

Girfriend



An **Adult** Female Domination Novel

Miss Irene Clearmont

Girlfiend

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By Miss Irene Clearmont

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Part One

Crawling

For Matt, it was another predictable lads' night out. Trailing from one bar to the other, one loud pub to the next and then finishing up in some late-night bar so legless that the taxi always took an extra twenty in case one or another disgorged the contents of his stomach onto the back seat. So far, the conversation had ranged over football, the car that Tommy had just bought and the crap quality of the beer.

"What you having?" asked Tommy of his mates as he waved a twenty-pound note in the air.

The bargirl plucked the note from his hand and waited with a bored look for the order.

"Just a pint," answered Kevin, lifting his empty glass.

"Mine's another lager," shouted Matt over the beat of the music.

The bargirl nodded and headed for the pumps.

"So?" asked Tommy of Kevin. "You still going out with that Kelly?"

Kevin grinned and raised his middle finger, "Until I find a better-looking bitch!"

"Well, she's got some tits on her," laughed Tommy making the appropriate movement with both hands. "Must be like climbing the fucking Alps!"

Kevin laughed and nudged Matt with his elbow. "How about you then?" he asked. "Now that you've dumped that bitch Elaine you can find a bird who will actually let you fuck her!"

Matt cracked a smile and took the full glass offered by the barmaid.

"Jeez, I forgot all about Elaine and her fucking permanent crossed legs," laughed Tommy. "After two months Matt hadn't even managed to get his hands on her tits!"

"Fucking marriage material, that's what you are, you fucking timid mouse," laughed Kevin.

"You got to feed 'em, fuck 'em and leave 'em, Matt."

"There's this bitch at work..." began Matt.

"Tell us!"

"Well, she's a looker and I'm going to ask her out, but not with you two bastards nearby, that's for sure!" answered Matt.

"Are you saying that Elaine was not impressed by us?" asked Kevin.

"When you got drunk and explained all about how anal is so much better for a woman... that

Part One

didn't help," said Matt, "but the curry you threw over her was the fucking grand finale."

"Well, she was such a fucking hoity-toity bitch, that Elaine," laughed Tommy. "All I did was put my arm around her in the taxi and she slapped me as if I had upset her."

"You grabbed her tits, Tommy, you fucking grabbed my girlfriend's tits and then you asked her if she wanted to be eaten out!"

"Come on Matt, it was just a bit of fun!"

"It took me a week to even get her to kiss me again..."

"Listen, Matt!" said Kevin. "Girls, they like a bit of rough, a bit of touchy feely in the back of a taxi. They want it just as bad as us..."

"Not as much as me," interrupted Tommy.

"You gotta feed 'em, fuck 'em and leave 'em, 'cos they'll all fuck for a dinner and a romantic rose."

Matt tried to interrupt, but Kevin was on one of his drunken soliloquys and was stopping for no man.

"Taste a bit of cunt, they all go for that, and then slip it in and fuck 'em until they squeal. They love it and the best is that with the free eats and all, they think that it's fucking romance. That's the definition of 'romance' that is, a fucking free meal and a fuck."

At last Matt managed to get a word in, "Well right, you've gotta do what works for you, but it's no help when I take you two on a date for a night out and all you do is take the fucking piss out of my girlfriend!"

"Well then, what we have to friggin' do," shouted Tommy over the noise in the bar, "is to get our girls to get to know each other. That way they can stay busy until it's time to go home and fuck 'em!"

"Neat idea, Tommy, we can get more rounds in with more people as well."

"Now that's sound thinking, Kevin! You are a real fucking thinker. Plato eat your fucking heart out!"

"I'm fucking noted for it! What you say, Matt. Bring this bird you want to fuck and I'll bring Alice and Tommy brings his squeeze... what's her name, Tommy?"

"Sandra," said Tommy. "At least I think that's her name!"

"You're not even sure of her name?" asked Matt.

Part One

“I don’t care as long as she slides down my pole every night. You up for it, Matt? Bring along this slut from your office and we’ll have a fun night out.”

Matt raised his glass.

There was no way that he was going to make the same mistake twice! That time that he had brought Elaine, Tommy and Kevin had promised to bring their girlfriends, but they had not and then spent the whole night humiliating him in front of the girl he so desperately wanted to get together with. No, there was no chance of him being caught twice, Ysabel was just too good a chance to blow.

If only he could find a way to ask her out!

Part One

Lurking

“Matt? The boy who looks after the office consumables? Ysabel, you must be *so* desperate!”

“Not desperate, I just I know what I want.”

“What’s that then?”

“Well to start with I’m sick of these ‘*know it all and then rule your life*’ men, who spend all their time trying to make me something I’m not and he’s got a good body on him! Well, sort of, anyway!”

Ysabel and Ajlal were preening themselves in the office washrooms as they chatted.

“What do you think of this?” asked Ysabel as she touched-up her lipstick with a small brush.

“The shade is just gorgeous.”

Ajlal smiled, “Is that Serge Lutens then?”

“Yep, it’s from their latest range.”

There was a brief pause and then Ajlal swung the subject back to Matt again.

“OK, I’ll agree, he has got an OK body, but really, Ysabel! He’s a bit vulgar, I mean, he doesn’t say much, but when he opens his mouth, he is so *crude*.”

“He’ll be perfect when I bring him round.”

“Ah,” replied Ajlal. “A project then. Make a perfect man from the raw unworked clay of ill-mannered manhood.”

“Exactly, actually more! I’m full of ideas. He’s young and gasping to be led. He’s a bit shy and I’ll be able to call all the shots so that when I’ve finished with him, he’ll be perfect for me. It’s what I need, a nice toy boy who will do anything just to look up my skirt.”

Ajlal paused while she considered her next comment. Ysabel was begging for the right question, but what was it? For a moment she considered the woman who stood to her left.

Ysabel was quite tall, fit and carefully preened, she projected an image of strength of purpose. Tight skirt, high heels and a blouse that showed just a delicate hint of her rounded breasts. Hair pinned back and strong makeup when she put her jacket back on, she seemed almost stern. A perfect persona for the head of the HR department. Strange how she liked to live such a confused sex life when all the men in the office were gagging for her.

“So, what is the perfect man from your point of view?”

Part One

Ajlal decided that she had phrased the question correctly and the thin smile on Ysabel's lips confirmed her opinion.

"Well, he's got to be well behaved, he's got to be focused on my needs and of course he has to be presentable..."

"Submissive?"

"That's one way of putting it, Ajlal. There is something else as well, he has to allow me the freedom that I crave as a single woman, but always be there for me! In fact, perhaps I need a girlfriend and not a boyfriend!"

Ajlal laughed and refastened her hair back.

"No wonder that you don't want Mike from publicity then! You'd never manage to train him up to be your perfect man! I'll bet that he's really dominant in the sack!"

"You are trying to lead me to gossip," said Ysabel. "Mike is great in bed, when he decides to turn up. He's earning a ton of money and he's got great taste, but he's all ego and fashion. There's more to him than meets the eye, have you met his mousy little wife? What I want I'll have to create for myself, because Mike would just take too much hard work to train to the leash!"

"Train to the leash?"

"Figuratively of course..."

Part One

Prowling

“I need you to order more of the HR letter-headed paper in A4 and please check the printer cartridges in my office, they’re running on empty,” said Ysabel to Matt.

From Matt’s point of view, Ysabel seemed to fill the office with her presence. The sharp perfume that was her trademark pervaded his senses and the clothes that she wore seemed so suggestive that he thought that he could make out that she wore no knickers under that tight skirt.

Matt stumbled out a reply, “I’ll see to it right away Miss Hayworth.”

“Good!”

For a moment it seemed as if she was about to turn and leave when she smiled and said, “Call me Ysabel, Matt. There is no need for formality...”

Matt blushed and looked down.

“Erm, Ysabel...”

“Matt?”

Matt paused and then decided that now was not the right moment to get personal and tell her that he really fancied her and...

“Just that there is a new format for the letterhead to start next week, I suppose that I should make an exception and print you the new stuff?”

“Fine! Do it,” she replied.

He watched her hips as she left the room. Almost hypnotized by their swaying he stared at the door for a minute after it had closed and felt an awakening erection as he wondered what she would be like as a lover. Matt had boasted to his friends about Ysabel, but in his heart, he knew that there was no hope of him ever exchanging even more than on sentence with a woman who could pick and choose from any of the men on the office floor. There was no way that he could ever compete with that Mike, for instance.

There were so many rumors going around.

He sighed and looked at the tenting of his trousers as he dreamed of stripping her naked and parting those long shapely legs. That was all it would ever be, a fantasy that would supply a thousand secret sessions with a tissue box and an open Internet page.

Ysabel looked around the table at the other managers and tried not to pull a face. Of all of them,

Part One

only Ajlal was what she could call a friend, all the others were just men in suits, men who preened themselves with the self-assurance of their ingrained opinions. Paul, the boss, Mike the self-assured assistant and all the rest of those self-confident men

She looked down at the document that lay on the corporate blotter and fiddled with her pen. The minutes of the last meeting. Pompous projects and small matters that could have been sorted out by any management that was unhampered by worries about office politics.

The pen moved in her head as she doodled.

She wrote a 'Y' for Ysabel and then an 'M' for Matt. The two letters on the margin of the paper summed up her thoughts when she drew a line between them and considered what it was that she was doing. Was this just a prank that she was considering? Was this something that she would actually do?

Did she really want to play around like this?

The line affirmed the relationship when she drew an arrowhead at the 'M' end of it. Matt for Ysabel, Matt for her personal use... Ysabel had had boyfriends before, Mike, Edward, Harry and a long stream of others. Each just a blip on the radar, except possibly for married Mike whom she still fucked casually when she just needed that physical release. It was the only thing that he was good for, a fuck buddy!

His ideas, the thoughts that he expressed and the massive ego that he wore on his sleeve bored her, it was that colossal prick that brought her back! To start with he could never just get away from the subject of office politics. What the others were earning, what they wore, the cars that they drove and the titles that they jealously guarded and preened. He was a bore, but a good fuck, fucking was all he was good for.

Ysabel drew another 'M' on the paper and circled it to emphasize that this was Mike and not Matt. Where did the next line go? She looked up and considered Ajlal as well. Ajlal belonged on Ysabel's little doodle. It would be fun!

She drew an 'A' and squinted at the diagram and finally drew three more lines that connected all four people into a square. She grinned to herself and thought how much fun this was going to be. The unknown players in herself-created drama would not even know that they were in the glare of the footlights! All she had to do was consider the script and guide them into position.

Somehow, her diagram was a magic token, it gave her power over all four of the people who were unknowingly going to take stage in the little drama that she was planning.

"From the HR perspective, what are the ramifications of this change of structure?"

Mike's voice brought Ysabel from her reverie and back to the meeting with a jolt. Ysabel looked up and smiled her thin smile, Mike was on her personal reorganization chart. She briefly looked down at her agenda and realized that the meeting had jumped three points to the new

Part One

management structure that Mike had proposed three months ago at the last meeting.

For a flash, her she looked Mike in the eye and he gave her a slight wink. He would be so perfect for the little entertainment she had planned for his life; the challenge would be to make him learn his lines with as little prompting as possible!

Part One

Stalking

Matt held the phone so that Tommy could see the photo.

“Fuck me rigid,” said Tommy. “She’s a right sweet bit of ass, you fucking dodgy cunt.”

Matt had not intended to show his friend the photo that he had secretly taken of Ysabel, but the temptation to show off had been too much for him. She looked glorious. Smartly dressed, glasses perched on her pretty round face and a slight twist of the lips that was almost a smile. Rounded hips, long shapely legs and plump breasts, it was the best of all the photos that he had been wanking over for a week since she passed through his little office and had told him to call her Ysabel.

All last week he had hoped for an opportunity. To somehow get to see her outside the office, but there just had been no chance because there were always other people present. The closest he had come was when he fitted the new cartridge in her printer, but just as he was about to broach the subject her personal assistant had come into Ysabel’s office with a stack of forms to get signed.

“Have you fucked her yet?” asked Tommy.

“Erm, not yet, but I don’t want to blow my chances really...”

“Matt, Matt, get down to it. High-class cunt like this always likes the direct approach. My advice is to be straight with her and give her one as soon as possible! Once she’s sliding up and down your cock, she’ll be yours.”

Matt took back the phone from Tommy’s hand and nodded.

He had not even managed to get to first base yet and dared not admit it. One thing was for sure, he was not going to let Tommy meet her to make a butt of his ‘jokes’ again like he did last time. “Well, when you do fuck the bitch make sure that you get some photos. These high-class bitches love a bit of home-made porn,” laughed Tommy as he reached for his pint. “They all want to be the stars of their own home movies! I’ll bet you any money that she has a tattoo and a shaven cunt, the more posh that they seem, the dirtier they really are.”

Matt nodded again and realized that Tommy just wanted to see what Ysabel looked like naked.

Ysabel had spent a few days thinking about her doodle before she decided that she had the semblance of a plan in her head. The first thing was to bring Ajlal on-board and maybe the best way was to make her think that she was a mentor for an uncertain Ysabel.

“So, what are you going to do about Matt?” asked Ajlal. “Personally, I think that you can do better, whatever it is that you plan. Get one of the under-managers or department supervisors, preferably one who is married!”

Part One

“Why married?” replied Ysabel.

“Because I have found that a man with a ring on his finger is always more pliable.”

“Blackmail?”

“Call it what you like,” said Ajlal. “They’re all scared that their dirty little affairs will bite back at them and that makes it easy to organize them properly into one’s life.”

“Well, maybe! But Matt is the one I have decided on. He is introverted, he has not approached a single one of the women at work and he has no girlfriend. Ripe for the plucking!”

“How do you know?” “Believe me; I have done the research, Ajlal. Don’t forget that I have the whole HR department at my back, so a little private investigation is so easy.”

“That’s misuse of company resources,” laughed Ajlal. “You’re stalking him, aren’t you?”

“Call it what you like, I know all about him now.”

“So, then, what’s the next move?”

“I’m not sure...”

“Well do you know where you are going with this?”

“I suppose so. I know what I want.”

“What’s that?”

“I want a boyfriend who does what he’s told. I want him dependent, but I want to have my freedom. I want him to think of nothing but my comfort and happiness and I want him fully financially dependent on me... he has to be submissive and just a touch feminine, I suppose.”

Ajlal pulled a quizzical face and then said, “What you want is something that doesn’t exist. In fact, it almost sounds like a man who I had an affair with a couple of years ago.”

“Mmm?” asked Ysabel.

“Well, it’s a long story, but basically when I took him home, *he* wanted *me* to tie him up and force him to please me! Shades of grey...”

“Oh, that’s a bit S and M really! So, did you do it, you know, tie him down?”

“Of course. A month later I finished with him.” “Whatever for?”

“Well, I didn’t mind the bondage and all that. In fact, it was great having him so submissive. The

Part One

dilemma was that he made me *make* him, if you know what I mean. I was following *his* orders and he was supposed to be the subby. That's it really I suppose."

"Interesting, I didn't know that you were into all that kinky stuff."

"It's fun. The problem is the partner and not the kinkiness. If it's going to be enjoyable then it has to be for real!"

"I can see that I have a lot to learn," said Ysabel.

"Well, if you promise to keep it between us, I'm happy to be the teacher."

"Ajlal the strict teacher?"

"Sounds good. So, let's start with lesson one. First you need to give your prey a taste of heaven and then you just have to swing it one thing at a time."

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean is that until the fish is on the hook he can't be caught, so get it going with him and then see what angles there are for landing him."

"There is so much to do..."

"It's all small steps at a time, Ysabel. Just one thing after another. Just let it develop and always nudge in the right direction."

"You'll help?"

"I'm always here for you darling. In fact, I'm almost getting wet at the thought of it. Smother him, overwhelm him, separate him from his normal life and you will be well on your way. Bend him, twist him every which-way and then see where it comes out. The rest is all details if you get it right from the start."

"OK, if you tell me what your subby-hubby lover wanted then I can apply it to him then."

"It doesn't work that way, Ysabel. Each one is different, just like with a normal affair. Some like physical, like that man of mine. Some will want to be managed mentally. You just have to find out where the chinks in his armor are and exploit them."

"Right then, I'll start tonight!"

"Start slow..."

Part One

Ysabel looked at the doodle and ran the pen in her hand over the line joining her and Ajlal until it was a thick mark on the paper. One side of the square was shaping up; the next one would be the one joining Ysabel and Matt.

The difficult bit would be Mike.

Somehow, she had to get him involved as well, but her imagination failed her. Mike was the most 'male' man she had ever met so perhaps the best avenue would be to fuck his brains out until he was prepared to try anything with her.

How would that work and what about that mousey little wife of his?

Part One

Hunting

Yesterday evening, it had all seemed so easy. How could Matt resist her? However, when Ysabel had gone to his little cubbyhole office, Matt had not been there. Checking her records in HR had revealed that Matt had a day's holiday, so Ysabel had gone home and sat frustrated, watching a film.

The film had proved not to be able to take her mind off her plans, so in the end she had turned it off unfinished and surfed a little on the Internet. Ysabel visited a few sites that claimed to tell of men who were being dominated by their wives, but it all seemed so totally unreal, just invented fantasy. So, in the end she went to bed and spent a fitful few hours wondering how it would go tomorrow, before she got up again and picked up the personnel file that she had slipped into her bag.

What Ysabel did decide, was that she would begin with her new mission. It would be fun if she could get him to do things for her that normally no man would ever do!

The tattered brown folded file sandwiched Matt's HR notes as well as the other investigation that she had requested a few days ago. Normally, investigations were used to research those job applicants who were being considered for sensitive roles, the check was always thorough. So far, she had just flipped through the pages casually and glanced at the CV that Matt had provided. Now, Ysabel wiped the sleep from her eyes and read the file with an acute eye.

First there was the CV and she took it in, reading between the lines. Poor school results, a period as an apprentice electrician followed by a gap that was filled with some padding to explain why he was nine months out of work. That took him to nineteen. Just after his birthday he had started working in the office. From then on in, he had kept his head down and become the office supply supervisor within a year. Not surprisingly, since his 'department' was just himself!

His pay was twenty thousand a year, just a fifth of Ysabel's own salary, if no other bonuses were counted. Not much really and he had little hope of advancement. Matt had gone as far as he could.

Ysabel moved to the external search documents and carefully read the report. Matt lived in a bedsit in the south of the city. He paid five hundred in rent and probably had just a couple of hundred to spend on his indulgences. Not much really, thought Ysabel. Most nights he met up with some mates in a bar and drank a few beers. He had three loans for about five thousand in total and had otherwise left little trace financially. His credit rating was OK. Family was parents and a single sister, all living up north, traces of rail and bus tickets showed that he was up there perhaps just once a year.

She flipped the page to find herself reading the story of those missing nine months. Abruptly, Ysabel realized that if she was doing her job as manageress of HR, she would have to call him in and sack Matt! Theft of electrical equipment in cahoots with some lay about called Tommy Trencher. Matt had served a couple of months in jail and was still on parole. Somehow, it had just never turned up on the normal CV check. Matt had been in serious trouble!

Part One

Wide-awake now, Ysabel gazed out of the window at the darkness outside. The thoughts in her head were elated, Matt had been in trouble and she could intimidate him with the knowledge. This was a powerful reason for him to be scared of her, all she had to do was to imply that she knew and he would be in the palm of hand.

It was all shaping up, what was needed now was an approach.

When Matt arrived in his little office, he opened the door to find Ysabel perched on the edge of his desk. Her shapely legs swung as she turned to face him and a small smile crossed her lips.

“Hi there, Matt,” she said as she put down the file and crossed her legs. One shoe slipped off her heel and dangled on the ends of her toes with a gentle motion. “I just needed a word with you because the company is planning a bit of a departmental reorganization.”

“Oh.”

“It means that all those at supervisor level have to sign a release for me to update the files that we hold.”

“Update the files? What do you mean?”

“Here’s the form...”

Ysabel held out a piece of paper for Matt that he took with a small shudder.

“Sign this,” said Ysabel “and pass it back to me by this afternoon.”

“What is it?”

“Oh, nothing really. It just gives permission for me to do a few background checks like court records and so on. It’s company policy!”

“Oh, right...”

Matt blushed and started to shake visibly, while Ysabel smiled and ignored his distress.

“Is there anything else?” she asked as she bent to hook her stiletto back on her heel.

“Erm yes, actually.”

“Well then, spit it out! I haven’t got all day, Matt.”

Matt was sweating, “Ysabel, it’s just that there is something that I have to tell you!”

Part One

Ysabel thought that he was going to faint, but he managed to continue.

“It’s just that there’s something that I didn’t put on my CV when I interviewed...”

“And?”

“I got into a spot of bother in my last job and er... the police were involved.”

“Involved? How?”

“I went to court and was banged up for a few months and...”

“Matt, are you saying that they jailed you for something? This is gross misconduct and...”

“I know,” he wailed. “I just had to get this job and there was no other way.”

Ysabel saw the tears in the corners of his eyes and wondered if she had pushed him far enough yet. ‘No!’ She decided. This is the opening door; what I have to do now is get my foot in.

“Listen, you lied and I really have no choice at all,” she said in a stern voice. “What you are going to do is to write exactly what happened as a statement and then sign it. Pass it to me by four this afternoon and... oh shit, I am in meetings up to seven. I really need it today, Matt. I am very disappointed.”

Matt choked back a sob and said, “How about you tell me when you are finished tonight and I’ll wait for you?”

“OK, that’s good. I’ll be out at about seven. Make sure that you are waiting for me in the foyer and we’ll see what happens. Meanwhile I’ll discuss it with Ajlal, because nominally she’s your boss.”

“Please don’t,” he begged. “Please wait until you’ve decided. Please!”

“I’ll have to see. I have a clear responsibility as HR manager.”

Ysabel slipped from the desk and was tempted to comfort Matt, but she resisted the impulse and walked out with a triumphant sway in her hips.

“So, what did he say next?” asked Ajlal.

“Not a word, I just walked out of the office before he burst into tears.”

“Oh, you really are the Wicked Witch of the West,” laughed Ajlal. “That was a really evil curve-ball to throw him. But what if he discusses it with the other supervisors?”

Part One

“One hundred per cent, he won’t. Anyway, tonight’s the night that I snare him and we’ll see how he manages. One thing was certain. Despite the fact that I was threatening him with dismissal and humiliation he really couldn’t help himself. He spent most of the interview staring at my feet and then my breasts. There’s something almost feminine about the boy.”

“So...” said Ajlal. “Have you decided yet where you are taking this?”

“Not quite! I’ll tell you what; tomorrow I’ll throw a few ideas your way and that’ll help me make up my mind.”

Ysabel thought of the line between her and Ajlal. That was one side of the square that was coming into alignment. Another, the one joining her and Matt was firming up. All that was left were the connections between her and Mike.

A much trickier proposition, but one that was becoming more certain in her mind the more that she thought of it. Somehow, she had to hook Mike and bring him into the game.

Mike would add spice.

Part One

Trapping

Ysabel was late from her meeting. She dallied in the room and chatted inconsequentially with Ajlal before heading for the lifts that went down to the foyer.

Sure enough, Matt was waiting. If he had had a cap, it would have been in hand, but instead he clutched an envelope that clearly held the completed version of the form that Ysabel had given him.

Ysabel nodded to Matt and then turned to Ajlal and gave her a kiss. Not twice on the cheek, but to Ajlal's surprise, to the lips.

"Tomorrow," said Ysabel to the stunned Asian girl. "I'll tell you all about it then."

Ajlal looked over at Matt and smiled at him, but he was rooted to the spot and could only see the woman who obsessed him. Ysabel! That woman spoke to Matt, to him the words dropped from on high.

"Come with me, Matt. This is something that needs to be sorted out immediately."

The metal tips of her heels rang on the marble of the floor, her hips swayed. As she stepped through the opening door, her hands released her bound up hair for it to fall as a single plait that hung to her waist as it uncoiled down her back.

Matt followed, clutching the envelope in a fugue of fear and awe. Outside she waited for him with a slightly impatient look on her face.

"Well, we can't really stand in the street and discuss your lies," she said as he offered her the envelope. "But I think that I may have a way out of your quandary."

"Quandary?" "The fact that you *lied* on your job application, Matt. The fact that you hid a custodial sentence in an institution and the fact that you indulged in *theft* at your previous place of employment."

Ysabel's step quickened as she led Matt around the corner from the office where a series of small bars and restaurants lined the street.

"Are you hungry?" she asked. "I am and I really like that Italian restaurant there. You're paying young man, because I think that you'll owe me something when I save your hide!"

Matt followed her into the restaurant mutely as she led the way.

'What *is going on here?*' he asked himself. '*Am I sacked or not?*'

They sat in a small intimate booth for two and a rather superior waiter presented them with menus and wine lists.

Part One

“Aren’t you going to read it?” asked Matt as Ysabel set the envelope down, unopened and picked up a menu.

“Of course I am, Matt. Just calm down and enjoy the meal. I can get to know you a little better and you can calm down. Try the spaghetti nera and I can sample the vongole alla Siciliana. Like I said, I’ve got it all in hand and I expect you to trust me and be a good dinner companion. Now which wine shall we order?”

Matt picked up the wine list and realized that he knew nothing about wine, what was more, the whole menu was in Italian, without translation!

It turned out that the spaghetti was black, the wine was good and vongole was Italian for cockles. It came on a bed of rice that looked like rice pudding to the Matt’s critical eye. As they ate, Ysabel made small-talk and asked personal questions until he started to get the impression that he was being interviewed for a job. Finally, after the lemon ice slathered in vodka, Ysabel picked up the envelope and pulled two sheets of paper from it. One was the signed form to allow permission to investigate Matt, the other was an explanation of his theft, the trial, prison and his parole on good conduct.

She flitted through the paper without much interest because she already knew the whole story. Now was the moment to close her fist on his balls and squeeze a little to see what Matt’s reaction would be.

“With the time in prison and the fact that it was theft, really I should fire you, but I have a way of making it go away,” Ysabel held up her hand to silence him and then continued. “If I do this for you and save your job you owe me big time, do you understand?”

Matt nodded even though it was quite clear to him and his elegant dinner companion that he did not at all understand any of the ramifications of owing a woman like Ysabel a favor.

“When you owe me a favor, you are mine,” she laughed.

Matt nodded, but she had not finished.

“OK, I need a little security from you so that you can’t blackmail me. You will give me a copy of all the court and parole documents and all of the rest as well as a list of whatever you stole. Then I change your job description from ‘Office Supplies Supervisor’ to ‘Office Clerk’. That way, as a non-supervisor I do not need to do the investigation for the management! I drop your salary slightly and appoint Ajlal as your direct line manager. She has already agreed to take you on and that means that there will be no need to expose your record.”

Matt opened his mouth to speak, but Ysabel waved him to silence again.

“You can thank me later! For now, just realize that none of this will happen until you give me the documents that I asked for. Tomorrow I have given you the day off so you can get me officiated copies of them. I need a little security. The last thing that I need, is for you to say that I

Part One

blackmailed you or something!”

“Thank you, Ysabel. I’ll bring the documents tomorrow. Am I in the clear then? Do I need to worry about this?”

“Only if you ever mention this conversation or anything that has to do with us outside the office.”

Matt’s head spun. Had he heard right? One moment he was sacked for dishonesty, the next there was a hint that he and Ysabel might meet outside the office. It was like a roller coaster. The waiter arrived with the bill. As Matt reached for it, he felt something hard touch the inside of his thigh.

The heel of the stiletto dug in a little, but the point of her shoe pressed into his growing erection with firm pressure. Matt gasped. Was it the bill for three hundred or was it because the sole of the shoe pressed and then moved back and forth over his hard-on that was pressed into his thigh?

“I have to admit that I find you interesting,” said Ysabel. “It’s the only reason that I saved your job, so let’s see if you are indeed stimulating enough to amuse me?”

Matt gasped as the shoe moved and slid to press against his balls, all the while pulling his cock tight until the slightest touch seemed to be enough to make him cum.

“Do you like that?” asked Ysabel with a smile.

Matt nodded and gasped again. On the table in the booth opposite the two young lovers looked over and giggled as they watched Ysabel’s shoe press into the crotch of the young man opposite her.

“Pay the bill before you cum, Matt!” she whispered.

The haughty waiter arrived and Matt offered his credit card. The very one that was over a thousand in debit. She knew that he could not afford this; Ysabel also knew that he could not possibly refuse. She had him where she wanted him. Watching Matt pay with a shaking finger as he typed the PIN was a thrill. Watching him slide the card back in and look in his wallet for the tip was better.

“Thirty would be about right,” she whispered. “Always give at least ten per cent and if the service was good, twenty.”

Her foot twitched and then pressed the heel into his balls.

“This was ‘excellent’ service! I think that fifty would be about right.”

Matt pulled the crumpled notes from his wallet and laid them on the table. Fifty was more than he had ever spent on a meal for himself and that was just the tip! The shoe made him gasp. It was

Part One

almost as if she was pressing too hard just to stop him cumming. The needle-sharp metal heel dug in making him wince.

Matt and Ysabel left the restaurant and stood on the street in the pollen-powder light of the sodium lights.

“Remember, Matt. Tomorrow you give me all those forms and then perhaps we can meet again outside the office. What do you say?”

The question almost made Matt answer ‘Thank You’, before he realized the true meaning of the question.

“I think that I could not dream of a better thing to do,” he said.

“Then that’s settled then,” said Ysabel as she pecked his cheek. “We’ll go out, you can show me how you spend your evenings and I’ll reward you if you manage to impress me, how about that then?”

Part One

Teasing

When Matt came to deliver the copies of the evidence of his delinquency, he found that Ysabel was not in her office. In fact, asking her PA, it turned out that she was at a meeting out of town and would not be back until later.

“How late?” he asked.

“Midnight perhaps.”

Matt trailed home and alternated between furiously optimistic hope and deep depression. Three hundred and fifty was the amount that he had save to start repaying his loans and the credit card and he had blown it all on a bottle of wine that could be bought at the supermarket for a twenty and a plate of spaghetti that had been dipped in, of all things, squid ink.

Once he was home, Matt sat in his only armchair and lamented providence. It seemed that he was poised to fulfil his fantasy and yet at the same time he was so scared of her. From the scratches of her heels to the stain on his pants where she had milked him of a little cum in a slow dribble he was lusting after Ysabel, that was in control of him.

He reached for a tissue and took his cock in hand. This was always such a delicious moment. The time when he decided what or who was going to be the focus of his fantasy.

