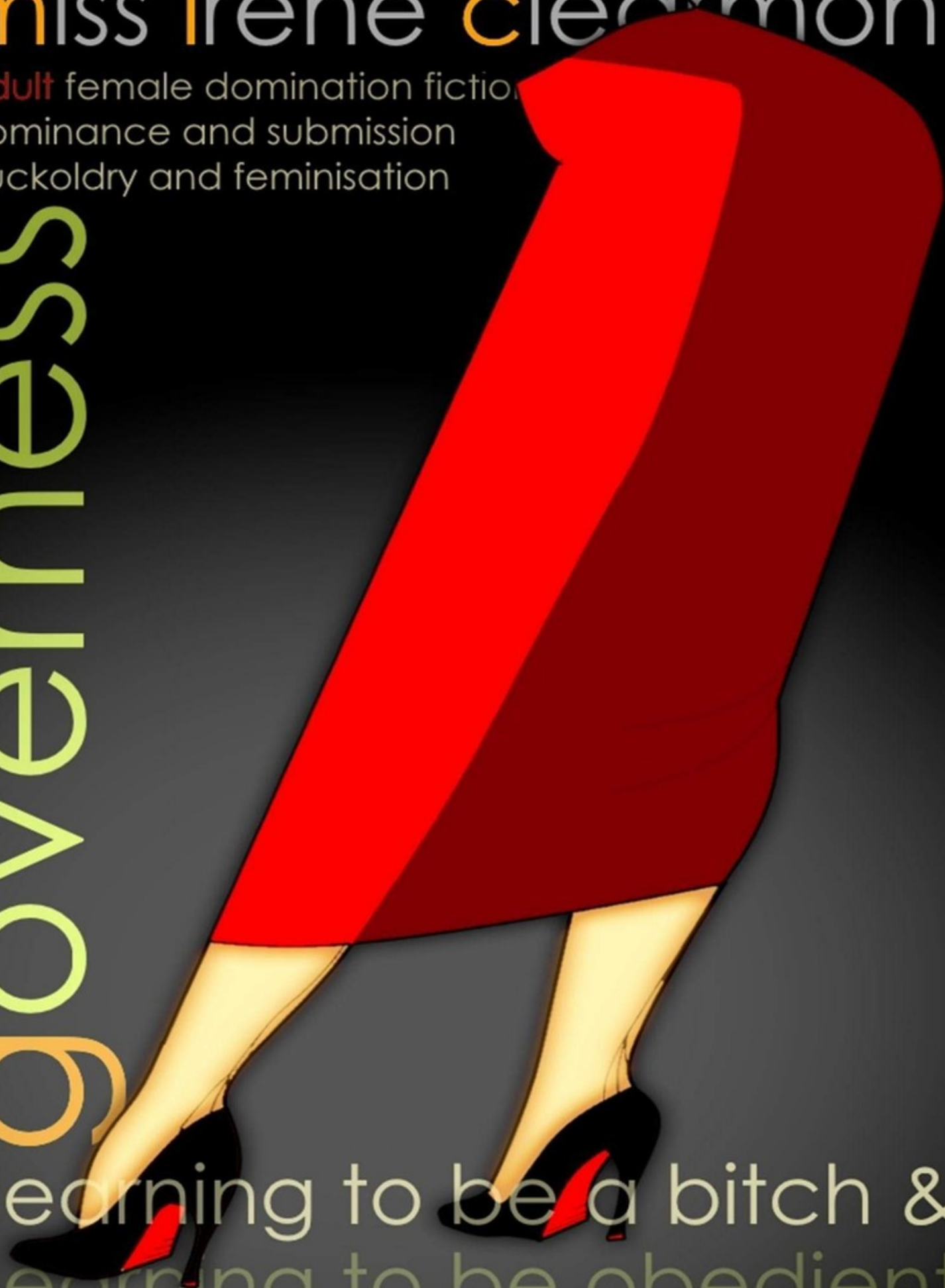


miss irene clearmont

adult female domination fiction
dominance and submission
cuckoldry and feminisation

governess

learning to be a bitch &
learning to be obedient



Governess

An Exotic and decadent tale of Female Led Fiction

by

Miss Irene Clearmont

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For author information contact:

Miss Irene Clearmont
www.MissIreneClearmont.com
Email Comments: Irene@MissIreneClearmont.com

“Governess”
by
Miss Irene Clearmont

Everything in the world is about sex, except sex.
Sex is about power.

Oscar Wilde

Part One

Shot of Whisky

So busy, almost a constant struggle to get from one shop to another. People standing talking, people standing staring at who-knew-what. People smoking, ambling, window shopping and worst of all, people standing in queues for tills and asking the service staff with such inane, time-wasting questions.

Rose bit her lip in frustration, struggled with her bags and finally decided to settle down, calm herself, take a break and sit at the window of a café. She piled her bags beside her and stretched out her long legs as she watched the passing amblers and treated herself to a Latte. The chatter in the place was incessant, a background clamour mixed with the clatter of porcelain and glass and the rings of the tills.

The cup was drained leaving a light brown ring inside the edge and the red touch of her lipstick, the bill already paid, and Rose reluctantly started to sort her shopping for the next attack on the fashion-shops. For a moment she considered another coffee, a few more minutes off her feet, but with a sigh she gathered the handles of the bags on her wrists.

It was at that moment when happenstance, an accidental chance imposed itself and her eye caught a *particular* movement in the passing traffic outside. Not the face, not the clothes, but the singular rhythm of a passer-by that caused her eye to be ensnared with familiarity. It would have been surprising if Rose had not spotted her husband passing, perhaps it would have been surprising if he had been unaccompanied but what *was* surprising was the woman that he had on his arm.

For a moment, Rose stared, reassessed the couple who were slowly passing within an arms' reach of her. Almost as if she would suddenly realise that it was *not* Pete, but there was no doubt at all. Pete it was, kissing the petite snowy-blond girl, Pete it was, that had one hand planted firmly on her well-formed behind, Pete it was, that laughed at something she said and then moved on with her into the milling crowd.

Rose stood, her bags trailing from her wrists. She hurried from the café, pushing the incoming people aside with frantic haste as her mind fixed on the couple who were now melting into the shopping crowd. For a moment, she had a clear view of the couple. His hand squeezing her ass, her narrow

waist and heels, the lines of the nylons straight down each calf, the long blonde hair that cascaded down her back and then, a group of young men moved between and Rose lost sight of the couple. She pushed through, caught a glimpse of blonde hair and moved towards it to discover that it was a middle-aged woman struggling with a pushchair.

Frantically, Rose scanned the crowds, suddenly offended that everyone around her seemed to be taller than herself. She pushed through the knots of slow-moving pedestrians to find herself at a road-junction where the pedestrian crossing-lights were on red. On the far side, she saw that swaying ass again, saw the affectionate kiss that he gave her, and Rose stepped into the road and suddenly back as a cyclist swept by followed by a throng of busses and cars.

By the time that she reached the other side, there was no sign of the loving couple and Rose stood at a loss, trying to decide which way they could possibly have gone. She stood in frantic immobility, her thoughts seething, her feet frozen to the concrete.

Doubt assailed her.

Questions filled her confused thoughts.

Surely that could not possibly have been *her* Pete?

She knew that she had *not* been mistaken, it *had* been her husband!

Rose stood, a statue in the middle of the bustling crowd. Revulsion and hatred filled her mind like a surging swell, breaking on her like surf and she seethed. For minutes she stood, scanning the moving snake of shoppers until it was clear that there would be no second sighting and then she slowly moved on. The bags hung slackly from her wrists and in a fit of anger she dumped them all on the pavement. Two pairs of stilettos, the jacket that she had chosen with such care, the dessous that had charmed her with its lace roses and the stockings that she needed to replace the laddered ones.

All forgotten, all just a burden that had to be shed, as Rose wandered aimlessly into backstreets in a daze. In her head was a single thought as her mind narrowed to a point. Pete with another woman, kissing a girl who was ten years younger than him. His palm on her ass, his lips on hers, a smile on his face that was reflected in hers.

For a moment, Rose stopped and stared into a shop window. The display of dross and sex toys scarcely registering on her dazed mind. Her eyes roved over the lurid display and caught for a moment on cuffs and whips, latex and leather, stilettos and jewellery and then she moved on.

Through the narrow corridor-like passage, through the shabby market beyond, until at last she could walk no more. She settled in a café and stared at each passer-by as if the quirk of chance would repeat itself. As though she could rewind and repeat the encounter by sheer force of will, but there was to be not even an echo and the cup was emptied, the cake eaten while gradually she found her composure and realised that she had abandoned all of her shopping.

Rose considered heading back, shrugged her shoulders and settled instead for a stiff shot of whisky to soothe her soul. The smooth malt seemed to have a comforting force, and another one followed as Rose watched the passing pedestrians and the occasional taxi pass by. Here was wellbeing in a cut crystal glass, offered by an Italian waiter in a street café that was filled with chatter and camaraderie.

While Rose sat alone.

Forlorn and betrayed.

Taken in dark fugue.

Poison Chalice

"Hi honey, I'm home," called Pete.

"In the kitchen..."

The little ritual was complete, and Rose shook her head.

She had never even noticed the daily exchange before, now it sounded so *very* hollow. All Rose could think of was his hand on *that* ass, his lips touching hers, the sway of her hips, the soft fall of that slut's hair. A week had not changed anything, and two months had not calmed Rose's mind, even though the unconscious reflexes of her normal life caused outward composure.

In that first week, she had searched the pockets of his suit, rifled through his mails, flipped through his wallet, checked the carelessly left receipts, spent hours sifting their bank accounts on-line and the result had been zero. There was no trace of Pete's infidelities, no suggestion of indiscretions. Not a whisper on Facebook, not a murmur in his manner. Then she had taken other steps... met with Lauren and discovered something inside herself that could not be denied.

Rose watched the maid as she poured the coffee and wondered if she knew, if she had caught the whiff of Rose's husband's affair, before Rose decided that it was unlikely. Stone faced and dour, the woman was like a rock, only her excellent work as compensation for her lack of emotion.

Pete entered the kitchen, dumped his laptop bag carelessly on the table and flashed a smile.

"Ah coffee," he said.

Rose realised that this too was all part of the ritual of his homecoming. She tried to smile, and it seemed to satisfy her husband as the mug of coffee appeared before him, Maria placing it with the handle to the right.

"It's hot," she said as she turned back to the percolator.

'Always second,' thought Rose as her mug appeared as if by magic.

She had never noticed it before, but now it was plain. Maria always served her second, after her husband, and a feeling of resentment welled up inside of her. Was it because Maria was Italian, the land where the men came first?

Was it because the man of the house was inevitably served before the dull housewife that was Rose?

“How was work?”

The question was the final quote in the passage of their ritual and Pete always answered the same.

“Satisfying!”

Now the rite was complete.

Rose nodded and looked at him and sipped at the hot coffee. The man whom she had married. The man that was supposed to produce a family, the man that provided for her and all she felt was hatred and disdain. He sat back and relaxed, watched Maria preparing the evening meal while his hand tapped the bag on the table.

“So, Maria, what’s coming our way?” he asked.

“Fettuccini alla vongole,” replied the maid without turning to face him.

“Mmm, sounds great, we are just not appreciative enough of Maria,” he said turning to Rose. “What did you do today?”

“Oh, not much,” replied Rose. “The weekly shop with Maria, a few bits and pieces, oh, and I organised the service for the Jag...”

Maria moved from the stove and picked up a small bundle of letters. She placed them by Pete’s mug and returned to stirring the pasta. He flipped through them and passed all but one to Rose before opening the remaining letter with the handle of a spoon.

Rose watched her husband open the letter and felt a small surge inside, a hint of excitement as the handwritten address was visible. Her husband pulled forth the letter and exclaimed as he read it.

“What is it?” asked Rose trying not to let any emotion seep into her tone.

“An invitation,” replied Pete. “Ha! This is unexpected...”

At last he had seen enough, and he passed the letter to his wife.

The letter-head was that of some school and Rose felt a twinge as she realised that children would have made letters like this commonplace. Her eyes scanned the text and she placed the letter on the table.

"A school reunion?" she said. "Wow, it must be thirty or more years since you were at school..."

Pete turned the letter to face him and his finger moved to the address on the letter.

"This is not my school," he laughed. "If it didn't have my name on it, I would think that it had been sent to the wrong address."

Rose tried to smile.

"Not surprising really, dear," she said. "Your school was knocked down years ago. The meeting must be in some other place."

Pete nodded and then shrugged.

"I can't understand why your name is not on the list of attendees," he muttered. "We went to school together..."

"Maybe it is only for *your* year?"

Rose felt a pulse in her temple and managed to smile as Pete inspected the letter.

"Of course! You were in the year below, when I look at the names, they are all from my year. Hey, most of them are the old gang... though a few have been forgotten. For instance, Graham Peace and quite a few others..."

"Maybe they are out of contact?"

"I know where Graham is and he's all over Facebook, not exactly *difficult* to trace."

Rose nodded and looked at the list of ten names. Each was an old schoolfriend of her husband, each a confederate in the gang that had been at the centre of her school-life.

The Fettucine arrived on the table and they ate, Maria pottering around in the background as she cast a last look and then left with her own portion.

"Are you going to go?" asked Rose.

"Seems a shame not to have you there," said Pete. "On the other hand, I still have that three weeks of holiday, so there's plenty of leeway. What date are they on about?"

"It does say that you can bring a partner," said Rose. "So, I could go along, after all, I'm part of the group anyway."

Pete shrugged.

“I’m not sure if that’s a good idea, only the boys are invited on this list. Anyway, it’s in a few months’ time so why not? It’s only for a few days and it would be fun to meet them all again. Show off the BMW, flash the Platinum Express Card, all a contest to see who has done the best!”

“God, Pete, that’s *not* at all my idea of fun! I’m not going if there’s going to be a competition to see who has done the best!”

“As you like, dear. Anyway, I’m going, it’ll be fun for me...”

“Do you need to book a hotel? It’s for three days and look here, the address is in the middle of nowhere...”

“No, no, it’s residential. All you have to do is to find out how much the room costs... In fact, I’ll do it, dear. Are you sure that you don’t want to go?”

“I’m sure, darling. I’ll pop over to my parents for a few days and then we have a readymade excuse that you can’t come!”

“We can go up together to Glasgow then, I’ll drop you off and pick you up on the way back. You can see your parents.”

Pete mopped up the last of the oil in his bowl with a hunk of fresh bread and sat back, satisfied; his hands on the letter. He folded it carefully, slipped it back into the envelope and tucked it into his jacket pocket.

“Yeah, no need for you to arrange this, darling, I’ll do it all...”

Rose shrugged and tried to suppress the small thrill.

Mug of Coffee

He had climbed into the car and waved goodbye to the little family group on the doorstep with a sigh of relief, his heart beating fast as he had contemplated the next few days. Helen would soon be in the seat next to him and they could look forward to a few days alone at last.

Pete signalled and pulled into a dilapidated service station, his eyes searching for the pretty blonde that was supposed to be waiting for him. The journey from London had tested his patience to the limit, the brief meeting with Rose's parents a total bore, until at last, he had been on his way.

He pulled the BMW in next to a pump and started to fill the car for the long trip ahead. Oban was hours away up the west coast. Winding roads, gloriously stark scenery and empty of habitation compared to the crowded tower-blocks of Glasgow that surrounded him. Pete had picked this service station because of the hire-car office next door, a perfect place for Helen to drop of her car after her flight. A perfect place for her to wait for him. As the handle of the pump jerked in his hand he saw her and waved.

Helen would stand out in any crowd!

Blonde instead of that pallid brown of Rose. Penetrating blue eyes and a face that a man could lose his gaze in. Such a shame that he married Rose, pinned himself down with a school girl-friend when; if he had just waited...

"Hi, just dropped off the car," said Helen. "Took them ages to do the fucking paperwork. Anyway, perfect timing..."

"Fancy a coffee?" asked Pete. "It's a long drive and we are going to arrive in Oban well after nightfall."

"It'll be shit here," said Helen, "Why don't we press on and stop on the way?"

"I've already driven hundreds of miles today," said Pete. "I need a boost. Anyway, I need to get the taste of Rose and her penniless parent's out of my mouth."

"That fucking bad?"

Pete smiled. It was one of the things that made Helen so attractive. She looked as though she could have launched a thousand ships, but when she

opened her perfect mouth, words tumbled out that would have shamed a sailor.

“Yep, I’ll just grab a take-away and then we can go...”

Helen looked over at the shabby shop and shrugged. She was used to better.

“This is home for you, isn’t it!”

“Sort of,” laughed Pete. “See that block, the one to the right, that was home. Just behind it is the school and beyond that a maze of back to back terraces where Rose comes from...”

“Don’t fucking mention the bitch,” said Helen. “Promise me that you will not say her name *ever* again. Not until you are mine!”

Her lips pouted and Pete kissed them. He could almost taste honey-dew and marvelled at the contrast between the glacial outer shell and the whore inside. Dressed in designer jeans that were so tight that he could see every detail. Heels, that somehow, she had driven in and a mass of manicure and gold that he had paid for, Helen was the *perfect* proof of his success. His money and position. How they would all be so envious, all those old friends of his, that he had abandoned on the way. How they would come in their pants when they saw her! A bunch of plumbers and electricians, car repair men and shop workers. He would show them all what they could have had if they had just taken the risks, networked and studied, purged their hideous Glaswegian slang and learned to mix where the money was...

“I promise,” he said as they walked to the shop.

Pete filled the paper cup and presented it at the till. The old woman who took his cash for the petrol and coffee seemed to show surprise that Pete paid in cash and struggled to calculate the change.

“Keep it love,” said Pete, feeling superior and he and Helen left to stand on the forecourt.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” said Helen as she looked around while Pete sipped at the blisteringly-hot coffee. “What a fucking shit-hole this place is! I come from fucking Bristol and it looks like Eden compared to this dump!”

Pete raised an eyebrow and then started to laugh.

“You’re so right, I suppose,” he replied. “That’s why I have left it all behind me. Family, friends and everything...”

“But, here we fucking-well are, babes...”

“Only because it was too good a chance to miss! I wouldn’t even bother going to some stupid reunion if it wasn’t a way of having you for four days without having to think about...”

“Don’t say that name!”

“I won’t. OK, let’s get along. We have miles to go and I don’t want to arrive in the early morning.”

The two lovers climbed into the vast interior of the limousine and Pete slipped his hand between Helen’s thighs. He could feel every detail of her perfect pussy and her legs opened a little as she leaned to kiss him. Pressing her breasts against him, she slipped her tongue between his lips and Pete fondled her until she gasped and pulled back.

“Fucking hell, Pete. Maybe we should give the reunion a miss and just stop at a hotel and fuck for three days?”

“Not a promising idea,” said Pete, breathless with the aroma of the blonde who was so avid to fuck him. “Nothing is left to chance, nothing at all. Everything has to tie up, everything!”

Helen sighed and closed her thighs.

“OK, OK, I know why you say that you can’t leave the bitch, but, fucking hell, you can just start again. Fuck Rose off and make another fortune...”

“You said it, babes, you said the name,” laughed Pete.

“Shit, so I did! OK then, answer the question. Why the fuck do you stay with the faded Rose when you can have me?”

Pete started the car and revved up.

“The prenup, babes, the prenup! I have explained it a thousand times, shown you the papers and we have discussed this again and again. I just need a couple more years to salt away a load more cash and then I can jump!”

“Am I going to wait? It’s always the same with fucking married men! The children, the money, the job or the fucking pets! Excuses, excuses, excuses, nothing but shit-faced excuses. You just want a fucking, that’s all and I am getting tired of hiding like I am the one that is doing wrong!”

“Two years, just two more years,” said Pete as he tossed the empty paper cup from the car and raised the window. “You have seen the accounts, I have showed you it all. Five million stashed and two more to go. Then we get half of what’s left over and retire in the Caribbean. Life on the beach and by the pool, cocktails and lobster every day and trips to Miami where we splash the cash...”

Helen snorted and ran her finger nail from his knee to his crotch.

“Let’s see if I can last that fucking long...”

“Let’s see, babes! With you or *without* you, two years is what it will take.”

“Bastard! You fucking bastard! I should go to that plain-Jane wife of yours and then you will have to decide!”

“Do that and you can get out now...”

“You really fucking mean that, don’t you, you shit?”

Pete shrugged, and he felt the hand retreat.

Cup of Tea

It was Helen that stepped out of the car in the service station in Oban. Pete sat in the BMW and contemplated the hours of silence that had followed their argument. It had been good to get that out of the way, he decided, but it did not bode well for the next three days. A failure in his tactics, the exchange should have been left to the return journey, but of course, by then, Helen might just have followed up on her threat.

He watched his gorgeous lover in conversation with the man behind the counter as she seemed to be arguing with him. At last, she threw her hands up in the air and then the conversation continued. Pete could not understand what the problem was. After all, they were now in Oban and the man must know where the school was. It was certainly not on the GPS, but Oban was really just a village...

Pete's thoughts turned to his victorious entry to the reunion. All those pathetic ex-friends who would be so envious! Such a shame that he was arriving at night. By the time that Helen and he got there, it would be one in the morning and no one would be there to appreciate his entrance. On the other hand, at breakfast he would make his grand entry...

On the school website, he had seen the photos of the private school where, for some reason, they were meeting, and a sudden thought occurred to him. How had this reunion been funded and organised? The price of the hotel rooms was low, but the place obviously luxurious. Who had organised this? He was just starting to ruminate on these questions when the passenger car-door opened, and Helen slipped into the seat by him.

"It's on a fucking *island*," she said in an angry tone. "We have to get a fucking ferry!"

Pete shrugged.

"It won't be running at this time of night. We can stay the night in Oban and get across tomorrow..."

"The man there," said Helen waving her hand at the service station shop, "he said that the ferry runs by demand, it belongs to the Hotel. All we have to do is to leave the car by the dock and call them up..."

“At this time of night?”

“That’s what he said!”

Pete shrugged again.

“OK, at least he pointed the way to the dock?”

“Of *course*, he fucking did, Pete!”

“There’s no need to be so cross, Helen...”

Helen made a short clawing motion with her hand and bit back her irritation.

“Fucking with me or without me and you expect me to be all fucking peace and light? Jesus, Pete, you’re such a wanker...”

“OK, then let’s go...”

Helen made a dismissive snort as they rolled back on to the road.

“I hate this place...”

“Even when we are here together?”

“Especially!”

Calling the waterfront at Oban a port was an obvious overstatement. A mixture of dilapidated fishing boats and sightseer boats were tied up at the dock. It was not difficult to find a parking place and Pete pulled their cases from the back of the car while Helen tapped her foot impatiently.

“There must be a phone here...” said Helen.

“Why didn’t you just get the number and we could call them on the mobile?” said Pete and immediately bit his lip.

Helen angry, simply made her more attractive! She stuck out the breasts that Pete had bought her, waved the hand that carried the rings that Pete had bought her and stamped her foot that wore the stilettos that Pete had bought for her.

“I fucking asked... they have no telephone...”

“Then how can we call for the ferry?”

Helen pointed her hand to where a short pole was surmounted by a rusty telephone that looked like an antique.

“There you fucking-well are...”

A small faded notice on the top of the pole read 'Oban Manor' and Pete sighed as he dragged both heavy cases over the cobbles. He gingerly lifted the hand set and listened to hear a whining noise and then pressed the red button that was positioned where the old-fashioned dial had been removed from.

Helen started to speak, but he stopped her with his hand as a woman's voice whispered in his ear.

"Please speak up," he said, and the voice repeated the half-heard words.

"Who is speaking, please," said the voice and Pete answered with his name.

"We are expecting you, in ten minutes the boat will be there so please stay where you are."

That was it, there was a slight click and the line became a slight buzz once more.

"Fucking weird place this," said Helen. "Is the car safe here?"

"No reason why not," answered Pete. "No fee after August."

Helen stood and looked across the water. It was so dark that there was nothing to be seen and she wondered how far away the island was. The idea of spending a couple of hours on the creaking decks of a dilapidated boat made her feel queasy already, so when a small large expensive speed boat appeared out of the dark she breathed a sigh of relief.

The boat pulled up by the dock and a man appeared who waved at them and called Pete's name. Pete lifted the cases and stepped down into the boat while the man offered Helen his hand.

"I have to check ID," said the pilot.

Pete put down the two heavy cases and shrugged as he presented his driver's licence.

"It's a rule," commented the man as he passed back the ID, "take a seat on deck at the back and off we go..."

Pete and Helen sat on the padded seats and watched as the sailor cast off the line and reversed the boat before swinging the lever. The boat shot away from Oban dock, raising a glowing wake and Pete could feel the wind raised by their speed. After the whole stress of Rose and her parents, the argument

with Helen and the silence of the last leg of the drive, he was gratified that something, at last seemed right. If the hotel matched the boat, it would be pure luxury. A perfect isolated hideaway, ideal for three days of Helen on the end of his cock! No wife, no stress, no disturbances, nothing but her...

The captain of the speed-boat was silent the whole of the crossing. Even at high speed, it took almost half an hour before the island loomed in their sight. A vast deeper darkness of the cliffs and then the lighter stone of a quay where the boat tied up with its engine running. The man looked up at the cliffs and then at Helen's stilettos before he spoke.

"You can't get up like that," he said. "Got something a little more like trainers?"

Helen looked at the blackness of the cliff and the staircase that ran up like a sliver of grey at a sharp angle.

"Shit, I need to climb that?"

The pilot nodded and shrugged. Then he lifted the cases to Pete on the dock and helped Helen step up.

"Can't go back with me, so I suppose so..."

"OK, OK... It would ruin them..."

Helen rooted through one of the cases and pulled a pair of flat shoes out. As she pulled them on there was a sudden roar and the speed boat backed off the dock, pulled a tight curve and sped into the darkness.

Pete looked up at the cliff and then at the cases.

"They could have had someone to meet us," he complained. "Carry the cases and so on."

Helen snorted and closed the case.

"You fucking wanted to come here, to this shit-hole, you can carry the cases! How did I ever say 'yes' to this ridiculous jaunt?"

Helen knew the answer in her head. These three days would bind Pete to her, make him hers and then the work was done. Soon she would be bleeding him dry...

It took half an hour to get to the top of the cliff. The moonlight was enough to light the way and Pete started to count the steps until Helen stopped him.

Three times they stopped and caught their breath before suddenly they were at the top. Despite the cold breeze, Rete could feel sweat dripping in his shirt and Helen's hair was in a tangle that seemed to annoy her more than anything. The steps opened up and became more regular and Pete made out a figure who looked down at them as they stepped the last few stone treads.

"Welcome to Oban Manor," said the woman as she watched her guests arrive. "From here it's just a short walk to the manor. My name is Mistress Elisabeth..."

"What a place," said Helen as she assessed the woman with critical eyes.

Perhaps forty, perhaps a little more, Mistress Elisabeth wore tight jeans and a windbreaker. Helen decided that she was no real competition and she smiled. Pete pulled out the handles of the cases and the three of them set off at a slow walk down a stone-laid path.

"It's true, we are a bit isolated here," said the woman. "Still it makes it perfect for lovers and those who just want to get away from it all. I run the Manor and we are always glad to have guests arrive..."

Out of breath from the long climb, Pete did not reply, but just followed the two women until, after a short rise the Manor came into sight. A couple of latticed windows were glowing warmly, the rest was a rough shape in the gloom.

"We have prepared a little something to eat before you go to bed," said Elisabeth. "Then you can properly look around the place in the morning. I think that you will really appreciate your time here. We have loads of activities arranged."

The door opened into a wide stone flagged hallway and Elisabeth led the two guests through into a large room where a stone fireplace cosseted a burning fire and comfortable chairs and sofas filled the room.

"Leave the cases, they will be taken to your room," she said to Pete. "In a few moments, there will be a bite to eat and a cup of tea and then I will get one of the staff to show you the room."

Helen inspected Elisabeth again and decided that the dark had perhaps hidden her ample charms somewhat. Still no competition, but considerably more attractive than she had first guessed in the darkness. Elisabeth was

barefoot now, having kicked off her shoes at the door and sat casually in the armchair closest to the fire.

"This is quite a place," said Pete, trying to make conversation. "Can't be all that busy though. Isolated and all..."

Elisabeth shrugged and there was a small knock at the door.

"There is always plenty to do in Oban Manor," she said. "We keep ourselves busy. Place it here..."

Pete saw Mistress Elisabeth's hand point to the small table between them and looked up with surprise at the maid that lowered a tray to the surface. Dressed in a cute little black and white frilly uniform, she showed no emotion as she prepared the tea and rearranged the biscuits on a plate. Helen watched the girl arrive and felt a small twinge of envy. She was so pretty in a girlish sort of way, her ringlets in two bunches, the uniform almost revealing her charms, a totally unexpected arrival. Obviously, the stay in the manor would be more interesting than she had imagined, and she watched the retreating maid with lifted eyebrows. When her gaze turned back to Pete, she saw that he too appreciated the wiggle in her walk and she scowled at him.

"Have the others all arrived?" asked Pete as he took a biscuit.

"I do believe that you are the very last," replied Elisabeth. "the only one that has brought his *partner* as it happens..."

Helen noticed the stress on the word 'partner' and smiled to herself. She would be the centre of attention for a few days and felt a small sense of satisfaction. This was perhaps turning out more stimulating than she had imagined. The feeling of irritation of the last few hours slipped away as it occurred to her that this three days could really be made to work for her.

At last, they were alone together, and she could work on Pete to bring him around to her way of thinking. Then would come the killer stroke, and she could concentrate on the other men who demanded her attention. Needed to be placed in a position where they could be milked of every penny...

"When you have finished, the maid will take you to your room," said Mistress Elisabeth as the door opened again and the maid slipped in to stand by the entrance. "I myself, will have to get to bed, it's been a long day."

She stood and nodded at her two guests and the maid opened the door as she slipped from the room.

“Jesus Christ, but this is one old fashioned hotel,” said Helen as she finished her cup of tea. “Look at the place...”

“Well, there’s one thing,” replied Pete. “If you want a quiet little hide-away in the future, this is the place to come!”

Helen watched the maid for a moment. She stood absolutely still in her soaring heels and the lower edges of stocking tops showed under the lace of her uniform.

“I’m so fucking glad that I came here,” she whispered.

“You mean, you are so glad that I did not come here alone,” laughed Pete.

“But, don’t worry, I always prefer blondes!”

“Prefer or fuck?”

“Prefer, of course!”

Part Two

Invitation

(months earlier...)

Dear Mrs Haldane,

Thank you so much for getting in touch with Oban Manor.

Oban Manor is a superior academy, as well as many other things, and offers guidance and instruction for all manner of educational needs. We hope that we can be of service to you and look forward to a long and fruitful collaboration.

Naturally, new patrons of Oban Manor are always welcome, but it is a time-honoured custom of ours to spend a little time getting to know our patrons well and ensuring that we understand their needs and requirements. Privacy and confidentiality is our aim.

Before we have further contact, I must inform you that, it is our policy to require references as to financial status and, from at least two persons of merit who are prepared to assure us of your suitability and position in society. You will find the forms attached. Oban Manor has no contact point on the Internet and protects its isolation jealously, so please mail to the box-number on the enclosed card.

Naturally, as with any private academy, Oban Manor applies fees that are in accordance with the superior level of tuition offered. Full discussion of these fees as well as disbursements for materials and other work undertaken will be discussed at a meeting yet to be arranged. All fees are due before the commencement of taking on students, as well as an adequate surety-bond that is returned once our business relationship comes to an end.

Once the completed forms are in my hands, and it has been decided that the test of suitability is passed, the initial bond will fall due before we can discuss the finer points of your requirements.

Yours sincerely,

Mistress Elisabeth McCowen

* * * * *

Rose shuffled the papers and looked them through. As she did so she found that her hands were trembling with suppressed... excitement or anxiety? She just could not decide. A month ago, she had seen the blonde on his arm, seen her kiss him, seen where his hand had wondered. Three weeks ago, she had confided with Lauren, her closest friend.

Rose had expected tea and sympathy, a little advice and perhaps the name of a quality solicitor or perhaps a private investigator. Instead, Lauren had just smiled and passed over a visiting card with an address. No phone contact, no email address, just a name and an address that was a postal-box number.

"What's this?" she asked.

Lauren had just shrugged, smiled and leaned forward conspiratorially.

"Contact Miss McCowan and then I'll chat with you! These are the people to go to, if you can afford it! I am not permitted to discuss it until your application has been approved!"

'Not permitted,' thought Rose, 'mysterious!'

For two days, Rose had played with the card until it was dog-eared and creased before she had written her letter, poured out her heart in her flowing hand and then finally got up the courage to post it.

When Rose told her friend that she had written, Lauren just smiled and said, "As soon as you have been accepted, that's when we have a little chat..."

Rose's mind started to dance with all the possibilities. Who had her friend put her in contact with? She could not imagine that the staid and strictly moral Lauren had placed her in the hands of some assassin, but the idea became to seem more possible until a letter arrived back from Oban Manor that reassured her that the mysterious Mistress Elisabeth did not seem the sort of person to carry a sniper rifle in a case.

It had taken nearly two weeks to complete her task. Obviously, Lauren was a candidate as a reference, but the other one was not so easy. In the end, Rose decided that a somewhat distant friend-of-a-friend was suitable, especially since she was a magistrate and had a title that made her sound rather grand. Dame Alicia Susan Georgette Smythe-Carrington OBE was approached and

gave consent without even asking why Rose needed the reference and was dismissive of being possibly contacted.

“I do this all the time dear, signing passport photos and other documents, darling. Don’t tell me what it’s all about, I trust you, because you are one of us! It’s a pleasure and, of course, I will give you a glowing reference...” had been her reply and Rose had to read it twice and still could not read between the lines.

Rose read the original letter from Oban Manor again and noticed something that she had missed. The whole letter was printed, even Mistress Elisabeth McCowen’s signature and the address on the envelope. She decided to do the same and printed her curt reply and slipped it with the forms into the envelope.

