

Getting Uneven.

A female domination
tale of lust, servitude
and revenge.

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Exotic and Decadent Female Led Fiction

By

Miss Irene Clearmont

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“Getting Uneven”

By

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ONE

Act of Lust

He pushed his cock into the soft yielding flesh. For a moment there was resistance, a slowing of that forced entry. A momentary pause that just gave him cause to laugh hysterically in the inevitability of his superiority. Then his weight pushed his prick home to its full length, a satisfying clench, the friction of dryness a rasp of her breath.

‘How dared this rich bitch refuse to him? How dared she to say no!’

The words rang in his head as he allowed himself the momentary pleasure of gripping her throat and allowing her to see that she could do nothing to resist him.

His hands moved from pinning her wrists and tore at her blouse sending the buttons showering like bullets as they tore free to expose her breasts.

She cried out.

There was a spasm of resistance as her hands tried to push his weight from her body. A futile gesture of defiance as his hand moved from her breasts with sudden force to slap her backhanded across the face. A brutal reaction that forced her to recognise his physical superiority.

He looked at those tits, those delicious giant mounds that were crying out for his attention. begging for punishment.

His hips thrust down to drive his erection like a pile driver to its deepest extent. A song of conceit rang in his ears, in time to the beat of his heart. She whimpered in shock as he took her. He took it all, her love, her pleasure, her body, her confidence, her self-assured haughty demeanour.

Bitch!

It was all his for the taking!

Slut!

All stockings, suspenders, sexy lace and sheer fabric. Lipstick and fuck-me heels. She wanted this! She had needed taking down to a place where men ruled and fucked and did not have to resist temptation.

This was what she had asked all men to do to her.

This was what she deserved.

As he tore at her body with his hands his cock enjoyed the dry friction, that sign

of a true whore. A woman who could do no other thing than be frigid in the face of his violent fore play.

‘How dare she reject me, the fucking whore,’ he thought as he pulled those tempting nipples. ‘This is just the warming up. Now she gets what every bitch wants!’

A sharp pull of his hips and he tore free of her flesh.

Pulled free.

She moaned in agony as he ripped from her.

There was a moment of stillness as he contemplated the final pleasure that he would take from her ripe and perfect body. The forbidden abyss that he lined up for, a plunge that would take him to ecstasy.

“Please, please,” she begged in sobs of realisation as the tip of his rigid prick was pressed against that rear entrance to her body.

She clenched, strived to block, to resist as the pressure grew to an irresistible level.

He pushed; increasing the pressure and the pleasure; bursting into her and ramming home between those delicious cheeks of her ass as he took what he

wanted, what he needed, what was his by right as she opened her mouth to cry out and the cut lip bled red across the pink of her smeared lipstick and the salt and iron taste filled her senses as he came with a groan of satisfaction.

He spilled his seed into her ass, enjoyed her pain and enjoyed his certain victory.

The council for the defence smiled at the jury and adjusted his wig with a small smile.

“So, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, what you see today is the outcome of a woman’s plot to destroy the man who gave her so much of himself. She flirted with her colleagues at work, she dressed to excite the men around her. This rich and degenerate woman had a string of boyfriends behind the back of her fiancée. Every one of these men had sex with her with her consent, but she claims that her fiancée, this man so unjustly accused, had no consent.”

He paused again and looked at the man who sat in the dock and smiled reassuringly, as if they old friends, noticing each other across a bar or restaurant.

One comrade helping another.

“So I ask you to consider the evidence. The way that Miss French prepared for this romantic interlude. The equipment in the bedroom that she had that suggests that rough sex and domination is something that she enjoys as an occasional,

may, a regular, pastime. I want you to consider the fact that she told her friends that she was going to marry the accused, surely an assent considering her behaviour with her other lovers.”

He coughed and looked at Miss Hannah French sitting with her council.

“I shall sum up. This is no trivial accusation! This is a terrible crime, without a doubt. But, this was not...

“Was it rough?...

“Of course it was, Miss French has a special partiality for rough sex!...

“Was there any expectation of sex being on the menu that fateful night?...

“Of course there was! Miss French prepared for the arrival of her fiancée in a manner that suggests a romantic, sexual and passionate evening rather than the rejection that she states she wished to make...

“Finally I wish you to consider the two participants in this sorry affair.”

He paused to ensure they would be waiting for his words, then went on:

“Miss French, a woman who treats sex as a hobby in all its fetishistic variations on the one hand. On the other, Kyle Benson, a shy man who has only ever had

two girlfriends and was enamoured by this free-living woman and now faces the destruction of his reputation, his private life in the face of a sorry allegation by a woman who at best could be described as 'loose'."

The council for the defence retired and the case was over apart from summing up by the judge and the decision of the jury. A jury that had nodded agreement all though that summing up. A jury composed of middle aged men and women who could never imagine that a woman like Miss French could ever say 'no', and mean it.

It took that jury just an hour to free the rapist from the clutches of the court to his weeping mother. The attending reporters chewed over the words that the council for the defence had used and mentally added them to their headlines for the next day.

'Loose woman', 'degenerate' and 'rough sex' seemed to offer the best possibilities and then there was the chance that Mr Benson might sell his story.

Revelations of a victim of a loose woman!

TWO

Act of Shame

Miss Hannah French glanced at the headlines in the local paper with tears in her eyes.

'Local man cleared of assault.' It said.

Now she was being threatened with a civil case by the man who had assaulted her. Her face on the front of every paper, her reputation soiled by his victory.

The text of the article made her life seem like a sordid cocktail of sex. Bondage and drugs were hinted at length. The word 'loose' was bandied by the journalist in every paragraph.

She folded the paper and wondered if this nightmare would end. Three months of trial and accusation, pain and torment and all that her defence council could say was, "It's a three day wonder. In a month it will be forgotten."

But, it would not be forgotten. Already her friends were ignoring her and her family was keeping their distance. Soon she had to return to the advertising business that she was a partner in to face the other two partners.

"I'm sorry," they would say, "but we cannot afford the stigma of this negative image. We have decided to buy you out!"

Hannah knew what they were planning and had no answer. The money would not compensate for the fact that she was a person 'non grata', a person who would always be whispered about. A woman who had dared to say that her fiancée had sexually assaulted her when it was clear that he had not.

As she sat and contemplated the mug of coffee in front of her she realised that she was not just hurt and angry but had serious hate in her for Mike, the man who had forced her, the fiancée that had pushed his prick into her ass as a goodbye. The man that was even now planning to squeeze her for the loss of his reputation.

Hate!

She sighed and wiped the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand.

Somehow she would get even with that twisted son of a bitch.

Somehow.

The possibilities, though, seemed distant and unrealistic.

What could she do that would balance the score?

The police would come knocking on her door as soon as she touched the bastard. Everyone would assume that she was behind every misfortune that overtook him.

First Hannah had to get the 'here and now' sorted. The business and the partnership. Then there was the civil case to be dealt with. Finally, then, she could sit back and decide...

THREE

Act of Play

The session was at an end.

Hannah sat on her throne and watched her latest customer slowly get dressed. He was slow because the pain of the whip and the numbness of his recently unfettered arms made him wince with discomfort.

Finally he was adjusting his tie.

Her victim, willing or even eager, smiled and thanked her with his usual polite words before mentioning that his wife would be away for the month and it would be great if she could fit him in next Thursday.

Hannah nodded assent and held up two fingers.

"At two then," said with a grin. "Don't spare the rod..."

She smiled because it was expected, but inside she felt only disdain for the men who needed to be punished to make them come. Her disdain was hidden behind a curtain of play acting and hard words that gave them the ambience that they

desired.

Never were they allowed to touch her, never were they allowed to pleasure her or fuck her. She had refused offers in the realm of tens of thousands to get intimate, but when it came down to it she hated them all.

Every blow she struck, every enema that she administered, every kiss to her boots, was a revenge on Mike. A moment of pleasure that was arousing, not for itself, but in her imagination where Mike was punished for the pleasure that he had taken from her.

The customer closed the door behind him with the word 'Mistress' on his lips. That, she despised more than anything, that word. It was required, a part of the play that she was paid for. It just signified that they paid for her to amuse them, to take a part in a script that they wrote for themselves.

She heard the outer door close and knew that tomorrow she would be doing the same again. Pleasing some fat business man by thrashing him, masking him and then making him masturbate to her command.

Hannah sighed and stood up.

Her costume creaked as only thick leather can when the buckles and straps were pulled across the surface by her movement.

Four years ago she had done the only thing left that she could do well.

She had decided to convert her anger into coin and become the very thing that the court had labelled her as.

A whore.

She knew men, she knew what they needed and offered sex without sex and passion without passion as Mistress Chantelle.

"There's that god-awful word again," she thought as she stripped off the costume and boots.

Finally she was naked, a Venus in the flesh. Huge breasts, wide hips, smooth cunt and long red hair. But, Hannah was a soiled Venus, a woman who was misusing her beauty, wearing down her passion in meaningless encounters with men who wanted to be punished as a pleasure.

Mike!

How the reality of revenge had turned to fantasy! Five years after the trial. Four years after the civil damages and three years after she had lost contact with him.

At first she had planned so many things, planned a revenge so exquisite and delicate. Something to spoil his life and make him pay. Instead she had drifted to become what he had decided she was.

Whore!

Carefully she cleared up the detritus of the last session. Now that she was exclusive and only had rich clients, the money was rolling in. Certainly faster than she could spend it! They paid her tribute and begged to fuck her.

Her refusal raised her price.

They spent lavishly and bought her gifts. Her distant demeanour cost them more than ever until all the things that she wanted, an apartment in Barcelona, a reclusive farm house in Scotland, a studio of pain in London were all paid for and money left to spare.

Friends?

She had none.

Family?

They had been lost!

The life she had built destroyed.

Hannah French, Mistress Chantelle, was alone but for the slimy men who came and paid homage, paid thousands, just to wank over her beauty, come on her

feet, lick her boots and be whipped until they squealed and cried, and finally when she used the rod too hard, bandy their safe words to slip out from under the lash.

They were attracted by her hate!

FOUR

Love and Coffee

Alone.

That was the way that Hannah spent her life. She shopped alone, ate alone, masturbated alone and wept alone.

That very separation from the rest of humanity was her mark. She came to shun contact and displayed a haughty disdain that pushed away any approach. So she took pleasure in being overwhelmingly sexual, attractive and then repelled all attempts at friendliness.

"Is this seat taken?"

Hannah looked up from her lap top at the young girl who already had begun to pull the back of the chair from the table.

"No, I suppose not," said Hannah, turning back to the screen.

"Fine, the, I'll keep you company."

There was a silence that was only disturbed as the young woman placed her coffee cup on the table next to her chocolate muffin.

"I like this café," said the young woman as she shrugged her coat off her shoulders.

The comment seemed to require an answer, so Hannah pulled a smile.

"The muffins are made fresh every hour!"

"I'm sorry, but I'm not in the mood for a conversation," said Hannah.

"Fine," said the young woman. "Try a piece!"

Her slim hand proffered the piece of muffin and Hannah reluctantly took it and popped it in her mouth.

"It's good," she reluctantly said.

"My name is Hermione, as in the Greek myth rather than the character in the book," said Hermione as she sipped her coffee.

"I'm Hannah. As in me and not any other Hannah."

It was the first time that she had given her name to someone in years. It felt odd, this faux friendship over coffee and a muffin, but Hannah felt her emotions awakening, despite her trying to suppress them.

"Nice name, I had a best friend called Hannah at school."

Hannah looked at the girl and decided that she was perhaps eighteen. Blonde hair, cut savagely short, topped a pretty face that seemed to made to smile.

Hermione chattered on and ignored the inspection that focussed on breasts, face and hands.

"I want to become a model, that's my goal."

"Well, you're pretty enough," replied Hannah.

"I know, all my boyfriends and girlfriends say that I am not a Hermione at all, but more a Siren because of the way I look!"

"Well I would not fall at your feet, even though I'll admit that you are attractive."

Hermione finished her muffin and sat back in her chair with a speculative air.

"I'll bet the men are dying to sleep with you!"

"You are so right, but I won't let them."

"That's what I thought. You radiate cold!"

"Do I? What does that signify?"

"That you value control over passion..."

"I suppose that is true. Maybe truer than you think."

"Are you married?"

Hannah laughed at the nerve of this sweet young thing.

Was she really being chatted up by some school girl.

"No, and I'm available if that's what you're after!"