Ysabel of course! The red stilettos digging into his cock and thigh, the way that she would open her thighs and let him fuck her. The way that her lips would slide the length of his cock and leave their lipstick

on his balls as she sucked on them. Then there were the delights of her tits, the discovery of her tight ass and the way that the thick creamy cum would splatter that arrogant face, dribble in her plait and trickle down the valley of those firm tits. Matt came in a rush. His hand could not keep up with his desperate imagination as he gasped with the last few strokes brought those shivers and uncontrollable thrusts of his hips.

Ysabel strolled into the small office and put a contract on the table.

“This is for your new position as clerk,” she said. Your pay goes down to seven an hour I’m afraid. You report to Ajlal and myself from now on, but there is some good news.”

“What’s that?” asked Matt in an almost surly voice.

He had known that she would lower his pay, but by two an hour? Ysabel ignored his tone and pressed on.

“Tonight, we are going out to the theatre. I’m paying and you need to put on a better suit.”

Part One

“Are we going for another of those posh meals?” he asked.

“Posh? As you like, you can choose where we eat after the theatre.”

“What’s on at the theatre then?”

“Chekov!”

He nodded as if that were all that needed to be said. However, by the time that he was on his own and in a position to check the meaning of ‘Chekov’ on the Internet all he could remember was, that it was about one of the crew on the Starship Enterprise.

As Ysabel left the office, Matt watched her ass in that pencil skirt and for the first time noticed the seams of her stockings and the way that the material gathered just a little on her ankles. He felt a stirring and realized that, at last, tonight would be a ‘date’ with Ysabel. Somehow, almost without him having asked, he felt that he was going out for an evening with the woman who was becoming an obsession.

‘*So, what about the pay?*’ he asked himself.

Of course, Ysabel had to cover herself, what with all the lies he had told when he had got the job. Somehow, he would make ends meet. He always did. What he had to concentrate on was bedding the bitch and savoring the delights of her high-class silk sheets.

Dressed in his best suit, he stood in the chill of the night air and waited where they had arranged. The lights of the theatres and bars flashed in the dark as a bustle of people went out on the town. It was not often that Matt came to this part of the city, in fact, the last time had been Kevin’s stag night, the one before his fiancée had ditched him just three days before the wedding!

Busses and taxis roared by and his tie flapped over his shoulder as he waited by the busy café’s where he could see in all directions. Matt’s heart was thumping, his hands trembled and he moved in small jerks as he scanned the pavements in both directions, looking out for Ysabel. He never questioned how it was that she had invited him for a night out; he just knew that he deserved it. All he had to do now was to play his cards right and not make any stupid mistakes.

Matt felt a tap on the shoulder and Ysabel was there when he turned.

She looked stunning in a short fur coat, high heels and a skirt that dropped its hem almost to her ankles in a narrow tube that shortened her step. Her hair was twisted into a long plait with small black ribbons woven into the strands.

“Waiting long?” she asked as she looked him up and down.

Part One

“Just a few minutes,” lied Matt. “You look good,” she said.

He dared not tell her that he had arrived an hour early and waited in the cold the whole time. It would make him look just a *little* too desperate.

“How about a cocktail around the corner?” she asked. “I know a nice place. My treat. In fact, the whole of tonight is my treat!”

“You can’t pay everything, I mean a man has to pay something,” he said.

“You are very gallant, Matt, but this is an expensive evening and...”

“I insist,” he said.

Matt knew that he was being foolish; he knew that he could not afford it, but somehow, he had to assert himself.

“OK, you choose. Pay the cocktails, the meal in the restaurant or the theatre tickets.”

“Erm, the cocktails?” he answered.

“Fine. As you like.”

As she led him towards the restaurant, she linked arms with him and suddenly Matt realized that it was all going to be fine after all. With Ysabel on his arm, he felt that he could do anything.

“So, tell me about yourself,” she said. “Do you work-out?”

“A little, just once a week on the weights.”

They walked through the crowded streets until they arrived at an unmarked door and went up a narrow staircase to arrive in a plush bar where a few smart people drank out of tall glasses.

“This is Harry’s,” said Ysabel. “I come here occasionally before the theatre; they make the best cocktails in town. Only San Francisco has better.”

Matt suddenly felt his confidence melt away again at the mention of San Francisco. He had always dreamed of going there, but had never had the money to go that far. Suddenly his holidays seemed like trivial trips around the block to some seedy bar.

“What’ll you have, Matt?”

Desperately he thought of all the cocktails he knew the name of and then chose the one that he disliked the most in a fit of panic.

“Bloody Mary, please.”

Part One

“Good choice,” she smiled. “Simple, strong and a good appetizer.”

She turned to the barman and ordered.

“This is perfect! I am so sick of the men who think that loud bragging is the way to impress a girl. You have a quiet feminine side that I like. So, what do you want to do after theatre and meal? We could go for a romantic stroll, a late-night club or perhaps just back to my place for a coffee?”

Matt so frantically wanted to suggest the last choice that she had offered, but he did not dare. Perhaps he could keep the choice open?

“Let’s see how we feel after the meal,” he said and congratulated himself with his cleverness at avoiding making a choice.

Ysabel looked almost disappointed and Matt wondered where he had made a mistake. They made small talk, but mostly it was Ysabel asking him about himself. By the time that he paid the bill for two hundred at the bar he realized that she knew a great deal about him and he had really learned nothing about Ysabel other than that she seemed to like him.

The play was incomprehensible to Matt, the meal seemed like a lot of artistic arrangement of food without there being much of it and suddenly he felt almost like a child led by his mother. Ysabel was so sure and self-confident, but Matt was constantly scared of making some error.

They stood on the street and hailed a taxi.

“My place or yours?”

Ysabel leaned on Matt and he felt the warmth of her on his arm. He felt her gloved hand slide down his torso and to his crotch as the taxi arrived and he knew that all his patience was at last to be rewarded.

Part One

Leading

“Of course I didn’t, Ajlal, there’s no way that I’d let him fuck me. No, I just played with him, taught him a few tricks that I like and then made him go home. I did what I had to make him remember last night as a wonderful joyride because he’s going to need the memory to sustain him.”

“So, tell me, Ysabel. What happened in the taxi? I mean did you smooch with him or were you that ice maiden that sits unsmiling and keeps her prince waiting?”

Ysabel laughed.

“You know perfectly well that I can’t play the ice maiden! When I have to have it, I take it! In the taxi I found that he has such a cute little prick. It strains to just four inches and is so desperate that I creamed him in his pants before I even got him home,” said Ysabel, “He was mortified!”

Ysabel chuckled to herself as she recalled the games that she played with him.

“It was all in the dark, there was no way that I was going to allow him to see me on the first night! I turned out the light like a shy little Catholic girl and he showed me that he has ability with his tongue. Just a bit of natural talent.”

Ajlal smiled to herself. Even though they were quite close friends, Ysabel had never revealed so much about her private moments. It was always clear that she was not at all inhibited and found sex to be

a game which she had to win, but as they talked, Ysabel laid out every detail of the night with Matt.

“Most men are so eager to fuck and hate it when their partner takes the lead; Matt is not like that at all. He is willing and so eager to please!”

“So, after he came in the back of the taxi, did he have enough stamina to cum again or did it all end in frustration and tears?” asked Ajlal.

“Ajlal! Despite the shortness of his little cock, he came three times and I might have climaxed again except that I decided that he had had enough honey for the night. At any rate he will be dreaming of the taste of my pussy for months.”

“So, where does it go from here?” asked Ajlal. “How are you going to keep him on edge and what comes next?”

“Well, I’ve been thinking about it and I think that I know what happens next.”

“Don’t keep me in suspense!”

Part One

“OK, I’ll tell you tomorrow, but only if you promise to help!”

“You want me to fuck Matt? No way! Tease and torment, yes, but there’s no way that I am going to be your substitute!”

“How about if I promise that you only have to tease him?”

“OK, I’ll promise! A bit of tantalizing’s all right, but no further. So, tell me what happened to end it all. Did he stay all night? Or did you kick him out?” asked Ajlal.

“There’s no way that I want to actually *sleep* with him,” laughed Ysabel.

Her friend smiled.

“By midnight he was on his way with his worn-out little cock. I threw all the sheets into the washing machine and then went through his file again.”

“You are the perfect bitch, Ysabel. I know that I don’t mind teasing a little, but I’ve never planned something like this. So, tell me what you want me to do?”

“Tomorrow, Ajlal darling. Tomorrow!”

Matt lay in bed and started at the ceiling.

All he could think of was the strange high-class girlfriend that he seemed to have landed. The night had been exhilarating, the taxi ride with her strong hand slipped around his cock. The overwhelming kisses that smothered him while she slowly wanked him in his pants. The other hand that closed in his hair and held him fast while she teased and then slowly made him cum with slow expert strokes.

It had seemed that she knew every beat of his heart and knew when he was at the point of no return; because she stepped over it and then slid her hand free to French kiss him while his cock spurted all on its own. His breath had been ragged, the smell of her perfume had filled his senses, her warmth had pressed into him, and that had been enough to finish what her hand had started.

He had paid the taxi and then followed her into the building that was her home. A dark red door, a short flight of stairs and her keys rattled to let them in.

Matt’s mind took him back to every detail.

He caught a glimpse of a darkened hallway and then her hand caught his wrist and dragged him upstairs. Her bedroom was modern and plain. In the darkness, he felt himself pushed backwards onto the bed and Ysabel had been all over him. She had stripped off his clothes, ripping his shirt as she did so and then her hand was gripping his cock again, bringing it to hardness.

Part One

Suddenly he felt her move and her thighs were over his face. The lace of her stockings rasped his face, her hand gripped his cock and he had squirmed away as he felt a finger push against his ass hole. There was no way that he was going to allow that!

Her pussy lowered. It had smelled of roses. It dripped its excitement on him and then it was on his lips. Smooth soft flesh that slid over his lips and then pressed home as strong fingers gripped him and began to slide over his manhood with slow, sure strokes that brooked no escape.

He had heard her speak, but could not make out the words, but it was clear what she expected because he had found his tongue lap at her pussy. She started to sit upright and he felt her cunt slide over his lips until he was attending to that small area between ass and the lips of her pussy.

Matt gripped her thighs to stop her going further...

Her response was to slide back and allow him to burrow his lips and tongue into her. He had felt her thighs tremble and Ysabel had cried out. It was like a howl in the night, a cry of passion mixed with words that were no more than articulated orgasm.

Once again, he felt her stop her hand, but it was too late!

His cock gathered, it wobbled and then spurted cum for a second time unattended. There was something unsatisfying about the way that she stopped just short, something that made his balls ache and his cock feel so unsatisfied.

Ysabel had towered over him; she clasped him in trembling thighs and then started again on his cock. For the first time in his life, Matt felt himself cumming a third time. He gasped and felt himself clench with a spasm that arched him and forced Ysabel to use her weight on him to hold him down.

This time she had not retreated. The hand swept up and down to the point where he came, but a finger planted itself hard against the root of his cock and pressed hard. Matt felt that familiar surge, the pressure from within. He had felt the force of it and then the finger strangling his cock. A strange feeling filled him, like a rubbing inside and then a small twinge as Ysabel blocked his cum and forced the ejaculation to his bladder.

Mat felt the pressure; he felt that giving and the pleasure of cumming. He had felt the surge and then that internal spasm, then the darkness had closed in as he felt Ysabel's pussy slip over his face.

It had been heaven.

Matt lay on his bed and allowed his thoughts and recollections to mingle. He had touched every part of Ysabel, smooth and firm, skin like velvet. He had fucked her, in a manner of speaking. He had tasted her pussy and cum more than once. He felt his cock stiffen; he could still sense the

Part One

perfume of her on his lips.

His hand slid down to the root of all of his lust, he could not help himself.

He had to re-live those hours.

Part One

Educating

Matt watched as Ysabel passed by the door of his office. He looked at the shapely legs that his palms had smoothed. He saw the tight skirt that hid the thighs that he had been between. He could not help but imagine himself in the dark with her again, in the dark naked and exposed. Her clothing on his bare skin, the lace of her stockings scratching his face, the silk of her blouse under his fingertips.

She turned her head and smiled.

Matt nodded to her.

He could understand why Ysabel would not want them to become the subject of gossip. She had an important job in the management team and could not be seen to have a relationship with one of her staff. It never occurred to him that everyone knew about her and Mike and that was no different! It never passed his thoughts that she was blackmailing him. Ysabel had lowered his pay and threatened him about his past and yet, as Matt watched her pass, he just wished that he had the courage to arrange another date like the last one.

Not exactly like it, of course! The lights would be on and he would fuck her, but otherwise, Matt slipped into a small reverie and imagined the scene of his next night with Ysabel.

It was Ajlal's voice that suddenly woke him.

"Matt! What is that stupid smile on your face? Did your team win then?"

Matt came down to earth.

"Sort of the same feeling, I think that I'm in love!"

"Who is the lucky girl that you are in lust with?" "Can't say at the moment."

"Fine, as you like. Listen, I have a problem with my computer and I wondered if you'd take a look at it."

"I'll call I.T.," said Matt.

"No, please don't, I called them twice already this week. It's just that the keyboard doesn't work, or it does sometimes and I just need you to take a look at it. I'm sure that it's something simple to fix."

"OK, OK, I'll take a look."

Matt followed Ajlal to her desk in the corner of the office and picked up the keyboard to look at it. A wire ran from it, disappearing through a hole in the top of Ajlal's desk. She sat down while Matt crawled under the desk to take a look.

Part One

Under the desk he saw her Ajlal's and the hem of the tight skirt that just showed the tops of her stockings peeping under the hem. For a moment, he admired those shapely thighs and then he traced the wire from the keyboard to the back of the computer.

It was so easy the plug was loose. He pushed it in and said, "Try it now."

Ajlal moved and crossed her legs allowing Matt a brief glimpse of the naked coffee colored expanse of skin above her stocking tops before her hands straightened the hem of her skirt. One high-heeled shoe hung on her toes and swung.

"That seems to have done it," she said.

He looked at the shoe and the slim foot that held it swinging. A sudden impulse came to kiss it. He leaned a little and brushed his lips on the leather for a moment before retreating. Carefully, Matt backed out from under the desk. His rear bumped into something and he stopped.

"Matt, what *are* you doing?"

It was Ysabel's voice and when he looked over his shoulder, he could see that it was Ysabel's legs that he had bumped into.

"Er, just fixing Ajlal's computer," he mumbled, as he finally managed to get clear and stand up.

"That's a job for IT," said Ysabel, in a severe tone. "Come to my office immediately!"

Matt looked at Ajlal for a moment and followed Ysabel to her office.

All Matt could think about was that dangling shoe as the door closed behind him.

Part Two

Controlling

Matt's face blushed pink as he stood at Ysabel's desk. His hands were behind his back and he stood like a small schoolboy caught at some childish misdemeanor.

"First of all," said Ysabel. "You should not be playing with the computers, that's what we have an I.T. department for."

"But, Ajlal asked me..."

"That's not good enough, Matt, and you know it! What do you think you are doing crawling under her desk? And, as if that wasn't enough, did I really see you do what you did?"

Matt looked down and saw Ysabel's foot tapping on the floor with an irregular tapping. It was obvious that she was annoyed. In fact, she was in a temper.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Don't become all evasive, Matt. I saw you kiss the tip of her shoe. What the hell did you think that you were doing? I mean, what the hell, Matt!"

"It was an accident," he mumbled.

"Ha!" cried Ysabel. "Just a little while ago we were making love and now this!"

Exasperation filled Ysabel's voice and she seemed about to speak further when the door opened and Ajlal walked into the office.

Ysabel looked up sharply and annoyance was plain on her face.

"I am just having a chat with Matt here," said Ysabel. "It's private."

"Ysabel, don't be such a bitch to Matt. I asked him to look at my keyboard and he fixed it right away."

"Me? A bitch?"

Matt found himself ignored in the rising storm as the two women faced up to each other. He looked from one striking woman to the other and wished that it were over. What the fuck had made him brush her shoes with his lips, he asked himself.

"Yes, Ysabel, a proper bitch. I know what you're up to."

"What I'm up to is sorting out a disciplinary problem that *you* created. I come along and find Matt crawling under your desk getting a good look under your skirt and then I see him kissing your feet. What is the matter with you, Ajlal?"

Part Two

“I’m sure that he was not peeping!” said Ajlal. “Matt, what were you up to?”

Matt looked down and blushed an even stronger shade of pink.

“I’m sorry!” he said in a whisper.

“OK, that’s an admission,” laughed Ysabel. “Ajlal, out now while I have a chat with Matt about our sexual harassment guidelines.”

Ajlal gave Matt a strange look and left the room, slamming the office door behind her.

Ysabel took a deep breath and said, “Sit,” to Matt.

He reached over and pulled up a chair.

“No, on the floor, you stupid boy. You get to sit in the chair when you behave like an adult. Kissing Ajlal’s feet! What are you thinking?”

Matt knelt on the floor and Ysabel stood and turned the key in the door to lock them in.

“I am so very disappointed in you Matt! I thought that we were at the start of something good, but it seems as though you just cannot help behaving like a randy little boy and peeping up dresses. Whatever am I going to do with you? You’re mine.”

“I’m sorry, Ysabel. I could not...”

“...help yourself!” Ysabel broke into his sentence and finished it for him. “That’s pathetic, Matt. I think that our little liaison is over. What’s more, there is no way that I can bear to work with you either. I’m sure that you don’t want me embarrassed by your presence here? I think that it would be better if you wrote me your resignation now and I’ll make sure that you get a decent reference. After all, there is still the matter of the nine months missing from your CV. Not something that I can easily overlook!”

Tears welled in Matt’s eyes. Just a week ago he had been a supervisor on fifteen an hour, now he was sacked. A week ago, he had longed to spend the night with Ysabel. A couple of days ago he had and now she was finishing with him and sacking him all in one! Matt thought of Tommy, what would he have done? Matt knew that his mate Tommy was just full of hot air, but he was sure that he would have found a way out of the predicament.

He looked up and saw that Ysabel had a printed letter in her hand.

“Sign this, Matt and clear your desk.”

She stood before him looking down, the paper proffered in her hand and Matt knew that he was finished. He glanced down at the floor. Lace stockings or tights, bright pink high heels and the cleavage of her toes just peeping from the low-cut stilettos.

Part Two

Her head lifted and she looked down at him with almost-disdain. Matt bent forward and crouched on all fours. A tear ran the length of his nose and dripped to splash on the polished leather of her stilettos. His lips pursed and he leaned a little further to kiss it away.

How could he do otherwise?

His face was just inches from her shoes, all he could see was the intricate pattern in black that covered the ivory skin of her feet. He felt her hand on his head. For a moment it ruffled his hair and then it grasped him and then pressed his lips to her shoes.

“You have a clever way of saying sorry, Matt,” said Ysabel from above him. “Is that what you were doing with Ajlal then?”

“No, Ysabel. I just couldn’t help myself. I’m sorry, really, I am. Please don’t tell anyone about the time I served, please.”

The plea came out in a whining voice that made Ysabel smile.

“What am I going to do with you, Matt?” she asked.

“Nothing, I hope.”

He heard the laugh from above and knew that it just might have worked. She might let him off the hook.

“OK, I’ll give you another chance, Matt. Kiss my foot once more and I will forgive you. Well, for now any way.”

His lips pursed and he allowed them to brush the shoe.

“That’s better, now get up and I’ll tell you how it’s going to be.”

He looked up and saw her looking at the mobile phone she had in her hand.

“It’s a perfect picture, Matt. A perfect picture!” He stood and waited for her to release him.

“Tomorrow night after work we meet up and have a little fun. Perhaps I can forget what happened today. All you have to do is to tell Ajlal that she *has* to apologize to me properly and then I will let you keep your job!”

Matt nodded as Ysabel opened the door.

“Make sure that she does.”

Part Two

Idling

Mike was such a good fuck!

Stamina and strength combined to satisfy, but Ysabel also loved the way that she could lead and he followed her cues so naturally. Finally, there was that hugely satisfying cock that he had between his legs. Ysabel and Mike lay on the bed in that careless haze that follows fulfilling sex. He, the husband that strayed to her bed, she the temptress that offered so much more than his pallid wife.

Ysabel wondered how Mike had come to marry Janet at all. Ysabel had met her just once and instantly disliked the docile woman. The wife, a faithful colorless homemaker and the lover a flame in cupped hands.

Mike's head moved and Ysabel's thighs parted to show him the way. His tongue tickled the sensitive skin just short of her pussy and then kissed her carefully. Ysabel shuddered; she was so sensitive after orgasm that she could scarcely stand even that soft touch on her flesh.

"Just lick gently," she said.

"Like this?"

Ysabel shuddered as his lips touched hers and then parted to open her enflamed cunt. Then the tip of his tongue probed into her. It fluttered and teased as she gasped. There was no orgasm left in her, but a warmth that spread and flushed her thighs and belly as Mike played.

"That's so good," she mumbled as her thighs opened a little more. "Ahh!"

For a few minutes, he kept her on the edge of rapture before he retreated and pulled himself up the bed to snuggle into her.

"You always need more," he whispered. "And you always give it."

They lay in the fading light and her hand touched his face gently. A finger pressed between his lips and pushed in. He allowed it to enter and she gently fucked his mouth with a slim finger.

"Is it like this with Janet?" she asked.

"Of course not!"

There was a further minute of silence before Ysabel spoke.

"She doesn't seem very adventurous."

"She's not."

Part Two

Ysabel wondered if she was annoying him with her questions. She thought of her doodle again and wondered how she was going to draw the line between her and Mike stronger.

“Janet is submissive, so very submissive,” said Mike. “She just does what she is told and I love to play with her.”

“Ah, with her, you are the boss?”

“I am always the boss,” he laughed.

“Not with me you’re not.”

“Well, maybe not all the time, but it makes an agreeable change.”

“This is just for fun,” said Ysabel, “no love, I’m afraid.”

“That’s the way it should be. I never expect anything else and to be quite truthful, you are not my only lover!”

“I guessed as much, Mike. How many of us are there?” “Just one more at the moment, Ysabel. You, Janet and Pat, a triangle of lust and shared bodily fluids.”

“Romance was never your strong point, Mike. But actually, I don’t mind at all.”

“What don’t you mind? That romance is not my strongpoint, or that there are two others who get to be screwed by my mighty organ.”

“Not so mighty now,” laughed Ysabel.

“Sated, that’s why. Soon it will need satisfying again and then I have to get home to my dutiful little wife.”

“Why the hurry? Stay the night.”

“No can do,” he laughed. “I have to get back by nine.”

“Nine? What’s on TV?”

“You are prying, Ysabel.”

“Doesn’t this fuck give me the right then?”

“No, my life is my own. I try to keep work, wife, family and lovers all in their special little boxes.”

“OK then, keep the domestic secret close to your chest then. Pretend I didn’t ask!”

Part Two

Mike sighed and could not help himself. He knew that Ysabel was just a fuck-buddy, a lover with no strings. There was no way that she would spread his private disclosures around the office.

“OK then, I’ll answer three questions and that’s it,” said Mike. “Maybe that will satisfy your curiosity, maybe not. At any rate that’s it then.”

“Do I have to ask now?”

“Of course. No time to think, Ysabel.”

What will you be doing at half past nine then?”

“I suppose that I will be sitting having a beer and waiting for Janet to cook a meal.”

“That’s it?”

“That’s the second of the three questions!” he laughed. “No, of course not. At nine I let her out of the cage, by quarter past she has to be in her uniform and collar, then she makes the meal. Usually by ten she is on the punishment horse and ready for me to discipline her for her mistakes during the day.”

Ysabel froze.

“Is...” she started.

“Careful, this is the last question!”

Ysabel looked at Mike. It did not seem as though he was joking about Janet. Could he have just made it all up on the spur of the moment? Ysabel guarded the next question in her breast. She considered one question after the next until; at last Mike nudged her with his elbow.

“Ask then or lose it after all, my pet.”

“My pet? Ok then, is Pat a girl’s name?”

Mike laughed and turned to face his lover.

“Very good, Ysabel, you are so very clever. I should not have let you off with that third question. Is Pat a girl’s name? Well, I shall allow myself to read between the lines and admit that it *could* be, but not in this case!”

“Another obedient lover?”

“No more questions, Ysabel. You have used up all of your allowance. It’s almost eight and I have to get going. Janet does not like it when I leave her so long in the cage, especially when it is

Part Two

because I am out fucking, so you'll give me a rain check on that last shafting and I'll head for home!"

Part Two

Cleaning

Matt's heart was thumping so hard that he could hardly think. In just six hours, Ysabel would be waiting for him and he did not know whether he should be laughing or crying. His thoughts swung wildly as he tried to think rationally. On the one hand, it really seemed as though his fantasy woman was falling for him.

What else could a second date possibly mean?

On the other hand, Ysabel was like a destructive force. Every part of him that she had touched she had damaged! It felt as though he was almost as much in fear of her as he was lusting after her. Now she had given him the nontrivial task of asking, or rather making, Ajlal apologize to Ysabel for playing with him!

How was he ever going to be able to persuade a woman like Ajlal to make an apology?

He stared at the walls of his tiny office and considered his options. Each direction seemed to lead to some almost insurmountable

problem. In the end he decided to be direct, explain that his job was at risk, explain that he was 'this' close to becoming a steady boyfriend of a woman that he dreamed of.

Surely, she would understand.

Matt headed out in to the bustle of the office and swung a look to see if either of the two perilous women in his life at the moment were present. There was no way that he wanted to be watched by Ysabel as he begged another woman to get her to apologize. Ysabel was nowhere in sight, Ajlal sat at her desk and seemed almost to be watching him. It was so difficult to be sure.

He headed over, all the while keeping an eye open for Ysabel, but it seemed that she was in a meeting or elsewhere. Matt exhaled in relief. Now, all that he had to was to muster his courage and be direct. As he approached Ajlal his confidence, so carefully nurtured, slipping away as he walked.

"Erm, hi there," he started.

This was not at all like the start that he had planned.

"Matt? What do you need?"

"Er, I wonder if we could go somewhere private, I need to have a personal word with you. Sort of!"

"Either you do or you don't, Matt. Make your mind up, I'm busy at the moment."

"I do," he stuttered. "It's important... to me."

Part Two

Ajlal sighed theatrically and stood up.

“This is most inconvenient, Matt. I have loads of reports to finish. Let’s go to the interview room, we’ll get a minute or two of quiet there.”

Matt followed her to the meeting room. He closed the door behind himself and turned to face Ajlal. She was already sitting in the plush leather office armchair behind the desk and all that was left for him was the somewhat uncomfortable chair that was always given to interview applicants.

“OK,” sighed Ajlal, “what is it that you have to say?”

“It’s about yesterday; you know when I repaired your computer.”

“Well, it’s still working fine, so I suppose that you did a good job. Is that it? You brought me in here to ask me if the computer still works?”

“No, it’s about Ysabel. She is really upset with me and I’m scared that I’m going to lose my job.” “Whatever has she got to be upset about? She’s the head of HR not Catherine the Great. I shall have a word with that bitch and tell her ‘*what for*!’”

“No, no, Ajlal, please don’t do that, please don’t.”

Ajlal looked at him speculatively and said, “Have you got a crush on Ysabel, because if you have, you’d better forget it now. She is like an ice-maiden; she would never be interested in you in a million years!”

“Well, that’s it, I suppose,” whispered Matt. “Last week we went to see a show, we had a meal and...”

He allowed the significance of that date sink in and Ajlal showed the requisite surprise.

“You? You and Ysabel, Jesus it’s the tale of the cat and the mouse, Matt. She’ll have you for breakfast!”

“She already has. I think,” said Matt. “It’s just that, when I crawled under your desk yesterday, she was so sure that I was peeping up your skirt or something and when I kissed your shoe...”

Matt hesitated and then ploughed on.

“She was sort of jealous and she is sure that I fancy you, or something,” he ended lamely.

“Well, you do, don’t you? And you were peeping at my stocking tops, weren’t you?”

“I’ll admit it, how can’t I?” he said to her. “You are so pretty, how couldn’t I?”

Part Two

“Pretty is what children are,” said Ajlal, with a small laugh.

“OK then, drop-dead gorgeous!” “See, that’s better. So, what is the problem? A little competition never hurt!”

“It’s just that she has got it into her mind that I have to ask you to apologize to her.”

Ajlal started to laugh.

In the end her whole body shook while Matt wondered what was so funny about his predicament. This was not at all the conversation that he had anticipated. In the end, Ajlal calmed down and wiped a tear from her eye.

“And what will this apology achieve, Matt?”

“I have the chance to meet up with her later, after work and...”

“Jesus! So, I have to apologize for something that I did not do in order for you to get your rocks off?”

She started to laugh again while Matt hung his head. He just did not understand women at all and these two were way beyond his experience. Both of them were at least ten years older than him, beautiful and intelligent, he knew that he was at their mercy. The best that he could do would be to steer a course that did not throw him onto the rocks.

“Please,” was all that he could say.

“OK, I’ll do it!”

Ajlal’s hand wiped over her face and she held up her hand to stop him speaking.

“You’re a good boy, Matt. So, for you, I’ll do it, but you owe me big time. There’s no way that I’ll put it in writing, so I’ll call her. Is that OK?”

Matt felt a flush run from neck to crown and stuttered his thanks.

A grin spread over her face and she said, “How about we get a little revenge on her at the same time?”

“What do you mean?”

Suddenly Ajlal seemed devious. What was she drawing him into?

“OK, here’s my phone. I’ll call her up if you do something for me at the same time.”

“Er, what?”

Part Two

“Kiss my feet of course. So, while I apologize, I am doing exactly what she wants me to say sorry for. Ironical, huh?”

Ajlal pointed at her feet under the desk and Matt realized that he really had no choice. He could feel an erection starting and wondered how his cock thought that there was a reason to be ready!

Matt crawled and as his lips touched her high-heeled shoe he heard Ajlal speaking into her phone.

“Hi there, darling, how’s the meeting?”

There was a pause and Matt saw the shoe that he was kissing lift and present the sole to his lips. He could not help himself and looked up to see that delicious view of her stocking tops and then her hand pointing down to her feet.

Matt bent to his task.

“Good, listen I just wanted to mention yesterday and apologize for leading your new flame astray.”

Matt could hear Ysabel’s voice in reply, but could not make out the words. His lips touched the tip of her heel and he felt his cock grow as he kissed it. There was more to this than he realized.