Somehow it was enough to just do something, anything to relieve the growing resentment of her husband’s affair. The affair that had left no trace, except for that chance sighting. Move forward as she spent her days biting her lip. This time the letter was posted with a flip of the fingers and no hesitation at all.

Dear Ms, McCowen,

Enclosed you will find all the forms and references you required.

Yours,

Mrs Rose François Haldane

* * * * *

The reply arrived in a couple of days:

Dear Mrs Haldane,

I am pleased to inform you that the board of directors of Oban Manor has decided to permit this application for induction to move forward. Please find enclosed the details that you will need to pass on to your bank.

(See the attached mandate.)

The deposit will be laid in trust in our holding account in Brendan & Fortes Statehood Private Bank in New York. After this transaction is verified, the details of your particular needs can be discussed in detail and we will provide contact details.

It would be wise for you to arrange a two-day trip at the end of next week to facilitate this meeting, where the numerous possibilities can be discussed. I would suggest that you bring a person that you can absolutely trust in a matter this sensitive. Miss Lauren understands the service that we supply and can advise you concerning their own experiences of our expertise. Discretion is advised if the outcome is to be assured, you are advised not to breathe a word of our business relationship to anyone.

Now that you are using the service that we provide, it is important that all further transactions, contacts and information exchanged remain private between you, your two references and ourselves. It behoves me therefore, to inform you that your deposit is at risk if any of the above are disclosed without prior agreement of Oban Manor.

Yours,

Mistress Elisabeth McCowen

* * * * *

Rose approached Lauren and was surprised at the enthusiasm.

“Darling, I would not have missed this trip! In fact, since I bear all the responsibility, I absolutely insist... anyway it will be good to meet Mistress Elisabeth again. She helped me so much...”

Rose sighed in relief.

Lauren could be so difficult when it came to things that caused the smooth flow of her life to be disturbed. Rose had needed the reassurance even after they had stepped onto the train to head up to Newcastle. Now she seemed positively radiant and put her arm around Rose and kissed her cheek as they took their seats in the almost empty first-class carriage. Soon, Rose would know what it was that Lauren was smiling indulgently about...

Now that the train was passing through the suburbs of London, Rose decided it was time to find out what she had paid for.

"I paid the deposit, though I have to say that it is rather steep. A hundred thousand and I have not even paid for a service yet. I am trusting you all the way on this and I have to admit that sooner or later Pete is going to find out about it and that worries me more than a little."

"Don't worry, darling," said Lauren as the passing waiter placed the ordered coffee on the table between them. "By the time that it surfaces, everything will be sorted out. A little danger makes it even more exciting, don't you think?"

"It makes me nervous, Lauren," said Rose. "I kept on having this idea that you had put me in contact with an assassin and not legal help..."

Lauren started to laugh.

"My dear Rose, you are such a dear! An assassin, my God, that would never have even occurred to me. No; this is so much more delicious and the fact that you really have so trustingly followed through makes it all the more piquant!"

Rose felt relief and settled back in her seat. The train swept through the fields and woods of southern England with a low hum. Lauren did not seem in a hurry to reveal any details and Rose felt as if her friend was enjoying the suspense that Rose felt.

At last, Rose felt unable to contain herself and she muttered under her breath before saying, "You are enjoying this, aren't you? Making me beg to know what the fuck is going on?"

"Of course I am, darling! It's so delectable watching you squirm. I have been through all of this and I remember how totally impatient I was to know all about the mysterious Oban Manor and of course, the severe but sensual Mistress Elisabeth. Now then, where shall we start, because it will be difficult for you to take in..."

"Start with you, then," said Rose as she leaned forward. "Tell me..."

Lauren seemed to consider the idea and nodded.

"About three years ago, or was it four?" said Lauren in a rhetorical tone. "It really doesn't matter anyway... I started to get so frustrated with Kevin. Of

course, I knew that he had been having little affairs here and there, but it never really bothered me all that much!”

Rose watched Lauren’s face as her friend spoke and realised that perhaps she was the first to hear her friend’s tale in all its salacious glory. She had known about Lauren’s husband Kevin for years before, the dalliances with girls barely out of their teens, just as Lauren’s little adventures had been the subject of gossip in the circle of friends. Hearing it from Lauren’s lips was a new experience and she settled back to enjoy the inside track.

“Why?” asked Rose to keep the flow of words coming.

“Why it didn’t bother me?” answered her friend. “Because every little affair was no threat, that’s why. He was jumping from one nubile slut to the other like a rabbit and I have to admit that I was up to the same thing! It was a sort of understanding between us, he did his thing, I did mine and we both just accepted it. Then there was a change and I quickly figured it out, Kevin had fallen under the spell of a woman that was not satisfied by nights of passion and meals in upmarket restaurants. I realised that this was a real threat, that he was starting to lie about names and places... I started to worry that his affair was going to upset the apple cart, I like the life that he has given me! I would think that you feel the same way about Pete?”

“I suppose so,” said Rose. “Growing up in the back streets of Glasgow was hard, Pete took me away from all of that and I really don’t want to lose it all for the sake of some slut that he has become fixated on...”

Rose was fascinated. Emotions flickered on her friend’s face. Distaste, anger, disgust to be replaced by a triumphant smile.

“I hold the purse strings in our house!” said Lauren intensely. “I did then, I do now... the idea that Daddy’s fortune could end up being split between me and some cheap whore was just too much! So, I did the usual thing, went to a solicitor, spoke with a couple of people and so on.”

“Until one day a friend gave you a business card?” said Rose.

“Exactly, darling. It took me a lot longer to get into contact with Miss McCowen than you did, but in the end, I risked it and found that they had such a perfect solution to my problem that I just had to follow it through. I

have never looked back, never once regretted what happened to Kevin and now I know that he can never cheat on me again..."

Rose smiled, but so far all she had learned was that Lauren had also been having discrete little affairs and nothing of the detail had been revealed.

"So, what you want to know is, what happened to put an end to Kevin's incessant cheating, but allowed me to play the field? So, I'll tell you. Oban Manor is whatever you want it to be, a fantasy place for women like us that have enough money and the will to get what we want from our lives. A visit to Oban Manor creates the man that we want, takes a husband lover or son and recreates him as the perfect partner for women like us..."

"I don't understand," said Rose, bewildered by her friend's exposition.

Lauren smiled and opened her handbag. From it she drew her phone and with a flick of one manicured finger, opened it to a gallery of photos that required a password to enter. From her position, Rose saw a photo of a pretty slut dressed in pink and then Lauren passed the phone across the table with a small push.

"What do you think about this?" she asked as Rose looked down at the photo.

"Er, was this Kevin's girlfriend?" she asked.

"Oh, that's so sweet, darling. Let's make this a little game, you look through my gallery one-by-one and then tell me when you understand my little revenge on my siss... er, silly husband."

Rose looked doubtfully at the photo. She did not recognise the pretty girl in the photo and wondered if this was some sort of fashion shot. If so, it was just a little lurid, if it was porn, then it was so understated, though the eroticism was piquant.

"Look at the next..."

Rose flicked at the screen and the same sweet girl was now posing just a little more suggestively. Now she leaned to the camera and pouted sweetly with her bright pink lips while her hands lifted the hem of her frilly dress to the point where Rose could see the tops of her pink and white candy-striped stockings. Rose took in the picture and looked up at Lauren, but she just smiled and raised an eyebrow.

“Keep going, dear, the grand prize is waiting for you...” said Lauren.

The dress was a little higher, the manicured nails that held it up had revealed a little thigh and the girl’s breasts showed temptingly in the cut of the dress. She still did not see where this was leading. Rose felt as though she was seeing frames from a film and commented on the fact.

“There are loads of explicit films, but this was a special shoot for my own amusement.”

“I never thought that you liked girls...”

“You’ll get to that later,” laughed Lauren.

Now the breasts hung from the dress. They loosely stretched down with nipples pertly scrunched in excitement and the hem of that lacy dress revealed soft thighs. The lips pouted and now a lollipop filled them, making the model seem like a little girl, a naughty little temptress. A young porn star ready to be fucked, a salacious schoolgirl whose charms were so adult.”

“You really don’t recognise her, do you?” asked Lauren.

“Er, no. I can’t think why you think that I should.”

Rose flicked the screen and suddenly gasped when she saw the dress almost at the girl’s waist. From the smooth skin of her crotch a little penis hung in front of smooth balls. She was transfixed by the sight and could not look away as her friend started to giggle at her shock.

“Is this who you...”

“Sort of, dear. Look closely at the little slut, because the next is the last and I really want you to see what I have had done to my precious little bitch.”

Rose looked at the thighs, the white stilettos and the candy stockings. The frills and curves of hips, the large breasts that hung and the face of the girl pictured on the screen. It seemed to her that Lauren fully expected her to suddenly cry out in recognition, but the feminine aspect of the girl overwhelmed her critical facilities and she so wanted to see the last photo.

There was something so sweet and decadent about the girl. Almost as if the only purpose of her existence was sex and pleasure. Ready to be used, ready to please, ready to do things that could only be imagined. Rose was no innocent, but the exposure to this depraved series of photos by her friend was so unexpected that her mouth opened in shock and she cried out.

Then it happened! Recognition, sudden realisation and she stared at the photo as if she could disconnect from what she had just realised. It was the eyes, only the eyes that stared at her enticingly. There was no doubt, now that she knew, and she gasped again and sat back, pushing the phone back to her friend.

“Kevin,” she breathed.

“Well done, it’s Kevin all dolled up for me... for my use. So sweet, isn’t it?”

“The breasts?”

“Six months ago, dear. He was so proud to get the work done and it makes him perfect to play with... and it sure makes it difficult for him to find any more girls to fuck!”

Rose felt a pulse in her head and closed her eyes before reaching out and pulling the phone back to inspect it once more. Her finger flickered, and the next image left her gasping for breath. Now the pretty little slut had transformed into something almost piteous.

Pathetic and helpless.

“Kevin is a good little girl now,” laughed Lauren heartlessly. “She does as she is told... I had a little system fitted to the house that keeps him hard at work pleasing me and all the while, I am still free to pursue my own little hobbies...”

On that final picture, the makeup was smeared, lipstick an unclean trail on one cheek, tears streaming from filled eyes to leave black-blue pathways across pink-flushed cheeks. Sticky pale liquid was dripping from the slut’s lips, her breasts hung tightly bound at her chest with broad straps leather that forced them to swollen tightness. Rings through those nipples dangled to her knees. Long hair was tangled and wet, the dress was torn away to reveal the tiny cock standing from the smooth skin while arms had been pulled out of sight by unseen bonds. This shot was clearly taken after Lauren’s husband had been used and abused, taught what it was to be helpless! It was clear that the pathetic face was crying still, and a feminine hand could be seen gripping the hair to hold it high for the camera.

“When it amuses me, I like to show my sissy husband what it is like to be taken by a real man,” said Lauren with a giggle as she took the phone from

Rose and slipped it back in her handbag. "You'd be surprised how many real men like to tease a sissy! She can be such a naughty little girl and needs occasional encouragement to understand her real place in the scheme of things..."

Rose looked at the handbag and then at her friend. The amusement was not bogus, her lips twitching with amusement as she watched Rose's confused expression.

"Oban Manor?"

Lauren nodded.

"They did this to Kevin?"

"That's one way of looking at it, darling."

"What's the other way?"

"That it was always there, inside him, and they just helped him to be honest! It's the way that I think about it, dear. They can do anything to anyone, whatever is paid for, whatever you want."

Rose sat back in her seat with a sigh.

"Is this what I have already started?"

Lauren laughed.

"No, not at all, you have yet to choose and then it happens. They create the husband that you want. That's the way that it works. You decide for Pete and then it materialises before your eyes. I just wanted to show you a small example of their work, that's all."

"I'm not sure..."

Lauren followed Rose's gaze at her hand bag and pulled the phone out again.

"Do you want to see how that last picture came about?"

"Er, no! I mean yes, or something! I don't think that I can take it all in, Lauren. How do you keep him?"

"You mean how does it work when I am away for a few days, like now?"

"Sort of, I mean, how is this all hidden?"

"Simple, Kevin now never strays from the house. The system keeps him busy and in order then, if I want a few days away, I just call up the circle of women

who have a similar problem and they baby-sit him for a while! Of course, I stand in for others, so it all works out in the end. Sometimes the others can be a little harsh and he is all the more glad to see me return to play with him."

Rose just looked at her friend and felt a shudder run through her.

"I can't do this to Pete, I really can't..."

"That's what I thought you'd say, babes, but believe me, when we meet with Mistress Elisabeth, you will change your mind!"

"I doubt it," muttered Rose.

Consultation

Mistress Elisabeth McCowen was sitting at the back of the booth in the hotel bar. Beside her on the table a slim briefcase by a tumbler of whisky. She nodded as Lauren and Rose made their way to her table and extended a hand in welcome.

"You must be Rose," she said before she half stood and kissed Lauren on the cheek and gave her a short hug.

"Elisabeth?"

"The one and same, dear, it's a pleasure... Though I prefer 'Mistress Elisabeth'."

Rose sat at the on the bench with Lauren between herself and the woman who was nothing at all like her expectations. She had expected an older woman in glasses, a sort of governess-type with greying hair and thin mouth. Instead, Elisabeth was what could only be described as beautiful. Her face a little austere, perhaps, but with a warm smile and perfect complexion.

"How's little Kevin?" asked Elisabeth of Lauren.

Rose saw that last picture on the phone in her head and shuffled uncomfortably. It was all so strange! As if this beautiful woman was asking after a child in casual conversation.

"She's doing fine, Mistress Elisabeth. A good little girl when I left her, I put her in good hands..." answered Lauren.

Mistress Elisabeth? Rose shook her head, *Kevin, a good little girl?* She felt a lump in her throat and tried to sit still, but the impulse to run, to escape, was so strong that she had to consciously hold herself down on the seat.

"It is difficult, dear," said Elisabeth to Rose. "At the start, but then we are all here for you in this challenging time."

"I really don't know..." started Rose, but Mistress Elisabeth broke into her words soothingly with a smile.

"Of course you don't, Rose! Of course you don't. This must seem so strange, but all you have to do is listen a little, make your own mind up what happens next and then you will see what I am offering you."

Rose looked into her lap and then at Lauren's face. Her friend was smiling and following every word. The impulse to run ever stronger in Rose's mind.

"What I am offering you is not just a solution to Pete's infidelity, not just a chance to take a simple revenge and then dust your hands of him. What I am offering is true freedom, to find the Rose that was there before she lost her husband to another woman, to grow and learn that you can be in control of everything that has slipped through your fingers. We want you to grow, to find the dominant woman who enjoys the tears and pleas for mercy. All you have to do is let us arrange everything and then lie back to enjoy the fruits of the properly respectful partner that we create especially to your requirements."

"Lauren showed me... Kevin!" muttered Rose and then looked up at the smiling face and blushed.

"He's such a little darling," said Elisabeth. "Happy to serve and obey your friend, to do whatever is necessary to please her..."

"It's not what I want, not really," said Rose. "All I want is Pete back like he used to be. Nothing more... I think."

Elisabeth looked sympathetic and reached for the thin briefcase by her hand.

"Of course you do, and I quite understand. So... we will have a little chat, I will explain what we can do, and you will decide. You see, that's the important part, you decide and only you and if after our chat, you want to stop here and sort Pete's affair out without our assistance, then that's up to you. After a small fee has been deducted, and a year has passed, you get your deposit back, you promise to never reveal what you have learned, and everything goes back to the way it was. It's as simple as that, because Oban Manor always has the best interests of its clients at the centre of everything that it does."

Rose visibly relaxed and Mistress Elisabeth hailed a passing waiter to order drinks. When the waiter was gone, Mistress Elisabeth slowly opened her case and pulled several files to lie flat on the table.

"Tell me, Rose, how long has the affair been going on?"

Rose blushed, "I have no idea, I have only seen them once together..."

“There, you see, it’s so difficult to get to the bottom of these sly male deceptions. Men have such animal cunning. They get a second phone, deal in cash, have an excuse for every slip... that’s the way that it goes. We try to get to the very bottom of these deceptions. All that you have is a vague feeling that hubby is messing around with some slut and that there is no real proof. That’s not enough! It’s exactly what happened to Lauren here and that’s what you are in the middle of. Uncertainty!”

“I saw them once and he kissed her,” blurted Rose. “Maybe there was nothing in it...”

“Exactly,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “You feel as if you are the guilty one, thinking those thoughts, tossing in your sleep, wondering if you are the paranoid one. This is not reasonable, you have to know what your husband is up to. What you need is proof, evidence, facts, and that is what we are here for. To replace uncertainty with certainty and then do something about it that will last forever.”

“So, you are saying that I need to get an investigator, or something like that?” said Rose.

Mistress Elisabeth shook her head and slowly opened the top file to reveal a photo of Pete climbing out of his car.

“That’s exactly what I am saying, dear. What you need, is to see past your uncertainties and doubts and be sure. This is the first part of what I am offering. The second is options to deal with your emotions and the third is the aftermath that follows. We will do all of this for you and more, that is why Oban Manor was created! To allow our clients to decide their own future, as they have the right to do.”

“You have been following him?”

Rose’s hand reached out and touched the slick surface of the photo and then withdrew.

“As soon as it was decided to take on your case, to admit you as a client, we started to uncover the background of your problem. To show you what was hidden. You see, we have resources that are not usually available. A network of agents, clients, women who sympathise as well as the ability to access

truly professional investigation through our sources in the police and so many other authorities....”

Rose looked up at Mistress Elisabeth and tried to smile, but her thoughts were in a tangle.

“You have already started?” she muttered.

“Of course we have dear! We have mobilised our contacts, a little of your deposit has been spent and what I have here is something that you would be lucky to put together in a year, never mind the last week that has elapsed since we began the investigation. This is all yours... you have already paid for it.”

Mistress Elisabeth’s hand came to rest on the files. The long nails tapped the photo and she chuckled at Rose’s uncertainty.

“We shall look through them together, then you will decide, once and for all if you want Oban Manor to proceed. If you decide not to, then the matter is closed from our point of view and you go your merry way!”

“Are you ready?” asked Lauren.

Rose nodded to her friend and asked, “Have you seen what is in there?”

“Some of it,” admitted Lauren. “As your reference, I have to know what you are up against.”

“I’m not sure if I want to see all of this?” said Rose.

“That is a normal reaction,” said Mistress Elisabeth warmly. “But denying the truth is not wise.”

Rose looked at Lauren, all she got was a shrug in reply.

“At Oban Manor, we understand the trauma of what you are going through,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “It is no less than a healing process that needs full support and help every step of the way. Lauren is here for you, here to help and guide all the way... Whether you decide to proceed or not.”

Rose smiled, and her hand reached to cover Mistress Elisabeth’s for a moment. It felt warm and dry and her fingertips felt the diamonds of the rings, sharp and irregular. For the first time, Rose was not alone with her fears, Lauren was at her side.

“OK then,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “I think that you understand a little of what is at stake. Let’s look to see what is happening in Pete’s love-life!”

She lifted her hand and flipped the photo over to reveal another. Pete was standing in a narrow street with a blonde girl in his arms. The girl’s face was turned towards the camera, pretty and sweet, her lips in a pout.

“Let me introduce Helen,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “Ten years younger than Pete, she has no discernible income except one, no easily traceable background and is, as far as we can tell, unmarried. Her hallmark, if you like, is no commitment. This is the woman who your husband spends a great deal of time with.”

“She’s very pretty,” admitted Rose as she looked at the face that she had seen in that busy street.

“She is delectable, darling, pure sexual allure. This is Henry,” said Mistress Elisabeth as she flipped to the next photo. “And this is George...”

The photos passed in quick succession, showing Helen in the arms of two other men.

“Not just Pete?” asked Rose.

“It would seem as though Helen has a number of ardent admirers,” chuckled Mistress Elisabeth. “They all have just two things in common.”

“Which are?” asked Lauren.

Mistress Elisabeth laughed.

“Each of them is both married as well as extremely wealthy. We also uncovered a string of other men, all of them fitting the pattern. It would seem that Helen is seeking a suitable man to marry... but never will.”

Rose put her hand over her gaping mouth and drew breath.

“You see, Helen is really a bit of a bloodsucker and even I have to admire her *modus operandi*. An affair leads to a divorce, a divorce leads to financial separation, that leads to promises of marriage and then finally she walks from the burning ruins with a full purse. She is what you are up against, and let me tell you, young Helen is a true professional!”

“Oh my God,” said Rose as she stared at the photos. “Does that mean that all I have to do is to show Pete how he is being tricked and...”

“Rose, Rose, you are being just a little naïve! As far as we can see, two outraged wives have followed exactly that course. Each time they failed, and I have to say that your chances are slim. However, it is a possible course of action... if unlikely to resolve your issues.”

“So, what do I do?”

“The first thing that you need to do is to realise that the blame lies squarely with your husband,” said Lauren. “Yes, Helen is at fault as well, but he chose this course and has been spending the last two years... fucking the bitch!”

Mistress Elisabeth broke into Lauren’s speech.

“I’ll get to that in a moment, dear. Let’s concentrate on the rest of the investigation,” she said. “Next is this...”

Her slim hand flipped the photos over and revealed was a closely typed form.

“These are the statements from several accounts,” said Mistress Elisabeth.

“You can look through them at your leisure, but the long and short of it is that your husband has been salting away millions of pounds in accounts for the last two years. Your money and his... I take it that you did not know?”

Rose looked at the balances and shook her head.

“Of course not! What is happening is that your husband is reducing your joint wealth in preparation for a divorce. Well, at least that’s the way that I see it, Rose. Whether Helen stays or goes, no matter what she manages to take, what we are looking at is a long-term plan and you are not a part of it...”

Rose could feel herself blushing. Not from embarrassment, but the start of an emotion that seethed in violent anger at what she saw on the accounts before her eyes.

A fury that crystallised as a need to take revenge.

Prevarication

Mistress Elisabeth watched Rose's face. It was clear that the revelations were causing emotional turmoil, almost as if the money was of more account than the affair that her husband was having.

"Good, I think that we are on the same page," said Mistress Elisabeth to the angry woman who sat shaking opposite her. "That is the background on Helen. More will turn up if we root around in the dirt and under the stones that she has upturned, but I personally believe that we need not expend effort in her direction... Now we can turn to your husband!"

She closed the file and pushed it across the table to Rose before flipping the next open.

"Now we can look at the actual affair itself..."

The picture was low resolution, black and white, grained as if taken a hundred and fifty years before, but the picture was quite clear despite the quality.

"We took the liberty of placing a little surveillance in the hotels and bars that Pete and Helen frequent regularly. These are stills from the fifty hours of film I have, but I really think that a few choice pictures are so much more revealing than watching your husband and his slut enjoying a little time together."

Mistress Elisabeth's voice took on a distant tone and she watched as Rose's eyes took in the top picture of the ten that she had had printed. The room, a typical plain hotel room, the light poor with the curtains closed, the couple on the bed like shadows as they copulated.

Riding Pete was Helen. Nailed on his cock, her legs wide, Helen's mouth a triumphant laugh as his hips pushed upwards in the very act of climax. Rose managed to take in the faces, the tense rictus of Pete's orgasm that she knew so well, the glisten of sweat as the couple were perpetually held at the point of orgasm. Mistress Elisabeth flipped the photo to reveal the next, and the next...

Five photos of sex in the raw, five portrayals of that ecstatic moment, the moment that was her right to enjoy. Each taken in a different setting, each

another betrayal. The perfect moment that another woman stole from her. She sat immobile as one after another Pete's infidelity was exposed and then came the sixth.

Now, Helen sat on the edge of the bed, her legs splayed wide as Pete knelt at her feet, his face pushed between those thighs, an expression of pure triumph on the face of the woman whom he serviced. Rose's fantasy etched in grainy black and white, the fantasy that she had never had fulfilled, her husband at her feet while her pleasure was all that was of importance. The very thing that he would not do for her, her husband was performing for another.

Seven, eight, nine.

The photos kept coming, showed that this was no isolated moment, this was a real ongoing part of what Helen had stolen from Rose. If the bank statement had pushed Rose into Mistress Elisabeth's arms, these photos forced a lustful kiss!

The tenth photo, the last in the file, showed something that was almost innocent in comparison to what had gone before. Helen standing, half naked. Breasts jutting, feet wide, looking down at the man who pulled up her stockings caught at the moment when he clipped a clasp over the nylon of Helen's stockings with one hand. Somehow it was a deeper betrayal than all of the rest. A moment that showed not lust, not aching desire, not the raw sex that had gone before. It was a moment of consecration, of fervent devotion.

Helen's expression was that of pure possession. In that moment, she owned her lover and her smile showed that she truly appreciated the emotion and understood its significance. The fact that the photo had been placed last in the series, showed Rose that Mistress Elisabeth also understood the meaning of Pete with one hand on Helen's stilettoed shoe, while the other closed the clasp.

He was Helen's, to play with... The moment when he was captured.

Rose felt rooted to the spot and almost disappointed as the file closed and the photo was hidden. Mistress Elisabeth pushed it across the table without a word. Moved it to join the first closed file and then she sat back and looked at Rose.

“So...” said Mistress Elisabeth. “What happens next? What is in store for a husband that cheats, that gives his lover what he will not give his wife? What do you want Oban Manor to do to him?”

Rose heard Lauren hold her breath, she saw the suppressed smile on Mistress Elisabeth’s lips and her hand gathered the two files carefully before she spoke.

“Fuck him!” she said.

Consummation

Mistress Elisabeth raised an eyebrow and chuckled.

“As you like, Rose! That’s what I am here for, but now I need to know, exactly what sort of fucking do you have in mind? That is your choice!”

Lauren allowed her indrawn breath to whisper from her lips and she placed her hand on Rose’s and clasped it. Rose sat and looked down at the plain covers of the files. She had never thought that she could feel like this. Cold, frozen, dispassionate and so full of an emotion that could only be described as pain and surging vengeance.

“I have no idea, all that I know is that that bastard will pay for putting me through this. I want him to suffer so much that it hurts me to even think about it...”

Mistress Elisabeth hailed the waiter again and ordered a round of cocktails to allow Rose to gather her thoughts before she spoke.

“There are three parts to think about,” she said slowly.

Rose looked up at her impassive face and almost spat the words, “Just take him and do what you like with him!”

“It’s not easy to abduct a person in the street,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “It can be done, but really it is not advisable! Then there is Helen, I really think that she needs to be taught a lesson and I am sure that you do too. She is interesting... What we need, is for Pete and Helen to abduct themselves and place themselves in our hands...”

“Can I be there? I want to see his face...”

Mistress Elisabeth sighed, and it was Lauren that broke the momentary silence.

“I felt the same about Kevin, dear, but in the end, I was persuaded by my sponsor to let Mistress Elisabeth and her staff attend to the details. You must do the same, pull back from the anger and crystallise it, hold it close and allow Oban Manor to arrange everything...”

Mistress Elisabeth pulled her phone from her purse and flicked at the screen.

“OK, let’s think about this,” she said. “What we need is to find a way to get the two together in a way that will take you out of the picture. Then we need to decide a little of the direction that you want to take with the training that will be required at the Manor. After that, there will be loads of time to decide the details of the type of man that you require and the methods that will be used.”

“I don’t understand...” said Rose. “Why not just take him and his slut and lock them up? Why make it all so complicated?”

“Because,” said Lauren patiently, “the Manor has to be booked. There are loads of other sponsors too and it all must fit! Arrangements need to be made. You will need time to sort out so many things when he goes and it all needs so much preparation...”

“I see,” said Rose, but she was unconvinced.

Mistress Elisabeth allowed the comment to pass and flicked at her phone.

“In a few weeks, we have an intake for exclusively for boot and severe fetish training,” she muttered. “Pete could be assigned, but I think that it is unlikely that we have a cage free. It is so popular and there is already a waiting list. Also, the end result is total dependence and sexual impotence. That is far more suitable for those who wish to dispose of their chosen item permanently or who have the establishment in place to cope with constant medical care. I don’t think that this is the case for you... Anyway, I really don’t recommend it because it takes special care and expertise to deal with the result. I think that that makes August by the best bet! We have a school training course for sissies starting then and a few places not yet taken.... Much more appropriate, I should imagine.”

Rose’s mind was swirling, and she nodded.

“The course is perfect for your needs,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “It can take male and female pupils, and from there we can extend the stay to include any other choices that you wish to make regarding his future. In fact, it is so popular with our staff that none of the trainers ever goes on holiday during the yearly school-class month!”

“School?”

“The correct setting is so important,” said Mistress Elisabeth with a small smile. “We create a regressive ambience with strict training that lasts around a month. In this backdrop, Oban Manor becomes a school for feminisation that leaves no stone unturned. My second, Miss Odette is in charge this year and she rarely has a failure. Such fun... I love it. I think that it will be amusing, especially since it will be possible for you to take part in the later stages of the course, giving you useful knowledge as to how you should continue after the lessons are at an end. I think that it’s perfect for your needs!”

“I see!”, said Rose reflexively but, her mind was still in turmoil.

Rose imagined the scene of a classroom, but her imagination failed and all she could see in her mind was a strict elderly Ma’am with a cane bent in her hands. Then she thought of Kevin and Lauren and the idea of it seemed so right. The idea had a certain thrilling attraction and she nodded.

“Good, that’s settled then! Lauren will ensure that you are prepared, and I shall personally look after all of the details. You will receive an invoice for the costs of your husband’s education in advance and we shall take on Helen at no cost to yourself. I think that she has immense potential and the school will certainly test her suitability for what I have in mind...”

Mistress Elisabeth closed the zipper on her briefcase, put her phone away and nodded to Lauren.

“Make sure that Rose is properly kept abreast of any plans that I pass on and the rest will happen all by itself. It is something that we pride ourselves on, at Oban Manor. That the client is looked after from beginning to end and that every detail is prepared for.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll look after Rose,” said Lauren.

“Then we are all set,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “It just remains to welcome our newest client and make the assurance that we have never had a dissatisfied patron in twenty years of creating the perfect husband, son or lover for women who are discerning enough to know the gratification to be had from a little formal education of their man!”

Rose watched Mistress Elisabeth slip from the booth and walk out of the hotel bar. Even her sensual walk suggested magnetism and self-confidence.

Rose gathered the files and stood them on edge while Lauren chuckled with a satisfied smile.

“I told you that you would change your mind...”

Rose nodded slowly and flicked once more through the second file to stop at the last glossy photo.

“I’m going to fuck him!” she muttered. “Totally fuck the little cunt... Whatever it costs.”

“And, I’ll show you how it’s done! This is going to be such a lark!”

* * * * *

Two days later, Rose’s phone rang, and she answered to find Mrs Alicia Susan Georgette Smythe-Carrington on the line.

“I have just read the letter of recommendation that I signed,” said the aristocratic voice at the other end of the line. “I think that we should meet up, darling, I have a question or two... There is something that I desperately need to know...”

At first, Rose did not recognise the voice, and she hesitated. The voice asked again, and Rose felt a small quiver of anticipation. What on earth could she want?

Rose shook her head and answered, “Perhaps tomorrow?”

There was a brief pause and then a small laugh.

“I think that you can introduce me to certain people... and I need a little information!”

“Tomorrow it is, then...”

Part Three

First Lesson

Miss Jenny felt a rising sense of excitement and anxiety. The two emotions fed on each other, bled together and made her lightheaded, almost with dizziness that took a moment to shake off. She rolled over on the bed and took a peep at the bedside clock before deciding that another minute or two snoozing was possible.

Miss Jenny!

That was her name, the 'Miss' now fully a part of her. All that remained was to pass through the eye of the needle and she would be one of them...

Her eyes closed, and she relaxed back on the pillow and stared at the ceiling through half open eyes. The slight ticking of the clock was the only thing to be heard in the room and she allowed her senses to swim as she enjoyed the feeling of luxuriant repose. Jenny lay for her allotted couple of minutes, her senses slowly focussing before she moved again. Her hand moved up her body, fingertips tickling naked thighs, belly and breasts on its voyage until at last they touched the unyielding steel of the collar that circled her slender neck. For a moment, they lingered on the padlock that closed the ring and she sighed.

Even though she had been a year at the Manor, Jenny still had to carry that mark of her apprentice status. A simple collar that bound her to Mistress Elisabeth, proved that she was only on the first steps of a road that was long and arduous even though the last few steps were approaching. She turned her head to admire the other inhabitant of the room and lay on her side looking up. There was something so sweet to know that a personal maid was always there to serve her in so many ways.

There but for the grace of God...

The thought that she too could find herself waiting patiently at the bedside of one of the tutors of Oban Manor to serve, seemed almost impossible, now that her first day as Teacher's Pet had arrived at last. Jenny had now climbed the first rung of the ladder that led to becoming something that, a year ago, she would never have imagined possible.

Her hand stretched out lazily from the bed to grasp the rubber bulb that dangled between the maid's thighs and squeezed lazily, her eyes watching the face of her maid. Was that a slight frown or was it just her imagination? She squeezed again, causing the whisper of a susurrations and a twitch of muscles on a creamy thigh told her that the maid was experiencing minor discomfort and, perhaps, just a little corresponding excitement.

The sudden call of the alarm by the bed caused her hand to snatch at the bulb and Jenny laughed at her own surprise. She switched off the alarm and rolled to sit on the edge of the bed to stretch her arms. A year ago, she had been Police Constable Jenny Arquith, now she was just Miss Jenny and she knew that this was what she had always wanted...

"The curtains," said Miss Jenny curtly.

The maid moved slowly.

Everything in Oban manor moved with a deceptive unhurried grace. Everything sensual and enticing. Even the simplest task was transformed with sexuality and piquant exploitation. No running, no haste, just curves of limbs, graceful curtseys and small steps. The measured movements of Mistress Elisabeth the measure of all. The maid pulled the cord and the curtains swept open to reveal the heather and rocky outcrops that stretched to the grey sea and Miss Jenny stretched her arms. Despite the collar, she was the Queen of her small domain, the maid her only subject.

The maid tottered on her heels and made her way back to stand before her Mistress and made a slight movement of the head that substituted for a bow. Corset and costume kept her stiff, an almost-mannequin designed to serve, but always with exquisite difficulty.