"Well, I'm nineteen now and I do fancy you a bit. That red hair is gorgeous and I love the way that you dress. Sexy, distant and powerful. It's a great look."

"So when do you want to start this passionate affair?" asked Hannah with a laugh. "I mean, in twenty minutes I have to be back at my work, is there time?"

"Meet me here at six, Hannah, and we'll go out. I think that I know just the place you'll like. make sure that you're dressed as sexily as you are now!"

"How can I refuse," laughed Hannah, "You're my first date in years..."

"Now that, I don't believe."

They walked through the crowded streets. Hannah being led by her new acquaintance to some unknown destination.

Hermione chattered away.

"When I said sexy, I had no idea that you could be so daring," she said as she stopped Hannah in front of a shop window. "I love that leather skirt, it's so outrageous with the lacy top."

"It's rubber, not leather," said Hannah with a grin. "You said sexy and I went kinky."

Hermione's hand smoothed over the smooth rubber and lingered where the knicker-line should have been.

"Well I love it," she said. "It's just right!"

"You're not doing so bad yourself! Your heels must be all of six inches."

"Seven with the platforms, actually. I love the way that everyone stares when I walk by."

Hermione took Hannah's hand and they continued down the street.

"We are like a couple of whores on a night out," said Hermione. "I'm taking you to a special bar, actually."

"Mmm, where are you taking your older whore then?"

"It's a bit risqué actually, for a first date, but I love the music."

"It's not Larry's place is it?"

"You know it, I've never seen you there."

"I have a few clients that use the place."

They walked in silence for a minute or two before Hermione asked her next question.

"What do you do then?"

Hannah had been expecting the question. Should she fib? What would be the reaction?

"I'm a whore actually."

Hannah awaited the reaction, would there be shock and rejection? She had used the word 'whore' in a last attempt to cause Hermione to reject her, a try at shaking off this woman who was trying so hard to be friends.

"You seem more of a call girl than a whore! I mean it's obvious that you've got money and taste."

"Thank you!"

"I mean it, you are the most interesting person that I've ever tried to pick up!"

Hannah had to stop walking. She burst into laughter and turned to kiss Hermione. What started as a quick peck on the lips ended as a passionate kiss when the girl responded openly.

"I should charge you for that!"

"I thought that whores never kissed their clients?"

"I never fuck them!"

"Then you are not a whore."

"I suppose not, if that is the definition! Actually I let men do all the work and punish them for being such naughty boys for their fantasies."

"That would make you a Mistress!"

"I don't like that word, 'dominatrix' is silly as well. Faux Latin made for porn and vanilla fantasies..."

"You have your own place?" said Hermione changing the subject.

"Of course, the studio is right near here."

"Can I see it?"

"If you like, though if you need to be punished I will charge you for it as well!"

"I'm not sure that I want to be punished!"

"That's not your choice."

"It is if I pay!"

FIVE

Love and a Whipping Horse

There were three locks and three keys to the door. Then Hannah typed in the code number. A loud click and the door was open. Stairs led up into blackness, soft carpet shrouded the sound and erotic paintings covered the walls.

Hannah led Hermione up the stairs to the small hallway.

"Which room do you want to see first?"

"What choice is there?"

"I have three rooms. One is my private boudoir, because occasionally I spend the night here when a client has paid for a two day session of punishment. The second is the dungeon. It's a bit twee really, all worn brick and fetters. Of course there is a whipping horse, my chair and a full selection of instruments of torture."

"And the other?"

"That is my throne room. I sit on my throne and make demands that have to be

met!"

"But you never allow them to touch you?"

"They kiss my feet, wank on command and get punished for coming. One special client wears a chastity belt for me. Occasionally, every month or two, when I release him, I put on my spiked gloves and force him to come until he is in agony."

"So how much would I have to pay you for that?"

"It depends, most sessions run to a couple of thousand, anything else costs more and more. I put up the prices by doubling them, it increased my client list!"

"I will go for the throne room then!"

Hannah opened the middle door to reveal a room decked in red velvet and gold leaf. A single large chair sat on a small dais in the centre. The black carpet was broken by occasional steel rings set in the floor.

Hermione wandered in and looked around. She glanced at Hannah in the doorway and sat on the throne.

"Now I am the Queen," she said. "You are the one that has to obey!"

Hannah smiled and came into the room to stand before the throne. The experience was like nothing that she had ever done before. A frisson of trepidation filled her as she looked up at Hermione who was pulling a severe face and acting the part of the haughty slave owner.

"Shut the door, we have matters to discuss!"

Hannah turned, and before she knew it she was obeying the order.

"Good, now strip!"

"I'm not sure if..."

"Strip now!"

Hannah decided to play along. This was what she had done so many times as the occupant of the throne, now she was experiencing the sexual tension and excitement of being the submissive one.

She slowly undid the buttons on her blouse and let the lace slide from her shoulders. It fell to the floor with a soft whisper of delicate cloth.

"Very good, now the skirt."

The zipper that ran from hem to waist ran smoothly and the pencil skirt was only held by Hannah's hand. Suddenly she remembered that she was wearing no knickers, Hermione would see her...

"Drop it!"

Her hands released the skirt which fell heavily to the floor.

"Nice!" said Hermione as she inspected Hannah.

"I like the roses that grow from your pussy, very artistic."

Hannah smiled at the praise and started to unhook her bra.

"I hope that you have a surprise there too," commented the blonde who was Queen. "I like what I see so far! Kink and deviance."

Hannah let the bra drop to reveal her large breasts. They sagged slightly, but her nipples were swelling as she responded to Hermione staring at the small gold caps that decorated her nipples.

"I love them," said Hermione. "Are you pierced?"

"Of course, three times for each nipple."

"Turn round," came the order.

Hannah spun on her heels to show that the roses that grew from her slit wandered and climbed over the cheeks of her ass and between her thighs.

"Kneel, Hannah. I want to see how it is!"

She kneeled at the feet and looked up at the blonde woman who seemed so naturally in charge. This was the position that men saw her in. They saw all of her, breasts, pussy and ass, but they could never have them.

Just admire them and long to touch without completion.

Hermione crossed her legs. It raised one of her shoes to a few inches from Hannah's face. For a moment the shoe moved up and down until the heel settled to point at her mouth.

"It's time for you to tell me that you love me," said Hermione. "I am waiting!"

Hannah pursed her lips and kissed the heel.

A soft touch, a gentle touch of the lips.

"That's a bit chaste, Hannah. Try harder!"

The lips opened and the heel slipped into her mouth. As she sucked it moved forwards and backwards slightly, a spiked cock fucking a tight cunt. At last Hermione was satisfied.

"I can't hear you, Hannah!"

"I love you."

"I know that you do. I love you too, but you need to prove it to me, whereas I only have to declare it, for it to be true!"

The crossed legs uncrossed.

They opened to flare her dress wide and allow Hannah to look up that tunnel of her thighs. Hannah could see the dark patch of the clipped pubic hair, the slight valley of the pussy and the soft flesh of thighs where the lacy stocking tops ended.

Slim hands lifted that hem and laid Hermione's sex bare to view. The hands coursed up the thighs to open the slit to reveal the slick folds of her cunt.

"You know what I want and you have to do it," said Hermione in a gentle voice.
"I love you, but you are a whore who is going to do as she is told."

Hannah looked into that young face and saw a strange mixture of concern, affection and haughty pride. She shuffled forward and pushed her face into that pussy.

Her tongue and lips found the small clitoris and peeled it before she lapped like a cat at the smooth skin.

"Very good, I think that you are perfect."

The thighs flexed and the legs dropped onto Hannah's shoulders to pull her deeper into Hermione. She could feel the spikes dig into her flesh, she could taste and smell the perfumed pussy and all the while Hermione slowly settled into the chair.

Sliding out.

Pushing herself into her lover's face.

She climaxed with a soft cry. A shudder and a quiver.

Her hands pushed Hannah down to her ass.

"Make me come again."

The lips kissed that pucker of soft flesh, the tongue explored its texture while Hermione slipped her fingers into her liquid cunt and reamed herself with slow motions of her hands.

Again, orgasm.

This time slow and controlled, as the whore licked the ass of her lover. She pushed her tongue in and explored every contour, her lips sucked in the firm flesh and nibbled at the clenched pucker as if teasing the lips of a paramour.

At last the shudders slowed and Hermione stopped her hand.

"Don't stop yet, I like it," whispered Hermione.

Hannah lived in a small world. Between thighs, ass and pussy. She rimmed her lover with tender strokes of her tongue and lips while Hermione moaned in satiation.

At last Hannah was allowed to kneel and kiss both feet of her Queen.

"Do you want to come as well?"

The question was casually dropped, inviting a positive reply.

"Please!"

"Then take me to your dungeon."

"Not there!"

"It's the right place for you."

"But..."

"I do not wish to hear it. Just do as you are told and I will give you a climax like you have never had before."

Hermione stood from the throne and walked to the door that connected the two rooms. She turned the key to reveal the dark side of sex. The sex that all those men paid for to experience.

Hannah looked at her uncertainly, Hermione seemed so sure of herself, so in control and self-contained and at the age of nineteen was taking control of her

and manipulating her like an expert.

Who was naked here?

Who had willingly served?

Hannah, to one and both!

Hermione led Hannah into the room. Black walls, red light, chains hanging and a whipping bench waiting. Waiting for its owner to taste its delights.

"Over you go!" came the order.

There was a small hesitation on the part of Hannah that Hermione decided to interpret as a test.

"Don't you trust me? Do you think that I would hurt you and fuck you in some evil way? Trust me!"

Hannah bent over the whipping horse and Hermione fixed on the fetters that held her stretched tight, bent over with legs apart and breasts hanging like ripe fruit.

The straps were fixed with buckles and padlocks. Four clicks and Hannah had to trust her new found lover. From this padded room there was no escape.

Hannah moaned and had a premonition. She imagined Mike, what he had done, what he had managed without fetters and all the equipment of a dungeon. How he had taken her and then fucked her ass.

Forced her and assaulted her.

Hermione seemed to have forgotten Hannah. She strutted around the room and marvelled at all the equipment, the massive dildos, the whips and chains, the gags and costumes and then finally the whipping horse on which Hannah was fixed.

She bent and kissed the captive Hannah on the lips. Her slim hands stroked the breasts with their gold tips. Finally she pulled up a chair and sat with Hannah's head between her legs as her hands roved over the luscious body of the older woman.

The hands reached back and breasts.

Ass and pussy.

They ranged in between lips and lips and then finally slipped into that cunt while massaging the outer lips with a sure touch.

"I like the way that you trusted me. It is a good sign. I like the way that you make men your slaves but are mature enough to surrender to me. I like your rose covered pussy and I want it for myself."

The pressure built and Hannah started to gasp with a mixture of anticipation and hope that this slip of a girl was able to bring her to orgasm at last. The first since the assault, the first person who really took her and made her forget everything but passion, sex and pleasure.

She could feel the oil of her passion drip down her thighs as the clever hands bored her out and filled her. Fisting and fucking, taking and giving as they played her like a violin.

Then she felt a pressure on her ass. Slight and firm.

"Please no, please no, I beg you!"

The thumb that had entered her pulled free and found other places to probe, other erotic zones that the captive Hannah had never explored before.

Finally she climaxed with a shudder, staring at the high heels of this woman who knew her body and its sensitive buttons better than she did. She looked at the painted nails of those toes and fixated on them as she was pushed to the edge a second time.

Pushed to the edge, but not over it!

"Kiss my feet and you will come again," said Hermione as she misused her new lover with all the assurance of youth. "I like my lovers to be at my beck and call, it makes me give more and it makes them give it all."

Hannah stretched and kissed the toes and shoes.

The hand that was fucking her twisted and plunged into the rose covered slit. It strummed the clitoris and nipped those outer lips. It brought a surfeit of gratification and Hannah came in a rush, with a scream and a shudder that was suppressed by the fetters that held her stretched.

Once again she kissed the only part of Hermione that she was allowed to reach, those spike heeled shoes, those manicured nails that peeped from the front.

"Well done, darling Hannah. Well done, you are in control, when you say 'no' I will always stop because even though I will make you beg to be fucked, beg to be enslaved, I will only do that which you have begged for!"

Hannah laughed in relief as she was unfettered from the whipping horse. Her legs shook so badly that she almost collapsed and she took Hermione in her arms and kissed her, smothered her in kisses.

"How long since you last climaxed?" asked Hermione without a trace of worry that she might upset Hannah.

"Five years, give or take."

"Masturbation, frigging and wanking?"