At last Ysabel stopped talking and Ajlal said, “Of course, he’s here now. I’ll tell him. Any way I’ll meet up with you tomorrow... Yes, yes, bye and see you.”

Ajlal touched her phone and looked down at the young man who was between fear and ecstasy. There was no doubt that he was manageable, certainly for a woman like Ysabel. She wondered at what point he would suddenly realize that there was already no way out of the trap that was closing. She wondered what it was that her best friend Ysabel had in store for him.

She had a suspicion that whatever it was, it would destroy Matt.

“Don’t stop, Matt, I’ll tell you when my shoes are clean enough!”

Her eye slid from the enchanting sight of the man at her feet to the small light on the ceiling. It flashed every now and again, signifying that the camera was operating.

Ajlal was sure that Ysabel was enjoying the video feed in the next room, so she might as well make him suck on her spikes for a few more minutes to give Ysabel time to climax a few times while she watched her new boyfriend being reduced to an office slut!

Part Two

Scrubbing

Tommy lifted his pint and drained the rest in one long draught.

“Those posh bitches are all gagging for it,” he said with a grin. “You’re a fucking lucky boy!”

Matt shrugged and picked up his own pint.

“Trouble is, I fancy both Ajlal and Ysabel,” said Matt. “They’re both stunning birds.”

“Fuck ‘em both,” said Tommy. “I’ll bet you a tenner that you can’t do it with both of them and show me some proof!”

“They’ll never let you take photos like that,” drawled Kevin.

“Of course they will, I told you before. Posh sluts love to see themselves on photos. Even better if you manage to get both of them at the same time!” said Tommy.

“There isn’t much chance of that, Tommy,” mumbled Matt.

“Do me a fucking favor, Matt. You just ain’t got no ambition at all. All you have got to do is manage to get them both to meet you someplace and see how it goes. I’ll bet that you can steer them into bed together. Anyway, they’re probably both lesbos with each other and love a bit of pussy munching!”

Matt shook his head. “You don’t know them,” he started.

“Yes, I fucking do,” answered Tommy. “They’re all the same.”

Matt had not told Tommy the truth, just a version that would sound good to him. It had been too much to resist, the temptation to meet up with his mate before his date with Ysabel. The attraction of telling Tommy how he had spent the night with Ysabel, the kisses with Ajlal, though without telling him that the soles and spikes of her stilettos was all that he had kissed.

“Listen, I’ve got to go now, we’re meeting in ten minutes, so I’ll have to love you and leave you.”

“Just one more pint, Matt. It pays to be late for a date; it makes them desperate and gets the cunt-juices flowing. Anyway, a bit of Dutch courage is what you need!”

“Tommy, I’ve got to go, Ysabel won’t be pleased if she’s kept waiting!”

“You’re already under her fucking thumb, Matt. You’ll be her lap dog in a week, I reckon.”

Matt tossed a twenty on the table and got up to leave. He wondered if Tommy was right, was Matt just running after her when she should be chasing him?

Part Two

Matt gave a quick, “See ya,” and left in a hurry.

Tommy waited until Matt was out of the door and quickly drained his pint before leaving to follow his friend. Matt was so full of shit, he decided. This was all some show-off fantasy that Matt had invented to impress him.

Fucking lying cunt.

As if some posh slut would be interested in a whining twat like Matt!

“We’ll go back to yours,” said Ysabel, as she watched Matt pay the bill.

Two hundred pounds for a couple of glasses of wine and tapas was a lot of money for Matt, but he was in good spirits since his experience with Ajlal. Matt had conquered his fear and was now on a high.

“I’ll order a taxi,” said Ysabel, as she took her phone out.

“There’s no need,” replied Matt, still smarting from the bill. “It’s just ten minutes’ walk from here.”

The air was cool as they walked back to Matt’s small single room flat. Down the stairs into the bedsit that sat at the bottom of the stairwell in front of the dilapidated house.

“You live here?” asked Ysabel with a slight twist of her lip. “It’s a bit dank!”

“It’s fine inside,” said Matt as he struggled with the key in the dark. “It’s small and I can afford it.”

“You rent? Or have you bought this place?” asked Ysabel as Matt finally managed to open the door into the single roomed apartment.

“Rent, of course. Even this costs too much for me to be able to afford to buy.”

Matt switched on the light to reveal a compact room with a double bed in center stage. Just behind was a kitchenette and the door to the bathroom.

“My, it’s tiny,” exclaimed Ysabel, “and such a mess.”

Matt looked crestfallen. He had spent hours preparing the place. A clear out, a touch or two of paint and then everything else hidden away as best as possible.

“I can’t make *love* in a pigpen like this, Matt. I’m sorry, but I think that I’d better go. In future we’ll fuck at my place.” “No,” said Matt. “Tell me what to do and I’ll do it for you now.”

Part Two

“Don’t be silly, Matt. Leave it and we’ll go out again tomorrow night.”

“Ysabel, I’m not being silly, I really mean it.”

“OK then, an hour should do it. Iron all those shirts, change the bedding, vacuum the carpet, and then a few other things as well. How can you live like this? By the way have you a bottle of wine?”

Matt nodded and opened the small fridge and pulled out the rather expensive wine that he had bought. As he did so, he congratulated himself on anticipating Ysabel’s request.

Ysabel sat on the edge of the bed and kicked off her shoes.

She seemed quite content with the fact that she was making him do some housework; she just sat on the edge of the bed and sipped at the wine while she enjoyed watching him. There was something amusing about the young man’s sheer desperation. Something sweet about the way that he struggled to please her and screw her at the same time.

There was no doubt about it; she would have to encourage the *idea* of having sex without it ever happening. Now he was hooked, he knew that it *could* happen, if he just kept her happy. She would just keep him teetering on the edge of ‘almost there’ without ever quite reaching the tipping point.

Ysabel decided that the best strategy would be to keep increasing the difficulty of the tasks that she was going to lead him on with. What she needed was some other small twist, something that he would hate but have to do for her.

So, what task and how could it be forced on him?

The answer was just out of grasp, but Ysabel was sure that she was on the right track with this diversion tonight. All she had to do was to find that extra dimension that would make each task harder and keep him forever running faster and faster towards a goal that she was never going to allow him to reach. She looked down at the way that her pink stiletto swung from the tips of her toes and smiled.

As she daydreamed of the fun that all of this was going to be, she suddenly realized that he was almost finished. She glanced at her watch and saw that it was just past ten.

“I’m sorry Matt, but I have to go!” she said as she slipped her shoe back on and placed the empty glass on the small table. “Next time we’ll go back to my place. Emily, my maid, keeps it perfect, so there will be no more of this ridiculous messing around.”

Matt just stood there with his mouth hanging open in shock. The iron dangled from his hand, the last shirt almost finished.

“But I’m virtually finished!” he stuttered.

Part Two

“Housework is not at all a turn-on, not like this,” lied Ysabel. “Next time will be better.” She smiled encouragingly.

“Next week we’ll take in a film or something and then go back to my place, darling!”

He just needed a little encouragement!

“Don’t worry; I’m not brushing you off!” she smiled.

Ysabel stepped forward and pecked him on the cheek and left the flat. Matt heard her steps outside and then looked down at the iron in his hand. He was confused; he just could not figure it out. Slowly he returned the iron, hung up the shirts and looked around the flat. He had to admit that it looked as good as it had ever done!

He was about to pick up the empty wine bottle when there was a knock at the door. Matt’s heart jumped and he rushed to the door to let Ysabel in.

He found himself staring into Tommy’s leering face.

“Nice bit of fucking crumpet, there mate. Mind if I come in.”

Matt blocked the door.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” asked Matt.

“Oh, just passing when I saw the finest classy skank coming out of your flat and I thought to myself, ‘Tommy, you gotta pat that Matt on the back for finding such a fine piece of fuck-meat!’”

“Fuck off, Tommy, Ysabel is none of your fucking business!”

“Oh. Now you’re all hoity-toity, aren’t you? One moment you’re gagging for my advice, the next it’s all ‘fuck off, Tommy’.”

“Well to start with, you’re drunk, second and I’ll tell you again, it’s none of your fucking business.”

Tommy suddenly pushed forward and stretched his neck to look into the small apartment.

“So, Mr. Stud, did ya fuck her then? Up her ass?”

Matt’s patience snapped and he pushed hard at the door...

...and so, the fight began.

Part Two

Lying

It was almost like a team huddle.

The two women sat opposite each other but leaned together while they giggled at the tale that one of them told while they tried to stop laughing as Ysabel told Ajlal how the evening with Matt had gone.

“So, I just sat there like an untouchable glam-puss, I sipped my wine and watched him scrub and iron like there was no tomorrow,” giggled Ysabel. “Then, whenever he was near to finishing, I would

look under the bed and comment on the dust bunnies or remark how scuffed his shoes were!”

“And, he just put up with it?”

“He had a hard on the whole time! He really thought that he was so close to getting me back into bed.”

“Jesus, Ysabel, you’re such a fucking queen-bitch! So, when is the next meet-up and what do you have to torment him with?”

For a moment a sly look came into Ysabel’s eyes as she answered.

“I was thinking that I would add two more to the equation to frustrate him again. I need two people, another couple who are going to make sex the subject of the evening.”

“OK, I see what you’re doing Ysabel, but even though I’m game for it, I don’t have a boyfriend at the moment so that rules me out.”

“Not really, I was going to invite Mike. I want him mixed up in this anyway and I need to get him to meet Matt like this to get him interested.”

“He already said ‘yes’?” asked Ajlal. “Well, actually he did, but he told me that he needs a partner because his wife will not be able to come with him, so then I thought of you, but I wanted to ask you first.”

Ajlal thought about it for a moment and then replied, “OK, I’ll do it. It will be fun anyway, just promise me one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“That you don’t ask me to go too far.”

“What’s too far, then?”

Part Two

“I don’t know yet, but somehow I am getting the idea that you’re manipulating me.”

“As if!”

The conversation drifted to office politics and other small matters. Finally, Ajlal made her excuses and left. Ysabel watched her go and felt a strange warm feeling in her belly, or perhaps lower. This was pure enjoyment, this influence that she was evolving. It was absorbing and so very amusing.

Ysabel watched Ajlal leave the café with a small swing in her hips and then she dipped her hand into her handbag and pulled out a carefully folded piece of paper. It was already a little worn, this top page of the meeting agenda where Ysabel had doodled her plan.

The figure was a talisman, she could have redrawn it, but the original was somehow so much more precious. Finally, she was closing one gap. Carefully she drew a line and inspected the result. The figure was now a square with an initial for all the participants. All the players were joined by that square; all were under Ysabel’s influence now and fully in place. She traced her name around the square and realized that there were possibly two lines more to make. Ysabel, Matt, Mike, Ajlal and finally back to herself. What about Pat and Janet? ‘No,’ she decided.

That would make it all to complex!

The plan now looked as though it was resolved. She would have Matt and Mike. She was certain that Mike would fall into place and leap at the chance to own Ajlal, all she needed to do was lead Matt by his leash and Ajlal by her curiosity.

The pen doodled for a few seconds and Ysabel realized that she had drawn a frilly dress. Now, what was at work in her mind now?

Ysabel folded the paper and tucked it back into her bag with a laugh, it would be a perfect game to play.

Part Two

Deceiving

“What are you up to?” asked Mike with a grin.

“Oh, just playing my little games,” said Ysabel coyly. “It’s like this, Mike. We all spend an evening together. I get to tease Matt and you get a chance to move in on Ajlal.”

“Ajlal?”

“You do fancy her tight ass, don’t you?”

“Of course, it’s just that she does not seem at all like a closet submissive.”

“I’ll bet you that she is, if you just handle it right.”

“It is an interesting proposition, Ysabel. I have to say that the more I think about it the more I think that it would be delectable to have her and fuck her!”

“If that was *all* I wanted you to do, then it would be all too easy!” laughed Ysabel. “What I want you to do is to tutor her until she is nice and obedient, just like that wife of yours!”

“You don’t know what you’re asking, Ysabel. To start with, Janet and I met through her desperate need to be dominated. She is so very anxious to please, all I did was, to invert her fetish to my own needs.”

“Well. Are you saying that you’re not up to the challenge?”

“Will it change *our* casual fucks?” he asked.

“Of course not, Mike. In fact, I was thinking that with Matt at my beck and call and you having Ajlal like a puppy, that there may be more possibilities than you imagine!” “Now I’m convinced that you are a true bitch ice-princess. But, tell me two things, Ysabel.”

“Mm.”

“First what do *you* get when I play games with Ajlal and secondly how can you call this a challenge if there is not a bet or a stake to lose?”

Ysabel smiled. Mike should not be underestimated. He was not as crafty as herself, of course, but he was a force to be reckoned with. He would be sure to play games of his own, and there was still the matter of Matt and Mike. That had still to be arranged.

One thing at a time, she thought.

“Simple,” said Ysabel. “First I need to pull Matt to the point where he is so desperate that he will do anything for me. I already know a few things about his past that help and what’s more I have

Part Two

him under my thumb as his boss. What I need is for him to understand that he has to do whatever I want. Then I can apply even more pressure. I am going to feminize the poor little innocent.”

Ysabel drew breath and then continued. Mike’s reaction seemed to be a simple curiosity rather than shock.

“As for a bet, well let’s sweeten the pot with a prize for the winner. How about the loser belongs to the winner for a day?”

“You mean *belongs*,” said Mike with a smirk. “As in does *anything* to order?”

“Of course!”

“I think that you do not know what you are saying,” he laughed. “OK then, I’ll go for that! I suggest that the one who first manages to get Matt or Ajlal model for some kinky photos is the winner!”

“Good, I like that. But they have to be explicit!”

“Of course. *Everything* exposed like serious porn,” laughed Mike.

Ysabel started to laugh with him and one or two of the nearby workers in the office looked around and wondered what the joke was, that could make the ice queen laugh so loud and long.

Part Two

Thwarting

“Matt, do try the rare pepper steak, it’s done Florentine style in melt-in-the-mouth slices,” said Ysabel.

Matt acknowledged her advice with a small nod of the head and carefully re-read the menu. Ysabel was always taking him to fancy restaurants where the menu was a baffling mixture of foreign words and complicated dishes.

In the end he decided, “I’ll take your advice and go for that steak, with chips and a few veget...”

Ysabel nodded her encouragement, “We can’t order until the other two are here,” she said.

“You’ve invited someone else?” asked Matt with a small twist of the mouth. “I thought...”

“Just another couple, you know. A couple of friends. Mike and Ajlal from the office.”

“Oh right...”

Matt remembered the last time the he had seen Ajlal, he had been looking up waiting for the signal that he no longer had to kiss the soles of her shoes while she apologized to Ysabel!

A shiver ran down his spine because he knew that Ysabel would take it so badly if she knew what he had done. Even if Ajlal *had* blackmailed him into it. He felt his cock start to get rigid and moved a little on the chair to ease the pressure.

“You don’t mind, do you? I thought that they could come back to my place with us and have a few drinks, then afterwards... Mike’s an old friend of mine,” she said. Matt had heard all of the rumors that Ysabel and Mike had had an affair after he had got married and wondered at the truth of it. He watched Ysabel from the corner of his eye and could not help admiring her. She pouted as she flicked through the menu and ran a sharp nail down the selection as she considered her choice.

“Hi there!”

Ajlal and Mike sat at the table and Ysabel nodded in greeting.

“Found it OK, then?” asked Ysabel. “This place is a bit of an open secret really!”

The evening slid by.

Matt was quiet and felt as though the conversation was above his head. Ysabel drank a few glasses of wine and was at center stage with Mike giving her all the prompts that she needed to dominate the evening. Ajlal sat quiet and took all of her cues from Mike and Ysabel while Mike laughed and joked and diverted the conversation to sex at every opportunity.

Part Two

“We should have a drink or two before we head for home,” said Mike.

“Where do you suggest?” asked Ysabel.

“How about that new place just around the corner?” asked Ajlal.

“Why not?”

Matt found himself being led by the hand while Mike and Ajlal walked in front. All he could see was Ajlal’s long legs, the gorgeous coffee toned skin and the almost blue-black locks that curled half way down her back.

“You fancy her, don’t you?” said Ysabel.

“Ajlal? Well, she’s good looking...”

Matt tried to deflect the question. Already he had sensed that Ysabel was very sensitive and he wondered why she had even invited Ajlal if she was so jealous.

“So, is she more attractive than me?”

There it was! The question that he knew was coming in one form or another.

“Er, no, well she is almost as pretty as you!”

“Pretty? I’ll tell you again, pretty is what little girls and picturesque views are...”

“Beautiful?”

“That’s better! It’s just that I am a little jealous and I know it. I just can never get the thought out of my head that you might just stray!” said Ysabel seriously. “It’s a sort of an anxiety of mine. A phobia if you like.”

“I would never cheat on you!”

“I’m not so sure, Matt. I’ve already caught you once...”

“That was not cheating. Well, not really.”

“What was it then?”

“I’m not sure, but it was not cheating!”

Ysabel laughed and then said, “Well I think that it was and I’ve decided that you need to prove to me that you are mine and will not stray.”

“How?” he asked as Ysabel and Matt followed Mike and Ajlal into a small darkly lit bar. “Oh,

Part Two

I'll think of something!"

The bar was empty, soft music played in the background as they took their places on the high stools. Mike and Ajlal faced each other and had a discussion in low voices while Ysabel ordered drinks for them all.

"I have decided," said Ysabel after a short pause.

"What?" asked Matt.

"How I can be absolutely sure that you are not being a naughty boy," laughed Ysabel. "Of course, I don't mind if you think naughty thoughts or even if you wank a little over some porn, but I won't allow you to meet with anyone else when I am not there!"

Matt was a little shocked. Somehow, the word 'wank' did not belong on Ysabel's lips. The alcohol was taking its toll and Matt was feeling a little woozy. His lust was undiminished, though, and he put a hand on a stockinged knee and looked at her breasts as she spoke.

"No, I've decided that I have to be strict with you, Matt! No woman *except* me!"

"Of course not! There's no way..."

"On second thoughts, I'm not even sure that I want you thinking about them at all," she continued. "We have to be fully committed!"

"I have never cheated on a girlfriend..." said Matt defensively.

"Girlfriend? You make it seem like a school-boy romance!"

"Er, lover then!" answered Matt.

"Yes, you have, when you kissed Ajlal's shoes!"

"That wasn't cheating it was just a reaction to..." Suddenly he realized that he was painting himself into a corner.

"To what? Matt, a reaction to what?"

"I don't know," he muttered.

"Tomorrow, I'll pop round to your place and tell you how it's going to be," said Ysabel. "I've committed myself to you and you have to show a little recognition on your part that we are a couple and you owe me your job because I saved it for you!"

Two thoughts occurred to Matt, but he sat on both of them and just hung his head. The first was that she had already stated that she would never fuck him in his flat, the second was that

Part Two

somehow the night had passed through his fingers. Again!

“I think that you need to think about what I’ve said and we’ll speak about it tomorrow after work. I feel quite upset now; I think that I want you to call a taxi for me!”

‘Not us, me!’ thought Matt.

Matt ordered the taxi and waited with Ysabel outside. When it finally came, they had scarcely said another word to each other. Matt was in a state of contrition, but had no idea what to say, or even why Ysabel was so upset. Ysabel just stared down the street and started at every set of car lights that turned the corner as if she had not the patience to wait for her taxi.

When the car roared off bearing Ysabel home, Matt looked at the bar and decided not to go in and say his goodbyes to the other two. He just girded his loins and set out for home on foot. Another taxi fare on top of what he had already spent this evening would be just too much.

Inside the bar, Mike led Ajlal to a conversation about former lovers. A day ago, he had spoken to Ysabel about Ajlal and she had told Mike about the boyfriend who loved to be tied up before Ajlal and he made love. When he had heard the story, he had immediately realized that Ysabel had imagined that she had tricked him and that Ajlal was dominant. After consideration he decided that it was actually in his favor. After all, if Ajlal had played the game, then she was ready for more. The question was... how to get her to be the submissive partner and nothing else.

Mike managed to coax the story from her so that he would not make the mistake of allowing Ajlal to know that Ysabel had told him. Ysabel and Matt were gone and Ajlal was just a little drunk.

“So, why did you finish with him?” asked Mike.

“He was a bore! First of all, he was telling me what to do to him and that spoiled all the fun. Secondly once he was all tied up the possibilities seemed so limited!”

Mike laughed and took a sip of his drink.

“Well, you’ll never tie me up,” he said. “I prefer it the other way if anything!”

“What about your wife?” asked Ajlal in order to swing the conversation and make him give up this line in embarrassment? “What does she like?”

“She’s the same as me,” he answered ambiguously.

“What? She’s the dominant one?”

“Don’t be silly, Ajlal. She likes being made to serve. She always says that being tightly bound

Part Two

before sex makes her so helpless that all her orgasms are doubled!”

Ajlal realized that her attempt to swing the conversation had failed and just answered, “Oh.”

“Anyway, we’re not an item. We’re just here to do a favor for Ysabel,” said Mike. “I’m already having a little affair with her, I have my wife as well to look after as well as other things, so you don’t have to worry, you’re not in danger!”

Ajlal felt slighted. He was saying that he was not attracted to her and that was a misdemeanor in her eyes. In her inebriated logic she started to think along another track. Ysabel thought that she was playing some sort of game with Matt, Mike and Ajlal. What if Ajlal spoiled it all and threw Ysabel the curve ball? Ysabel would never believe that Ajlal would steal Mike from her, would she? That would put a spoke in her wheel.

“How about tomorrow night?” asked Ajlal.

“Do you mean that?”

“Of course!”

It had just slipped out but there was no way that she could unsay it.

“Come around to my place,” he said.

“Your wife?”

“Don’t worry about that!”

“OK, around eight?”

“Fine, bring a toothbrush.”

‘That’s it! I did it, I asked him out... in fact I offered a lot more!’ thought Ajlal.

She tried to analyse her feelings, but there was just satisfaction and the warm feeling of the wine.

“It would be much more fitting if we fucked now!” he said.

“What? This evening?”

“OK, let’s leave it until tomorrow. If you don’t turn up then I’ll know that you don’t fancy a zipless fuck. Bear in mind that if you do, you’ll learn a thing or two.” He finished his glass and then continued. “So, we’re both a bit drunk,” he said. “I think that it’s about time that we left. After all, our Ysabel-given mission is over and it’s pretty late.”

Part Two

“Yeah,” answered Ajlal. “You’re right. Let’s get off home.”

“See you tomorrow.”

Part Two

Deceiving

“Sorry I didn’t say goodbye last night,” said Ysabel. “It’s just that I had Matt where I wanted him and I didn’t want risk changing the mood.”

“Oh, that’s OK,” answered Ajlal. “As long as you did what you set out to do.”

There was a moment’s silence and then Ysabel asked, “So, what happened after we left? Did Matt re-join the party?”

“No. He went with you, I thought!”

“He must have walked home to save the taxi fare,” laughed Ysabel.

“Really?”

“He hasn’t got two pennies to rub together, actually. Well not since his drop in pay!”

“Look at him,” said Ajlal.

The two women looked at Matt, who wandered around the office filling the printers and giggled.

“So, what did Mike say to you? Did he try to make a pass?”

“Oh, just this and that. He made a pass, but we went our separate ways just a minute or so after you had left and we were sure that Matt was gone.”

“Good... Tonight’s the night, of course,” said Ysabel.

“Why?”

“Because this is the moment when I assert myself and start to bend him double!”

“What’s the plan? A whip in your hand and fetters around his ankles?”

“That’s so not me,” laughed Ysabel. “No, tonight I will chain him in another way. If it works out, I’ll let you know!”

“Well, good luck anyway.”

“So, what happened after Matt and I left?”

“I’ll tell you if you like, but you’re going to have to hurry up!” said Mike with a small grin.

“Ajlal is a softer touch than you seem to think!”

Part Two

“Don’t keep me in suspense, Mike. You know that I don’t have much patience for it.”

Mike rolled over, flicked her nipple gently and then cupped her breast with his hand.

“We went back to her place and had a snifter of cognac, actually. No sex, just a little nightcap.”

“Well, that’s further than I thought that you’d get,” said Ysabel.

“We’re meeting again tonight!”

“Aha, that’s a move forward. Did you tell her that we are not fucking anymore?”

“Of course, I did.”

“Naughty boy. Of course, you won’t win our little bet,” said Ysabel as her hand quested through the sheets for his stiffening prick. “Especially if you tire yourself out on the afternoon with me and then try to impress her with your virility!”

“I have my ways,” laughed Mike as he rolled her on top of him. “I’ll fuck you both and then we’ll see.”

“You’ll be mine when I win!”

“If I fuck her, then we’ll take a break,” said Mike. “Life’s too complicated, what with you, Ajlal, Pat and my wife! You’ll be busy anyway.”

Mike thrust his hips a little and heard Ysabel gasp as his huge cock entered her while he held her tight with both hands. What he hadn’t told Ysabel was that the meeting was at his house, because if she knew that she would really start to worry and start to speed up with her side of the bet.

It would be so sweet when he showed her the photos that he was planning!

He allowed her to settle, impaling her on his shaft and then laid back with the sweet thought that soon he would have two women and a man serving his every perverted need. A pallid wife who loved to be so severely punished, a delicious Asian girl who would be the cunt that was forever wet for him and Pat, the male lover who loved to be fucked at every opportunity.

Part Three

Feminizing

Ysabel sat on the edge of the bed and crossed her legs. Her right leg hooked over her knee and her stiletto came loose to dangle from the point of her toes. She watched his eyes and laughed inside. The poor boy was mesmerized by the swinging shoe as it oscillated.

“Matt,” she said in a definite tone that brooked no argument. “You cannot deny that you fancy Ajlal, otherwise you would not have had a hard-on while you kissed her shoe.”

It was something that she had not seen, but it added an edge to her words and anyway she knew that it was true.

“We both work in the same office and I cannot have people saying that my boy-friend is cheating on me to my face every time that you even look at her.”

“That’s not how it was,” whined Matt. “I would never dare cheat on you!”

“But, you did!”

Matt watched the dangling shoe for a moment before raising his eyes to meet hers. Ysabel loved the way that he had said ‘dare’. It meant that this relationship was off the correct start.

“Please, Ysabel. I didn’t cheat on you. Ajlal is good looking, I’ll grant you that, but it was just an impulsive kiss, nothing more.”

“Well, I don’t believe you. In fact, I’m not sure that I can trust you with her!”

“Ysabel, please. Can’t we just forget this and I’ll promise to keep my eyes of any other girl, especially Ajlal.”

“That’s the idea, but I have my doubts. You lied to the company on your CV and that shows that you can’t be trusted. I need to be sure.”

Matt cocked his head to one side. He had never been in an argument like this with a girlfriend before. What was more, Ysabel was sharper than him and had an answer for every one of his comments and pleadings. He stayed silent, it seemed a better idea than making some promise or else making a terrible mistake. One word out of place and she would explode, better to take the fifth!

“Good,” she said in a low voice. “What you are going to do is to wear something for me that will make sure that you cannot play around with other woman. Something that you will always wear while we are going together. Something that will constantly remind you that you are mine!”

Matt looked puzzled. Was she going to get him to wear a wedding ring? That seemed rather unlikely!

Part Three

Ysabel reached for her handbag and pulled a flimsy piece of cloth from its deep recesses.

“These,” she said with a small smile. “If you wear them for me then it proves that you have not strayed and that you are devoted to me. What’s more, I shall be checking up on you every now and again to make sure that you are wearing them.”

She held the lacy knickers towards him hanging on the tip of a finger.

He reached and took them and used two hands to open them up.

“You want me to wear your knickers, Ysabel?” he asked.

“They are not mine. They are yours! I bought them especially for you. I have seven pairs, one for each day of the week, each a different color. I want you to wear the right color for the right day of the week!”

He saw in her eyes that this was not a joke. She meant it and the choice was his!

“OK,” he whispered. “I’ll do it for you.”

“Of course, you will. I knew that you would. For me. There’s something else as well,” she said. “I want all your pants so that you are not tempted to cheat on this arrangement. I’ll take them with me and give them back when I feel that I can trust you.”

Matt fetched his pants and put them in a carrier bag. He passed the bag to the overpowering woman who still had a stiletto swinging on her toes.

“Very good. We’ll get along just fine. In fact, I have decided that you can have a reward as soon as you put them on. The pink ones are for Thursdays. If you look at the labels you will find that each pair is marked with a day of the week.”

Matt slowly pulled down his trousers and slipped them off. What would the reward be? Would she suck him off? Was she going to allow a fuck? He felt his cock rise to the occasion and hoped so much that he would be allowed to fuck her.

Ysabel watched as his pants came down and she felt an amused moment when she saw the four-inch hard-on that he hoped so longed to push into her pussy. His little balls hung loose and swung while the cocklet twitched. For a moment she thought of using her shoe on it, but she decided that it was a little early to risk pushing him too far. Matt would make a perfect little slut for her, feminized and endlessly needy.

“Come here,” she ordered.

Matt stepped forward and Ysabel enveloped the hard cock with her hand. It felt warm to her touch, quite firm and the way that Matt twitched when she first made contact very sensitive.

Part Three

‘Good, it will be nice and fast,’ she thought, as she squeezed.

Matt gasped and thrust a little into her hand.

“Mm, I like that,” said Ysabel in a whisper. “Thrust a bit more for me, this is nice!”

His hips moved as he pushed and withdrew while her fingers wrapped around his prick and then gripped him hard.

“Come on Matt, show me that you can cum for me!” she said.

It was getting difficult not to laugh aloud at his clenched face and the pumping of his thighs.

He pushed harder and faster and she felt a slight oily wetness in her palm and knew that he was so very close. His balls moved a little, something in his thrusting told her that Matt had reached the point of no return and she took her hand away to watch him spill his milk for her with a moan. Not a drop spouted past a few inches of the end of his cock, it just splashed to the floor with a final thrust.

“See, if you just compromise a little then we are all good,” she said.

Matt opened his eyes and looked down at her.

“Right, you’ve had your fun, put on the knickers that I gave you and I have to go,” said Ysabel as she pushed the carrier bag full of his pants into her large handbag.

The pink knickers were pulled up to his waist. A small damp spot spread at the gusset.

“Very good, Matt. I’ll check up on you, but I give you permission to have a little wank when you need it. As long as you are wearing your frillies and think of me when you do!”

“I promise,” he said.

Matt was till dizzy from the hand job that she had given him.

‘Why had she pulled back at the last moment?’ he wondered to himself.