Miss Jenny glanced at the bedside clock and sighed. Even though she had looked forward to this moment when at last she would be permitted to begin her education and join the governesses as a junior, somehow it was this moment that was the culmination of months of acquiring those skills. Psychology, behavioural science and control, the lessons in theory and practice expanding her mind and opening doors. Experiencing both sides of female domination, almost falling, occasionally stumbling, learning what it was to be disciplined, learning each end of the crop intimately.

The classroom was waiting.

Miss Jenny shook herself from her introspection and ordered her maid to prepare her costume and slipped into the steamy haze of the shower. Luxurious and refreshing, she lingered long under the jets of hot water before emerging from a cloud of steam to allow her maid to gently towel her down and add just a little sweet scent. Her hair was pulled into bunches, held by ribbons and then she submitted to being dressed.

A plain grey skirt that was just a touch on the short side, a stiff blouse that barely revealed her cleavage, white knee-high socks and flat buckled shoes. Miss Jenny stood while the maid slowly kneeled and threaded the straps at her ankles before adding the slender chain and ankle cuffs that would ensure that every step was sweet and short. No panties, just a small puff of talc and a tender little kiss that caused her to gasp. Miss Jenny ignored the liberty taken by the maid and patted the smooth head affectionately. After all, what was now a servile maid had once been her friend and a little leniency was occasionally permitted!

Sporadically even required.

At last, Miss Jenny was ready to leave her chambers. She walked through the open door into the corridor without a thought that it would take her maid hours to bring her room to spotless perfection. It did not matter, she would be assigned a cell for the next few weeks and become a pupil once more. Miss Jenny allowed her hips to sway a little, taking on the persona that she had acquired in the last year and enjoyed the sensation of her freedom. A solitary figure, masked and fettered, scrubbed the rough flagstones of the floor and pulled from her path and Jenny retrained her urge to prove her supremacy.

The first day of school had begun and Miss Jenny was at last on her way! Her role, determined by Miss Odette who was in charge of the class as teacher, being that of 'teacher's pet'. The accomplice who posed as a pupil, the ringer in the classroom. It was her task to be the perfect pupil, the one who led by from the back, the one that the teacher would reward. Leading the other pupils to their fate by her shining example.

Miss Jenny, teacher's pet!

Ahead, she heard the voice of the chief trainer, Miss Odette, in conversation and coughed slightly to signal her arrival as she turned the corner. Miss

Odette acknowledged her with a small austere nod and then turned back to Mistress Elisabeth to continue the tête-à-tête.

"I have everything ready, Miss," she said. "The pupils are being prepared for class as we speak..."

"Good!" said Mistress Elisabeth with a wan smile. "This is the first time that you are running the class fully on your own, so remember that there must always be a caning to show our pupils what awaits bad behaviour..."

Miss Odette flexed the bamboo cane in her hand and turned to Jenny.

"Lift your skirt..."

Jenny lifted the hem of her short skirt to her waist and Miss Odette inspected her with a touch of her fingers that fleetingly sent a thrill through Jenny that almost made her twitch in response.

"Remember, in this first lesson, you will be very naughty," said Miss Odette to Miss Jenny. "The signal will be when I move the apple..."

Miss Jenny curtsied, causing Mistress Elisabeth to chuckle.

"Don't worry, girls, the weeks of school-classes are always good fun. Four boys and two girls, a strict teacher and the teacher's little pet!"

As she spoke, she patted Jenny's head affectionately and smiled. Jenny felt a thrill go through her and longed to kneel to show her Mistress how much she appreciated the attention.

"I still remember being the pet for the first time," said Miss Odette. "It was so wonderful tempting the boys and getting caught! I almost regret that it is no longer possible for me to take the role..."

Miss Odette smiled and flexed the cane.

"Two of the boys for feminisation, two for fetish training, one of the girls as a dolly, but what have you in mind for the other one, I didn't find anything in the notes to guide me..."

Mistress Elisabeth shrugged her shoulders.

"You mean Helen?" answered Mistress Elisabeth. "I have not quite decided because she is the only one with no sponsor! No doubt, but she is a clever girl, let's see how she does and then I'll decide. She is a candidate to join us if

she shows the right attitude, otherwise, we always have a need for service maids... She will be assessed by Miss Jenny."

"I have read the background. Do you want me to play her off against her lover?"

"Mmm, a promising idea for now. Let's test her and then we can decide."

Jenny listened to the two women chatting and felt butterflies in her stomach. It was so important for her to play her role to perfection, possibly even seeing the steel collar exchanged for velvet at the end of the course. Unlikely, but if she was perfect... perhaps! The thought of failure was a narrow dark shadow at the edge of her excitement.

Failure was always punished...

"Fine, we're ready to go, then," announced Mistress Elisabeth. "The sponsors of the pupils are paying well for this, so let's make it perfect and give them what they are paying for!"

Miss Odette nodded, and Mistress Elisabeth left teacher and pet.

"I know that you are nervous," said Miss Odette to Jenny. "Just relax and play the game. In ten minutes they will be seated, so pop down to the cells and wait for them to be led up..."

"Yes Miss."

Miss Odette turned on her heels and headed for the classroom and Jenny watched her with an envious stare. The woman had slipped into her role as if born to it. The tight skirt, the perfectly straight seams of her stockings, the cane carried as if part of her hand and the large round glasses that added an austere touch to the whole ensemble.

Heart beating, Jenny made her way down to the cells and found a single maid standing by an open door. She entered the cell and took in the bunk beds at a glance before seating herself, trying to slip into the manner of a sponsored pupil. Confused and angry, waking from a stupor to find themselves chained to a bed. Woken by women who did not speak but forced them all into the childish uniform before they were hustled into the corridor to start their classes.

There was always one that tried to resist...

Through the open door of her cell, Jenny could hear the grating of keys in locks, the harsh clicks of steel heels on flagstones and the first cries of surprise and terror. She wondered how it must feel to wake and find that the entire world had gone mad. That suddenly, the outside life was gone, and everything had folded in on itself to leave just a classroom and a dominant teacher. A steel collar, restraints and fetters...

Now she could hear the impassioned voice of one of the boys as his new uniform was presented and then forced onto him, his threats and yelps ringing out. The shrill voice of a woman as she was placed in the school arm restraints and suddenly realised that he was helpless.

Jenny's enjoyment of the sounds and female orders was interrupted by a woman who entered the cell and signalled for her to stand. The woman held an arm restraint loosely and waited for Jenny to stand to allow it to be fitted. At the start, the restraints were always used to ensure that the pupils understood that they were helpless to resist. Later they would come to understand that there was no resistance possible. The buckles were pulled tight and Jenny winced as her shoulders adjusted to the new position. It had been months since she had last been severely restrained and it took a moment before she could relax and feel comfortable with the soothing knowledge that she was helpless.

The woman clipped a short leash to Jenny's collar and gave a small tug to lead Jenny to the corridor to see the others who were in the class. Four men, ridiculous in their short trousers and shirts, two women being led from their cells, one of them a startlingly pretty blonde, the other a middle-aged woman who had tears streaming down her cheeks and stumbled and almost fell.

One of the men started to argue in a loud voice. If his ankles had not been closed with a short chain, he might have kicked out. Jenny watched as he was brought into order with a sharp slap to the face by a strong hand and almost giggled at the outraged look of shock on his face. She wondered if he was one of the two due for feminisation, because if so, it would surely be a test of Miss Odette's skill.

It had taken just minutes for the small group of seven pupils to be brought into a row, each with their leash held in the hand of the women who had

forcibly dressed and prepared them. Jenny was in the lead and wished that she could have looked back to see the others as they were taken to the classroom.

The door was open.

Eight small desks stood in two rows of four facing a large plain desk at the front that was the teacher's. Each pupil's desk had a ring for the pupil's leash and a small accompanying stool that was bolted firmly to the floor. The three girls were placed in the back row, the boys at the front and finally Jenny could assess her class. The older, plump woman was in tears, she snivelled as she stared at the desk while the pretty blonde looked around with her lips opened in a circle of surprise. The seven women that had led the class to their first lesson retreated except for one who stood at the back of the class and frowned at the two boys that dared look around.

They waited.

It was as though they all knew what would happen next, but when Miss Odette walked into the room and moved to sit at her desk, Jenny heard the boys gasp and shuffle on their small stools.

"What the fuck is all this?" said one of the boys in an aggressive tone. "I insist..."

Miss Odette nodded her head and the woman at the back of the class moved into action. She strolled past Jenny and grabbed the hair of the boy who had dared to speak in one hand. The other suddenly produced a buckled leather strap. In a moment the strap had become a gag and was ruthlessly tightened to leave the boy gasping. The woman strolled to the front of the class and pulled a tall bin forward into sight. Sticking from the bin was a collection of canes and she took one and bent it in her hands.

The pupils watched her, to Jenny it seemed that they all shrank a few inches as if to hide as the woman walked slowly to the back of the class.

The teacher waited a few moments and then finally spoke.

"Boys and girls, you are all here because you have been enrolled in the remedial class for adjustment..."

She waited a moment and then continued.

"I expect you all to behave with politeness and decorum and realise that the education that you are about to receive is both thorough and necessary. My name is Miss Odette and you will address me as such if you are given permission to speak..."

The teacher's gaze moved to the gagged boy who stared at her with a look of sheer hatred. Clearly, he was not prepared to submit easily, and a mumbled insult rolled from his gagged lips. Miss Odette ignored him and continued her speech.

"Pupils who are naughty will be punished, those that learn well will find themselves rewarded. You are all here to learn and it is my job to make sure that every lesson is understood and that your time here is not wasted. Every day starts with a rollcall, so this is how we shall begin. When your name is called, you will answer, 'Present; Miss Odette'. So, let's begin..."

"Paul," she announced.

The boy with the gag in his mouth cried out in anger at his name being announced and a tired look came over Miss Odette's face.

"That is not a good start, Paul. Stand up!"

Paul stared at the teacher in defiance. The teacher's female help moved forward and took his hair to pull him to stand. For a moment he struggled and then he found himself being forced to the front of the class.

"Naughty boys get punished," said Miss Odette in a sharp tone as she watched Paul being manhandled. "Understand that when I give an order it will be obeyed, or the consequences will be severe."

With his arms behind his back, it was the work of a moment for his shorts to be pulled to his ankles, exposing his behind as a powerful hand bent him face forward over the side of the desk. There was a small chuckle from the blonde pupil as his huge erection bobbed between his thighs. In the moment he was still, the cane swept down and laid a stripe in the quivering backside with a loud crack and Paul started to scream and wail.

"There is always one," commented Miss Odette with a thin smile as Paul was led back to his stool and pushed down with his trousers still around his ankles.

Pauls sobs quietened, but he was shaking and moved on the hard stool while the woman who had just beaten him stood behind with her hand on his shoulder.

“Paul?” asked Miss Odette in a grating tone.

A noise issued from behind the gag and it seemed as if the teacher was prepared to accept the answer.

“Helen?”

“Present Miss Odette,” said the pretty blonde woman.

“That’s better, now then, where was I?”

“Peter?”

“Present, Miss Odette,” said the boy in front of Jenny.

“Jenny?”

Present Miss Odette.”

The rollcall ran without another protest and Miss Odette closed the register and slowly stood. With the large glasses, thin red lips and tight suit, she looked the perfect strict school Ma’am and Jenny smiled inside as she admired the woman’s presence.

“Lessons here are both theory and practical,” she said in a low tone. “Tests are frequent, and we expect all of our pupils to take their homework seriously. I do not take well to naughtiness as you can see. I expect respect and obedience and will have no hesitation in punishing any pupil severely if they cross the line.”

Her voice softened, and she made a small movement with her fingers and the woman behind Paul moved to the back of the class.

“Each one of you is here because they need to learn the value of courteous behaviour towards their betters. It is my job to prepare you for your new role in society and I want you all to understand that this is not some prank or stunt for your amusement. This is a serious school and you will all become what I decide that you are best suited to be.”

Miss Odette took a stroll between her pupils’ desks. She stopped at each one of the frightened boys and girls and lifted their face to look up at her as she passed as if assessing their tractability with those piercing blue eyes.

“Now that we all know where we stand, I shall explain the way that this school works.”

By now she had arrived at her desk and she casually sat on the corner and crossed her legs at the knees. For a moment, they all got a glimpse of her stocking tops as her legs moved and one of her stilettos dangled on her toes. As she spoke it swung and Jenny was almost hypnotised by the swaying as Miss Odette spoke on.

“Each of you has a room with another, as assigned by me. The lessons start at nine and will run to one when you will have a brief break and a little meal. After that, in the afternoons, practical lessons will be the rule, though not always. At seven there will be a little supper and then it’s back to your rooms. Your homework will take just an hour and then it’s lights-out. The school runs seven days a week. At the end of each week there will be a test of both theory and practical. The pupil judged the poorest will be punished, the one with the highest marks will be rewarded by a little treat. Good work is always rewarded, poor effort always ends in tears...”

Her eyes moved over the class and Miss Odette leaned back, pulled an unseen drawer open and pulled an apple from it. Carefully she placed the apple at the front of her desk before she turned back to her frightened pupils. Susan, the older woman next to Jenny was still sobbing quietly, but the teacher ignored her and fixed her gaze on Jenny.

“Jenny,” said the teacher. “What do you want to be when you grow up?”

The question shocked Jenny even though she had learned the answer required.

“A teacher, Miss Odette!” said Jenny.

“Mmm, that is quite an ambition.”

“Peter, how about you?”

Peter stuttered, but he could not speak up.

“I’m waiting, boy...”

“Er, I just want to be a manager, like I am...”

Miss Odette frowned, and Peter hastily added, “Miss Odette.”

“You are just a little boy at the moment Peter... there is no way that you can ever rise to a position of authority again.”

Peter looked around at the others and shrugged while Miss Odette slowly stood and moved a step forward.

“What you are all going to learn is that I shall decide what you will all be,” she said in a stern tone. “That is perhaps the most important lesson that you will learn in my class. You will all forget what happened in your past lives, shed all the responsibilities and behaviours because all you are now is a pathetic class of boys and girls who have a whole life of service ahead of them.”

“Please, Miss Odette, how long will we all be at school?” asked Peter.

“As long as I decide, Peter. Some of you may stay here forever... Now then, enough questions, you are here to learn and the best place to start are the rules of the school. You will learn all of them by heart and occasionally be required to recite them for all of our benefit...”

She strolled to the blackboard behind her desk and started to write.

‘Obedience’

She turned to the class and pointed the cane at the solitary word on the blackboard.

“Obedience is the first rule,” she said. “What does ‘obedience’ mean? Susan?”

The sobbing woman started as her name was uttered and she gathered herself.

“Obedience is whatever you say, Miss Odette,” she said and then looked down at her desk.

“Well, well,” said the teacher. “I think that we have a golden girl here with us! The perfect answer, my dear. Obedience in this classroom has a simple meaning and I think that Susan has explained it perfectly. I want the whole class to repeat Susan’s answer...”

As Miss Odette spoke her hand strayed to the apple on the desk and Jenny watched in fascination. This was the signal, as her hand picked it up and moved it a little before replacing it.

Jenny felt her heart race as the class mumbled the given answer before she spoke. As the others muttered, Jenny's voice sounded loud and clear.

"Fuck you, bitch!"

The sudden still that filled the room was like a chill. Susan started to sob, Peter gasped, and Jenny was sure that she heard Helen's indrawn breath. As soon as the words were out of her mouth, Jenny suddenly realised that her disobedience had gone far beyond the limits agreed before the lesson. Miss Odette seemed genuinely shocked and her hand raised her cane as if about to slash down at Jenny before she restrained herself and signalled to the woman at the back of the class.

"Oh God, I'm so sorry, Miss Odette," wailed Jenny as she felt the presence behind her.

"How dare you!" said the teacher as Jenny was pulled from her seat and dragged to the front of the class.

The pupils sat in shock as Jenny was thrown over the front of the desk and her skirt was lifted to reveal her round ass. Now every pupil could see the smooth lips of her sex as her ankles were parted with two small kicks.

"That is the rudest and most evil thing to say," said Miss Odette's as her voice wavered with anger. "How dare you speak to me like that when I am only here to teach you proper behaviour for your own good?"

A hand pressed Jenny down on the desk. It moved to her collar and clipped it to a small ring and then retreated. Jenny started to sob with pent up terror, she knew what Miss Odette could do with a cane and the fear filled her mind.

"Count them," ordered the teacher, "and thank me for each one!"

Jenny had been caned before. Dozens of times, but the three blows that crossed her quivering ass reduced her to a wail of pleading and thank-yous after the first blow. It was as though she was being whipped with barbed wire. Each blow placed on top of the previous one with precision as she cried out the number with a howl.

She felt her thighs tighten, lifting her feet from the floor and shook with the agony as Miss Odette twisted and brought down the cane with the full weight and force of her whole body. Jenny almost passed out and was still sobbing as she felt a sharp blow to her ankle and opened her legs wide.

“This will not be tolerated, children. Now you about to see what happens to those of my pupils that are rude. I-will-not-tolerate-rudeness!” she grated. “Obedience is doing what I order you to do no matter how you feel. No answering back. No second thoughts and no testing my lenient nature!”

“Jenny, what is the meaning of the first rule?”

It took a few seconds for Jenny to catch her breath and she blurted, “Doing as I am told by Miss Odette!”

“Maybe you have learned the lesson, Jenny, but now I am going to show the class what happens when I am forced to be strict... a useful start to your education.”

Jenny heard movement behind her, a stifled gasp from several of the pupils and then a hand between her legs. Something was pushed hard into her wet pussy, something that filled it and forced its way into her with no escape. Jenny gasped as a finger rubbed her clitoris hard and then the huge object was buried into her with a final push.

“That is fucking,” said Miss Odette in a loud voice. “You will stay here for the rest of the lesson in order to learn that the teacher of this class can do anything that she deems appropriate to teach her pupils that there is no limit to the humiliation and violation that I am prepared to use to make you obey me...”

Jenny gasped as a finger activated the vibrator and a final savage slap on her sore ass caused her to burst into tears, while those seated at the desks finally realised that they were in the hands of a sadist who had complete power over them.

“Second rule, children. What is the meaning of this second rule?”

Jenny heard the chalk scratch on the blackboard and muttered the answer to herself.

“Devotion,” said Miss Odette’s voice. “Helen, tell me the meaning of ‘devotion’?”

“Does it mean that we love you, Miss Odette,” came Helen’s quaking voice.

“You all love me,” said the teacher as she placed her chalk between the cheeks of Jenny’s quivering ass. “Yes, it could mean that, but actually, ‘devotion’ means something far more intimate. It means that you will

worship me, learn that I am pleasure, I am pain, I am the only thing that matters to you! This is so much more than love, it is devotion!”

Jenny thought of the long hours massaging Miss Odette’s feet, the suckling at her toes, the faint hope that she might be permitted to do so much more. That had been before she had realised that the only way that Miss Odette ever climaxed was when her slave was in the depths of helpless agony...

Miss Odette was a true sadist, never a lover.

It had been such a bitter lesson.

But, well learned.

Second Lesson

“Boys and girls,” announced Miss Odette.

She watched as the maids cleared up the meal that had just been given and felt the eyes of all of her scared pupils on her. She had been truly shocked by Jenny, but now she saw that the lesson had been salutary. The seven pupils were suitably cowed, and much had been achieved in the first four hours as they had recited the rules until it had become a fervent prayer. Even Paul’s voice had loudly joined the rest as they sat horrified by the thrusting movement of the vibrator between the scored cheeks of Jenny’s ass. Now they really understood that this was not a game, each lesson would be more severe until she would start to move each pupil along the path that had been chosen by their sponsor.

The empty bowls were piled and taken, the spoons that had been used to feed her charges like babies were removed and a maid moved to clean up the pupils as they tried to get the bland but revolting taste of the meal from their mouths.

“The first practical lesson is about to begin. I am going to teach you a skill that all of you will need, so we go to the art-class now...”

She led the way and the boys and girls followed her in a line with the heavy woman who accompanied Miss Odette everywhere, following at the end of the line. Miss Odette felt a little satisfaction. Normally, on the first few days, the leashes were necessary, but it seemed that they had all been cowed, at least for the moment.

Time would tell, the second day often led to more resistance to be crushed.

Jenny, the last of the pupils, could feel the bulb that hung between her legs bump at every step. Like her own maid, she would have to endure this the whole of the day. There was no way that Miss Odette would allow the other pupils to forget how easily they could be violated. She looked at the other pupils and remembered the files that had described their fate as well as their previous backgrounds.

Paul, just in front of Jenny, looking just a little silly in shorts and shirt was the son of a man that had married a young woman who had no intention of

allowing her husband to escape his fate of leaving every last penny to her. The stepmother the same age as the son, she fully expected a helpless slave when he returned and was already planning that the son would join the father in his cage. The school was the last freedom that he would experience, because from there he was already booked for further work in New York that would ensure complete helplessness.

Jenny did not feel an iota of sympathy, the man was lucky that his stepmother was kind enough to keep him, his fate could have been so much, much worse.

In front of Paul was Helen. Gorgeous and just a little mysterious. Mistress Elisabeth had hinted that she had a potential future as a Mistress for the school. If she was suitable, she would be trained, broken and then rebuilt to become a ruthless bitch, just the metamorphosis that Jenny was experiencing. Helen was in the same cell as Jenny, soon they would know each other intimately. There was no telling how that would work out, so Jenny passed to the next in line and contemplated Susan.

Susan was simply being prepared as a gift for an avid fan of some minor television soap opera. She had played a role in that series for a few months, the older 'cheated-upon' woman who was then dumped by her younger lover after he abused her and slept with most of the other female characters in the show. Her training was intended to teach her how to please a woman who could proudly own a slice of the TV fantasy that still played out three times a week. Kneel at her owner's feet while the show aired, and she took her new role for the rest of her life. At least, it was unlikely that her sponsor was intending to do anything other than enjoy her servitude in a domestic setting.

In front of Susan was perhaps the best looking of the boys. Peter had a wife that resented his cheating on her. The words 'Full Feminisation' on his file could mean that his destiny was to be neutered and recreated, but also there was a possibility that the result would be a matter of comportment and dress and that modification was not on the cards. Often the technical terms were loosely applied, and Jenny had not quite decided exactly what had been planned because, the wife and sponsor had not yet actually decided what she wanted. What Jenny did know was that Helen was also at Oban Manor,

because she had been Peter's lover, the girl who was possibly reaping the whirlwind of a wife's revenge!

In front of Peter, and just turning out of sight was Adam. Jenny knew that he was in for a shock. The young man who had worked in a major bank as an intern who was about to find out that the dominant female Finance director and joint owner, had taken more than just a passing fancy to him. Foolishly he had not taken up her offer of a few romantic nights in Paris and now he was going to learn that a refusal of Mrs Kurt's advances had been unwise in the extreme. His fiancée must be wondering where he was, thought Jenny. The sponsor intended to have him prepared for her husband as a gift and full feminisation was the main objective of the classes. There had not been much information about Mrs Kurt except a comment that she showed a need for a continual stream of active and energetic young men in her bed. How Adam would be fitted into this mosaic was a little unclear, except that one of the items on his training requirements was male anal and oral service training. He would make a perfect little slut for his wealthy sponsor, reflected Jenny.

At the very front was Gerald. Gerald was a man whose mother was most dissatisfied with the way that her son showed a disinclination to marry her best friend's daughter, as she wished. He was being prepared to his new wife's specifications, but a complication was that Gerald's mother's friend was the sponsor and fully expecting to get her money's worth, both before and after the wedding took place. An intense and sadistic nymphomaniac whose demands had required a second sheet of paper in Oban Manor's file to describe in detail what she would require from her son-in-law to become for her malicious pleasures! It seemed that the daughter was au-fait with this arrangement of keeping her mother fully occupied, but she too, had added a few minor details to the preparation. Ensuring that her mother would not have a late son to compete with her daughter's expectation of receiving the full patrimony, would see him sterilised in a suitable fashion.

Leading them all, Miss Odette who had decided that the first practical lesson that all of her charges would learn was how to please their sponsors with intimate foot massage and manicure, even though hands were safely shackled behind backs.

Jenny knew Miss Odette's little quirks and it was clear to her that this first lesson was as much for her as for her pupils. Holding the brush in teeth, delicately kissing and suckling toes was often a foreplay for the ruthless teacher and she had decided that it was a skill that all pupils should learn.

In later lessons, walking in stilettos, cleaning clothes by hand and polishing the soles of shoes to a shine with avid tongues. Learning grace in every step in the heels that would become continuous torture. How to pleasure a woman with all the toys and tools that could be imagined as well as a few that were just a little more extreme. Long lectures in female physiognomy with practical applications that showed a pupil that the perfect orgasm was something that could be administered a thousand different ways for the woman that owned them.

Jenny had done it all, and enjoyed reprising her lessons. Miss Odette was a subtle beacon in a world filled with dominant women. A natural, an erotic nightmare become real, a Mistress that could inflict endless pleasure or usually endless agony, wholly for her own pleasure.

When Miss Odette wielded a cane, it was not punishment, not revenge and certainly not mere crude force. It was a high pavane, an erotic elegant ballet where Mistress and her suffering victim pirouetted in stately harmony, each a precious part of the other. The suffering igniting passion, the agony becoming climax, the domination becoming an offering, a devout invocation that filled the mind of her prey.

Miss Odette was the sure right hand of Mistress Elisabeth.

If there was any person in at Oban Manor that Jenny wished to become, it was the woman who led her helpless pupils to their first day of practical training.

Third Lesson

The mattress was soft, the duvet pure warmth, a soft pink carpet ran wall to wall and printed pictures hung on the wall. A small door led to a tiny bathroom and the view from the window was stark, but beautiful.

But it was still a cell.

A place where the pupils waited for their next lesson.

The bed a bunk, the décor pink and feminine, the window barred and the door a plain sheet of steel. The pictures on the wall depicted the correct postures for service, a small light blinked on the camera in the bathroom as well and high-set iron rings on the walls indicated that there was occasional need for strict restraint.

Jenny turned on the bed, making it creak a little as she settled and felt a tiredness that came of days of challenging work. Coming from above her, from the top bunk bed, was the caught breathing of her sobbing cell mate. After three days of lessons, Helen had finally succumbed to fear and loss. The reality of Oban Manor was asserting itself and the vain hope that this was all some perverted game was being replaced by the hopelessness of stark realisation.

Jenny listened to the quiet sobs of the blonde in the bed below and wondered if she too, had broken into tears and misery. She tried to remember her induction, the hard lessons and the long days, but all she could recall in detail was her realisation that obedience would lead to becoming one of those that made the rules. The woman in the bed above did not have that reassurance, she was falling, and it was for Jenny to show her the way.

A feeling of superiority, motherly care came to Jenny's mind and she turned to stare at the pictures on the wall, enjoying the moment. The flicker of the small green light on the camera told her that someone was watching, listening, measuring and assessing.

As always.

Like everything else in the Manor, this was a test and it was up to her to create something special or simply allow Helen to become another failed

pupil. Jenny had her instructions to be the catalyst for the other six pupils and she felt that she was fulfilling Miss Odette's wishes to the letter and perhaps more. She bit her lip and chuckled as she thought of the shocked look on teacher's face as she had invited that caning. Had she gone too far? Perhaps, but it had certainly allowed her Mistress to show the class that defiance would not be accepted.

Above, the sobbing caught and came to a gasping end.

"You are laughing?"

Helen's voice quivered with emotion and the words were barely discernible.

"No, not really, just thinking..."

There was silence from above and then the rustle of the duvet as Helen moved and leaned over the edge of her bed to look down at Jenny.

"I don't think that I can manage much more of this..." said Helen.

A tear slid from her cheek and fell to splash.

"So, does that mean that you are going to leave?" asked Jenny.

Helen stared at the face of the young woman below and then pulled back as the sarcasm registered and sobs issued from above once more. It took long minutes for the room to become once again silent and Jenny felt the pressure of the stillness.

The three stages of training came to Jenny's mind and she smiled to herself at her emotionless analysis of the crisis that was happening above. First came confrontation, the challenge of trying to alter circumstances. Outright resistance that could become defiance, or perhaps the internal building of a barrier to await an opening to escape. Second came acceptance. Going with the flow, a recognition of helplessness that could be just a skin, to later shed, or, mostly actual vulnerability. Last of all came compliance, the retreat of former values and expectations and the long endless fall into utter obedience. Each stage overlapping the next as the subject was moved by passionate pressure from the trainers.

Helen's fate was in Jenny's hands!

She opened her lips to speak and then closed them again as she realised that this was as much training for her as for the inmates of the class that she had been placed in. The realisation was like a sudden light in the dark, a

Damascene revelation that beckoned with an elegant manicured finger. This was the beginning of learning to dominate and mould those who were not her equal.

Jenny started to realise why she had been placed with Helen, this was Mistress Elisabeth's assessment of Jenny, nothing to do with Miss Odette, a subtle test to evaluate the worth of a promising mistress.

"Helen?"

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry that I said that..."

No answer came from above and Jenny almost started to believe that the woman above had slipped into slumber. What had to be done, was to offer a ray of hope to Helen, a possible sliver of an opening, just like Mistress Elisabeth had given her. The idea that there was never a chance of escape, but that escape could be found in becoming one of those who held the keys.

"It was wrong of me..."

'I'm not apologising more than twice,' thought Jenny. 'This is her last chance...'

A sigh came from above and then a few words...

"What is this place?" asked Helen with a wail.

"I really don't know," lied Jenny as she allowed herself a small smile.

"Teacher is such a hard bitch, I can't take much more! Why are we here?"

Jenny felt a surge of irritation. Where did Helen think that she would go? Did she think that if she broke down she would be rescued? Could she not see what was happening? For a moment, she reconsidered her decision to show Helen the way before it occurred to her that the only way to show the watching superiors her worth, was to move her charge to understand what was at stake. She decided to change the approach.

"Tell me about yourself..."

The sobbing from above started again and then slowly quietened.

"I'm starting to think that I am just a little girl in a frightening school," whined Helen before she once again leaned over the edge of her bed to gaze at Jenny below.

"We are both that," agreed Jenny as she thought about the file that she had seen. "But, before I came here, I was a police constable in Glasgow..."

Helen looked down at the face below and felt reassured. This was the reason that she was so strong and secure. A friendly face in a nightmare.

"I have never worked," admitted Helen. "Well, that's not true, I was in a perfume shop for a year when I met a man..."

"Married him?"

"I would never do that," said Helen and the first sign of a small smile appeared on her pretty face. "I just take them and leave them, it's so easy..."

Jenny was about to ask her cell-mate about Peter and then realised that it was something that she would never know. She would have to tread carefully.

"The police force was my life," she lied with a small sigh. "Then a week ago, I woke up, and here I was, back in school."

"What do you think will happen when the lessons are over?" asked Helen.

The strain of the question showed in her voice and her eyes filled up.

"I have no idea, but one thing that I know is; it will be much worse than the classroom..."

A tear dropped. It fell and splashed on Jenny's face and ran to the pillow, tickling as it went.

"Are we being sold? I mean to some brothel or something?"

"If that was true, then what are the boys doing here?" asked Jenny. "I mean, it just doesn't make sense. I have seen some of those places and there were never any men..."

Helen pulled back to disappear above before her feet swung down and she slipped to the floor with an elegant bend of the knee. For a moment, her slim hands went to the collar at her neck and she pulled a face.

"I have spent the last ten years playing with men," she said. "You'd think that that would make it easy. All it ever was, was sex, it was enough to take them and pump them of everything. I always got whatever I wanted, two at a time, I played them like fish..."

Jenny looked at the naked woman who stood over her and felt a twinge of hunger. No corset at her narrow waist, no bra was needed to support the large rounded breasts. Fit and feminine, Jenny could understand how so many men had been tempted and entrapped by her. Helen had that pale complexion and pure white skin, blonde eyelashes with blue eyes that gave a look of total unsullied innocence.

“Are you trying to seduce me?” asked Jenny.

Helen laughed.

For the first time, Jenny heard her glad: “I always allow others to seduce me.”

Jenny felt a shiver run down her spine.

She pulled back the cover that lay over her.

Helen’s offer was more than she could withstand.

* * * * *

Miss Odette looked over her class in satisfaction. The four boys in the front row looking at her as if they were in her spell, the three girls with wide eyes. She slowly pulled a cane from the tall bin and laid it on the desk by the apple with a small smile. Outwardly, all of her pupils were now obedient, now it was time to start to reach inside of them and bend them to her will.

The classroom lectures had been learned by rote, the practical lessons all endless lessons on female make-up, dress and comportment. Easily assimilated with no overt sexual content, they were the introduction to school routine that was now established. Punishment and learning, repetition and strict attention. The morning had been spent repeating rules and how to address their betters, the afternoon would be the first practical lessons in feminine control and pleasure. All the pupils, Jenny apart, were heading for female ownership, all of them would have to learn how to thrill their owners. The most important lessons apart from obedience were about to begin and every fault would be punished severely.

A small wardrobe had been placed incongruously by her desk and all the pupils were staring at it and clearly wondering what the lesson for today was. Miss Odette ignored it and started her slow-step tour. Her heels clicked on the stone floor of the room as she slowly walked around the desks. Miss

Odette could feel the building of the tension and enjoyed it enormously. All of them had felt the quality of the cane on their behinds in the last four days, all were ready for the next stage.

She stopped behind the row of girls and relished the fact that they stared at her empty desk and did not dare to watch her slow stately progress. The tight skirt allowed just short steps, each steel heel touching the floor with a click, the tight bun in her hair and the round glasses giving her the appearance of the perfect strict teacher. She knew that they longed to look around, but dared not and placed a hand on Susan's head that sent a shiver of terror through the middle-aged woman that Miss Odette savoured. This unattractive woman was the fetish of her sponsor and needed to be avid to satisfy both casual lust as well as a full range of domestic tasks that would both demean and humiliate her. It would be interesting to see how she responded to the lesson.