"The same..."

"Your ass?"

"A sad tale!"

"Tell me over a drink at Larry's"

"I'll buy."

"Of course! I'm not earning, I'm daddies little girl!"

"I have loads of money, you are what I want to spend it on. let's buy cocktails and I'll tell you some of my cock tales. By the way, what's your father's name?"

"Sir Martin Gerrard Pitherton. Why?" asked Hermione.

"I'd hate to turn up one day and find that he was one of my clients!"

The bed was hard, that was the way that Hannah liked it. Hard mattress, smooth cool silk sheets. Stuffed pillows and Hermione in between the sheets to keep her warm. This was the first time that she had slept with someone else in the bed.

The first time in five years that she had shared her sleep.

"Won't you be missed?"

"Absolutely not," answered Hermione with a laugh. "Daddy thinks that I am in Cornwall with my friend Suzie and that is that!"

"How long can you stay?"

"How long is a piece of string?" said Hermione with a small laugh. "As long as I fancy really..."

"Does daddy mind you sleeping with women?"

"Why should he? he does it all the time!"

Hannah turned to face her lover and placed a small kiss on her lips.

"What happened to Mike?" said Hermione.

Hannah drew in sharp breath. She had told Hermione everything and waited for her to abandon the assaulted woman, the prostitute, the dominatrix whore and the over- anxious woman who had no friends.

"He got away with it! he won his civil suit and I had to pay seventy thousand in 'damages to his reputation'. He whispered to me as we left the court 'Now I've fucked you twice whore! Once in your sorry ass, the second time with your your bank account,' and then he left."

"Didn't you follow him and try to get revenge?"

"For a while and then I realised that if I wounded or murdered him I would be the first person the police would talk to."

"So?"

"So what?" asked Hannah.

"So what are you going to do in revenge?"

"What do you suggest?"

Hermione started to laugh.

"The whore has a dungeon, a thousand torments waiting for the man who enters and then this woman asks, 'what do you suggest?'."

SIX

Love and a Thrashing

Hannah had forgotten what it was like to have a partner, a friend and a lover. And this lover was like no other! Hermione was a naturally dominant personality. Not in some dark and devious way, but in the confidence she exuded, the orders that she expected to be followed and the natural ascendancy that she radiated.

The certainty of youth!

There was no force that could blunt her optimism. She demanded, willed and ordered and the whole world fell into place at her feet. No whips and chains, no crops and fetters, this girl required; that was enough to make it all happen!

Hermione wanted Hannah.

Hermione got Hannah.

It was as simple as that! Hermione wanted Hannah to let her into her life and five years of isolation, mental pain and aftermath of sexual assault were torn like the curtain in the holy of holies.

When Hermione said that she wanted to take part in a session with a client, Hannah was shocked.

"That is so perverse!" said Hannah. "Think of the risk!"

"What risk?"

"You might be recognised for a start."

"I'll wear a mask!"

"It might put you off me!"

"Is that what you fear most? That I'll leave?"

Hannah nodded.

That was really what she feared most, the loss of this friend. The renewal of the isolation and the numbing existence of before.

"Then I'll leave if you don't let me," laughed Hermione.

"That's blackmail of the most devious sort," said Hannah.

"I know. So where are the masks?"

"Here!"

Hermione rifled through the costumes and laughed.

"Some of these defy belief," she said as she pulled a ball gown from the collection. "Isn't this from 'Beauty and the Beast'?"

"I've only worn it once, but I love it even though it takes an hour to get on. The client paid for it so who am I to argue?"

"OK, tell me about the next client and I'll select a costume for the occasion. I promise that I'll not say a word, I'll just watch and observe."

Hannah sighed and nodded. It seemed as if there was no stopping Hermione, she was not fitted with brakes or an 'off' button.

"If it goes wrong then I might lose a client!"

"If it does then it might be the most fun that you ever had..."

The client entered the throne room to find his mistress on the throne, waiting as she always did for his surrender.

"Undress, slave" she said in a stern tone. "I have decided that today is a day for punishment and not reward..."

He gulped with fear because Mistress Chantelle could wield a whip with cruel force and his wife was returning from Cornwall.

She might find the stripes and wounds of the whip and know that he was, once again, paying for punishment that she was happy to administer for free!

"I said, fucking strip!"

He sensed a new force in her, some subtle change that leant new edge to her voice.

He stripped.

Mistress Chantelle smiled and stood. She wore a ball gown, flouncy in its extent, a circle full two metres wide at the floor. Her breasts spilled over the low place where a corset should have restrained them and showed their pierced nipples standing proud.

She reached behind her and picked something up. She tossed it to him.

"Put on the cuffs," she ordered.

He hesitated and then clicked the right wrist on.

"Behind your back!" she said before the left wrist was captured.

He hesitated and then blindly fastened his wrists behind his back. Now he was helpless, a naughty boy awaiting his mistress' next word of command.

His cock stood straight, a clear sign of his excitement.

His legs knees and trembled, a clear sign of his fear.

Mistress Chantelle took the cane leaning against her throne and pointed at the door.

"Into my dungeon, slave," she said theatrically. "The punishment is about to begin."

He opened the door to find the room beyond lit in an eerie green light. The whipping horse stood waiting and so did another woman!

Never had a third person been present, never had he ordered it, paid for it or desired it. So why was another woman there?

He turned to Mistress Chantelle and was about to inquire when she held up the cane and said: "I hope that you are not about to question my orders?"

He almost used the safe word, almost...

"No Mistress."

"Then bow to Miss H, because she will be administering the cane on my behalf."

The scene was set and now the man had been drawn into it and was about to be consumed by it.

He looked at Miss H, the new woman in his secret life and gulped with fear. She wore a costume that contrasted evil with the good of Mistress Chantelle's ball gown in white.

Miss H wore spiked heels on boots that came to her thighs. The rest was a coat of thin rubber that showed every contour of her body in relief. Even the slit of her sex was visible, with every fold and undulation picked out. Small breasts, but her nipples were swollen with excitement.

The final touch was the tight mask that stretched over her face. Black and featureless, it smoothed her hair and made her look like a black statue that had come to life to serve his Mistress.

In her hands was a black crop, bent into a rainbow of black pain running from fist to gloved fist.

"Miss H, prefers her slaves to be restrained before she whips them, so I will prepare you."

Mistress Chantelle pulled a small remote control from her dress and pressed a button. To the accompaniment of a slight mechanical whine a hook on a chain descended from the green light in the ceiling until the hook had reached waist height.

A small movement of the hand.

The slave knew what was expected and feared what he was paying for. Somehow this seemed more menacing than usual. The presence of the new woman, the mood, the ambience, the green light; they all conspired to make a subtle change that brought menace and real fear into the equation.

Real fear.

Not fairground fear.

He sweated and hooked the cuffs onto the hook. As he did so the chain started to

pull up and his wrists were pulled with it. Until at last she relented.

He was standing in a bow. Wrists pulled up behind him until they were as high as his bowed head. Naked and vulnerable. never had he felt this exhilaration and this much terror at being punished by his Mistress.

There was a small pause as he heard the boots of Miss H clicking on the floor. For a moment he felt a hand weigh his prick and balls. She just felt them, gripped them, let them rest in a slick palm before her hand retreated.

"He is not well equipped at all," commented Mistress Chantelle. "That is one reason for the punishment. The other is that he has paid me, but offered no extra tithe for my amusement. He knows that I demand it, but he does not pay.

For this dereliction three strokes.

For his lack of virility, three strokes.

For my pleasure, three strokes.

For his arriving late, three strokes."

Miss H, the unstoppable Hermione, smiled and reached to the mask that she had selected for her victim. As she took it Hannah tried to signal that this client hated masks, that he would never submit to it and the attached gag.

Miss H held the mask slackly from her hand in front of his face. The question was clear, to be masked or not, that was the question. Whether to suffer pain in the dark or refuse a request and scratch the needle over the long playing disc of this perfect scene.

He knew the choice.

Admit the fantasy and refuse, follow the fantasy and submit to reality of loss of control!

He nodded.

Hannah gulped at the way that Hermione had manipulated her client. She had understood that this man was prepared to suffer for his fetish, as long as he had the initial choice...

The mask was pulled over his head and the red ball pushed into his mouth. Now there was no more safe word, no way out, Miss H had him in her grip.

Her hand slipped between his thighs and wanked his raging prick. It moved with brutal intent as though she was milking him with clenched fist.

Four strokes and he moaned.

Miss H stood back and the cane struck.

"One of twelve," said Miss Chantelle.

It was a brutal stroke that left a welt that was only broken by the cleft of his buttocks.

The hand gave him the four brutal strokes on his prick and then administered the second stroke of the cane.

"Two of twelve."

Miss H did not speak she just alternated between wank and a brutal stroke of the cane. Her victim staggered and wailed, he tried to speak, but the gag reduced him to a mumble. His ass bled with the strokes, cuts like a blade.

This was far more severe than Miss Chantelle had ever dared. This was well over the bounds of BDSM and into the misty realms of torture and masochism.

Brutal!

At last the punishment ended.

The twelfth stroke had chimed and the slave hung slackly from his wrists. Come dribbled from his flaccid cock. It splashed with the blood that ran from his ass down his thighs.

He sobbed in the mask.

A violent shuddering gasping that filled the room with his pain and satisfaction. Fear and contrition. Miss Chantelle was at a loss. Never had it gone this far, never had she been so brutal to a man who was playing and paying.

She lowered the hook.

She had not been able to stop it. She was like a rabbit in the headlights of the oncoming Hermione. Scared to move, scared to stay still. Unable to stop the terrible scene that had unfolded before her eyes.

She stripped off his mask.

Water of tears dripped from the mask, the saliva and slobber of fear dripped from the ball gag.

He dropped to his knees.

"Mistress, I will never forget to pay an extra tithe. Please forgive me for being under your expectations. Please, I shall never be late again and you I offer freely

my pain for your pleasure."

She looked down at him and smiled. Once again Hermione had shown good judgement and pushed the limits.

"If you are late again you will suffer five more strokes. Be thankful that Miss H chose a light cane so do not make her use one of the more painful ones."

He nodded and looked over his shoulder at the fearsome Miss H. Under the thin rubber mask she smiled and then stepped up to him until her body was pressed into his. Her hand slipped to his cock and gripped it, smearing it with his emission and the blood of the punishment.

The gloved hand came to his lips and one of those fingers pushed between his lips forcing him to taste his own pain and pleasure.

"I can only hope that Miss H will take the trouble to discipline me again," he whispered.

SEVEN

The Revelation

They sat in the Sunday afternoon quiet of the Café Royal. A murmur of conversation fluttered in the background, masking the conversation on the table in the corner.

"You had me so worried there!" said Hannah. "I really thought you'd pushed it beyond too far!"

"I would never have pushed it too far!"

"So how could you tell that he would be so willing to submit to what amounts to torture? You could have caused serious damage to him."

"But, I didn't and it's not torture if he is willing!"

Hannah laughed ironically and said, "You blackmailed him into the mask. He either had to give up the fantasy or put on the mask. You knew that the gag would take away the safe word that we had agreed. So you pushed him to a point where you could do what you wanted to him and he was unable to resist!"

Hermione sighed.

"I know that I pushed the limits, but I had to!"

"What the hell do you mean, you had to?"

At that moment a waiter walked by and the two women stopped arguing and sipped their coffees. As soon as he was out of earshot Hannah resumed her attack.

"What the hell do you mean, you had to? In this game the client determines the setting and the Mistress decides if it is inside her capabilities. He pays, he decides. Not he pays and then gets the living-fuck thrashed out of his raw ass in-between strokes of a brutal hand job that will leave his balls bruised for a month!"

Hermione hung her head.

For a moment she stared at the coffee, the small cluster of bubbles that swirled in the centre of the black liquid gold. She knew that the telling off was correct, that she had overstepped the mark, but she knew that she had to do it.

"I had to, because I know him!"

"Oh, fuck. You know him, I'm so glad that you were masked and kept silent."

"You don't understand, I know him. He's my husband!"

Hannah sat back and gaped like a stranded fish at the young girl who was full of revelations and unexpected hidden angles.

"Hermione, you're married? Fuck, fuck and double triple fuck!"

She looked at Hermione and then another thought intruded on her mind. Another revelation that made her heart stop and beg for release.

"You knew when you met me that afternoon?"

The question was self-complete. It contained the answer in its words. It was answered by itself!

Hermione had met her with the intention of this happening! This was the game, the intent and the plan. Hannah was just a piece in the puzzle of some devious plot that Hermione was following up.