He decided that she wanted to watch him cum... that must be the reason, the only one that made sense.

“I have to go, just make sure that you put red on tomorrow. I’ll be checking up on you!” said Ysabel with a wink.

“Can’t we go somewhere?” asked Matt.

“I’m sorry, I have to go, it’s quite important. I’ll see you at the office tomorrow.”

Part Three

Ajlal knocked on the door and waited.

She already thought that she knew that she really did not really fancy Mike. He was just too dominating and cock-sure. It was just that Ajlal had an idea that this would show Ysabel that she was not prepared to just passively play along with her little games. It would be fun to get Ysabel jealous of her when she took Mike from her. Then all she would be left with was that idiot Matt! That would teach Ysabel! This was such fun, so why was she standing here with her heart beating like a hammer and a nervous sweat starting between her thighs?

The door opened and a rather wan woman stood with an unemotional face.

“You must be Ajlal,” said the woman as she opened the door wide.

Ajlal was shocked, she had assumed that Janet, Mike’s wife, would be away or some such. How could he invite his lover round with his wife present? Ajlal stepped through the door and it closed behind her.

The house was done in a modern style, all chrome and leather, minimalism taken to an almost extreme level. Janet led Ajlal to the lounge where Mike sat watching football on the huge TV.

“Er, hi,” said Ajlal looking at Janet as she did so.

“Oh, is it that time already?” said Mike. “Janet, you were going out, I thought?”

“Yes,” said Janet, in a flat voice. “I’ll be back later.”

“Off you run along then,” said Mike with a smile.

Janet made a small movement that could have been taken as a curtsy to her husband and Ajlal and then left the room, closing the door behind her.

Mike reached for a bottle of cognac from the glass table by the wall and said, “Fancy a little sip?”

Ajlal was non-plussed. Mike had just dismissed his wife so that he could spend an evening with another woman! She looked around as though she expected the door to open again, but it stayed shut and Mike was suddenly there, pushing a bulb-glass into her hand.

“Don’t worry about her; she doesn’t mind at all. In fact, I sometimes think that she is glad that I expend all my energy on other women!”

“I’m sorry,” said Ajlal. “I don’t think that I can do this.”

“What, after seeing Janet?” he smiled. “It’s just a bit of fun and after all, you wanted it enough

Part Three

last night, I told you to not come here if you changed your mind. I would not want you to regret coming.”

Ajlal missed the double meaning, but she had come too far to back off.

This morning she had been sure that she would not turn up at Mike's. At work where he had smiled and winked at her, she had been surer still. Then she had arrived home and put on a movie. But it gnawed at her mind, the thought that she was just a stooge for Ysabel, it nibbled at her resolve and sometime around seven she managed to convince herself that she would give it a try!

She took the glass from his hand and waited to see what would happen next.

“Come upstairs and I'll show you,” he said.

Ajlal followed Mike and felt a tension resolve itself and another begin. The one that ended was the anxiety of fucking Mike. The one that started was the apprehension of anticipation. That was the way that she had convinced herself. Just a one-night stand, just a zipless fuck, just a bit of fun, that's all it was. In the morning she would still be single!

She had forgotten all about Janet!

The bedroom was huge and white. The bed, the wardrobes, in fact every bit of furniture was white. Even the pictures on the wall were textured white-on-white paintings where the subject merged with the background in subtle shadows.

Mike turned and took her shoulders and she felt a surge of need flush through her as he slowly undressed her. Mike was like a connoisseur with a fine bottle of wine. His hands were gentle and soft, slow and tender as he stripped her. Even stockings, suspenders, bra and shoes were slowly removed to leave Ajlal standing naked with a shiver running across her skin.

“So! Vanilla? Or just a *little* kinky?” he asked.

She smiled and thought that she knew what *she* thought that Ysabel saw in Mike.

“Just a bit...”

Part Three

Gossiping

“He is wearing them now?”

Ajlal looked over at Matt as she stood discussing something with Ysabel.

“I should hope so. In fact, I will have to check up on him at some point today, so I can make sure that he has the red ones on.”

“Can I be there?”

“Of course not! It would ruin the logic of the whole thing. That will come later, I think. Perhaps in a month. I will ‘be away’ and then get you to check that he is wearing them while I am not here.”

Ajlal pulled a face.

“What do I do next?” asked Ajlal.

“That’s the question. There’s something special that I have to ask you to do... or rather not to do.”

“What’s that?”

“Don’t be tempted by Mike,” said Ysabel.

Ysabel was not playing fair; winning her little bet was too important a chance to miss.

“Er, no way!” lied Ajlal. “Why not?”

There was a moment, just a small moment of sincere shock on Ajlal’s face and Ysabel suddenly realized that she was too late. Mike had already made his move. She wondered how it had gone and got a sudden terrible feeling that Mike would be showing her some photos of Ajlal in the next few days.

“So, why not?” asked Ajlal again.

“Oh, just that I’m still in there,” said Ysabel.

“Right, I’ll have to see,” laughed Ajlal. “He’s married anyway.”

Ysabel shrugged her shoulders as if the decision was of no consequence and wondered what had happened between Mike and Ajlal. She’d just have to ask him.

Part Three

“What was Ajlal like?” asked Ysabel with a small smile.

Mike and Ysabel were standing in the small office kitchen.

“You spoke to her of course? What did she say?”

“Nothing about any photos,” guessed Ysabel.

“Well, you’re OK so far, baby. It’ll take a while, I think. I tied her down a little and made her cum a few times and then we drank a few glasses. After that I fucked again her and sent her home.”

“You’ve never tied me down!”

“I probably never will, you’re much too un-tie-downable,” he laughed. “So, now that I’ve revealed all, tell me where you are on Matt?”

“He’s wearing my knickers, he’s going under and he’s too small to fuck. His cock is like a baby’s finger and no more. You know that I need really hard, giant cock. I just have to think about the next move.”

“You really are devious,” said Mike. “I reckon I have a good chance though to own you for the night.”

“Don’t forget the photos have to be explicit as well as kinky!”

“I’ll manage.”

“Too late, though, I hope” laughed Ysabel. “Shh, he’s coming.”

“In your lacy knickers, Ysabel,” whispered Mike, who had to hide his smile behind his hand as Matt walked in.

“You didn’t tell her about us?” said Ajlal to Mike.

Suddenly Mike realized that Ajlal did not realize the openness of his relationship with Ysabel and that there were no real secrets between them.

“Of course not.”

“Good.”

“Are we on for tonight?”

Part Three

“No, next week is the earliest that I can make it.”

“That’s fine... just tell me when!”

As Ajlal walked away, he smiled. If she had known that the white pearl chest of drawers in his bedroom held a special cargo, she would have run screaming from the bedroom, he decided. She was far from being ready for that moment of revelation!

It would take a few weeks.

After Ajlal had left, that evening when he had fucked her, he had finished his drink and then wandered upstairs to the bedroom. The room had been still redolent of the scent of pure sex, a sweet and soapy perfume, mostly Ajlal... He had pulled down one side of the box to reveal a crisscross of bars where Janet had locked herself as usual when he fucked his girlfriends. Self-locked into the fetters, with the huge gag in place, her vision had been filled by a small screen that showed every detail of the room outside. Every detail as he had fucked and made Ajlal scream with passion.

It was part of Janet’s need to be degraded and owned.

“Come with me,” said Ysabel to Matt with a small wave of her hand.

She led him into the meeting room and pinned him against the door with her weight.

“Have you been a good boy?”

“Of course,” he panted.

She slipped her hand into his waistband and felt the rough lace of the knickers. Then she tugged a little and looked down to see, to her satisfaction, that they were the red ones.

“Blue tomorrow,” she said in a matter-of-fact way. “Make sure that you hand-wash them!”

Under her fingertips, she felt a swelling as his prick became stiff.

“Not here,” she said.

“Please,” he begged.

“Ok, then just a little touch, but you have to promise that you’re not so greedy tonight!”

“Tonight?”

“Come round at eight.”

Part Three

Her hand slid past the lace and slowly massaged him.

“Are you cumming?” she asked. “You must *always* tell me. I love it that way!”

He stood a while, her hand stroked and pulled at him and Matt gasped and felt overwhelmed by the hand that played games with him.

“Come on, Matt!”

Her urging pulled him over the edge and he gasped as he climaxed. His cock spewed on her fingers before she could pull back.

“I told you,” she scolded.

“I’m sorry, it was too quick!”

“Well make sure that you tell me next time. Just do as I say and I will not punish you!”

As Ysabel pulled her hand from his cock, she wiped it on the knickers on the way out.

“Don’t forget. Eight O’clock.”

Ysabel was gone. She turned and left the room to leave Matt still gasping and supporting himself with one hand on the wall by the door.

Part Three

Preparing

Matt looked at himself in the mirror inside the wardrobe door.

Wearing only the red knickers he felt a strange rising excitement. Satin panels that pouched his cock with lace that extended a little down his thighs he felt that somehow Ysabel had a power over him even though she was not there. He turned a little and decided that the hair on his lower belly and thighs ruined what should have looked somehow sensual. In an hour he was due at Ysabel's door and he was desperate to please her.

One thing was sure, he would never dare meet another woman when he was wearing the knickers that his lover had chosen for him! He had thought briefly of buying some man's pants to wear when he was not likely to see her and have her check on him, but he knew that if he *was* caught, she would be so angry that he would regret it.

After all it was a small price to pay to have a woman like Ysabel...

He ran his hands over the satin and watched his erection rise and then fill the knickers and wondered what she would say if... He pondered and then decided that it would please her and there was nothing more that he wanted to do than please Ysabel.

At the end of his contemplation, he stripped off the knickers for his shower and decided that he would just remove a little of the hair that grew where the lace met skin. Just a little, not too much.

It would look better.

In the shower he hefted the razor and contemplated the water running over his skin. It smoothed the hair down and almost made it vanish. A little cut here, a smooth passage there and he carefully trimmed the hair from the crease between thigh and his balls. Then he shaved a wide line at the top of his thighs. The result made the bush of his pubic hair so prominent that he decided to thin it all down a little.

Half an hour later he stepped out of the shower and wondered how he had managed to overdo it so much. What had begun as a small trim had stripped all the body hair from his waist downwards! Smooth legs, smooth belly and his cock seemed so much larger with all of the hair trimmed away. His hand ran over the smooth skin and he felt a sense of exhilaration at what he had done. There was a little stubble, a flash of razor burn and a smooth expanse where once had been a scrub of manly hair.

He slipped on the bright red knickers again and imagined what she would say now. He was so sure that it would please her that she would reward him handsomely. Perhaps a blowjob, perhaps something more, his cock was desperate for release and thoughts of a slow, luxurious wank filled his mind.

He resisted the urge with difficulty knowing that she would know what he had done and it would

Part Three

cancel all of his credit for shaving himself so thoroughly. So, he dressed and dabbed a little cologne on his neck before he had a last look in the mirror.

On the surface, he decided, he was a man who was dating, but underneath and known only to him, he was a lover who was going to amaze his girl and reap the rewards... As he walked down the street, he felt that everybody whom he passed knew what he had done, even if in his conscious mind he knew that it was not true.

Part Three

Violating

“I wore red to match you,” said Ysabel.

She gave a small twirl to allow the hem of her short skirt to lift and reveal the pale flesh of her thighs between identical knickers to the one's that Matt wore and the fierce red of her stocking tops.

He admired her and could already feel the reaction starting. A breathless need, a fear of her all mixed with a craving to fuck her. Tonight, was the night!

“You look gorgeous,” he said in a low voice.

“I know, I thought it would be nice to make the perfect match,” she said with a laugh. “Would you like a drink or something to eat?”

Matt had hoped to sweep Ysabel into the bedroom with a manly arm and lay her on the bed, but instead he found himself replying to her, “A drink would be nice.”

The moment was lost and she poured two glasses of wine and sat down on the sofa with one glass in her hand. Matt sat and took up the other glass and realized that he had lost the initiative.

“I think that it's time to check up on you, Matt,” she said.

She fluttered her free hand and he realized that she wanted him to show her that he was following her requirements. Suddenly he had a fear that she would laugh when she saw what he had done with the razor and he hesitated.

“I hope that you are wearing them,” she said. “Red, of course, today is still red!”

He nodded dumbly and started to strip off. His hands shook as his shirt came off and then he dropped his trousers. A smile spread on her face and he was not sure that he was reassured. At last, he stood naked but for the knickers.

“That was very clever of you Matt,” she said. “I never thought of shaving you, it's a great idea. I think that you should leave it like that! So smooth and feminine for me.”

Her hand stretched out and she stroked the smooth skin on his thighs. His cock swelled, it tented the satin, but was not large enough to peep out. The fingertips wandered around his belly and then she asked him to turn.

“You should do the back as well,” she said. “Then it would be perfect.”

“It's difficult to reach,” mumbled Matt, as he felt her pull the knickers down at the back.

“I suppose so, but there's another thing, you need to clear it all away, your ass would look so

Part Three

good smooth and rounded and into the crack!”

“I’ll do my best,” he said.

From liking what he had done she had gone to critical, a feeling of frustration filled him. Why was she not happy with what he had done? Why did she have to complain when he had done his best?

Ysabel sensed his disappointment and decided that this was a moment to reward Matt a little, to raise him up before the profound fall.

“I love all that girly smooth skin, Matt,” she said as she turned him to face her again. “It’s inspired and I know that I’ll love it in bed. I’ll help you with the rest. It can be a little game that we play, when I show

you how to trim every hair from your body so that you are perfectly smooth for me.”

Matt smiled and looked down as she pulled the front of his knickers down to reveal his cock standing proud from a soft hairless groin.

“Look how smooth it is,” she said as her hand closed on his straining prick. “I love your naked balls; it makes them look so vulnerable! Just the way that they should be. Would you like a small reward for pleasing me now, or would you like to wait until I have finished the job that you have started and get just a little more?”

“Please...” he moaned as she pulled at him.

“As you like,” she said. “Let’s finish it off and then I will give you a little reward.”

She took his hand and led him to her bathroom.

“This is so much better than a razor,” she said as she pulled a small box from under the sink. “Waxing is so thorough and lasts for days so that you won’t have to do it so often.”

She pulled out a packet of wax strips and winked at Matt.

“I’ll just warm it up in the microwave and then we can start. Just wait a moment.”

Matt looked at the strips and the box while Ysabel was gone and felt a bit of trepidation. He knew that this would hurt... She returned after just a minute or two with a bowl and a cloth and started the waxing. Lathering on the wax and then adding the strips, she worked her way around his ass and the backs of his thighs with an efficiency that told of endless practice.

He thought that she was done and then suddenly felt the warm wax being smeared between the cheeks of his ass. The other strips had stung, but this would be terrible.

Part Three

Matt flinched. “Just this last one darling and then we’re done,” she laughed. “At least you already did your balls so half of it is done!”

“I’m not sure,” said Matt as he felt the strip being pushed in deep.

“It’s too late to say no!” she laughed.

She pulled down with a sharp strong tug and Matt felt a searing pain as every hair was pulled out by the roots. He yelped and then looked around to see her throwing the paper into a bag.

“Tell me how smooth it is,” she said as a finger ran down the crack of his ass and ended up at his balls. “It’s perfect! Now, on with the knickers.”

Her hand reached between his thighs from behind and slipped between his lacy knickers and thigh. The fingers cupped his balls and squeezed a little before stroking his cock.

“Is this what you want?”

Matt desperately wanted to turn around and present his straining cock for her lips, but he dared not presume. The hand grasped him and then another started to push into the crack of his ass.

“I love the smoothness,” she cooed as she slowly jerked him off while a fingernail pressed against his virgin ass. “It’s so feminine!”

Matt gasped in stimulation and thrust from her.

“Would you like me to finger fuck you?” she whispered.

He groaned in reply.

“Good, don’t worry, I’ll be gentle as I fuck you,” she said. “You can be my little virgin girl.”

The finger pressed against his resistance and then entered him. Matt felt his hips thrust and then she reached inside him. The feeling was extraordinary, a violation and a sensual pressure that just grew and grew.

“I’m going to make you cum for me,” she muttered.

Her hand left his cock and cupped his balls, but the finger that had entered him just pushed deeper until he felt a new sensation. A sensitivity that was a new experience to Matt. It was like Ysabel had found a switch and was slowly pressing it. Compulsion to cum faded as the hand on his balls left them, but the spot that she had found inside him goaded his body despite himself. It tickled, no it massaged and then he felt a strange release, and the pelvic thrusts that always came with climax.

This time they were overwhelming without the balance of orgasm. His cock twitched and cum

Part Three

dribbled into the satin of the knickers that she had ordered him to wear.

“Are you cumming for me?” whispered Ysabel. “You did not tell me.”

A smile that he could not see grew on her lips as she watched the red of the panties darken with wetness that spread until finally, she had milked him dry. Matt was so sensitive, she decided, so easy to milk without having to make him cum.

“Jesus,” exclaimed Matt. “What was that? What did you do to me?”

“Just a special little girly climax...”

Matt felt the finger retreat from his ass and Ysabel stood.

“One moment,” she said.

He watched her go to sink and wash her hands. He was drained; he had never felt as empty as at this moment. Tired, sleepy and disinclined for sex. His cock hung limp and flaccid, a burning sensation was in his ass where she had penetrated him and the burn of the waxing still throbbed in the background.

“Did you like it like that?” asked Ysabel.

Matt realized that there was only one possible answer.

“Perfect,” he lied.

She nodded and smiled.

“We’ll be doing it all the time then. It’s my turn now, Matt!”

Ysabel knew that he was at a sensual low, but this was just what Matt was going to have to learn for her. He would have to learn to service her needs even when he was not in the mood, even when he was not ready and especially when he was not at all horny. She wanted to be overindulged and that meant that he had to be drained of need for himself. It would not do if he was selfishly denying her satisfaction because he was greedy for himself.

It was all going to be for her!

Ysabel was standing before Matt, she reached out and pushed him over backwards onto the bed. Fully dressed, she slid onto the bed. To kneel with her thighs wide over the red satin of the damp knickers. From where Matt was lying, he looked up at the woman who wanted him to give her anything that she wanted. Her skirt parted to reveal a pussy that was naked and dripping with desire. He felt attracted, he felt a flicker of desire, but his milked cock lay flaccid and he knew that he would have to satisfy her lust with other means...

Part Three

He lifted his hands to undo her blouse, but her hands caught him by the wrists and guided them down by his thighs. Tucked under his body.

“No hands,” she said. “I need more.” Her hands slipped to his cock and played with it for a few moments. As she had anticipated, it did not respond.

“Darling, I so needed a fuck,” she said in a plaintive voice. “I really need it, but now what am I going to do when your darling little cock is all used up?”

She leaned over him and kissed his lips lightly.

“I’m so sorry,” he started, but she put her finger to her lips to silence him and licked her lips.

“Don’t be sorry, Matt, I’m sure that we’ll find a way.”

She rose from him and kneeled. For a moment she was by his side and then she was once more astride him. This time she was facing his feet and he could only see her back and her skirt as she settled and started to shuffle backwards.

“Let’s see what we can do,” she muttered.

Her hands played with Matt’s cock as she began a shuffle backward. For a moment the hem of her short skirt fluttered and Matt was in a warm darkness, breathing in the subtle odors and fragrances. He felt her hands play with him and he knew that if he just had ten minutes he would recover and be ready to fuck Ysabel.

Just ten minutes.

Her smooth ass slipped over him until he sensed that she had her pussy poised just over his lips. Now her scent was so powerful it was almost overwhelming, a musky sweet smell that filled his senses.

“Make me cum, darling,” he heard her say from that other world.

The world that was light, the world filled with other people and distractions had departed. Here, in his world, there was only one thing that was possible. That which Ysabel wished for, she was goddess here and filled every sense with her omnipresence.

Her thighs flexed, she leaned forward and lips met lips. The firm flesh of the goddess met the lips of the supplicant. Juices flowed from her and wetted his tongue to mingle and flow. Soft flesh, stiff with excitement, swelled into Matt’s mouth. It bore down on him as she shifted her weight and closed off his every contact with the outside world.

Strong thighs clenched and trapped his head. Cunt sealed his mouth and nose from breath and her hands closed over his wrists to hold him with her weight. He slipped his tongue into that matrix of swollen flesh and felt her start. He knew that she had gasped in pleasure her weight

Part Three

seemed to increase and she bore ever more heavily over him.

He moved his lips and tongue and felt a slight quiver. He could feel a pressure in his lungs as an urgent need to breathe filled him. Her hips swiveled and Ysabel ground down on him. Her breath rasped in her throat as she pushed down as hard as she could. She could feel herself being forced over every contour of his lips and face. She knew that he could not breathe and it added to the zest and the thrill.

Climax was just seconds away. All it needed was another small push.

Her hands left his wrists and came to rest as Ysabel lifted a little and shifted her hands to Matt's thighs. In that moment of movement, she heard his gasp for breath and then once again she sealed him into that world beneath her.

Her hands clenched and she drove her nails into his thighs and scratched.

Matt lurched under her. His thighs lifted, his face pushed harder and his tongue reached inside her cunt. Deep inside as Matt struggled under her weight. Ysabel rode him and took the climax with a cry that rang in her ears. She rotated her hips, she ground down, her nails bit and scratched, she rode him to a flight of orgasm that filled her mind with fancies as she imagined where this climax would lead.

Finally sated, for the moment, Ysabel lifted her ass and felt a shudder pass through her thighs as they stretched. She heard the rasp of his breath and then lifted the hem of her skirt to look down into his eyes.

"Matt, that was wonderful, you are so good with your tongue!"

All he could manage in reply was to gasp for breath and try to smile.

She dropped the hem of her dress and kneeled a little straighter. In the darkness under her he could see the rounded curve of her ass and he knew that he would do anything for a real fuck with this perfect woman.

Part Three

Turning

Mike leaned back and closed his eyes.

A pair of lips slipped over the head of his cock and then slowly ran the length of it to finish almost at the root. He could feel the enclosure of mouth and throat and sighed with satisfaction as a gentle hand massaged his balls while the mouth that had sucked him in pulsed and sent premonitions of climax.

It was true that his wife was a natural submissive who wanted nothing better than to be punished and forced to serve him, but the problem was that she needed so much attention before she came up to the high standard that he demanded from her!

His hands gripped the metal rods and he arched back and moaned. The mouth sucked and then slowly ran the length of his cock with slow smooth movements. He opened his eyes and looked down at the cage in which his wife knelt. Iron bars, sturdy locks and fittings that allowed any combination of fetters and punishment devices to be used, were fitted in the cage.

Janet loved it, she loved the service, but it was all becoming so very boring, he decided. The pleasure of taking her was less every time, the supremacy was becoming habitual.

Janet kneeled naked, but for the collar that chained her to a top corner of the cage. Both hands were cupped around his erection and balls while her mouth was wide in mock surprise as it slid and consumed him. She looked up and caught his eye as he watched himself disappear yet again into her throat. Then came the climax.

As she had been taught, she allowed him to slide from her mouth as he started to cum and then sipped the tip of his cock to savor every drop that splashed from the tip. Her hand shifted a little and stroked the hard prick to flush every drop from him. When she had finished, she licked her lips like a kitten. Mike ruffled her hair in reward and squatted to speak to her.

“Janet, that was so good that I’ve decided to compensate you a little.”

“Please, Mike, please fuck me... it’s been so long!”

“I know that it has,” he said with a small smile. “Not this time. I have to keep a little for Ysabel. She has demands that have to be met.”

“I don’t like her... she’s so attractive.”

“I know you don’t, pet. But I like fucking her, so that’s that.”

“Who was it two days ago?” she asked.

“Ajlal, she’s called. She’s a good fuck, but I want more.”

Part Three

“That’s why I love you,” whispered Janet in a voice cracked with emotion. “You always need more. Please Mike, I have so much to give.”

“I have decided that I want a nice little fresh slave to play with.”

His hand caresses her face and then suddenly closed on her neck with a grip that made Janet know a moment of fear.

“Please, Mike!” she gasped as his grip tightened and made her light headed.

“I have decided that you are no longer good enough for me,” he rasped. “I don’t care for *your* love. I don’t care about the arrangements that we made and especially I don’t care about your needs anymore. I have decided that I am going to have Ajlal for my own and you are going to be downgraded.”

“Please Mike, please don’t do this... this was not what I agreed to.”

“How can I permit a slut like you agree to anything? I own you, but I’m bored with you Janet, that’s the truth! You take too much of my attention. Ysabel, Ajlal, Patrick and you... You can guess who’s going to be suffering!”

“Mike, I have given you everything, please, I love you so much.”

His hand relaxed a little and then he tossed a hood into the cage.

“I’m bored with all this play acting. Put the mask on, bitch. I don’t want to see your face anymore. It’s time for you to move down to the next level.”

“Mike!”

“Put it on, bitch. I have decided that I don’t want to be reminded that you are a person, so from now on you will be faceless in my presence. I don’t want to hear any more arguments from you. You’re going to get what you always wanted, bitch!”

“What’s that?” she asked tearfully.

“To be nothing but a fuck-puppet of course... now on with the mask!”

She looked up at him and realized that something fundamental had changed between them for some reason. Something had been broken.

She had been the slave, the cuckolded bitch, the amusement and the sexual plaything. A role that she loved as long as she was the center of Mike’s life. She was the bitch who allowed her husband to fuck others, to fuck men, to play the field as he liked. Janet was the wife-toy for a husband who knew how to manipulate her complete addiction to climaxing. He knew how to make her orgasm and scream to be punished for all of that pleasure. Yet, there had always been

Part Three

full consent, limits and an understanding of what the other partner would or would not do.

There had always been a level of trust, a bridge of understanding. Something in him had snapped! Janet would have to claim him back.

The cage was solid, the bars were half inch steel. The locks were real, it put her in his power. Right now, there was nothing to do but obey.

She pulled on the hood and carefully zipped the back. The stiff rubber stretched over her face and eyes and then a buckle closed the neck collar. It was only the second time that he had ever used the mask. The first time he had realized her panic and released her. Janet's breath sounded like a breeze from the tiny nostril holes and the darkness was utter.

She felt him take her wrists and clip the fetters to the corners of her cage. It stretched her arms wide from corner to corner. The clicks told her that the clasps were fast in place. Only now he opened the cage and fettered her ankles.

This had happened a thousand times before, but somehow, this time it was different. There was no affection in the way that he handled her. Until now he had always ensured that she was comfortable for her 'punishment'. Now, her ankles were pulled so that she squatted ungainly on her so-high heels. Her legs and knees wide, her arms outstretched, her pussy open and vulnerable.

Mike laughed and then slipped a dildo into that gaping hole.

"Move a little and you can fuck," he laughed. "Show me!"

Janet did not move.

Mike slapped her breasts hard and said, "Fuck the rubber cock, bitch!"

Janet wept as she slid up and down the dildo for the man who had suddenly turned on her. Bondage and submission had never been just a game, but now it was so very real. A knot in her stomach clenched and she knew that the preconditions of their strange balance had tipped away from her.

"Good, now wait for me. I am going to join the game and take what I want from all of you. I am sick of all the manipulative women who think that they can rule my life. You think that I will be the gentleman owner forever and that you can always squeeze endless orgasms from my cock. Ajlal thinks that she can play me like a fish on a line for her friend. Ysabel she is the worst, that Ysabel. She thinks that just because I am bisexual, just because I like to play games of pain and pleasure, that she can manipulate me like a puppet! Well, we'll see who puts who on a leash and makes them perform!"

Part Three

Wanking

Matt sat on the edge of his bed and wondered at the change in him that Ysabel had wrought. His hands rested on his smooth thighs and then edged a little to the lacy tops of the stockings that tempted him to sense the way the rough bordered the smooth. An erection began, it thrust into the satin of his knickers and lifted as he watched. All four inches thrust and failed to escape the feminine prison that decorated his groin. He felt a heady sensation that just had to be appeased.

A sudden thought came to him and he almost laughed out loud. He was complete, a man and a woman in the same skin. Never had he felt any urge to dress as a woman before, but Ysabel had made it conventional and acceptable, even enjoyable. As long as he had her permission everything was allowed, everything.

Never before had he met a woman like Ysabel.

His hands slid up and teased his rigid cock and he knew that he could not resist the urge that was filling his thoughts. Through the satin he felt the touch and Matt could not resist that need.

He gasped and then stroked himself ever so gently to make it last.

The touch brought him to near peak and it took an incredible force of will to slow himself as he looked down and looked at the female with a cock that was bringing him so close to climax.

He was that woman! Matt was both partners in his erotic daydream.

The smooth panels of the knickers under his fingertips, the pale soft skin, the hard cock that waited desperately for attention, the lace and satin of the knickers. It was all him, it was all Matt.

He risked another touch, saw the tip of his cock peeping from the blue lace and risked touching it gently. His mind concentrated on his legs, his eyes rested on calves and ankles and a sudden query came to rest in his day-dream of suggestive thought.

What if he surprised Ysabel by going further than even, she imagined? What if the next time he wore not just her knickers, but turned up in stockings, suspenders and knickers to profit from her approval?

Just shaving for her had led to him servicing her hungry cunt; perhaps she would allow him to fuck her if he pleased her like that? The thought drew his hand back to the tip of his cock and he felt the quiver and clench in his body that allowed no turning back.

His hand drew back a little, he tried so hard to slow himself, but there was no stopping what had begun. A tremor took him and a trickle of cum oozed from his cock as he watched. It dribbled from the eyelet and stained the blue of the satin while his hands hovered and found that they would not do as he willed them.

The climax was ruined, Matt had waited too long, but there was something so right about it, he

Part Three

decided. It was so wrong to do more when he *had* to save himself for Ysabel. She would not mind him satisfying his urge, but he was sure that she would disapprove if he came in a rush while he was filling his mind with thoughts of her.

It would be better still if he was chaste for her, he thought, but he could not help himself, he just had to ease the strain and need.

His eyes ran the length of his legs and he decided that they were actually quite shapely, all he was missing was a pair of shoes that would match. He started to dismiss the tantalizing notion as impractical. After all, how could he go to her apartment dressed in high heels? It would look ridiculous! He saw himself arriving at the door of her apartment. He imagined that he kicked off his shoes and then slipped on a pair of heels. They would go fine with jeans over the stockings that he would get and she would be so amazed that he had dared to be so eager.

Ysabel had told him to be at her door tomorrow night.

Was it enough time to prepare?

Of course, it was.