"Susan," said Miss Odette. "To the front of the class..."

Her hand patted the head of her victim as Susan struggled to her feet and obeyed.

"Now then, we need a suitable little girl to show us how to entertain a woman who needs gratification. Little Susan will be our guide..."

Miss Odette saw Helen shiver and the four boys in the front row relax. Now would come her little surprise as teacher began on the feminisation that was required for two of her pupils.

"Peter, I think that you will be perfect for this!"

Peter looked around with surprise on his face.

"I really don't want to have to repeat myself," said Miss Odette as Peter stood slowly. "Now, off to the front of the class with Susan..."

By the time that Miss Odette reached the front of the room and picked up her cane, the two pupils stood sheepishly by her desk. She pulled at the blackboard and it rolled round to reveal a crudely drawn chalk diagram of female intimacy with every detail exaggerated.

"In one way or another, you will all know what this is... Paul, tell me?"

"Miss Odette," said Paul. "It is what a woman has..."

Miss Odette stepped forward and rapped the tip of the cane on the desk.

"I expect better, Paul. Palms up!"

Paul looked up at Miss Odette and turned his hands to face palms up. The cane rapped across his hands and he bit back a yelp.

"Now then, Paul. Let's start again. What is on the blackboard?"

"A pussy, Miss Odette!"

The cane struck again, and Miss Odette moved her angry face to a few inches from Paul's.

"Wrong! This is the centre of your world, it is everything, it is what owns you, it is what demands reverence and respect. So, now tell me what is on the blackboard?"

Paul's voice quivered in emotion.

"Miss Odette, it owns me Miss, I love it..."

The teacher stood straight and looked down at Paul with a sneer.

"Clearly, tomorrow we are going to have to learn it all by heart again and again until you can recite it in your sleep! Men and women are quite different, as you all know, you are all going to learn why women are your natural superiors and how to make your sponsors happy with your service. You will learn to serve, please, gratify and indulge every whim with grace and elegance."

She turned to the desk and rapped her cane hard on the surface with a loud crack that caused all her pupils to jump in shock.

"This is one of the most important of all of your lessons! You are all going to learn that pleasing a woman is the greatest honour that can be demanded. Perfection is required... not competence, not proficiency and not skill. Perfection is the object of giving pleasure! First of all, I am going to teach you that the female is superior to the male."

Miss Odette turned to face the class.

"Susan, here!"

The tip of the cane pointed at the desk and Susan stumbled to stand where she had been told.

"Skirt up, dear and be quick about it..."

"Miss Odette?" asked Susan.

Teacher reached out her hand and slipped fingers into the waistband of the frightened pupil's skirt. A sharp tug parted the waist band poppers and the skirt was in Miss Odette's hand for a moment before being dropped to the floor.

"Bend over and touch toes, Susan."

One quick glance at the teacher's anger was enough for Susan. She bent over, and the cane struck once with a loud slap.

"Stand straight, girl and do as you are told. Obedience is a state of mind, never to be questioned, do you understand?"

Susan nodded and blurted, "Thank you Miss Odette."

"Good girl, now we need you to show the class everything as an example!"

Plump and blushing with embarrassment, Susan opened her legs a little and started to cry. Miss Odette ignored her sobs and addressed the class.

"As you can see, everything that makes a woman perfect is hidden from sight."

The point of her cane moved up a quivering leg, from the tops of the knee-high socks to the thigh and came to rest at the plump irregular slit that cleft Susan's mons.

"Sit on the desk, Susan."

The voice was menacing and allowed no challenge! Susan moved back and sat on the desk with her knees touching. Her face was flushed, and the sobbing was just a gasping of breath. Her eyes were turned downward, and tears trickled down her cheeks.

Miss Odette tapped the cane lightly on the knees and they opened.

"Wider girl, this is not a moment to be shy."

The legs parted and revealed the gape of the pupil's pussy. Miss Odette moved her left hand and parted the lips to reveal the inner shrine.

"As you can all see, there are so many possibilities! Clitoris followed by this tiny little opening and then into the depths. All enclosed like a delicate flower by the inner and outer lips..."

As she spoke her finger touched each feature lightly, making Susan wince and sob again.

“Each part has a need, a touch and method of worship that is special and particular to it.”

Miss Odette watched as the three boys in the front row gazed with fascination. Jenny with a small smile and Helen with a look that was almost one of aversion. She stooped and picked up the rumpled skirt from the floor and tossed it casually on to the desk by the snivelling Susan.

“Peter!”

Peter stepped next to where Susan sat on the desk with her legs wide and Miss Odette tapped the desk with the tip of the cane.

“Now we are going to look at what a little sissy girl has...”

Peter could see the large woman who stood at the back of the classroom in the shadows and knew that there was no escape. He dropped his shorts and sat on the edge of the desk and a small tap of the cane caused him to open his legs wide.

“As you can see, boys and girls, there is just one way of pleasuring this pathetic specimen,” said Miss Odette as she touched his flaccid cock with the tip of her cane.

The touch caused Peter to wince and he felt himself stiffen in response, unable to control himself, despite himself, the softness was being replaced by an erection that could not be controlled.

“Typical, no control at all! The first lesson that you are all going to learn is that I will not put up with this sort of revolting display...”

It was as if the words spoken caused Peter to swell further until his cock stood hard from him. The cane touched it for a moment and then struck with a small twist of teacher’s wrist.

Peter yelped, and his thighs closed in reaction.

“Did I order you to close your legs boy?” asked Miss Odette in a sweet voice.

“No Miss Odette,” whined Peter and his legs opened again.

The cane struck once more, this time lightly on the bulbous head of his erection and Peter jerked, but did not close his legs.

“That’s better,” said the teacher with a smile. “Now then, has anyone an idea of what we can do about this?”

The cane struck once more, and Peter was unable to prevent himself crying out.

Jenny put up her hand, as did Helen. Miss Odette nodded to Helen and raised an eyebrow.

“Yes?” she said.

“Miss Odette, it can be drained dry!”

“That would be one way, my dear, but there is a better one!”

Miss Odette moved to the back of the desk and took something from the drawer in her desk before returning to hold it up to the class.

“This is the best solution to prevent such gross misconduct, boys and girls. It prevents self-abuse, accidental nightly emissions as well as making our little sissy able to concentrate on his lessons!”

Peter blushed, and his erection started to flag as he looked at the steel device in the teacher’s hand. A curved cage, barely enough to fit a finger, a circular band at the base that closed with a dangling padlock and a small plastic tag that dangled from it.

“Helen, you will fit this on our sissy...” said Miss Odette. “It is time that the boys in the class realised what happens when they spend all their nights playing with themselves like Peter here! This school does not tolerate self-abuse and I will restrain any boy that breaks the rule!”

Adam flinched and looked at the desk in front of him.

“Yes, Adam! You too have been playing with yourself since the day that you got here. Disgusting! Don’t think that we are not watching every moment!”

Helen stood from her desk and came forward to take the chastity cage from Miss Odette’s hand. It was heavy and complicated, and Helen looked up at her teacher’s face and shrugged.

“My dear, I am almost surprised that you have no notion,” said Miss Odette with a smile. “It works like this...”

She took back the device and unfastened it and poked her finger into the cage and wiggled it before opening the ring and palming the padlock. She passed the heavy cage back and watched as Helen looked down at the cock that was clearly too rigid to squeeze into the device.

"I prefer ice," said Miss Odette with a smile, but there are other ways..."

The cane flicked at the rigid member twice and Peter cried out.

"One moment..." said the teacher and she stepped around her desk to root around in the drawers. She returned with a worn stocking and passed it to Helen who looked at it with puzzlement. "Slip it over that disgusting object and then tug it through..."

"Yes, Miss Odette," said Helen.

* * * * *

Helen snuggled up against Jenny and giggled quietly.

"That was the first lesson here that I actually enjoyed," she whispered. "I have never seen anything so funny... getting it in was easy with the nylon stocking to help, but it was fiddly to get that tube screwed tight. He must be in such discomfort!"

"Who cares?" asked Jenny.

"A week ago, I might have," sighed Helen.

"A week ago, I was in uniform," lied Jenny. "All I wanted was to get my paperwork done."

There was a brief pause and then Helen spoke.

"Peter, he was my boyfriend," she muttered. "Well, let's say that he was the man that I was pulling from his plain Jane wife!"

"Oh, you know each other?"

"Yeah, he was fucking me and pretty pathetic all round."

"So why were you with him?"

Helen chuckled.

"It's what I do, babes! When I fuck them, they spurt money! Peter was just one of three who I was playing, each one with a wife who did not understand him!"

"Jesus," breathed Jenny, but she was glad that there was now a little less that she had to be careful not to reveal that she knew. "Three?"

"Three! Meet a man, fuck him and drain every penny, that is my motto."

Jenny could feel the breasts pressing against her back and wriggled a little.

“If I could get out of here, I think that it would be fun to have one of those cage things... I think that I could persuade any man to put it on for me... all it needs is a little persuasion! They would be begging to give me anything after a week!”

“I don’t think that we are supposed to enjoy these lessons at all,” answered Jenny.

Helen sighed and stroked the smooth back that was presented to her. Her fingers moved from the steel collar down the spine and further, moving the down covers with them. She had to see what she had caught a glimpse of last night.

“If the boys wank, then they are in trouble,” said Helen. “How come Miss Odette has not punished us for this?”

“Maybe when the girls play...”

Helen’s hand moved down to the base of Jenny’s spine and made a small circle. She looked down and noticed a small tattoo where her finger played. A series of thin stripes in black, a bar code that had small numbers printed below. She let her finger draw circles around it slowly and then back upwards to the smooth skin of Jenny’s back.

Helen had caught a glimpse of the marking last night and her lips moved as she recited the number in her head to keep it fresh. Her hand played with the steel collar locked tight on the girl in front of her and she turned it slowly as she played, until a tiny engraved number showed in the poor light of the cell.

Her hands moved next to her own collar and delicately felt the surface, but there was no trace of any engraving. Helen read the number on Jenny’s collar and felt as if she had discovered something important.

A vital secret.

The numbers tallied.

Both the tattoo and collar.

But, what on earth did it signify?

Fourth Lesson

“This is important,” said Miss Odette as she stood by Susan.

The pupils stood around in a small group while teacher watched Paul pull the laces tight.

“Watch carefully... Nice and tight, now!”

Paul’s hands trembled as he knelt at Susan’s feet and tugged at the laces. Criss-cross from the eyelets at the toes to the hooks where the laces hooked, Paul pulled them tight until he reached the top of the boot at the ankle. The tip of teacher’s cane tapped the stiff leather.

“Now, around the ankle and a bow at the back...”

Obediently, Paul tied the laces off and looked up at his teacher who was looking down at him.

“Walking in heels is going to be so important for all of you,” said Miss Odette as she pointed with the cane. “You will never wear less than six-inch heels from now on, this makes for an elegant display. Small steps, balance and sophistication. Never forget that you are always on show and your sponsors will expect you to live in stilettos night and day if they so wish. You are leaning to entice, to seduce at every moment. To invite punishment and pleasure, that is what it’s all about.”

Helen tittered at the sight of the overweight Susan wincing and trying to shift her weight to ease the agony. Miss Odette turned to her.

“Something funny, Helen?”

“Sorry, Miss Odette,” said Helen with her head hanging.

“Out with-it girl...”

“Are the boys...?”

“Everyone in the class will learn this,” said Miss Odette. “I have already made that clear. In a moment you will all be fitted with your first training heels. You, on the other hand are going to find out that this is a serious lesson! I have something very special for you.”

Helen stared at the ankle-high boots that Susan stood in. Stiff patent red leather that forced the foot to arch from toe to heel with a wicked steel

spiked heel that plunged to the hard floor. Paul had pulled them so tight that the flesh of the woman's calves bulged where the leather ended at the ankles.

"I think that they are on properly," said the teacher. "Now we need to add a small detail to ensure that Susan is forced to walk gracefully."

She handed a pair of ankle cuffs joined by a short chain to the kneeling Paul and tapped her cane on Susan's ankles.

"Put these on and let's see..."

Paul wrapped each leather cuff around an ankle and buckled it tight, leaving just a few inches of chain hanging between. A tap of the cane and he tightened the cuffs another two notches until Miss Odette was satisfied.

"I think that you can understand now why we are here," said Miss Odette with a smile. Every day, for three hours you will be here until you all have learned to walk elegantly. The shoes will stay on all day and all night to teach you that you are all nothing more than playthings."

Jenny looked at the row of machines against the wall and winced. She had spent weeks in this bare room, walking miles until it was considered that her movements were as required. She had believed that it was behind her, but now she too would have to practice with the other pupils.

"There will be no let-up until all of you are satisfactory," said Miss Odette. "First, Susan will be showing us the basic exercise."

The teacher moved to the nearest machine and pointed at the ramp where a rubber surface waited for its next victim.

"Susan! I am waiting."

Half stumbling and barely able to keep her balance, the plump woman moved to do the teacher's bidding. Her ankles threatened to twist, she groaned at each small step as the chains pulled tight at each step.

"This is exactly why you need the practice," laughed Miss Odette as she watched her pupil step onto the machine and look at her with imploring eyes. "The first exercise is the slow walk..."

The teacher pointed at the handles on the wall and Susan took a grip whilst Miss Odette displayed a small remote control in her hand. The six other

pupils stood fearful as she pressed, and a mechanical whine came from the machine before the surface on which Susan stood started to move.

“Of course, we cannot have any of you leaving the track,” said Miss Odette and she took one of the chains that hung on the wall and attached to Susan’s collar with a click.

Susan started to walk.

The progress of the band under her feet was slow. Barely a few inches a second and Susan started to step. Her hands extended, and she gripped the two handles on the wall to steady herself while the teacher and pupils watched her progress.

“Stand straight, girl,” said Miss Odette. “Small neat steps, one foot before the other where the yellow line on the band is...”

The tip of the cane showed a thin yellow line that was centred on the moving band.

“For this first assignment you are permitted to hold the handles and there is no punishment for straying from the line! Make sure that you practice well, because later, mistakes will not be tolerated, and you will be fitted with a trivial device that will teach you the correct technique.”

Jenny looked at the control panel on the wall by the machine and shivered as she remembered what ‘trivial’ meant in Miss Odette’s world.

“I want a small sway of the hips, Susan! Not too much, just a tempting lure that will make your sponsors delighted that you are so sensual and make them think of all the things that they can use you for... You will thank me for teaching you grace and comportment all your life.”

Peter was in a daze, he could feel his knees shake and he watched the subtle torture of his fellow pupil. Each day had been a revelation, each day another struggle to resist, but now he was starting to realise that the lessons were designed to break his resolve, especially when Miss Odette turned to the slow-walking pupil and touched her remote control once more.

Like a karaoke screen, the blank monitor in front of Susan’s eyes came to life and the twisted creed of the school started to scroll downwards.

“Make sure that you recite them aloud for us all to hear...” said the teacher.

"I will always obey..." began the voice of Susan as she struggled to walk. "Obedience to my superiors is everything to me..."

The shaking voice mumbled the words between gasps and caught breaths and Miss Odette frowned.

"Not good enough, slut," she announced as the cane swept back and then curved in an arc.

Susan cried out as it struck and almost stumbled before she gasped the next words in a clearer voice.

"I am nothing, a worthless slut that needs to be punished..." she recited.

"Better, that's better, Susan; I think that finally you are getting there! Now then, each of you will be prepared and then the lesson can finally begin properly."

The teacher nominated Paul to fit all the pupils with their boots and supervised closely as each was walked to their place and their own purgatory on the moving band began. Second from last, Helen looked down at the boots that she was being fitted with. All the others were red, hers were black. There was no sole, just a small flat place where her toes would contact the ground and the heels seemed higher.

"These are the punishment boots, Helen! I will not tolerate any naughtiness in the class. Do you understand?"

Helen looked up at Miss Odette and then to the ever-present woman who was her enforcer and nodded.

"Yes, Miss Odette."

Even apologising was an error in this strange classroom. An admission of failure that would not be tolerated by a teacher who now had complete control of her pupils.

"Perhaps this will teach you that every word that you speak is judged and disciplined. Be careful, you are the only pupil with no sponsor!"

Helen took in the words and winced as her toes were forced to the bottom of the boots as she slowly stood and attempted to balance. The spike of the heel and the tiny toe were all that she had to balance on and she tipped to be caught by Miss Odette's minder.

“Not so easy,” said Miss Odette in satisfaction. “Show me that you can be obedient and perhaps you will not have to wear the punishment shoes for more than a few days...”

Helen managed to stand, and she was led to her place. For a moment, she was still and reached for the supports before the band moved and she felt a cramp in her calves. It was slow, far slower than even a shuffle, but the effort required was immense and each step an agony.

“Good girl,” said Miss Odette. “Now read aloud!”

Her voice joined the chant of the other five pupils already speaking and Miss Odette turned to watch as Paul was fitted with his boots by her assistant. As she spoke, the teacher clicked the chain to her collar and Helen tried to stand as straight as she could.

“Make sure that they are tight, Miss Pavla and then we can enjoy the lesson...”

The large woman grinned and pulled hard on the laces. Far harder than Paul himself had and he winced as he felt the leather close on his feet and squeeze tight. The ankle cuffs were locked into place and he was chained into position.

All seven pupils were struggling. Occasional stumbles were overcome, and small yelps were interspersed with the recital of the creed.

“Please punish me Mistress,” recited all the pupils in unison as their teacher walked the length of her charges monitoring the progress and enjoying the agonies that they were suffering.

“Knees up a little more, Helen! I expect enthusiasm...”

The cane tapped Helen’s knees at the back and the blonde made an effort to obey.

“Better, but no slacking!”

The cramp in her calf faded to be replaced by a feeling of utter weariness, but Helen concentrated on the screen and tried to suppress her terror of the woman who stood just behind her.

Miss Odette turned to Pavla and nodded.

“To begin with, for the next three hours, Miss Pavla will be in charge of you all. I have important business to attend to and will be back soon. Any pupil that lets me down will find themselves demonstrating some of the other features of the machines to the others when I return, so make sure that you impress her with your eagerness to learn...”

When the door opened and closed, a last look by Miss Odette showed her pupils all totally absorbed by their lesson. Woe betide the ones that Miss Pavla felt were not trying hard enough to learn!

* * * * *

“So, darling,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “How far along are they?”

“Average, I suppose. Paul is doing the best, perhaps. Such a shame that the feminisation is just the prelude to being in full restraint for his step-mother. Perfect material for a neutered maid... Peter thinks that he can resist the tuition, the next two weeks will break him. Susan is the weakest! Of course, she is also the oldest and is physically not so strong, but already she is showing signs of improvement and will make a perfect little pet for her sponsor. Helen is perhaps the biggest challenge. She is self-willed and resistant. If you really want her in-house, then care will be needed to start her on that path. I believe that Jenny is already making progress on her, I must see the films to know. At the moment there is no time for me to view them, but in the next day or two I’ll know. Gerald is coming along nicely. He will be a perfect little girl for his new wife and his sponsor. I have to decide the correct point for the alterations that have been ordered, but he will be here for months and there is plenty of time for all of that. That just leaves Adam. I understand that his sponsor has not decided yet on the final outcome. My personal suggestion is that he is fully feminised with the others but that the best outcome would be to be to be prepared for static service. He would be perfect for full service and restraint. All in all, a typical class, I suppose.”

Mistress Elisabeth sipped at her tea and nodded at her chief-trainer.

“I always enjoy the little format that we have put in place,” she said. “So easy to identify with and perfect for the trainees. I admit that it is a little more effort for us to integrate the training into a school-room structure, but I have

to say that we always get better results when the trainees understand and respond to the fantasy that we place them in. Drugs and continual punishment are such a bore!”

Miss Odette laughed and made a signal to the silent maid to attend to her. It was always the same, the training always had the effect of making her agitated as she could not indulge herself to the same extent. The maid moved to kneel and rest one of her stilettos in her lap while she removed the other and massaged the elegant foot. Mistress Elisabeth watched Miss Odette sit back and enjoy the moment before she spoke.

“In two weeks, some of the sponsors will arrive to inspect the progress. There is a slight complication...” said Mistress Elisabeth.

“Which is?”

Miss Odette sighed as the maid attended to her foot and pressed the other into the lap of the maid knowing that the spike of her heel on the tiny helpless cock that lay beneath the flounces would cause the maid more than discomfort.

“Mrs Rose Haldane wishes to participate in the classes...”

Miss Odette sighed again and watched the maid’s impassive face for a reaction. Lips suckled her toes, soft hands massaged the soles of her feet, but the maid that she had personally trained showed no reaction to the attack of her heel.

“I’m not sure if that’s a good idea...”

“Odette, there is more at stake than just the sponsor’s satisfaction in this case,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “Do you know whom she picked as a reference?”

“Darling, you know that I never bother with all that,” said Miss Odette. “That’s your province. Who was it?”

Mistress Elisabeth spoke in a cutting aristocratic accent, “Dame Alicia Susan Georgette Smythe-Carrington, OBE, no less.”

“And she is?”

“Let’s just say that bringing her into our little circle of clients fully would be a considerable advantage. Alicia is so well connected and could bring us a whole new group of clients! Yesterday, I got this...”

Mistress Elisabeth reached to a side table and showed her chief trainer a letter with an impressive letterhead.

“What did she write?”

“It’s all very oblique, but it seems that she would like to sponsor someone. It seems that Rose Haldane has perhaps been a little loose lipped...”

“Ah, that’s why you want to get her here,” said Miss Odette with a laugh. “They are my favourites, the sponsors who do not follow the rules! Is that the plan?”

“I’m not sure yet, dear. I may overlook the indiscretion considering the advantages of Alicia’s interest, but in any case, it will be necessary to teach her a lesson that our reach is long! Reliability and secrecy are important, and I do not think that I can overlook her little peccadillo. She is not an ideal sponsor...”

“Here?”

“I’m not sure yet, but I think that this is a matter that our Chief Superintendent in Glasgow can help us with. Victoria will be arriving in an hour or so and I will sort out the details then. It is possible that we will need to induct Mrs Haldane into the next round of training. Since the only available places are for severe restraint and intimate use, I will have to find a client who is interested.”

“Perhaps Dame Alicia what’s-her-name might be interested?”

“That’s an option...”

They sat for a few minutes in silence, each absorbed in their thoughts.

“When do you have to get back to your pupils?” asked Mistress Elisabeth.

“Oh, not for ages. I said three hours, but five with Pavla is what I planned.”

“Well, make sure that she doesn’t cane them too hard,” laughed Mistress Elisabeth. “You know what she’s like!”

“It will do them good...”

Mistress Elisabeth stood and looked down at Miss Odette. She was so in control, but even Mistress Elisabeth could see that holding herself back was straining her self-control. A perfect female sadist, and obedient, but every now and again, the woman definitely needed to let off steam.

“Staying here?” asked Mistress Elisabeth.

“I think so. I need to relax...”

“Well, you do that. I’ll make sure that you’re not disturbed!”

Miss Odette nodded as her Mistress left the room and closed the door firmly behind her. She looked down at the maid and smiled.

Poor little Tabitha, once upon a time a young man whose sister was so greedy that she was prepared to sponsor a brother to get her hands on all her parent’s wealth. Miss Odette looked down and felt a small glow of pleasure as she remembered how he had cried and cried on his way to becoming such a perfect little girl. Terry or Thomas he had been called when he arrived, Miss Odette could not quite remember. Now as Tabitha, she served for general intimate duties, all cute curls and pretty lace.

“What does Tabitha have here?” asked Miss Odette as she shifted her foot in the maid’s lap.

The toe of the shoe lifted the lace to reveal smooth thighs imprinted with the Manor mark and the maid looked up. She looked so cute with her mistress’s toe between her lips and the fettered hands lifting the foot to her lips that Miss Odette found herself smiling a little.

The foot twisted a little and the heel caught the poppers that allowed the dress to be easily opened. Each slight pop signified vulnerability and caused the maid to start slightly, but her attendance to the foot raised to her lips was continued. The folds of the dress fell to each side of the smooth thighs and Miss Odette looked to see the small cock that stiffly stuck rigidly like a little finger. The gold ring embedded in the tip, the only device needed to ensure perfect chastity. It had stopped the little rubbings and whinings in the darkness of her cell on the day that it had been added.

“Ooh, Tabitha has a cute little sissy-clit,” said Miss Odette in a warm tone. “I hope that she hasn’t been playing with it in the dark of her cot anymore?”

“No, Miss Odette,” replied the maid in a falsetto.

The sole of the stiletto pressed the rigid cock against the smooth stomach of the maid and rubbed a little.

“Would you like me to make it slime?” asked Miss Odette.

“The maid looked into the eyes of her Mistress. The only part of her face that was not smiling, a hard glare that caused her to stutter.

“I am obedient, Miss Odette.”

The answer that she had been trained to give, hard wired into her mind by endless punishment and torment. Miss Odette did not answer, she simply pulled her foot from the lips that suckled her toes and slipped it into the proffered shoe. The maid looked up as she stood, absolutely still, like a waxwork mannikin waiting for her mistress to decide her will.

Miss Odette walked to a small chest that was almost hidden in the corner of the room by a drinks cabinet. She poured herself a sherry from the glass decanter and then fished around in the wooden box before pulling an enormous dildo from which long, buckled straps depended.

As she walked back to the kneeling maid she said, “Time for sissy to be fucked...”

The maid nodded.

“Please fuck me, Miss Odette!”

She arrived to stand before the maid and pointed at her long tubular skirt. The maid reached up and delicately pulled the side-zipper the full length of the skirt and it fell to the floor. Long legs, smoothed by the sheer nylon of her stockings. The triangle of her sex, bleeding clear juices that indicated the anticipation of what was to follow.

The maid could see the short white-lace corset that held a perfect narrow waist disappearing into the shadows of the silk blouse and took the proffered dildo while Miss Odette turned to allow it to be fastened. The prelude to violation was almost as piquant as the act itself! Miss Odette enjoying the fact that the maid was in complete terror as she strapped the weapon to stand between her mistress’s thighs. Complicit in her own defilement, unwilling, but unable to resist her training.

Miss Odette’s hands ran the length of the long rubber cock and stroked it lovingly while the maid moved to all fours between the sofas to ensure that the woman that was about to fuck her could do so in all comfort.

“Please fuck me, Miss Odette.”

The maid's required words were spoken as the Mistress moved and pressed the tip of the massive cock to the place where it would be buried. Every reaction, every response trained to perfection. As it entered, she groaned in mock pleasure, as it pushed in and filled her she wiggled her hips to encourage further penetration.

"What a perfect little fuck-puppet you have become, Tabitha," said Miss Odette as her thighs pressed against the plump cheeks of her victim. "tell me how much you need it..."

"Please, fuck me harder, Mistress," breathed the maid as she felt the bulging mock-veins of the dildo pass into her sensitive pussy. "I need it so deep, Mistress..."

Even as she was filled, the maid did not forget her lines. She moaned and gasped.

"You are so big, so powerful, Miss Odette. I need to obey... I only want you, only you... Please, harder, please fuck me... fill me and take me."

Thighs moved.

The dildo moved in and out whilst Tabitha ensured that the fuck was perfect. That her submission was flawless. The dildo pressed against the delicate pussy of the Mistress and she felt herself at the brink of climax. Just a few more sweet words from Tabitha would take her to her first orgasm of so many.

"All I want is to please you, Miss Odette," gasped the maid.

The maid's body swayed and moved to ease the long strokes, her belly pressed down to make her hips and ass more tempting and press her breasts on the floor with her face. Her gasps of pleasure at each stroke filled Miss Odette's mind and she came with a gentle shudder before her hand reached down to massage the last inch of the weapon embedded in that sweet ass-pussy. She looked down to see the stretched opening, a rim that clenched the black of the rubber.

Miss Odette's fingers found what they had been seeking.

"Is it big enough for you, slut?" she asked gently.

"Please Miss Odette, please take me... I need it... It fills me to bursting."

For a moment, Miss Odette wondered if the slave meant what she said. Teresa had been at the manor for two years now and perhaps the final stage of true submission had actually become the reality. She decided that it did not matter and pressed the small stud at the base of the cock that impaled her victim.

The maid gasped.

This time a true reaction, masked as pleasure as the already huge organ swelled inside Teresa. Lengthened and grew. Studs pressing from the inside outward to distend the dildo to become monstrous and embossed with an uneven form that would torment the victim with suffering.

Miss Odette withdrew with a slow movement of her hips. Allowing every stud to slowly make its way past the already stretched rim of the sissy-pussy.

“More bitch?”

Now the reply was sobs interspersed with the correct words of response.

“All you need, Miss Odette! I love being fucked by you...”

Thighs moved forward. Now once again, the pressure on her pussy caused Miss Odette to gasp in sheer bliss. Every hesitation as the monster was pressed home, every little resistance overcome was a moment of sheer pleasure. Her hands moved to part the rounded ass to admire her progress and Miss Odette climaxed before she had even pressed fully home.

“What a good little fuck you are,” said the Mistress as she started to withdraw. “You have my permission...”

“Oh, thank you, Mistress, thank you,” gasped the she-male maid, the gratitude in her voice full and complete.

Miss Odette slowly pulled back, enjoying the complete domination that she had over her helpless slut. It was she that decided when they were allowed a little relief and the gratification almost made her light headed. When she had at last pulled free, she saw the slime that dripped from the maid’s little sissy-clit and knew that this was enough for the next six months, or maybe even longer. It was what they were trained to live for, an amusing little gift that ensured everlasting hope for the next milking.

“Attend to me!”

The maid was shaking with her release, trembling and shuddering with grateful happiness as he turned to gently lick and take in the tool that had filled her so completely. Her hands slowly undid the straps that held it in place, while her lips kept it in place until Mistress decided that she was ready for a little more pleasure.

Teresa looked up at her Goddess and pouted as the centre of her world was laid to one side and Miss Odette stood before her. The long-fingered hands parted the lips of the pussy that the maid was to serve and stroked along swollen lips to tease the growing clitoris that thrust from its hiding place. The feet moved, the thighs opened, and Miss Odette straddled the upturned face with a small smile.

First the Mistress needed to relieve herself, then the maid would show her Mistress's ass the same perfect attention that she herself had experienced. A gentle tongue licking and probing, lips suckling at her needy ass-hole whilst she experienced the gratification that was her due.

"Open wide," breathed Miss Odette and she felt the pleasurable feeling of emptying herself into the lips that sealed flesh to flesh.

A slight delicate touch on her clitoris, tongue smoothing along the opening that gushed and the wide-open eyes of the maid as she looked up through a silken tent to see the shadow of perfect breasts.

"Good girl, Teresa! You are really coming along, soon you will be perfect... just a broken fuck-dolly for my big cock..."

Teresa smiled at the praise and licked her lips, but she knew what was imminent. After hours of service there always came a salutary lesson to teach a slave their place.

Miss Odette always ended every love-making with a savage caning.

It was so very important for slaves to understand their place!

Balance was everything.

* * * * *

Peter was struggling.

Already three sharp blows of Miss Pavla's crop had attended a stumble or a moment's hesitation of his recital. He wondered how this would be if the

moving surface under his feet moved faster and he knew that it would multiply the agony of every step.

Miss Pavla watched her charges suffer and felt a warm pride that, even though the pupils were struggling, not one had given up and had to undergo the exemplary punishment that would be her duty to administer. Miss Odette would be satisfied, even though it would have been a pleasure...

She decided that, apart from Jenny, the best performer was Adam. He struggled on to find the far reaches of will-power that were needed to manage to survive the first day on the treadmill. Already four and a half hours had passed and now all seven of the trainees were in a fugue of terrified agony. Another that showed promise was the blonde Helen who was by no means the worst performer considering the handicap of the punishment ballet-boots.

The door opened, and Miss Odette entered the room and strolled the length of the struggling pupils. She raised an eyebrow and Miss Pavla pointed her crop at Peter with a small smile before she raised the remote control and stopped the moving bands.

"An hour or three of exercise and you are all struggling," said Miss Odette.

Miss Pavla noted the slight flush from neck to breasts, the fresh uniform that Miss Odette wore, and she smiled to herself. The woman was insatiable! Miss Pavla could guess how she had occupied herself and wondered which maid had experienced a little cruel abuse.

The pupils stood quivering as Miss Pavla released their leash-chains and assembled them in a line. They seemed dazed by their struggle to please the Eastern European helper of their teacher and two of them still moved their lips in silent recital of the rules and responses that they had been uttering for hours.

"This is the first day of learning to move gracefully in the dress that befits worthless sluts," announced Miss Odette as she walked slowly down the line. "You have not done well, I am not at all happy with your progress. This means that you will repeat this little lesson in the weeks to come for several hours a day until I am impressed by your comportment and grace!"

Miss Odette stopped in front of Peter.

“You are pathetic,” she announced, moving her face close to his. “You will now do another hour on the treadmill and show me that you understand that when I ask nicely for your efforts to be unstinting, you will obey!”

The word ‘obey’ was screamed at the sobbing face and all of the pupils suddenly started. It was the first time that their teacher had screamed at them and now they were thoroughly terrified.

“Arms behind backs... Not you, Peter!”

Each of the pupils clasped their arms behind their backs and Miss Pavla cuffed them high. As she did so, Miss Odette strolled around the group and tapped Helen’s thighs with the tip of her cane.

“Legs together, slut! This is not a brothel...”

As soon as all but Peter were in restraints, Miss Odette moved to face her class.

“Each of you is destined for a particular fate,” she said with a smile. “Each of you has a sponsor who has special needs that we are preparing you to satisfy.”

She enjoyed the look of shock on their faces and then continued in a soft voice that they struggled to hear.

“Yes! That means that someone that you knew on the outside, someone who desires a plaything and has the money to pay for it has decided your destiny and has plans for your future. It is the job of this school to prepare you, to make you ready for that future!”

She turned to Peter and looked him up and down as if he was repugnant. For a moment, the tableau held and then Miss Odette smiled and turned to her helper.

“Dress the slut,” said Miss Odette. “Another hour on the mill in full dress will teach him to put more effort into his lessons...”