Hannah sat back and stared at the woman who had filled a wide gap in her life. The woman who was tricking her and using her and loving her and fucking her and lying to her and... and... and...

"I never told a lie to you," said Hermione. "I missed bits out, I tricked you and I used you, but I never lied."

"Does that mean that I have to forgive you?"

"I had meant to expose my stupid husband in front of the whore that he was seeing, but I couldn't do it because I love you too much. So I thrashed his ass and made him come with the pain. I know his limits, of course I do, I'm his wife."

Hannah laughed.

"What the fuck are you laughing at?" asked Hermione.

"Why don't you just give him what he wants most in the world and make him your little whore? Jesus, you have a talent for making him come and a talent for caning him. Just a little subtlety and he will be your slave for ever!"

"I don't care about the kinky shit, I love that myself so how can I object?" said Hermione. "I do care that he betrayed me and went to another woman for his pain. It is mine to dish out, mine to administer and mine to control. Do you know what he is, what he does, this husband of mine?"

"I have no idea."

"He's the youngest Inspector in the Met!"

Hannah looked stunned and Hermione laughed.

“At the moment he liaises with SOCA on the continent, the French actually. At the age of twenty five he is partly responsible for determining police procedure in cases involving French nationals!”

"You forgot something," said Hannah, recovering from her surprise. "He also likes a good thrashing. But, and I have to ask this... What place are we in now? Are you satisfied that you have punished him? Is our affair over?"

There was an edge in her voice, almost a wail or the beginnings of a cry.

"I have not yet decided what I am going to do with my husband, I am only sure that I have not punished him enough. Our affair is not over, if you do not want it to be. I still love you and that feeling has already spoiled my plans once so I do not see why it should not spoil them for the foreseeable future."

Hannah sighed.

"I see that we both have problems with men. You have a husband that loves to be punished and I have a rapist who has avoided punishment for too long!"

"There will be a resolution to our problems and I am sure that we are clever enough to find it. For now we have to promise to be faithful to each other and see where that takes us."

"Are you still going to sleep with your husband?" asked Hannah.

"How else can I find the results of the caning that I gave him?"

"And then?"

"And then I don't allow him to fuck me anymore. You can go on the whipping-horse again and I can have my little whore-lover licking the parts that other bitches never reach!"

"And his next visit, next Friday?"

"Make him pay double for my presence!"

"Six thousand pounds! How can he afford it?"

"He can't!"

"You are so devious, Hermione. Now I am starting to fear for my own sanity," said Hannah. "Will he or won't he pay?"

"He'll pay!"

EIGHT

A Genesis

"Paul, I want a fuck!"

Paul looked up from the screen of the laptop at his wife, Hermione, and his lust swelled. Stockings and a corset, heels and naked breasts.

He knew that he was in trouble, deep trouble! There was no reason to say 'no', but the black and purple stripes on his ass and back could not be explained. They could not be anything other than a caning. They would take weeks to heal and he had to face her ire.

"Darling," he said, "I have to finish this report, maybe later..."

It was weak and he knew it. To put off until later what should be done now. She would see it all and know. He cursed himself for falling for Miss H's offer of the mask and whip.

'How did I let myself come to this?' he wondered.

Then he noticed the T shirt that hung from her hand. The one that he had stuffed

into the washing machine and not the wash basket. The one that was covered with the straight lines of dried blood that marked where the cane of Miss H had caused so much pain and pleasure.

Now there was no escape from her offer!

She held up the shirt in her hands and displayed the brown lines that marked its white purity.

"What is this?"

He gazed at the evidence of his infidelity and could not answer the question.

"What happened in France, what have you been up to?"

Her face was unreadable. Was that concern or anger on her face?

"I got into something that got out of control!" he essayed. "I was going to explain..."

"Is that why you hid it?" she said. "Let me see your back!"

Paul stood and hung his head. Slowly he undressed, facing her, and then he

turned to show her the twelve stigmata that divided his back and ass into divisions of bruised and rent skin.

"Were you with some French prostitute?" she said in a level voice. "Some dominatrix whore?"

"I am so sorry!"

"Is that an answer or real contrition?" she said. "Is that the type of sex that you play at when I am not with you?"

"It was in London," he mumbled. "Not France!"

"And that makes a difference? What else did you do with her?"

"She brought a sadist into the game. A woman who is like an angel of death and pain."

"And you paid for this?"

"Yes!"

There was a pause as Hermione smiled, unseen by her husband, and ran her fingertips over the wounds that she herself had inflicted.

At last she broke the silence of his shame.

"Do you enjoy pain?"

"It was more than I have ever felt," he moaned as her nails caught the healing crusts of the wounds. "It forced something from me that I have never felt before."

"Is it what you want from me?"

"Darling, it what I sometimes need!"

"Do you need so much?"

He did not answer, but winced as she playfully slapped the bruises on his ass.

"Are you going back?"

This was not the conversation that he had anticipated. He had expected rage, talk of divorce, a lecture of how her father did not give them his money so that he could indulge himself with prostitutes.

Where was the anger?

"Do you need my permission? Do you expect it? Or do you hope that I will continue from where the bitch left off!" she said with another slap at his rear.

"I hope that you will forgive me," he muttered. "I can hope for no more!"

There was another pause, pregnant with expectant silence.

"Did you, were you, allowed to fuck her?"

"No! I go for the hope, but it is never fulfilled."

Another minute of silence.

Her arm wrapped around him and took his prick that was swelling with uncontrollable desire.

"How can I be sure that you never fuck this bitch?" she muttered. "That it is just the pain that you enjoy?"

"I can promise," he said.

The hope in his voice was so clear. The hope that she would understand. The hope that she would actually say 'yes'.

"I will think about it, but for now I need to know that you are mine."

"I am yours."

She walked around to face him. Her hand did not leave his stiff prick, it was like an assurance of her need.

"Show me!"

Her hand left his cock and joined the other to part her naked sex and open it like a flower that blossomed.

His hand reached out to touch, but she stopped him with words.

"Not your hands or your prick, not today."

He looked in her eyes and saw her condescension.

Paul lowered to his knees and placed his lips on that glistening cunt. He sucked her clitoris in and massaged it gently. He heard her moan as he licked and

savoured her sex with lips and tongue.

Her hands pulled him in and forced him to penetrate her with his tongue.

"You do so like to do as you are told," she muttered. "But do I let another administer pain and pleasure or do I drink the cup of your service myself?"

There came no answer, but the peak of a climax that shook her as her hands slipped to his back and scored him anew. Lines of scratches that overlaid a grid contrary to the marks of the cane.

He winced and shuddered as she forced him to serve. the blackmail of his infidelity providing the spur to greater effort.

Hermione came again, climaxed with a shudder of pure pleasure as the man on his knees gave her what she needed.

"I have decided that you can visit your whore under two conditions."

She allowed his head to retreat from her pussy and twisted it so that she looked down at him.

"What do I have to do?"

"You cannot have intercourse with her, no fucking!"

A feeling of relief flooded his mind and showed on his face.

"I need to be sure that you are mine!" she said as she smiled at him.

He felt her shoe touch his bobbing erection. It caressed him with its hard sole, rubbing and stretching him. As the sole reached his groin the tip of her heel touched and impaled the tip of him with a sharp contact.

"What is the second condition?" he dared to ask.

"That you climax at my feet now!"

The sole pushed at his groin and forced the heel to push into him. Her hands pulled him to her cunt to serve her again as she made his position clear.

"Come for me, Paul. Come at my feet and I may forgive you," she gasped as he lapped at her.

He did not hold back, the fantasy took him, the need to be held in the grip of a woman. His prick spurted its come on her heels as he took Hermione to a new height.

She scratched his back without thought of the pain that she was inflicting. Miss H, Hermione the young she-devil who intended to take the best of both worlds. A lesbian affair and a servile husband, blackmailed into compliance, both of them blackmailed to serving her lust.

One, a whore held by the fear of losing a lover, the other scared that his fetish would lose him his wife.

The power was intoxicating.

NINE

A Gospel

Hannah waited. Today she had another session with Paul. The preparations, as always were elaborate and started two hours before the scene was due to begin.

First the shower.

A half hour of pure luxury that was spent in a cascade of hot water that swept all her troubles away and got her in the mood to insert herself into another's fantasy.

Today for the first time she shared the cubicle with her lover, Hermione.

The two women contrasted completely. Figures and motions. One full figured, red haired and adorned with roses and piercings. The other a shock of white hair and slim to the point of a child.

"What happened when you spoke to him last night?" asked Hannah as she allowed the water to cascade over her hair. "Did he admit it or try to hide?"

"I gave him permission to come here!"

Hannah wondered at the sheer impudence of her lover. The flexibility of her character and the way that she stayed in control even when faced by such a difficult problem.

"Did you tell him?"

"What, that I am Miss H?" laughed Hermione. "Of course not, the truth comes today at his greatest moment of weakness!"

"You are strange," said Hannah. "Not that I mean that you are mad or something..."

"What? You mean that I lack morals or guiding principles?"

"Exactly! How clever of you to understand and voice my thoughts better than I can myself."

"You will find out the little trick that I have played today."

"Hermione, you are the limit! I hope that you have not given permission for him to come here and then you lose me one of my best clients!"

"Never. Just let me guide the show and relax and enjoy! Anyway he's my client

as well now..."

"He's actually your husband, I'm only the lover. You have total freedom from me to do anything you want," said Hannah as she stepped out of the shower and took a warm towel.

"Good, because I am going to have fun."

"Why do I feel a shudder of anticipation and trepidation?"

"Because I intend to make both of you perform and then become my slaves!"

"I am already your slave," laughed Hannah.

"Ah, but only in love. Now I intend to make you my sex slave in reality."

Hermione stepped out of the shower and shook the droplets of water from her svelte body.

"I am already your sex slave!"

"Not really. To belong to me fully you have to be chastised, bent and controlled for my gratification."

"This is not a game then? No safe word, no restrictions?"

"Non! Do as I say or be punished for disobedience."

Hannah hugged Hermione and kissed her.

"Tell me what to do."

"First we dress and then you'll understand," said the blonde devil. "It starts here... This is the gospel according to Miss H not the book of Hermione."

The buzzer announced the arrival of the sacrificial victim.

He made his way up the familiar stair with the usual fear in his stomach. Somehow this was special because Hermione had given permission. Now at last he could indulge himself without restriction, allow everything that he had avoided because it would leave marks of evidence of infidelity on his body.

He entered the hallway that would tell him what he was in for today, this first day of his new life. The initiation of a balance between wife and whore, the start of pleasure and pain.

He hoped with all his heart that Miss H would be present, but was that a hope that was a step too far?

The door to the throne room opened to reveal Mistress Chantelle dressed as he had never seen her before. She wore a tight rubber suit that perversely covered all that was not sexual and revealed all that was.

Her breasts hung with small weights attached to her nipples. A collar that held her chin up and her hair in a long plait that was laced with black ribbon. Her wrists were fettered and chains hung from them to clink loosely to the floor. Ballet shoes forced her to walk on the tips of her toes and ankles locked by chains that allowed just small steps to be taken.

She was the perfect female slave, ready for use by the slim mistress who emerged from the shadows of the throne room.

A rustle of silk.

Miss H!

His hopes were realised in spades.

Today she wore the ball gown and carried the crop that had, just two days before bitten his flesh. A corset covered her breasts and handcuffs dangled from her left hand. Just the feathered mask, a Venetian bird of prey, hid her features and a wig

that piled her hair tall and gave her the air of a mistress on her way to the Bridge of Sighs to meet a lover or victim.

He bowed to her. It seemed so right.

Without a word she offered him the cuffs to his proffered hand. he took them, a symbol of his obedience.

"Follow," said Mistress Chantelle.

The two women opened the door to the dungeon to reveal a blue light that gave it the look of a hell that he might never escape.

"Miss H requires that you strip," said Mistress Chantelle.

Slowly he did as he was ordered to reveal the cross hatching of sharp nails and the caning that portioned his back into small squares.

For a moment he was embarrassed at the stares of the two who were about to make him suffer; naked now but for a metal tube that enclosed his erection.

"My wife," he muttered. "She did this because I am allowed to come to you as long as I don't come for you."

Miss H smiled at his contrition and inspected the device. Locked to a ring that clasped him in iron grip, the tube enclosed him with a finality that spoke volumes of her control. This was Hermione's first condition made to reality!