Part Three

Preparing

Ajlal looked at Mike from the corner of her eye. Just a few nights ago they had fucked and yet he showed no sign of the encounter! He did not wink or make any comments, he just did what he always did and stalked around the office as he always did.

Her hands fingered the slip of paper that he had passed her, toying with the idea of unfolding it and reading the note. Was it an assignation, an invitation, a rejection or a dismissal?

Sex with him that evening had been a revelation, masterful and strong, he had fucked her while holding her down with his strength. There had been no games this time, no whispered words of affection, just a capitulation on her part as she had been the hole that had satisfied his huge cock. And, while he had fucked her and brought her to shuddering climax his wife had known that her husband was fucking a lover.

Ajlal looked at her hands and slowly opened the note.

'See you at ten at my door.' ...was all the note said.

Ajlal looked up to see if anyone was watching. Everything was normal. Mike stood chatting at Ysabel's office door with a secretary.

Matt wandered around distributing the post and Ysabel was engrossed in a folder as she stood by the window.

Only Ajlal was consumed with the secret.

She had a pressing intuition that what she was doing was depraved and she dismissed it with a small shrug. Fucking Mike, a married man, a man who was not at all the type of man that it was wise to dally with, but the urge was too much to resist. She had to be fucked again!

Mike cast a small look at her and saw that she had opened the note. He smiled and then turned back to the woman that he was talking to with no sign. It was as if he knew that she would be there. He needed no signal, no acknowledgement from her.

She would be there for his use.

The appointment took on a momentum all of its own. Ajlal primped and preened herself as if it were a first date and spent an hour trying to decide what look would be right for the evening.

Three dresses draped, discarded on the bed. Five pairs of stilettos lay cast off on the sheepskin rug as Ajlal tried to decide what her lover would like her to be for him. Lady? Youthful temptress, demure and timid virgin or mature lover? All were possible, all were discarded until at last she decided that she just had to decide! In just an hour she had to be there at his door ready

Part Three

to be used by him, so she had to resolve her conundrum and pick her poison.

Finally, she sat at her dresser and swept away all the make-up that she had chosen with a brush of her hand. Leaning down, Ajlal opened the bottom drawer and took out a wooden box where she kept all of the cosmetics that she had last used when she was in her twenties.

If she felt like it was a first date, then it was right that she dressed herself that way!

It took just ten minutes for the transformation.

Pink rouge face that merged with her dark complexion, bee-stung lips in pink with dark lines edging, lashes an inch long with bright pink eyelids. The look was that of a temptress, a wax doll marionette. All that remained was to dress the dolly and go to the man that wanted to play with her.

Ajlal knocked on the door and found that she was holding her breath. Her heart was beating almost loud enough to hear in her head. She looked down at the short pink dress that peeped through the open front of her coat and bent to adjust the seams in her stockings a last time. There was something so electrifying about knowing that this meeting was only about sex. No groundwork, no euphemistic negotiation, this was all about raw sex.

The door opened and Ajlal saw Janet welcoming her in to fuck her husband.

For a moment, on the brink, Ajlal hesitated and then she stepped into her lover's home past the wife who could offer nothing to compare with the gorgeous Asian woman who had been tempted into peril. Her face was covered by a tight mask and a bright red ball filled her wide mouth.

Janet curtsied in her revealing pink dress and closed the door behind Ajlal. It was a surreal moment as she took the coat shrugged from bare shoulders and hung it carefully behind the door. The mask was impassive, voiceless. Only tear-filled eyes broke the latex. Thin chains ran from Janet's anklets to wrists, bare white legs were topped by pink lace that barely covered her sex and her breasts were exposed to reveal a multitude of tiny rings that circled her nipples from which hung small bells on golden chains.

Ajlal gaped at the wife that she was supplanting and wondered what kind of woman would submit to being so humbled by the woman who came to fuck her husband. Was this her in a month's time?

"Come on in!"

It was Mike's voice.

When Ajlal looked from wife to husband she knew that she should not be here, but that it was too late to withdraw from something that was beyond her comprehension. "Come on in," he

Part Three

repeated.

This time his voice had a small edge that made it seem like an order. The look that he gave Ajlal seemed to be a mixture of satisfaction and disdain. As though she had met his expectations and yet he despised her for doing so.

Ajlal walked past him. The metal tips of her heels clicked on the marble of the floor.

“Drink?” he asked.

“Please,” answered Ajlal.

“Whiskey on ice for me and a Gin and lime for Ajlal,” he said without waiting for Ajlal to decide what it was that she wanted to have.

The moment was like a waking dream. Janet walked to the cabinet and prepared the drinks. As she bent for the green bottle, Ajlal saw that she was wearing nothing under that undersized dress. The smooth pale skin of her ass showed three thin lines of purple where a cane had kissed flesh with less than tenderness.

Janet turned with the drinks in her hands and presented them.

“Go to my room,” said Mike as he raised his glass in a toast.

Ajlal almost shuddered at the sight of the enslaved maid-wife as she left the room. Janet’s steps were small, the delicate chains on wrists and ankles tinkled and then the door closed behind her.

“Your wife...” started Ajlal not really knowing how she would end the sentence.

“...Does as she is told,” said Mike as he finished for her. “It is the agreement that we have. She pleases me and I own her.”

The glasses clinked together and they both took a sip.

“I believe that honesty is the best appetizer,” he laughed as Ajlal raised an eyebrow. “If we do not tell each other what arouses us how can we ever be satisfied. How can we ever get what we want? It’s all about utter honesty.”

“I agree, but seeing it like this makes me wonder if it good for me to be here,” muttered Ajlal. “I mean it’s all very well telling you what I want, but does that mean that I have to be your slave to satisfy your desires?”

“You haven’t tried it yet!” laughed Mike. “So, how can you say whether or not it is what you want?”

“I’m not sure that I do...”

Part Three

“Come with me if you dare!”

A realization came over Ajlal. Already she had dressed for him. She had dressed a little as Mike had dressed his submissive wife. Then she had come at his bidding, done as she was told. She had not walked from the front door at the sight of the masked Janet, instead curiosity and hunger had dragged her in to witness Mike humiliate

his wife in front of his lover. His command was just another small step in the same direction.

“Truth or dare?”

“Truth and dare!”

Part Three

Gratifying

Matt stood outside Ysabel's door.

Up until now every step had been just as his fantasy had portrayed. With a hard prick pointing the way, he had showered and stripped every hair from his body as she liked it. The smooth skin excited him as he ran his palms over his legs and torso, feeling the velvety skin. Today was pink according to the list that Ysabel had given him and he had slipped on the panties, admiring the way that they clung to him and contoured over his cock and balls. Next was the suspenders! He had held them up against the panties and decided that the color was almost the same.

Just that afternoon, on his break, he had gone shopping with the excuse that he was buying for a girlfriend. As the assistant had served him, he had been sure that she had guessed that they were for him. The pink dessous and fishnet stockings... Matt had been so aware of the panties that he was wearing and felt that she could see them through his jeans. However, in the end it had been easy, two small packets that slipped into the carrier bag that he had brought to hide his purchases from the office. The shoes had been much more difficult!

With size eight feet, Matt was living proof of the adage that foot size and cock length were linked, but even so most shops had nothing over seven. Shoes his size were always the frumpy sandals and not the sexy stilettos. At last, he had picked up a pair of kitten-heeled seven and a halves that seemed as though they might just fit. He blushed as he paid and the girl smirked at him with a knowing look.

"Are you sure that they will fit?" she asked as she bagged them. "It's just that shoes in the sale cannot be returned!"

"Oh, they'll fit her," said Matt under his breath as he tapped in his credit card PIN. "She always wears this size..."

"Fine then, I'll bag the receipt."

That had been hours ago, now he stood in front of Ysabel's door. He carefully took the new shoes from the bag and put them on. They pinched, they were unstable under his feet and suddenly Matt realized that he did not know where to put his sneakers. He glanced down and then hid them under a small gap in the step.

Matt's heart was beating. The stockings under his jeans pulled and the shoes nipped his feet. He took a deep breath and pressed the doorbell. It seemed to take ages before he heard a small noise and a voice behind the door and Ajlal opened the door! Standing behind her, with a glass in her hand was Ysabel.

Ajlal smiled at his surprise, "Come on in Matt, I'm just leaving."

Part Three

Frozen to the spot he dared not move.

“Come in,” said Ysabel. “Ajla! just popped over for a chat...”

Matt moved and the heels of his shoes clicked as he stepped over the doorstep. Ajla! looked down and showed shock, but she made no comment and shut the door behind him.

“I see that you dressed up for me,” said Ysabel with a small smile. “Come on, let’s sit a moment in the front room, Ajla! has to finish her drink.”

The two women led the way and sat themselves on the sofa leaving just the armchair opposite for Matt.

“I’ll get you a drink in a moment,” said Ysabel. “Just tell me about the lovely shoes...”

Matt blushed as he sat and then realized that both of the women had a perfect view of his ankles and the pink fishnet stockings that he was wearing. He looked down and wished that the ground would swallow him, but when he looked up again both women were not smiling and were clearly waiting for his explanation of the shoes.

“I got them because they matched,” he stuttered. “I mean, well, it just seemed right!”

“That’s OK,” said Ajla!, in a matter-of-fact tone. “Pop socks or stockings?”

“Stockings,” muttered Matt.

“Not hold-ups, I hope,” said Ysabel. “Hold-ups are such passion-killers.”

“I’ve never worn stockings under jeans,” remarked Ajla!. “Far too uncomfortable...”

“It’s not so bad,” said Matt, getting braver. “It’s the shoes that pinch. I couldn’t find my size. You won’t tell them at work, will you?”

“Of course not,” laughed Ajla!. “Need-to-know basis only!”

Internally, Matt breathed a sigh of relief.

Ysabel leaned forward and smiled. It was not the comforting smile of a friend; rather it was a sly smile that foretold her next words.

“I think that since we are swearing to keep your secret, it’s only fair to take a peek at your little outfit...”

“Erm, I really don’t...”

“Don’t be silly, Matt,” said Ajla!. “It’s only fair, after all. I keep the secret and you give us a

Part Three

little fashion show.”

“Do it!” said Ysabel.

There was a tone in her voice, a hard commanding edge that brooked no disobedience. “Jeans and jacket off *now* and let’s see how you look. I’m not going to ask again!”

Matt stood and undid his jacket. Underneath he was wearing a bright pink T shirt edged with a little lace that nearly matched the stockings. He hesitated a few seconds and then noticed the frown on Ysabel’s face.

“There’s nothing to be shy about, Matt. I love the way that you have prepared yourself for me and I’m sure that Ajlal will appreciate it as well.”

Slowly he unbuttoned his jeans and then slid them down. Matt kicked off the shoes and then pulled the jeans right off to reveal the garter belt that held his stockings with ten lacy straps that ended in little rose-bows. Not daring to look up, he slipped the shoes back on and stood self-consciously while the two women took in the scene.

“The seams aren’t straight,” said Ysabel. “It’s the little details that matter for a girl. The other thing is that, just like a man, all the pinks don’t match properly. The knickers are a deeper shade than the stockings and the shoes are dark again. Stand with one foot in front of the other and flex your knees a little.”

Matt did as he was told, still not daring to look up. The surprise that he had planned had seemed such a good idea a few hours ago, now he was on parade and the fantasy was broken.

“That’s better,” said Ajlal.

Matt looked up just as the click from her phone recorded the moment for posterity on the camera.

“I’ll have a copy of that,” said Ysabel. “Now then, there’s something missing!”

“You said that you wouldn’t tell...” stuttered Matt.

For a moment he considered taking the phone from Ajlal, but the moment was gone as she said, “There, that’s a copy for you and it’s already loaded on my cloud account as well.”

“I know what’s missing,” laughed Ysabel. “Fancy staying half an hour while we get him ready for his big night?”

“Of course,” said Ajlal. “I’ll stay all night if you like!”

“No! I get him first,” said Ysabel. “Won’t be a moment.”

Ysabel stood and walked from the room while Ajlal lined up another photo.

Part Three

“Smile, Matt. I want to take a few more.”

A grimace was the best that he could do as he flushed almost as pink as the clothes that he was wearing.

“Have you been cross-dressing long?” she asked with a smirk.

“I just did it for Ysabel,” he muttered. “Never before.”

Despite the embarrassment and humiliation, he could feel his cock getting hard as Ajlal took photo after photo and then finally put her phone back into her handbag. At that moment, Ysabel re-entered the room with a bag in her hand.

“These should do, but I’ll buy some especially for you when I have time,” she said as she spilled the contents of the bag on the coffee table. “I’ll get a nice pair of shoes as well. Those don’t fit the image!”

Lipsticks, blushers and eyeliners spilled onto the table and Ajlal said, “Great! I love girls’ make-up days. Can I choose?”

“Of course,” said Ysabel. “You choose and then we’ll get him ready for tonight’s fun!”

Matt stood and watched as the two women sorted everything out and discussed the merits of one manufacturer over the other. The blush slowly faded, but the hard on did not diminish!

Finally, they had everything ready and Ysabel sat Matt down in the armchair. She picked up the tweezers and started to pluck Matt’s eyebrows while Ajlal picked a foundation and a brush.

For an hour, the two women fussed over their new toy. A dab here, foundation there, lipstick and eyelashes, mascara and then blusher. They compared colors and ideas until at last they were satisfied that it was perfect.

“It’s incredible,” said Ajlal. “He is perfect, I don’t recognize him!”

Matt tried to stand, but a firm hand on his shoulder held him down. No mirror, it looks best on film. The phone came out again and Ajlal clicked away until at last she was satisfied.

“You can have copies of all of them,” said Ajlal. “I think that three are perfect, now all we need is for our long-suffering little girly to stand and I can take a few of the complete effect!”

Matt was long past resisting and allowed Ysabel to pose him while Ajlal photographed him from all angles.

“That’s it... done. I’ve already posted them on my Facebook side!”

“You said that you wouldn’t...”

Part Three

“I promised that I wouldn’t tell them at work,” said Ajlal severely. “Anyway, I’ve named you as Maddie, so no one will know.”

She turned the screen of the phone to Matt and flicked through the photos. He stared at the minx in pink that posed in the photos and had to admit that Maddie and Matt were two different people. Maddie was a pouting young woman dressed like a brazen seductress. Pink lips and eyeshadow, pink blusher on white skin and lewd dessous. The only thing that gave the game away was a lack of breasts and the tenting of the pink satin knickers where his cock pressed outward.

“I love it,” gushed Ysabel. “Maddie! It’s perfect!”

“She’s a proper little tart,” laughed Ajlal. “Shame I can’t stay to see how she is in bed...”

“No, not tonight, she’s mine for the evening!” said Ysabel. “If she’s half as good as she looks, I’ll be playing all night with the little bitch.”

Matt blushed again, but was grateful that Ysabel hustled Ajlal out of the house. As the two women exchanged a few words in the hall, Matt

heard Ajlal say, “I love the way that he looks. I’m sure that we can come to some arrangement?”

“I’ll think about it,” came the voice of Ysabel. “Mike will be waiting for you, don’t upset him!”

“I’ll be in time...”

“Tell me all about it tomorrow at work.”

“OK, if you tell me how much of a slut Maddie was tonight!”

“Deal...”

Part Four

Obliging

Ajlal was in a rush, she was late for Mike and she knew that he would not be at all content if she arrived even just five minutes late. It was not a conscious feeling, more a subliminal undercurrent of apprehension that she knew that had to be obeyed. In her thoughts was the way that Ysabel had twisted Matt to her desires so far that he was starting to move along her path before she had even let him know what she wanted.

Was she the same as Matt?

When she arrived at the café near his home, she found him waiting for her with an impatient frown on his face and a half-finished cup of coffee on the table.

“You’re late,” he said in an annoyed tone. “Don’t ever be late again.”

The way that he said the words it released the tension in Ajlal and she let loose with an angry retort.

“I’m not your slave wife, don’t treat me like a child,” she started. “If I’m a couple of minutes late it’s not the end of the world!”

His reaction was petulant; “If Janet was late, I would punish her severely. When you are, I am just supposed to put up with it?”

“Of course, you are!” said Ajlal. “I was at Ysabel’s and got held up, so get over it. You don’t own me just because we fucked last night! I expect a little respect from you, that’s all, not to be treated like that wife of yours.”

Ajlal felt a surge of relief as she spat out the words, release and liberation. On the neighboring table, the couple looked shocked but they leaned just a little to hear the conversation.

“That wasn’t your attitude last night,” he retorted. “You were begging for more as I seem to remember.”

Mike tried to control his annoyance, tonight he had wanted to whisk Ajlal to the little game that he had planned for the night and it was all going south as his temper got the better of him. He had brought her to the point where Ajlal had cuckolded Janet as she helplessly looked on and he had believed that he had her in his power. Now it seemed that he had misjudged the situation.

“OK, I apologize!” he said in a conciliatory voice as he leaned towards her. “It’s just that I had something special lined up for us.”

“Apology accepted,” said Ajlal briskly. “Perhaps we should start again.”

She felt that she had made her point. The hours spent with Ysabel had hardened her stance and she had decided that she had to be stronger with Mike. An apology was the most that she could

Part Four

expect, she had decided.

“Janet is waiting for us,” he said in a fresh tone of geniality. “I thought that we could play a little game with her...”

“Sounds interesting.”

“Good, let’s go then,” he stated.

“Not so fast, Mike,” she answered. “There is something that I wanted to discuss.”

Mike had already started to stand, but now he sat back down and leaned on his elbows with almost mock attention. On the next table, the other couple tried to hide their interest in the discussion.

“What?” he asked. Mike looked to the next table and then added, “Perhaps we should not be having this conversation in public?”

Ajlal smiled at the way that Mike was unsettled and then realized that it was better to lay out the ground rules outside of Mike’s private space.

“Listen, Mike,” she started. “I love what we are doing, it’s fun. But... I just want you to realize that I have no intention of becoming your property like Janet is. It’s not what I am and I just want you to realize that I decide what happens as much as you do!”

The conversation was swinging out of control again, decided Mike. It was not just an apology that this attractive Asian woman wanted. She wanted some assurances as well. He realized that he would have to give a little ground to move forward again. In the back of his mind, he had the awareness of the bet that he had made with Ysabel and dared not lose too much time because he knew that she would soon have Matt under her thumb, of that he was sure!

“Tell me then,” he said. “What do you want?”

“Just a bit of excitement,” she answered with a small laugh. “What I want is to be more than just an addition to your stable of lovers, that’s all. I think that you’ll find that it’s more fun when we play together instead of you deciding where we go from here.”

“Janet, Pat, you and Ysabel,” said Mike as he counted his playthings off on his fingers with a grin. “Are you demanding first place then?”

“No, I just want to be something different and not be like the others. I don’t want commitment. I don’t want you to make promises and I certainly don’t want to be like the others...”

“So, tell me what you do want?”

Ajlal suddenly realized that she was enjoying the confrontation.

Part Four

“What I want is for you to challenge yourself for me! I want you to fuck you until you forget all about the others and then wish you were with me when you fuck them!”

Mike grinned. He too was starting to enjoy the exchange. All his partners knew about all the others and that was one of his guilty pleasures. He found that he was starting to abandon his strategy to try to dominate Ajlal and was seeing a new vista of opportunity starting to open.

“That’s not really an answer, Ajlal,” he said.

“It’s enough for now,” she replied. “Let’s just say that we have an agreement to play the way that I want as well as playing your kinky games!”

“OK, I’ll settle for that,” he laughed. “But there’s something that I have to tell you if we do!”

“What’s that?”

“I’ll tell you later,” he said slyly. “It’s not something for public consumption.”

His eyes moved to look over at the couple on the next table who had taken in the whole conversation, word for word.

“Fine, we’d better be going then, while I’m wet for it.”

“My place?”

“Of course, we’re late!”

“That’s what I was trying to tell you all along,” he said with a loud laugh.

“Bitch!” “Slut!”

Maddie’s hard-on led the way. It led him up the stairs as he followed Ysabel, it led him to the bedroom where she turned to him and said, “Well done, Maddie. I think that I should reward you for dressing up for me and being so well behaved as we made you up.”

“Can we fuck?” he asked plaintively.

“Of course, we can,” she replied as she turned to face him.

There was no doubt about it, he made quite a pretty little whore, she decided. Smooth and pink, dressed ready to please a man! This was fun! Matt looked less like a man made-up and dressed as a girl, than a girl with an erect vulnerability between her thighs!

There was something very feminine and helpless about Matt that excited her beyond her

Part Four

expectations. He was so fuckable and defenseless as he stood there and waited for *her* permission to fuck.

It was what she had wanted, but until this moment, Ysabel had not realized how thrilling her power over him would be.

“How about a little game?” she asked.

“Please!”

“That’s good, Maddie,” said Ysabel. “Play nicely like a good little girl!”

Matt found himself in a welter of confused thoughts. On the one hand, he was at last going to be allowed to have the woman that he had spent months fantasizing about. On the other, she had humiliated him and at the same time ordered him to do things that he had never imagined he would want. For an hour now, he had had an erection that pressed into his knickers while Ysabel had humiliated him and now, she wanted more! “What do sluts do?” she asked as she slipped off her skirt.

“Er,” he stuttered. “Open their legs?”

Ysabel suppressed her laughter at his confusion, she would have to lead him the whole way by the hand, he was so innocent!

“That’s right, they do whatever their lovers demand, so onto the bed with you and become my little whore!” she said.

Matt went to kick off the shoes that he was wearing, but a warning wagging finger from Ysabel stopped him.

“I like them on,” she said. “Now, on you get.”

Matt climbed onto the bed on his hands and knees while Ysabel watched his awkward movements. On hands and knees, facing towards her as he shuffled, he looked just like the slut that she had tried to create. His cock, his lack of breasts, all were hidden from her gaze. Just his short hair looked out of place, so she slid open a drawer

and fished out one of her wigs. A pageboy cut in black, it fitted utterly with the look and the tears in his eyes were just a bonus for her.

“That’s better,” she muttered as she pulled the wig a little and then stood back to admire its effect. “I think that we’re almost ready to play. Stay there and wait a moment.”

Matt watched her disappear into her dressing room. Her long legs, the baize fully-fashioned stockings and her hips swaying as she walked made him hold his position on all fours. She had promised him a fuck and anything seemed worthwhile to get what he so desperately wanted.

Part Four

He heard her moving in the dressing room and took a furtive look between his legs. A small spot of damp marked the place where the tip of his prick touched satin. The pink of his stockings contrasted with his lily-white legs and the shoes that cramped his feet felt better when his weight was not on them.

Finally, she was ready.

Guiltily Matt looked up and saw something that made him frightened and aroused at the same time. Ysabel had pinned back her hair into a plait to give her a severe and menacing look, but that was not what scared him. She was wearing spike-heeled boots that came to just below her knees, but that was not what worried the slut on the bed. A crop in her gloved hand twitched menacingly, but that was not the cause of his fear.

It was the long black prick that reared from her crotch that terrified Matt. Stiff and curved, it was strapped to her with buckled straps that snaked between her thighs and around her waist.

Ysabel tapped the braided crop into her other hand as she spoke; “Good little sluts need fucking and it’s what you begged for!”

“No, please,” he stuttered. “Please, I meant...”

“I know exactly what you meant,” she said as she came to stand where he was forced to bend his neck to look up at her. “You wanted to put that little cockie inside me, didn’t you? You thought that you could fuck me, didn’t you? But, that’s not the way it’s going to be from now on, Maddie.”

She moved a few inches closer until the tip of the rubber cock swayed before his eyes. It hypnotized him and pulled his frightened gaze down as it approached his face.

“Be careful with your lipstick, Maddie. Now show me what a good little whore does for her pimp!”

Matt opened his lips to speak and the tip of the prick slipped between his lips. “Very good for a first time Maddie. Now I want you to beg me to fuck you!”

Matt watched as her hips arched away and looked up.

“Please, Ysabel, I can’t do this!”

“Don’t make me threaten to punish you,” said Ysabel in a warning voice. “You are already on Facebook as a girly-slut. I would not like to have to expose you for what you are!”

“Please!”

“I’ll ask you again because I know that what you really want is to please me, beg me to fuck you!”

Matt felt his thighs quiver and his elbows gave way with fear. He could see no way out of his dilemma and knew that she had him in her grip.

Part Four

“Please fuck me, Ysabel,” he whispered in a voice that she could barely hear.

“Louder.”

“Please fuck me.”

“That’s good, Maddie. I’ll be gentle with you!”

He heard her take a couple of steps. He felt the bed move as she climbed behind him. He felt her nails as she pulled down his knickers to his knees and then her hands exposed him as she parted his ass.

The first touch was a shock even though he knew what was coming. A slight pressure as the woman of his dreams moved a little to press against him. Her hands rested on his uplifted buttocks and then discomfort as the shaft penetrated him. It slipped in, greased by its penetration of his mouth, it opened him like a flower. “Good girl,” said Ysabel as she rested a moment and looked down.

The bulbous head of the black cock was inside, just the nine-inch shaft sticking from his tight sphincter, a bridge to her dripping cunt. She slipped a hand down to grip that knobbed shaft and pressed a little.

Another inch slipped inside as her victim moaned.

Her supporting hand slipped under the shaft to touch the lips of her pussy as another inch pressed home. Ysabel could feel a rising tide of dominance urge her fingers to dip between her lips and fleetingly touch her clitoris with a light touch.

‘This is what it feels like to fuck like a man,’ she thought as a rising tide of climax threatened to take her. It was glorious!

Matt groaned.

It seemed to Ysabel to be encouragement to take him and she could not resist the urge to spit him like a virgin on her huge cock.

“That’s a good girl, Maddie,” she breathed as the shaft pushed home.

“Oh, God,” he moaned into the coverlet.

“You can play with yourself, Maddie,” said Ysabel.

A rising tide of orgasm filled her and a blush cascaded from her neck to breasts as she began to fuck him with slow steady strokes. She saw his shoulder move as Matt’s hand slipped the length of him to touch his little cock and she knew that when he came for her it would be the moment that she had finally won.

Part Four

Matt gasped as he touched his prick and then he came with a rush that was like no other climax that he had ever experienced. He also knew that this was the way that it would always be, this was going to be the totality of his future. The problem was that he enjoyed it. He moaned and his hips moved to lengthen her strokes as his cock pumped and his fingers grew slick with wetness as Ysabel fucked him.

Part Four

Humiliating

It was like a dream, a strange pensive daydream that could not be real.

Matt walked around the office distributing the post as he went. The normality of the comments, the ordinariness of the people who sat at their desks and worked. And yet, he was filled with a feeling that he could not have described. Fear and apprehension, it was as if his thoughts were exposed for all to see.

A month ago, just one short month ago, Matt had been in the pub with Tommy and Kevin, joking about sex and girlfriends, now all he could think about was the view that he had had framed by his quivering, stockinged thighs. The black veined rod that had violated him until he had cum, Ysabel's thighs swaying as she had fucked him and then finally that rush that had drained him as she had screamed with a climax that made her thrust deep into his ass with that massive dildo as her fingers ploughed her cunt.

Finally, he was back in his little cubby-hole office and sat almost paralyzed as Ajlal and Ysabel moved around delegating tasks and supervising the office. He watched them both through the glass and felt a wave of anxiety and hope that one or the other would come into his office. He could feel the sweat on his back as he sat. Fear because he knew that they both had him in the palm of their hand and hope because he could not help but want more.

With small sigh he settled and decided that a stock-check would calm him down and he started to work on the computer. Carefully he settled in his chair because the suspender belt that Ysabel had made him promise to wear pulled at the razor burns of freshly shaved skin under his trousers.

Matt had been working on updating his stock for half an hour and was fully absorbed in the work when the door to his little office opened and Ajlal came in. She shut the door firmly behind her and leaned casually against it to make sure that they were undisturbed.

"So, how was the evening of passion, then?" she asked as he looked up.

"Fine," was his reply.

Matt could feel a blush in his cheeks arriving and suddenly was aware of the stocking tops that clenched his thighs and the soreness in his ass.

"Just fine," laughed Ajlal. "You all tricked out in your favorite color to please Ysabel and all it was, was fine?"

"Ask Ysabel," he replied sullenly. "She'll tell you."

"I'm asking you, though and I expect a civil answer. So, tell me, did she really fuck you with that massive prick that she bought the other day?"

Matt nodded. He could feel his eyes fill up with tears.

Part Four

“She wanted to get the small one, but I told her that the medium girth would be better. Anyway, I suggested that she buy the biggest as well, for when you were used to being fucked and so she got that one as well. It will give you something to look forward to!”

One tear broke loose and ran a straight path to Matt’s nose before he tasted salt on his lips.

“She’s full of naughty ideas, is Ysabel. Be a good little girl and you’ll experience them all.”

“Please leave me alone,” said Matt. “Please go.”

“Let me show you something,” said Ajlal as she pulled her phone from her handbag. “It’s you looking pretty on my Facebook side. Here’s another that shows you with your little cock hard as a rock in those pink satin panties.”

She flicked the screen and showed picture after picture of Matt in glorious detail.

“So, don’t tell me to leave, I’ll stay if I want or I’ll go if I want and if I have some small jobs for you to do, then you’ll kiss my feet and make sure that you do them to my satisfaction. Do you understand?”

Matt nodded. The tears flowed freely and he shook with the unfairness of it all.

“So, do you *want* to kiss my feet?”

Matt looked over her shoulder and realized that most of the office staff had gone on a dinner break. He knelt on the floor and lowered his lips, but just as he was about to kiss the leather of her stilettos the foot pulled back.

“When you deserve it, then you can,” she laughed. “Until then I shall consider the idea of naming you on Facebook... Remember, it is a privilege to lick the shit off my shoes and you will have to earn it! Ysabel owns you. I will just use you!”

Ajlal left the office with a laugh still on her lips.

“Ysabel is a real bitch compared to me, so mind how you go,” she said as the door closed and Matt was left on his hands and knees with blurred vision and a strong erection in his green silken knickerbockers.

On the other side of the office, Mike watched the small passion play with a smile. He saw Matt look over the office and go down on hands and knees and it made him so horny. The weedy little cocksucker was in over his depth, Ajlal and Ysabel would be all over him.

Last night, for the first time he had been placed in his own restraints and watched while Ajlal had first used his wife to please herself and then she had ridden his cock with wild abandon. The last

Part Four

time he had been underneath was when he had fucked Ysabel, but he had never been cuffed before and there was something to be said for it, he decided. He watched Ajlal leave Matt's office with some last acerbic comment over her shoulder and decided that it was not just Matt that would have to be careful around these two vixens. Give them a week or two and they would be playing with him too if he was not careful!

