose three pairs of shoes for each of her owners and placed them neatly on the floor under the clothes that she had prepared. With a last look she realized that she had forgotten to select a crop and gloves for Janine, so she selected the everyday instrument of correction and the red leather gloves ready to be used if her mistress decided that they would be needed.

As Gail left, she closed the door quietly behind her and hurried down to the kitchen to prepare the breakfast. There had been a time when this house was hers, bought with the proceeds of her parent's will all those years ago. Now it was a modern and luxurious prison that she had to serve in! Fitted with detection devices, zoned into areas as the new owners had decided and restricted for the maid who had not been outside at all for four years now.

As Gail prepared the breakfast and made the coffee she made sure that it was all perfect. Toast done one side for Pauli and both sides for Janine, bacon rindless and the eggs just perfect. Finally it was done and she checked the clock. In just two minutes the light would go green above the master bedroom and she had better be waiting with the breakfast ready to enter. As she tottered up the stairs with the silver tray she was struck by a sudden thought that almost made her drop the tray in fright. Yesterday evening Janine has told her to make sure that the crop that she prepared was the wicked glass fiber rod and not the soft leather crop with the whip end! Gail hurried up the stairs just in time to see the small indicator over the dressing room switch from green to red and the master bedroom from red to green! Frantically she wondered if she would have the opportunity to change the choice that she had laid out, but she knew that there would be no chance. Sally still had to be fed and then Gail had to prepare the living room for her owners.

A tear welled in her eye at the thought that she had made a mistake and Janine would be sure to notice that error and punish her intensely. Gail put down the tray for a moment and carefully dabbed the tears away and made sure that her make-up was perfect. Long lashes that fluttered like feathers, deep blue that faded to pale azure around those lashes and deep red pouting lips that swelled with the last Botox that had been administered just a day ago. The make-up was severe and made her look like a well-manicured whore and the rest of her grooming was in tune with that general theme. Long nails, delicately painted with black and then swirls of silver, hair tied into two long bunches that hung over her ears, a ring that pierced her nose

and dangled over her upper lip and studs that ringed her ears with delicate sparkles of twenty gemstones.

When Gail was sure that she was acceptable, she picked up the tray and entered the master bedroom with her eyes downcast and the wiggle in her hips that Pauli so liked her to show. The boots came to just under her knees, bright red patent leather with laces on both sides; they showed her calves' feminine shape so well. Stockings that showed the lacy tops just at the hem of the clear plastic skirt that allowed constant inspection of thighs, sex and her generous hips. She wore a corset that was laced tight to give a delicious curve to her waist that swelled to lift her large breasts into view, the pierced nipples showing just clear of the black edge of the corset.

As she entered the sumptuous room she saw that both of her owners were just waking to her entrance. They lay curled into each other like the lovers that they were. Pauli's leg casually draped over Janine's hip. As usual she laid the tray on the small elegant table by the end of the bed and opened the curtains to allow the morning light to flood into the room. Janine yawned and snuggled into her lover with a small kiss to the back and then looked up at Gail and smiled.

"I'm *just* ready for a coffee, Gail, dear," she said as she tickled Pauli to wake up her companion.

Pauli turned and smiled before kissing Janine on the lips with a tender kiss that lingered and allowed tongues to meet briefly and then part.



“Mmm, love the smell of that breakfast, dear. Pass it over please,” yawned Pauli.

Janine sat up and allowed the bedclothes to fall from her with a casual and sensuous movement. Her pert breasts with the delicate flower tattoos firm and inviting. Gail passed the tray to Janine who held it up while Pauli got settled and comfortable.

Pauli sipped the coffee and sighed with satisfaction while Gail stood still and straight and waited for either dismissal or further orders. It seemed that the two lovers in bed simply wanted to enjoy the excellent breakfast and also the fact that Gail was forced to wait until they decided that they had enjoyed the sight of their maid watching them eat all the while knowing that scraps and her awful usual morning meal was to be her lot.

Pauli put down the coffee and beckoned Gail to her and reached out in a lazy fashion towards her sex. Obliging Gail lifted the clear rubber dress and waited for Pauli to inspect her as she often did with a flutter of the fingers and a sly smile at her uncomfortable confinement. That was the irony of the two female lovers! Pauli and Janine were both women who lived with the sissy-husband that they had subjugated and feminized. Gail *had* been Gerry until just four years ago; just a year after Pauli had begun her affair with Janine and helped create the maid who had once been a husband and lover.

Four years after that moment of capitulation, Pauli had at last got what she had wanted all along as she led a curious Janine down the path of becoming

the mistress who was perhaps even more cruel and strict with her fallen husband than Pauli.

Gail's little prick was caged, subdued and punished by having to wear a metal tube that ensured that she was always in a state of arousal, but never able to be fulfilled. A ring captured the base of that manhood and ensured that it was confined by the curved tube that allowed the pink tattooed tip to rub against whatever dress she was forced to wear. Her tiny balls were stretched by the weights that contained the final part of the electronic device that could administer small pulses and vibrations to them. All controlled by the steel collar that was now permanently welded around her neck.

As Pauli's hand touched the bright pink tip of that prick there was a beginning of an erection to be seen. A slight swelling that was constrained by the tight metal, a ruined erection that always triggered the onset of a programmed series of punishments and vibrations that only ceased when Gail dribbled her emission from the small eye in her cock. Janine laughed as she saw Gail quiver with emotion and the movement of the probe that penetrated her delicate ass. It rubbed and vibrated in sympathy with the weights that perched on those tender balls and slowly brought the hapless man-maid to a climax that was *no* climax. A milking that produced pure and endless cream in dribbles to drip onto stockings and boots as Gail stood as still as possible while her owners enjoyed watching her suffer from an intense pleasure that was never completed.

While Gail quivered and suffered the attentions of her electronic constraints the two women in bed carried on a normal conversation. While the intruder in Gail's ass sought out her inner sensitivities and forced yet another slow dribbling ejaculation that was no climax.

"What are you going to wear tonight?" asked Pauli of her lover. "Something kinky and shiny or are you going for the party frock and heels?"

Janine laughed and winked at Pauli.

"I had it in mind to wear that nice Vuitton frock with the Choo shoes," said Janine, "but then all our guests have seen both of them before and I really don't want to appear tired. So I am going to throw myself into something that I bought just three weeks ago for your delectation. It's a bit of a surprise really, so don't press me to spoil the fun!"

Pauli ran her hand along Janine's thigh under the covers and blew her a kiss.

All the while, Gail was undergoing the slow milking by her chastity device. The probe in her rear stroked her prostate with a soft motion; the whole probe vibrated stretching and tickling her sphincter gently. The heavy ring on her balls pulsed small, gentle shocks that caused the muscles in her balls and the base of her prick to quiver and rub the skin and the clear rubber dress rubbed against the lipstick-bright tip of her cock.

Janine pushed the tray with the finished breakfast on it to one side and turned to look at Gail.

“If you start your usual weeping, Gail, I shall attend to you most severely. I know that you are at heart a good little maid, but sometimes you just seem to resent the fact that I am allowed a little pleasure at your expense. You are my husband and should be proud to serve me, especially since I have seen fit to keep you continually nice and excited.”

Six years ago Janine and Gerry had been married and living quite a normal suburban life. He was the stock analyst, she the desperate-housewife with a longing for excitement. Gerry was the well paid earner and Janine was the woman who dreamed of romance and variety that she could see no way of grasping. Then two things had happened. The first was that *she* met Pauli, a southern Italian woman who offered so much in one package, the second thing was the win on the lottery. Pauli was plump, wide hipped and smooth and sexy in a way that was indescribably erotic to Janine. Huge breasts that flopped over her chest like luscious pillows. A round face with pouting lips and a pussy that needed so much attention to keep it blissful and satisfied. The affair that began in a cocktail-bar and then a hotel room ripened in bed and matured at home. The husband that had been such a focus and earner became irrelevant when Janine won the lottery and found love between the thighs of a woman who regarded men as at best, servants for her use.

Gail started to weep.

