

The German Sub.

By

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An **Adult** historical tale of Female Domination.

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The German Sub.

The Death Of U143.

A submarine is a ship that is designed to go beneath the waves and yet it can still sink, that in itself is a paradox!

This German submarine was sinking slowly in the waters of the grey Atlantic, unwillingly! Its bow flotation chambers were awash with water that the crippled forward pumps could not clear and the deck was pierced by a myriad of holes made by a British Sunderland flying boat just three hours before in an attack of casual ferocity that had swept U143 from stem to stern with armour piercing bullets.

The 'Flying Porcupine' looped two miles before returning with the intention of dropping its load of small bombs that should have finished U143 in a flurry of destruction that would have guaranteed a certain finish. When the lumbering giant returned, however, the German boat had vanished into an Atlantic sea fret that hid it from the searching eyes of the plane.

Like a gull following a fishing boat, the giant Sunderland circled the area for twenty minutes before the engineer declared that fuel was short and it finally soared into the east after making its radio report.

On board U143 the scene was not so tranquil. Reports of damage were being called from all sections and the Captain was trying to assess the chance of repair.

"Diesels, out! Oberleutnant, electrics only!"

"Bow chambers holed, Oberleutnant, pumps non-functional!"

"Rear bilge awash, mein Kapitän, two hours max before the engine room is flooded."

Captain Philip Ahler von Prohn sat in the midst of all this controlled panic and tried to assimilate the damage into a single coherent picture.

Forty men were in his hands, forty brave men who had set out from Cherbourg two months ago to wreak havoc in the sea lanes near Newfoundland. Karl Doenitz, his Admiral, had moved him and his ship like a pawn on a chess board until at last they had loosed three torpedoes at the destroyers covering a juicy convoy. That had just been the start.

Cat and mouse!

Death by drowning.

One British frigate and two convoyed oilers later, U143 slowly made its way back to the French coast, to the glorious safety of the Third Reich. A crew that worked and fought like lions and a captain who was nothing less than the solid rock that they all leaned on. This elect crew were the real force of U143, a crew that had given their all in the war to strangle the United Kingdom. As the German army swept to Egypt, Minsk and victory behind the Swastika banners of their elite panzer generals.

A chance sighting by one of those sub-hunting Sunderlands and it was all over! All that was left to do was to save the crew in any way possible and surrender to their enemies in abject failure.

To head for the nearest land, scuttle and abandon ship. Philip Ahler von Prohn's last orders as a Nazi U-boat Kapitän!

On deck, amidst all the torn metal of the damaged U143, stood three men with binoculars. Now that the U-Boat was unfit to dive, every warning of attack was desperately needed. The Abwerkannone was manned and ready to greet an aerial attacker as U143 slowly crawled under accumulator power to that rocky island coastline that heralded surrender.

Georg scanned the horizon and then swept his gaze to the coastline. It was not his native land, but it beckoned just the same. An English father, who married a German woman, before a bitter divorce that ensured that Germany would be Georg's homeland. England was not his home land, but in a strange sense it was at least home ground!

As he observed the coast, now just two nautical miles away, a wave that had its genesis two thousand miles to the west, swept over his legs and carried him from the security of the torn deck plates into the freezing cold water.

He heard the frantic shouts of his companions. He saw the ring thrown to him and then he saw the low hull of U143 on the crest of a wave as it crawled away and disappeared into the hillocks of the Atlantic swell.

Georg was on his own!

With ring, rubber suit and lifebelt his world had just shrunk to the circle of his feeble reach. The binoculars in his hand, those, he threw away to let them descend into the deeps. Georg knew that the Captain would not turn or stop the crippled vessel; it would cost too much power just to save the life of a careless sailor that had not attached his lanyard to the deck.

Procedure, orders and logic had demanded that safety line. Now they demanded that he be abandoned.

The distant coast was his only hope of life.

The Survival Of Georg.

The backwash of the wave pulled Georg towards that sea and then relented. It sucked a mass of gravel with it, making a terrible rasping noise that combined with the crashing surf of the next wave to deafen the weakened sailor as he struggled up the beach after his four hour fight for survival.

Finally he crawled up onto a rock that nestled under the frowning cliff and curled up like a half drowned kitten. The sound of the next wave made him clutch at the stone, but the wave did not break over the rock, it simply washed around as if bidding a last threatening farewell from the grey Atlantic.

Now that the physical fight was over he had to survive the inhabitants of this sceptered isle, surrender, and hope that he would be treated with some small dignity. Realistically there was no chance of escaping back to the Reich and all that awaited him was a captivity that might end when the Panzers finally crushed Churchill's Britain under their mechanical treads.

An hour, two hours?

The struggle up to the top of the low cliff had exhausted him. Ring and life belt abandoned to the cruel sea, he considered abandoning the thick rubber suit that had saved his life in the water, but as the rain started he could not bear to strip it off. He carried the weight with desperate strength and finally achieved the cliff top.

Stark moorland spread before him.

He turned to look at the sea that was merging with the grey rain and then slowly marched along the cliff.

Where was he?

Georg Atherton, had not been privy to the secrets of the map-room on U143 and could only guess. Cornwall, he supposed, the cliffs and the flora of the countryside that he stood in were suggestive. Every few miles there would be a village, all he needed to do now was to surrender and let the rest of his life take its course.

As he walked he felt his strength return a little. His paces were slow and long in the slashing grey rain that came from behind. He had chosen his direction on the simple premise that one direction was as good as another and walking with the wind was less difficult.

Eventually nightfall came just as he looked down on a large house that nestled in a tiny cove. A single yellow light blazed from a window, beckoning him to advance and find shelter from the storm. For a moment he savoured what was likely to be his last moments of fugitive freedom, and decided that soup and a meal was probably price enough to make him surrender.