Miss H beckoned him to the whipping horse and made a motion that he was to lie on it, lengthways and face up.

He did as he was told and allowed himself to be fettered to the soft leather top. Arms down to the floor and pinned with wrist cuffs. Ankles to chains that hung from the ceiling.

Paul could feel his heart beat furiously as the silent masque was played out. His mistress, Chantelle, was chained between his legs, with the chains that hung from her arms.

He saw the remote control in Miss H's hand and heard the slight whine of a motor in the ceiling. His legs were pulled and stretched until at last they were pulled to the point where he was opened and his toes pointed to the ceiling.

Helpless, stripped and ready to be taken, punished or just fucked without being able to resist.

Miss H was satisfied by the position of her two slaves. One helpless and exposed, the other bound by steel to observe the punishment.

The final touch, that full stop that emphasised his helplessness was the hood that

Miss H fitted to his face. It closed his eyes and filled his mouth with a circle that forced his jaw wide and his mouth under her control.

Hannah watched her lover and wondered at the natural way that she exerted control. The chains and locks were just part of it, the costume another. The silence was the third quarter of her ascendancy, but the final piece was that assurance and obvious enjoyment that she experienced at this game that was not a game.

Miss H stripped off her mask and wig with a single sweep of her hand. Now that her victim was blind she could do what she wished. Now she was Hermione, lover and wife. Seeker of gratification at the cost of her victims.

She held her finger over her lips and stripped off the huge dress and corset. Now she was a tart in pink and green. Colours that clashed in harmony with the blue high platform stilettos. Green stockings, pink lace suspender belt and red lips and eye shadow.

A change that would have startled her rubber sex-slave had Hannah not seen the ensemble being put together an hour before. Street sex with white hair, the uniform of a hooker that had no interest in matching her uniform of raw sex.

Paul heard Miss H strip and wondered what was coming to him. The experience was strangely intense and mysterious and spelled exciting danger.

Hermione laughed and bent her crop.

A motion that was wasted on her vulnerable husband, but not wasted on Hannah who felt fear at allowing herself to submit like this to a lover who was now going to make use of her two victims with no qualms.

"I have decided that I am going to watch a little show," said Hermione. "Lover and husband performing for my benefit."

Paul gurgled, the gag that held his jaw wide allowed him no coherent words, but his shock was plain to see in the way that he struggled to escape the tight bonds.

Hermione moved to stand over the stricken Hannah and swung the crop to slice at Paul's exposed ass. He cried out in pain and then started to struggle. His fantasy had turned to nightmare, Miss H was his wife, Hermione and now she was going to wreak revenge.

Suddenly he understood her strange compliance with him visiting Miss Chantelle. The sudden switch of his Mistress to nothing more than a tool in his wife's hands. Her excitement at the savage bruises and cuts of the cane.

She was the woman who had inflicted the punishment. She was the terrible mistress who had ripped him to pieces and then the next day made him spill his come on her shoes in a painful climax. She was the bitch who had wanked him brutally between strokes of her cane.

Hermione, the delicate young wife who now had become a demon with a liking for agony and a need to feed on pain.

He felt her unlock the restraint on his prick, slide it off with a clink of steel and free his prick to swell to a size that it had never achieved before.

"My poor little husband, naked and exposed. My lover chained to serve him. This is my very special moment."

Her hand pulled his prick from upright to level, to force it to point at the face of Hannah. Like the barrel of a gun it threatened her mouth with obscene meaning.

"Suck it bitch," she said to Hannah.

Her face was smiling, it showed her enjoyment of her power over them.

Hannah hesitated.

"If you want to avoid me using the cane on you, then you will do as I order," said the woman who was dressed as a street whore, but acted like the owner of her two victims.

Hannah opened her mouth and felt the hand push her onto the throbbing cock. It entered her mouth and Hermione's hand retreated to make the lips of her slave the only thing that forced the prick level.

"Good! No climax mind. He will come when I allow it and not before."

She pulled a footstool to the head of the whipping horse and mounted the masked face of her husband. Her legs were spread, opening her cunt to envelope his mouth.

As he licked and sucked at her she enjoyed the sight of him being fellated by her whore lover. The cane swept down and laid a cruel blow on his chest and belly as she rode to her first climax.

"Suck him properly, Hannah, " she cried as she shuddered with the climax.

Hermione put all her weight on the man who was giving his utmost and cut of his air with the flesh of her sex. It gave her a second climax to realise that she could snuff him like a candle with her cunt if she wished. A true control over his life that she relished as she rocked to heighten his fear.

Again the cane struck at him, making him buck against the restraints and pull his prick free from the servile lips of her lover.

She felt him slacken in his efforts to get free and allowed him to gasp air for a moment before she closed him off again and climaxed for the third time.

The heels of her shoes stroked his arms as she sought balance, scoring bloody lines the length of his arms. This was what she sought, real control. This was no scene that she played out for the benefit of the other two participants.

This was actual and now.

At last she lifted an inch above his labouring mouth and listened to him pant for air. Paul was trying to speak but the words exited as gasps, incoherent sighs of fear.

"Now you are going to serve again."

Hermione shifted forward and again closed his mouth with her flesh. She lowered her ass hole for attention and gasped as he responded with his tongue.

"Fuck me, Paul. I want to feel you deep inside before I let you breathe. Rim me and fuck me!"

Hermione dropped the cane and pushed her fingers into her sex. They strummed her clitoris as her husband fucked her ass with his tongue.

The small flower of her anus loosened, allowing him to push deep into her as she shuddered to orgasm at the touch of her fingers.

Finally she allowed him air and then leaned forward to grasp his prick with a fierce pressure. Her nails, long and devilishly sharp, pressed into the rigid flesh as she began a brutal and hard motion.

He could sense that her ass was just over him again and he tried to placate her with his lips and tongue. The offer was not a distraction as she brought him to completion. Her hand blurred as she wanked him to orgasm, the pain of her nails

scoring his cock and the urgency of his need pushed him over the edge into spurting his come into the face of Hannah.

"Very good, but next time I expect my slut to keep a prick in her mouth when she is ordered to."

Hermione climbed off her husband and smiled at Hannah.

"Fancy a fuck!" she said in a light tone.

Hannah could feel the sticky come dribbling down her cheeks. She nodded to Miss H and lowered her eyes. She longed to do what Hermione had done, she longed to make the stricken man hers, but she dared not ask Hermione for permission.

The locks clicked open as Miss H released her slave from her ankle bonds and the fastenings to the whipping horse. Then the creak of the costume as she was helped onto her feet. The scrape of the stool as it was positioned and the strong hands of Hermione as she mounted Paul's prick and swallowed into the rose bush that was her cunt.

Hannah moaned as the first prick for five years pushed into her. It filled her slick pussy with its volume as it stiffened and recovered from the savage hand that had forced it to come.

Hermione supervised the fuck in every detail.

She decided the rhythm and the motion. She pulled the stiff ballet shoes up until Hannah was kneeling, impaled, over the man who wept blood from the cane. Hermione massaged that rose bud that lay in the midst of the bush and forced a climax from her lover.

Another as she used the cane to threaten those giant breasts with strokes that touched but did not hit with more than a light touch. Finally she lifted the obscene rubber slave from her husband's cock and licked and kissed her to a final shuddering orgasm that made Hannah beg and cry like a small child.

The slave-lover watched as Hermione approached the smooth mask of Paul's face. her fingers explored the helpless mouth and pushed into the blank hole as though she was force fisting a helpless cunt.

"Do you want more, Paul? Are you ready to become a slut for me? If you say 'yes' I will never stop playing with you. I promise that you will be forced beyond your limits until you become my bitch. I will punish you and make you do things that would make De Sade shudder in horror. I will own and control you and never let you go. I will make you come in so many painful ways that you will cry all your nights and long for rest. If you say 'no' I will let you go. You will never have me again; you will miss the thrill of being mine. I will send the film of this afternoon of pleasure to the people that you work with and divorce you in a welter of shame and disgrace."

Paul murmured and Miss H held her hand over his mouth.

"I shall give you time to consider! There is a last thing that I want you to get a foretaste of before you decide. Just a few hours of discomfort to let you

understand that if you assent to my wishes you will truly be mine!"

Miss H turned to Hannah and smiled.

"You have no choice to make," she said. "You have already made your decision today. You are mine to keep and I promise that I will take you to places that will make you beg to be my slut again and again."

Her voice changed and she became Hermione again. A rapid change from the Miss H of before.

"Where is that machine that you showed me earlier?" she asked.

Hannah pointed to a curtain that hid all the devices that were the tools that she used on her clients.

The fucking machine took moments to set up.

A jumble of rods and leads were assembled to give form to something that would make Paul realise that he was open to every violation and degrading thing that his wife decided if he made the mistake of assenting to her wishes.

It rasped into life.

The disk started to turn with unstoppable force as the machine forced a small rubber cock into that exposed ass. Lubrication, oil laced with ginger assisted in his taking as Hermione set the speed to slow and led her stumbling lover from the room where her husband futilely struggled to escape being shafted by a burning dildo.

Hannah could finally stand without help. The boots had made her feet ache, the tight costume had made her breasts sore where it rubbed in the sweat of fear and dread.

Dressed in jeans and trainers she felt as though the last hour had been a dream. A nightmare that had torn her from her lonely life with the force of a gale.

Hermione had been revealed as a devil, a demon in pursuit of sheer power. A sexual misfit that contrasted with the Hermione that she had met in that café just a few days before.

A Hermione that she loved, but controlled her now like a puppet.

"I cannot believe what you have done to me!" said Hannah. "You did in an hour what I have been spending years trying to achieve. I love you so dearly and I have to give myself to you, but you know no limits, no boundaries that I can sense. I trust you, but you are going to push me to places where I cannot go without fear in my mind."

"I know," said Hermione with a look that verged on a smirk. "I am going to take

over your life and destroy it, like I plan to do with Paul. He is going to suffer torment and you are going to learn that to obey my whims will bring you to heights of passion and slavery that will make you weep with love for me."

"How can you be such a bitch and still be so sure of what others will do for you?"

"Because there are equal parts of Hermione and Miss H in my bloodstream. People do as they are told if they have no choice. Paul is going to say 'yes', you already have."

"When will you release him?"

"After we have a coffee and discuss your future as my slut," laughed Hermione as she pulled the thin summer dress over her multi coloured ensemble of stockings and suspenders.

"Sound like a good beginning!"

"That's just it, it's a good beginning."

TEN

Business Plan

There were fifty clients on the books.

Fifty men who served Mistress Chantelle as she willed. Many of them, perhaps thirty or so had visited only once. May be they were in London just once, like the ten Japanese businessmen who longed to be under the lash in every capital in Europe; or then there were those who had served once and decided that their fantasy was not fulfilled by her studio.

Of the rest, there were just ten who appeared regularly and submitted to the whip in her hand. The others were potential regulars who had visited and returned just a few times.

Hermione looked at the book and decided that the potential was more than huge.

"Look," said Hermione as she ran her finger through the pages of the diary. "You have just an average of twice a week and less for several months in a row."

"But, they pay thousands for the discretion and sex that makes up for it. I never wanted too many of those wankers on the books at any one time. That's why there is no Internet site, it's all just word of mouth," replied Hannah.

"If I up the frequency to every two days then that's half a million a year."

Hannah smiled.

Even though Hermione was her owner and a Goddess in the flesh when it came to punishing men, she was so naive when it came to the business side of things.

"I own the studio, I own a small farm in Scotland and the apartment in Barcelona. All of this is paid for and mine. Lastly there is the account containing three hundred thousand in the Isle Of Man."

"You are wrong!"

"I showed you all of the accounts!" said Hannah in hurt tone. "Nothing has been hidden from you."

"What I mean is that I own all these things and they will be made into my name. You are mine and so is everything that you used to own!"

Hannah looked down at her feet.

"I'm so sorry, you are right. It is all yours and so is the business. Please forgive me."

"For the nice apology you lose just a single demerit," said Hermione. "I am keeping count now."

She flicked the account book to the last page and took up the pen lying by its side.

"Let's make it official," she said as she wrote 'demerits' at the top of the page and then drew two small lines underneath.

"Two?" asked Hannah.

"I anticipated the question and marked you for asking it. You earn and work them off at my whim, all I can say is that if the total ever gets over ten then I will punish you beyond your deepest fears."

"I shall try hard not to allow that to happen, Hermione," whispered Hannah. "Please tell me how I can redeem my demerits before the total climbs that high."

"Like I said, they are at my discretion."