It took moments for Peter’s shorts and shirt to lie on the floor. Naked but for the boots, quivering and still recovering from the effort on the treadmill he almost collapsed in fear as his thoughts worked overtime to understand who would do something like this to him.

Miss Pavel went to the back of the room and walked back slowly with a box in her hand. She lowered the box to the floor and flipped open the lid to

reveal a flouncy mass of pink material and lace.

Miss Odette stood by Peter and smiled.

“This is what you have in your future, little girly! Someone is going to show you the pleasure and gratification to be had from owning a little pleasure slut,” said Miss Odette. “You will learn to be that perfect obedient little girl from now on!”

The tip of her cane moved to rap against the steel cage that gripped her victim’s cock and she laughed.

Peter looked with dismay as Miss Pavla pulled at the clothing in the box to reveal a flouncy dress that was opened by a row of poppers at the back and front. Miss Pavla moved to fit it and Peter flinched away from her approach. The nightmare was deepening, and his mind was in turmoil.

Who would do this to him?

Miss Odette moved her hand and gripped his collar.

“Stand still, bitch,” she laughed.

Peter’s legs almost folded, he was numb with helpless weariness and could not resist Miss Pavla as she slipped his arms into the dress and closed the poppers.

“Of course, this is just the start,” said Miss Odette in a warm voice.

Peter looked into her eyes and all he saw was a pitiless cruelty. Amusement at his distress, stern and ruthless willpower. He felt his arms being grasped and pulled behind him, the starched stiff lace of his dress pulling and scratching at his skin and then his hands were cuffed behind him and he knew that the moment to resist had long passed.

“Two hours on the treadmill at two,” ordered Miss Odette as she tossed the remote control to her helper. “A stroke of the cane for each stumble and make sure that he recites nice and loudly...”

All six of the pupils watched the helpless Peter being placed on the treadmill. Now that his hands were clasped behind his back, there was no support to be had from the handles on the wall.

Jenny shivered slightly and watched Helen side-wards to see her reaction. Was she smiling? Jenny was not sure, but she stood straight in her ballet-

boots and childish school uniform and watched with pouted lips as he stumbled the first steps and then found a rhythm that matched the belt under his feet. Words appeared on the screen and Peter gasped at them before a touch of a crop on his ass caused him to start to read the lines aloud.

"I am nothing but a slut, I deserve to be punished by my superiors," he started.

Another touch of the crop caused him to almost shout the words.

"I need to be fucked to teach me respect," he cried as a sob came into his voice. "I need a woman to own me and use me..."

As Miss Odette led her shocked and scared pupils from the room, they heard words that made them shiver.

"My wife, Rose, is a goddess that will teach me to be obedient. My wife, Rose, is a goddess that will teach me to be obedient. My wife, Rose, is a goddess..."

Helen dared a last look back at the helpless sissy in pink as he marched to the tune of an education that would make him a helpless sissy. Two thoughts passed through her head in that moment. The first was the shock of hearing Rose's name in the recital. A shocking confirmation that her former lover was in the grip of a wife with no pity. She too was here because of Rose...

A second thought came unbidden to the fore.

How had she never realised the possibilities that came from making a man to match her own needs? Helen had played with her lovers, bled them dry, destroyed their marriages and ruined their lives, only to walk away with everything but one thing...

The man himself!

Too late...

Now she was just a helpless pupil instead of being the teacher that she had the potential to be. Learning from women who understood true control and submission, lessons that would end with her as a slave pet for some rich sponsor.

Too late...

Part Four

Keeping Secrets

“Driver’s licence and insurance please...”

Rose looked up at the policewoman and reached for the handbag on the seat next to her.

“Can I ask what I am being stopped for?”

“Just a routine check Madam, thank you...”

Rose fumbled in her purse and passed the driving licence to the outstretched hand. The police women took it and passed it to her companion who scrutinised it carefully before slipping into her uniform.

“I think that you had better come with us!”

Rose looked up at her and glanced at her watch. In three hours she had to be in Oban and time was already tight.

“I am in a hurry,” she said.

“We can see that from the speed you were going,” said the policewoman with a smile. “However, you will accompany us to the station now while so that we can check your documents on the system. Constable McDermitt will accompany you... If everything is fine, we will soon have you on your way, where did you say that you were going?”

“I didn’t! But, Oban actually.”

“Where are you staying?”

Rose hesitated before answering.

“Oban Manor Hotel...”

The other policewoman opened the passenger door and slid in. Somehow the woman’s manner was intimidating. Rose started her car and followed the police patrol car. Constable McDermitt did not speak, she just sat and watched Rose as she drove, and Rose had the feeling that she was in some way annoyed.

“I didn’t think that I was going to fast...”

There was no answer.

Ten minutes later the patrol car pulled in to a side street in a small Scottish village and into a space behind the small police-station. The wind was chilly, the light was poor, and Rose felt alarmed as the two policewomen led her into the building through the back door where a blue lantern hung over the street.

“Please wait here...”

The policewoman led Rose into a small room with a high barred window and pointed at the small unpadded stool in the centre of the room.

“I don’t understand, what is going on...” said Rose as the formidable Constable McDermitt took up a position inside the door.

“You don’t have to understand, Madam! In a few minutes someone will be here to question you. I suggest the utmost cooperation...”

With that, the door slammed, and Rose was left sitting in the shadow of her companion. ‘The car was a hire-car, did they think that it was stolen?’ thought Rose. ‘Was I speeding?’

The dim bulb cast shadows in the room and faded posters hung on the walls. Slogans like ‘Don’t Drink and Drive’ and ‘One for the road is one too many’ in bright colours with pictures of car accidents under them seemed to be the theme and Rose started to feel more than just anxious, she felt frightened.

She watched the silent Constable from the corners of her eyes and wondered if her visit to Oban Manor was the problem. Surely, they could not know that her husband was a captive there... For weeks she had been looking forward to this trip and now it seemed, the authorities also had an interest. What should she say?

Rose remembered the warnings from Lauren and Mistress Elisabeth and felt as if a trap was closing around her. The impulse to scream and argue barely repressed as she waited in ever increasing stress.

At last there were women’s voices outside the interview room door and it opened to reveal a tall middle-aged woman in conversation with the Constable that had had her brought to this god-forsaken police station.

“I will question her most thoroughly,” said the tall woman in uniform before she entered. “Well done for bringing the bitch here...”

Rose started at the words and started to rise from the lonely stool, but the entering policewoman moved her hand and Rose sat once more on the hard surface.

The door slammed closed and the sound of a key being turned in the lock added a sinister overtone to the smile that the uniformed woman wore on her face.

“Mrs Rose François Haldane?” she asked as she glanced at the driving licence in her hand. “I believe that you are on your way to Oban Manor?”

“Er, that’s right,” said Rose in a shaking voice.

“Mmm, I am Chief Inspector Victoria McCowan of the Glasgow central constabulary,” said the woman as she tucked the licence in her pocket. “I have been asked to have a word with you. Would you mind undressing?”

Rose’s mouth gaped as she took in the words.

“Absolutely not,” she said in an angry voice. “Absolutely not! I was stopped on the main road by your officers and I wish to make a complaint...”

“All in good time,” smiled Victoria with a wide grin. “I won’t ask you again, strip...”

Rose stood up, the stool scraped the floor and she tried to move past the Chief Inspector towards the door. In a moment, Constable McDermitt was there, in the way. She raised her hand and slapped Rose’s face viciously and the Chief Constable raised her hand as if to order her on.

“I said, I won’t ask again!”

Rose almost crumpled into a sobbing heap, but she managed to stay on her feet whilst the Constable grabbed her jacket and pulled hard. A ripping sound filled the room and Rose saw the sleeve of her jacket in the hand that had slapped her.

It dropped to the floor.

“I can have you stripped in a minute,” said Victoria. “Better if you do it yourself...”

Rose started to undress.

The jacket slid off her shoulders, she unbuttoned her blouse with trembling fingers while Chief Inspector Victoria McCowan watched with cold eyes. The

skirt was next. It fluttered to the floor in a heap, exposing Rose's stockings and bare sex and her hands went to her suspender belt to unclip it.

"I think that that's enough," said the Chief Superintendent. "Get me the cane..."

Rose whimpered as the Constable moved to the back corner of the room and picked up a long bamboo switch and passed it to her superior.

"Do you know what you have done, slut?" asked Victoria in an almost conversational tone.

"Please, please, I don't understand..." said Rose as she watched the cane being bent between powerful hands.

"Of course you don't, that's why we are here," said Victoria with a small laugh. "You see, you have broken the rules and a friend of mine has asked that you be taught a little lesson in obedience!"

The cane bent almost double and then uncurved with a swish from the hand to point at Rose's feet.

"Touch your toes..."

Rose looked at the two women who had her in their grip and started to sob.

"Whatever I have done, please..."

"Touch your toes..."

Slowly, Rose bent down. Her rounded ass stuck back, her fingers touched her shoes and then there was a swish as the cane struck from nowhere. A slight whisper as it cut the air and then a terrible slap as it struck the upturned cheeks of her ass.

Rose cried out and the tears flowed, but she stayed touching her shoes whilst her knees struggled to stay straight.

"It is often said," said Victoria with a laugh, "that the police do not take crime seriously enough and that the return of corporal punishment is a much-needed change..."

The cane swung again, and Rose squealed as it hit home.

"Personally, I think that breaking a sacred promise is the worst kind of betrayal..."

The third stroke caused Rose to collapse to the floor in a heap. From being stopped by the patrol car, to being caned for something that she did not understand was all too much. The agony of the cane, the cold indifference of her tormentors.

“Now we will see if you can recollect the promises that you made and broke,” said Victoria as she stood over Rose. “You see, there are certain things that should not be discussed, certain people who it is best not to let-down and certain people who take exception to loose lips...”

Rose looked up.

Chief Inspector Victoria McCowan wore high heels, Rose could make out the seams of her stockings where they disappeared under the tight skirt of the uniform and the sight of her stern face looking down was almost too much to bear.

“It has been noted that you spoke to a certain Dame Alicia Susan Georgette Smythe-Carrington! Met up with her and revealed the purpose of Oban Manor in terms that put us all at risk! This cannot be tolerated, and you need to be taught a lesson in humility. Constable!”

Rose started to weep and started to rise, but one of Victoria’s stilettos lifted and caught under her to roll her onto her back to lie on the cold flagstones of the floor. The heavy Constable moved over her stricken victim and now Rose saw something that frightened her beyond tears.

The skirt was gone to reveal the powerful thighs of the woman and most awfully, the tower of a huge rubber cock stood strapped to her, pointing down at Rose with a terrible threat.

“Mistress Elisabeth is not amused by your tittle-tattle,” said Victoria. “She has asked me to issue you a lesson in humility that will show you that if you are requested to keep a secret, you will do just that... she left the manner of the punishment to me.”

She could scarcely breathe, tears rolled down Rose’s cheeks as strong hands took her knees and parted them. She had no strength, no possibility of resistance, but, even so, the Chief Constable pinned her wrists to the floor with the arches of her stilettos while the frightening middle-aged Constable knelt between Rose’s thighs.

“You see, we have a simple rule. A very simple rule indeed. Those that sponsor a client at Oban manor enjoy the fruits of obedience... unless of course they break the rules. When that happens, their whole lives lie in the balance! They can find themselves being taught the same lessons as the men and women that they want for their very own... Do you understand?”

Rose tried to nod, but a touch between her open legs signified that the dildo had arrived at its point of entry.

“I said, ‘do you understand?’.”

“Yes, yes, yes, please, please, I won’t say a word...” whimpered Rose.

The pressure increased, and Rose screamed, but there was no violation. All Rose could see was the smiling face of the woman above her and she knew that one word from those smiling lips would see her violated.

“You see, I really don’t think that you do,” said Victoria. “I think that you believe that you are going to get away with this and that is not the memory that I wish to leave in your mind!”

The pressure decreased and moved.

The dildo slid downward and pressed against the clenched rose of her ass. It pressed and opened her wide, forced its way in an inch, parted the flesh against all resistance and Rose screamed again as she felt the weight of the Constable on her. Every ounce of her was focussed on escaping her terrible fate. She tried to close her thighs, tried to heave under the weight of the woman who pinned her and break away.

“I promise, I promise,” she whined.

“But, how can I trust those promises? You see, there is no escape, Rose. If I want you fucked, it will happen...”

Rose blinked away the tears.

Now the Chief Constable’s knees were bending, her skirt rose up her thighs revealing the delicate lace of her stocking-tops and the streaming slit that lay in the shadows was revealed.

“There are other punishments that are more satisfying,” said Victoria. “Little intimate pleasures that show your respect for your betters. You are going to learn what pleases me and beg to be fucked! I need a nice little bitch like you

to enjoy... perhaps Mistress Elisabeth will ask me to make you my whore? Wouldn't that be nice for me?"

As thighs flexed, the pressure on Rose's ass increased and she opened her mouth, just as the slit of Victoria's pussy closed over her upturned face. The wetness and heat covered Rose's lips and nose and then ground down in small tremors as Victoria enjoyed her victim's terror. She could feel the tongue that served, the lips that sealed them together and she lusted to own this woman.

The climax filled Victoria's mind with bliss and she allowed Rose to gasp a breath.

"Does Rose want to be fucked?" she asked casually.

The swollen pussy was an inch from her lips, it dripped into her mouth, it loomed as if to swallow her. Her ankles were gripped by strong hands and the barely entered rubber prick pinned her motionless to the floor in horror.

"Did I hear you beg, slut?"

The words were out of her mouth before Rose could think.

"Please Miss, fuck me Miss!"

"See how easy it is?" asked Victoria as her cunt closed over the open mouth.

"All you have to do is beg and it will happen for you!"

Intense pressure, sliding between the cheeks of her ass, the cock pressed slowly home. Rose frantically licked and kissed the pussy that trapped her, and she shook with a need to please the woman who violated her.

More weight.

Grinding.

Crushing hungry flesh.

Victoria swayed her hips to enjoy the contact and, despite herself, she moaned as she forced her captive to satisfy her passion while her confederate pushed home and slapped Rose's pussy with her hand in a cadence that brought unwilling stimulation. Rose could not stop the violation, she did not want to stop it, she gasped breath as the pussy slid and the puckered ass-hole of Victoria moved to her tongue. She climaxed, her

senses overwhelmed by the scent of sex and lay limp as the dildo slowly pulled free and the ass lifted from her lips.

"You see, life as my bitch would be so satisfying for both of us," said Victoria. "Learning to please me in every way, begging to be fucked..."

Rose lay sprawling on the floor as the Chief Constable squatted over her and took her chin in her hand.

"Have you learned something?" she asked.

Rose nodded.

"That's good, slut, very good!"

Rose cried out as a hand pressed on her sensitive pussy. Something entered her, and she gasped as it rammed home and then a fierce pain filled her with head and she whimpered.

"Just a little reminder of our meeting," laughed Victoria.

The stilettos moved, and Rose moved her hands between her thighs. A wetness slid under her fingers and she could feel something hard that had been embedded in the hood of her clitoris. From it, her fingers traced a chain that led to whatever had been forced into her.

"Oh God! What have you done to me?" she whined.

"When you get to the Manor, you may be permitted to remove this little reminder of our chat," said Victoria as she looked down to where Rose's fingers probed the intruder that had been chained in place. "On the other hand, if Mistress Victoria decides otherwise, you will be on the next educational course that Oban Manor is offering!"

Rose slowly sat up and saw the red of a few drops of blood on her fingertips. She held up her hand and started to weep.

"That is for Mistress Elisabeth to decide, Rose. I suggest that you hasten to your meeting and beg her forgiveness!"

A hand was proffered by the Constable and Rose found herself on her feet. Whatever was now held inside her came to life at the movement and she gasped as it pulled at her. An almost-climax tugged at her mind and she swayed on her feet while Chief Inspector Victoria McCowan smiled sweetly and stepped into her tight skirt.

“Go to the Manor, do not stop on the way and think about what you have been taught,” said Victoria. “A second lesson in trust is not something that you will wish to experience! You are a client, but even clients have responsibilities that they cannot easily escape!”

“Thank you, Miss,” said Rose. “I promise...”

“You promised once, Rose, and it was a lie. The second time that you break your word you will find yourself in a malicious and helpless dark place, because I have taken a fancy to you and would be glad to teach that lesson!”

Rose pulled on her tattered jacket and buttoned her blouse as Victoria left the cell to leave her in the care of the Constable with the threatening weapon still strapped to her midriff.

The woman opened the door and led Rose to her car. The dark and chilly evening was lit by a moon that balefully hung over the mountain-tops. Rose felt something move inside at every step and gasped as he walked. She was so close to climax that she could scarcely breathe. As she climbed into the hire-car and took her licence from the hand, the woman smiled and whispered in her ear.

“Vicky needs a slut for her bathroom... a toilet slave...”

Rose could not help but cry out softly and she felt a tear drip over her cheek as the door closed. For a few moments, the constable stood and watched before she slipped into the police station.

Rose started the car, moved to press the clutch and an orgasm grasped at her mind as the car rolled backwards out of the space and headed for Oban Manor.

A Perfect Welcome

Rose stood on the slight rise at the top of the cliffs and looked down at the warm lights in the windows of Oban manor. The woman who had guided her in the dark stopped and looked back and Rose stepped forward. She could feel the intruder in her pussy move and gasped as it pulled at its restraining chain. Every step was a pleasure, every movement a delight, the steps up the cliff a continuous enticement to move further, a shocking revelation of how much pleasure could be squeezed from her every movement. The boat trip had been climactic, the drive along deserted roads a fugue of continual bliss. She moaned and then followed the woman towards the lights.

This was not how she had envisaged her arrival! In Rose's imagination, she was to be greeted like a Queen. Feted as a rich client, welcomed to the Manor as an honoured guest. Instead, her knees shook, the cold was felt through her torn jacket and blouse and she could still almost feel the violation that had filled her tight ass with rubber. Even that memory had become pleasurable, the violation becoming love-making, the forced pleasure becoming a recollection of pleasure!

The woman opened the door and led Rose into the warm yellow light of the candelabra in the hallway. Mistress Elisabeth stood waiting and moved towards Rose with a smile on her lips.

"I trust that the journey was insightful?" said Mistress Elisabeth.

Rose clenched her teeth as the woman embraced her and closed hands on her ass.

"Instructive..."

"That's good, dear! So many of our sponsors miss out on discovering that Oban Manor is a place that demands a special respect... Of course, they do not engage in tittle-tattle!"

The clinch broke and Rose tried to smile.

"I am in your hands, Mistress," said Rose.

That line had been rehearsed the whole of Rose's journey! A fitting acknowledgement of the power that Mistress Elisabeth now held. A statement of respect and final understanding.

“I apologise so deeply...”

“Hush, darling! Sometimes it takes a little persuasion to bring people around to our way of thinking,” said Mistress Elisabeth with a small twitch of the lips. “Now then, I suppose that you want to see your room and have a shower. It is a little late, but perhaps you would like to have a drink?”

Rose nodded.

“Good! Maid Angela will show you the room and then in half an hour you will come down and we can have a small chat about what is expected of you. There is much for you to absorb!”

The stairs caused Rose to gasp as she rolled her hips, every step being a subtle penetration and twinge of pleasure. She managed not to climax and followed the maid to the room.

Grand and rustic, Rose noted the huge soft bed where embedded rings signalled the possibilities. The small cage at the foot of the bed. Barely enough to fit a slave, the carefully arranged canes and whips that were prepared for her use. The maid moved through the room and turned back the bed before opening a door to reveal the bathroom.

“If Ma’am would like assistance?” she asked.

Rose nodded and then suddenly thought about the intimate fetters that had been fitted to her. The gold ring through her flesh, the tiny steel chain and the object embedded inside her. For a moment she hesitated, and the maid slipped into the bathroom and the sound of water came from the little room.

‘I have to get this right and learn,’ thought Rose as she followed the maid to find that she was kneeling on the floor while steam rose from the shower. She tried to ignore the maid, but somehow her presence disturbed, but Rose was too embarrassed to eject her.

‘I will have to get used to this,’ she thought as she shed her clothes. ‘The girl is only a slave...’

A need to empty herself came and Rose sat on the seat of the toilet. With a sigh she relieved herself and then looked around. No paper was in evidence and she wondered if it had been forgotten. Surely not, she decided, everything else was so perfect. As she hesitated, her heel caught on the base of the toilet and she looked down to see that it had wedged into a loose

slave-ring. She looked at the maid and felt a flush of embarrassment make its way over her breasts and neck.

The maid looked up and Rose felt a deepening sense of anxiety. What was supposed to happen? The pretty lips of the maid pouted, and Rose hesitated. She could not sit forever...

"Ma'am," said the maid. "The shower is ready for you..."

Rose moved forward a little and felt the intruder in her pussy move and she gasped. The maid seemed to understand that moan as an order and crawled forward just as Rose was about to stand.

A soft tongue touched her so intimately, touched the ring piercing her pussy and Rose groaned while she was cleaned and attended to. The touch was light, just a lapping that started at the front and moved between the cheeks of her ass to ensure that she was spotless. Rose gasped and felt herself slip into an ecstasy.

Was this what she was buying?

This bliss at every moment...

Little moments, ordinary moments made perfect?

The maid pulled back and stood elegantly offering a hand to steady Rose as she stepped under the shower. Rose revelled in the warm wetness and the sweet slave carefully sponged her as she moved.

Small hands moved, and Rose wheezed as the fingers unclipped the chain and slowly withdrew the dildo that had been inside her for hours. A touch that brought a last giddy climax before the maid placed the object aside and helped her mistress from the shower and gently towelled her down.

"I am your bedroom maid for your stay," said the maid. "For your intimate pleasure and use... Please punish and use me for your pleasure!"

Rose watched her leave the bathroom and felt light-headed. This was what she had always dreamed of, perfect service... Perfect pleasure... A perfect little slut that wanted nothing less than to gratify her every whim. For a moment she wondered if the maid was female, but she was so perfectly feminine that Rose could not believe that she was not.

When Rose came into her room, clothing had already been laid on the huge bed and the maid dressed Rose without touching her naked skin. Rose allowed Angela to dress her and marvelled at the delicate way that the maid aided every movement. Stocking drawn onto her legs, a narrow dress made of some shiny material that gripped her figure so that no other piece of clothing was needed. Shoes that fitted perfectly, heels so high that she felt six feet tall. With the maid at her feet, she looked down and dared to speak an order.

“Into the cage for later,” she said.

The maid crawled to the small cage and entered it face up. Her body closed into a crouch, her knees up and her head popped up through a gap in the bars. Rose approached and looked down. Her hands dropped, and she closed the collar that trapped the pretty face sticking up from the cage before she closed the gate and dropped the bar.

“Wait for me,” she said unnecessarily and felt a surge of power that filled her to the brim.

With a last glance at her perfect room, Rose stalked down the stairs to meet Mistress Elisabeth. She felt strange without the provocation of the dildo in her and enjoyed the freedom from its grip on her psyche.

The main reception room was lit in pools of candlelight. Mistress Elisabeth sat with crossed legs sipping from a huge Brandy glass and smiled as Rose entered. She smiled and pointed at a large armchair where a maid was kneeling on the floor.

“Feeling refreshed after the journey,” she said.

“Er, a lot better,” said Rose.

She looked down at the back of the maid to see a filled brandy glass resting on the bare back.

“That’s good, darling, we want you to feel at home here for the next few days. I trust that the little interruption did not inconvenience you too much?”

Rose lifted the glass. The discussion was so otherworldly. She had been taken and abused, and Mistress Elisabeth designated it as ‘a little interruption’!

“I think that I understand...”

"I hope that you do," said Mistress Elisabeth as she reached for a cigarillo. "Then, we can list the matter as 'resolved' and pass on to your stay here."

Mistress Elisabeth lit the cigarillo with a gold Dunhill and smiled.

"I assigned you a female maid," she said brightly. "I thought that it would be a stimulating experience for you. This takes me neatly to a small regulation of Oban Manor that you should be aware of. Each guest is always assigned a maid. In each case, you should be aware that you are permitted to use them as you wish, as long as no permanent damage is inflicted. In such a case..."

Mistress Elisabeth blew a stream of smoke and smiled.

"...all we then we ask, is that the guest to pay for the damage. A scale is available on request if you require it. If you wish for a male maid, then of course we shall be happy to provide one for you."

Rose sipped her brandy to cover her astonishing words that Mistress Elisabeth was saying and watched as the woman sat back into her armchair and nodded.

"I am quite happy with the maid provided," said Rose as she thought of the young girl waiting in the cage in her room.

"Excellent. Now I should like to pass on to the matter of your participation in the classroom. I can quite understand why you want to take part in this! After all, Peter needs to know that you are there for him and that you will be expecting the highest levels of service from him once he is returned to your hand. However, Miss Odette is in charge of the class and has the course fully mapped out. The curriculum must be adhered to at all times and you are to take her lead and are expected to follow her programmes without any dispute."

"Of course," muttered Rose.

"You should understand that Miss Pavla is the understudy and enforces discipline while Jenny, one of the pupils, is studying to become a teacher here and the other pupils do not know that she is there to guide them. This goes especially for Helen, as she is also being considered as suitable material by Oban Manor!"

"The bitch that fucked my husband?" blurted Rose.

“The same. You did not express an interest in her and she shows considerable promise!”

“I suppose that I did not realise...”

“That’s as maybe, Rose, but Helen is showing potential and now she is under Miss Odette’s wing. Otherwise, the class is filled with pupils who are all being prepared for patrons who all have different requirements. This means that it is so important not to break the indoctrination and preparation and follow Miss Odette’s method of tuition.”

“I think that I understand...”

“Perfect, I shall ask Miss Odette to speak to you tomorrow. For a day you will get used to the Manor, experience the thrills and pleasures a little as our guest and then in two days you will become a teacher in your husband’s class.”

Rose could feel a blend of anxiety and thrill as she watched the elegant woman who sat opposite her sip her brandy and settle in her chair.

“I take it that you have little or no experience of the kind of life that should be yours, by right?”

For a moment, Rose was puzzled by the question and she shook her head.

“Of course not, dear, but soon you will understand that there are some people in this world of ours who are superior to the rest of the common crowd. It is our proper duty to allow these others to serve their superiors in every way that is demanded of them.”

As Mistress Elisabeth spoke, she looked down at the kneeling maid on which Rose’s brandy rested. Rose followed her gaze and looked at the hooded slave and felt a small smile come to her lips.

“We educate them, teach them to respect their betters and of course gain a little reward from doing so,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “That is our due and they have to learn to live to satisfy our whims. Your husband is no different! He has proved by his infidelity that he deserves to serve and submit...”

Rose thought of Helen and wondered why the same did not apply to her, but the answer was spoken before she had even thought to ask.

“Of course, in this world, the female of the species has a natural superiority that deserves to be taken into account,” said Mistress Elisabeth with a small

laugh. "This is why we are on the top and the rest are all below us..."

Rose nodded and sipped her brandy.

"Whims?" asked Rose.

"Exactly! You should experiment a little in the next day or so and get a feel for how delightful it is to be who you are. I can organise an exhibition if you like, perhaps a little instruction in the corporal punishment, how to use a cane and so forth. Whips require practice, but we have a wide selection from leather paddles to braided quirts and of course wetted canes..."

"Wetted?"

Mistress Elisabeth smiled.

"Soaking a bamboo cane in salt-water adds both weight and structure allowing less chance of breaking the skin as well as less effort needed for the same effect. Useful if more than ten strokes need to be administered. I can recommend it!"

Rose looked down at the back of the maid by her side and allowed her hand to rest on the naked back. Her fingers touched the collar and then moved to the rough back of the laced hood that had been pulled over its head.

"Aren't you concerned that they hear everything that we say?" asked Rose.

"That maid hears nothing and says nothing," said Mistress Elisabeth casually. "I believe that an effective servant is one that is exactly fitted for the functions that have been decided for them."

Oh," said Rose and she stroked the back, following the lines of the tattoos that adorned it.

"Have you any other questions?" asked Mistress Elisabeth.

"Er, no," said Rose.

"If anything occurs to you, then just ask," said the Mistress of Oban Manor to her guest. "The maids and the teachers here will be glad to answer you in detail. For tomorrow you can just spend the day relaxing and finding out how it all work. The day after that, you become a teacher. Though of course, you will be a trainee under Miss Odette and follow her instructions without question."

There was a moment's pause.

“To the letter!”

To Rose, the last words sounded like a threat and she looked at the warm Mistress whose face was smiling, but whose eyes were as cold as ice.

“I shall retire then...”

“If you need to leave your room for any reason, make sure that you pull the cord and a maid will arrive to assist you,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “We like to make sure that our guests are not mistaken for wandering slaves! There are other guests here who have a rather rapacious attitude to the staff, occasionally...”

The last words from Mistress Elisabeth shook Rose from the strange landscape of a place where casual abuse of people was the routine. As in a hotel. She had been so close, less than a hair’s-breadth of becoming a slave, but Mistress Elisabeth had decided that she was still, after all, a patron; the line was a narrow one.

“Breakfast is between nine and ten. The maid will knock... By the way, make sure that you are called ‘Miss’ Rose at all times, Miss Rose. I expect to see a few thorns!”

Rose stood and lifted her glass to drain it. She left Mistress Elisabeth sitting on her chair and as she closed the door she saw the mistress of Oban Manor shift her spiked heels to the back of the human footstool that had moved to make her more comfortable.

She climbed the stairs, looking nervously for other inhabitants, but the only one was the tethered maid by the front door. She found her room and was confused when the door did not open. As she was standing in confusion the shadowed figure of an elderly woman approached and Rose found herself in a panic.

As she came into the light, the woman nodded at Rose and passed. Dressed in boots to her thighs and wearing a tight latex suit that moulded to her rounded figure, she headed for the stairs and Rose found the fingerprint scanner by the door that she had overlooked. She tested her finger and the door unlocked and Rose’s last sight of the woman was the flick of the long whip that trailed in her wake like a serpent on the thick carpet.

The bedroom was as she had left it.

For a moment, Rose stood with her back to the door and sighed in relief. This place was so dangerous, Mistress Elisabeth so casually cruel and her own position so shaky that she felt a release that left her giddy. The maid's head still stuck from the small cage and she decided that it would be better to leave her there for the night. The thought of the girl at attention all night left her with a feeling that she could not explain.

Rose kicked off her shoes and shed her dress on the floor in a trail as she headed for the invitation of the soft bed when she saw that clothes had been laid out for tomorrow and hers were missing. Still, her overnight bag was there and the jeans and T shirt seemed quite normal. Rose passed the small cage and admired the girl who had managed to strip off her uniform despite being locked up tightly. Her uniform lay in a folded heap, but she was still wearing the high heeled shoes and her stockings.

Rose bent and kissed the lips of the slave to be rewarded by a touch of her tongue. It was a bizarrely loving experience and she bent again and stroked the impassive face gently.

"Please Miss Rose," said Angela the maid.

"Yes?"

Suddenly Rose was not sure if this was permitted, a conversation with one of her maids and she looked uncertain.

"I would love to help you sleep," said the maid. "If you would permit it!"

Now, Rose felt that she was being tested and she looked down at the pretty face and said, "Silence! If I want you, I will order it..."

The maid blushed and looked scared and Rose felt good that she had passed the test. She wondered what would happen if she slapped that face and pulled her hand back. The maid stayed absolutely still, and Rose dropped her hand.

"I think that there is something that you can do..."

"Miss Rose?"

Rose went to the bed and pulled a couple of pillows and moved to the cage. She went to place them in front of the maid's head and noticed a folded rubber item that had been placed close by. She placed the pillows and picked up the hood that opened in her hand with laces trailing. She tossed it aside

and mounted the cage with her thighs around the maid's head and looked down.

"Make me come, slut," she breathed as she slipped forward. "Slowly..."

The first touch of lips between her thighs almost made her cry out in ecstasy. A light-headed feeling of power overcame her, and she opened her legs wide and pressed even further. Rose felt tongue and lips massage her and for a moment she realised how Victoria must have felt as she took what she wanted from Rose. A giddy overwhelming pleasure that came from the control and submission. Almost the equal of the physical pleasure, it caused her to cry out. A bloom spread along her thighs, a hot flush that took her whole body and caused her to tremble with lust.

Rose looked down at the slave-maid. There she was, trapped, serving her Mistress and Rose knew that this would be the ultimate experience. Her first true experience of an obedient slave making sure that she was gratified. She could punish the maid for failing, reward her with a mere word, abuse her as she wished, and this was because she was the superior of the woman who served. The lips and tongue between her thighs belonged to a girl that deserved nothing better than to gratify her...

When the orgasm came, Rose felt as though her head would burst with the bliss of the moment. As though there would be no end... and there did not have to be. Rose was not required to please her slave, there was no quid pro quo, no need to love, no need to feel close, no need to feel as though she had to do anything at all, but experience this indulgence of her need. She took climax after climax, greedy for more and more until she pulled at the head the head that was trapped between her thighs and pulled it hard to her. At last, the frenzy came to an end.

There was no more to give, no more was possible, and Rose lay back and allowed the maid to have the honour of soothing her ass with gentle kisses and licks. A tickling, exploratory tongue that left Rose relaxed and sated.

She dismounted and threw the pillows to the head of the bed and almost bent to kiss the bee-stung lips that had provided her with so much pleasure, before she saw the glistening sweat and lubrication that smeared the pretty face. Rose went to her bed and started to slip in between the cool covers and looked down to see the expressionless face that watched her.

“Can’t have that,” she muttered as she looked at the maid’s face.

It seemed wrong that such a contemptable maid should watch her in her bed. Rose took the hood and opened it with her hands. For a moment she was puzzled, the hood seemed to have no holes for nose, eyes and mouth and then she felt the tube that was embedded and realised that this would be the only way for her maid to breathe. Carefully she positioned it over the captured head of the maid and she slipped it on. The rubber was thin and slippery in her hands, flexible and elastic as she pulled it down and eased the tube into the gaping mouth.

“That’s better,” she said to herself as the staring face was covered and Rose found that the laces had ended up at the back of the head. “I can’t have you staring at me all night...”