The door of weathered wood resounded to his firm knock.

It opened to allow the light into the dusk and he saw an attractive woman standing in the shelter of what seemed to be a well-appointed entrance hall. She looked him up and down as if reading his story from start to finish before she spoke.

"This is not the weather to be out tonight!"

The English awoke in his brain and he was taken back for a moment to his youth, when his fluency was one of his main advantages as he chatted up the girls from Girton College with the vain hope of staying the night in the dormitories.

"It is not the best of nights to get lost," he remarked as she opened the door fully and let his dripping form into her hallway. "

An Englishman's answer to the obvious.

"Stay there," she said with a smile as the door closed. "The carpet will get soaked."

She disappeared into the house, allowing him to assess the place in which he had landed. Clearly the owner was well off, but the style was the faded grandeur of Victorian Britain. Elaborate, but well-worn carpets and furniture could be seen in the light of the bright oil lamp that she had left on the small table.

She returned with a large blanket in her hands.

"Here," she said as she handed the blanket to Georg. "Strip off and dry yourself and then you can come to the fire without drenching the whole house."

"Thank you," said Georg as he unbuttoned his outer suit and stripped it off to reveal the sodden uniform of a U-Boat engineer.

She looked him up and down with a frown when the Swastikas appeared and it became plain that he was a German sailor.

"German?" she asked.

"Despite my English, yes!" he replied.

"No matter," she answered with a slight smile. "Strip it all off and pull on the blanket. You're no use to me if you freeze to death in my hall way, whoever you are or wherever you are from!"

Georg had been expecting panic but the woman just took the lamp in her hand and waited for him to undress.

He recognised that female feral look in her eye and some hope welled through him.

Georg stripped to his shirt and pants and was about to wrap himself in the blanket when she ordered him to take off *all* of his clothes.

For a moment he hesitated. Decency dictated that he remained covered, but she insisted.

"You'll catch pneumonia otherwise," she commented as she watched him strip off the last two items.

She led him to the living room, another crowded room that smacked of Victorian finery that was worn and dusty with the years.

He sat before the fire and held out his hands towards the heat.

"I'm Georg, a U-Boat engineer..." he offered as she stood holding the lamp.

"Where did you get such good English?" she asked.

"Maths bachelor, King's College Cambridge in thirty six," he replied as the heat of the fire started to seep into him.

"I am Mary," she said, "and I suppose that you need something to fill that cold belly?"

"Please, I need at least one good meal before I surrender, if you would be so kind!"

Mary laughed until the lamp shook and set the shadows in the room shivering.

"I'll see what I can do for you," she said.

Mary disappeared into the hall and he heard the rattle of pans in a kitchen. Apart from the crackle of the fire there was no other sound but the sound of her preparing a hot meal.

'Is she alone here?' he wondered as he allowed the blanket to open so that the radiated heat of the fire could warm his bones.

Finally she returned with a bowl in her hand.

Georg was dozing in the chair, exhaustion and sheer effort having taken its toll.

She looked at his naked form draped in the open blanket and set the bowl of meat broth on the small stand by the chair. Her hand reached out and touched his face and he awoke with a start. For a moment, before he closed the blanket, she saw a stirring, the beginning of an erection.

Mary stood in silence as he spooned the soup into his famished body.

"Thank you so much," he said as the last lumps of potato were scraped from the bowl.

"I can offer you a bed for the night," she said, "and in the morning we can decide what's to be done with you."

She led him up the stairs and to a room that was musty with disuse. A coverlet was pulled from the four-poster bed and he allowed the blanket to fall as he climbed between the sheets.

This was nothing at all like the reception he had expected. Where was the panic at having one of the enemy in the house? Where was the frantic call to the authorities followed by being held in the local Police station? Where was the fear and most of all the hatred of the evil enemy?

As he drifted to sleep he thought of Mary. Perhaps in her mid-thirties, living by herself in a Victorian relic of a mansion.

Attractive and alone...

Night Games.

Georg turned in his sleep and moaned quietly. He muttered a few words in German as he found a position that suited and then snored softly. Outside the storm gathered force and threw sheets of rain at the windows in its fury. A distant rumble of thunder heralded the climax of the Atlantic storm that would last a day and then settle down to the steady drizzle and mist that was its usual aftermath.

A light entered the room, a flickering yellow light that heralded Mary's arrival. Naked, and panting slightly with lust she laid the lamp on the table and slipped between the sheets to nestle up to his sleeping form.

One hand slid down his body to grasp his prick while the other covered his mouth.

'How long has it been since I have had a man?' she thought as she felt him awaken and respond. *'Three years, four years?'*

"But..." he said.

Her hand closed his mouth with her finger tips as she slowly pulled at that prick. It hardened and swelled to full size under her attentions before she slid down and over him to leave her pussy poised to take him in.

Her hands took his wrists and guided his arms to lie under the weight of her thighs as she lowered herself onto him.

"This is for me," she said in a firm voice as, inch by inch, she swallowed him into her.

He thrust slightly, pushing a little further before her weight pressed him down and took him all in.

"I said, this is for me!"

Georg looked up at the woman who was fucking him and saw her breasts and long hair in the flickering light of the oil lamp. She was like a goddess who had arrived to break his dreams and create new ones that sucked him into a vortex of pleasure.

A rumble of thunder shook the panes in the windows and hurled more slashing rain at the windows with an emotion that mirrored her desperate need.

Slowly she began to rock on his prostrate form. A slight movement at first, that built into a rhythm that made her moan with ecstasy. Her hand drifted to her sex and began to massage the point of her need, a subtle massage that absorbed her into a world of pleasure.

He was hers, a ghost that had arrived in the night to be surrender to her. A prick that would impale her, if she let it. He was fortune and gratification combined in perfect harmony, a release of need for her body.