"So what are you going to do with your business?"

The pen flicked and crossed one of the lines.

"That's for getting it right," chuckled Hermione. "It's easy really, just do as you are told and you will find me a kind mistress."

There was a small pause as Hannah digested the fact that now, all that she had done and built up in the last five years was her lover's property. As was she!

"Firstly, maybe you are right. Twice a week is the average to keep to. The prices can be raised because there are two of us now who have to get paid. My second idea is something that I have been deciding since I first met you..."

"Paul?"

"Exactly, he will be the main attraction."

"You are going to prostitute a policeman?"

"That's the idea!" laughed Hermione. "He made a big mistake when he said 'yes'. he is going to leave his work and become the man-bitch that my clients can abuse!"

"You have no lack of ambition," said Hannah. "Now I have a favour to ask!"

"If you ask then I will be forced to add demerits to your quota," said Hermione seriously. "There is no pleasure without pain!"

"I will ask and risk your demerits for this, but I am hoping that..."

"That it will turn me on?" broke in Hermione.

"Yes."

"Then ask away."

"I want revenge!"

"On Mike?"

Hannah nodded and watched the hand that held the pen. It moved and then drew eight more little lines on the paper in a flicker of movement.

Hannah gasped and almost protested.

Hermione looked at her out of the corner of her eye. A small twitch of the lips and a chuckle were the answer to the 'almost' protest gainsaying of her discipline.

"Making me part of your plans is not part of the rules! I decide what you want and you had better get used to it quickly," said Hermione. "One more stroke of the pen and the fucking machine will be busy all night. Or perhaps you will be sucking slave cock for a week while I cane you for your impertinence."

Hannah felt ears well in her eyes.

'Would she do that to me?' she thought with a fearful look at the lover who controlled her. 'Yes, she would, and more! I have to learn to anticipate her wishes and be perfect for her.'

"There, there, little pussy cat," said Hermione in a soft voice. "I only want what's best for me and you have to learn that you want it too."

"I'll try."

The pen hovered for a moment and then withdrew from the paper, a tenth line unwritten.

"Try harder. Show me that you love me and I'll forgive you and not mark the last line."

The customers in the restaurant had no idea of the game that was being played out on the next table. They carried on eating without noticing the fear on the face of the beautiful woman who was in thrall to the slim girl that held the reins of pain in her slim hands.

Hannah stood for a moment and then bent and kissed Hermione's shoes. For a moment the polished leather was damp from the kiss and the toes of the mistress felt a tongue push into her toe cleavage.

One man at a table started and said something to the woman that he was with. She looked at Hermione and Hannah, but the moment had gone and Hannah was taking her seat again.

"Very good. Next time you will stay down there until I signal that you have finished," she said as Hannah nodded, pleased that she had, for once, done the right thing.

"OK then, Mike is on the list of things to do. Let me think about it and then I will tell you what I think. For now, you will find him, so that when I am ready to decide I will be able to proceed with demolishing his life."

Hannah was about to speak, but the waiter appeared with the Lobster Provençale and she had to wait.

'Hermione will never promise me anything,' she thought, 'but she is unable to resist anything that makes me belong ever more securely to her coffer.'

ELEVEN

Business Funding

Paul felt a shiver run through his body.

'Is it fear or anticipation?' he wondered as he stepped into the throne room.

Nothing mattered anymore. Nothing from his everyday life. at any rate, because that life was over. He had seen the film and felt the utter despair of being fucked for two hours by a machine. A steady in-and-out that had proceeded with tick-tock rhythm until the taking of his virginity became endless in its duration.

Then had come that moment when his wife had offered him a choice that was no choice. Either make your fantasy real in all its aspects or else be sundered from everything that he had in the rest of his life and be left to rebuild.

He had said 'yes'.

She had laughed as she had switched the machine off and he had been allowed to leave with a soreness that filled more than just his rear.

How had it come to this?

Was he really to blame?

A couple of years ago he had been entranced by Hermione. Taken with her strength and bowled over by her lack of restraint. Daughter of a rich father, self-willed and on the edge. But for all that, attractive, loving, and in control of herself.

At twenty five, a part of the graduate intake and already an Inspector. Highly thought of, liaising with 'le flic' in France and the buzz was that vice would be his next stop on the upward ladder.

Vice!

That was a joke for the man who was now married to a whore, who was caught using a dominatrix! Who now starred in a film that would have made a porn baron rub his hands in glee.

Now he was waiting in the vestibule of a BDSM studio waiting to hear his fate! But, somehow it excited and repelled him, after all, had he not often waited here to know his fate and longed for a life that was under the control of women? He entered at her beckoning call to find that the two women who had ruled his life were going to change it beyond recognition and make the longed for dreams come true...

There was a new addition to the room.

The throne stood as it always had, in the centre place where the Queen reigned from.

Now there was a new Queen and she had the previous one on a leash.

Literally.

On all fours, naked and beautiful, Hannah waited by the throne with a collar and leash that loosely curled around the new Queen's wrist.

He saw that first, the clear change that had taken place, the way that Hannah had become the slave and his wife, Hermione, had become the true mistress.

Then he saw the new addition to this room.

A cage that stretched the length of the far wall. Bars to the height of his waist with a metal roof and floor. It was split into three parts, each with a barred door and lock, each with a sliding door to its neighbouring cell.

He stood before the throne where Hermione lolled wearing just jeans and a T shirt. Casual dress that did not hide her demeanour. She was uncrowned, but she did what she wished.

"Paul, I'm so glad that you could make it," she said with a smile that boded ill.
"You are five minutes late. I have finally decided on your future and you will be glad to know that it looks comfortable!"

Paul breathed a sigh of relief that she was being so reasonable.

"You have an hour to get in your resignation to work and clear your desk. Within two hours you will be back here and ready for the start of your new life."

"An hour, but..."

"Make sure that you get there in an hour because certain highlights of a film will be on some of the free porn sites by then. If you wait too long then you won't have to resign because they will fire you and be handing evidence to the vice squad."

He turned to leave.

"There is one more thing. Get me the file on a miscreant called Mike Harding and bring it with you. Born in eighty three on the third of May, suspected but found 'not guilty' of sexual assault five years back."

Paul turned to look at what his wife had become. Maybe she always had been that arrogant bitch that was his fantasy and now the mask was off!

He was about to start living the life that he had wanked about so many times. The life that he wanted but had never dared try, the life that he had occasionally paid thousands for, to experience a single hour of!

Paul left and walked to his taxi, it was his last trip to New Scotland Yard, his last moments in a career that had flashed gloriously in the pan and then guttered out like a fallen over candle.

Hermione watched him leave.

She looked down at Hannah and said: "Stand up; we need to discuss the next client. Get the appointments book."

Hannah walked to the door slowly in her high heels. Hermione had insisted on heels so high that she tottered as she took the small steps that were part of her new role.

As she went she could feel Hermione's eyes on her ass so she rolled her hips a little as she walked. A minute later she had the book in her hand to present to her owner.

"Thanks," said Hermione. "Let's see. He is Justin Harlen, listed with four little stars for his tribute level, that's pretty good isn't it?"

"It means that he often gives expensive presents, maybe even doubles his payment to me, oops, I mean you."

Hermione patted Hanna on the top of her head to show that she was not angry with the mistake and then continued: "You have a note here that he loves rubber, not leather and is never to be touched by any corporal punishment. How does that go then?"

"Restrain him totally. Take away his freedom. Threaten him and then wank him slowly and tell him how bad he has been and then give him tasks to do while he is free. Tell him how to make love to his fat wife and then leave a mark on him to force him to worry about it."

"A mark?"

"Oh, lipstick, written in marker on his skin, or something like that."

"I see..."

"He is one of the few that wants very little more than a psychological subservience. Tie him up and he might run for it, whip or cane him and he will never come back. Wank him on your thigh and he will be here again next week."

"The appointment is at four, in just three hours' time."

"Would you like me to take him, he might be more responsive to you next time when he knows you from the background? Like Paul was."

"You are so right. I'll be a fly on the wall and watch you handle them all! I will take over sometimes when I think that you are being too gentle."

Hannah bent and kissed a denim-clad knee.

"Thanks, I appreciate it."

'Sometimes I am a lover, sometimes a friend and sometimes nothing more than a plaything,' thought Hannah as she watched Hermione for signs that she had missed something.

"Can I add something that you may have noticed, here, this little pound sign," Hannah's finger pointed in the book.

"It means that they pay cash," guessed Hermione. "If they pay by credit card then we know who they are and the transaction is noted. Do any of these men pay by credit card?"

"Mmm, about half either trust you or do not care."

Hermione reached out and pulled Hannah to her by her leash. She kissed her on the lips and felt her breasts as she did so. A lascivious show of affection that Hannah responded to by pressing against Hermione with her naked body.

"Do you want it?" asked Hermione between kisses. "Do you need a little fuck?"

"Yes please," begged Hannah. "Please fuck me , I'm so horny for it."

A hand slipped down from the breast and coursed its way down to Hannah's slit. A single finger slid into that moist pussy and played with what it found there in the wet darkness.

The other hand pinched a nipple and twisted a little before also sliding down to massage the mound that covered that cunt.

Hannah gasped and begged for attention. She heard herself as if from a distance and wondered at her servility.

"Please make me come," she cried plaintively. "Make me your bitch; I'll do anything to feel you fuck me."

The fingers rippled in her pussy and then hooked to enter and spear her on their length. Thumb pressed clitoris whilst fingers moved inside her. It was more than a fuck, it was overwhelming pleasure.

Hannah gasped.

The begging stopped to be replaced by moaning and then a shriek of pure pleasure that rang in Hermione's ears.

"Very good, my dear. You see how much I love you?"

She pulled at the leash and led the still quivering Hannah to the right hand cage door. With a tap of her foot Hermione opened the door and indicated to Hannah that she should enter.

Hannah crawled in and found that she was in a space just a yard deep and high and two yards wide. She looked out of the door of the cage as it swung shut and the bar was dropped.

"I can move the dividing walls like this," said Hermione as she lifted a bolt and slid the partition wall out of the cage to remove the wall that separated the middle cage. "The slaves can be made to mate and perform just by opening and closing the cages."

Justin noticed the change.

Mistress Chantelle was dressed in a parody of everyday clothes. Latex stretched over her form, tight skirt, stockings and blouse were all that delicious extra skin that enticed and labelled her as a sexual beast.

But, there was difference in demeanor, a gain and a loss. The words were the same, but the tone was softer and more female. More relaxed, but by no means less strict.

As was usual he paid her in cash.

A pile of fifty pound notes that was both a tribute and a fee. She left the notes on the silver tray and did not count them.

"Justin, you are in for a special surprise today," she said as she opened the door to the throne room and indicated that he was to pass inside.

On the throne sat a woman that he had never seen before. Slim and pretty with a shock of white hair that was cut almost as short as a man's. Her long legs extended and crossed at the ankles, she smiled as he entered and made a small motion with her hand that he decided to take as an invitation.

"This is Miss H, my dear friend, who has decided to join me occasionally. She is much stricter than I am and loves nothing better than to make a man her own so I advise you to be careful and do whatever she orders."

Justin noticed for the first time that a cage ran along the back wall of the throne room. Low and menacing with thick well-spaced bars it contained a person who was cocooned in a suit that was festooned in restraints.

'Was it a man or a woman?' he wondered, 'and why had he or she been added to

his fantasy?'

Miss H followed his gaze and laughed.

"He is our resident slut, an example of what happens to men who cross our path and do not pay and offer suitable homage!" said Miss H. "There but for the grace of me go you. Restrained and forced to serve as I desire."

Justin shivered in fear. This was closer to his dreams than he had ever dared go, this implied threat to him. Couched in veiled terms he realised that failure to serve might bring more punishment about his ears than he could cope with.

"Mistress," he said. "I promise to serve as well as I am able."

"That might not be good enough, Justin," said Miss Chantelle. "Miss H is sure that I am not hard enough on my slaves so make sure that you meet her high standards..."

"Strip!" ordered the young woman on the throne. "I wish to see what you are offering."

He undressed to stand naked.

At fifty he was still in good condition, squash and training left him rangy with a muscular figure that suggested stamina and strength.

"A fine slave," observed Miss H as she pointed her crop at his erect prick.
"Chain him!"

That Miss Chantelle followed another's orders was a new development! That explained the change that he had noticed in his mistress. She too was subject to orders.

In moments he was restrained, hands behind his back and ankle chains that left him making small steps. As Miss Chantelle clicked the cuffs closed he watched a smile of satisfaction cross Miss H's features.