She had *tried* so hard to hold onto Janine, the love of her life. She had tried to accommodate the Italian lover in her wife's bed. The cuckoo cuckold in the marriage bed. Gail had tried to work around the 'difficult situation' of

being betrayed by a woman. She had submitted to becoming the drudge and almost-servant while his wife dallied with Pauli in bed. Step by small step she had slithered down the slide until nothing was now beyond Janine's power. Gail had tried to get therapy and then she had slowly found that Pauli was having an effect on Janine that was more than just the affair. Pauli and Janine were like two chemicals that are harmless when on their own; like nitric acid and glycerin or perhaps saltpeter and sulfur, they mixed and the result was explosive. Janine became so very hard to Gail who had been Gerry and Pauli just cheered her on. Gerry became Gail and Janine stayed Janine! Gail was subjected to continual sexual harassments and subjugation while Janine and Pauli grew in strength and callousness.

Gail's little cock wept in sympathy with her tears of fear and hurt.

The old circle of friends melted like snow in the heat of a blaze, the friends ran away from this new Janine and her curious relationships. Her clear disdain for her husband, her sarcasm and control, her hard new edge that combined with a sly humor that no one found amusing but her and her ever-present lover. As the lovers entwined, the new friends arrived until all but one of the old circle was gone. That one remainder was Gerry's boss, the rather immoral Gilbert Henderson. It was he who was the one that suggested that Janine start to feminize her husband. His part was as an eager facilitator; so Gilbert simply made Gerry redundant with a large pay-off and helped Janine and the rather sexually intriguing Pauli find all that they needed to make Gerry into Gail.

The semen dripped down the inside of the clear skirt until it reached the hem to drip onto the patent boots below. The tear that escaped Gail's eye ran down her cheek and dripped onto her smooth breast to linger before disappearing under the silk of the corset leaving just a glistening trail.

First there were all those small feminine touches. A bit of lipstick, an endless number of appointments until every hair below Gail's ears had been removed. Then came the severe restrictions, the chastity tube and the fetters. The cot that became a cage; the clothes that became fetishistic parodies of everyday clothes. Bit by bit, drip by drip, Gerry became Gail.

Finally the day arrived when the women from Chastity Microsystems arrived to fit all the electronic sensors and computer controlled communication and the collar went on with the snap of a padlock. Now Janine could follow every movement and lingering moment that her husband spent alone. She could track and punish him by remote control, reprimand by routine programmed into the computer and chastise by simply using the remote control. That had been three years ago. The following three years had been merely refinements as Janine refined and strengthened her level of control. Janine was interested in the discipline, the manipulation and the domination. She enjoyed the misery, the passive hopelessness and the constant service that had ever to be perfect and without blemish. Pauli was more earthy, more inclined to play like a kitten with her lover's little husband.

"What is the point in dressing him in stockings, boots and a dress if he does not fit? If we have to fill his bra with old newspaper and put a cushion

behind his ass to get a nice round bottom?" asked Pauli. "What we need to do is make a *real* girl of him. Make him more feminine than a late night whore. Then we slim him into some sexy clothes and voila, he really becomes the slave maid that you always wanted. Anyway I prefer women so let's make him into one..."

Janine was at first reluctant and then it became an obsession to make a woman of Gerry that could have stripped to her panties before the realization that Gail was actually male would have hit the watcher as the small cock and tiny balls flopped into view!

Pauli had had her casual fun and made poor little Gail suffer and cry while forcing a climax that was nothing more than an automatic reaction to stimuli deftly applied. She tweaked those pierced nipples and then ran her fingers around the tight stretched skin that held Gail's dildo in place.

Janine had to admit that Pauli had such skill at humiliation, such finesse when it came to suffering and sex. Not just with Gail either, she was able to tease Justine until she literally begged for release. No, Pauli was a terror in bed, a veritable authority on how to make a man or woman shudder at the edge of orgasm for hour after hour until the release came when *she* allowed it. Had she felt a real need to control Janine she could have easily pushed Janine into servitude like she had with her previous lover, Sally. But, Justine was loved, cherished, pleased, humored and lavished with orgasms that had no strings attached. Sally, on the other hand had been a different matter.

When Janine had met Pauli she had barely noticed the maid that occasionally hovered in the background and opened doors and poured the coffee. It was when Janine realized that Sally lived in Pauli's house as a live-in maid that she began to take notice. She noticed the casual orders, the light sexual strokes of the hand, the almost exposed breasts and the minis that some might have described as a wide belt rather than a narrow skirt!

Finally, when Pauli moved in with Janine she brought Sally and showed Janine how docile and broken to an authoritarian hand she was. Sally stripped and begged to please Janine. Then she gave a floorshow that left no stone unturned in sheer abasement. When she cupped her lips on Janine and drank everything that Janine's full bladder managed to expel she realized that Pauli could control men and women like marionettes. Pauli had that charm. She was the piper from Hamelin that makes all follow the hypnotic sound of the pipes despite there being no bridge over the river. All she needed was a night to bewitch her victim with lust and love and then a lifetime to take everything else.

Sally had been their first maid, before Gerry had become Gail. As Gail became the only part of Gerry that was permitted life, Sally became a pet to the two women. A puppy or kitten that was petted and then used like a toy in bed. Gail would never be used like that, Gail was tormented, beaten, maltreated, used and abused with relish, whereas Sally was fondled, petted, stroked, caressed, dressed up and molested but never tormented except by love. Sally got all the tenderness and love that Gail was denied, she was the kitten who licked and presented herself to be rewarded with pleasure,



indulgence and bliss as it pleased her mistresses. Janine had suggested having Sally altered to fit her role in the household.

“There is enough money for any adjustments that we might wish to make on Sally,” said Janine one afternoon while Sally rubbed her naked body against her legs in sheer pleasure. “I am sure that we can find a place where we can have her arms and legs adjusted to make her more of a pet and less of a woman,” she continued. “Larger breasts and other little touches, perhaps?”

“I know that you loved what we have done to Gail,” said Pauli, “but Sally? I am not so sure if we need to do it, unless of course you really, really want and need to have a helpless little Sally even though you have a defenseless little Pauli to make you come a million times a night!”

“You are right, I suppose,” said Janine as she stroked Sally’s head. “On the other hand there is something that I really, really want and it would so make me so happy to have it done to your former little girlfriend.”

“Mmm, darling what would that be,” said Pauli expecting that Sally might just have to lose her cute little clitoris to please the jealous Janine.

“I want her to be silent. Forever and ever.”

“Mute?”

“Mmm, it would be so nice not to hear her moan when she comes and then every now and again she forgets herself in my presence and speaks a few words, before I have to punish her for doing it.”

“OK, then,” replied Pauli with a grin. “I’ll sort it out and then we’ll have the perfect pet. Won’t we dear?”

The last words were spoken to Sally who had parted her legs to show her throbbing pussy and her need for attention by Pauli.

Sally nodded and said, “I want to be perfect!”

Janine frowned and said, “That’s exactly what I mean. I would rather she was not able to speak so that I don’t have to listen to her again. It’s such a turn off.”

Janine stood up and headed for the kitchen in a huff while Pauli stroked Sally between the legs gently, her manicured nails drifted through those neat little folds of flesh and then touched the nubbin of her clitoris with a faint touch.

“I thought that Janine was going to ask for this,” said Pauli as she thrummed the bud of pink flesh that made Sally shudder with pure pleasure. “I’m afraid that I would have let her take it if she really wanted it. You really have to stop upsetting your other mistress because she means more to me than you and I would allow her to do anything to you if she really demanded it of me.”

“Oh, god, I know,” gasped Sally as she came under the light touch of Pauli’s fingers. “I would do anything for you, anything you need. If transforming me into a helpless fuck-puppet is what you need to offer Janine, then just do it, you always have my love and obedience. Oh, Pauli, I love you so much, please, please me, please make me come for you, please again...”

“Of course,” murmured Pauli as she slipped her hand into that pussy and massaged Sally from the inside as her other hand played with nipples and breasts with the points of her nails.

Out of the corner of Pauli’s eye she saw Janine standing smiling at her fondling of the woman who loved her enough to agree to anything to stay in her life.

“Sally loves you without constraint, Pauli, as do I, so let us leave it at this and we shall learn to live together. As long as she makes you happy then I am contented to have her here as a pet for our occasional use.”