Mary climaxed at the thoughts that ran through her fevered mind as the storm and the sex became a single event that heralded what she had always needed, but never managed to find. A man who was ripe to give himself up to her inner strength.

Georg was on the point of no return when she lifted her body and moved to enclose his face with her dripping slit.

'I have to give a little,' she thought as her hand grasped him and pulled his prick tight.

He moaned and then kissed those lips that pouted from her wiry pubic hair. Georg felt enclosed and held to ransom by her hand as he slipped his tongue into her to release a cascade of her sweet juice over his mouth.

That hand!

It danced over his straining prick and balls as she enjoyed the man who delved into her with lips and tongue. Now he was serving to her demanding fingers, he felt an irresistible urge to push deep and explore as he came ever closer to surrendering his climax.

Lightning lit the room in stark white as he orgasmed and kissed her clitoris with a spasm of completion.

She pushed down on him and directed that waterfall of come over his prostrate form before being overwhelmed by an orgasm that made her gasp with its intensity. Like wave it swept over Mary, as she realised that the man who had walked in from the storm was hers, and hers alone.

Daytime Games.

Georg awoke.

A slow coming-to that allowed him to gather his thoughts and realise that the events of the night had not been a dream. The taste of her was still on his lips, the dampness on the sheets was the aftermath of his climax and the oil lamp still burned on the table even though the cold grey light that flooded the room cancelled its warm glow.

Somehow he had found a place where the war was just a slight irrelevant shadow on the horizon. A woman who fucked like a whore and made him serve her like a Queen. He smiled and felt so safe and warm in his bed, how could it have turned out better?

This was not the England he remembered. Bustling, prim and so very moral. This was a quiet corner of lust and loneliness that was of another bygone era.

He stretched and sat up.

"What do I wear?" he thought aloud in English.

It was so very easy to switch to the tongue that was *almost* his first language.

He looked around at the still room and then at the last of the storm that had almost consumed him last night. If it had arrived an hour earlier, while he was still in the grip of the Atlantic, he would have drowned. He would have been washed up on the shingle to become a small insignificant casualty in a war that was consuming all of the humanity in Europe with its fierce flame.

He pulled a sheet from the bed and wrapped himself in it.

As he walked onto the balcony that overlooked the stairs he heard the sound of movement below. He peeped down to see Mary carrying wood into the house. As she entered she shook the water from herself and carried the logs into the living room.

Georg pictured her in the glow of the lantern last night and felt himself stir to an erection. Despite the cloak that had sheltered her from the rain, despite the skirt and jacket she was the same woman. Large breasted, long haired, short of stature with shapely legs and slim hands.

Hands that knew how to make a prick deliver its load!

He slipped down the stairs and entered the living room to find her placing a log on the fire. For a moment he watched her stir the pile in the fireplace without comprehending that the charred remains of his clothes were smoking in the grate.

'*She has destroyed my uniform,*' he thought as he watched her place the driest log on top of the blaze.

The happy realisation that she was covering up his presence in her home was balanced by a new thought.

'*What am I going to wear?*'

Some slight rustle of the sheet that enveloped him made her turn to face him.

"Would you like some breakfast?" she asked.

"Thank you," he said as he contemplated the heat-blued steel button that lay in the grate.

The only thing remaining of his trousers.

"They would give you away, Georg," she said with a smile. "We'll have a bite to eat and then I'll find you something to wear."

She led him to the kitchen and showed him the fresh bread and cheese that she had laid out.

"This is not the welcome I expected as a German in England," he said as he picked up the bread.

There was a moment's hesitation on her part before she replied.

"This is *my* welcome for a man that knows how to give a woman what she needs. If that is you then the welcome is genuine."

He ate the cheese and bread with gusto as he contemplated her. There was no doubt that she was attractive. Her confident demeanour was not so much a challenge as a statement of her ascendancy. The fact that she knew that he was now relying on her to keep him out of the prison camp on the Isle of Man that awaited prisoners of war was almost a turn-on.

"What happens now?" he asked her as he finished the bread and licked his fingers.

"Well, you get dressed and then you can help me," she answered. "There are a host of things for you to do for me, fucking is just one of them!"

The way that she used that simple crudity just confirmed his opinion that he was now faced with a basic choice. To walk over the hill and give himself up to the first policeman that he saw, or do her bidding and retire from the war as *her* prisoner.

"Of course," he said. "I am happy to help."

"You will do more than just help," she said as she beckoned him to follow her.

Mary led Georg through the house to her bedroom where he watched as she opened a wardrobe and pointed.

"Choose something to wear and then meet me in the kitchen."

As she left the room he went to the wardrobe and flicked through the clothes that were on offer. At first he had expected that she had some men's clothes. Perhaps she was a widow who still had some of her previous husband's clothes, or perhaps she was unmarried and her father's suits would be on offer!

His hopes were dashed as he inspected the contents. Silk slips, church dresses, skirts, bloomers and women's jackets. Not a single pair of trousers in sight!

Ten minutes later, when Mary returned to find out what was taking him so long, he was still going through them all to find something, anything, that suggested masculine attire.

"It's all I've got," she said with finality. "Wear something or go naked, it's all the same to me!"

"But," he said. "None of these will fit!"

"Stuff and nonsense, Georg. You are as small as me and they will fit! Pick a nice skirt for yourself and pretend that you are a Scottish Laird. Even my shoes will probably fit," she said with a laugh. "You have pretty small feet, or maybe small pretty feet."

She chuckled at her little joke and put her hands on her hips.

With a resigned shrug he pulled on a blouse and noticed that the buttons were on the wrong side. Then he found a skirt and pulled out the hanger.