She pulled them tight and the material stretched over the features of the maid’s face. An eerie sculpture in black tight latex that stretched and shaped perfectly as the laces were drawn and tied off. In fact, it seemed to Rose that the maid was prettier and more attractive this way. She decided to ask if she could have the maid always in a mask, surely there had to be one that allowed intimate service as well as keeping the eyes covered... She would ask someone tomorrow if that was possible, but she was sure that it was!

At last, Rose was satisfied with her efforts and felt a touch of pride at the result. The maid had become an object. A mere instrument for her pleasure and use, the covering of the face taking all humanity and leaving just a marionette who would be serving her again in the morning.

Rose tested the tube by closing it with her fingers and waited until the maid made a small noise before she released it. There was a slight gasp at the release and Rose was tempted to play further, but she felt tired by her stimulating day and slipped back into the bed with a satisfied sigh.

She reached out and dimmed the light, leaving just the rounded head of the maid as a shadow and felt glad that she was alone at last. Her hand moved between her thighs and she stroked herself gently, massaging her sensitive and exhausted pussy with little touches.

Rose sighed and climaxed gently, the shadow of the caged maid in her sight and she realised that Mistress Elisabeth was right! She was born to this, this

was what she had the right to enjoy and soon Pete would be in that little cage...

Finding out what it was to be her little maid.

As her eyes closed and her hand stilled, she imagined Pete in a frilly dress, a blank hood and soaring stilettos and her imagination failed her. How could he ever be as feminine as the maid at the foot of her bed?

Miss Odette would have to be quite a miraculous teacher if that was possible. Rose slipped into a slumber while at the foot of the bed, Angela sobbed softly.

Oban Manor

A light knock at the door awoke Rose and she turned in the bed. As her legs moved, she winced as the sensitive skin of her bare pussy rubbed on the silk and she started to laugh. Never had she actually ever been sore from so much sex!

She turned in the bed to see a pretty young woman with a tray enter the room backwards and stop as the door swung to. The maid's face was fixed in a pretty smile, but Rose saw her eyes cast down as she stood.

"You may serve me," said Rose as soon as she realised the discrete maid was merely waiting for a word of command. "In bed..."

The maid turned, and Rose watched as she tiptoed to the bed and waited until Rose was sitting up before carefully passing her the tray with a small coffee, croissants and fresh fruit.

"Would Ma'am like anything else for her morning pleasure?"

Rose raised an eyebrow and regarded the maid. A slight bump showed under her dress and she considered the possibilities, but the coffee was uppermost on her mind and she shook her head.

With small steps the maid left the room, carefully closing the door behind her, even though her wrists were chained together. Every maid wore shackles, Rose realised with a small surge of excitement. Was trained to perfection even though so very restricted. Even cleaning the floor, the slaves were all chained, caged, leashed or restricted. Fastening points discretely placed, cages here and there, collars and chains. Was it because it was so arousing or because they needed to be restrained?

As she ate the croissant and drank the coffee, Rose decided that it was the sheer pleasure of control that demanded the continual restraint rather than an actual need. After all, they were so well trained and prepared, surely, they would not actually wish to escape their service. So sweet...

Just like her husband... Pete.

The thought of Pete caused her to catch her breath.

Tomorrow she would be teacher... would he even recognise her?

She smiled as she slipped her feet from the bed and stood regarding the maid. Still in her hood, she breathed softly, and it was impossible to tell if she was even awake. Surely, she was trained to give a sign to her Mistress? Rose felt herself getting irritated by the lack of response and gave the covered face a sharp slap.

“Wake up, slut,” she hissed and started to unlace the hood.

It seemed unfair to her that she should have to do this chore, but as she pulled off the hood, she realised what an actual pleasure it was to be to decide if the maid should be hooded or allowed to see her glorious body. Rose saw her Angela look up and she unbolted the door of the cage and slipped the catch that held her head in the cage’s collar.

“Out now, I want a shower...” she hissed.

She had not meant to be so sharp, but perhaps the bitch needed it? She seemed slow this morning and Rose wondered if she had even slept. Not that it mattered, now it was morning and Rose needed her in the bathroom. She considered the bin of canes by the window, but in the end, she headed for the bathroom.

Once again, Angela served her mistress. Lapping at her after her toilet and then sponging her gently as the hot water tumbled. The feeling was exquisite, a perfect start to the day. Rose had the maid rub a little attar of roses into her sore pussy and sighed as the soreness subsided. She would have to get used to endless sex, she decided to herself. There must be a way to avoid the sensitivity...

Under her orders, the maid dressed her in the jeans and T shirt that had been laid out while she was with Mistress Elisabeth and she posed in the mirror. The jeans fitted so tight and the double zipper that ran from the waist at her back to between her thighs at the back and likewise at the front suggested possibilities. She admired the way that the small tabs that closed the zippers had a suitably suggestive effect. A casual Mistress! She smiled at herself and turned this way and that admiring the curve of her hips and the smoothness of the denim. The T shirt had the word ‘Bitch’ in small letters from nipple to nipple and gave her a small thrill.

“Back in the cage, slut,” ordered Rose.

There was something so thrilling in the way that the maid crawled at her order, but somehow, there was also something insubordinate in her eyes and Rose replaced the hood and pulled the laces tight. A small kiss planted on the smothered lips was a sweet touch, the sharp slap a punishment for not being perfect. The hood pulled on tight leaving just a shadow of her features.

Rose left the room to see what Oban Manor offered. Today was her day as a guest and she was determined to prove that she was on the right end of the leash!

Two maids were crawling and scrubbing the floors. Rose walked around the first and then ignored the other who scrambled out of her way with a fearful glance upward.

From the balcony over the hallway she could see Mistress Elisabeth having a conversation with the woman that she had momentarily seen in passing the night before.

"If you would like to see him..." Mistress Elisabeth was saying.

"Just a glance!" answered the woman as Rose descended the sweeping staircase.

Mistress Elisabeth looked up.

"Ah, can I introduce you to Miss Rose?" said Mistress Elisabeth.

"We passed last night," said the woman as she turned to Rose.

Rose made offered her hand. The hand was dry, the nails curving to points decorated with tiny gemstones.

"Pleased to meet you," she said in a haughty tone.

Mistress Elisabeth smiled and said, "Miss Rose is a new sponsor here. perhaps you would be so kind as to show her the Manor?"

The older woman seemed on the point of saying 'no', but instead she smiled and put her arm around Rose's shoulders.

"It would be a pleasure, darling!"

The points of her nails scratched through Rose's T shirt and she returned the gesture. Dressed in an almost Victorian dress of smooth black latex, the older woman had obviously been a beauty in her day. She still had a proud face and a figure that filled the dress with ease.

“This is Miss Karoline Jamison,” said Mistress Elisabeth by way of introduction. “She is here for the week to choose some servants for her exquisite household.”

Miss Karoline sighed.

Such a chore, but you know how they all get so lax after a few years. Changing the establishment every year brings freshness and a sense willingness to the high standard of service that I require.”

Rose felt that she had to say something and smiled.

At the moment, I am waiting for my husband to be prepared...”

“It’s school time,” laughed Mistress Elisabeth. “I don’t think that Miss Rose has quite made up her mind exactly what she wants...”

“Well, I am glad to be of help,” said Miss Karoline. “Long experience must count for something!”

“Exactly,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “I’ll leave Miss Rose in your hands, I have to prepare for a meeting on the mainland. I am sure that you will be of help...”

A small nod at the two other women and Mistress Elisabeth left them to disappear to her rooms.

“What would you like to see?” asked Miss Karoline. “We can have a look around and then a little sustenance to keep our spirits up. Even at this time of year the grounds have a grandeur that is undeniable.”

Rose felt the claws slip from her shoulder and Miss Karoline led the way to the back of the hallway. As she walked the latex swished and Rose saw a glimpse of the heels of her boots. Miss Karoline was possibly seventy, perhaps more and Rose felt herself almost overawed by her presence.

A short corridor led past numerous doors and Miss Karoline took on the role of tour-guide in a severe voice.

“I am one of the partners here,’ she announced. “Just a silent partnership of course, with just a few per cent of the ownership, but nevertheless occasionally active in the improvement of the facilities. These doors...” she motioned at one of the entrances are the schoolrooms. “I suppose that your beloved husband...”

"I would imagine so," said Rose. "In the next few days, I will be a teacher... Under Miss Odette as I understand."

"Ah, Miss Odette is taking the course this year," said Miss Karoline. "I must say that even though she is a little young for such responsibility, she is a woman after my own heart. Almost as I was at that age..."

The tone was almost wistful, and Rose tried to imagine what Miss Karoline had looked like forty years before. Doubtless stunning, she decided. For her age, she was still attractive now.

The tour continued while Miss Karoline pointed to various doors and stairwells and described the rooms that they hid.

"This used to be the clinic, back in the day. Now of course, there are much better facilities externally, but occasionally they are used for minor adjustments. Behind this door are the isolation cells, not much to see really and down in the cellars we have a small theatre that is used to prepare performance slaves. There isn't much demand nowadays, but occasionally various clubs require their use. These are merely the kitchens and this door is for the uniform room. Would you like to see it?"

Rose nodded, and Miss Karoline opened the door to reveal a room where each wall was fully mirrored. They entered, and Rose felt almost queasy as her reflection was recast a thousand times by the facing mirrors.

"Makes me a little dizzy, darling," said Miss Karoline as she looked around, "but it helps a servant to understand how they are seen and judged by their betters."

Rose posed with her hips out and admired herself while Miss Karoline pushed at a wall and the mirrored door slowly swung away to reveal glass shelving with neat rows of shoes arranged by colour and style. Boots, heels, ballet stilettos, Oxfords and high sandals. The shelves were arrayed with hundreds of pairs of shoes and Miss Karoline watched as Rose admired the selection.

"Jesus," exclaimed Rose as she took down a pair of laced shoes that caught her eye. "I have never seen anything like it..."

"Oban Manor is supplied by several businesses, naturally most of what you see here is to allow a servant to be matched to the owner's taste..."

Rose turned the spiked heels in her hands and ran her fingers over the patent leather.

"If you like them, then wearing them is just a fitting away," said Miss Karoline. "I'm sure that your husband would look perfect in six-inch heels! Of course, you can decide if you want them for everyday wear or punishment use. Personally, I find it so suitable to have a pair of each, because being permitted to wear expensive shoes is a reward that must be balanced by a price for the kindness."

Rose placed the shoes back.

"Perhaps, I was thinking more of myself!"

"Then you must have them!" laughed Miss Karoline. "They would look perfect on you! Number three hundred and six, just tell your maid to have them fitted!"

"Three hundred and six," repeated Rose.

"Next we have the evening wear..."

Miss Karoline pushed another mirror aside to reveal a long rack of hangers from which draped dresses and ensembles.

"These are the leather ones, not quite my taste, but suitable for more formal gatherings," she said opening another mirror, "then latex and nylon. Of course, we have the restraint uniforms..."

Another mirror slid away to show a vast collection of hoods, suits and clothing which Rose fingered and examined. She pulled out a hanger from which a flouncy black and white dress hung. With no sleeves or armholes and straps to confine the wearer she recognised it as the dress for the maids that scrubbed the hallways.

"I doubt that you would want to wear that," said Miss Karoline with a small smile. "I would be too tempted..."

Rose tried to smile. The predatory nature of the woman was insatiable.

"It would be a little uncomfortable," she joked.

Miss Karoline took the hanger from the hand and held it against Rose with a thin smile.

“They are grateful to be restrained,” said the older woman. “It comes naturally to the lower orders and this type of uniform merely allows them to serve their betters as they aspire.”

Rose took the hanger and replaced it. The conversation was a little too close to her experience on the trip to the Manor and she felt a sudden fear of the woman that stood smiling beside her.

“Pete might like it,” she said to make her position clear, “but, it’s not quiet my thing!”

“I’m sure that he will,” said Miss Karoline. “Most men like to be attractive for their users!”

The mirrors slid back to leave the clothing and shoes hidden and Miss Karoline led her charge back to the corridor.

“I get the feeling that you are not yet convinced that the people of this world are composed of two simple groups,” said Miss Karoline as she expounded her philosophy. “Mistresses and slaves, it’s as simple as that. Those that rule and those that are fortunate to be permitted to serve their pleasures. It’s a simple concept and I have spent my life proving its veracity.”

“I have to admit that I never really thought about it,” said Rose. “But, you are right!”

“That’s a good girl,” said Miss Karoline with a smile. “Now let me prove it to you!”

Rose followed her around the corner to where the corridor ended in a glass door that showed a small sheltered garden beyond the back of the Manor. A maid stood in her black uniform by the door to attention and Miss Karoline led her companion to stand before her.

“What do you see?” asked the older woman.

Rose looked at the maid whose eyes and lips showed through the tight hood. The dress was tight over large breasts and wide hips and finished to reveal her stocking tops and long legs. The short boots that she wore were linked by a short length of golden chain and her arms were strapped behind her back with just the gloved fingers showing behind her neck.

“A maid ready for use?”

Rose's answer cautious questioning answer caused a short laugh to issue from Miss Karoline's lips.

"Of course, she is, darling, of course she is! But, then that goes for all the servants here. What else?"

Rose looked at the silent figure closely and shook her head.

"I don't see what you see..."

"You do, but the realisation has not hit you yet. What stands before us is the perfect expression of my thinking. This slut is here for our pleasure. Perhaps just to admire as we would admire any work of art, perhaps to add a little spice to the moment or maybe she is here for us to punish and tease. You see, she is here for us, here to excite and prove that we are her betters, that's all she is fit for..."

"I see," said Rose cautiously.

"You don't, dear, but you will. Allow me..."

Miss Karoline lifted the hem of the short dress and watched Rose as she revealed the maid to her onlooker. A tiny sweet cock stood rigid in a hairless desert of skin and the hand that had revealed it moved to stroke it.

"You see, she wants it so badly, she is desperate for a touch, excited and eager to satisfy u," she spoke to the silent maid. "Do you wish to be permitted to serve?"

The maid nodded slightly before answering.

"Please, Miss Karoline. I need to serve you!"

Miss Karoline turned back to Rose and smiled slyly.

"Do you need to be punished?"

"Please punish me, Miss Karoline!"

Rose saw the little cock between the long-nailed fingers of the thin hand and watched as the nails scratched the length of it leaving scratches where the gemstones and pointed nails scored the flesh.

"Tell me your name, slut" said Miss Karoline as her nails enclosed the exposed tip and pricked gently.

"Forty-Seven, Miss Karoline..."

Miss Karoline laughed and released the maid's cock and it stood a stiff two inches from the bare groin.

"Forty-Seven is a perfect example. Three years ago, she was the private investigator that foolishly thought that she had uncovered a woman's affairs with several lovers. Now she is glad to be serving as a maid."

Miss Karoline turned back to the still figure that she abused.

"Are you glad that you are here?" she asked.

"Service is my life, Miss Karoline. I live to please you."

"Of course you do, dear! Now it would please me if you showed how much you love being a little slut..."

The claw still held the hem of the dress high. The little prick moved and twitched and a drop of clear come dribbled to splash on the flagstones. Rose held her hand over her mouth in shock, at Miss Karoline's command, the maid had climaxed! The older woman stepped back and placed the sole of her boot on the splash. As she did so, she lifted the hem of her long latex dress and Rose saw the tight-laced boots with their gleaming spurs.

"You see, she loves me more than anything in the world, poor little Forty-Seven, just another slut who amuses me every time that I pass because she knows that disappointing me would be most unwise."

The foot lifted from the floor and balanced en-pointe. The maid waited for a small signal from the talons that had abused her and then knelt to carefully lick her come from the soiled sole that was presented.

"I am impressed," said Rose breathlessly as the maid cleaned the sole before attending to the flagstones. "She is so obedient."

"As are all the maids here and in my little villas," said Miss Karoline grandly. "I am just a little envious of you..."

"Why's that?" asked Rose as the maid gracefully stood and came to attention.

"Miss Rose, really you just do not understand! Because you are young, you are perfect and most of all, because you are at the start of a wonderful journey. You are naïve as I was when I married, starting fresh to experience true pleasure..."

Rose looked at the woman who had so casually played with the maid and nodded.

"It's true, I have no idea of the possibilities. I have so much to learn!"

"You really must visit me in France or perhaps Germany, darling. There I can show you so much pleasure. Will you visit?"

Rose looked at the woman and decided that the offer was genuine.

"I would be pleased to," she said.

"That's so good to hear, Miss Rose. Now then, we have seen so much, and it is time to relax a little after all the effort. I believe that Mistress Elisabeth has ordered a little snack in the garden."

Rose followed her new mentor through the glass doors and they found themselves in a small garden sheltered by palms and a vast yew tree. A small patio in the centre was set with a table and chairs and a maid stood to one side awaiting their arrival. The two women sat while the maid poured coffee and uncovered the plates and they started to eat as a soft breeze rustled the yew and the sun shone down to warm them.

Miss Karoline turned out to be a good conversationalist, pointing out that the palms were warmed by the gulf stream and that the island had an unusually pleasant climate. Food also seemed to be important to her and Rose found herself in a discussion of cuisines and the differences between various diets that she had used to maintain her figure.

The time passed, and Rose found herself warming to the severe woman who seemed to have an encyclopaedic knowledge of languages, entertainments and cultures and hinted that she spent time living in a number of countries after marrying a man whose entire wealth was now hers to use.

Rose decided that it would not be politic to ask what had happened to that husband, but got the distinct impression that he had at some point not been amusing Miss Karoline anymore and had been disposed of in some fashion on a trip to the far east. The whole conversation was both exotic and down to earth as Miss Karoline revealed her interest in a number of stables and venues in America.

"Twice a year, now, it used to be more, I pop over to the States for the shows, gymkhanas are so my thing..." she said, and Rose imagined her riding her

horses in jodhpurs and boots. "I have never won a prize, but that's not the real draw," she continued before she leaned forward as if to impart a confidence. "Those prize-winning stallions are such a thrill, I really have to admit that there is nothing quite like being covered by a strong stallion who knows how to make a woman satisfied!"

For a moment, Rose blushed before she realised that here was another facet of the insatiable Miss Karoline. The image in her head changed and she saw strong men at the end of the older woman's leash, men that were mere horseflesh to the authoritarian madam.

"I have never seen that," said Rose, hoping for a little more detail.

"Oh, it's really quite ordinary," said Miss Karoline. "America is the centre of the pony scene and I just love being pleased by a man that knows how to fuck!"

It was the first time that Rose had heard an expletive from her companion and she giggled. Rose's amusement seemed offend Miss Karoline and she drew back with a severe look.

"Miss Rose! It's not a laughing matter," she said slowly, "when a woman reveals a confidence and it becomes a source of merriment! You have slighted me!"

"I'm so sorry," said Rose as she stifled her laugh. "I was just thinking of the thrill of choosing from a whole stable of eager men..."

It seemed that the answer mollified her companion who smiled thinly and started to stand.

"I must be getting back," said Miss Karoline a little stiffly. "I have an inspection to see to... I need a little pleasure before my appointment to view and my whip is waiting!"

They walked around the Manor on the outside and the front door opened as they approached. Miss Karoline did not speak as they strolled, and Rose bit her lip with the feeling that she had deeply offended her companion and wondered how she could get back to the mood that had been lost. It seemed as if the apology had been accepted, because when they arrived in the hall of the Manor, Miss Karoline kissed Rose on the cheek warmly.

“You are young, dear. Never mind, I think that you could learn much by a personal visit. Intimacy is so much more interesting in a familiar ambience.”

“Perhaps in a few months, I will have a chance,” replied Rose. “You are right, I have a lot to learn.”

“And I shall be the perfect teacher,” smiled Miss Karoline.

It seemed the correct moment to part and Miss Rose kissed her companion on the cheek and started to climb the stairs to her room. At the top of the stairs she turned to look down where Miss Karoline stood watching her. Rose tried to smile, but the eyes that looked up at her seemed hard and the lips were just a thin line. It was almost a look of suppressed hunger and Rose felt a small shiver run down her spine.

Like a fly looking up at a frustrated and voracious spider, Rose turned and hurried out of sight with a feeling of fear uppermost in her mind. Oban Manor was exciting, stimulating and exhilarating, but there were shadows there that perhaps should not be explored!

The Best Day Of Our Lives

The second awakening was enchanting!

Rose moved between the silk and felt the soft smooth material glide over her skin. The down in the pillows nestled her head and she moved a little to watch the early morning sunlight fill; her vision. Motes of dust hung as the light streamed in and she stretched luxuriously and sighed. The last two days had gone from hope to punishment, meeting the immoral Miss Karoline to the pleasures of an evening in the presence of Miss Odette and Mistress Elisabeth sipping brandy, smoking her first cigarillo and then enjoying the subtle pleasures of her personal maid.

She turned her head to see the hooded maid and stretched again. Even just the contrast of her freedom to play and Angela's captivity was in itself a delight. Her hand unconsciously massaged between her thighs as she regarded the gagged face that belonged to the woman who had suffered all night.

Rose had discovered toys and restraints laid out in the drawers of the chest of drawers and had experimented with them to find the ones that pleased her most. She had soon found that too much restraint narrowed the possibilities of the maid to pleasure her, but the hood that had been left on had been the perfect balance between control and her own intimate gratification. The long rubber prick that stood from the lips of her toy had served so perfectly, especially since the cunning opening to allow a probing tongue had allowed that intimacy that rose so needed.

Being filled was a delight, being filled and teased had been the ultimate bliss! She slid from the bed and slipped on the abandoned stilettos that she had requested from the dressing room. They fitted perfectly and gave her a feeling of height and superiority that filled her with confidence. Even the knock on the door was a pleasure and she had the light breakfast placed on the cage before her captive.

Rose sat on the edge of the bed and sipped her coffee before deciding that the slave who had given so much pleasure should be permitted to speak. She carefully unscrewed the dildo and contemplated the open mouth with the

circle of the brass ring that held it agape. Then she finished her croissant before speaking to the maid as she sipped her coffee.

"I think that I am going to complain about last night," she said lazily. "You really did not try hard enough..."

Angela's eyes filled up and a small noise came from her throat.

"That's right, dear," said Rose. "If I complain..."

She had no idea of the punishment, but could imagine that it would be most severe. There was a satisfaction to be gained by tormenting the helpless slut in the cage that just could not be resisted.

"In fact, I think that you should stay like this all day," continued Rose.

She bent down and grasped the rubber bulb that lay on the floor and squeezed just a little. The tube that ran from it into the cage bulged a little and there was a gentle hiss as the maid was tormented by the swelling dildo that had been planted in her ass.

"Do you want more?"

The maid nodded as far as she could, and a dribble of spittle ran from the hole where her mouth was held wide.

"Of course you do," laughed Rose. "Maybe just a little?"

Her hand squeezed the bulb twice more and she was gratified to see a strained look in the eyes that followed her every movement. Rose dropped the rubber bulb and slapped the face sharply.

"A shame that you cannot come on command," she muttered as she remembered the maid from yesterday. "Still, I need a shower and because of your bad service, I am going to have to do it all myself!"

As she stood, Rose stood on the bulb and sighed as the maid squeaked in distress. The sense of power was overwhelming, and her foot was only stayed by the warning that any damage would have to be paid for. Perhaps just one more? She decided not. Rose laughed and strolled to the bathroom and was at the door before she turned to return.

Angela's eyes followed her tormentrix as she returned with two pillows to make the top of the cage comfortable. There was a look of alarm in her eyes, that only served to make Rose's next words all the more pleasurable.

“Just one thing,” she smiled. “I am fit to burst...”

* * * * *

Dressed in the tight skirt and jacket that had been laid out for her, but rejecting the stilettos for her favourites, Rose headed down stairs to meet Miss Odette as had been arranged. The flutter in her chest signalled her excitement and she felt every inch a dominatrix teacher. The short switch in her hand was the final touch and she was gratified to see Miss Odette smile as she descended the stairs.

“Is this the right look?” asked Rose as she twirled on her heels and placed one elegant foot before the other.

“Perfect, darling!”

Miss Odette touched her finger to her chin and said, “Just one small thing, we need you to be the temptress, so let’s see a little more of you!”

The top five buttons of Rose’s blouse were flipped open to reveal a deep cleavage and the lacy bra underneath.

“That’s better,” said Miss Odette. “You are to take the place of Miss Pavla for today. This means that you will be at the back of the class for the morning’s lesson and then in charge of the comportment training for two hours this afternoon. After that, Miss Pavla will be back from the mainland with Mistress Elisabeth and she will finish the training.”

She led Rose to the corridor that she had walked the day before and opened the door to the schoolroom to reveal a sight that almost had Rose in a fit of the giggles. There they sat, all seven pupils, at their desks with their arms manacled before them. She scanned the front row to see two of the boys in their school uniforms while the other two sat in frilly dresses and full make-up.

“Class, attention!” called Out Miss Odette while Rose passed between the desks with a quick glance at the man who had cheated on her. “Roll call!”

Each of the pupils called out their name as present and Rose heard her husband call out ‘Petra’ in a squeaky tone. Had he even recognised her, she wondered, but he had been staring at his manicured hands as she had passed, and she decided that he had not.

“Today we have a new teacher to help us learn,” announced Miss Odette. “her name is Ma’am and I want you all to give her the appropriate greeting.” Together and in tune, the whole class responded with the words, “Good morning Ma’am, we are here to serve!”

Out of the sight of the boys and girls at the back of the class, Rose stifled a giggle that brought a look of irritation from the teacher behind her desk.

“Ma’am is to be shown the utmost respect, she is here to punish any of the class whose attention strays from this important lesson. Afterwards, there will be six hours of comportment and then comes a special treat!”

The seated pupils’ entire attention was on their teacher as she smiled and stood.

“Who can tell me what this is?” she asked.

Two of the pupils, Paul and Peter lifted their hands a little.

“Only two, I am a little disappointed! Petra, tell the class what this is!”

Miss Odette’s slim hand held the glass object for all to see.

“A plug, Miss Odette?” said Petra as the teacher nodded at him.

“Very good, little girl. Now then, what is it used for?”

It seemed that Petra was eager to explain, and he blurted the answer without an acknowledgement from Miss Odette.

“It’s for naughty girls!”

Miss Odette placed the waisted object on her desk and rapped her cane on the errant pupil’s desk.

“What are you?”

Petra looked down at his hands and started to sob.

“I asked you, what are you?”

“A naughty little girl,” mumbled the frocked husband. “Please Miss Odette, please...”

“It’s too late now, girl. I think that you are going to learn how this is used and then thank Ma’am for showing you that you must always address me as ‘Miss Odette’ and never just blurt out an answer. Even if it is correct...”

Petra sobbed and lowered his head.

“Come to the front of the class, girl,” said Miss Odette.

Rose watched in amazement as the lace frocked man stumbled to the front of the class in his high heeled shoes. In just a few weeks, he had been reduced to this! Rose tried to imagine how Peter had been two months ago and shivered. The lessons at Oban Manor had changed him to a snivelling little slut and all that Rose could feel was disdain for his pathetic submission.

Miss Odette tapped the sobbing girl on the shoulder and she bent over for her teacher. From her position at the back of the room, Rose saw the stripes of previous canings on his lily-white ass and the close confining restraint that was welded to his swollen balls. Obviously, poor little Petra was not permitted any relief and was suffering from the lack!

The cane swung, and a sharp smack almost made Rose jump.

“Now stay there, girl to show the class that I will not have any disobedience,” said Miss Odette.

Rose breathed out slowly and watched the class being taught by a teacher that had no qualms ensuring her pupil’s attention. It seemed that the discourse was the theoretical explanation of female orgasm, how to prolong the pleasure, how to gauge if the owner wanted to climax and how to be prepared for more service.

The lesson seemed interminable to Rose. Boring and repetitive and then she realised that the subject matter was not the object of the lesson. What seemed more important to Miss Odette were the replies, the rote thanks and the endless stream of punishments that were doled out for the slightest infraction.

After just an hour, three pupils had been caned, and Paul had been singled out for a constant battering of unanswerable questions that ended when a harsh gag was fitted that filled his mouth with a soft jelly-like cock. The most interesting moment, from Rose’s point of view, was when Helen was caned and shown that a climax could be delayed endlessly just using the tip of a stiletto.

The sight of her rival crouched with her legs wide open to the class, while Miss Odette tormented her as she spoke caused Rose to flush and feel a warmth between her legs that gave her also a desperate need to orgasm.

Helen's torment went on for an hour as Miss Odette sat on the edge of her desk and casually teased her until she cried before the lesson finished with five strokes of the cane for sobbing so loudly that Miss Odette had to pause.

As the lesson seemed to be coming to a close, Miss Odette summoned Rose to the front where she was asked to cane her husband with five strokes. She gathered herself, fully aware that the whole class were judging her and delivered the strokes in a way that she imagined Miss Odette would have done herself. After this small interlude, Miss Odette handed her new teacher the glass object from her desk and made an announcement.

"Since you will all be soon required to provide amusement in every way, Ma'am will show us how the plug is fitted. Watch closely because this is how a sissy is fucked and I want everyone here to understand that. Please..."

Rose took the slim glass object and looked at Miss Odette. The teacher smiled and raised an eyebrow and Rose decided that she should make a proper lesson of it, despite the fact that she had never used one before.

"Always insert slowly," she announced as she held up the plug.

The sissy bent before her suddenly started and twitched and Miss Odette brought down the cane dangerously close to Rose to strike at his ass.

"No movement, girl. Now tell Ma'am how you need to be used..."

The bent-over sissy started to cry and received another vicious blow of the cane.

"Please, Ma'am, I live to serve..."

The words broke up at the end and Rose almost felt a moment of pity. A quick glance at her husband's lover quelled the feeling. That was the cunt that he had fucked, he deserved this...

"Nice and slowly, in it goes..."

The glass slid into the tight ass so easily and then suddenly popped out of her hand as the sissy's sphincter closed on the wasted end.

"As you can see, it will stay put as long as a mistress desires," said Rose with a sideways look at Miss Odette.

"That's the end on the lesson, girls and boys," announced Miss Odette.

"Please show your appreciation..."

“Thank you, Ma’am,” recited the class, even Petra and Helen joining the chorus.

Maids entered the room to spoon feed the children and Miss Odette and Rose exited to take a coffee.

“How did I do?” asked Rose with concern.

“For a first timer, that was very good, Miss Rose. As you can see, Petra is coming along nicely, and you will soon have to make a few decisions that will affect her future.”

The coffee break was over in a few short minutes and then the class were led to the comportment room. Rose watched the pupils file in and noticed the Petra was finding it difficult to walk sexily after his lesson. She was just wondering what to say when Miss Odette stepped in.

“Girl, I want to see those hips sway...”

Petra mumbled in reply, “Yes Miss Odette,” and moved to stand facing his wife. She was blushing deeply, rose red from the neck up. She stared at her and she could see that she desperately wanted to speak to her, but her sideways glance at Miss Odette was holding him back.

Rose just tapped the cane in her hands and waited to see what would happen next.

“Miss Rose oversees the comportment lesson today,” said Miss Odette. “I have given her strict instructions to ensure that all of you learn the next phase, because today you will learn how to carry a tray as you move...”

Miss Odette and Rose clipped the collars to the rings in the walls and Miss Odette showed Rose how to use the remote control.

“Because this is the first time, we shall be generous and keep the speed to one for three hours before moving it to two,” she said. “Each pupil will get a tray with these on them...”

She held up a small flat tray with very low edges and then opened her hand to show Rose the three marbles in her hand.

“Any pupil that is so careless as to drop one will receive two strokes of the cane. This exercise is to teach control and balance. I leave you to decide any other punishments. Miss Pavla will be back in a few hours to take over...”

Rose nodded and gathered the trays, handing one to each pupil. They stood there in a piteous state even though the belts had not begun to move. Each received three marbles on their tray except for Helen and Petra. For them, Miss Odette poured handfuls of the small glass beads with a smile.

“Miss Rose will be keeping a special eye on you two,” she said. “Be good and show her how you can recite the rules.”

Miss Odette surveyed her trembling pupils and smacked the cane in her hand on her thigh with a small slap.

“The recitation is now made a little more difficult...”

Rose pressed the button and a small whine signalled the start of the lesson. The belts began to move, and the pupils started to walk. Helen balancing on her ballet boots, the others surer in their assortment of high heels.

“Good,” said Miss Odette to Rose. “Keep yourself amused and make sure that the recitation is nice and clear from all of them! Susan is a little shy, keep her nice and loud.”

With that, she turned on her heel and left.

Rose moved behind the pupils and inspected the screens. A single word appeared at the top of each screen. The first word of the phrase and she listened to the recital.

“Mistress is always right...” they began.

Only the word ‘Mistress’ had shown then, the next word appeared, and the recital continued.

“What is desired will be offered gratefully...”

Rose realised that the three hours was going to last forever and started to hope for the drop of one of the glass marbles. She was gratified when Helen made a small noise and one of the glass beads dropped to the floor and bounced over the flagstones.

She walked, placing heels down first, the click of each one sounding menacing as she swung and laid a sharp swipe of the cane on the rounded ass that begged to be punished. Soft white skin, perfectly smooth, no blemish but the angry red line where the light switch had been laid.

The blow caused another to drop and roll across the floor.

“Bad girl,” said Rose and she flicked the cane again.

This time, Helen managed to keep in control and keep the rolling marbles on her tray. Rose was impressed. That beautiful ass swayed, the recital was continued, and a rhythm built up as the pupils managed to keep their concentration.

Five minutes passed, and Rose moved behind them, feeling a sense of authority over the seven victims as she went. The next to drop a marble was Susan. She was perhaps the most awkward of all of the pupils. She had lost weight and her thighs were strong, but somehow, she lacked the elegance of Paul or Gerald. Her voice was loud and clear, and it was obvious that her terror kept the words flowing.

Rose used the cane lightly and then slapped the well plump ass for good measure with her palm.

“More swing in those hips, bitch,” she scolded.