Pauli sighed in satisfaction. Each of them now had a previous lover in the house, the balance was perfect, two women, the strict and the persuasive, two slaves the abused and the delightful. Perfect!

That was all three years ago, now was the present, the time when all the players in this domestic drama had settled into their respective roles and understood the part that they had to play with an almost instinctive irrevocability.

So Gail stood in her latex, parading her small cock that had been milked until the dribbles of semen splattered her patent leather ballet boots. Sally lay in the basket in her cage, silently curled up and waiting to be fed and watered. Pauli, ever the temptress who laid in bed with her breasts embroidered with rose tattoos, one hand on her lover's parted cunt as she idly played a tune on that clitoris, a rhapsody. Finally there was Janine, the mistress who shuddered under Pauli's persuasive fingers and then orgasmed with a moan as a finger entered her pussy while Pauli planted a small kiss on her cheek.

Finally the climax passed and Janine slid out of bed, naked and glorious in the morning light.

"Gail, take the tray, clean yourself up and then feed Sally before having your usual breakfast," said Janine as she stretched and then looked down at Pauli with devouring eyes.

Gail just nodded and was relieved that she would be allowed to eat the scraps from the breakfast, but Janine changed her mind, as she so often did.

"Make sure that you give Sally all the scraps, you can open a new tin and eat it cold on the kitchen floor... I expect to see a nicely licked-out bowl when you have finished."

Pauli laughed at the way that Gail's face fell at the thought of eating the cold dog and cat food. It did not help that only the very cheapest was bought in just one flavor, fish. Janine was sometimes so harsh, a real sadist, not in the

sense that she wished to cause actual physical pain all the time, but that she knew what hurt and how to administer that anguish in amounts that were just calculated to cause the *most* distress.

Pauli knew that the real reason that Janine had wanted Sally to be silent was so that Sally could no longer tell Pauli that she loved the mistress who was obsessed with another lover. It was the 'I love yous' that Janine wanted an end to; the only person who would be allowed to use those words could ever be Janine!

Gail left the room behind and went to tend to Sally's meal. She carefully negotiated the stairs and heated up the scraps and bacon rinds and burned toast that she had hoped to be eating herself. Then she cut them small and put them in the delicate bowl with 'Sally' inscribed in pink gothic letters and made the trip to Sally's room.

Sally looked up and smiled. Her Asian features made her look cute, almost manga-like, with large almond shaped eyes and hair in plaits. She nodded her thanks as the bowl was passed into the cage and then started to eat from the bowl as was expected. Gail lingered a moment and wished that she had an easy life like Sally. Mute and responsive, happy and eager to please with her long tongue, sexy and vulnerable, never punished and always played with. All of which was quite the opposite of the way that Gail had to live her life of service.

Gail smiled at the uncertain wind of fortune that had cast her adrift and closed the door behind her. Then she remembered the crop, the wrong one.

The light over the dressing room was green. She could quickly swap them over and Janine would be none the wiser. She just had to have a little luck and be quick enough!

With the slender chains on her ankle fetters slowing her down and the boots making walking fast almost impossible it seemed to take an age to reach the door of the dressing room. Gail had her hand on the handle when she suddenly noticed that the small light over the door flickered from green to red, almost as if the system was teasing her. Indeed it was! An automatic download had upgraded the software so that now all the lights showed green all the time until the sensors in the collar showed that Gail was just about to enter a forbidden zone. Then the light would go red and she would be denied entrance. Gail slowly withdrew her hand from the handle as she realized what had happened and felt a wave of depression wash over her.

Even the slightest mistake, even the smallest failure was punished by her wife, Janine. It was not that the punishment was a deterrent; after all, Gail was already doing her absolute best to avoid oversights and could do no better than she was already doing! The punishment was just idle amusement for Janine, just the fear of the chastisement was a pleasure for the wife who now *more* than owned her husband. She occupied Gail's every moment with terror and fear, she filled her spouse's every waking moment with work and degrading activities that always ended in retribution and reprimand. Most of all she raped and fucked him, body and mind. She had become an obsession, a sexual nightmare as he longed to serve her and be at her feet and yet that service would only lead to deeper pain and suffering at her hands.

All the while she paraded her love for Pauli and consummated it as if Gail did not exist. Often the afternoons were filled with the sweet cries of lovemaking as Pauli and Janine lay playing with each other in bed or anywhere else in the house while she had to attend their needs. Silently Gail stood watching, trying so hard not to allow an erection that would trigger her own stunted climax, the ruined orgasm that came from a massage so deep and profound that she gave up her come with scarcely an aroused thought. Occasionally they put her on the milking machine that was fixed inside her cell. The tube that massaged the tip of Gail's prick with small shocks of electric twitching, the slow rape of the machine that pushed a dildo into her ass for hours at a time and the way that she was forced to suck a bottle of evil tasting liquid dry from a dildo teat before the rape would stop. Gail was so sure that occasionally they filled her teat-cock with a gallon of their own water, but she could never be sure because of the addition of all sorts of evil tastes that had been mixed. Sugar, hot peppers, salt, vinegar, saccharine and pepper all stirred into a soup that defied culinary description. She had to drink it all before the switch stopped the reaming that she was receiving in her ass and the tender treatment that ensured that she dripped semen for hours at a time.

Indeed, that was what Janine had said! "If you are milked enough, you will produce more and more until we can milk you all day long and enjoy the sight of you lapping up your mess wherever you have dripped it."

Years later it was coming true! Without climaxing once in three years Gail was often dripping and flowing as Janine had predicted. In the tube her cock

had shrunk until it was no more than a shadow of its former glory. Every time that Janine had noticed that there was room for some part of an erection in the tube, she had fitted a slightly smaller one. Naturally she had milked Gail each time for two days before removing the tube. It just would not do if Gail climaxed or got an erection when out of the tube, that would be just so *very* unacceptable. The strange thing was that now that Gail was dribbling come for hours at a time, one drop at a time, yet her balls had seemed to shrink.

“That’s just because of the rings and weights,” said Pauli as she fingered the delicate eggs that hung in the tight skin of the maid’s dangling balls one day. “Her cock is getting smaller as you put ever tighter chastity tubes on your leaking little slut-maid.”

“No I think that Gail is being castrated as I demand ever more semen from her body, one day she will have no cock at all and she will be just be a little cow that has to be milked all the time,” said Janine with a smile as she fingered the small cock.

*‘There is no way that it is more than three inches erect now, if of course it was ever allowed to swell to its full size’* she thought as she admired the bright pink tip that had been tattooed with that startling colour. It was like a small turtle’s head peeping from a metal shell. A tiny tip that responded as she rubbed her thumb over it. A tear of pre-cum was conjured up at the tip and she slapped the cock lightly to show her disapproval. That was then...



Gail sighed and waited a small moment to see if the light over the dressing room door would turn green again, but it balefully stayed red and Gail went down to the kitchen to get her own breakfast.

Now she would have to start all the cooking preparation for the party. Then she would have to make sure the house was perfect. At some point, Janine was sure to bring her up short for laying out the wrong crop with her clothes. Then she had to 'exercise' Sally. A subtle punishment considering that making Sally climax was a pure contrast to Gail's own state! Occasionally she would have to pleasure Sally for hours at a time. This was because Sally herself was often allowed to determine when she was satisfied with the service. It allowed Gail to understand the order of precedence in this nightmare household in which she lay, clearly and permanently, at the base of the pyramid. Sometimes Sally would need hour of attention because she was bored, her mistresses were out somewhere and Gail bringing her to orgasm after orgasm was the only amusement that she had to occupy herself with.

Sally could be so cruel as well. Occasionally she broke something, for which of course, Gail; was always punished. On one memorable occasion she had been lying with her ankles tucked behind her neck as she liked to do when Gail had to suck at her wide open cunt and ass hole. As the tongue lapped at her she felt her bladder needed release and she just let it go! For a moment Gail had been shocked before she had realized that Sally was once again learning a new trick to humiliate her. All Gail could do was drink from the fountain that sprang from just below that clitoris to stem the tide. Every

now and again Sally showed her childish disapproval of the maid by forcing her to become her unwilling latrine.