"It's too cold to go without underwear," she commented, so he picked a pair of knickers and drew them on.

'This is ridiculous,' he thought as he buttoned the skirt and found a pair of brogue shoes that did not pinch.

"That's better," she said with a laugh. "You look quite sweet in that skirt. All you need is this jacket..."

She pulled a jacket from its hanger and handed it to him.

"Follow me," she said. "I have loads to do today, the wood needs chopping, while its wet, and the pigs need their feed. You, on the other hand, can start here!"

She led him to the cupboard under the stair and pulled forth a duster.

"All you need is here, Georg," she chuckled. "Start on my bedroom and don't leave a corner untouched."

He looked doubtfully at the duster that she had handed him and gave her an enquiring look.

"You are going to give the house a spring clean in the next week," she said. "Dust pan and brush are here..."

She pointed to the cupboard.

"If you do a good job then here will be something of a reward," she pouted and blew a kiss. "I will teach you how to do a proper job and you will help me get the house in order."

Georg looked down at the skirt and hoped that she would not notice the bump on the cloth that showed that he was ready for far more than housework. She followed his gaze and laughed.

"That will come later, my little helper. We will take the afternoon off and practice some other activities that I also need help with!"

"I'd better get started then."

"Begin in my bedroom," she said seriously. "You have the whole morning to get it cleaned up, change the sheets, dust and take down the curtains. If you do it well I have a small surprise for you."

With that she turned and began to pull on her boots. She slipped the cape over her shoulders and left Georg to do her bidding.

Georg resigned himself to being her maid for the moment and began to clean. In true German fashion he was thorough and exacting. It was not difficult, just boring really. Dust lay on every surface and needed a damp cloth so he went to the kitchen to find one. As he did so he heard her re-enter the house and join him.

"Not too wet," she commented as she made him wring the cloth. "Now go and finish up for an hour and then we'll have some lunch."

He went up the stairs, being careful because the hem of the skirt was narrow and demanded small steps.

The next hour dragged as he wiped down every surface. That left just the bed to be stripped and the curtains to be taken down. Dust, thrown into the air by the duster, settled slowly on every surface making his work with the damp cloth wasted effort.

At last she came to survey his work.

With a critical eye she tested the surfaces and noted all the dust.

"It's not good enough, Georg. It's just not good enough," she said with hands on hips. "You have had four hours in this room and it is scarcely better than when you started! The bed and curtains are not done and there is still dust everywhere. I know that I may seem that I am demanding, but I do have the right to expect that you can do the job properly!"

"I'm sorry, Mary. I did it in the wrong order and the dust got everywhere again."

She smiled at his apology and then turned to leave the room.

"Now for something to eat!"

Georg followed her to the kitchen to find piles of potatoes and vegetables lying on the table.

"Peel them all, not too much taken off, mind," she said. "Chop the vegetables and light the range. "I'll be back to supervise you in a few minutes."

With that she left the kitchen and Georg heard her leave the house.

'I'm turning into a maid or butler,' he thought as he started his task.

Mary returned and looked with disapproval at his work.

"I said that you should not peel so deep," she said as she hefted a potato in her hand. "Why did you chop them up? I don't remember telling you chop them, really!"

"I thought," said Georg, "that was the right thing to do."

"What I tell you to do *is* the right thing to do," she said crossly. "Look at the mess that your skirt is in, now that will need to wash this too in the afternoon."

Georg looked at the floor and wondered if he could do anything right.

"Well we'll just have to make do," she said as she took down some pans and filled them from the well bucket.

Under her instruction Georg prepared their meal while Mary sat and watched him work.

"It's so nice having a man around," she said as he served the food and cut the bread the way that she told him to. "It will make my life so much easier."

He was about to start eating when she held up her hand.

"You eat when I am finished, then you clean up and join me in your bedroom," she ordered. "Make sure you do a proper job, mind, and put everything back in its place before you come up."

Georg watched her eat.

Slowly and neatly with seeming enjoyment at the taste of the plain repast. Finally she was finished and laid her fork neatly by the plate.

She stood and stretched and then said: "You can eat now, when you are ready, come upstairs!"

Georg ate. The dry starch of the potatoes and the bland vegetables filled but there was no pleasure in the meal. What sustained him was the thought that Mary was waiting upstairs on his bed for his attention. With a sigh he stood and then cleaned up the kitchen to her rigorous instructions.

Finally he took off his skirt and shook it to rid it of all of the dust before putting it back on and heading to his bedroom.

Mary was waiting for him.

She lay on the bed like a cat that knew that the cream was about to arrive. Her legs spread wide to make the lips of her sex pout through her pubic hair and the stockings and girdle that she had put on were a clear indication that she was looking forward to something more than mere housework from Georg.

When he arrived she sat up and cupped her breasts in her hands.

"I hope that I will find the kitchen spotless," she said with a grin. "Please undress for me."

He looked at her tempting form and started to undress.

"Not like that, " she said crossly. "Slowly. You are supposed to be tempting me, not getting ready for a fast fuck in a brothel in Berlin."

He took off his shoes and slowed to doing one button at a time. The skirt fell to the floor with a rustle of cloth and the blouse slipped off his arms with a single shrug of the shoulders. Finally he stood waiting, his cock stood like a pointer towards the object of his lust, the woman who commanded from *his* bed.

"That's better," she cooed. "Now you are ready for me!"

Her finger pointed at her thighs and she lay back with a sigh.

Georg crawled onto the bed and slid his head between her thighs just as the fingers of her right hand opened her wide for his attention.

"Lick me like you did last night, take me with those lips."

He settled in and tentatively probed her with his tongue. As he did so she moaned and allowed her fingers to strum across the bud of her clitoris. As he worked, her forefinger pressed to strip her clit of that small hood and she grabbed his hair with her other hand to direct him to the place where she wanted his attention.