The thought made him smile and he dropped his hand to his lap and felt the rigid cock swelling needily under his fingers. There was danger in always surrendering, it became a dependency as he well

knew. When he had met Janet, she liked a little slap and tickle, the touch of the cuffs or rope occasionally and the odd slap on her round ass. That had been so much to Mike's taste that he had followed where she thought that she was leading. The ropes became fetters and the hand slap became a paddle, then a tawse and finally now a crop. The final realization for Mike had been when he realized his wife could *only* climax when she was humiliated and punished. Now there was no other way and the long downward spiral had quickened. The masks, the whips and the cages were already in place and Mike would drive her into the darkness of utter servitude. Absolute slavery would follow and then?

Already he was bored with her and had started to push harder, seek other thrills and other partners. Last night with Ajlal had been the first time that he had openly fucked while Janet was not hidden from a lover and it seemed that Ajlal had the talent. The way that she had forced Janet to serve had certainly been an eye-opener. So... better be careful or he would end up like Matt!

A broken toy.

Mike looked over at the man who was falling into the grip of the two women and realized that despite Matt's realization that he was in trouble, he probably still thought that he was a willing participant in the game and not just a plaything! He wondered what they had already done to poor Matt. Doubtless, that Ysabel had some plan to subjugate Matt, it would be interesting to find out what it was.

His hand gripped his cock and he knew that he would have to have relief.

The thoughts were just too arousing!

Part Four

Revealing

The office manager, Paul, was rarely to be seen outside his office in the far corner of the building. He always allowed his other managers freedom to run the office and rarely had to step in to administer the secretaries and project managers that were under his purview.

Today, however, he had an unpleasant task to perform, something that he could not ask the others to do. Paul decided that he would need a witness, Ysabel from HR would be perfect.

"I've called you in because I have uncovered something that is going to result in the dismissal of one of our colleagues," he said to Ysabel as they sat in his office with the door closed.

"Who is it?" she asked.

Paul looked up from the personnel file that he was studying because of the tone of her voice. Ysabel was a good HR manager. Balanced and fair, in Paul's eyes, she had a good feel for the office politics and rarely had made a mistake since her promotion to the well-paid position.

"Well, you're the HR manager," he said. "You tell me!"

Ysabel looked at the ceiling for a moment and then said, "Matt Harding?"

"Well done, but why would I possibly sack him?"

"I would guess that it is something outside work," said Ysabel with a small smile. "That's because his work has been basically satisfactory since I was forced to demote him. Any gross misconduct has not been brought to my attention."

"Well done," said Paul. "It's a strange matter, but yesterday I was informed that Matt is more than a little involved in material on a website that would certainly place the company in an embarrassing situation if it slipped out."

"I'm sorry, is it some comment on social media?"

"In a manner of speaking," said Paul. "Sexually explicit photos and comments on at least three sites as far as I can tell."

"Oh," she said.

"Of course, we cannot regulate what our employees do in their own time! On the other hand, if this were linked to the company."

"So, it's defamatory?"

"Exactly! I have looked at the case carefully for two days and think that the best thing to do would be to make an ex-gratia payment of a few month's salary and terminate his contract."

Part Four

Paul looked back at the file and shook his head.

“What makes people do these things?” he asked rhetorically. “It’s obscene really and I just cannot understand what the hell he thinks that he’s doing.”

“Might I take a look?”

“Well, I suppose it’s only right that you know, but I’m warning you that it *is* shocking.”

Paul turned the monitor on his desk to face Ysabel to show a picture of what at first seemed to be a girl in her dress kissing the toe of a stiletto. The woman wearing the shoe had only allowed her foot and ankle to be on the picture whereas the face of the girl was crystal-clear.

“Oh Jesus... is that Matt?”

“It is, and the comments underneath and the address that has been added to the picture are his.”

Ysabel had to try hard not to laugh. The foot was hers and she wondered what Paul would say if he realized it.

“So, we have an interview and then ask him to sign his resignation?”

“My thoughts exactly, Ysabel. One question is how much we have to pay him. What do you think? You know him better than me, obviously we need to pay the minimum even though a year or two’s salary would be cheap to get rid of him.”

“Nothing!”

“What?”

“Nothing, not a penny.”

“He won’t go if we don’t pay him.”

“He will if you let me do the interview.”

“Ysabel, you know that I prefer to do the dismissals, I really think that it would be inappropriate for you to lead the interview.”

Ysabel looked up at Paul. For a moment, she wondered at the word ‘inappropriate’, but then she decided that it was not a hint. Paul had no idea that Ysabel and Ajlal had taken the photo, added the text and then placed it on the web. It had taken just a few short hours for it to be reposted.

“Fine, I’ll just be a silent witness to the whole thing,” said Ysabel.

“Good that’s settled. We’ll see how it goes and play it by ear.”

Part Four

There was no way that Ysabel wanted Matt to get any money as the next phase of her little plan was realized. Her thoughts wandered to the small scrap of paper in her purse. The meaning of the square seemed closer than ever, though she had to admit that Ajlal was just a little on the dominating side.

“OK then. Would you fetch him in here and we’ll get it over with?”

Matt came into Paul’s office and sat where he was told. He was intensely aware that Ysabel was just behind him and could not decide if she was there as support for him or not. The interview was short and to the point.

Paul pushed over a resignation letter already dated and ready for signing and watched while Matt signed.

“We will of course pay your holiday allowance and up to the end of the month, Matt, but be assured that should you wish to fight this then we will be *forced* to proceed in court with the grounds including all the evidence,” said Ysabel.

As she spoke he rotated the screen to show the incriminating photo.

“I need not add that this is the sort of conduct that you should keep private, in no way can the company’s good name be dragged through the mud. Do you understand?” Added Paul.

“Yes, sir,” muttered Matt as he looked up at Ysabel.

Paul took a deep breath. “Good, then all I can say is that in the future you should consider your hobbies a little more carefully!”

Matt stood and looked so forlorn that Ysabel almost felt sorry for him. Then she remembered what was in store for the little sissy and she felt a warming in her thighs and pussy that filled her with a feeling of sexual hunger that would only be satisfied when he had been ground into the dust by her spiked heels. “Please escort Matt from the building, Ysabel and then write up this meeting, thank you...”

Paul watched Ysabel lead the dejected Matt from his office.

When the door had closed Paul rose and locked it.

He sat before the screen and felt a hardening in his pants that would have to be satisfied. One hand on the mouse, the other stroking his cock he admired the picture of Matt, but before long he was visiting a better site by far. One where the little bitch sissies were being punished by being forced to serve real men like himself... men who knew what an unwilling pair of lips could do for a real man’s cock.

Paul’s own hobby was so much better hidden!

Part Four

“I’m so sorry Matt, but you upset Ajlal the other day and she put the pictures up there and on some other sites as well,” said Ysabel as they stood before the entrance to the building. “I had no choice!”

“I don’t know what I’m going to do,” cried Matt. “He sacked me and I have no money at all!”

“So, how are you going to pay the rent?” asked Ysabel.

Matt looked worried and his face pleaded with her, but she decided that this was a moment to be savored. He would have to beg her for everything.

“I just don’t know.”

“Well, I’m sure that you have friends and family that you can rely on!”

Matt looked dubious.

“Not really, I suppose that I might ask Tommy, otherwise my only close friend is you,” he said.

“We can still meet up,” said Ysabel. “I don’t care that you are jobless with no hope of getting another one!”

“I’m sure that I can find something...”

“This company will give no references, you know,” she answered.

“But you could!”

“I certainly would not,” she retorted. “I’m surprised that you even thought of that, Matt. I’m disappointed that you would use me like that after all I’ve tried to do for you!”

Matt backtracked quickly.

“I’m sorry that I asked,” he moaned, close to tears. “It’s just that Tommy will probably put me up until the next time that he has some girl round his flat. Then I’ll get chucked out for sure.”

There was silence. Matt looked at the pedestrians and cars and wondered how everything could be moving along when *his* life had been shattered. He felt almost like a stranger on the street. The only comfort to be had was in the attractive woman by his side. He looked at Ysabel and realized that he would have to be very smart if he was going to manage to get her to put a roof over his head.

“I was wondering.”

Part Four

Ysabel felt the warmth between her thighs turn liquid. This was the moment when she would finally get real control of Matt and squeeze him for everything that he had.

“What?” she asked.

“...if it might be possible to, you know...”

“What might be possible?”

“...spend a few nights at your place while I got back on track.”

Ysabel allowed a frown to twist her lips and said, “Ajla! said that you were very rude to her, that was unforgivable, and I’m not sure if it would be a good thing for you to move in. You will need a job to stop you moping around all day and you’d have no money to pay your way!”

“We can sort something out and I promise not to get under your feet.”

‘That was exactly where you are heading,’ thought Ysabel.

“Please help me, please!”

Ysabel hesitated. He still had to use the right word and then she would tell him what he had to do to move in.

“I’m not sure, perhaps you could pop around in a day or two to discuss it properly,” she said.

Matt got the feeling that she was about to turn and go back into the building where he had worked. If she did, he was sure that he would never see her again. Ever again.

“Please, Ysabel, I’m begging you!”

‘There’s the word,’ thought Ysabel as she realized that she was so hot that she might just climax from watching Matt break down and cry.

“OK, we’ll meet after I finish work and discuss the details,” said Ysabel with a theatrical sigh. “*If* you move in then it’s under my rules and conditions!”

“Of course. I’ll do anything. Thank you so much.”

“Don’t thank me yet, you still have to apologize to Ajla! for being so rude to her as well.”

Matt tried to smile, but the movement in his face only changed the course of his tears. He watched Ysabel turn and primly walk back to her work. How could he know that she would frantically bring herself to an orgasm in the lift and arrive in the office flushed and satiated?

Part Four

Thinking

Ajlal knelt on the bed and looked down at Mike. He had cum twice, once as she sucked that gorgeous cock, the second time deep inside her. This time there had been no fetters, neither had been chained or blindfolded. This time it had been Janet's time to make the evening memorable.

'Janet is so obedient,' thought Ajlal as she looked over at the tightly bound figure behind the thin wire bars of the cage.

There had been something so exquisite by having her tongue lap Ajlal's pussy while Janet's husband slipped into that same pussy. The feeling had been pure bliss, decided Ajlal, partly the stimulation and partly the thought that the wife was helping her husband to fuck a lover. It was the superiority that got Ajlal off after all. That feeling of pure power that culminated in orgasm.

Now Janet was chained and gagged in her cage while Ajlal enjoyed the dreamy moments that only ever happened like this after a superb climax. Janet looked so helpless as she hung penetrated on the dildo and moved to amuse her new owners. Mike lay with his eyes closed and seemed almost to be dozing. Ajlal wondered what he had been like with Ysabel. They had been having that famous on-and-off affair for months now. Had *they* used Janet as a toy as well? Had Ysabel ever managed to tie him down? Had Mike ever managed to tame her in bed?

There were so many questions that Ajlal would have liked answers to, but there were none forthcoming from Mike.

'In the end it all comes down to balance,' thought Ajlal as she considered Mike.

Naked he was a fine specimen, that was hard to deny. Well-muscled, a defined shape that matched that large cock that he used almost like a weapon. Incredibly masculine, it was difficult to believe that he had ever been to bed with a man.

'I wonder how that works,' she thought. She tried to imagine it, but in the end, the only thing that she was sure of was that Mike would be the 'masculine' partner. There was no way that he could not reign in bed!

Mike's eyes opened and he looked up at her. It was clear that there was no affection in that look, but there was certainly admiration and lust behind those eyes.

'He'll never love me,' thought Ajlal, *'but he'll lust for me and fuck me.'*

"Again?" asked Mike.

'He's insatiable,' thought Ajlal, but she said, "of course!"

"Then I'll show you a little trick, because I'll need a while to recover."

He rolled over and then climbed out of bed.

Part Four

“Janet is always eager to please!”

He rooted in the small cabinet by the bed and pulled out a dildo. Smaller than the one that Ajlal had bought with Ysabel for Matt, it was still at least as large as Mike in the flesh.

“Are you game?” he asked.

“I’m dripping in anticipation,” laughed Ajlal as she looked over at the unmoving Janet.

‘She’s closed to the world with that hood and the gag,’ thought Ajlal.

Mike strolled to the cage and opened a small hatchway on the top.

“I know that it’s not ideal, but it will have to do,” he said with a laugh.

Mike reached down inside the cage and undid a couple of the straps before pulling his shiny latex wife to face upwards. A small twist and the ball of the gag popped into his hand to leave a ring that held Janet’s wife wide. The dildo screwed into that loop of metal and suddenly Mike’s wife’s face had become a fuck machine.

“On the bed, I think, bring the bitch over.”

She watched Mike manhandle Janet from the cage. Twice he slapped her when she did not respond as quickly to orders even though she could not hear him properly.

‘He’s a brute and a great lover,’ thought Ajlal. *‘A real bull.’*

The blank faced woman was positioned. The tip of that shining black prick poised before a well-oiled and used cunt. It slipped in and Mike showed his wife what was needed. It opened Ajlal wide, it penetrated her so deep and then Janet started a rhythm that was guaranteed to bring a slow rise to climax. Slow, slow, faster and then so slow that the cock almost stayed still until the stroke was done.

Ajlal gasped and lay back with her knees raised and her legs wide open. Sweat trickled from her shoulders as the mute black figure fucked her slowly. Mike lay on the bed beside her and enjoyed the show. He watched the naked flesh shine and slickly open for the latex copy of his cock. The inner lips stretched and made a seal for the latex as it sank into Ajlal. He watched the smooth face of his wife dip and lift towards that cunt. One of his hands reached out and he slowed the action a little, took command of it.

The question was almost casual.

“What is Ysabel up to?” he asked. Ajlal writhed and opened her legs wider a little.

“Matt,” she gasped. “She wants to own the little feminine bitch that she has produced.”

Part Four

The very thought seemed to bring Ajlal just a little closer to climax, so Mike asked the next question.

“What have you and I got to do with it?”

Ajlal put her hands on Janet’s head and slowed her down as she took every drop of the coming orgasm, drip by drip.

“Don’t know, don’t know... now speed the bitch up. Now! Now, Mike, make me cum, make me cum.”

Mike guided his wife’s head and watched the beautiful brown body writhe with bliss. The long black hair made a bed for her head, the breasts swayed with the body and thighs trembled, pulled wider yet as Ajlal screamed and shuddered and finally dug her wicked heels deep into the back of the bed-toy that was fucking her.

Part Four

Pouring

Matt stood forlorn and lost outside the railway station where Ysabel had arranged to meet him. By his side was a small case, the most that she would allow him to bring from his entire flat!

“Just one small case,” she had said.

It started to rain and there was no nearby shelter and still Ysabel’s sport’s car was not moving into sight. The rain trickled through his summer jacket and ran in cold rivulets between skin and clothes. The rain had just been a gentle precursor to the deluge as suddenly the clouds burst and the heavens opened.

The splash from the rain on the paving stones was as high as Matt’s knees. The last people in the open ran for cover and even those with umbrellas moved under the arches to leave Matt standing in a downpour that was just a reflection of the hopelessness of his mood.

A hundred yards from the forlorn figure with his small case, a red sport’s car was parked. The rain drummed on the tight canvas of the roof as Ysabel watched Matt hold his ground. He was more than desperate, she decided. He was lost and ready to be molded to make the perfect little sissy for her to play with.

It abated.

A few squalls whipped the raindrops and then it passed.

Matt had not moved. The red car slid in front of him and the door opened to reveal a dry and safe haven.

“I’ll get it all wet,” he said.

“Get in, Maddie, we’ll sort it out later!”

He started to lift the case and look for a place to put it.

“Leave it all behind, Maddie,” said Ysabel. “It’s better that way. We’ll get you some new stuff...”

Matt looked longingly at the case and then slipped into the car. It was a surrender of sorts, a giving up of the old to face the new. An acknowledgement that Ysabel was all he had now; she was the totality of his life.

Matt had not even noticed what she had called him.

He was numb, broken.

Part Four

Transforming

“This is going to be your room,” said Ysabel. “Of course, I’m having it decorated for you, so don’t worry it will look just great.”

Matt looked at the bare walls and the plain bed. He had hoped that he would be moving into *her* bed as well as her home, but it seemed that Ysabel had other ideas.

“I’ve already picked the colors and the decorators and fitters come tomorrow,” she said. “Since you don’t have much in the way of clothes and so on, we’ll get you some nice clothes and then you’ll feel a lot better. For now, just wear my old bathrobe that you have on and tomorrow we’ll go shopping and sort it all out.”

He looked at the old toweling bathrobe. In the background, he could hear the hum of the washing machine as his only clothes were washed.

“Come on Maddie, it’s not so bad, I’ll love having you around and you can do a few bits and pieces for me while you’re here. It’s your new job.”

Matt flinched when she called him Maddie, but he did not dare to oppose her.

“Tonight, I have a lot to do for a meeting tomorrow, so you can have a nice rest in your room and then tomorrow your new life begins,” she said.

Ysabel went to the kitchen and switched on the kettle.

“Later Ajlal is coming round so that you can apologize properly to her and then tomorrow is the big day,” she said.

Matt nodded and pulled the belt on the bathrobe tight. Nothing in his life seemed to be predictable. On the other hand, he had a roof over his head and that was enough at the moment. He watched Ysabel move around the kitchen as she made some coffee and then set up her laptop on the table with a pile of papers.

“It’s a nice place you have here,” said Matt. “I can’t believe that you do all the housework. Do you have a cleaner?”

“A maid actually, or to be more accurate I dismissed her two days ago and so I have no one to clean and so on.”

Ysabel poured the coffee and pushed him a cup.

“Listen, I have a lot of work to get through, so I wonder if you would mind popping to your room. I can’t work if there is a TV on or someone creeping around!”

Matt nodded and headed for his room. He had no TV, no books, no Internet and nothing to while

Part Four

away the hours. Then he wondered if he would be invited to Ysabel's room this evening. The thought gave him a feeling of excitement as he closed the door behind him and sat on the bed to think.

With no clock on the wall, Matt had no idea how much time had passed when he heard the doorbell ring and Ysabel's voice as she answered the door. He heard Ajlal's voice and his heart sank.

Why should he apologize when she had ruined his life?

He could not really even remember the time that she had pulled her foot away in his office and mocked him, but he would do his best to please Ajlal. He could hear Ysabel and Ajlal talking just outside his door and decided that it would be better if he went out without annoying Ysabel by forcing her to knock.

He opened the door and saw Ysabel with her arm around Ajlal and Mike standing behind them. His heart fell as he realized that Ajlal was out to humiliate him in front of his girlfriend and Mike from the office. "Mike and Ajlal popped round just to say hello and hear what you have to say," said Ysabel. "Come along and we'll sit in the lounge."

Mike, Matt and Ajlal followed Ysabel into the front room with Matt following the other two who had their arms around their waists. Except Matt, they sat down where glasses had already been laid. There were just three glasses!

Ysabel crossed her legs and picked up her drink, "Maddie has something important to say to Ajlal..."

Matt looked down at the floor and then at Ajlal.

"I'm sorry for upsetting you the other day, please forgive me," he said.

His voice came in a flat tone and Ajlal frowned.

"Not very sincere is it, really?" said Mike.

"I do mean it," said Matt.

Ajlal took a deep breath and then said, "Maddie, do you remember what I said when I left your office after you had upset me?"

"Er, yes," he replied.

"Good, then this is a moment when you are privileged!"

Matt looked at Ysabel and saw her nod almost imperceptibly and he knew that he would have to humiliate himself in front of Mike.

Part Four

“Stop,” said Ajlal. “There’s something else as well...”

Matt froze.

“Take that silly bathrobe off, Maddie.”

Matt looked plaintively at Ysabel. Surely, she would support him and not allow this humiliation, but once again, he was sure that he noticed that slight nod. His hands seemed to move of their own accord. The fingers pulled the bow and the robe slipped from him in a flutter.

Red panties and nothing at all else. Satin that followed every contour of him, lace leggings that covered his thighs and small pink roses pinned on every square inch. Little bows ran down the side holding the front to the back panels.

Mat tried to ignore the attention that he was getting.

“Just a tiny little cock,” commented Mike. “Not much use for either of you two witches really!”

“He hasn’t fucked me yet,” said Ysabel with a small laugh. “When I want a cock, I want the real thing, but he is pretty good at oral!”

Matt’s entire focus was on Ajlal’s ankles and shoes. Black patent leather stiletto ghillies with fully-fashioned stockings. He extended his lips and the shoe pulled back.

“What do you say?” asked Ajlal.

“Please allow me to apologize, Ajlal. Please!”

“That’s better. Now I want you to start with the sole and then the heel and we’ll see how you get along.”

“Maddie is going to help me keep the house in order,” announced Ysabel. “I got rid of Emily and now he’s going to do all of her work to keep nice and busy.”

“In uniform?” asked Mike.

“Of course not, silly. Maddie is going to be much too busy to spend all day dusting and cleaning when we find her a new job. Anyway, she looks better in pink than some black and white Victorian get-up,” said Ysabel.

Matt carefully licked and kissed the soles of the spiked shoes as the three former colleagues talked over him.

“Do you mind?” asked Mike to Ysabel.

Part Four

Ysabel shook her head and smiled.

He reached over and pulled at the red knickers. The bows gave way and suddenly Matt was exposed to the critical gaze of Mike.

“Well, you win,” said Mike to Ysabel. “Just name the day!”

Mike watched Ysabel take a photo of the smooth rear that stuck up in the air as Matt kissed Ajlal’s feet. He had lost their little bet, but why worry? He was getting what he wanted and it would add spice!

Ysabel took a few photos and watched Matt’s self-esteem crumble as she watched. The red knickers lay around his knees, his body shook with terror as he bent to his task of kissing Ajlal’s stilettos. As he wept the tears dripped and splashed on the smooth leather and no matter how he tried his lips could not keep up with the tears. Matt’s lips moved and a whine of words tumbled from his lips, “Sorry, please forgive me Ajlal, I will do anything, please, please, forgive me for upsetting you!”

Towering above him, Ajlal looked down in disdain at the ruin of a man who was slobbering over her feet and trying so hard to please her, but was just despised with a curl of her lip.

Finally, it seemed that Ajlal had had enough. She moved her foot from his lips and planted it on his back. The heel dug into his flesh as she held him down with her weight and she blew a kiss at Mike.

“OK, Maddie, I forgive you. Just make sure that you show proper respect in future, because it will not be this easy to please me next time.”

Matt looked up at the legs that towered over him and mouthed thanks.

“Well done, Maddie. Tomorrow we do a little shopping and start on your room so go upstairs now and get a good night’s sleep, in preparation,” said Ysabel. “You’ll need to be fresh for me.”

Matt reached back when he felt the heel lift from his back and took the wisps of material that were the knickers that Mike had ripped off.

With this in his hand covering his straining erection he hurried out of the room and up the stairs.

“Well, Ysabel, you deserved to win that bet,” said Mike. “The photos don’t count. It is the way that you have utterly got control over him that is the decider!”

“What bet?” asked Ajlal.

Mike looked at Ysabel and started to laugh.

“What bet was this, Mike? I want to know,” asked Ajlal.

Part Four

“You explain,” said Mike to Ysabel.
Ysabel frowned and then joined in Mike’s amusement.

“Mike and I had a little bet a few weeks ago,” she said. “The first one to produce explicit photos of Matt or you, was the winner!”

Ajlal looked at Mike.

“Did you take any of me?”

“Of course not, the victim had to be willing or at least not challenged to make it count and you were never going to allow me no matter how hard I pushed.”

There was a brief pause before Ajlal followed her trail of thought by asking, “So, what was the payoff?”

“Slave for a day...”

“You are wicked, Ysabel,” said Ajlal. “I always knew that you were depraved, but this is so much more, it is debauched!”

“Ah, a compliment from an admirer, I am flattered,” said Ysabel. “We are birds of a feather and Mike is the most corrupted of the three of us. I know what he wants; I could tell when I saw his face when he ripped my panties off my little girly-boy. He fancies a nice soft ass to fuck, I know he does!”

Mike sighed theatrically and said, “You’re right of course, but, with Ajlal I am discovering new ground. Listen, we have to go now. I am really horny and so desperately want to fuck Ajlal. We have to go, while the night is still young.”

“OK, go then,” said Ysabel. “But remember, I will claim my prize and you have to come when I crook my finger.”

“So, what’s next?” asked Ajlal. “Now that all the schemes are in the open, what happens next with Matt?”

“Matt becomes Maddie. I have loads planned and then when he is nice and ready you and Mike can play with him all you like. A girly-boy, a little slut ready to suck cock and lick ass. That’s where he’s going; I just love the idea of a broken little boy who is willing to do anything to please me.”

Ajlal nodded and looked at Mike.

“That could be you if you like,” she said. “Kissing my feet and begging to be fucked... would you like that, Mike?”

Part Four

“Maybe, but not all the time. I am not a one-girl man, so you have to share me with my wife and Patrick. Anyway, I need more than that, so I’ll settle to be Ysabel’s bitch for a night or two, and your bitch occasionally! I love my life too much to just play one game!”

“I’ll settle for that for the moment,” said Ajlal with a smile.

The group of friends headed for the door and Ysabel said, “Come back over in a couple of days and you’ll get a taste of what Maddie has in store for the rest of his life.”

“See you at work tomorrow then,” said Ajlal as she kissed Ysabel on the cheek.

“I’ll be in in the morning; the afternoon will be spent on personal business.

Part Four

Shopping

“Now then Maddie, don’t be shy!” said Ysabel as she stood outside the lingerie shop with Matt. “Just remember that I am going to choose something for you that will make you look nice for me. This is my favorite shop to buy lingerie and they have some really wonderful things, so be brave and you’ll love it.”

Matt acknowledged her words with a nod and she patted him on his behind before they walked into the shop. Lingerie filled the walls with shoes in the middle.

“Shoes or stockings first, that’s the question,” said Ysabel. “I always pick shoes first and then mix and match against them. You will do the same.”

She nodded to a young girl assistant who came over and asked them what they were looking for.

“I’m looking for a pair of red high heels. Plain in style, patent leather would be nice and ankle straps would be perfect,” said Ysabel to the assistant.

“Size seven?” asked the assistant.

“Eight actually,” said Ysabel with a smile. “They are for this young man actually!”

The assistant paused for a moment and then smiled.

“We do have some eights actually. Come this way.”

She led Matt and Ysabel through the shop to the back wall where some rather showy stilettos were on display.

“The good thing about the larger sizes is that the heels can be higher. Should we start with these?” said the assistant as she took down a pair of bright red stilettos with metal studs on the heels. “These are perfect, but they do not have the ankle straps.”

“They are nice, try them on, Matt!”

Matt sat on a low stool and took off his shoes.

“I’m not sure if...”

“Matt, what did I tell you? Try them on or I shall have to punish you!”

Ysabel’s voice hardened as she continued, “We have just an hour to get you fitted with all the clothes that you will need. This is the only shop that we are going to visit. I expect you to be a good little girl and behave yourself without having a tantrum.”

“Would you like to use our private changing room,” said the assistant. “We have a full selection

Part Four

of dessous and lingerie to try on.”

“I think that that might be a good idea,” answered Ysabel. “This is the first time that he has been shopping with me and a little privacy will help him.”

The assistant picked up the shoes with a smirk and they followed her through a small door. A corridor led deeper into the bowels of the shop until at last they came to another door.

“I can help you, Madame, or if you like I will wait outside and you can call me when you need me.”

“Don’t be silly, it would be nice to have your comments as well...”

Matt stood hesitating for half a minute. It was almost as if he was contemplating trying to escape, but in the end, Ysabel slapped his ass lightly and he stepped into the mirrored dressing room.

“Now then, let’s have the jeans and T shirt off and we’ll try on the shoes,” said Ysabel.

Matt pleaded with his eyes, but Ysabel ignored him. Soon he was naked except for the pink knickers that hugged him so that every detail and contour showed.

“Nice,” tittered the assistant when she saw the knickers with the beginnings of a bulge that disclosed his growing erection. “Here...” She proffered the shoes and Matt slipped his foot into the right one.

“Try the left one as well,” said Ysabel.

Matt obliged and wobbled on his heels while Ysabel walked around him.

“Pull in your stomach, stand straight and relax your right leg so that the calves are defined,” said Ysabel. “They look perfect; can you show us some stockings in red as well?”

“Denier?”

“Oh, fishnet would be perfect. Something slutty would be wonderful,” said Ysabel. “Matt is going to learn to be a perfect little slut for me and I want something that will make him irresistible and sexy!”

The assistant left the changing room and Ysabel turned on Matt.

“Try to act just a little willing, Maddie,” she hissed. “I have decided what your future holds; don’t make it worse for yourself. Do you understand? I want you as a slut, a nice little girly-sissy-boy. That’s where you are headed whether you like it or not! If you cooperate, it will be easier on both of us and much easier for you.”

Her hand stretched down and she slipped her hand into his knickers and fondled him briefly.

Part Four

“There are rewards and there are punishments,” she continued. “The first punishment is already on its way, so don’t make me angry!”

Matt apologized and tried not to cry. This was different Ysabel... or was it? The threats brought his situation into relief and just as he was about reply the assistant came back into the room with a small box. Matt looked at himself in the mirror and shivered.

What was he becoming?

Carrie, the young assistant, was perhaps a year or so younger than Matt. She felt both amused and slightly shocked at the strange couple that had asked for her assistance. The older woman, perhaps around

thirty, the young man who passively allowed himself to be dressed in women’s clothing and verbally abused. She had overheard the threats of punishment and had a thrill-shiver as she realized the young man was completely under the authority of the attractive older woman.

“These are nice,” said Carrie as she pulled a pair of red fishnet stockings from the box.

She was fascinated to see just how far this would go. Matt took the stockings from her hands with a resigned look and started to pull them on. It was clear to Carrie that he was unwilling, but so stimulated by being humiliated.

“They show his legs to good advantage,” said Ysabel. “Perfect with the shoes... put the shoes on as well, please!”

Matt looked up at Ysabel and pulled the shoes on.

“There, that’s better. Just walk a pace or two, you need to practice at walking in heels, don’t worry it’ll come naturally if you put a bit of effort in and try!” said Ysabel. She turned to Carrie and said, “What do you think?”

“Erm,” said Carrie as she watched Matt. She was a little unwilling to be pulled into an exchange, but fascinated by the whole affair. *‘Just wait until I tell the other assistants’*, she thought.