Gail reached the kitchen and pulled down a can of the fatty cold fish-flavored dog food. For a brief moment she held it up to the camera to show Janine, if she was watching, that the maid had picked the correct can and then Gail opened it and poured the contents into her chipped earthenware bowl.

On her hands and knees, at last off those terrible stilettos, she lapped at the foul smelling food and hated every mouthful that she had to swallow. Always the bowl had to be licked clean and presented to the CCTV to prove that there was no waste, always she had to smile at the camera and lick her lips as if in appreciation of the generosity of her mistress in offering such a wonderful repast.

That was Gail's life. Every punishment or pain had its own humiliation piled on the apex, like whipped cream on a cake. Janine was creating the perfect slave. The one that would do anything that was required to the best of ability. Soon Gail would not be reflecting on her past and her status, she would be reacting to each new stimulus immediately just as Janine wanted her to. Just another year and the mental programming would reach over Gail's head and drown her in a tsunami of sheer submission. No longer would Gail remember that she had been married to Janine, that Pauli had stolen away her wife. The lottery win, the loss of his job, the training, it would all fade into a mist of the forgotten as Gail worried about the orders

that she had been given and how she could manage to be a good girl for her mistress.

Gail was already an impeccable maid; soon she would be the perfect slave.

Just living a life of mindless servitude!

## Noon

The punishment had been severe, but thankfully short and sharp.

Janine had put on the red gloves, ever a sign that she was going to be severe and used the rod that she had *asked* to be prepared for her. The plain glass fiber-rod that whistled in the air as it cut the air and then cut Gail's thighs. Two blows of this cane was the normal punishment for this type of infraction, but for some reason Janine just administered a single cut of the cane that did not just bruise the skin, it cut and left a weeping wound from which a dew of blood welled.

That allowed Gail to get back to her duties!

Before the preparation for the party could really begin, Gail had to clean the house according to her normal schedule for a Friday. That meant vacuuming every corner, dust, clean the main bathroom and the master bedroom as well as attend to her own grooming, tidy her clothes, ensure that all the shoes and boots used in the last three days were shining like new and then pay a visit to every mirror and polish it. That was a normal Friday.

Every day was different, the schedule was endless. Cleaning, drying, wringing out, pleasuring and tending to Sally, and an endless rote of other tasks that were interwoven with daily life like cooking, baking and preparing meals. To make it worse Gail was constantly plagued by her punishment collar and the ring that grasped her balls in such a pleasurable and terrible grip. Every now and again her thoughts strayed to sex, as was Janine's

intent! When it did and Gail started to swell she was promptly milked and emptied by the machine that monitored her sexual state.

First Gail would feel herself harden and the firm way that the curved tube that clasped her prick stopped her short. The curve and the narrow diameter of the tube defeated Gail's erection and held it at about two inches plus the tip of her cock that peeped pinkly from the top. That attempt to break from confinement would trigger the switch and the milking would begin. The ring that made Gail's little balls hang so low would start to vibrate and issue small shocks that were just held at a level that caused the muscles in her groin to clench and release. A sort of mild fuck that was boosted to a level much higher when the anal plug started to come into the equation. It seemed to swell in Gail's rear, but that was probably just a flight of the imagination. It reached into her and pressed itself against that small node of sexual sensitivity that was her prostate and began its sinister work. It vibrated, pushed and massaged until the gland reacted to squeeze its contents free, a slug of semen that was prepared for the next climax.

But, the climax never ever came and Gail's body betrayed her again and again at the behest of a purely mechanical and electrical stimulation. The prostate ejected its fluid, the tubes clenched and slowly the liquid made its way to the end of the slave's prick. It hesitated a moment and then dripped slowly onto a stocking, leg or perhaps shoe. Mostly Gail caught the emission in her cupped hands, a perfect bowl for her delectation. Long fingernails and slender fingers cupped the small drops of fluid and lifted them to her tongue and lips. The only possible solution to her dripping prick that never seemed

to lack the ability to force its semen into Gail's unwilling mouth day and night.

She looked down at her prick, the short sausage of flesh that was the cause of so much of her discomfort, pain and frustration. Once again it was rubbed the wrong way by the material of her skirt. Fascinated, Gail watched the tip grow and swell until the tube was full. She was not allowed to touch herself when the machine was working so she just stared as control of her body was assumed by a computer that sat in the control room where the red light had never gone off.

There in the darkness, a small laptop clicked its hard drive and began to run its program. At first it logged the time and duration of the action sequence. Then it measured temperature, pressure of Gail's asshole and calculated how much ejaculate would be required since the last time that the program had been run. Using wireless, the laptop spoke to the effector-collar tight around her neck and from there to the other devices that were planted inside her anus, around her balls as well as inside her boots.

Using a complex algorithm the laptop decided the requirements that Janine had programmed it for and sent the initiator signals to Gail's system. The penetrated ass responded, it flushed and the temperature went up slightly. The prostate changed shape slightly as it started to eject the semen and the tight balls pumped more liquid into the system. Finally the pressure sensor at the base of Gail's cock measured the amount of fluid that passed and stepped up the pressure of the stimulators unto the required five cubic centimeters had been milked from Gail's balls. Finally there came the small

dose of testosterone from the ring, it stimulated further production by Gail's balls, making her ready almost continually.

Finally the computer entered the last phase as it registered the whole sequence in the log file, calculated various parameters and measured the blood flow in the prick that it was tormenting. Gradually, graphically, the program showed that the amount of blood that Gail's' prick could hold had shrunk by over thirty percent over the last six months. That translated to a volume decrease of twenty five percent. A small dialog flashed onto the screen telling Janine that Gail had now reached the desired three inch total 'erection strength' that meant that she was due to be fitted with the final chastity device. That would ensure that she was not only unable to manage penetration of a woman, she would still be controlled at every phase by the program. With the catheter in his cock and the new anal probe that Chastity Microsystems were now offering, the mistress and the computer became one. One torment, one release and one punishment system. A program of just a year could see the slave castrated until his balls hung with just a small clitoris-like piece of flesh that would make the slave leak with just a touch of stimulation. Unfortunately, as the Chastity Microsystems website warned the buyer, the man would never be able to orgasm ever again and he would almost continually produce an endless dribble of come.

That was the target that Janine had set herself. Gail would just become a sexual 'nothing' a female form that would attend to all of her needs, including the need to punish ever more strictly. Of course once the cock was 'dealt with' there would be other things to play with. Those massive breasts would next in line, was Janine's thought as she had her husband's nipples

pierced in preparation for the inevitable. The piercings stretched the nipples outward and enlarged the small pink tips of Gail's breasts. The result was already that Gail had wonderfully pointed nipples that were so very sensitive to casual abuse. Soon they would be over three inches in diameter when the piercings were removed. Perfect for the next round of pain and training!

So Gail became an automated slave. Every motion and breath, every small thing that she did would be recorded. Already the first cameras had appeared in the kitchen and hallway. They followed her when the collar was detected and in their areas of view there was no escaping their view and their power to ensure that there was no moment when she was not watched. Gail had read the Chastity Microsystems brochure and was sure that her wife and mistress would equip themselves with the latest technology to make her life an unending misery.

"It's almost perfect," had said the woman from Chastity Microsystems as she had run through the software with Janine and Pauli. "Every facet of the slave is measured, analyzed and recorded. The collar collects all the signals from the probes and sends them to the server. In this case your laptop. There, all the signals are decoded and added to the database. The algorithm in the program calculates the best action to take according to your requirements and follows it through, within the preset limits that you have already defined. You can even use the software to administer any desired medical substance, for instance, hormones, stimulants and narcotics directly using the system. This could be punishment, reward or just the dosing of hormones that need regular administration. We update the software on our



server and new functions will become available as you update your software.”

She looked up at Janine and smiled as she switched on the lap top computer and waited for it to boot up. “I won’t bore you with the details,” she said as the logo on the screen faded, “but, you go to this menu here, select the options dialog and then set it all up for each slave that is attached to the system. This map of the house allows you to set all the area punishments and this section here,” she pointed to the screen, “allows the settings for all the devices that the slave has attached. We plan to allow the attachment of sensors that will allow the system to monitor any movement and action and punish it as programmed.”