"Slowly, it's got to be slow," she mumbled as his tongue lapped at the few square millimetres of exposed flesh that was the centre of her pleasure. "Use your hands, I want to feel your fingers in me."

He pushed a finger into her and then another as his lips sucked her exposed clitoris. This was not what he had expected at all. Georg was a man whose prick was the centre of all a woman's pleasure. Never had he been asked to make a woman climax without using it. Now it lay ignored under his thighs as she sucked him in and orgasmed with a series of small sighs that turned to cries.

Her thighs trembled and then lifted around his head to close him in a grip from which there was no escape without her assent. He was hers and she climaxed again as she forced him to take her to the third and final climax.

"More," she cried as he kissed and lapped at her.

His fingers probed and massaged the inside of her cunt as she clenched her thighs with ecstasy. She screamed with gratification as he sucked that bud between his lips and massaged it with his lapping tongue.

Finally it was over and Mary relaxed with a small sound of pleasure.

"Good, Georg, you have done well." she purred as her hand stroked through his hair.

He felt a little pride in her thanks and kind words and wondered if now he could fuck her. While she was still wet and ripe for his raging prick. But, his hopes were dashed by her next words.

"When you have finished the bedroom you get your little moment of pleasure," she said as she lifted his head to look into her eyes. "One good turn deserves another and a little wait will make you all the more ready for what I am going to do to you!"

Mary rolled off the bed and pulled on her skirt.

"That's not fair," said Georg as he felt his erection fade.

"Fair is what I decide," chuckled Mary as she pulled on her blouse. "You are in my house on my sufferance; make sure that you keep on my better side!"

Georg stood and watched her do the buttons on her blouse, hiding those perfect breasts with casual movements of her fingers.

"Last night," he said in the hope of stirring her to action.

"Last night was then, this is now!" she replied as she slipped on her shoes. "Now put on a fresh dress and finish the room. Afterwards there is the washing to do and then we shall see what we shall see."

Georg went to her bedroom to select a dress.

'A dress she said, not a skirt.' he thought as he looked at those available.

He remembered that there were several dresses, a floral one, a long one and maybe one or two others, but all he could find was a black dress with a fixed pinafore that looked so much like a

maid's uniform. Once again he flicked through the hangers until his hand once again rested on the black and white dress.

"That one needs a petticoat," said Mary's voice from behind him. "put it on and then the stockings that are tucked in the wooden box at the bottom of the wardrobe.

Georg turned to find Mary with a look of pure lust on her face as her hand slipped inside her blouse and toyed with her breasts. It was clear that she was playing games with him for her own amusement.

"The girdle is in the box as well," she added as her other hand slipped under her skirt to find her pussy. "I will help you this time if you like, but after that you are on your own."

Georg felt a wave of resignation sweep over him as he laid the items on the bed.

"The girdle goes on first of all," she panted. "Do the middle buttons first before you slip it on and then you can do the others later."

He did as he was told and then reached for the thick cotton stockings.

"No," she said. "They go on after the petticoat."

He slid the crisp cotton over his body and let it hang over his erection.

"I can see that you're enjoying this, my little sailor boy," she said. "Now you can put on the stockings for me and finally the dress.

When he had finished she sighed as she came. A delicious subtle orgasm that came from the depths of her control rather than from the hands that slid through her soaking cunt.

"Turn around," she murmured as she got him to show him the effect from all angles.

"Now there are just two things missing," she said. "The shoes..."

He reached for the brogues that he had worn before.

"Not those, silly," she said in a strict tone. "That outfit needs heels, and your legs need a bit of shape."

Mary went to the wardrobe and selected a pair of Oxfords with belled heels of about three inches.

"These," she said as she watched him struggle into them.

"Now put one hand here and one hand here," she instructed as she moved his hands to the front and back of the hem of the dress. "Pull the hem up a little and bend your knees."

George curtsied and Mary squealed with delight.

"You are ready to finish this room now," she said as she handed him the duster. When you are finished come to the living room and I will show you what I can make that cock of yours do for me!"

A Glass Of Cream Sherry.

The house was an old one, formerly with a staff of maids and butlers that served a family that had farmed the whole district. On the third floor were the servant's quarters, filled with the uniforms and cots of a Victorian establishment. Mary had decided that she had a maid, just like the old days, and that maid would serve her in proper style.

All she needed were a few additional bits and pieces and an attitude that brooked no disobedience.

Georg knocked on the door.

'*Why knock?*' he wondered.

The answer was that it just felt like the correct thing to do!

"Come," came Mary's voice.

He entered the living room to find her with a small wine glass in her hand, sipping a sherry.

"Come to me now," she said.

It was more of an order than a request.

He stood before her and wondered what other chores he would have to do before she would allow him to fuck her.

Her left hand reached out and burrowed under his petticoats to find his prick. It gripped him and pushed to make him groan.

"See, that's better," she said in a soothing voice. "You have finished your chores for the afternoon and now comes a little time *just* for you."

He grunted as her hand slipped to his balls and took them in the palm of her hand.

As she sipped her sherry she massaged them and then took them in a firmer grip.

"You realise that you are now my little maid?" she cooed. "Just what a widow needs to keep body and soul together."

"I have begun to understand!"

"That's excellent, my dear."

The hand under his petticoat left his balls and traced the interface between stocking-top and thigh before it crept to the root of his raging prick.

"There will be so many chores for you to do for me, many of an intensely personal nature, and I am obliged to repay all that service," she continued.

She sipped at her sherry and looked up at her maid with a smile.

"Does that sound fair?" she asked.

"It does."

"It does, Madam," she corrected. "Always address me as 'Madam', I like the sound. There is something else that I like as well... Can you guess, or do I have to tell you!"