“It needs something else,” she said.

It seemed as she had said the right words because Ysabel smiled and said, “You’re right! Something to add curves... what do you sell in the way of corsets?”

“It’s a specialty of ours, do you want me to bring a couple in or would you rather see the catalogue?”

Ysabel turned from Carrie and saw that Matt was pulling off the shoes and stockings.

“Put them back on, Maddie, this young lady is going to find a corset for you and I want to see the

Part Four

full effect!”

Matt hesitated and then pulled the stockings back up while the assistant disappeared again and he and Ysabel were left alone in the changing room again.

“Do we really need to try them on here?” he asked.

“Of course, I hate taking stuff back.”

“It’s just that I feel so embarrassed,” whined Matt.

“Get over yourself,” said Ysabel. “This isn’t just about you, I am spending a great deal of effort and money to get the perfect look, all you have to do is dress to please me. You’ll just have to put up with it!”

Carrie returned and held up a corset to Ysabel for inspection. It was quite clear to her that Ysabel was buying and choosing. With her sales bonus in mind, she had a five-hundred-dollar corset in her hands, a complex mass of boned red satin and black lace. “This one is a little old fashioned, but it will pull in the waist and plump the hips. I think that it would be ideal...”

“Well, done,” said Ysabel. “It looks perfect!”

It took fifteen minutes to fit and adjust the corset. The laces pulled tight shaped Matt’s thirty-two-inch waist down to twenty-four and, as Carrie had promised, the lower edge of the corset pushed down and rounded Matt’s hips.

“Perfect, we’ll take them all,” said Ysabel.

“Should I gift-wrap them?” asked Carrie.

“No that won’t be necessary. Just box the shoes and he will leave the rest on!”

Ysabel made Matt pull on his last set of masculine jeans and T shirt over the ensemble and said, “It’s a special night tonight, I want sexy and suggestive...”

“I’m glad that I was able to help,” said Carrie as she counted through the small wad of bills that Ysabel presented. For a moment she saw that Matt was out of earshot and she risked a comment, “It’s kind of sexy, but out of the ordinary, where did you find him? I mean my boyfriend would never go for it...”

“He is all my own work,” laughed Ysabel. “My own creation. It’s less difficult to do than you imagine!”

Part Five

Thinking

Matt sat on the edge of his bed and had his head in his hands. He could not bear to open his eyes and look at what Ysabel had done to the room that she had given him. It had been a week now and the decorators had gone now, leaving behind them a room that was almost the exact opposite to the decoration he would have willingly chosen.

The whole room was livid pink and white. The curtains were lace, in fact every detail was lace covered. The bedding, the pillows, even the picture frames were lace edged as though Ysabel had decided that Matt was to be a little girl and even in his private moments, he would have to abide by her judgement.

He looked up at the ornate wardrobe and knew that all the clothes that Ysabel had bought also fitted her image of Maddie, the man-slut that she was working so hard to create from him. Frilly dresses, tight skirts, flouncy summer numbers and a complete collection of dessous that was topped off by the corset that she had made him wear almost all of his waking hours.

Matt felt ground-down, pallid and half-hearted in his powers to resist the onslaught. What had started just a few weeks ago as her need to be sure that he was being faithful had clearly turned into an obsession on her part. It never occurred to Matt that he was following a route that she had been planning in her mind for a longer time.

In the last week, all she had discussed with Matt were clothes, shoes and furnishings. Every conversation was steered to a discussion about the merits of sandals or pumps or perhaps satin and silk, stockings or tights. Always she called him 'Maddie' and what had been an exciting experiment, the shaving of all of his body-hair, had become a daily ritual with razor and occasionally wax strips.

In the cupboard was just a single T shirt and a single pair of jeans that he had been wearing when she had picked him up at the railway station in the rain. One pair of sneakers that nestled in amongst a growing collection of feminine shoes. The last remnants of his masculinity. He was sure that Ysabel would soon take them away from him and thus make him a complete prisoner in her home.

It was not as though she had ever definitely forbidden him to leave!

The thought made him look up and around him.

His hand reached out to the tops of the bedposts where small holes had been drilled in the tops of them. Was this small bed a part of a bunk-bed arrangement or was this something more sinister?

Matt decided the latter.

He had to escape!

Part Five

Fleeing

Matt quickly dressed. It seemed almost strange not to have to check his make-up before he left his room! He shook his head, pulled on his T-shirt, and crept down the stairs on tiptoes. Just not wearing high heels was a liberating experience! All the lights were out in the house, a glance at the clock in the hall told him it was after two in the morning.

The street was quiet, just a gentle glow of lampposts and rows of parked cars and trees that lined the road. Matt was not at all sure where he was going so, once he had rounded a corner or two and felt safe, he stopped and reviewed his options. There was no way that he was going to sleep rough, so he had to decide which of his friends to go to. There were only two possibilities, Kevin or Tommy.

Kevin lived with his parents, so Matt decided that Tommy's place was a better plan. The fight that they had had, had been forgotten, Tommy would let him sleep on the sofa for sure!

It took three hours to walk to Tommy's house. A light drizzle plagued him as he walked and the first hints of dawn were showing as Matt arrived at Tommy's door. He took a deep breath and rang the bell. It was five minutes before the door opened slightly and Tommy's face appeared.

"What the fuck do you want?" said Tommy when he saw that it was Matt standing there.

"Listen Tommy," started Matt.

"I'm not sure if I'm in the frigging mood to listen to you!"

"Tommy, I just need to sleep on the sofa tonight," said Matt.

A desperate tone was coming into his voice as he spoke.

"It's five in the fucking morning."

Matt watched the expression on his friend's face and then felt a sense of relief as the door opened and Tommy let him into the apartment. Wearing just his pajamas, Tommy was still half-asleep and clearly not thinking clearly.

"I know it's late, Ysabel kicked me out," said Matt.

"Then just go back to your own place!"

"Can't, I had to get rid of it."

Tommy stopped and looked at Matt.

"Had to?"

Part Five

“Lost my job...”

“So, you need more than one night then?”

Matt sighed.

“Please, do this for me, I Just need to get my shit together.”

“So, where’s all your fucking stuff, you know, the stereo and clothes and stuff?”

“Left it at her place,” lied Matt. “I had to get out after the argument!”

Tommy flopped down onto the threadbare sofa and waved his hand in a non-committal way.

“Tell me about it later, I’m sleeping off last night,” he said.

With that, Tommy’s head lolled back and he dropped off to sleep.

On the sofa fully clothed, it was not long before Matt joined him in deep sleep.

Ysabel knocked on the door at nine O’clock. Matt should have been about the chores that she had set him, but was nowhere to be seen. She opened the door to find that the bed had not been slept in, Matt’s only set of male clothing, and shoes were missing.

For a moment she cursed that she had not put them under lock and key. He would never have managed to escape if she had been more

careful. Still, she reflected, he would be back and when he was, she would have the next stage of his sissification all nice and ready for him!

Tommy yawned and shook his head; last night’s drinking bout with Kevin had left his head rolling with thunder. He remembered the taxi, struggling into bed and then the visit from Matt. It all came back and he turned to look at Matt sleeping on the sofa. The slight movement made his head throb. Matt had kicked off his shoes and Tommy noticed pink netting over Matt’s exposed feet.

Carefully Tommy leaned over and pulled Matt’s T shirt gently up to expose a lacy corset. He shook his head as if the vision of the pink satin would vanish and be replaced with bare skin, but there was no doubt about it, his friend was wearing women’s clothing under his jeans and shirt.

“What the fuck,” he muttered to himself as he stood back.

Part Five

Now Tommy could see the bumps where the clips of suspenders lay under the jeans. He considered himself an expert on women's underwear and how to get it off! In his eyes a man who wore stockings and suspenders was a pervert! He decided that he was broad minded, but had always thought that Matt was gay and that this just confirmed it.

Part Five

Deciding

“He’s run away, the pathetic little weakling,” said Ysabel to Ajlal with a small dismissive wave of her hand. “When he comes back, he’ll find himself in deep water.”

“What makes you so sure that he’ll come back?” asked Mike.

“Well, to start with, he’s got no money, no job, no clothes and nowhere to live,” answered Ysabel.

“He might go to his parents,” suggested Ajlal. “If he does, you’ve lost him for good, I reckon.”

“He’ll be back,” said Ysabel with finality.

“OK, then suppose that he does? What happens next?” asked Mike.

The thought of Ysabel punishing the vulnerable little girl-man that she had twisted excited him. Ajlal’s hand slipped into his lap and gripped his erection through his jeans.

“I have a feeling that poor little Maddie will be a plaything for Ysabel, just like Janet is for us,” said Ajlal.

Mike gasped as the hand in his lap stroked him and Ysabel watched fascinated at the way that he had fallen under the spell of Ajlal. She had thought that her friend was going to be just another passive toy for her former lover, but it seemed as though Mike was slipping under her influence.

“You’re right, of course,” said Ysabel. “Once he is back in my grasp, he’ll never get the chance to leave again. I am going to make him into the nicest little frilly girl and teach him what it means to be my property.”

Mike exhaled, almost a groan. “What are we going to do with you, Mike?” asked Ajlal rhetorically as her fingers played with his cock through the thick denim of his jeans. “You’d just look silly in my stockings and anyway that’s not my thing at all!”

“You’ll think of something!” laughed Ysabel as she watched Mike gasp.

Ysabel had never thought that he could be altered to her taste, but it seemed that Ajlal had him well under her thumb. A month or two ago he would have never have allowed a woman to manipulate him, but now he was stumbling into Ajlal’s grip.

“If Mike is up for it, I can think of a job for Maddie that will make him a proper sissy-boy!” said Ajlal.

Ysabel laughed and said, “Well, Mike, are you going to perform for Ajlal’s amusement?”

Ajlal’s hand in his lap squeezed and then rubbed the hard rod that was trying so hard to escape.

Part Five

Mike gasped and looked at Ajlal as if to ask her permission to speak. She just slowed her fingers as he came towards the point of climax and waited for his words.

“I’d love to fuck him, if that’s what you mean,” panted the man who was surrendering to the two women who were manipulating him.

There was something so delicious, almost inevitable about the whole situation. Something that was so difficult to resist.

“That’s perfect, Mike,” said Ajlal as she smiled at Ysabel.

The twitch of the lips was an affirmation, a challenge to her friend. She knew that she was taking over part of Ysabel’s plot and that this was the moment when she proved it. Her hand lifted and gently unzipped the jeans to allow the hard cock to spring like a tower from the opening. A single pearl of precum squeezed from the eye at the top of Mike’s cock before Ajlal’s ringed hand gripped it and pushed down. “Do you want to cum?” she asked.

“Please,” moaned Mike.

“Ask Ysabel for permission then,” demanded Ajlal.

“Please, Ysabel... can I cum?”

For a moment, Ysabel wondered what would happen if she denied the appeal. Would it matter? The thought was tempting, but she too

was taken in the moment and could not deny Ajlal’s winning her little game.

“I insist,” she answered.

A sharp fingernail scratched at the straining tip of his prick. Fingers closed in and now the tips of all of Ajlal’s nails were cutting into him.

“You have to beg me too,” laughed Ajlal, “and then you can cum for us!”

“Please, Ajlal, please...”

The nails slid the length of the shaft before they lifted and he was grasped tight. Mike’s cock was the biggest that Ysabel had ever seen it. She could almost see his pulse in the veins that circled that huge member and then he finally climaxed with a yelp. The prick throbbed, the hand pulled back and Mike gushed and spurted cum that splattered his jeans and oozed to cascade the length of his cock.

“If you want to borrow him to fuck Maddie, then just ask me,” said Ajlal to Ysabel. “Of course, I will need to be there, Mike needs guidance. Incidentally, you know that little bet that you had with him?”

Part Five

“Ah, the bet!” said Ysabel. “What of it?”

“I’ve decided to cancel it,” said Ajlal. “Mike and Janet are mine now, so it would not be suitable if you took him away from me!”

“Cancel it?” asked Ysabel.

“Of course. I must say that it was just a bit naughty of you to use him like that!”

“But...”

“But nothing! I decide what games he plays and of course I’ll lend him to you for Maddie, but on *my* terms.”

“Of course,” said Ysabel. “I’ll respect the fact that it’s your decision, Ajlal. But Maddie needs to be fucked by a man to realize that she is just a little sissy plaything for my amusement.”

“Maddie still has to be found,” laughed Ajlal. “Then we’ll talk about it.”

“A week and no more, I reckon!”

Ajlal nodded and turned to Mike.

“Undress and take a shower, Mike. I want you ready for this evening. Tonight, you are going to perform for me.”

As Mike undressed, Ysabel found herself almost jealous of her friend. She had subdued her former lover and all she was left with was Maddie. Mike was a fine specimen, muscular and handsome, how had she missed the opportunity to bind him to her when she had the chance?

‘*Simple*,’ she decided.

Because of Janet! She had never thought that he would allow her to rule his life completely.

“I think that I might be able to help you find Maggie,” said Ajlal.

“How?”

“Let’s just say that there is an obvious place for him to hide from you!”

Mike left the room carrying his clothes in his arms.

“I’ll admit that you have him well under your thumb,” said Ysabel. “I never thought that it would work out this way!”

“If you had thought about it, there was no other way that it could turn out,” tittered Ajlal. “Mike

Part Five

is obsessed with sex, it fills his every waking moment, all I had to do was to make sure that I made it real.”

“You’ll have to make sure that it stays that way.”

“Of course, but then I have a strategy for that as well!”

“Maddie and Janet?”

“Maddie and Janet!”

Part Five

Evading

“It’s not what it seems!” said Matt as he squared up to Tommy. “I know what it looks like, but I’m not queer!”

“Well, there’s not much arguing with the fucking evidence,” said Tommy. “That high class slut threw you out of her house when she realized that you liked wearing her knickers, that’s the way it looks to me.”

Matt shook his head in denial. There was no way that he wanted to admit that Ysabel had dressed him like a girl; that would be too humiliating. The trouble was that there was no explanation that would fit the facts as Tommy knew them.

“It was a party and I got dressed up, Tommy, really! Then we had an argument and she threw me out. That’s the way that it was!”

“Yeah, right. You put on a pair of jeans over her stockings and knickers and that’s fancy dress. Maybe if you’d had a dress on...”

“Fucking listen to me, Tommy!” said Matt in a desperate tone. “You’re right, I dressed up in a dress as well, but I managed to snatch my jeans and shirt on the way out!”

“Listen, Matt. If you’re queer, then just tell me! I don’t really give a fuck, just don’t lie to me. I’ve already forgotten that you punched me that night and then told me to fuck off. I’m your buddy, you can tell me.”

“I’m not gay, how can you think that fancy-dress makes me a queer?”

“Well, it’s a bit fucking obvious isn’t it? She catches you putting on her pink undies, you have a fight and she chucks you out the fucking door. Next you’ll tell me that she asked you to put them on!”

“Please, Tommy. Just let me stay here a few days and I’ll pay you back.” “Well, I can’t put you up, so don’t get your fucking hopes up,” said Tommy in a firm voice. “Tomorrow I’m off on holiday for a couple of weeks and...”

“I promise I’ll be gone by the time you’re back.”

“No can do, Matt. I’m not giving the keys to the *friend* who punched me in the face!”

“I’m sorry, Tommy. I really am. I was just angry that you were stalking me!”

“Oh, now I’m a fucking stalker as well!”

“I didn’t mean it like that,” whined Matt.

Part Five

“What did you fucking mean it like then?”

“I just meant that you were following me and...”

“You promised that you would take a few dirty photos of that fucking slut you were fucking and I just came round to see if you had delivered!”

Matt thought of the pictures that Ajlal and Ysabel had taken and shivered. The recollection was not a happy one.

“I never promised!”

“Yes, you fucking did,” insisted Tommy.

There was a brief pause as Matt gathered his thoughts.

“Please Tommy, we’re mates and I just need a couple of days.”

“No fucking way, Matt. No fucking way! What the fuck are you going to get up to while I’m away? Bring some of your boyfriends around here? I’d have to burn the fucking sheets.”

“Tommy, that’s not why I need the flat. I just need a place to sleep while I sort the mess out.”

“Go to fucking Kevin’s place, then!”

“He lives with his mum and dad. How can I go there?”

“Get a cheap hotel room then, Matt. That’s if they can stand having a queer like you bringing back his queer rent boys!”

Matt felt his temper rising, but he managed to stifle his need to lash out. What the fuck was the matter with Tommy?

“I can’t afford it,” he muttered. “I’ve not got a job...”

“Go to your parents then, see if they want you back!”

“Tommy, there’s no way that they’ll put me up.”

“Well, me fucking neither. I’ve fucking had it with you...”

Matt felt defeated with Tommy’s intransigence, so he decided that the truth would be the only way to explain to his bone-headed friend.

“OK, I’ll tell you it all...”

Part Five

“Oh, this should be good. More fucking lies coming right up!”

Matt ignored the comment and started.

“She did it to me,” he started.

“Fucking did what?” interjected Tommy. “Ysabel wanted me to dress like that before I was allowed to fuck her!”

“Yeah, right! A top-class bitch like that wants you to dress in her frilly undies...”

“It’s true, Tommy. Every fucking word of it. She made me dress up and then threw away all my clothes and wanted me to dress like a little girl for her.”

“So, where did the jeans and T shirt come from then?” argued Tommy.

“She left those so that I could leave the house,” said Matt.

“You’re not just a fucking gay-boy, you’re a fucking liar as well. Do you really expect me to believe that a top notch fucking rich-bitch like that would trick you out as a girl before a fucking session? I’ve had enough of your fricking lies. You’re fucking going and I don’t care where the fuck you end up. If this skank wants you in her fucking frillies then *I* think that, you should kiss and make up with her and go for it, I just don’t believe a fucking word.”

“Tommy, that’s not the way it is, just listen...”

“I’ve listened enough; get the fuck out of my flat! Sleep on a fucking park bench for all I care, maybe there you’ll meet a nice little boy there as well!”

Tommy pointed at the door and Matt knew that he would have to go, but he was not going to go without a last try.

“She took photos of me and...”

“Right, you allowed her to do that?”

“No, but...”

“You allowed some woman to dress you as a girl, then she fired your ass from your job, then she took photos of you dressed in her fucking stockings all before you had a fight and you allowed her to throw you out of her sodding place? Do me a fucking favor!”

“That’s how it was...”

“If you don’t want me to teach you a lesson, you’ll leave,” shouted Tommy. “This time you don’t get the drop on me like last time.”

Part Five

As he spoke his fists bunched and Matt knew that he was beaten. There was no way that he could face Tommy like this, so he turned and headed for the door.

“And, don’t fucking come back here,” shouted Tommy. “When I tell Kevin that you’re a fucking queer, he’ll laugh his fucking socks off.”

The door closed behind Matt. He was on the street and he felt the first drops of a rain shower.

Part Five

Struggling

Matt huddled on the bench and shivered. He knew that he had to find shelter, there was no way that he could do what he had to, to live on the streets. He had managed to find casual work in a car wash, but they would not pay him for a week, so he needed to last until then. With no money in his pockets, he had not eaten and his hunger was not yet strong enough to make him steal. For a minute he considered

getting arrested just to get into a police cell, but he dismissed the thought as he rested his head on his hand.

His parents lived in a tiny house a hundred miles away, there was no way to get there, he would have to buy a ticket and he had no money. It never occurred to him that he could just jump on the train and not pay. He could not bear to go back to Tommy's to beg again and then a sudden thought struck to him. If Tommy was going away tonight, on holiday, perhaps he could break into that flat and use it for a week until he got paid? Kevin lived at his parent's house. They would never let him in.

So, what remained?

He could go back to Ysabel's place and beg to be given another chance, but he instinctively knew that she would punish him. Then there was Ajlal and Mike! Perhaps one of them would put him up for a couple of days?

He roughly knew where Mike lived. Surely, he could put an old work-mate up for a week? Ajlal he would have to stay away from. She would just tell Ysabel and he would be back in the shit.

The slats of the bench cut into him; he could feel his joints ache and his elbows were sore where they rubbed on the metal. Mike was his last hope, so he unwound from the bench and decided to give it a try.

Matt forgot how Mike had been there when they had humiliated him. He forgot the conversation and the way that Mike had pulled his knickers down. He forgot the casual laughs at his humiliation and most of all he forgot the way that Mike was with Ajlal. All he remembered was that Mike was a man, a work-mate and a person who *could* help him.

As he walked through the park he shivered with cold, but at least he had a goal now, a place to go. As he walked, he rehearsed the speech

that he would give. He ran over the words he would use to persuade Mike and felt cheered by the logic that would convince Mike.

It would have taken Matt an hour to walk to Mike's home, but Matt lost his way a dozen times because all the roads and houses looked the same. Finally, four hours after he had decided to persuade Mike to help him, he arrived at the block where he was sure that Mike lived. In the darkness, he scanned the labels on the panel of entry buttons until he had found Mike

Part Five

Williamson's name.

He hesitated and then he pressed the button and heard the loudspeaker make a rustling noise that showed that the line was open. There was no answer, so Matt pressed again.

"Who's there?"

Matt recognized Ajlal's voice. For a trice, he considered not speaking, but his response was almost involuntary.

"Er, it's Matt!"

There was no sound as the line closed and Matt was about to walk away when suddenly there was a loud buzz and the door unlocked. Matt pushed at the door and it opened. Quickly he checked the number of the apartment and then caught a lift.

'After all, the worst that can happen is that I will be forced to walk out into the cold again!' he thought as the lift went up to the penthouse. When the lift arrived, the door to the apartment was already open.

"Hi there," said Ajlal.

She was dressed in a sleek skirt and blouse as though she had just come from the office.

Matt cast down his eyes and muttered, "I need to speak to Mike!"

Ajlal smiled and stood back to allow him through.

"We were wondering..." she said. "Come in and tell us all about it!"

Matt passed her and was suddenly aware of his ruffled appearance. Creased clothes, dirty smudge marks from his full day of cleaning cars and a day's growth on his body that itched and irritated.

"Thanks," he muttered in a subdued voice. "I need a bed for the night..."

"We'll speak to Mike, then."

Matt stood in the brightly lit hallway and a door opened. Mike was dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, he smiled when he saw Matt and extended a hand.

"What's this about then?" he asked.

"I just need to sleep here," began Matt.

"I heard you disappeared from Ysabel's," said Mike. "She was getting a bit heavy then? She has

Part Five

a *difficult* side, I should know!”

Matt relaxed as he shook Mike’s hand.

“I can put you up, if you like and we’ll discuss it in the morning.”

“Oh, God, thanks so much,” said Matt in relief. His speech was not needed after all, Mike and Ajlal were smiling warmly and he had found a place to sleep!

“Listen, you look totally fucked!” said Mike. “There’s a bed in the spare room that you can have....”

He opened a door to reveal a bedroom with a huge double bed and waved the reassured Matt in with a sweep of his hand.

“I can’t thank you enough,” said Matt. The bed, with its thick eiderdown looked like heaven.”

“It’s nothing, we’ll talk over a coffee in the morning. Have a shower and you’ll feel better!”

As the door closed behind him, Matt almost flopped straight onto the soft covers. Through the door he could hear Mike and Ajlal talking for a moment and then the voices faded and he found the luxurious en-suite.

Part Six

Divulging

Nestled in the warmth and softness of the silk sheets Matt awoke feeling rested and at peace. He stretched his arms out and looked around him to see a room that was both stark and opulent. Plain white and chrome fittings, modern art on the wall contrasted with a plush carpet and the overstuffed duvet covers. His small pile of soiled clothes was gone and he felt a moment of exuberant freedom as he realized that he could borrow some clothes from Mike to avoid having to put on the stockings and corset again.

Matt sat up in the bed and tossed the covers aside. Then he looked down...

A steel anklet with a padlock clasped his ankle and a chain ran from it to a welded ring on the bedstead. In a daze he reached down and pulled at the chain, but it did not give and Matt stared with a sudden loss of rage. He gripped the chain in both hands and wrenched, but his hands slid over the shiny links and did not show any sign of breaking. His fingers investigated the anklet, there was little space between the snug leather-lined fetter and his leg, the closure was securely fastened with a small padlock.

Matt felt a tear press from his eyes and trickle down his face.

The door opened and a woman that he had never seen before entered carrying a tray. She was dressed bizarrely in some sort of clear plastic costume that covered every inch of her and yet showed every detail of her breasts and sex. She moved with small steps and avoided his eyes as he watched her before placing the tray on the small bedside table just inside his reach.

"Who... I mean can you help me," he asked her.

As soon as he spoke, she turned and headed for the door. Through the clear latex he could see that her back and behind were covered in the welts left by a caning and he wondered who it was that served as a slave in Mike's apartment. The encounter had lasted just a moment, but he came to a realization. That Ysabel, Ajlal and Mike were playing with more people than just him.

The smell of the coffee on the side table lured him to stretch and take the cup. It was plain black coffee with no sugar laid to the side, but he sipped it just the same. It tasted bitter and just a little metallic, but since Matt so rarely drank fresh coffee, he just drank it down and felt better for it.

The door opened and Ajlal came into the room. For a moment she surveyed her unwilling guest and noted that the coffee had been drunk. Matt was about to speak, but she put a slender finger across her lips and strolled to a position where he could not quite reach her.

"Well then Maddie, did you sleep well?" she asked.

"Erm, yes," he replied.

"Good! Now then, Ysabel will be here in half an hour and we had better get you ready for her."

Part Six

Ajlal strolled to a chest of drawers and pulled it open.

“I shall pick some clothes for you and you can get dressed for her visit,” said Ajlal. “I don’t have the selection that she does, but I’m sure that we can make do.”

Matt watched her pick through the drawers with a sinking heart. In her hands she had frilly red knickers, green stockings and a Basque.

“These are perfect,” she said with a smile. “I think that you’ll find that you can get the stockings up past the ankle bracelet. Put them on and she’ll be here soon to decide what happens to you!”

“Please, don’t do this Ajlal,” he wailed. “Please let me go... please.” “That’s not the way that it works, dear. Ysabel was very definite about it and since she is my friend, I just wouldn’t want to offend her, would I?”

“We worked together, why are you listening to her? I just want to leave and then you’ll never hear from me again,” said Matt.

“And that’s the problem, Maddie! It would not do, betraying a friend, would it? I would not want to fall out with the woman who decides my pay and for that matter neither would Mike,” she said with a small laugh. “Be a good little girl and do as you are told and I’m sure that she’ll look after you properly.”

“Please...”

“Don’t annoy me, Maddie. Bad little girls are dealt with very strictly in this household, as you’ve seen. Ten strokes of the cane is the minimum and I find that often more is called for!”

Matt went to speak again and a cross frown transformed Ajlal’s face into an angry mask.

“I told you to be quiet,” she snarled. “One more word and I’ll have you gagged and then where would you be when you try to talk yourself out of trouble with Ysabel? She’s already very upset with you running away in such a wayward fashion, don’t make it so much worse!”

Matt hung his head. Ajlal was dressed like a wet dream of a strict school ma’am. A tight leather skirt, a blouse that showed her breasts with their dark nipples and spiked high heels that stabbed the carpet at every step. She tossed the selected clothes on the bed and then stalked from the room with a sway of her narrow hips.

When the door had slammed behind Ajlal, Matt looked at the clothes. He dared not disobey, but he knew that obedience was already wearing him down, bit by bit. The erection that stood from him made that plain. What was happening was a nightmare, but it was also arousing and he was now unable to separate the two.

In the end, he decided that he would go along with the ‘game’ and wait for a moment when attention allowed him to escape.

Part Six

Before Ysabel arrived, because when she took him, he knew that he would never escape.

He pulled on the stockings, managing to get them through the anklet and then he realized that the knickers would be stopped by the chain to the bed. For a moment he wondered how she had thought that he would ever get them on, but a solution occurred to him. He fed the slender waist through the anklet and looped it over the red stockinged foot.

Somehow, cleverly solving this problem gave him hope that he would escape. He unlaced the Basque and managed to re-lace it at the front and turn the laces to the front before hooking up the suspenders that dangled. Finally, Matt played with the seams on the stockings to get them straight, better get Ysabel in the right mood, he decided.

As soon as he had finished the door opened as if Ysabel had been waiting for him to finish. There she stood, dressed in a tight business suit that showed every curve of her delicious body in relief. In her gloved hands was a razor-thin cane that she flexed menacingly as she stepped into the room.

Part Six

Relishing

“How’s my little Maddie doing then?” she asked.

“I’m fine,” mumbled Matt under his breath.

“Mummy has decided that her little girl needs a lesson in obedience,” said Ysabel. “It does not make me happy to have to punish you, but actions have consequences and mummy’s little slut needs to understand that!”

“I’m sorry,” said Matt.

“I’m sure that you are, Maddie. I’m sure that you are, but nevertheless, running away like that is not allowed. What if some man got you and raped you? What if you fell in with bad people and got into trouble? You see what I mean and that I’m only trying to teach you that you are mummy’s little bitch and not for just any Tom, Dick and Harry that might take a fancy to you.”

“I apologized,” said Matt sullenly. “I’m really sorry!”

“That’s good, Maddie,” said Ysabel. “Very good, but it’s not enough. You have to learn the hard way and then you’ll thank me for the lesson. Lie on the bed face down with a pillow under that little stiffy of yours and then we can get this over with!”

Matt looked up at the woman with the cane and bit his lip to stop himself arguing with her. He had imagined that she would be impressed by the fact that he had figured out how to dress even when chained to the bed, but it seemed that she was not even remotely interested. He pulled a pillow down and lay across it as he had been ordered.

“That’s a good little girl,” said Ysabel. “For running away, one stroke. For staying away a day, one stroke. For trying to persuade Mike and Ajlal to let you go, one stroke. That’s three, but since you are ready to be punished without complaint, I shall be generous and make it two. Do you understand that I am trying hard to be as fair as I can be in the circumstances?”

“Yes, Ysabel,” said Matt as he braced himself.

“Good, Maddie. Stroke one is coming, soon you will learn about consequences and be allowed to cry yourself to sleep!”

Matt heard a swish as the cane cut the air and then a terrible pain in the backs of his thighs as the cane cut him across both legs. He cried out involuntarily and gasped for breath afterwards.

“Well done, Maddie. Mummy appreciates your obedience...”

The second stroke of the cane struck him across both buttocks as she spoke. It was a terrible shock for Matt, who had not braced himself for the pain. He cried and his breath stuttered into a hopeless weeping that filled his eyes and made his body shudder in reaction.