All the while, Gail stood behind the three people intent on the screen and realized that she was about to be attached to a computer that would then monitor her twenty-four hours a day. It would punish her, it would stimulate her, it would control her work, her meals, her toilet time, her sleep and worst of all, as she listened to the description, it would milk her and make her come without an orgasm, weep semen without a climax. The computer would be her master and mistress. A never-sleeping controller that would break her down until Gail was nothing but a pre-programmed automaton.

Worst of all it would be ruthless in a way that no person ever could be. There were just a list of functions to be performed and the computer would neither forget nor would it ever relent.

\*\*\*\*\*

At three O'clock Gail was in the kitchen peeling potatoes and preparing for the meal.

"The guests will arrive at six," said Janine as she leaned on the doorjamb and watched her husband at work in the kitchen. "Do you want to know who is invited?"

Gail looked up and saw the smile on Janine's face. It did not bode well for her, but on the other hand it was clear that Janine wanted Gail to ask and shudder at the answer.

"Who have you invited?" asked Gail with her heart in her mouth.

"Albert and Maureen are on the list."

Gail felt a convulsion go down her spine. Albert was not a man who could keep his hands to himself at all. Worst, he was the man who had fired her so that Janine could get her claws properly into Gail.

"I can see that you are not turned on by Albert," said Jasmine with a laugh as she watched Gail's prick to see if there was a reaction.

"Who else has been invited?"

"Florence is coming along," said Janine. "She is a dear friend and she told me that she was really looking forward to seeing you, to see how you are

getting along. There is another guest invited who you will remember, but we'll leave that as a small surprise. Anyway, for now I'll leave you to get on with it. I fancy a little play time with Pauli."

As Gail worked in the kitchen, preparing and working, Pauli and Janine snuggled into each other. Today there was no lovemaking, just a pleasant session of close contact and drowsy kissing between the freshly changed and ironed sheets.

## Evening

At six O'clock the first guests arrived. Four were expected; Albert Henderson and his wife arrived first. Albert was one of the architects of Gail's downfall because he was the man who had made her redundant four years ago. His car pulled up at the gate and it was one of Gail's duties to answer the gate phone. He announced his name, "Albert here," and Gail pressed the button that would admit him.

There was no doubt that he would gloat over her state and sure enough the first words that he uttered as she opened the door was, "You look pretty tonight. Good enough to fuck!" His wife stepped in first. A petite woman of about fifty, her hair was braided into a single plait of stark white hair that hung over her fur coat. The only other detail was the stiletto heeled boots that were really almost as extreme as Gail's ballet boots. Albert followed her into the hall and offered his coat to Gail with a small smile.

"I must admit that Janine seems to be keeping you nice and confined he said as he admired the costume that Gail had been dressed in.

His eyes looked her up and down and took in the smooth hairless body, the collar and the clear latex costume that was flouncy and feminine, but totally transparent except where the laces bound the tight corset that pinched her waist. For a moment he looked down at the metal that constrained his former employee, leaving just the bright pink tip of a prick to emerge from the polished surgical steel sleeve that contained her so closely. The ring that

circled her balls made them hang low and vulnerable at about the height of the hem of her clear skirt.

“You look just perfect, Gail,” he said as his hand smoothed over her breasts and felt the piercings that made those swelling nipples stand like small mountains on the breasts that bulged enticingly over the corset.

Gail knew better than to do anything other than stand and allow Albert to enjoy the helpless maid and give her a playful little squeeze. He turned and lifted his wife’s fur coat from her and passed it to Gail without comment. Just four years ago Gail had last seen Maureen, just before Gail had finally been confined in Janine’s house permanently. At that time, Albert and Maureen had been playing his little domination games and Gail remembered the tight dress and high heels that he had forced her to wear. Then, four years ago, she had seemed like a sexy middle aged woman who relished looking the perfect sexed-up bitch to go with her suave strong husband. Now it was clear that the game had become more than serious. The dress that she wore was slit up the front to reveal the tops of her stockings and the bare flesh of her thighs. Her breasts were exposed, but filigreed in a lace of black tattooed whorls that highlighted the jewelry embedded in her nipples and the collar that she wore was a perfect match to the one that Gail had around her neck. It was clear that she had become swallowed by her husband’s obsessions of sexual slavery and fallen into his grasp as Gail had slipped into the grip of her wife.

Gail hung up the coats and ushered the two guests into the living room. As she led Albert she felt his hands on her ass and a small sound that could be taken to be appreciation at the rounded orbs that swayed before him.

“I see that Janine has really enhanced you very tastefully, I think that I really must get the name of the clinic from your lovely wife, because I have a few small adjustments to make to my wife here.”

As he spoke he looked back at the woman who was trailing in his wake and eyed her up and down. As Gail stood holding the door for Albert and his wife she felt his hand brush her cock and winced as she felt the probe deep in her ass start to milk her. Gail had thought that she managed quite well to resist any excitement when he had fondled her breasts but the touch to the tip of her prick was too much and she knew that she was about to ooze in just a minute or two.

In the living room, Janine and Pauli were sitting comfortably and they stood to greet their first two guests. As Gail slowly closed the door to wait in the hallway for the final couple to arrive she overheard a bite of the conversation.

“You two look quite delicious tonight,” gushed Albert as he kissed Janine’s silk-gloved hand. “We really should do this more often.”

“You are such an old-fashioned gentleman,” answered Pauli as she too offered her hand, “perhaps you would like something to drink?”

The door closed and Gail waited in the hallway. That Albert had been her boss made the past come back with a rush. She remembered the blast that she used to get when she managed to close a deal or make her bonus target and the way that Albert had ribbed Gerry/Gail about a wife who had Gail in a grip of iron.

The sound of the buzzer broke into Gail's thoughts and she pressed the release for the gate and opened the door to see a Bentley roll up and pull into the drive. Just one woman stepped out of the car. Wrapped tight in a fur coat she tripped up the steps in her stilettos and smiled at Gail as she entered the hallway.

"Good evening Miss Hardy," said Gail as she closed the door. "May I take your coat?"

The young woman smiled and looked down just in time to see that Gail's cock was dripping come and said, "I think that I'd rather hang this up myself, my coat is worth more than you are!"

Gail looked down and blushed down to her breasts.

"It's OK sweetie, I know that Janine is hard on you so don't cry."

Florence Hardy slipped off her coat to reveal that she was dressed in a severe outfit, almost like a strict schoolteacher. As she hung her coat, she pulled a small box from her coat pocket and passed it to Gail with a smile.

“I think that this is for you, sweetie,” she said as she watched Gail throw caution to the winds and try to cup her hands to catch the emission that was flowing from her. “I am sure that this little present will cheer you up!”

The tears streamed down Gail’s face as she took the gift and carefully placed it on the stand by the coats.

“I’m not allowed to keep it, I think,” she said with a trembling voice.

Gail knew that Florence was partly responsible for her plight, because it had been she who had introduced Janine to Pauli, but the gift was perhaps a sort of ‘sorry’ and she could not feel anything but a warm glow for this sexy friend of her wife’s.

“I really feel for you,” said Florence as she fondled Gail’s breasts with an affectionate touch of her hands. “Perhaps, if Pauli and Janine need a babysitter for you than I can help console you.”

The comment seemed so heartfelt, so genuine that Gail dared to kiss Florence on the lips. A light brush that was like heaven to Gail as her kiss was returned.

Miss Florence Hardy was a passionate believer in training men to the leash, a practitioner who had introduced Janine to the delights of creating a little female maid from her husband. It was she who had introduced Pauli to Janine, well knowing that the game would begin as soon as Pauli got her hooks into Janine. Florence could see that Janine would make a perfect



dominant bitch to her husband and found it so amusing to slyly give her all the help that she needed to settle into creating a maid from the man. Now she found it amusing to get under Gail's skin and have her think that she had found a friend amongst a group of women who merely amused themselves as they made Gail's life a tormented path of misery. As Florence entered the living room to greet the hosts and other two guests she smiled to herself and congratulated herself on her little game.

As the door swung closed, Gail was left with a feeling of welcome happiness as she watched Florence smile at her as she looked back, little realizing that the smile was rather more feral than friendly.