"Obedience?"

"Of course obedience! That goes without saying, but it *is* a good guess."

"Please tell me," he answered as he felt himself being slowly massaged.

"Please tell me, what?"

"Please tell me, Madam."

"That's much better," she said as she rewarded him with a few harder strokes.

Her hand came up and she offered him the glass.

"Fill it now," she ordered.

He looked at the hand that was slowly wanking him and then at the decanter on the other side of the room.

"My pleasure always comes first," she snorted. "You have to understand that basic fact quickly if you are to be the perfect maid. Now get me a sherry!"

He pulled from her hand and filled the small glass half full. As he passed it to her a small sly smile came onto her face. Once again the hand burrowed through the starched cotton to resume his reward session. The small cost of teaching him to respond in the way that she wanted.

"So, you haven't answered me," she said. "What is the second thing that I want from you?"

The hand pulling him to climax distracted his thoughts and made him dizzy with hope.

"I don't know. Madam!"

There had been a slight hesitation before the title, but she ignored it.

"A curtsy every time you greet me," she said as she finished the under filled glass.

There was a brief pause as this new information soaked in. Gradually she brought him closer and closer to a peak. She slowed a little to be able to interrupt at the moment when it would be most devastating. There it was, that slight clench of the balls, the small sign that he was just before his climax.

She stopped and held up the glass again.

"This time fill it full," she said.

"Yes, Madam," he said as he stumbled to the decanter and his climax receded into nothing.

'How can I have been so foolish as to think that she would want just half a glass,' he thought without realising that, full or empty, his climax would be delayed.

He handed back the glass and awaited her hand, but it did not return. Now his prick was demanding completion from him and she was ignoring his need.

At last she turned to look up at him.

"You filled it full, that was good, but where was the curtsey?"

He tried to be graceful, but the curtsey was as stiff as his cock. The shoes were so difficult to walk on and the short trip across the room to the decanter had rubbed the tip of him against the starched cotton to make his legs tremble even more.

"Better," she said. "But, you have to be punished for mistakes. How can we move forward if you never learn? You have to learn that a maid in this house, under my guidance, is a *perfect* maid. So what are we going to do now?"

"I'm sorry, I don't know... Madam."

"Show me how you can pleasure yourself," she chuckled. "Then you can be satisfied and I will not have transgressed against my principles."

"Now? Madam."

"Of course now! The sin of Onan is one that you will often be performing for me under my guidance. When you are flawless I will be the one to reward you, when you are less sufficient you will do it. If, of course you are insufficient, you will be punished like the trainee maid that you are!"

Georg took his prick in his right hand and lifted his skirt with the left. As he began to perform for her she lifted the sherry glass to catch the inevitable emission. The scene was so bizarre as Mary licked her lips and moved to catch the splashing come in the glass.

For a moment the panting Georg thought that she was going to drink the sherry with its creamy addition, but she proffered the glass and said: "Wash it and then start on the evening meal for us. You will prepare a Kerry Hotpot with the sausages that you will find in the larder. I have to prepare your bed and then we will relax with a little light reading before bed."

She ate her portion of the sausage stew that he had made with relish and complimented him on his cooking before he was allowed to eat. She ate so slowly that his bowl was cool by the time that he started, the congealed fat forming a white crust over the sodden mess of potatoes and vegetables.

Two years of eating the awful rations on U-Boats had inured him to eating dreadful food so it did not distress him to eat the stew. That she was building her ascendancy brick by brick into a wall that he would not be able to climb, that also disturbed him less than it should have done.

Just one day!

Georg had been just one day in the house and already she had him on more than a tight leash. Mary had become Madam and he had become her maid. The dress and petticoat did not upset him anymore and the tight grip of the girdle excited rather than discomforted him.

She watched him eat the Hotpot that had become a Coldpot and hummed to herself in satisfaction. Since she had conceived her basic idea just this morning, Georg had come so far. She was proceeding by feeling her way, but now she was starting to have ideas that excited her even more. Already he was more maid than German Unteroffizier, the next week would bring more changes that would make his life a mixture of chores and sex. Sex for her enjoyment, chores to keep him off balance and too busy to rebel.

At last he finished and she beckoned him to the living room.

Another gale was brewing in the dusk, it promised to be a stormy night!

She passed him a book and settle down comfortably while he read two chapters of Jane Ayre to her in his almost accent less tenor. As he read, she relaxed and allowed her thought to wander. The nights she would make for her pleasure and his service. The days she would fill to bursting with chores and punishments until at last he obeyed without demure.

As she considered all the things that he would do for her she felt a warm glow of satisfaction that made her pussy dew with anticipation. Four years were a long time to catch up on, in the end she would occasionally allow him to fuck, but those events would have to be the steps on his route to total service!

He lay in his bed.

Exhausted!

Georg could feel the chain that fixed him to the bed. Just enough play to use the chamber pot in the night and no more. He knew and understood that the chain was more a *symbol* of his captivity than anything else. It was Madam's means of making sure that she could visit at any time of the night and use him as she willed.

He would always be there for her and not tempted to try to wander to her bedroom for something that she had not wished to do at that moment.

An hour ago she had arrived and slipped her hand under his nightie to find that he was ready. She brought him to near peak and then laughed as she watched him sigh when he realised that he was not going to come for her that night.

For an hour she played with her maid.

She made him service her with lips and tongue and then sat on his chest while she slowly brought herself to a second climax while he lay watching and lusting for that perfect body. Those breasts, those thighs and the dripping cunt that was only to be touched by her hands now that he had kissed her thighs and sex.

At last she relented and allowed him to come.

By his own hand and to the rhythm that she directed.

Mary slipped out of the room as he said: "Good night, Madam," and found her own bed to curl up in to sleep off the earthquakes that she had experienced in her loins.