Her raised foot kicked off the stiletto with a casual flick and Justin felt a slight push from Miss Chantelle.

"Show that you are willing, Justin, I would hate to see you in the cage as her next victim," said Miss Chantelle.

He stumbled slightly as he knelt and kissed those toes. He tried not to slobber as he ran his tongue over the soles of her feet as he felt the tension flow from him in almost visible waves.

Here was a woman who he could serve! A woman who kneaded Miss Chantelle like soft putty in her hands. A woman who kept a man in a cage for her amusement, a woman who needed adoration.

As he licked and kissed he felt a hand grasp his prick from behind and start to wank him slowly. A firm grasp and controlled movement that made him gasp in excitement.

"Do not come," said Miss H. "If you do then I will cage you in rubber. You will find that you are presented with other tasks that you might not be so willing to do."

Her hand stretched out and pointed to the figure in the cage.

'Am I allowed to look?' wondered Justin, 'Is this an order?'

He decided that it was and followed the line of her outstretched finger. The figure in the cage came into focus. Now it was clear that it was a male slave. On all fours, filling the space to the limit the slave had one part that was not contained in his suit. A rampant prick sprang from the matt black skin and pointed to the floor.

"That little prick needs milking too," said Miss H. "If you are a bad boy than it will become your job to do it. But, since your hands are in restraint you would be forced to give your very first blow job. So attend to my feet, resist the urge to splatter your slime and you might avoid that little task..."

Justin turned back to the foot and kissed it lightly. The hand that ran up and down his shaft was bringing him to completion, threatening him with pleasure that would be punished in the most horrible way that he knew.

"Very good, Justin," said Miss Chantelle. "You are passing the test."

The two women teased and tantalised him as he kissed those delicious feet. He managed to resist the urgent need to come and remained on the edge of fear and pleasure for a time before Miss H moved her foot from his lips and slipped it into her shoe.

She stood and walked around him as though inspecting him like a piece of meat. As she went, the tip of her crop trailed over his skin leaving him with a premonition of fear and a tingling foretaste of the punishment that she could administer.

At last she stopped behind him and gave a little push that left him on knees and face. His gaze was directed at the slave in the cage, cock hanging, a metal ring clasp on balls and the root of his prick.

"That could be you, if I like the idea of keeping you for my personal use," said Miss H as she moved her stiletto shod foot from behind and touched Justin's prick. "Would you like that? To be kept in a cage, bound and held so that I could play with you as I like. Do you need that, Justin? To be my little toy that is taken out of his container and played with until it is time for him to be put back in the box. Well?"

"Please, Miss H, you decide, I am yours anyway, I would do whatever you order."

"I know, little Justin. One day you might come here and never leave! I shall think about it. For now you can come for me, show me that you are willing and

if you come for me I shall consider it a 'yes', a consent to punish you as I want at any time I please."

Miss Chantelle's hand gripped him and started to bring him closer to the edge. The shoe gave his balls a light kick that made him fearful for the control that he had given this woman who seemed to know the thoughts that ran through his feverish mind.

"If you come then you are mine. Miss Chantelle is my bitch, a slut that must learn to serve me and the men who are my slaves," she said with a light laugh.

The hand, smooth in its rubber glove, built up the speed until he was at the point of no return. Then it retreated with a last touch that ran the length of his organ.

"If you come then you are my bitch too..."

He climaxed.

The slave's prick jerked and spilled its sticky white honey at the feet of Miss H as he watched the slave in the cage, Miss H's property, him on another day. When she willed it.

Justin groaned with completion.

"Stay still, bitch," said Miss Chantelle. "Miss H has one last thought for you."

He watched as Miss H went to the cage.

She knelt by her slave and extended a hand to the bobbing prick that was so vulnerable and slapped it hard.

"This man, this slave, will be doing things and enduring punishments that might be yours next time," she said. "After you are released remember my pet that is suffering as you walk the streets."

Justin gulped and shook with terror as Miss H turned to him with a marker pen in her hand.

"I am going to leave my mark on you now. When you next come I expect it still to be there or your chances of escaping the cage are slim!"

He felt her writing on his crawling skin.

Marking him as hers.

Forever.

"Justin was so scared that I thought he was going to collapse," laughed Hannah. "He was so sure that you were going to put him in the cage, but most of all he was scared that he was going to go willingly!"

"Next time I will lead him there to get him used to the idea," said Hermione with a grin. "I want to break them down and train them to go further and further until they queue up at our door out of fear alone."

"Do you have no limits at all?"

"None!"

Hannah blew a kiss to her lover and ran her tongue over her lips.

'How easy it was for Hermione to control those around her!' she thought.

Her husband was her slave bitch and now she herself had become her slut.

She loved Hannah, that was sure, but Hannah felt as though her love was a hard thing, a stone that she could allow to fall at any moment.

And, when it fell, it would leave just the mangled remains of a slave who was broken to her mistress' will.

She sighed and thought about the nine demerits that had slipped to seven and then gained two points again when she had counted the money.

Hermione's money, not hers.

She had to learn that unspoken orders and expected behaviour were the key to keeping Hermione pleased with her service. Hannah had to learn to read the thoughts in her head and follow the logic of servitude.

It was the only way to keep her love!

TWELVE

Business Profit

"It says here that Mike Harding was arrested again," said Hermione as she flicked through the photocopy of the file that had been printed from the police records. "Charges were dropped before he came to court because the woman that had identified him then refused to testify in court."

"It was a harrowing experience," said Hannah.

Hannah looked up at Hermione and smiled shyly. At last, after a month of silence on the matter, Hermione was starting to consider what to do about the man, the former fiancée of Hannah that had abused her and got away with it.

That month had been one of slow but steady business as the two women learned how their studio worked when there were two and not just one making the client suffer.

Every time that Miss H appeared the client was pushed a little further. His limits were always respected but the fantasy world of real slavery enveloped the clients like a mist to make them want more and more to submit to stronger punishments.

It was clear that those clients that had ambled in just once a month now wanted weekly appointments and that those who had been real regulars were consumed

by an insatiable desire to serve the haughty Miss H.

Justin was a perfect example.

Out of a man who never risked pain he was becoming a man who could not escape his addiction to humiliation laced with small discomforts. Three visits later he had entered the cage for the first time and spent his whole three hours being slowly made to come as Paul was punished in front of him.

Punished savagely!

A stage show that Justin was part of, but still not in contact with! He was in the grip of an obsession that was like a drug that ate at his mind and pulled him in for ever larger doses.

Each time he paid more.

Not because he was told to, there was no fixed list of itemised charges, but because he knew that it was expected and that he might be punished for not meeting that unspoken level.

He paid more for more punishment and feared to pay less because the fear of punishment. A pretty paradox that he could not see, he just did as was expected.

The two smartly dressed women sat in a wine bar in Strand that was full of

businessmen. They chatted, laughed and made their deals whilst two of the most exclusive dominatrices in London discussed Mike Harding.

"We must think of some ironic way of punishing him," said Hermione.
"Something delicious that will show him that it is punishment for his particular crime!"

"A honey trap, perhaps?" said Hannah. "That ends in captivity?"

"My thought exactly, " replied Hermione as she sipped her wine. "But, he knows you and would recognise you and I am not inclined to let any man get that far!"

"He set up an exclusive Wedding business with the seventy thousand that he took from me," said Hannah. "Perhaps we can start by attacking that?"

"Hmm, yes, some slander and blackmail..." said Hermione with a thoughtful look. "That's all too messy really. Then there is the problem that if we kidnap him or some such the police will look at his record and be interviewing you inside a few hours. The studio does not need that attention, especially since one look at Paul and we are really in the shit!"

Hannah could see some of the old Hermione surface as it did once in a while. Miss H and Hermione were part of the same persona, there was not a doubt. Sometimes, though she returned to become the bright young thing that Hannah had met all those months ago and shared a muffin with.

"He has to suffer as I did," said Hannah, risking the ire of her lover. "It has to be a sexual revenge or it is not sufficient."

Hermione looked up from the file and a look passed over her features that suggested that Miss H was coming to the fore.

"Hannah," she said. "I decided that I would be the one to resolve this. I am doing it as a favour to you, and don't you forget it. I am giving you three demerits, so you can report to the studio for punishment! Now!"

Hannah felt a shock at Hermione's vehement reaction. It had been so sudden, this turnaround.

"Please," she said. "Hermione!"

"Are you arguing?"

Hermione's fingers tapped the table in irritation.

"No!"

"Good. Then go to the studio, enter the cage and wait for me to arrive, because I am losing my patience with you and that will increase the severity of the atonement that you will make to me."

Hannah got up.

The chatter continued in the background, no one noticed the woman with tears in her eyes that pleaded without words to the slim young girl seated by her side.

"I will wait for you! I am so sorry for having allowed my ego to put myself before your concerns."

"I will arrive in half an hour, make sure that you are ready!"

Hannah hurried to the studio.

When she arrived it seemed almost as if she was a client seeing it all for the first time. The stairs up to the hell of the throne room and the dungeon seemed endless. She had a quick flick through the appointment book and sighed in relief that there were no clients expected today.

What to wear?

What should she wear that would make Miss H soften her hard attitude? Would it be too presumptuous to dress in street clothes, should she be the abject slave? Nude and vulnerable?

Her hands flicked nervously over the vast array of costumes as she rejected them one by one. She realised that she was wasting time. Ten minutes had passed and

most of the costumes would take half an hour to prepare so she shut her eyes and held out her hand.

She felt rubber and unhooked the hanger.

Miss H loved soft latex so this might just be the right one!

With expert fingers she dusted her naked body with talc and slipped the single piece suit onto her limbs. Rapidly she smoothed the second skin to perfect tightness and grabbed some cuffs from the shelf over the vast array of clothes in the walk in wardrobe.

Click, click and the ankle cuffs were on. She slipped on her heels and then fumbled the hand restraints into place.

'Shit!' she thought as she headed for the throne room with tiny steps. 'The fucking padlocks on the cage would be impossible to close with the cuffs on and all the keys were on Miss H's keychain at her waist!'

Her half hour was over as she crawled into the cage in the middle with the lock between her lips. In the neighbouring cage was Paul. He looked at her as she struggled to pull the barred door to and moaned.

His prick was standing like a telegraph pole, rigid and needy, but his hands were fixed to the corners of the cage and he could not satisfy his desperate urge to wank.

The sound of the door.

It came like a jolt of fear as Hannah realised that she had just a minute at most to get the lock onto the cage door. Slowly she passed the small lock to her right hand from her mouth and tried to reach through the bars.

But, the cuffs on her hands were too wide to reach through and fasten the lock.

"Shit, shit and double shit," she muttered as the lock fell from her fingers and fell to the floor.

Just out of reach!

It mocked her attempts to reach it and the bolt had dropped on the cage door. She heard Miss H reach the vestibule and sighed with frustration.

'What the fuck is going to happen when she sees that I am not locked in?' she thought as the door opened and Miss H walked in.

Hannah tried to hide in the back of the cage. She curled up and pushed into a corner in sheer terror as Miss H strolled to the cage, bent down and picked up the lock.

There was a click and the lock was in place by Miss H's hand.

"That's better, because now you are going to wait while I decide what punishment is suitable for my slut who thinks that she can decide what I do about damage to my property!"

The door closed and Hannah breathed a sigh of relief. At least it seemed that she had not added more on top of her already grave offence.

Hannah uncurled and looked at Paul.

'Was she going to end up like him?' she wondered.

For a month he had been teased and punished until his world was a mass of confused sexual experiences that conflicted with each other. Now he had reached a stage, a level of consciousness, where he focussed on the one thing that his wife occasionally gave him.

What she took was much more!

He longed to come. He longed to be allowed to wank, he longed for the moments when clients were forced to suck his rampant prick. The prick that was the focus of his life, the centre of his existence.

It led him like a drug, that sex. It had twisted him to beg and plead to serve, it needed attention, even punishment, his prick and its satisfaction were the only things that motivated him.

Was that Hannah's destiny?

To be the slave of her cunt. To be denied and then sated until she could think of nothing more than her next climax? Would she be begging at Miss H's feet and ass for attention? Would she be serving the clients as a real whore, the woman who is just a toy for the use of anyone that Miss H decided should be allowed to fuck her?

The door opened.

With a rustle of silk Miss H entered the room and swept to the cage in the fabulous ball gown that framed her small breasts with lace and smooth silk.

In her hand was a crop.