Gail cleaned herself up as best that she could, the tears of grateful thanks and the splatters of her latest induced milking and waited for the final guest to arrive. She had not been told who it would be and had not dared to ask so she waited, looking out of the small window by the door for signs of movement.

AS she stood in the hallway she eyed the present. What could it be? Gail looked furtively around and then slipped the small box open to reveal a curious steel item in sections that was shaped like a pear with a handle at the top. She held it in her hands and twisted the handle, but she already knew what would happen. The pear opened up, flowering out like steel petals and Gail shuddered. This was not a pleasant little gift at all. When it was inserted in her rear it could be expanded to make a stopper that could be locked and attached to her night-time fetters to make her yet more restricted. Gail closed the device and placed it back in the box wondering

how Florence could be such a paradoxical mixture of cruel and kind at the same time.

Ten minutes later the gate buzzer sounded and Gail allowed the final guest to enter the driveway. This was the guest who Janine had hinted at. As she peeped to see the car she saw a small red sports car enter the driveway and Gail's heart sank in total mortification. She recognized the woman who stepped out, it was Mrs. Clara London, her former secretary when she had worked in the office. The woman who Gerry/Gail had constantly burdened with more office work than was fair, the woman that Gail had tried to blackmail into having an affair with her, the woman that she had threatened with dismissal if she did not sleep with her all those years ago!

*'How can this be?'* she thought as she watched Clara step out of the car and make her way to the door. *'How does Janine know about her?'*

Of course it had to be Albert, her former boss! Only he could have arranged this humiliation for Gail, this remembrance of times past when Gerry/Gail had ruled her office like a petty tyrant and made the underlings suffer for their meager salaries. Despite the fact that Clara had been married, Gail had put so much pressure on her to submit to an affair and failed...

Gail opened the door and made the curtsy that she thought was the best way of greeting the woman that she had tried to force into bed with threats. It allowed her to look down at her feet and avoid looking into the eyes of Clara who was laughing at seeing Gail, the Gerry that she had known before, so totally abject and ashamed.

“Welcome to the party,” said Gail in a falsetto. “May I take your coat?”

“Well, well,” said Clara with a grin. “Look how the little wanker of a tyrant is living now!”

As Gail looked up, the slap that Clara gave her was a total surprise. The hand stung her face, smeared her makeup, and caused more shock than pain.

“Now take my coat and show me your huge breasts you little slut!”

From behind Gail came the voice of Janine. She had silently opened the door and was standing with a glass of champagne in her hand whilst the others in the living room watched from behind her to see the entertainment.

“Be a good girl and show her the heavy breasts that I gave you,” said Janine. “All my guests have the *right* to enjoy you, so I expect you to obey all their requests as if they were my orders. In fact I really think that you will have to offer yourself a little more. What is the point of having all that glorious soft female flesh if you do not share it with my dear friends?”

Gail took the coat, hung it up, and then turned to Clara. With head drooping, she undid the front of her clear latex blouse and opened it slowly with her hands. There was definite reluctance in her movements, but it seemed that Clara was just enjoying the embarrassment even though every detail of those large breasts and their piercings was visible before the blouse was opened.

“Nice tits,” said Clara as she reached out to touch the huge nipples that were stretched into cones by the fittings held in place by bars through the tips of Gail’s nipples. “Now that our positions are reversed, do you still fancy a night in my arms, Gail?” she asked.

Gail raised her eyes and looked at the smiling bitch that was enjoying her mental anguish.

“If Janine allows it, I would be honored!” said Gail.

“I shall ask her because I’m sure that a night of your company would be more than entertaining,” said Clara as her hands cupped the breasts that were hers to fondle as she wished. Her thumbs stroked the stretched pink flesh of the distended points of those mounds and then squeezed gently to feel the texture of the flesh beneath.

A slight humming suddenly started in the silence of the moment as the probe buried deep in Gail’s ass sensed the beginnings of an erection. Because the last time Gail had been milked had been so recent, the probe allowed itself to administer a few small electrical impulses to the weary prostate that would ensure a fast emission as the ring that weighed down Gail’s balls also started to vibrate in sympathy to force yet more from already exhausted balls.

Clara seemed slightly startled, so Janine made a comment, “I think that the little slut likes the idea, so if you like, you can have her tonight, Clara. I shall

have her prepare the playroom and when the party is over you can enjoy a bit of playtime with Gail. Unfortunately she is not *ever* allowed to leave the confines of the house, so it has to be tonight!”

“That’s fine,” said Clara, “I think that I will really enjoy teaching Gail that the woman that she thought she could force into a fuck with threats to her livelihood is the one that is going to rape her and teach her a few lessons in manners.”

Clara slapped Gail’s breasts with the flat of her hands and smiled as Gail winced in reaction.

“I am really going to enjoy fucking you, Gail,” said Clara as she turned to Janine. “Has she been toilet trained?”

“Of course she has!” said Janine with indignation. “She will do whatever you request or demand.”

There was a brief pause while Janine poured Clara an aperitif and Gail was relieved to be able to escape and head for the kitchen where there was a great deal of work to be done. She had to make sure that the lobster bisque did not do more than simmer, as well as adding many finishing touches to the dishes that were coming to fruition.

She spent the best part of forty minutes rushing here and there in the kitchen as she worked steadily to produce her culinary masterpiece. In amongst all this activity there was no room to indulge in thoughts that might

have led her to physical arousal or into reflections about her captivity. It was simply a diversion to prepare the meal and not have to think of anything else.

All the while that she worked at the meal she could hear the murmur of conversation rise and fall in the living room. Clara, strident and assertive. Janine, persuasive and soft toned. Florence, a woman who held her peace and did not remark much, but when she laughed it was a high flutter of sound. Then there was Pauli, Janine's lover. A woman who made the occasional ironic observation and when she did, her harsh deep voice was distinctive.

The door opened and it was Pauli who was checking that Gail was running to schedule.

"In ten," said Gail as she moved the pans around on the hotplates.

"Good, because we do not have much patience for excuses. I shall be back in five for the champagne. I expect you to be ready to serve it..."

"Yes, Miss," said Gail as she checked on the salmon in the oven and then opened the fridge to find the champagne.

"Mind out if Sally gets in the kitchen," added Pauli as she closed the door behind her. "She is in the main room, but you know how playful she is."

As the door closed Gail muttered under her breath. "Shit," she said as she imagined Sally being in the kitchen with all the preparation that needed to be done. Gail headed for the dining room and checked all the preparation that she had already done. With a soft linen cloth she polished one or two of the glasses and made sure that all was in order. Now it was back to the kitchen and Pauli was already waiting for the champagne and the glasses.

So Gail took the tray and glasses and filled them all before heading for the living room to server the aperitifs. It was a nightmare as she did a round of the room and the guests took their drinks. Janine and Pauli just ignored her, Albert slipped his hand under the hem of her skirt and played with her balls while she stood still and waited for him to finish his little investigation that also took in the steel tube and the sensitive tip of Gail's little cock.

"It will be almost a pity when Gail finally loses her little prick," he commented, as finally he took a glass.

"I suppose so," said Pauli. "On the other hand she does not ever use it properly anyway so there is no great loss!"

"Oh, that's not true," said Janine with a small laugh. "Gail needs that little prick so that we can torment her with it. The woman from Chastity Microsystems said that some vestige is always useful..."

"I would like to see it without the tube on," said Clara with a smirk at Gail.

“I’m sure you would,” said Janine, “but the tube is permanent, at least only the surgeon can replace it. That is what is happening next week as we move down a size because he has become a little smaller.”

“What a shame,” said Clara as she reached for a glass from Gail’s tray. “Still you must give me the number or web address of Chastity Microsystems because I think that my husband would benefit from a system like the one that you have here.”

With a sigh of relief Gail realized that her terror of Albert had prevented her from a reaction when he had handled her and she might escape being milked again. She slipped back into the kitchen leaving her wife and her guests to chat congenially about making a whore of Clara’s husband.

The last comment she heard came from Florence: “Once you have them in a tube they are yours...”

Gail did not hear Clara’s rejoinder she closed the door and started to serve the meal to the table so that she could call all the guests into the dining room. Luckily Sally was playing in the living room with Albert, so she did not get underfoot. It seemed that she was determined to find out what Albert had lurking in his trousers, when he demurred she curled up on a sofa and lay looking at Pauli with soft loving eyes.