Time Passes.

So the days passed.

Georg cleaned the house from top to bottom and then started again. He learned to wash all of the clothes in the stone basin in the kitchen with soap and soda in the water that he had to draw at dawn every day. He got used to the heels on the shoes, the clutch of the girdle and the pull of the cheap cotton stockings.

His cooking skills improved and he learned to heat his portion of the food so hot that it was still warm when she had finished and turned to enjoy watching him eat. He learned to feed the pigs and still manage to keep his petticoats free of the dirt. He chopped the wood and made the fire and then repaired the shutters on the windows one by one.

He climbed onto the roof and set the tiles, stopping as he did so to gaze at the distance and wonder how the war was going. By now the German army would be past Moscow, fighting in the snow as the demoralised Communists retreated into the east past the Urals. German troops would be in Palestine; a new crusader army that would sweep the enemy beyond the oil wells of Persia.

The Japanese would be threatening San Francisco with their fleets as the degenerate Americans were swept from the Pacific Ocean on a foaming wave front that would see Germans and Japanese meeting in Canada and India.

But, he had no news, no indication that the Wehrmacht was about to arrive in this part of Cornwall and liberate him!

All the while Mary wore down his inhibitions and built up his needs...

Changed him and moulded him.

The cane had been the latest innovation to add to her little game.

Georg was caned the first time when he broke a plate in the kitchen. Over her lap with his skirt lifted, she gave him three strokes that almost made him come as his cock was gripped by her thighs. Every change that she added brought sex to the forefront!

Sex for her and twisted sex for him.

It seemed almost as though she kept book with double-entry accuracy of his derelictions of duty and then balanced up at the end of each week. Three months after arriving in her demesne he stumbled across the record book that she had apparently forgotten to lock up.

In her clear, neat hand there was indeed a record and balance of punishment and reward that showed how very far he had fallen. Every stroke of the cane, every stroke of her hand, every orgasm that she had permitted, with the circumstances as well as the two fucks that she had given him for days with a perfect record. He nodded at her scrupulous book keeping as though her Teutonic pursuit of excellence was justified by applying a code of conduct that was precise and fairly applied.

But, she made the rules.

Mary decided what was punishable and what was worthy of reward!

Another three months came and went.

Georg begged her to be allowed to wear summer dresses and knickers instead of the maid's uniforms that filled his wardrobe. She relented but then told him that his figure was really not suitable and that if he wished to wear the dresses that she chose for him, then he would have to wear a boned corset in addition to the girdle.

A week later he gave in and she laced the corset tight.

That night she visited him and allowed him to lie on top for the first time. She held his corset and stroked his stockings as she directed him through a fuck that seemed to last forever. Every five minutes she interrupted his pleasure to allow him to bring her another climax with his tongue. Finally he withdrew and she watched him come over her breasts with a satisfied smile from her. She was thinking how he was moving to the next crucial stage that she had decided it would be her pleasure to squeeze from her maid.

Georg found that she now insisted on the corset all of the time.

Day and night!

Slowly it was drawn in until the edges met and she could put him into the training corset that she produced for him. The target was seventeen inches, no more than she could encompass with her hands. The target of every Victorian maid! As he wore it for the first time he was so wrapped in her toils that he walked around with an erection tenting his dress all day!

Sometimes she liked him to wear just the corset, stockings and high heels and sat for hours watching him complete his chores with a look of lust in her eyes that spoke volumes about the way that she too was developing.

Because the trainer is influenced by the trainee in such subtle ways!

As he became ever more feminine and subdued she became stronger and more definite.

More and harder punishments became the order of the day. The easy days of five light strokes of the cane for breaking dishes became the ten vicious strokes for lacing the bow at the bottom of the corset instead of the top because it made tying the bow easier. The slap on the bottom when he forgot to call her Madam turned into a quick blow to his balls when he was not walking quietly enough when she was reading.

But, the change was gradual and as the small errors were no longer to be seen, the even smaller errors became crisis of discipline.

All the while she reduced his rewards to a casual word or slight move of the hand.

By the time that Georg had spent two years serving Madam, he had managed just five perfect days where he was allowed to slip into her ripe pussy and experience heaven as he spilled onto her body after his withdrawal.

As the time fled by in a flash of perfect service and utter dependence on her he suddenly achieved the seventeen inches that she demanded of his waist. An hourglass figure that allowed him to slip into her formal dress with such ease that he had to take in the seams to make it hug his svelte figure.

Every month she disappeared to the local village and left him to fend for himself. He never dared to masturbate without her direct order, he just spent a leisurely day washing and ironing as she had directed. Georg wondered about the war occasionally, but apart from the distant contrails of aircraft, so far off the shore, there was never any sign of military activity.

'*Had it ended? What was the peace?*' he wondered, but no longer did he consider it to be even important.

All that consumed him was the endless list of chores that he had to work through to satisfy the very reasonable demands that his mistress made of him. He knew that she enjoyed punishing him more and more, but he was also aware that he was increasingly enjoying those moments too.

If he came when he was caned or slapped, the punishment always stopped and Mary seemed overjoyed that it had happened. It was so strange! The one thing that he would have thought invited more and stricter punishment made her give a little shout of joy and then kiss him on the lips as though it was what she wanted all along!

Asking For A Date.

One day he asked her the day's date.

"Third of July, nineteen forty five," she answered. "You have been here three years and have almost become the perfect maid."

He felt a rush of gratitude and love overwhelm him and tears welled in his eyes.

"You know what the reward is for asking, don't you?"

Punishments had become rewards and rewards had become punishments in the strange up-side down world of his owner.

Thank you, Madam," he said as he prepared for the caning.