Somehow, using the word ‘bitch’ was a thrill. These helpless and useless pupils definitely needed their lessons and Rose was the teacher to do it! She would show Miss Odette that she was in command...

The door opened, a maid arrived with a tray.

Rose watched her and decided that her own pupils had a long way to go before they could attain the elegance of the maid’s movements. Despite the fact that the tray descended from two fine chains from her nipples, it was perfectly level at every step, the mug of coffee scarcely stirring as she presented with a small nod. Rose took the proffered mug and sipped the sweet coffee and the maid left the room in a gliding walk that was a pleasure to watch.

She turned her attention back to the pupils.

Helen was doing better now, the multitude of small glass spheres scarcely rolling while her erstwhile lover, Paula was definitely struggling even though he was not at such a disadvantage. Rose moved behind him and she could see that he sensed her presence. There was something so sweet about the way that he moved. The lace of his dress moved with his thighs offering small reveals that made his wife smile.

Rose moved her hand. In fact, her hand moved of its own volition and stroked his behind.

“Nice ass, slut,” she said to him. “I can’t wait for you to get home...”

Petra moved a little faster and Rose’s hand hung in the air.

“Naughty girl, naughty! You are going to have to get used to being fondled,” she breathed as her hand moved and touched the glass base of the plug that she had inserted in the earlier class. “I think that I like this...”

Between the lines of the recital, Petra made a small noise before the next word appeared before his eyes.

“Louder, bitch, I want to hear it clearly,” said Rose.

“Punishment is what I deserve,” said Paula in a louder voice and one of the marbles teetered and then dropped to bounce with a sharp clicking across the floor.

“Exactly,” laughed Rose and she laid a sharp blow on his lily-white ass. “Punishment is all you get!”

The lesson continued.

As the pupils tired, more and more glass spheres rolled and bounced and for a while, Rose was hard pressed to deliver the canings that were mandated. She started to enjoy the lesson. Watching the small glass balls roll, teeter and then roll back. The recital was almost like an ecstatic poem and she heard the metre and rhyme as they all chanted together.

Small comments, intimate fondles joined the use of the cane. Jenny’s thighs were dripping with sweat and excitement as the three marbles held their position as if magnetised in the centre of the tray. It was obvious that this lesson might be tiring for her, but the elegance of her stride and the control of the tray came from long practice.

The most exciting of all, was the tormenting of Petra.

Rose touched and fondled while the slut gasped and struggled. Already there were ten livid lines on her ass and thighs and Rose started to feel that she was not being severe enough.

“This little switch is not enough,” she announced in a loud voice as she walked to the bin of canes and chose a hook-handled glass-fibre rod that

looked especially tempting.

Rose weighed it in her hand and swished it to get the feel of it. Reach was long, four feet perhaps and that would allow proper force to be administered. The sound of glass on the floor, a rat-tat bouncing sphere and Rose looked to see who had dropped it from their tray.

“Who was that?” she asked softly.

None of the pupils owned up and Rose realised that it was a sort of test.

“Who dropped it? Own up now...”

The recital continued, and Rose was left in a quandary. A moment’s hesitation and then she walked down the line. Her cane drifted and caressed each of them in turn before she arrived at Susan.

“Susan! Own up...”

“Please Miss Rose,” panted Susan. “It was Pavla...”

“I did not ask you to tell me who it was, bitch,” said Rose. “I asked you to own up...”

“Please Miss Rose, it was me,” said Susan.

“That’s better, girl,” said Rose.

“So far there were two marks of the cane on the pupil’s ass. Rose knew that she had administered both and a single marble remained rolling on the tray.

When the cane smacked the broad cheeks of the rolling ass the sound was like a clap of thunder. Susan stumbled, the remaining ball rolled to bounce across the floor.

“How dare you?”

Rose moved took the tray from her hands and flipped it over so that the raised rim was down. Suddenly she was tempted, and she reached to undo the school blouse. The buttons caught, Rose ripped the blouse away to expose the hanging breasts with their large pink nipples.

“The next one will be on your fat tit’s, bitch,” spat Rose. “Make sure that you behave in future...”

Rose stooped and picked up a marble before placing it carefully in the centre of the tray. As her hand pulled back she fondled the soft flesh of Susan’s breasts and nipped one of those tempting nipples. The single marble rolled

and nearly dropped before coming under control and finding its way back to the centre of the tray.

The feeling of ascendancy was so stimulating, and Rose felt herself glow from the pleasure of controlling the worthless sluts that could not even manage this simple exercise without making continuous mistakes!

Rose finished the coffee and realised that it was cold. Already well over two hours had passed and she had been so absorbed in her task that the time had flown by. The pupils were having a different experience! Now they were tired and only the continuous practice kept them from punishment.

They recited, and Rose felt herself listening.

The phrases looped and repeated, but never in the same order. Only the first word was shown, but nevertheless they all recited the rote by heart. The words filled their heads, emptied their minds of other thoughts and it was clear that the result was that the only possible answers to their predicament could only be supplied by a philosophy of utter servitude.

Rose was also being affected!

This whole experience, starting with the police-trap and Miss Karoline as well as the pleasures of having that maid in her room embraced her mind and she realised that the advantages of this utter control was stirring her to plan the future.

A nice little cage in the bedroom, a maid to play with, the exquisite sensuality and immoral gratification was like a child's visit to a fair-ground! Miss Karoline, the ultimate expression of a life of perfect ease and indulgence while others served in terrifying slavery. Perhaps she would be like Miss Karoline in the years to come? A curiosity to see how she lived and controlled her establishment emerged and Rose decided that it would be so interesting to see how she lived and what the ultimate pleasures of being in authority could be...

Rose looked at her watch.

The three hours was almost up, and she had really only started to enjoy the fun! She watched Susan struggle and move and swept her eye over her charges. In the last half an hour not a single marble had dropped, even Helen and Paula managing to walk and recite as required. With a sly touch of her

finger, Rose raised the speed of the belt without warning and was gratified to see that only Paul allowed a marble to fall.

She administered the punishment and laughed as the pupil almost stumbled. There was just one last lesson to teach before Miss Pavla arrived...

Her hand moved between her husband's thighs and fondled the cage that kept him chaste. She felt him swell through the bars and rubbed a little. A gasp came and she felt wetness.

"Naughty girl," she said and stepped back to administer a blow that made him drop the tray.

Twenty of the small spheres bounced as Rose began the caning. Raising the long cane high, she rained blows on the suffering Paula, noting that somehow, she managed to stay on her feet. At each blow, she counted aloud and her strength rose.

Elation and revenge!

Every fuck that the bitch-husband had given Helen.

Every caress of her pussy and breasts was repaid in sheer agony.

Petra could not recite for his cries and she punished the slut for that too until at last, Rose realised that the slut was almost running to escape her anger.

Contemptible, feeble, useless! All she could think of was Petra fucking that whore. Making Helen come, spilling his slime into her, daring to love her and not the wife who owned her husband as was her right. Her arm raised again and again and all of the venom was in every high curving strike at his helpless behind.

At that moment, the door opened and Miss Pavla strolled in.

With one look at the savage stripes on Petra's ass and the arched pose of Miss Rose, she chuckled and moved to plant a small kiss on Rose's lips.

"Miss Rose," she said, "nice to see you enjoying yourself..."

"Sheer revenge not pleasure," panted Rose. "I'll make the little shit pay forever..."

"Revenge is sweet, much better wrapped in pink, with a pretty bow!" chuckled Miss Pavla as she regarded the stumbling husband on his endless treadmill to servitude.

Miss Rose stood and watched her husband resume his endless trip on the treadmill. He sobbed as he gasped the words that were expected, and she could feel the wire-thin cane pull through her fingers as she contemplated another beating.

“I want that...” she pointed at Petra, “...to be a perfect little slut-maid for me,” said Miss Rose as she rested the tip of the long cane on the livid cheeks of his ass and pressed it to cause him to cry out in agony.

Between her thighs, a trickle of sticky excitement dripped from Miss Rose. From the lips of her swollen pussy to the tops of the stockings, where it spread through the nylon seams.

All Miss Rose could think of was: the caged plaything that would gratify her every frantic whim later tonight and how her bitch-of-a-cheating-husband would pay the costs forever, for his illicit affair.

A cage for Petra needed to be so severe that she could not move.

The uniforms so very restrictive that she would be helpless.

The regime so strict that every moment was filled.

Miss Rose would need to ask for advice!

To make her revenge so perfect.

Part Five

Pupil Parent Teacher

Behind the façade of rustic wealth, the household of Oban Manor took its course under the strict jurisdiction of Mistress Elisabeth. She decided each action, each delectable punishment and reward with the pleasure that comes of doing something that one loves.

Mistress Elisabeth moved like silk. Each foot placed before the other in a show of perfection of which any pupil would have been proud. The bright summer dress contrasted with the uniforms of her servitors and the fetishistic costumes of the guests. The thin silk swirled around her stockinged thighs giving just a hint of her plump breasts as she moved. The only sign of her authority was the braided quirt that hung from her wrist, it swayed with every step as maids and others moved to the side to allow her free passage. Not merely a fashion accessory, more a practical feature of her dress.

The doors to the cells where the current batch of pupils spent their nights in sordid nightmares were guarded by a senior, at the moment Miss Pavla, who nodded at the approach of her mistress.

“Miss Pavla,” said Mistress Elisabeth, “Miss Jenny’s cell?”

Miss Pavla unhooked a bunch of keys from her belt and unlocked a door.

“Do you require my attendance?”

“Thanks, just wait here...”

Each door was closed by old-fashioned locks, but a finger on the sensor was required to open the door. The dull click as a bolt withdrew signalled Mistress Elisabeth’s authority and she opened the door to find both occupants of the cell in their respective bunks. Helen on the top lay naked in slumber, tired after her exertions, Miss Jenny below sitting on the edge of her bed. She jumped up and assumed the ‘attention’ pose in an instant and looked confused.

Mistress Elisabeth surveyed the cell and noted that it was clean and tidy before she moved to face Miss Jenny with her feet slightly apart.

“Miss Jenny,” she said, reaching with the crop in her hand to touch just under the chin. “I have been discussing your case with Miss Odette... it seems that she is not at all pleased with your progress...”

“Ma’am, I have fulfilled all of my duties...”

There was a movement in the top bunk and Mistress Elisabeth noted the Helen was now awake and listening.

“Off your bed, slut,” ordered the mistress of the manor. “When I enter I expect you both to be standing to attention. Immediately!”

Helen was naked but for the short boots on her feet. She swung them over the edge of the bed and slipped to the floor to stand with her hands clasped behind her and one foot slightly forward as was her cell-mate. Mistress Elisabeth regarded them and felt a small thrill. Both were attractive, both perfect saleable material, should the need arise. Jenny; slim with high breasts, firm hips and long legs. Helen a complete contrast. Petite in height with a well-rounded figure that promised much for any prospective user. Her large breasts hung a little, but that was easily corrected, her hips were wide and her legs shapely, but short. The long blonde hair forming a cloud. Now that she had been here for several weeks, it was clear that the colour was natural, a straw blonde that tended to snow, framing a rounded face that was both attractive with a small, but pert mouth.

Mistress Elisabeth looked them over and decided that from a purely physical point of view, either was suitable to act as understudy to Miss Odette. The problem was to decide which had the mental strength to be elevated... Miss Jenny, with her police experience, an inner core of strength. Helen with her interesting past and self-assurance. A self-made bitch! Weeks in punishment boots and the girl had shown that she could keep up despite the handicap. Definitely a point in her favour, but did it simply show that Helen needed more pressure to show her true colours?

Miss Jenny’s seduction of Helen had amused Mistress Elisabeth as she had watched Miss Jenny inveigle her way into the blonde’s affections, but there was just a little too much sex and not enough training for the mistress’s taste. Mistress Elisabeth strolled around her naked slaves and considered. Either would do, either would be perfect for sale or promotion.

Standing behind Helen, Mistress Elisabeth touched the smooth ass with her fingers and said, “Show me your mastery of position three...”

It was Miss Jenny that started to move, Mistress Elisabeth tapped her with the crop.

“Not you, I did not ask you!”

Miss Jenny froze and it was Helen that gracefully moved to kneel and then sit on the cold flagstones of the floor. Mistress Elisabeth watched her unfold like a flower and then move to the order. There was real elegance and poise as Helen laid herself on the floor and slowly folded herself. The boots moved in an arc over herself and her arms raised just a little to trap them under her shoulders as she presented for the woman who ruled her every breath. Despite the sheer exposure of the position, Mistress Elisabeth found herself charmed by the poise of the blonde girl. Her thighs opened more and she lifted her hips a little to present herself for use in the correct posture. Miss Odette had worked wonders in just a few weeks and Mistress Elisabeth felt a warm satisfaction that such a high valued maid had been created under her guidance. The slit of Helen's sex parted a little to reveal the wet interior. Mistress Elisabeth was impressed that the Pavlovian reaction was already so embedded, it spoke volumes of the slut's eagerness to please.

“I am not happy with progress,” said Mistress Elisabeth, turning to Miss Jenny. “You were not placed in this class in order to repeat a training that has already been completed. You were assigned to develop Helen as a possible understudy. All I have seen is nightly pleasures and intimate loving. Not at all what I expect from a woman who as the potential to rise high.”

“Mistress Elisabeth...” started Miss Jenny, but her words were cut short.

“I do not recall asking for your opinion,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “It is as I have said! I think that the chance that you were given has slipped by now and that a more suitable employment in the manor can be found.”

A single tear welled and ran the course of Miss Jenny's cheek.

Mistress Elisabeth looked down at Helen and smiled before moving her foot to stroke the streaming cunt with the point of her shoe.

“You will be perfect, my dear,” she said in a low voice filled with lust. “Miss Odette has many duties and will need a charming bitch to help her complete them. In fact, I almost think that you could be the personal assistant that I am looking for, for my own use...”

“Thank you, Mistress Elisabeth...”

“For this?”

The shoe moved a little and Helen gasped as the point stroked her clitoris with small movements. Mistress Elisabeth looked down and watched that sweet mouth open a little as her steel heel slid between the parted cheeks of a servile ass to rest on the opening that relaxed to allow ingress.

“Yes, Mistress Elisabeth, for everything,” moaned Helen as the spiked heel pressed a little and the sole of her shoe massaged the swollen soft flesh above.

“Just follow Miss Odette’s instructions and you will have an enjoyable life here in Oban Manor. You have real potential...”

Miss Jenny looked down at the quivering bitch that was taking her place and remembered how Mistress Elisabeth had performed the same induction on her trembling body. She watched as the heel slowly slipped deep, the flat sole pressing ever harder as it worked, saw the climax come and then repeat while she stood waiting to become nothing but a helpless maid for her mistress.

The tip of the crop encouraged another orgasm from the helpless slut on the floor and then raised to Miss Jenny’s lips.

“So much better than fumbling in the dark with Miss Jenny,” smiled Mistress Elisabeth. “This is what you need to excite.”

“Mistress,” breathed Helen in her rhapsody.

“This is what I wanted from you, Jenny!” said Mistress Elisabeth, pointedly missing the designation with her name. “A little respect, total obedience and passion. Instead, you have failed to give it to me and failures are always punished. Instead, you spent your passion on another and that is a disciplinary offence. Remember that as you serve...”

Mistress Elisabeth smiled and withdrew her shoe.

“Restrain yourself ready for the arrival of Miss Pavla and await her orders! Miss Helen, stand and await your duties,” she said.

“From now on, you will have this room to yourself. Pay strict attention to orders, do as you are bidden, be charming and perfect as required, but most of all, let your inner bitch surface and learn to enjoy the pleasures of being my trusted personal servant...”

Without waiting for Jenny to move, Mistress Elisabeth left the cell and made a small signal to the woman who waited in the corridor outside.

In the cell, Jenny looked down at the euphoric expression on Miss Helen's face before turning to clip the chain by her bed to her collar and the ring on the wall.

* * * * *

"What do you think of our little school, Miss Rose?" asked Mistress Elisabeth.

"I love it..."

"And, being a teacher?"

Rose laughed and pulled a stern face.

"I loved that as well, but it is so much more difficult than I had imagined."

"You would not believe how many of the sponsors want to take part," replied Mistress Elisabeth. "We only allow a few and even most of those create so many problems..."

Rose reflected on the beating that she had given her husband. A few minutes where she had really lost her self-control, and she nodded.

"I got a bit heated, I really lost it!"

"It happens, but Miss Odette has informed me that she will be glad to have you back tomorrow again... as long as you are a little more detached. It's not good for the pupils to see pure female emotion displayed like that! They are learning to repress their own emotions, push them down to their level and then they will simply serve as required."

Mistress Elisabeth's expression lightened and she laughed.

"Seeing a husband and his slut and being able to get a little payback was just a little too much," said Mistress Elisabeth. "I can understand that, but Petra is no longer Peter and Peter is now gone. Most of the impulses that drove him have been severed and he is learning a new role that has nothing to do with the man that he once was. He is learning new skills, obedient ways of behaving and new emotions, so punishing for past sins simply recalls his former life. What you have to do is to go through a similar process and detach yourself from what you once both were and start to find your way to a new dynamic..."

Miss Karoline coughed as if to announce her presence.

"I so disagree," she began. "I really do not believe in all this shilly-shallying psychological bullshit. Remind them every day, show them that you decide every breath. Punish them for everything and squeeze every drop of emotion from their sorry hides!"

"With all due respect, Miss Karoline," answered Mistress Elisabeth. "You have quite different requirements from Miss Rose. She wants a pretty husband to tease and humiliate. To use and play with for her amusement before locking him up for the night before he returns to his endless chores at dawn. You on the other hand, have a large establishment that has high costs and security and a desire to inflict the intense punishment that you find so satisfying. Really, you are at quite a different level... you are a collector, an owner who is a bon vivant, a connoisseur of domination..."

Miss Karoline did not smile at Mistress Elisabeth's flattery, but her lips twitched, and Rose noticed that she crossed her ankles and relaxed a little. There was something intense and terrifying about the woman and Rose shivered slightly as she spoke again.

"You may be right, but really, Miss Rose is just at the vanilla end of the spectrum from my point of view! Fetish and love do not mingle in my world. She will be missing so much of the enchanting and delicious aspects of having a helpless pet... one to unbox and use before consigning once again to the darkness, in the desperate hope that a Mistress will need them to abuse again soon."

Mistress Elisabeth laughed and sipped her brandy from the huge bulb in her hand. It was always interesting to watch how her clients mixed and having the budding domme and the long-experienced bitch together over a glass or two was a real delight. The differences between the four women who sat around the small table in the garden were already clear in comportment, language and dress. Herself, the self-confident mediator. Owner and Queen of Oban Manor. Perhaps the narrow leather skirt and heels would have raised an eyebrow on the street, but like Rose in her jeans and T shirt, she was dressed in at least a semblance of normality. Miss Odette, fresh from a session in the theatre sat unselfconsciously with bare breasts and the tight latex webbing that she always wore when a whipping was required. Even the

high boots, laced tight to her thighs were a symbol of pure sexual aggression. Miss Karoline, on the other hand wore a long black dress as always. The heavy rubber fluttered around her ankles, the tight bodice shaped her waist and the flouncy sleeves and latex gloves with her long-gemmed nails showing, lent a predatory air to her presence. All of the four wore make-up, but Miss Karoline had created a white featureless mask with black lips that seemed severe even when she managed to smile. With her hair pulled to a tight bun she was fearsome, woe betide the slave who irritated her...

"I sort of agree with Miss Karoline," said Miss Odette. "The real pleasure is the terror in their heads when they realise that there is no way out... the best moments are when the power surges and complete command over everything is established! On the other hand, Miss Rose has her own needs and, who are we to decide if they are correct? Then there is the question of resources..."

"I give a little," said Miss Karoline magnanimously. "Of course, Miss Rose should decide the fate of her cheating husband, but all I am saying is that allowing him the freedom to wander the house and slip from the direct control of his wife is almost like allowing him to live his own life as he wishes!"

"Oh, I'm sure that that's not the case at all," said Mistress Elisabeth. "Miss Rose has already decided to fit a modern and complete control system. I have already discussed the work with her. Paula will not be able to make a step or take a breath without his wife controlling every facet of his experience. This is something that we now recommend for those who are not running a large establishment like yours..."

"There is something that disturbs me about systems like that," said Miss Karoline. "Far better to have a strict hierarchy, the touch of a supervisor is so much subtler. Surely the slave responds better and is more fearful of an actual presence?"

Miss Odette shrugged.

"Actually, we find the system very useful here at Oban Manor, though we tend to use it as a back-up for actual supervision. The collars are all active, it's just that we only use them in extremis. Trainees that will be moving into an automated environment are always thoroughly prepared for it and usually

show much more fear of automatic punishments than the use of traditional methods.”

“Are you just saying that because you are selling?”

For the first time there was a thin smile on Miss Karoline’s lips as she made a point that she felt was difficult to deny.

“We do not make much commission at all on a typical system,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “Not more than ten per cent, actually. It’s more in the nature of a service to our clients. We encourage the fitting of automation when a sponsor has little other support as it ensures security and compliance. Anyway, the user of a Chastity Microsystems system set it to personal preference and decides how it will operate.”

“It was an easy decision to make,” piped up Miss Rose. “I have already had the introduction to the settings and the possibilities seem endless...”

“Well, dear,” said Miss Karoline condescendingly, “it’s your money and your life. You will see when you visit my little place in France that constant human supervision gives a delightful ambiance of oppression! If I want something done, all I have to do is click my fingers.”

She raised a hand lazily and clicked her fingers.

“Then it is done and I can enjoy the results without having to program a computer or mess around with switches. What’s more, no single slave that ever entered my doors has ever escaped or rebelled.”

“You intend to visit Miss Karoline?” asked Mistress Elisabeth. “Interesting!”

“Perhaps, I was thinking that a few weeks in France would be perfect...” answered Rose. “She was so kind to suggest it and I would really like to see how it all works.”

Miss Odette giggled and put her hand over her mouth.

“The invitation stands, dear,” said Miss Karoline stiffly with a sly side look at Miss Odette. “Miss Rose would get to see a proper establishment run using the strictest methods, from the inside. In my little villa, she will learn every detail of what it means for me to be in control...”

“It’s not a small villa, Miss Rose,” said Mistress Elisabeth with a small laugh. “Miss Karoline’s French ‘villa’ is actually a vast Chateau, set like a pearl in a thousand hectares of the Dordogne with an establishment of over a hundred.

Not at all what I would call a little villa! As for the other castle near Heidelberg, that is a most private place...”

“Compared to the ranch in Utah, it is small,” said Miss Karoline. “At least in hectares!”

Rose tried to imagine the wealth of Miss Karoline to have such huge palaces, and in her mind, she compared her own few millions with those of the woman who sat opposite her.

Miss Odette changed the subject.

“Tomorrow is the start of a new series of practicals for the pupils,” she said. “I would be glad for a little extra assistance, so perhaps Miss Rose, if you have nothing else planned...”

Miss Rose was glad for Miss Odette’s intervention and nodded.

“Of course,” she said. “What is the lesson?”

“We feel that it is good for the pupils to stay fit and flexible,” said Miss Odette in a matter of fact voice. “It is good if they receive a little training in assuming difficult positions and holding them for hours at a time. Much of the work has already been done, but there is always more. Their sponsors will expect them to present themselves with elegance properly. To this end, I always like to spend a little time of the last two weeks of the school with an intense course in flexibility, yoga if you like, though we call it ‘sensual grace’.”

Miss Karoline snorted dismissively, and Mistress Elisabeth smiled as the older woman made a comment, “A complete waste of time... all of this teaching and training. Enforcement and strict orders are quite enough, in my opinion...”

“My dear Karoline,” said Mistress Elisabeth, “now I am starting to think that you are just being provocative! I am sure that you appreciate being surrounded by a little poise and artistic grace posture as do the rest of us...”

She waved a hand in beckoning and a maid approached the table.

“Position yourself for intimacy with Miss Rose,” she said to the maid.

The maid curtsied and took a new position for her Mistress. Feet far apart, she curved down to touch her toes before bending further to place her head between her ankles. The short dress pulled up almost to her waist exposing her rounded ass to Miss Rose. Rose looked at the swell of the cheeks of her

ass, the cute little cock that dangled and the pucker of the hole that was sealed with an elegant light-blue crystal. She reached to fondle those small balls that dangled and chuckled as she saw them clench and the adorable little cocklet harden to a stiff two inches.

The maid was like a statue, holding her position as her hands rested on the uppers of her shoes as she offered herself for casual intimacy. Bent double, her hair laid on the soft carpet between her ankles as the teasing hand played idly with her.

“Oh God,” said Rose with a small sigh. “That is so sweet...”

“We create something that will tempt and seduce,” said Miss Odette. “Establish the correct relationship between slave and Mistress. Satisfy every whim and familiarity that is desired... True vulnerability comes from the mind and an ability to physically do whatever can be imagined.”

Rose ran her finger between the plump cheeks of the maid and touched the gemstone that decorated her before turning to Mistress Elisabeth.

“This is what I want from Petra,” she smiled. “Eagerness to be used, a need to be abused, a craving to be controlled and be punished! I want her to beg for my touch, plead to be fucked and teased... want me to fondle her and show her what a slut she is!”

“There are few other things that need to be clarified, Miss Rose,” said Miss Odette breaking into Rose’s rapturous inventory. “For instance, do you want Petra fully feminised, are there any artistic changes that you would like? For instance, a nice feminine design that proves your ownership or perhaps a permanent brand that emphasises your possession? We have already chipped all of the pupils ready for the control system, but there are so many enhancements that can be added to enhance the pleasure of ownership...”

Rose teased the smooth little plums in her fingertips and ran her nail the length of the quivering little cocklet.

“I thought that the graduation takes place in two weeks, she said with a sigh. “I am not sure if there is enough time...”

“My dear Miss Rose,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “After the graduation, you can enrol Petra in more training and personalisation to make any adjustments you desire. In fact, I think that you will benefit from the extra months of

preparation. Become au-fait with the control system and make sure that everything is perfect for her arrival. Here at Oban Manor, we pride ourselves that we can fulfil our client's every fantasy. Absence will make your imagination flower. The time will not be wasted, I assure you..."

"The cost?"

Mistress Elisabeth laughed and patted Rose on the knee reassuringly.

"What is a little money compared to the exquisite pleasures to be had from fulfilling your desires? It will be well within your budget, we will use the deposit that you have already placed in our hands and create something special for you... That is our aim, the money is of no consequence!"

Rose thought of the deposit and nodded.

"I'll leave it in your capable hands, Miss Odette. You have been Petra's teacher, you know what is best for him, just create something that will be perfect for me!"

Miss Odette laughed and watched as Rose idly toyed with the maid.

"I am honoured that you place yourself so trustingly in my hands," she said. "I won't disappoint..."

"Good! That's all settled then," said Mistress Elisabeth. "The deposit you have already paid will be spent on personalised enhancements and Miss Odette will decide Petra's modifications. You will be here for the graduation?"

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," said Rose as she watched a few drops of slime drop to the open lips of the maid. "I will spend another day seeing the next lessons and will be back for the event. Then, I can hold out for a little while to get what I want. Petra will be so grateful that she will be perfect for me..."

"It's always entertaining to meet all of the other sponsors. Two nights of social diversion and then Petra will go to the next level with Miss Odette... The actual graduation is a minor part of that networking."

Miss Karoline's austere face seemed to crack into an almost unwilling smile and she cast a glance at the maid and the flirtatious hand that slowly milked her with a casual massage.

“Many years ago, I too enjoyed this extraordinary discord between tender emotion and cruelty. Of devotion and helpless obedience.”

It was almost as if she lamented a loss as her hand moved in her lap and fondled her breasts through the rubber of her dress. Then the smile faded and she sighed.

“Perhaps, I have become too focussed on becoming a merciless bitch, become ever more dissatisfied and needy? Maybe, I need to re-evaluate my needs? Be a little less harsh...”

“You have to be you! You have to be true to yourself, dear,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “Do what you want, play how you want and most of all, enjoy every little moment... that’s all that matters.”

Rose watched the pale slime trickle from the maid and splash to the face below and nodded. This was what she wanted, this was the game that she yearned to play, this was what she enjoyed. It was truly all that mattered!

Mistress Elisabeth stood from the table and nodded to Miss Odette.

“We need to have a little chat about Jenny and her future here. I would like you input and then I shall decide...”

Rose looked up at the statuesque woman who so easily arranged every facet of Oban Manor and felt overawed by her charisma. It was not merely her beauty that was such a potent force, it was her natural ascendancy and her self-confidence that fascinated Rose. She felt a small twinge of regret that she had to leave this paradise and head back into the world outside, even if she would eventually be taking a trivia part back to enchant and amuse her.

Close Encounters

The lessons were over.

Well, at least for Miss Rose!

Soon she would be heading back home, and the recognition of that fact left her just a little dejected. Somehow, this place had become a second home, Mistress Elisabeth and Miss Odette had almost become friends, and the helpless bedroom maid a perfect foil for her experimentation. In two weeks she would be back for Petra's graduation, but she would miss the atmosphere and friendship terribly.

The practical class had started with the treadmill, the pupils struggling with their trays and marbles, but showing that gradually they were improving and learning how to be elegant as well as self-controlled. After two hours of watching and guiding them, the class had been led to the theatre for the second part of their afternoon's lesson.

'Sensual Grace,' had started with the basic positions that the pupils had already learned. Weeks of effort had already taken care of positions one to five, now the advanced lessons were commencing. Presentation for punishment and reward, assuming the standard caning position as well as exercises to build up the strength ready for the more advanced positions. Rose had smiled as she noted the marks of the cane that adorned Petra's behind and thighs. Her previous loss of temper, the wild caning, now seemed just an unseemly outburst and she took care not to single out Petra for special attention.

She wondered why Helen was not in the class with the others, but soon the lesson became so intense that she was absorbed in the excitement of teaching the pupils to present themselves for attention.

After the initial hour of moving between the five basic positions as usual, Miss Odette had started on the advanced positions. Most of the pupils seemed to have problems with the floor position that was required, with ankles behind shoulders to present themselves for use. The teacher watched over the lesson as Rose was required to position them all correctly, though Susan received three strokes for being unable to stretch as required and had

to start on extra exercises designed to loosen her body under the eye of Miss Pavla.

The position had to be held for an hour of recital without prompts and Rose had started to realise how much effort and patience was required on the teacher's part to coax and force the seven pupils to move with grace and sensual movements to achieve the position. All the while, the pupils hoped to impress and did their best. Jenny seemed to be singled out for special attention during the class and Rose wondered what Mistress Elisabeth had decided about her and Helen's future. She now regretted not sponsoring Helen as well as her husband. It would have been so piquant to have the blonde bitch in a cage at the end of her bed...

At last the class had finished and Miss Pavla arrived as Miss Odette's assistant and Rose found that she had the whole evening to herself. As she entered her room, she kicked off her stilettos and shed her clothes before releasing the maid to tidy up after her and attend to her in the shower.

An hour on the silken sheets being teased by the bedroom maid, Angela, was sheer heaven and Rose decided to reward her by not penning her in the cage, but simply restraining her tightly in the exposed position that she had learned in the class. The temptation was too much, and Rose could not resist tormenting her maid with a light caning before she headed for the lounge. Each stroke of the light willow-wand was accompanied by breathless thanks and in the end, Rose could not resist allowing her to come under the sole of her shoe.

She left the maid folded on the floor, still sobbing with grateful moans and headed for the lounge below.

Miss Karoline already occupied one sofa and Rose dropped on to the one facing with the user-manual for the Chastity Microsystems' control system in her hands. It would be good to read about the possibilities of the system's usage for a while and see what possibilities proffered themselves.

Both women were engrossed in their thoughts. Miss Karoline smoking and sipping occasionally at her brandy, while Rose flicked the pages of the manual and marvelled at the possibilities. It seemed to her a worthwhile effort to learn the programming language that allowed every detail of the captive's physical existence to be controlled and she quickly grasped the

principals involved. Just a few lines of code would make her husband's life a procession of subtle teasing and torture while she lived her life the way that she dreamed of.

"You leave tomorrow?" asked Miss Karoline.

"In the morning," answered Rose.

"I have to be in Paris tomorrow and then I am popping to the villa for a few days," said Miss Karoline with a small smile.

"From Glasgow?"

"My jet is ready," said Miss Karoline. "Just a few hours to Orly and then to the Hilton..."

Rose put down the manual and moved to sit from her reclining position. A small click of the fingers brought a glass of brandy to her outstretched hand and she felt the rich aroma rise from the glass.

"You have a private jet?" she asked.

"Just for Europe," answered Miss Karoline. "I so hate to struggle with the hoi-polloi masses through the first-class lounges."

I have to drive to Glasgow to drop off the car... what time are you going?"

"Oh, in the morning sometime," said Miss Karoline.

"Well, I could drop you off..."

"Actually, I have a limo arranged for me. Another time perhaps?"

Rose looked at the older woman and felt a strange lump in her throat. There was something dire about the woman's bearing. Attractive and fascinating while at the same time, frightening and moody. Rose hoped fervently that she had been forgiven for the perceived insult. A short pause in the conversation passed before Miss Karoline spoke again.

"If you have the time, perhaps you might like to come along with me, as an exclusive guest? Just for a short while..."

Rose's thoughts turned to her plans for the next two weeks before she nodded.

"Perhaps a few days?"

"That would be wonderful, darling. You can come down in the Limo. If you come along, we shall give Paris a miss and we will head straight down to my

Château. I think that I should enjoy a little company and there will be so much to teach you..."

Before Rose could answer the door to the lounge opened and Mistress Elisabeth entered with a maid trailing in her wake. She moved to the other sofa and sat while her personal maid served her a glass and proffered a small box of cigarillos. The maid moved to stand behind her mistress and Mistress Elisabeth made a small signal with her hand. Rose watched as the maid kneeled at Mistress Elisabeth's feet and slipped off a shoe to begin massaging her feet.

"So, both of you leave tomorrow," she began as Rose abruptly realised that she recognised the maid as Jenny from her husband's class.