The meal started and Gail was kept busy running from the kitchen to the dining room as she served courses and drinks with deft movements. Albert occasionally handled her, but her enemy, Clara just enjoyed the sight of the



little man-slut serving all, including Sally, because she too got a bowl of lobster as a treat. Gail herself ate nothing and drank nothing, it was not permitted and now that the collar had a sensor on it that monitored every morsel that passed her lips she dared not steal some of the delicious food that she had prepared.

In general, it seemed that the guests and her owners were satisfied with her efforts. At least they did not chastise her and Albert made a complimentary comment as he led his wife from the table. He had allowed her occasional morsels of the food that he thought suitable and she thanked him gracefully for every small bite.

“Is Maureen allowed sexual relief?” asked Clara as she watched Maureen, Albert’s wife, sitting absolutely still as she waited for the next order.

“Of course,” said Albert in a shocked voice. “Five times a day she has to climax and I often enjoy her services.”

“Oh, somehow I thought that she was in chastity...” said Clara. “My husband is mostly *not* allowed to orgasm and Gail here is a similar case really.”

“Dear Clara,” said Florence you are muddling up the reactions of men and women. “Men serve better when they are denied sexual activity, women, in general become more tractable if they are continually used under strict supervision.”

“Oh, I see,” said Clara.

“I’ll show you,” said Albert. “Maureen is logged onto the system here so I can show you how it works...”

He slipped his phone into his hand and found the control application on the screen. “Maureen will now climax in three minutes,” he stated.

Nothing happened at first and then Maureen looked at Albert with a soft look that was matched with a slight heavy breathing. All of the guests and Gail stared at Maureen as she was gradually brought to the boil by the control-dildos that had been inserted into her.

As she began to twitch and pant, Albert made a small comment and then looked at the screen of his mobile phone.

“I have set the time to three minutes. That means that the sensors measure her blood pressure, pulse and various other factors to determine her state. The program aims for the time that I have set and feedback ensures a perfect three minute climax.”

As he spoke Maureen gasped and moaned. Her hands, now fettered far up her back flexed and her mouth opened as if she was inviting a cock to fill her. A slight low hum came from her as the dildo finished the climax with a rush and then was still.

“That’s incredible,” said Clara.

“It works better for men because it measures other factors like the passing of semen from balls to deferens and from there to the poor slave’s little cock,” said Albert. “Chastity Microsystems are amazing...”

As he spoke he looked at Gail and smiled. Gail was the result of all that control. A man who had not lost the inner resistance but had been forced to bend and submit constantly as his wife wished. Had Gail been a willing victim he would have been cast aside years ago, it was that flicker of defiance, that slight struggle that made Janine keep him. On the one hand she wanted to create the perfect slave from her husband, on the other she only enjoyed the creative moment; the satisfaction of finishing all that work would bore her.

Sally looked up at Pauli and rubbed her cheek gently against her former lover’s leg and thigh. Pauli extended a hand and stroked her for a moment before Sally moved to allow that hand to fondle the breasts that hung from her tight suit. She was jealous of Maureen and wanted some attention. The pet rubbed against Pauli and presented her rear, but Janine just smacked it and told Sally to go and finish her bowl of food.

“You are much too soft on her,” said Janine. “She is always pushing for attention from you.”

“I know, I know,” said Pauli as her fingers twisted Sally’s nipples and then cupped her breasts. “When *you* are away, the cats will play!”

“Tsk,” tutted Janine. “Enough! I think that Gail has to get on with clearing up all the mess and if she has it all spic and span by ten then she can have a bowl of scraps!”

Janine turned to Clara and smiled, “Do you still want to play with Gail tonight?” she asked.

“Absolutely,” replied Clara.

“Then I had better make a few small adjustments then,” said Janine as she stood up and headed for the door.

“What’s she up to?” asked Clara of Albert.

“I think that Janine’s adjusting the programming to set Gail up for your use,” said Albert.

Gail still waited for the order to start to clear up. It was not wise to interpret comments as orders or orders as comments in this house! The order came from Pauli and Gail quickly picked up all the glasses and headed for the kitchen. Janine had left her just forty minutes to clean up all the mess to get her reward. It was typical of her to set impossible targets for rewards and just-possible targets to *avoid* punishments. Sure enough Janine popped her head around the door and said, “Half ten or it’s punishment time...”

Gail worked like a whirlwind and just managed to avoid her punishment, but of course she was fifteen minutes too late for the reward!

## Night

There was something almost ironic that it was Gail that always had to prepare the playroom for her own punishment and violation. She had cleared up, settled Sally in her cage and then had to make the bed ready in the playroom.

The bed was not often used since Janine and Pauli slept in the master bedroom in the comfort of silk and satin in each other's arms at night. So Gail had to fold it down from the wall and put fresh bedding on it. As she worked she heard feet behind her and realized that Albert had sneaked up to the room to torment her and satisfy himself.

As she bent over the mattress to straighten the sheets she felt a hand lift her skirt. As she had been taught she stood stock still and waited to see what was required. She felt a hand reach between her thighs and then stroke her balls before rubbing the tip of her small prick.

"Janine has turned off the milking program in the computer," said Albert as he played with Gail. "What's it like to get hard without being milked as soon as you do?"

Gail opened up her legs to allow Albert to play with her. She felt embarrassment and mortification that her former boss was enjoying humiliating her. On the other hand she could feel herself hardening without the accompanying hum of the milking devices. His hands explored her ass

and cupped Gail's buttocks before returning to her straining little cock with the tips of his fingers.

"There is something that you can do for me," he said as he turned her around by her shoulders.

His hands dropped to Gail's breasts and then moved to her shoulders as he pushed her down to kneel in front of him.

"Please, Mr Henderson, please," wailed Gail as she found herself looking at his huge cock jutting straight out of his trousers.

"Are you refusing me, Gail?" he asked in a stern voice as he looked down at her bee stung lips that were within an inch of his erect cock. "I do not think that it's a good idea to turn down this little courtesy that you can do for me. I think that I deserve a nice little blowjob from your tender lips as a thanks for all that I have done for you."

At that moment the door to the room swung open behind Albert, Janine stood there with Mrs. Henderson on her leash. For a moment she stood there watching before she spoke: "Gail, why is that delicious cock not being sucked?"

Gail saw the remote control in her wife's hand and opened her mouth. She felt something brush her lips and then opened her eyes to see Albert guiding his cock between her lips. It pushed in, it filled her palate, it blocked her breath, it slid over her tongue and then it pushed into her throat. Many was

the time that she had been gagged with a rubber cock, many times she had been told that one day she would have to swallow a real man deep down her throat. But, now that the moment had come, Gail felt as though something had broken inside, as though some important wall had tumbled. A wall that defined her, a barrier that had never been penetrated before.

The cock moved.

It slid back and then forward to plunge deep into her throat as she felt Albert's thighs push it home. She felt the hands in her hair, holding and gripping her like some whore. She felt the wiry hair rub her face and the balls hit her chin softly. She heard him gasp with pleasure. Gail felt as though she was being raped...

...she was!

"Make sure she swallows it all," said Janine as she watched her husband being orally violated. *'This is another small step on the way to breaking the little slut,'* she thought. *'The next one will be when Clara gets her hands on that helpless soft body.'*

Albert plunged in and out of Gail's mouth and finally climaxed to spurt inside so deep that Gail did not even taste his come in her mouth, but then he withdrew and squeezed the last droplets onto the tongue that was waiting for him.

“You are such a slut, Gail,” said Albert as if Gail had been a willing participant in the minor drama.

“Gail lives to please her betters,” said Janine as she passed Maureen’s lead to Albert’s hand.

“I think that Clara will enjoy fucking her,” laughed Albert as he did up his trousers. “I just wanted to enjoy her, to see what you have turned her into and I must say that I love the transformation that you have inflicted on her. I love the breasts and that little pink cock that weeps juice all day long, but in the end I still prefer my darling wife...”

“I understand,” said Janine as she looked at Maureen. “You still have a long way to go.”

“Happiness is the road,” said Albert. “It’s not the arrival, it’s the getting there.”