Often he served her, maybe twice a day on average if he could just read her account book and check the balance. But, it had never been left lying around again and the key to it hung on a chain at her waist. In the last year or so she had never allowed a fuck, in fact she had never touched his straining prick or even allowed him to help himself to a climax.

Instead the whipping horse had become the centre of his pleasure!

She chained him to the padded wooden box and helped his prick into the leather clad hole that awaited him. Three leather straps held him rigid and almost unable to use the leather lined pussy. Georg had made it himself to her order. A painstaking job that had demanded that he create an instrument of his own punishment and pleasure.

As she fixed him tight and then drew the ropes taut he felt his breath constricted by the corset that allowed only shallow breaths. By the time that he was stretched, vulnerable and accessible he was gasping for air and ready be caned.

"Thank me *now* for the pain," she said.

"Thank you so much, Madam."

She whipped the hazel cane in the air to prepare him and then laid it on his back in a position of rest.

"How many strokes do you need?" she asked.

If he asked for too few he would not climax, if he asked for too many the pain would be unbearable.

"Three please, Madam."

"Very good, pretty maid. I can see that you are responding better all the time," she said as she whirled the flexible rod in the air and brought it with vicious force on those quivering buttocks.

The first stroke almost made him come as his body thrust his prick into the whipping horse's dry cunt. He screamed and she laughed at his agony.

But, he needed more and soon.

The second blow brought him to climax and he spurted into the cup that was so placed as to catch his gushing emission.

"That's good," she chuckled. "That gives me one more stroke to come for my own personal pleasure."

As usual she lifted her skirt to show him the wet cunt that contrasted with the dry leather of the whipping horse. Then she slowly drew the cane through that slit in a motion that suggested lust pure, and temptation. Her breath came in short pants as she orgasmed from the contact with the instrument of torment. All the while he had to wait for the final stroke, wait in foreboding for a blow that would be his punishment for wanting to come too much.

Georg looked at her and felt nothing less than love.

An overwhelming desire and love of the pain that she administered with such pleasure. That she had trained him to love her *and* the agony that she meted out, was neither here nor there. The pain made him come, the shortness of breath made it more intense and the bonds that fixed him forced him to understand that he was hers whenever she needed him.

The third stroke was like a line of fire that made his world into a stormy sea of agony.

He gasped and sobbed and longed for her to finish the ritual.

She leaned down and kissed her German sailor on the lips. Foam ringed his lips as he fought to breathe and she licked it off with relish. Finally she took the cup and gave him his own ejaculate to drink.

"You know that it pleases me so when you are punished properly," she said as he licked the cup clean.

"I love you, Madam."

"I know that you do and to show how much I understand, I shall order you to beg me for another stroke of the cane!"

His eyes misted with tears, he felt choked and was fading from the world, but he begged her as she asked. This was Mary's pleasure, her need and her gratification.

"Please, Madam. One more, because *you* require it of me."

The blow cut over the first one. It scored no new line of blood because the position was so exact.

Despite the chains and the three belts that held him fast to the whipping horse, his body bucked with the pain and he fainted with a small cry.

Mary opened her mouth and ran her tongue over her lips. Her hand was already pushing through that flesh that led to her clitoris. It required just a touch to set the reaction off, a light tickle that almost made her faint with the orgasm that it brought.

She regarded her maid and felt the pride of ownership. The excitement of owning someone so completely that they were ready to do anything in exchange to give a moment of sexual bliss to her.

Unconditional Surrender.

He came to in his bed, the familiar chains that spread his legs and arms tightly fixed and comforting.

His mistress sat by his side and stroked the corset that she knew would never come off. It was his forever, as was the pain and its attendant pleasure. Soon she would replace the boned corset with the steel one that she had ordered.

A brutal cage for him to wear all the time.

Finally she had come to that point that she had foreseen on the misty horizon that first night.

All she required was a final willing sacrifice that would put the seal on her need for a slave.

It was not enough that she had taught him to climax from pain. It was not enough that he had to take every breath at her command.

His breath, hers to take and give.

It was not enough that he had given up desire and replaced it with a masochism so deep that he begged her to punish him so that *she* could orgasm again.

All of that was not enough for her.

Now he had a final declaration to make, way beyond love and passion. way beyond the bounds of servitude, into the searing territory of abject slavery.

He had to give up everything for her, be hers forever to dive ever deeper into pain for her all-consuming gratification.

Her hand slapped his face sharply and she smiled at his enjoyment of it. She slapped him again to ready his mind for what she was about to demand of him.

"Georg," she said. "You asked me the date. Why?"

"Because I had to know how long it was that I loved you. How many years, Madam."

"But you did not ask where you are?"

"I am with you, Madam!"

"Do you want to stay her with me forever? To suffer ever more for my personal pleasure?"

"Yes, please, please, I beg you. Madam."

He was almost incoherent. A man without sane reason or thought.

"Then I will let you stay here, in Ireland, with me forever as my pain slave!"

His thoughts coalesced and reason returned.

'*Neutral Ireland*,' he thought as he began to laugh through the tears of love and pain.

The Emerald Isle that the war had not touched! The Ireland where, he could have surrendered to the Garda without fear! The place where Mary had enslaved him and made him love her through a red mist of degradation and suffering.

The place where he would serve her, willingly forever and without end!

The End

Historical Notes:

- *U145 was actually surrendered at the end of the war, in 1945, in Helgoland. It was then scuttled in Operation Deadlight on the 22 Dec, 1945, near Ireland.*
 - *About 250 U Boats in total were lost to air attack during the entire period of WW2, several to the attacks of the Short Sunderland flying boat, known to the Germans as the Flying Porcupine because of the vast number of machine guns that it carried.*
 - *Ireland stayed neutral in WW2, but interned all Allied and German prisoners in the Curragh Internment Camp.*
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