Part Six

“That’s it, Maddie. I think that you have learned an important lesson today and taken your justifiable punishment with distinction,” she said in a softer tone. “That means that you get a little reward as well. I think that you wanted to come back to me, but could not bring yourself to come to my door. That’s why you came here... am I correct?”

“Yes, Ysabel.”

“Good...”

A hand slipped between his thighs and rubbed his stiff cock for a moment before it retreated and he was left confused.

“I can’t do more, because that would send the wrong message, Maddie. Training has rules that even I can’t break. But, if you are a good little girl for mommy, then there are rewards as well as punishments ahead for you.”

Matt could not help himself, he ground his hips against the silk, pressing his small prick up and down to try to cum.

“That’s naughty, Maddie. Mommy is not at all pleased with you now!” said Ysabel. “Now I have to make sure that the only time that you can be rewarded is when I allow it.”

She sighed and turned to leave.

“If you dare to cum when I have not allowed it, the punishment will be ten strokes!”

Matt stopped his hips and looked up.

“There, I’ve said it,” she said in a kinder tone. “Now I can’t go back on my words... ten strokes it is! Ajlal will be along in a moment with Mike and they will get you ready to come back to where you belong. In the room that I have prepared for you, where you can learn what it is to be mommy’s little toy!”

He heard her open the door.

“Tomorrow you will come back to mommy and learn your new functions!”

The door closed and Matt pressed his head into the bed. It soaked up the tears and comforted him as he realized that there was not going to be another opportunity to escape. Ysabel would never allow a second chance.

Part Six

Menacing

Matt lay shuddering in the bed. He could feel the red fire in his behind and the need in his cock. The two of them contrasted and made him weep, because he realized that the pleasure and pain were making him fear and love this woman who was playing with him.

He lay for hours.

In the far distance he could hear conversation and laughing. Ysabel and Ajlal's voices counterpointed by Mike's laughter. It seemed to go on for hours and then the front door opened and he heard muffled goodbyes. A moment later the door to his room opened. Ajlal stood with a small bag in her hand and Mike stood behind her smiling.

"I have something for you," said Ajlal as she held up the bag. "Ysabel asked me to fit it and I must say that it is long overdue."

"What?"

"This," said Ajlal as she reached into the bag and took out a metal object that made no sense to Matt.

"What is it?" asked Matt.

"A chastity tube," laughed Ajlal. "With this on there will be no more of those pathetic little erections and only three people will have the key. Ysabel, myself and Mike!"

Mike's grin grew broader as he moved to the other side of the bed.

"Now then, I'll put it on and you will only have to open those pretty legs for me. If you don't behave, Mike has something special for you..."

Matt looked up at Mike and watched in horror as his hand slowly pulled down the zipper on his jeans. In the other hand hung a strap that was broken by a metal ring around three inches wide.

"Mike would just love to fuck you," said Ajlal, "and I must say that it would amuse me as well, but if you are a good little girly for me, then that gag will not be fitted and that beautiful cock will not be pushed down your throat!"

Matt watched as Mike pulled on his cock. He had thought that it was already fully erect, but it was clear that Mike's cock was still growing. It grew as Matt watched and he realized that Mike was huge!

"Now open those thighs," said Ajlal, "and I'll put this on."

Matt opened his thighs. He was mesmerized by the weapon that Mike was nurturing and stroking to become a monster that could choke the breath from him with just one thrust. He felt a hand

Part Six

and flinched a nail caught the skin of his balls.

“Flinch again and you’ll choke on that cock,” said Ajlal as she clicked a metal band around Matt’s balls. “Now then, here comes the fiddly bit.”

There was another click and then Matt felt his small cock being forced into a tube before a final click announced the closing of a padlock.

“Well done,” said Ajlal warmly. “If you get a little stiff, the spikes will take care of it for you.”

Those words caused Matt’s cock to start to stiffen. Mike’s hand slid up and down his huge prick and he looked disappointed that his lover was not going to allow him to fuck the boy-slut on the bed.

“Perhaps, Mike can have a little consolation prize?” laughed Ajlal. “Is that OK, Maddie?”

Matt nodded. He knew that there was only one right answer to the question. He saw a movement in the corner of his eye and Ajlal walked around the bed and stretched up to kiss Mike. Her hand slid down his body and grasped the cock that was rearing from the slit in the jeans.

“I’m sure that Ysabel will want you to teach Maddie how to be a sissy-slut quite soon,” she said sympathetically. “I’ll bet that she’s a really tempting little piece of ass in a week or two, so don’t fret love!”

Her hand slowly ran the length of Mike’s cock and then began to move in steady strokes as she wanked him. Her lips reached up again. Her breasts pressed out of the blouse as Mike fumbled with the buttons.

“Are you going to cum for me?” she breathed.

Matt watched the prick rear and then Mike’s hips thrust and he splattered over Matt’s face with a spray of thick cum that drenched his face and hair.

“Oh, God,” said Mike as he kissed Ajlal. “I can’t wait to fuck that bitch!”

“Don’t worry love; I’ll let you have her all night... soon. You’ll be fucking her and making her drink your cum soon enough.”

Matt blinked and wiped the cum from his face. He saw Ajlal tuck that cock into the jeans and finally understood what Ysabel and Ajlal meant when they said he was going to be nothing but a girly-slut.

Part Seven

Preparing

Maddie looked up at the bars that were locked onto her cot and then down at the other girl that shared the prison. She was the dolly that Ysabel had given him as a present when Maddie had returned from Ajlal's just a month ago. The dolly was made of smooth naked, skin-like latex. It wore a tiny scrap of a dress that revealed the explicit little smooth cunt between its legs. The breasts could be inspected and had cute little nipples that tipped them and the mouth was forever open in mock surprise.

"That's what you will be in a short while," had said Ysabel when she presented it and Maddie knew that she was never wrong. Mommy knew everything and could do anything she wanted.

Maddie slipped a finger into the dolly and listened to the small cries that the dolly made whenever a finger fucked her in one of the three holes she could not defend. Maddie, on the other hand had only two, and both were always filled. In her rear was a slowly throbbing prick that pulsed and shuddered to keep her cock forever growing and then shrinking in the metal tube that punished every stiffening and yet prevented self-abuse.

The other plug was a cock shaped rubber teat that filled her wide opened mouth and had to stay in all the time that mommy decided. Maddie was left to herself most of the time. Her thoughts echoed with sex, her body ached with it and sex was all she was permitted to think about. Her sensitive little clit suffered so much as the screen above the cot showed endless porn and the objects that filled her allowed no respite.

The door opened and Ysabel stalked into the room. A smile was on her face, but it was satisfaction and not humor that curled her lips. Maddie was progressing well, she decided. Maddie's finger pulled from the dolly as if it was forbidden and Ysabel laughed as a guilty look came over Maddie's face. "Playing with dolly?" she asked softly.

Maddie looked up mutely at her mommy who admired the work that she had done so far. Maddie's breasts were growing nicely. Of course, there was still a way to go before the implants could be used, but she had already decided that they would be big and soft, a contrast to her own firm breasts. It would be good for her if she had to wear a bra all the time. It occurred to Ysabel that a little permanent make-up would be perfect. Pink circles on the cheeks, bee-stung lips in black and pink eyeshadow would complete the look. Better not overdo it, so that she could change Maddie as she liked at whim!

"It's your big night, tonight," said Ysabel. "You have been a good little girl, so mommy has decided that you can be rewarded. I know that you've been looking forward to it!"

Maddie's face looked worried.

"We'll get you ready and nice and striking for Mike," she continued. "You would not believe how he's being looking forward to playing with my little girl. Ajlal will want to play as well, but be sure that you please her every wish without any hesitation."

Part Seven

Ysabel unlocked the lid on the cot and slid the bars aside.

“Ajla! will be babysitting and she told me that she’ll look after you properly and make sure that Mike is gentle for the first time!”

Her slender hand pulled the dummy-gag from Maddie’s mouth.

“Be good like you are for mommy, make sure that you please my friends and then I may well reward you if I am in a generous mood!”

Her hand reached down and touched the warm metal that encased him for a moment.

“I have a key and so do Ajla! and Mike. Good conduct sometimes gets rewarded, bad behavior *always* gets punished. If you are perfect for Mike, he might just let you out for a few moments.”

“Ysabel,” said Maddie in a small voice.

“Mommy, you must not use my name, poppet, I’ve told you before,” said Ysabel. “From now on a stroke of the cane for every time you make a mistake and use mommy’s name.”

“Mommy,” whined Maddie. “Please don’t give me to Mike, please, please, I’ll do anything for you, but I’m scared of him!”

“There, there,” said Ysabel. “Mike just wants you to please him, I’m sure that he’ll be gentle when he fucks you. Mommy knows just how big he is and has prepared you for him so that it won’t hurt too much. The first time is always difficult.”

Ysabel patted Maddie on the head in sympathy.

“You’ll do whatever I want you to do, because you’re mommy’s little princess. If I hear another word, there’ll be trouble, so come and put on the nice new clothes that I got for you.”

Maddie sat up in the bed and carefully placed his dolly on the pillow.

“I have to tell you something, mommy,” he said in a small voice.

“What’s that darling?”

“I love you!”

“I love you too, Maddie. When you love someone you just will do anything to please them. I love you, so I’m going to make sure that you learn to do all the things that please me and love me all the more! Now then, let’s get you ready for your first night with my babysitter and her nice friend...” Ysabel watched Maddie strip to her smooth skin. The ankle chain had not been needed since Maddie had started to grow her breasts. She was much too scared and ashamed to leave Ysabel’s house now.

Part Seven

“First a shower and a special treat, because we need to clean you inside as well as out for that nice fat cock of Mike’s,” said Ysabel as she held up the enema bag for Maddie. “Just half a gallon should do, all you have to do is hold it in for half an hour and then you can shower.”

A worried look came onto Maddie’s face when she saw the full four pints of warm soapy water that would prepare her for Mike. On the one hand, she felt proud that at last, she was going to be fucked for the first time; on the other hand, fear gnawed at her every fiber.

As usual, Ysabel chained her arms to the eyelets on the wall before she carefully took the vibrator from that gaping hole. Months of constant use had created the perfect gaping fuck-hole. Round and sensitive, it was unable to close and block the array of objects that Ysabel had used to violate it. Now it was ready for something even bigger and so much more suitable. Its first real cock!

Ysabel inserted the nozzle and turned the small tap.

“I’ll be back in an hour to empty you and then it will just take a few minutes to get you ready.”

She could see Maddie tremble uncontrollably as the water filled her rear. Fear and discomfort were such a turn on. Her little girl was not scared enough of her, she decided. There would have to be a little more caning and less comforting moments when mommy sympathized with the little slut.

She was dripping with the power of it.

Ysabel closed the door behind her and sat on the bed. Tonight, she was going to fuck Paul, that much she knew. That boss of hers had been lusting after her for weeks now, it would be so satisfying to fuck him slowly, milk every drop from his cock and close her grip on just another of the men who hemmed her in and held her back. He thought that it was just a meeting, she knew that there would be no resistance.

Her hand slid to her skirt and slid it up to her hips. A finger glided between her smooth lips and stroked her pussy as she thought about Maddie suffering and weeping while Paul could not wait to fuck her.

So sweet!

Ysabel climaxed and then played with those swollen cunt lips until she was ready for another. This was what she had taught herself. One climax followed the next, each one making her hungrier and stronger than the last until she was so delicate that the cock that pushed into her would trigger an earthquake of orgasm that was almost more than she could stand.

The hour slipped by, climax by climax.

Ysabel watched as Maddie squatted and released on her word. She knew that if she ordered it, Maddie would hold all that liquid until the word finally came and that thought was almost

Part Seven

enough to make Ysabel cum again. The shower, the razor, the powder and the perfume, it all followed one after another until at last the perfect little girly-boy was ready to be dressed.

Knowing Mike, Ysabel dressed her little girl like a whore. Chain-link net stockings, a tiny thong pouch in leather, a lacy bra cut low to allow even Maddie's small breasts to push the sensitive pierced nipples to peep over the top. Finally, the pink wig. Of course, Maddie's hair was growing well, but it would take a few months before it was ready to cut, style and dye to the bright pink that Ysabel had decided would be perfect. Last on were the high heels with tiny padlocks that were more for show than anything else. Maddie would not dare to take them off without permission.

Ysabel cast a critical eye over her creation. She rearranged the wig and then started on the make-up. Lashes, lips, foundation, eyeliner and finally, a delicate brush of powder to the whole that made the face shimmer in the bedroom light.

"Just the plug and then you're ready."

Ysabel opened the drawer and held up two glass objects. For a moment she decided and then she noticed that Maddie was averting her eyes from the one in her right hand.

"This one or this one?" she asked.

Maddie knew better than to dare make a choice, she just hoped for the left hand.

"This one!" said Ysabel finally.

Satisfied with the little torment, she slid the right-hand plug deep into Maddie, who obligingly opened her thighs to allow her mommy to force the glass deep into her. Now there was no doubt, Maddie was shaking in fear as the moment of her violation approached.

"If I hear any criticism of your behavior you will get ten strokes of the cane. If I hear that you were disobedient, I shall consider that little adjustment that we talked about a week ago."

Tears started to gather in the corners of Maddie's eyes.

"If you smear all the work that I did with the eyeliner you will regret it!"

Maddie blinked and managed to get the tears under control. Just a week ago, mommy had mentioned that she might have Maddie neutered, now that threat had surfaced again.

The doorbell rang and Ysabel smiled.

"They're here at last. You will stand like this until they arrive. Do not move because you know that I am always watching you. Even when I'm not here!"

Mommy cast a small glance at the camera in the corner of the room and smiled.

Part Seven

“Don’t worry; I’ll check that you performed with grace and willingness... Now then, I’m just going out for the evening to meet a real man, a man who knows how to please a woman with a real cock and not just a little cocklet-clit!”

With that, she was gone and Maddie heard Ysabel greet her guests before she left for her own romantic rendezvous.

Part Seven

Fucking

Maddie stood and waited.

She could hear her heart beat thumping in her ears and her little cock swelling until at last it invoked the spikes that would keep her on a balance between agony and stimulation. The glass plunger that filled her rear pressed against her insides and triggered a response that was both delightful as it rubbed the node that was her prostate and terrible discomfort as it violated her with its size.

She stood still because she knew that the unblinking eye of the camera was balefully recording her every move and that mommy would check on it and punish her if she as much as moved her feet in the painfully high stilettos.

Pain and excitement, hope and fear.

It kept her still and accepting of the torture that mommy had decided was her due.

Maddie was not Matt and Matt was not Maddie. The path had forked and the hopes and fears of Matt had not been passed on to the subjugated sissified slut that he had become. Ysabel had emptied the shell and poured it full with her own warped mixture of terror and desire.

There was the sound of Mike's voice and then the lovers entered the room. Mike, casually dressed in jeans with a bulge at his crotch that signified the violation to cum. Ajlal, the dusky skinned Asian woman who was coming to relish the control that she had over her lover. She wore just a single silk sari that draped to the floor and wrapped her slim figure in folds of red and yellow.

They both came to stand in front of Maddie and mocked her helplessness with casual words.

"She's perfect," said Mike. "See how her breasts are growing nicely, a perfect little she-male slut to play with."

"Ysabel said that she wants much bulkier breasts, though," commented Ajlal. "I think that it will take a couple of operations."

"I like that idea," laughed Mike. "I like a big pair to spank when I fuck a woman!"

"Well, you can do that with this sorry bitch, but you'd better watch it when I'm the one that your cock targets."

"I'd never dare," he answered sheepishly.

"Have you got the key," asked Ajlal.

"Of course, do you want me to release her little cock?"

Part Seven

“No, of course not, darling, I was only asking.”

She turned to him and allowed the sari to drop in a flutter to the ground. It was a deliberate provocation to force Mike to compare the sissified Maddie and the perfectly balanced slim figure of Ajlal.

“I think that we should play first and then later we’ll get Maddie to add spice to the mix,” said Ajlal.

Mike looked disappointed, but he held his tongue and simply undid his belt and jeans. They dropped to his ankles and he kicked them off to reveal a huge erection that stood almost horizontal. A broad swelling head, a pouting little opening and a heavily veined rod that was, at the very least, nine inches of needy cock.

“So, Maddie. This is a real man’s cock. What you have flapping between your legs would not satisfy any woman. Your first little task is to show this cock,” she held it and pulled slightly, “some devotion!”

Maddie looked at the organ and shuddered with dread. She knew that she would have to please Mike and she had some idea of what that would entail.

“On your knees bitch,” laughed Ajlal.

Maddie slowly descended and sat on the backs of her heels to find that her mouth was just inches from Mike’s shaft. Ajlal could feel a rush of excitement. She was about to make one-man suck another’s cock, take a man who was forced to obey and make him destroy his own sexuality as he served a man’s prick.

Maddie looked up at her and she could see the glisten of the tears in his eyes.

“Tell me how much you want to suck this cock,” she said in a firm voice.

“I want to please you and Mike,” wailed Maddie as the plum-colored smooth skin of it approached his lips.

“This cock, do you want to make it cum?”

“Yes, I want it to cum,” said Maddie.

Her voice cracked as she spoke and her lips parted as it neared her mouth.

“Kiss it, slut,” said Ajlal.

Even though Mike was filled with need to ram himself home, he was enjoying the way that Ajlal instinctively drew out the moment to humiliate the girl who was nothing more than a cypher for her own need.

Part Seven

Lips pursed and then tenderly touched the tip just in time to catch a pearl of pre-cum on black lips. That droplet was oily and slightly salty as it dispersed between the almost-closed lips. “Now lick that little pair of tender lips and show Mike that you love to serve him!”

The tip of Maddie’s tongue emerged and touched the small opening before washing and lapping the smooth dry skin with great care. Maddie found that the skin was smooth and warm and shimmered with her saliva as she worked to please both Ajlal and Mike, though she knew that it was Ajlal who had to be placated most of all.

“Now, let me see you take the head in and massage it with your lips and tongue!”

Lips parted and Maddie slowly sucked in everything down to the deep rim that circled that cock. In her mouth she gently massaged and then sucked until it swelled a little and then leaked pre-cum on her tongue.

“That’s good, Maddie. Mommy will be pleased when she watches the film of you taking your first man,” said Ajlal as she watched the whole scene intensely.

She decided that Mike should not cum yet! For two weeks she had been playing a little game with that massive cock, always pushing it close to spewing its cum, but never actually doing so. Always reaching the edge, but never jumping! The first time that he climaxed was going to see a considerable ejaculation!

“That’s enough, slut. Now we can play. Lie face up on the bed!” she ordered.

Maddie gratefully released the head of Mike’s shaft and climbed onto the bed. She did not understand what Ajlal had in mind because she had been sure that Mike would simply violate her and that it would be over in minutes. Instead, Ajlal was setting up a playground of

sexual misuse that would last for hours of ‘play’ with Maddie as the helpless toy.

Ajlal climbed over Maddie on all fours and slowly made her way up his body by crawling. As her face passed the prone slut’s lips, she kissed them and then continued on. Her breasts hung before Maddie’s lips and then swung to reveal the taut stomach and then the angle that pointed to the shaven slit. Maddie longed to kiss and lick it as it passed, but all she was allowed to do was catch a brief aroma of delicate perfume as Ajlal’s knees passed Maddie’s ears.

Maddie looked up. The legs were parted, the tantalizing complex of inner lips and hooded clit separated and Maddie saw the deep cavern of Ajlal’s pussy yawn just as Mike followed on and pressed the slippery head of his prick at the opening.

There was a gasp of lust and Ajlal ordered, “Lick my pussy.”

Maddie pushed up as the cock slowly buried itself in Ajlal’s cunt. Her tongue felt the slippery nubbin of a swelling clit and then the cock started to stroke in and out of that hole while Maddie

Part Seven

served that clitoris with her lips.

Each stroke went deeper, until Mike's loose hanging balls patted Maddie's chin with a gentle nudge. Ajlal panted and then climaxed the first time. Her hand came and slapped Maddie's face with a sharp sound.

"Don't stop, you witless whore. Make me cum again."

Maddie redoubled her efforts. The shaft emerged glistening from the cunt and then plunged back in while lips and tongue worked to make Ajlal suffer tremors of an oncoming climax.

"Fuck me harder, Mike, fuck me."

Deep stroke, shallow stroke, deep stroke.

Mike fucked his lover as she had schooled him. There was no other way, he could feel the build-up of his own climax start to gather deep inside and knew that it could not be denied.

"I'm cumming, cumming," he gasped as he struggled to maintain the rhythm that Ajlal so demanded every time.

Ajlal groaned as Mike came deep inside her. As he had been taught, he continued his pace, because after all it was Ajlal's orgasm that was sacred, his was just a by-blow that served to bind him to her in perpetuity.

Underneath all of this passion, Maddie worked at pleasing the woman who mocked her and then fucked over her face. Maddie was grateful that Mike would not have the energy to fuck her immediately and that liberated her to lick and massage until at last Ajlal's thighs began to shiver as she came to her third climax.

Mike pulled from the wetness in which he had been buried.

A surge of cum welled from Ajlal's dripping cunt and spilled onto Maddie as she struggled to keep her momentum and push the woman who was over her to yet another glorious orgasm.

Ajlal sighed and sat upright. Her pussy closed over the mouth of the slut below and she felt the ooze of all Mike's cum sluice into that open mouth. When she looked down, Maddie was buried between her thighs, so she sat up a little more to empty every drop into the almost female cum-bucket who had no choice but to swallow it all.

She twisted around and kissed Mike on the lips. She could sense his need, his craving to fuck despite his climax. He wanted it so very desperately and Ajlal was going to fulfil his lust and gain more control over her lover.

"That was glorious," she breathed. "Now I want to see you fuck this sissy in the ass!" Maddie shuddered, now the moment had arrived at last, her life as a man was coming to an end, soon she

Part Seven

would be truly the girl that mommy wanted her to be.

“Give me a moment to be ready,” muttered Mike.

“I know what’ll work,” said Ajlal as she lifted from the upraised face. “Open wide!”

Ajlal turned and grasped the semi-rigid cock and then guided it to the lips that waited below. The pulsing cock filled Maddie’s mouth. It slid across her tongue, growing harder as it thrust into her throat. She watched as inch by inch it disappeared and the throat swelled. Maddie’s eyes were wide with surprise as her lips closed around the root and Ajlal felt a surge of supremacy that thrilled her. She was in control of Mike. She dictated his pleasure using Maddie as her tool.

Mike’s hips lifted and then pulled back to reveal a hard rod that was ready to fuck!

With a slight push of her fingers on his hips she lifted him and ordered Maddie to present herself to be violated. The victim lay on her back with her legs raised to allow access while Mike moved to kneel between those smooth thighs. Maddie twisted and gasped as Ajlal pulled the glass stopper to that fuck hole, a gaping man-hole that would soon be filled with a real man’s cock. Maddie’s legs quivered as they were pulled higher and higher until at last Maddie’s ankles rested on Mike’s shoulders.

Bent double she was nothing but a glory hole to satisfy the huge prick that quivered at the entrance to her body.

Part Seven

Alignment

The tip of his cock pressed into the darkness and inched into Maddie. Mike sighed in sheer contentment. Maddie cried out. Ajlal slapped Mike's ass and his cock forced his way into Maddie's virgin ass with all of his weight. Ajlal slapped again and Mike pressed home. He could feel an ache rising, a need that had to be satisfied as Ajlal controlled the fuck.

She decided when he was allowed to slide out, she restrained him and then urged him on with touches and slaps. Then she moved to face Mike. Her thighs straddled Maddie's face, her hands grasped those ankles and pulled them high while Mike found her lips with his and kissed her passionately as he reamed the sissy who was trapped under the two lovers. Ajlal looked down and saw Maddie crying. Her lips were parted, makeup streamed with her tears of distress. Her small breasts quivered, her legs shook in Ajlal's hands and Mike took what was his to take.

He thrust deep and felt elation as Maddie cried out and wept in suffering.

Mike kissed Ajlal and felt her tongue push between his lips. It had never been better as he felt Maddie cry out in violation as he penetrated deep. His hands cupped Ajlal's breasts and twisted the hard nipples.

Ajlal felt a surge and lowered herself onto Maddie's shocked mouth. She felt her lips contact, she felt a tongue push into her with the same rhythm as the hard cock that penetrated a perfect asshole. She kissed Mike as she climaxed, she melted and surrendered to the moment. Passionate kisses, whispered words of affection from her lips and then he convulsed and poured cum into the slut who cried as she served a mistress and was fucked by a real man.

Motionlessness.

Only the lapping tip of a delicate tongue massaged a hyper-sensitive clit.

Mike pulled from Maddie and sighed as he emerged in a welling flow of cum. One last shudder shook him, a last reaction that juddered his whole body. Ajlal laughed at that physical admission of satiation.

"That was perfect," he sighed as he looked down at the weeping Maddie.

Ajlal stroked his face with her hand and then reached for the plug.

"I never knew," she said as she slipped the glass stopper into Maddie.

"Never knew what?" asked Mike.

"That fucking could be so overwhelming!"

Mike looked down and laughed. Maddie had her legs in the air, her little cock was hidden in a steel jacket, but a trickle of cum emerged from the metal where she had managed to climax as

Part Seven

she was fucked.

“That’s something that we’ll have to put an end to,” laughed Ajlal as she followed Mike’s gaze. “There’s no way that Maddie is allowed to cum when she is raped. That’s so wrong on all levels.”

“Ysabel mentioned that she might have Maddie gelded,” said Mike as he slapped the exposed ass with the flat of his hand. “Those cute little balls.”

“I think that she just meant that those useless little balls would have to come off,” replied Ajlal. “They are just a distraction to her giving full attention to her superiors. I’ll have a word with Ysabel. I’m sure that she’ll agree that if Maddie is to become a girl, they’ll have to be removed.”

The tip of the tongue that slid between Ajlal’s pussy hesitated for a moment and then another cascade of tears ran forth as Maddie heard her fate.

“Would you like that, Maddie?” asked Mike as finally Ajlal moved her pussy out of reach of those lips. “Do you want to be a perfect little girl for us, a cute fuck toy for my cock?”

Maddie could not speak, small sounds issued from her lips as she wept and shuddered in horror. She had climaxed in a new way as she had been pounded by Mike’s cock. Not truly a release, more an involuntary discharge that was the ejaculation without tangible relief.

“I didn’t cum,” wailed Maddie. “Please, I couldn’t help myself, it just happened, please don’t tell mommy what happened.”

“Mommy is going to see the recording,” laughed Ajlal. “I think that she’ll have those little balls amputated.”

Maddie wept again, all the while mumbling, “No, no, no, please.” as she did.

“I might have a word with mommy if you are a good little girl and lap up all the mess from Mike’s cock,” said Ajlal. “Depending how well you manage to please me, then I’ll decide and speak to your mommy!”

“Please!”

“If you promise not to cum again, it’s so disgusting when you leak like that!”

Maddie cried and shook with terror.

“Please, Ajlal, please, I promise that I’ll never do it again!”

Ajlal kissed Mike and scooped up the few offending drops of cum that had found their way from the shiny steel tube and offered her fingertips to Maddie’s lips to lick.

Part Seven

“Good girl, now show me that you mean it.”

Part Seven

Ending

Ysabel sat cross-legged on the armchair and sipped her Cognac with the air of total satisfaction.

“I’ll look at the video later,” she said to Ajlal, “but tell me how she did.”

“Maddie was the perfect little fuck-puppet,” Ysabel. “We played all night and then left her chained in her cot ready for you to speak to her. Mike loves both her holes,” don’t you Mike?”

Mike nodded assent.

“Did you punish her?”

“Of course, we did, Mike loves it when the woman sucking his cock is caned, so I used one of your canes and disciplined her while Maddie struggled with a cock rammed down her throat!”

Ysabel looked at Ajlal and decided that something had changed in her. At first contact with Mike, she had been almost as much a victim as a lover, then the pendulum had swung the other way and she had asserted herself. Now the balance was there, the acceptance of his needs united with her own desire to dominate.

Of course, there was Janet, but Ajlal would soon have her in a cell being fucked by a relentless machine. But, after all, *she* had wanted to be enslaved! Ajlal would never let Mike’s wife interfere with her love for him!

“So, should I have those balls docked?” asked Ysabel. “She would sure look cute with just a little pierced cocklet and a nice smooth skin all around.”

“It depends!” said Mike.

“Depends on what?”

“It depends on what you really want, Ysabel.”

“I know what I want, Mike. I want a perfect little slut-doll to play with. That’s what I want!”

“That’s not what I mean, Ysabel. Listen, if you make Maddie perfect and finished, there will be no more terror and no more punishment. Maddie will be complete, a finished product. You should have seen her beg and implore not to be castrated! I’ll bet you that that’s not *really* what you want. I’m willing to bet that you want a crying little girl who lives in a constant state of distress, for whom every act is one of violation. The threat is delicious, she should live that terror every day! You don’t really want a perfect dolly. You want a man who still remembers that he was a man, a man who sucks cock and hates every moment of it.”

Ysabel smiled, how well Mike knew her.

Part Seven

“You’re right of course, I want every moment of Maddie’s life to be a nightmare of violation and apprehension...”

Ajlal changed the subject, “How did the date with Paul go?”

Ysabel smiled.

“Is the rumor true then?” asked Ajlal.

“What office rumor is this then?” asked Ysabel.

“That he has a cock like a pencil...”

“He’s not particularly big,” said Ysabel, “but, on the other hand he’s married and has yet to see the pictures that I took of him in the hotel room.”

“Is this another project?” asked Ajlal.

“Not sure yet, but one thing I do know is that this one didn’t turn out as I planned, but surprise is the spice of life!”

Ysabel reached forward and picked up the TV remote. She chose Maddie’s channel. The cot was claustrophobic, more so for Maddie who had been strapped in so that her ankles were above her head and wide open for the camera to see. Her make-up was smeared, a trickle of cum dripped down her ass from the stoppered hole and so much more was drying on her tiny breasts and neck.

Her small balls were tightly ringed by the chastity tube. They were like small plums, ripe for the picking. Whenever Ysabel wished it. Underneath the steel spikes punished every slight swelling of the tiny impotent cockle. Wine colored welts crisscrossed the delicate smooth skin of her ass where Ajlal had used the cane so hard.

Maddie was fast asleep. Her vulnerable little latex dolly clutched close as if it could comfort her nightmares. However, no nightmare could ever approach the waking moments of violation that were yet to come.

The End