As Gail was left to carry on the preparations for her own violation by Clara, Janine and Albert left the room, still discussing all the things that still were to be done with Maureen.

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The suit was tight.



Gail had been waiting in the imposed darkness of blindfold and mask now for hours. Unable to sleep because of the tension of anticipation, unable to relax because Gail knew that Clara would soon arrive and rape her... take revenge for something that had never happened. Something that *could* have happened...

As she lay in the tight suit, Gail wept. She wept with fear and apprehension. She cried tears of self-pity, drops of misery that were mingled shame, humiliation and dread.

A smooth latex skin that was rent by openings that could be opened for torment or closed for confinement. At the moment they were closed and Gail was isolated from the woman who was about to fuck her. She could feel hands explore her, she could feel fingers probe the creases of her body, the entrances and exits, the private places that Janine had given permission to open.

The probe, long and ever alert had been withdrawn from her anus. Janine had shown Clara how the program that held Gail in thrall could be used to make sure that Gail would suffer especially as she was taken by Clara.

"I have switched off his milking program to build up a little reserve," said Janine as she dropped the menu and showed Clara how the program worked. "Then we adjust the punishment settings here."

Clara nodded as she watched Janine fine-tune the program. Gail herself lay upstairs strapped into her punishment suit. Though the lights were on she

lay in close and utter darkness, though she lay on a soft bed she could feel the hard grip of the suit and the tight boots that forced her to immobility and helplessness.

“It’s all ready,” said Janine. “Albert and his lovely little wife have gone home and I’m off to bed with Pauli and Florence so Gail is all yours to do with as you like. Personally I think that you should concentrate on making the suffering as poignant as possible, the physical pain is as nothing to the fact that she *has* to allow you rape her ass and then serve you like the slut that she has become.”

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The hands that explored Gail were firm and intimate. They slid open the fastenings on the suit and slipped inside to maul, pinch and caress Gail. They slid over her breasts and slapped her face. They pinched her nipples and stroked the tip of her little cock before opening access to Gail’s mouth and sliding between her lips.

Inside the suit Gail felt violated by those probing hands and fingers that invaded her privacy and used her. She felt the ankle and wrist fetters being rearranged and the winches tighten to pull her into a position in which she was totally at the mercy of the woman who was enjoying her distress with small coos of pleasure. Ankles were pulled over and down until Gail was bent and stretched face up with ankles tucked behind her head. Arms were stretched wide and she was ready for slow unwrapping and total abuse.

A single zipper was opened. It parted the thick latex and exposed Gail's caged prick and her weighted balls. It slid slowly up, or was it down in this position? It slid until her ass was exposed to unlimited attention.

"To think that you were going to take me with that tiny cock," laughed Clara as she stroked the tip of it and was rewarded by a glistening drop of pre-cum that appeared in the eye at its bright pink tip.

"Are you going to come for me?" asked Clara. "Will you come when I fuck your ass?"

Gail felt the hands push something into her, something that seemed to widen and stretch her. She felt the weight of Clara press down on her and she gasped in discomfort as she was penetrated.

"This is pure pleasure," whispered Clara as she pushed the dildo into her victim. "To think that you are being fucked solely for my amusement."

The giant tip, the bulbous fist at the tip finally forced its way into Gail, allowing the rest to slide deep into her with ease as Clara sighed in contentment. This was the reason that she had accepted the invitation to Janine's house! This was the culmination of wiping away that stain of trepidation that she had felt when Gerry, now Gail, had almost managed to force her to sleep with him. More than that, this was a moment when she could finally do what she wanted to Gail. She could make her pay for men's arrogance, their superciliousness, their condescension and all that conceit that they hid under a cover of concern and love. Superiority, it turned out,

belonged to the person with the biggest cock and Clara was *that* person right now.

She leaned over him and almost regretted that she could not see his face under that latex mask. She would have loved to see him cry tears of humiliation as she took what she wanted, what she forced him to give.

Finally she had had her fill and he was filled. She had watched his little prick straining as it reached the maximum that the tube would allow, she saw the balls twitch and the small glistening drop of clear precum on the tip, all the while knowing that Gail could never orgasm and release all that emotion.

Now was the time when she could enjoy herself and head for an orgasm that promised to be more than just simple release. She detached the dildo from her crotch leaving it embedded in him. She opened his mouth and slipped in the gag that she could use to force his mouth open and positioned herself over him.

First a small introduction to her ass-hole, a kiss and a lick, a tender meeting of lover's lips. Then came that service that she loved but so seldom attained. The slow ascent to climax as Gail licked and kissed, probed and massaged her pussy as Clara watched his little prick start to weep. Her fingers touched him and sensed the periphery of those shocks that were making Gail's cock ooze at the computer's command. Now that the computer was back in control he would be milked of every drop while she made him give her what he could never again experience.

Her fingers just tingled, but she could see the loose skin of his balls ripple and clench under the control of that ring that measured as it tormented to make sure that the victim was pushed to the limit and not over it.

As Clara realized that though she might have been given control of this poor man-slut by the owner, but the computer and the logic of its algorithm had a tighter grip on Gail than Clara could ever possibly have. It was that realization that a man could be reduced to a quaking, servile thing that leaked come at a machine's command; it was at that moment that she herself orgasmed in a rush of excitement. It was at that moment that she released herself and enjoyed spurting into her helpless captive. She watched the pool of his leaking come on the matte latex gather as she emptied and he swallowed. She climaxed and felt more release than she had ever realized was possible.

Clara zipped the closure, sealing Gail into her nightmare of everlasting sexual tension. A stress that would never be released by orgasm, a pressure that gathered to overwhelm a trapped mind. Clara felt as though she had shed a load of mental baggage that she had been carrying the last five years. Now she knew what she wanted to do with her husband, the man at home, the man who would be perfect as her slave.

She lay and snuggled into the stiffly bound Gail, she enjoyed the warm feel of the latex, the hard zippers that were hers to open and close, the shuddering that passed through the slave's frame as Gail wept at both ends. One end still fastened to the inexorable machine that milked her. The other

end, the mouth that had been used as relief and drain for a woman who was looking forward to following in the path that Janine had blazed.

Finally, Clara fell asleep, a deep contented breathing started. A soothing sound in the dark.

Gail felt herself slip to that dark place where Clara was residing. But, for her, it was a place of nightmare and not contentment as the computer decided to force more ruined orgasms from her shuddering frame.

Gail fell asleep.

Her day was at last over.

Tomorrow would be a long day!

The End

*PTO for the author's notes*

## Author's Note:

The author recognizes the special help she got from **Chastity Microsystems™**. She uses all their products and can recommend them most highly. They produce all the products mentioned in this piece of fiction as well as many more and are pleased to answer any enquiries that you have concerning passive, active and proactive software systems to control male and female slaves that require constant confinement, punishment and sexual torment to remain in *complete* subservience. The 'domestic complete solution' package mentioned in this fiction has a base cost of US\$ 253,289.- plus local sales taxes and has a full Linux and Windows multithreaded 64 bit programming environment with full WYSIWG editor that uses C++ and the Windows object library to create your own interfaces. SIM card remote control with 3G communication, multiple slave collar controls (up to 16), Male Tormenter™ & Continuous Ruined Climax™ milking system, WiFi controlled punishment boots, Bluetooth disciplining dildos, Nipple Intimidator™ clamps and spiked solenoids, multi sequence stimulation, Intimate-Agony™ programming software and mobile dome mini-CCTV in each controlled area with movement sensors as well as mobile-phone secure connections (128bit encoded) that can replicate all of the functions of the main system from anywhere in the world as long as you are using Android or Symbian OS. Speak to our planning experts, tell them what you need and they will build a system to suit your needs.

*'We allow **you** to decide **your** slave's fate, it's **your** call...'*

*'**You** decide the just punishments and training and let us do all the rest.'*

System fitting costs are extra and all installations can only be made by our trained personnel.

Love,

*Irene.*



**Should you wish to contact the author:**

[Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com](mailto:Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com)

Go to her website:

[WWW.MissIreneClearmont.Com](http://WWW.MissIreneClearmont.Com)

Her Publisher:

[WWW.FemDomCave.Com](http://WWW.FemDomCave.Com)