Not the small delicate switch that left just thin pink stripes on the flesh of its victims. This was the heavy bull whip that had ripped the skin of Paul on that day when Miss H had been incognito.

Hannah stared through the bars of the cage as Miss H sat on the throne and smoothed her dress over her legs. Spiked stilettos, a slight sharp spur at the heel that would goad the slave when ridden.

"It has taken you just a month to earn over ten demerits," said Miss H in a severe voice.

She looked at Hannah in the cage and then over to her abject husband.

"If you do not learn to obey me then you will end up like him!"

She pointed with the crop at Paul who was trying to rub his cock against the bars.

"I have decided your penalty. You may consider it lenient, but you will realise in time that it is the hardest punishment of all. I am going to mark you with my name, as my property, in such a way that you will not forget who it is that decides your fate at each step you take."

Miss H stood and strolled to the cage.

"You used to be the Queen here, but you do not have it in you to truly rule. You are my lover and slave, my slut and partner and my plaything and wife. The last few weeks have taught you to obey, do not forget the lesson!"

The lock sprang open in Miss H's hand.

"I allow you to leave the cage, but I can just as easily put you back there when the whim takes me. The demerit points are gone forever, now there is just obedience or insolence to account for. The next time that you enter my cage you will not leave it! I will force you to rut with anyone that I please, I will put you on the fucking machine night and day and then whip your beautiful breasts and

cunt until you scream to be sold!"

Hannah crawled from the cage.

She could feel a wetness, a running of her juices that filled her pussy with longing. She felt a need to throw herself at Miss H's feet and submit.

Love!

Of a kind!

"You may serve me," said Miss H as she lifted the front of her dress to expose her streaming slit, "so make a good job of it and I might just allow you into my bed..."

THIRTEEN

Rapist

Mike's car rolled off the ferry at Hook Of Holland. A mass of other cars streamed off the ramp and through the small Dutch town that quietly was the entrance to a land of tulips, windmills, drugs and prostitution.

At last he had managed to get another short break from his business. He found it ironic that he arranged weddings and yet was a man who scorned marriage. Now that he had the taste for it he could not control his urge to fuck all those unwilling and screaming women.

But he was a man who retained enough self-control to never be caught. He used their shame, their fear and their endless hope to shroud himself in a robe of protection.

Only the one time had he had to face a jury, and that had been a most pleasing charade. At the end he could even whisper in that bitch's ear that he would take her money as he had taken her tight dry ass.

That first time was still the best. Every fuck after just an anti-climax to such a famous victory! Now he was in Holland to take advantage of the shit whores who allowed him to pay for his rough games. Of course sometimes he had not paid, sometimes he did it for real, but this time was just to ease the growing need to make some slut scream 'NO!' as he shafted her and put his hands on her neck.

As the car turned onto the motorway he could see the first signs for Amsterdam, his first choice. Antwerp was good, Rotterdam was better, but Amsterdam was like heaven, almost as good as the real thing.

He turned onto the ring and made his way to the centre, parking his small Jeep on the side of a canal right behind Damrak. As soon as he got from the car he was in the midst of the red light district.

A stumbling mass of tourists who gazed goggle eyed at the windows with all those soft whores on their kitchen chairs. Then there were the endless sex shops where he would find films and pictures, magazines and DVD's of violent sex and assault.

He smiled at their naïveté and passed through the crowd to his hotel. He was looking forward to two days of heaven, two days of fucking and sex. His cock would be sucked tens of times and he would make them lick his ass like the good little sluts that they were.

The hotel was bustling with Japanese tourists and Germans who were here to smoke a little pot, get stoned, drunk and then attempt to fuck some bedraggled whore. He was just here to fuck!

Mike checked in and left his bag in his room.

He longed to get onto those shady canal walks and scout out the action, but first he had to get a beer. Anyway it was too early to go to the nearest brothel, they

opened at seven and it was only five.

As he sat at the bar and ordered an Amstel he checked out the bar for female action. There were a few good-lookers in the bar but they all seemed to have partners.

'Fucking sluts,' he thought to himself.

They would all be offering their cunts in exchange for promises of love. What he offered was nothing, just a solid shafting to the music of those sweet cries of fear!

Mike turned back to his beer and noticed the girl that was perched on the bar to his left. Quite a tasty bitch, small tits, tight ass and high heels. He smiled at her and looked for a ring on the finger.

All clear.

"You here alone?" he asked. "I can't believe that you have not got a partner with you."

"Yeah, I just came here to see the diamond museum, it's my job!"

Mike sipped his beer and wondered if he might just get a free fuck before going out on the town.

"Sounds good, my name's Steve," said Mike, "and I'm just here for the beer."

She laughed and said: "Just call me H."

"Strange name for a pretty girl like you?"

"Strange town, a bit of fun and incognito," she said with a twinkle in her eye.

"Sounds great. Are you in this hotel?"

"Nah, I'm up the road in the Hilton."

Mike felt his cock stir. This was some rich bitch who thought that she could give it away and screw around. He would give her a lesson in fucking around. Just wait until his massive cock pushed its way into that tight virgin ass hole!

"What you doing tonight?" he asked.

"Not much, I'm alone so there's not much to do!"

"Well then, that's settled go with me and I'll show you the town!"

H looked at Mike's beer and raised an eyebrow. In the background, paying attention but not making his presence felt, was a huge rough looking man in a denim jacket.

"Are you saying that you want a fuck, Steve?" she asked in a bright voice, "because I'm looking for a man who can fuck all night long."

Mike revised his mental picture of H. She was a real out and out slut-bitch, less fun to force, but less likely to call the police!

"Yeah, I'd love to, but not here, we should go back to your room."

He felt a little woozy and slumped on his chair.

Strong hands lifted him, denim sleeves and huge hands. Mike tried to shake off the unwelcome touch, he saw H grin at him and he slipped off the stool.

"OK let's go," said H with a laugh. "He's a bit drunk so we'd better get him to his room."

The man carried Mike onto the street and shoved him into a waiting car.

"See you later, tell Mistress Peitsche that I'll see her in an hour or so as I have to

buy a few bits and pieces."

Mike awoke in a daze he looked around him and saw that he was facing a sea of faces that stared up at him excitedly. One or two people clapped when they realised that he was awake and then a stillness descended over the small auditorium.

He tried to move his head but some sort of collar held it rigid. He tried to move his arms and legs and realised that he was on all fours. Not on hands and feet but on elbows and knees.

This because his limbs had been folded and bound.

The lights dimmed and the audience vanished into the shadow. Moments later there was a click and a binding spotlight focussed on him.

Mike tried to shake the dullness from his mind and try to understand what was happening to him.

He felt the beginnings of fear as a woman came onto the stage and stood next to him.

She was dressed in leather from boot tip to the tight collar that she wore, but it

might have been better to say that she was dressed in spikes and the leather costume just held them in place.

In her hand was a cane, a thing rod of glass fibre that strummed as she whipped it through the air theatrically.

She looked down at Mike and leered.

"This is Mike Harding from England. One of our friends from across the North Sea. Please give him a big welcome, because he'll get another in a moment," she announced in English. "He has been a very naughty boy and has begged to be taught good manners."

The cane swept down and contacted his ass.

Mike screamed and howled in agony and started to beg incoherently.

"Quite the noisy little fuck-pig is he not," she announced. "Well I won't keep you waiting for his begging to stop as I am proud to announce our special guest tonight. All the way from Hamburg in Germany, it's Mistress Gerda and her insatiable sissy slut, Schlampe."

Gerda proved to be a petite woman dressed in a rubber skirt and top, while Schlampe was a pretty shemale dressed in pink with the most enormous cock lifting the hem of her flouncy skirt.

Hannah and Hermione relaxed in the audience. They held hands and kissed before turning to watch how Mistress Gerda would proceed.

Hannah gave an extra squeeze to the hand that fed her and felt a warm tear of emotion well in her eyes.

"Thank you so much for this," she whispered. "I apologise. You were so right, I could never have done this myself and I have you to thank for loving me enough to make me so happy."

"Apology accepted," said Hermione as she switched to Miss H. "Now just watch and learn because this might be instructive..."

The sissy was on her knees and Mistress Gerda swiped Mike with the small weighted whip that she unclipped from her belt and, as Mike screamed, she popped a ring into his mouth with such dexterity that it was like a magician pulling off a trick.

As Mike struggled to spit it out Mistress Gerda strapped the ring in place to the general applause of the audience.

"She's good," commented Hannah under her breath.

"We're meeting her after the show," whispered Miss H. "What she can do with a few pins and a dildo to make a woman beg to serve, is amazing, and something that I am going to have to learn."

The German woman waved at Schlampe and took his prick in her hand. With the threat of the cane to keep Mike in his place she guided the stiff member between those lips until the sissy's groin was pressed up against Mike's nose.

Mistress Gerda lifted Schlampe's skirt to show the smooth rounded buttocks of the slave. Then she pushed a gloved finger inside his ass and used it to control the face fuck that Mike was to get.

"Now that's an idea," whispered Miss H. "Paul would love to be fucked like that I'm sure. We have three clients that like to be sucked off so there's plenty of scope..."

At last the oral ravaging was over and Mistress Gerda introduced her slave to Mike's ass hole. This time it seemed to go on forever as the incoherent screams of the bound victim issued from his wide open mouth.

Schlampe at last came in a gush that spilled over Mike's ass.

"Would you like to see this pig ask to be deep throated again?" asked Mistress Gerda of the audience.

There came a loud cheer and she smiled as she moved her sissy to face that open mouth.

"I will now make him move onto this prick," she said as she rubbed the organ to

hardness and clipped a ring over it to keep it so. "Willingly, he will clean and serve the cock that just took the his ass."

With the emotion her voice betrayed its heavy German accent, but all in the audience understood what was going to happen next.

She bet down and took Mike's balls in her hand. Theatrically circling forefinger and thumb she squeezed until they stood stretched for her attention. The other hand moved with a flick and a long hat pin stood from her fingers.

"That was in her glove," whispered Hannah to Miss H. "She's like a cat with claws!"

"Just watch," came the reply.

The pin pricked those balls and Mike howled in pain. It pushed against the skin and then went deep. Mike screamed again, but he did not move.

Miss Gerda then smiled and moved the point of the pin upwards to where his ass hole was weeping sissy's come. A slight move and it plunged home and she let his balls drop from her hand.

Mike lurched forwards and swallowed the prick that was waiting. Swallowed it to the back of his throat and beyond.

"If the pig does not want more he now has to make my little Schlampe spurt again," announced Mistress Gerda with a laugh.

The audience clapped again and Hannah noticed that the couple in the seats in front were busy frigging to the action on the stage.

"If anyone in the audience would like to fuck him, they are welcome to come up and show us how it is done!"

None of the audience took up the offer so Mistress Gerda had to content with forcing the sissy slave to shoot into Mike's throat before she retired off stage to a round of applause.

The woman in spikes arrived back on the stage to introduce the next act.

"I'm sure that you have all heard of Captain Jack and the sailor boys, so let's give a big welcome to them and enjoy watching how four men can make use of just two holes. Let's hear it for Jack!"

Miss H tugged at Hannah's hand.

"We've seen enough now," she said as she led her lover from the small theatre. "Mistress Gerda will have put Schlampe back into the fucking machine by now and so we'll meet up and have a drink and a meal with her."

"What happens to Mike after Jack and all the others have destroyed him?"

"Are you sure that you want to know?"

"In this case, yes! I need to know!"

"The woman who introduced the show is always on the lookout for unwilling talent. It's difficult to find apparently! So she will keep him a few months for the show and then pass him on to some Russians who need men to keep their oil workers in Siberia happy. Not all of them are hetero, you know."

"Just like that, he disappears and never resurfaces?"

"He hasn't disappeared, he is registered as a sex worker in Holland and he'll pay his tax. Then he gets a work permit for Russia and fades away in his expatriate job!"

There was a pause that indicated to Hannah that the subject of Mike was now finally and forever closed. Hannah waited and then asked a question that was just a little risky.

"Are you Miss H or Hermione now?" asked Hannah.

"They are the same person!"

"I love them both!"

"That's the only way to avoid the abuse! That and total obedience!"

"I can't avoid it forever, I know that, but I would rather suffer at your hands than be passed to some other mistress or master!"

"That will be decided when it happens."

"Will it be soon?"

"Maybe. Hermione decides and Miss H acts. That's the way it will be and nothing that you can do will ever prevent it." said Miss H and Hermione.

"I love you..."

THE END