"Indeed," said Miss Karoline. "Miss Rose has agreed to pay me a little visit in France and I am looking forward to showing her how delightful France can be in the late autumn. Of course, if she is interested, perhaps Germany might be interesting..."

Mistress Elisabeth raised an eyebrow and smiled.

"I take it that you will introduce her to your methods?"

Miss Karoline cast Mistress Elisabeth an irritated look at Mistress Elisabeth and nodded.

"There will be so much for her to learn..."

Something in the tone of the older woman's voice alarmed Rose and suddenly she had a shocking thought. What if the 'teaching' never ended? Once she was alone in that Château, she might find herself a resident forever... Obviously the thought had occurred to Mistress Elisabeth as well, because her smile broadened.

"I suppose that anyone that would willingly be your guest after upsetting you as Miss Rose obviously has, would acquire a unique position in your household..."

Miss Karoline slowly nodded and cast an avaricious look at Miss Rose.

"She would experience a great deal..."

Mistress Elisabeth turned to Rose.

“There is much to be said for the experience,” she said. “Miss Karoline is known for the effectiveness of her tuition. She believes that sheer pain is the route to proper submission. In fact, I would go as far as to say that compared to the tender loving teasing of Miss Karoline, De Sade was an amateur tyro!”

Rose felt the fear rise, she blushed and watched Mistress Elisabeth’s face and realised that perhaps a visit to France or Germany was perhaps not advisable.

“I shall think about it,” said Rose in a quavering tone. “I still have a lot to do before the graduation... I mean, I am grateful for the invitation, but perhaps I should decline?”

“As you like,” said Miss Karoline haughtily. “Another time, perhaps?”

Rose nodded and stood up. The maid attending to Mistress Elisabeth’s feet carefully replaced the shoe and then started on the other foot.

“What I would teach you would stand you for the rest of your life,” laughed Miss Karoline as Rose walked to the door. “I can recommend it!”

“Mistress Karoline!” said Mistress Elisabeth in admonition. “Really, you should not tease her so!”

“If Miss Rose comes willingly, then whatever happens is my responsibility!”

“Of course, but consent is usually the rule...”

“I would never say otherwise,” came Miss Karoline’s voice as Rose closed the door behind her in relief. “Consent is the watchword between us all...”, her tone was one of condescension. “Of course, there are always ways to negotiate an exception to the rule...”

A feeling of warm gratitude to the mistress of Oban manor filled Rose as he left the manor into the open air. A chilly breeze caused her to shiver and perhaps the narrow escape also contributed, because it was ten minutes before the fright was overcome and the shuddering subsided.

Rose stood and looked back at Oban Manor. The windows were lit with a warm light, the aging stonework and slate roofes seemed quaint in the light of the setting sun and the waving palms tucked behind added a friendly setting. She stood and admired the view and then turned to gaze at the distant mainland.

Suddenly the place seemed oppressive, fearful, like an isolated prison. Rose felt the miasma of fear and servitude that the arriving pupils felt as they were brought to a place that demanded that they learn to adore their abuse. Learned to present themselves for abuse that pleased their owners without regard for their anguish.

She had been so close to joining them... Rose could see that now.

By the time that she re-entered the vast hallway, she knew that she loved what Oban Manor represented, but that it was no second home. It was the place that had ordered her violation before arrival, the place where cruel women ruled with an absolute hand. But, in that hand was a whip that could as easily torment her if she fell into the trap of believing that she was invulnerable.

It was a mistake to feel that Mistress Elisabeth was a friend. Rose was nothing but a sponsor, a paying client. She had only the security of knowing that Mistress Elisabeth needed women like her to supply the luxury that she desired, a need driven by purely commercial considerations.

That business always came before indulgence unless the two could be combined...

Soiree

The climb up the cliff, up those steep narrow stone steps, gave Rose a feeling of Deja-vu. Dressed in jeans and wearing boots, she remembered every step and a feeling of intense emotion overcame her. She wondered what the victims of the manor felt as they were brought here? Fear and wonder, she decided. Gratitude at being prepared, contentment at being taught a useful role? Somehow, Rose had moved to believe that all who were not superiors were glad to be at the feet of a mistress.

The two weeks pause had been well spent!

Fitting the house with the new control system had been so interesting.

Sensors, cameras and new locks were tailored to the interior until nothing showed of the installation but a few blinking lights and the new computer that had been set up in the small box room that was guarded from curious eyes by being concealed by a new entrance behind several large book cases. The two engineers, both women, had laid cable and covered it up, placed cameras and concealed them, installed an uninterruptable power supply and then given her a short course in the use of Chastity Microsystem's elaborate software.

A basic lesson in control.

After they had gone, Rose had organised the room that was to be Petra's new home. Lavish pink, a cot that gave peace of mind with its lockable bars and security glass in the windows. The greatest pleasure had been the new cage in her own master bedroom. Almost an exact copy of the one that had graced her room in Oban Manor, it was a little smaller, just a little stricter, but it perfectly complimented the room in its oaken housing and she felt a twinge of pleasure each time she had passed it and imagined Petra's gaping mouth awaiting her pleasure.

The last few days were a steep learning curve.

Playing with the system, linking all the toys that she had bought to the wireless network and then causing them to move into action by programming the computer. It would be months before she could program each item as she imagined was possible, but the simple interface on the

screen allowed most functions without too much effort. Set timers, drag the icon for the chosen device to its control node, set the properties with a few clicks and then it was ready for use. It was the detail, the intelligent application that was more difficult, but Rose felt that by the time that Petra arrived she would be in complete control.

Every room could be isolated, the passage of the slave restricted without bars. Devices could be inserted and used in conjunction with position and timing, be activated to torment the captive. Several pages even described the sensors that could deny climax while ensuring that it was never far away. The final pages of the manual even described administration of drugs and internal implants that would enhance the experience...

The last day before Rose travelled up north for the graduation was spent with a woman who arrived with a vast selection of clothes and other paraphernalia. Rose marvelled at the array of shoes, boots and corsets. Enjoyed selecting the new uniform for Petra and then selected from the vast array of chastity restraints, crops and other little playthings with a feeling of utter contentment. What she saw, she bought with a feeling of glee and excitement that was hard to describe.

By the time that she was on the train to Glasgow, Rose fully felt that she was about to start on an exquisite journey. She looked at the other passengers with disdain. Any one of them could find themselves in her grasp once she found her feet and she started to fantasise which would please her the most. The final few hours, alone in the hire car allowed her imagination to range freely, so by the time that she arrived at the dock in Oban, she was almost at the point of climax and felt a desperate need to relieve the itch!

Miss Rose resisted the impulse! Soon she would be in the manor and every little whim was hers to satisfy... Two weeks had brought her to a peak of anticipation and exhilaration that filled her mind.

The manor was as she had remembered it. The familiar figure of Mistress Elisabeth was waiting, the maid took her to the same room and she showered and relieved herself, making sure to indulge a little before the door of the cage was closed. The next day was the graduation of the class and all she could feel was intense excitement that she was a part of it. Of course,

Petra would be staying longer, and she would go home alone, but somehow it did not matter.

Her whole life stretched ahead of her, what did a month or two more matter? It would give her the time for her next little assay in being a dominant wife! Already a little affair beckoned, now that she was searching for it, and all she had to do was to find the right man who could join in the reality of her fantasy. It had not been difficult to arrange at all, the phone in her hand already stocked with contacts, the calendar filled for the next two months.

Miss Rose dressed in her customary jeans. As she slid the two zippers closed between her thighs, she felt a thrill, as she slipped her feet into the high-arched stilettos she suddenly felt complete. All that was required was to take the small whip and coil it at her waist before she ventured down to meet the other guests who had arrived for the evening reception. The very picture of a modern dominatrix, a woman who was ready to enter the club.

Three maids were in attendance in the hall and several more moved silently offering champagne to the guests. Miss Rose recognised Miss Odette, Mistress Elisabeth and Miss Karoline, the others were new to her. She joined a small group at the brink of the lounge where a huge fire burned in the grate and took a glass from a passing maid.

The group consisted of Miss Odette and a huge woman who spoke with an intensity that was palpable. In her leather costume, skirt and loose top, she dominated the conversation. By her side was a pretty girl whose leash was tightly gripped in the huge woman's gloved hand. Somehow, Miss Rose felt that she recognised the young woman, but the memory was vague. As Miss Rose moved to join the group Miss Odette made an introduction.

"Ah, you have arrived," said Miss Odette to Miss Rose. "This is Pauline, the sponsor of Susan." She turned to Pauline and said, "Miss Rose sponsored her husband for the classes and actually acted as a teacher for a few days..."

Pauline did not offer her hand, but she nodded with a thin smile and looked Miss Rose up and down as if deciding on her quality.

"Pauline is a bit of a collector," said Miss Odette. "She already has five well-known personalities for her amusement and Susan is now the sixth."

"It amuses me," said Pauline. "I like to have people around me that have are familiar faces..."

Miss Odette laughed and gestured to the girl who stood in a restrictive latex suit with her arms pinned high up her back.

"Can I introduce Shirley?" said Miss Odette. "Just a year ago, she was the assistant to a TV games host, now she belongs to Pauline! A most difficult assignment, procuring her, but then if it was easy..."

"Say hello to the nice women," said Pauline with a smirk.

"Hello Miss," said Shirley. "You have won the main prize for tonight!"

The words were slurred with a pretty lisp and Miss Rose suddenly recognised the phrase that had always been delivered at the end of the show. The sound of the greeting was eerie, the lisp causing Shirley to seem almost childish. It was as if Shirley was just a glove-puppet-copy of the smiling attractive hostess who had always teased the men at the end of the show.

"Shirley always offers the main prize now," said Pauline with a small laugh. "Of course, we have our own little games-show, don't we Shirley?"

Shirly beamed and Miss Rose got the feeling that the girl was intellectually impaired.

"Thank you, Pauline," said Shirley in her piping lisp. "You have won the main prize for tonight."

"Shirley was such a pleasure to have here," said Miss Odette. "Obedient and so easy to create! Almost as if she was born to please... We played so many games and she hosted them all..."

"She loves to play," said Pauline. "When I have added Susan to the collection I have decided that I need the nice man from the morning TV shows. He will be the next... perfect for the bathroom, I should think."

"So, you collect TV stars?"

"Not just TV, dear," said Pauline. "I have one tennis player and a matched pair of radio DJs as well. But, I suppose that TV does inspire me... I so wanted the actor who played the Victorian scoundrel in that costume drama last season, but he went to America and the cost of owning him was just too high! So inconvenient, but perhaps he will return and then I can have him all for myself."

Miss Rose tried to imagine a household full of TV personalities and giggled a little as one or two likely prospects came to mind.

“That’s the thrill,” said Miss Odette. “Using the TV as a catalogue! Fun if you have the resources.”

Miss Rose remembered the disappearance of a couple of celebrities and felt a question surface.

“Are there many collectors, like Pauline?”

Miss Odette waved her hand.

“Loads of them, actually. Most are in the Middle East, but Pauline here is waving the flag for Britain. It’s not something that we deal with more than occasionally, but there have been a few famous faces in my classes!”

Miss Rose thought of the rather overweight Susan and wondered what role she would play. As the thought came to her, and she decided to ask, Pauline gave a tug on Shirley’s leash and pointed at the uppers of her heavily laced boots with her gloved hand.

“Shirley, attend to me!”

“Yes Pauline, the grand prize is waiting for you...”

Shirley kneeled and bent to clean the boots with her lapping tongue whilst Miss Odette pointed to another group. A statuesque middle-aged woman stood with a much younger one chatting and laughing and Rose wondered why it was that most of the dominant women were always older. She asked the question and Miss Odette smiled.

“My dear Miss Rose,” she said, “it’s because of this!”

She held up her hand and rubbed her fingertips together.

“They are not cheap, our little immoral pleasures and games. Few younger women have the resources. What you see there,” she said as the two women laughed at some private joke, “is a mother who knows what is best for her daughter! Mistress Daliah’s son will soon be joining his father in a special room created for her pleasure. Of course, you know all the fairy tales of evil stepmother who oppresses her step-daughter. This time it is the son of a previous marriage that needs to be disinherited.”

“Paul?”

“Well done, Miss Rose! Unfortunately, Paul stands in the way of a determined woman who needs to ensure that her own daughter can be passed the considerable fortune that her mother now controls. Once the father was caged, it was logical that the son would be attended to.”

“And the daughter?” asked Miss Rose as she watched the two women chat.

“Just like her lovely mother,” laughed Miss Odette. “She decided that a little school would be his last bit of freedom. She might look like an innocent, but when Paul is in her hands, he will find himself just an amusing sex-toy for her and her bevy of lovers. Her mother has brought her up so well!”

“I prefer to be kindly,” said Pauline vehemently. “Good performance leads to special rewards in my household. For instance, Shirley is here to begin a little alteration to my personal tastes as a reward for her good behaviour. What could be more fulfilling for her than to know that she pleases me in every detail?”

“Nothing, I am sure,” said Odette. “Now, I have to move along to greet the other guests. They are always eager to meet the teacher and learn of their new acquisition’s progress.”

Miss Rose decided to follow Miss Odette and found herself in a group that consisted of Mistress Elisabeth, a young woman in an evening dress and of course, Miss Odette.”

“Ah, Miss Rose,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “can I introduce Mrs Kurt, she is the sponsor of Adam and will be taking him to his new life.”

Mrs Kurt bowed and smiled.

“Ah, I understand that you are sponsoring your husband?” she said. “Myself, I am taking possession of one of my former employees...time that he moved to more specific duties.”

“Adam worked for Mrs Kurt. Unfortunately, he declined the possibility of a liaison due to his upcoming marriage, so now he is being prepared for her use. Mrs Kurt takes exception to refusal!”

“I have a busy life,” said Mrs Kurt in a rolling German accent with a short laugh. “I cannot abide a man refusing my advances, so I decided that Adam would be an ideal gift for my husband. As a birthday present, actually! While I prefer fit young men, he is more inclined towards pretty little sissies.”

Miss Rose wondered what she was supposed to say, but Mrs Kurt seemed to be enjoying revealing her private life in detail.

“Frank, that’s my husband, he is such a lecher! He already has three nice little sissies, but he always needs more to change them out and give fresh perspective. Adam will have to be such a good little girl to last more than a few months. Myself, I prefer something more masculine...”

“Miss Kurt is also deeply committed to the pony-scene,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “so that there are always plenty of stallions to play with while hubby has his own little amusements.”

“Pony scene?” asked Miss Rose.

“Oh, my dear, what a sheltered life you lead!” said Mrs Kurt. “Let’s just say that it is expensive, but so rewarding to have such fine animals waiting in the stables, eager to satisfy every urge...”

Miss Rose nodded, but dared not ask more. She added it to the list of questions for Miss Odette at a later date.

“Anyway, Adam will soon be taking part in the little shows that my husband is so enthusiastic about and he will learn that the other little girls that he will be spending his time with just love to play day and night. Their little affairs amuse Frank no end, he just loves them all to play with each other all the time...”

Mrs Kurt started to giggle.

“He’s so addicted to having fun... leaves the business to me now. The nursery is like a soap opera, it really is, but that’s the way that Frank likes it. It makes the little sluts so eager to play with a real man and they are always in such competition to become the special favourite. Adam will fit in so well...”

Miss Rose found that she was no longer shocked by anything! There seemed such huge variation in the demands of these people and really, she was no different! What she wanted was a darling little slut to serve her in the moments when other pleasures were not available. What they wanted was no less unreasonable!

“Have you decided Adam’s new name?” asked Rose.

“That’s up to Frank,” said Mrs Kurt. “Anyway, what’s the use of a name when they are in the nursery? Better that they forget all of that complicated stuff

and learn to enjoy every moment of abuse. Those little dollies are so cute when they beg for attention!”

The soiree was coming to a close and Miss Rose carefully avoided meeting Miss Karoline. She realised that she was actually terrified of the woman, who as usual was dressed in severe black, and managed to slip by her stiff back as she started to head for her room.

But, there was no escape!

“Ah, Miss Rose,” said the upper-class voice from behind. “A small word?”

Miss Rose turned to find Miss Karoline almost upon her. She felt her heart drop at the sight of the mask-like face and tried to smile.

“Good evening,” said Miss Rose as politely as she could.

“A good evening to you too,” said Miss Karoline.

As they spoke, Miss Odette passed and then some of the other sponsors and Miss Rose felt suddenly alone. What would she not have given to have a little support?

“I wanted to apologise,” said Miss Karoline.

“Apologise?”

“Naturally! I did play with you a little when we last saw each other, and I must have seemed so rude...”

“There is nothing to forgive,” said Miss Rose. “It was I that upset you and I can quite understand your irritation.”

There, the apology was done with grace and it seemed as if Miss Karoline was inclined to accept it. Miss Karoline waved her hand as if to dismiss the past and smiled warmly.

“Then we are in good standing?”

“Of course, we are, Karoline. I have no hard feelings...”

Miss Karoline pulled herself to her full height and Miss Rose almost expected her to start to laugh, but the face was impassive as usual, and the older woman put a clawed hand on Miss Rose’s shoulder.

“I would like to renew my invitation,” she said, and Miss Rose’s heart dropped.

A refusal would offend, an acceptance would be so risky.

"I am not sure of my plans..."

"Of course, dear, of course! But, bear it in mind, because I so want to show you the pleasure to be had from severe abuse. It is such a useful lesson and one that I love to share with all of my friends."

"Perhaps it is possible, but first I have to deal with Petra and starting my new life..."

Miss Karoline smiled broadly and kissed Miss Rose on the cheek.

"I so look forward to your visit," she said.

"So do I," said Rose as she found herself agreeing to something that terrified her.

Miss Rose kissed the cheek that was proffered and went to her room with the feeling that she had been somehow tricked. At least her relationship with the malicious woman was now on an even keel and the events of two weeks ago now forgotten.

Graduation

Miss Rose had imagined that the graduation ceremony would be an elaborate affair, but somehow it was the soiree the previous evening that had been more significant.

Now there were just five in the class. Jenny and Helen, it seemed, were no longer in the class. Miss Rose wondered what had happened to them, hoping that the bitch that had fucked her husband was in a cage in some deep basement. The sponsors and some of the staff of Oban manor sat in the tiny theatre and watched as each graduating pupil was brought to the stage to show their new owners their skills.

As the pupils were displayed there was polite clapping and maids served a light meal as the sponsors got to know each other. Miss Rose found herself back with Mrs Kurt and came to appreciate the way that the woman explained the whole idea of her stables and the excitement to be had from having all those strong stallions at her beck and call.

It all seemed a little strange, but once the passionate explanation was over, Miss Rose was invited to see, and she accepted with eagerness. It seemed a much more interesting vacation than meeting up with Miss Karoline, enormous fun and a totally new experience.

Petra performed her little display of cute positions on the small stage, proving to her excited Sponsor that she was just what she wanted. Pouting and curtsying delicately, taking each position with élan and grace while the audience politely clapped. The first signs of Miss Odette's planned transformation was apparent, the outlines of the pattern that would soon cover every inch of her. A winding cursive script that already coiled around both legs to disappear under the hem of her flouncy skirt. Miss Rose wondered what was written, but she refrained from asking to prevent Miss Odette's little surprise being spoiled.

Petra was finally caged with the others and Miss Rose felt a twinge of regret that she could not take her husband home immediately. The final pupil to take the stage was a crying Gregory. Naked and so helpless, he was placed on a frame that allowed all of the watching sponsors to admire the tiny little cock that flopped where his balls had been as well as the budding breasts

that gave him the look of a virginal girl as a chastity cage was welded to him to be fastened to the rings that already graced his feeble body. Scrawny and weak from his restricted diet, he would make a perfect husband for the young woman that sat next to her mother and Rose applauded with the rest.

The curtains closed, and Miss Rose sought out Miss Odette.

"I really wish that I could take her..." said Miss Rose with a sigh.

"Darling, I quite understand," said Miss Odette. "It will be worth the wait!"

That was all that Miss Rose managed to find out about the plans for Petra and, in the end, she satisfied herself with the thought that whatever Miss Odette did to him would be exactly what she wanted.

Maybe more...

The excitement left her almost short of breath. She felt a small twist between her thighs and realised that everything was coming up roses, just like it should, just like she deserved. Was that a small climax? The flush at her breasts told her that it was!

After the ceremony, the sponsors started to drift away to their rooms and Miss Rose decided to take a little walk outside. The wind was blowing from the West, a cold Atlantic breeze. Miss Rose strolled the gardens and noted that the oncoming winter made them unusable. Soon the snow and gales would come and the house would be the only oasis of warmth on the island. As she re-entered the house there was a pile of seven crates in the hallway. Neatly stacked and labelled.

Mistress Elisabeth stood by them with her hand on the rough wood and smiled at Miss Rose.

"This is it then," she said with more than a little pride in her voice. "This is the moment when I have to say goodbye to those that have learned so much at the manor."

Rose counted the crates.

"Seven?" she asked. "I thought that there were seven pupils. Helen and Jenny stay here as does Pete... I mean Petra!"

"Difficult, eh!"

"What to adjust to the new name?"

“That and more, darling. Me, I have to say goodbye to almost ten a month and hope that my clients are satisfied...”

“I’m sure that they are.”

“Oh, occasionally there are a few complaints and returns,” said Mistress Elisabeth as though the slaves were just goods to be sold under guarantee.

‘I suppose that they are,’ thought Miss Rose, but she said, “So, how come seven?”

“Oh that,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “The ones from Petra’s class and some more for Miss Karoline. “She is insatiable, always on the hunt for new material. It’s a good job that she’s not a collector of starlets! Hollywood would be empty!”

Miss Rose laughed, and it felt forced at the mention of Miss Karoline.

“How rich is she?”

“I have no idea, but I can guess that she’s worth billions if she could count it all. At any rate, she pays on time, so what is there to worry about?”

A thought occurred to Miss Rose and she asked carefully, “between us, I mean the women who... there is a sort of agreement...”

Mistress Elisabeth started to laugh.

“Not an agreement, really, it’s more of a convention. A sort of understanding that we are all safe from others in our community. Otherwise, there would be chaos...”

“Oh, I see,” said Miss Rose.

“Occasionally the rules are broken, no doubt about it. Occasionally there are reasons why... But, in general, respect keeps us all as associates in our little hobbies! No sense in rocking the boat, sort of like mutual assured destruction, if you like. On principal, Oban Manor never gets involved in spats and refuses to train those who were sponsors but, I’m sure that it happens occasionally. Of course, there are loads and loads of men and women who think that they are dominant and Alpha. They end up here in the collections of the women who like things like that, but women... I try to avoid it...”

“That’s reassuring,” said Miss Rose with a glance at the boxes. “Who in their right minds would want to end up being packaged and sold?”

“There are one or two, they always regret it,” laughed Mistress Elisabeth. “There are actually men and women who dream of being a slave and then find out that the reality is a nightmare. There are two in here...”

Her hand tapped the uppermost crate. It seemed almost impossible that the crate could fit two. Miss Rose shuddered.

“Silly to answer an advert from one of our scouts and think that one could escape once the fetters are put on willingly. Miss Karoline specialises in masochists, or at least those that think that they are. She might be incredibly wealthy, but she always saves on carriage like this. Miss Karoline always watches the pennies!” Mistress Elisabeth laughed as if it were a private joke. “Anyway, you might like to know that she asked for Jenny especially and I have thrown her in for free. We get so much business from the Germans and French, it’s a sort of promo...”

“What about Mrs Kurt?”

Mistress Elisabeth laughed again.

“If you are asking me if it’s safe to visit, then the answer is yes, dear. The stables that she runs are nothing compared to the ones that I’ve seen in the States, but meeting her husband is always a treat! She keeps him so happy with all the sissies that she gifts to him, she must really be in love... Three a year at the moment.”

“How many does he have in his nursery?”

“Oh, only ever three, dear. When he gets tired of them and they stop playing nicely or stop sobbing their little hearts out he always gets replacements chosen by his loving wife.”

Miss Rose wondered what became of them after new ones arrived, but she did not ask.

“In a couple of months, you will get Petra in a crate like this,” said Mistress Elisabeth. “By then you should be ready and the fun can begin.”

“Just in time for Christmas,” said Miss Rose with a chuckle. “I’ll wrap him up and put him under the tree.”

“There’s something else, I believe you have a maid?”

“You mean Maria? I have already sorted that out, she’s looking forward to Petra doing all the chores under her supervision... In fact, she seems quite

stimulated by the whole idea!”

“It’s always good to have support,” commented Mistress Elisabeth. “You can always ask for help from us here at the manor. The costs are quite reasonable and we always have the answers! What’s more, you can send her here to us and we will make sure that she is trained to look after your new little sissy.”

Rose nodded and patted one of the crates.

“There’s another thing. You remember the unfortunate circumstances before your arrival?”

Miss Rose nodded slowly.

“No, no fear. It’s just that Miss Alicia has ordered two from us, so you may find that you have something in common. Just saying. It’s always sweet to make a little group and we will keep you in touch with others in your area. If you want that, of course!”

“Put me down for it,” answered Miss Rose.

Mistress Elisabeth moved to leave, but as her parting words she added a little more information.

“Miss Alicia is a little like Miss Karoline. Insatiable, but then we are all different, not exactly peas in a pod. You will learn a lot from her, even though until now she has only dabbled. Stayed under the radar, so to speak. Anyway, this is possibly the last time that we’ll see each other for a while, so goodbye and have fun!”

“I will, and be thanking you forever for it,” said Miss Rose gratefully as she watched Mistress Elisabeth’s retreating back.

Part Six

Rosary

Just a day to go, just a day to go! A few hours and then it would begin!

Miss Rose felt so excited as she bustled around the house. Checking the cameras and other gadgets almost obsessively. Everything had been prepared weeks ago, but she had a mania with making everything perfect. She inspected the cot and made sure that Maria had arranged all the clothes and other bits and pieces, she felt the computer controlled dildos and played with the app on her phone that regulated them, checked the shoes that had been prepared and felt a buzz of sheer pleasure as she inspected the canes in the rack on the wall.

One light switch for when she had been a good girl, two leather crops with braided stocks and the special punishment cane. Exactly the twin of the glass fibre one that she had used in that moment of loss of control, it was razor thin and so stiff. The coiled whip on its hanger would not be used until she could control it. Its mastery had proved beyond her and she promised herself that she would practice until she was proficient...

Miss Rose had already decided to leave the collar from Oban Manor on Petra. It was fully compatible with the system and would be of good use on her system. The last two months had been almost interminable.

Almost...

If it had not been for the partner that she had found on Facebook. Lian was such a strange mixture of dominant and submissive. He had willingly tested the entire system for her, taking his punishment and testing as just something that he would do to be a part of her dream. Lian and Chris, his boyfriend! With a woman Lian was so passive and polite, with men, another matter entirely! Miss Rose felt affection, but his two characters confused her!

On the third night, he had invited her back to his apartment, ready to discover if he was as good a match in bed as he was in a social setting. She almost screamed in shock when she saw the man that was chained to the bathroom wall! Totally muffled in tight latex, a hood on his head with only an open mouth gaping in the matte-black mask.

Lian had introduced her to his gimp as though it was a social call and Miss Rose had felt paralysed by the door as entered and casually poked a finger into the gaping hole in the face. A casual affair, a regular weekend fuck that was coming to an end as Lian found himself in the setting that he had always dreamed of.

“This is Chris, he serves me now and again,” Lian had said. “Feel free to use him as you like, he hates women, a real misogynist pig, really! Perfect to test all the gizmos that you told me that you have in your house...”

That night, Miss Rose had discovered that Lian was just what she had been looking for. A man that showed deference to her and yet treated his pet as though he was just a tool for enjoyment. Chris had played at being a slave for a year with Lian on the weekends and now he was simply to be cast aside for Miss Rose and the arrival of her husband as Lian rearranged his life. Two months later, Lian had moved in and Chris was expelled. He cried at parting from his master and begged to be allowed to stay, but Lian just slapped his face hard as if he had no interest at all in him, a tearful goodbye that caused Miss Rose to laugh as the unfortunate fetishist was expelled from the car bound and suited to find his way home.

Then there was Maria...

Rose's Italian maid Maria, seemed almost amused by the turn of events. It seemed clear that she was not interested in anything to do with sex, but actually oblivious to it. All she wanted was a small pay rise and someone to do the work that she was paid for! The arrival of Lian and occasionally Chris, seemed almost to amuse her, but she played her part domestically and was allowed limited access to the Chastity Microsystems' computer by Miss Rose. It seemed to Miss Rose that she took delight in making Chris' suffer and she realised that her poor sissy husband would have his work cut out pleasing her. Never a raised eyebrow, she soon discovered that the bamboo rod that her Miss Rose gave her was enough to get Chris to make the weekends special and relieve her of all the work that she had done.

The last two months had been exotic, but Miss Rose took it all in her stride and organised those in her life with pleasure. A few visits to the woman that had given her a reference were another guilty pleasure. Dame Alicia Susan Georgette Smythe-Carrington was a formidable woman. A little stand-offish,

but a welcome social gain. Miss Rose never mentioned her experience from all those months ago and the woman seemed to warm to her young confederate. She was always a little cool towards Miss Rose, but a bond grew and Miss Rose started to feel that she was a worthy friend and companion in crime.

It was Miss Alicia that suggested that they both visit Mrs Kurt together and Miss Rose was glad of the suggestion. To have the formidable Miss Alicia with her there would allow her to relax and enjoy the experience. So it was, that Miss Alicia organised the trip and set the date just a week after Petra's arrival. Lian would disappear on a few weeks break and Maria would babysit Petra. Miss Rose was sure that the new slut would be glad when the strict wife returned from her week in France.

* * * * *

A ring on the doorbell.

An ordinary moment that caused Miss Rose 's heart to beat so fast. A large van stood outside and a crate had already been unloaded. Miss Rose looked at it and almost climaxed with the thought that her new little sissy-husband was packed up tight inside. The two women slid the trolley with the crate inside and looked around.

"You will need the access code for its collar," said the younger of the two, passing Miss Rose a piece of paper. "Set it up before opening."

There were no other formalities.

Miss Rose went to the computer and entered the code, when she returned both of the women and the van had already gone.

"There were three other crates in the van," commented Maria dryly.

Miss Rose inspected the case and opened the clasps that surrounded the lid. She nearly jumped out her skin when the sides fell to reveal a naked figure in a heap of packing material with cling-film wrapped tightly arounds his folded body. She sent Maria for scissors and rubbed her hands. Already it was clear from the tattoos that Petra was no longer the husband that she had seen at the graduation.

It took five minutes to cut off all the wrapping, and there huddled the sissy that she had longed for. On bended knee with hands tied tight behind her back, Petra finally moved a little, but clearly did not dare look up. Her naked feminine form had been adorned with a dictionary that described his status. 'Whore, slut, sissy, slave' ran in cursive script over every part that was exposed. Miss Rose noted that the green light on the collar was blinking and reached for her crop. She tapped him on the back and held her breath...

Petra unwound, opened like a graceful flower. As his back lifted, Miss Rose drew breath and then laughed in unsuppressed glee. Miss Odette's concept for her husband had more than matched her own and she enjoyed watching Petra move to all fours, hanging breasts almost reaching the bottom of the crate. The cursive script covered every inch of the bald slut that moved to kneel at her feet. The strings of script growing ever more in size as they coiled until at last the word 'whore' in Capitals adorned his face with his black lips as the 'O' of the word.

Lian was clearly excited, but he simply cooed and looked at Miss Rose as if waiting for permission.

"We'll dress her up nicely and then see how well she can serve," said Miss Rose in a faltering voice as she watched Petra stand to display the wide ring that had been welded to his hanging balls. It seemed that Miss Odette had not decided to have any work done there and Miss Rose was almost disappointed as Petra gained a huge erection that was quite at odds with his feminine appearance.

A small chain hung from the vibrating erection and Miss Rose looked at the tag. Just a six-figure number was engraved there, and she laughed at Miss Odette's cleverness. It was obviously a code for the system and Miss Rose hefted the ring at his balls and smiled.

"Let's be having you upstairs," said Miss Rose.

Maria stood with a shocked look at the reality of the man that had always drunk his coffee with sugar and then started to chuckle. "Che piccola ragazza stronza-da-merda, tutti pronti ad essere scopata! What a lovely sight!" she laughed and shook her head. "Perfect..."

It was the first time that Miss Rose had seen such emotion from the Italian woman and she felt almost pride that Maria had allowed her mask to slip.

She seemed delighted and muttered to herself in Italian as she admired her helpless understudy.

“Please Miss Rose,” said the strange figure that stood in their midst. “I long to serve you...”

“That’s all you will be doing,” said Miss Rose as she led her new slut up the stairs. “First of all, I want to dress you...”

“Yes Miss...”

The falsetto voice had a distinct lisp and Miss Rose wondered how that had been achieved. She and Lian took Petra to her new room. Petra seemed so compliant, so submissive a perfect little girl.

Miss Rose dressed Petra in the pretty little dress that she had already decided upon. It matched the pink-spotted socks and the rosy ankle boots that she locked on. There was a salacious pleasure in dressing Petra as if she were a little dolly and Lian seemed so excited that he could almost not stop pawing and fondling the sobbing sissy. They had to release Petra’s arms to dress her and they flopped free, evidently two months had been enough to sap them of all strength and there was no problem fitting the tight harness back on when the dress was fitted.

At last, Miss Rose was able to slip away for a minute to register the device on his balls in the system. For a moment she was mystified when two distinct devices showed. One was labelled ‘rngtype3’, obviously the ring. She registered it and checked the properties. A standard punishment clasp, she decided and fiddled with the settings. The second device registered was marked ‘intctl01’. She puzzled at the label and then decided that poor little Petra had been fitted with some internal control. The device had just two settings. On or off. Her fingers flipped the pages of the manual and she found it and started to laugh. Miss Odette was truly a devil in disguise. The device was set to ‘on’ and she moved the mouse and clicked to turn it off.

Sure enough, when she arrived back in the nursery, the erection was gone and Lian had a desperately disappointed look on his face. Miss Rose took the remote from her waistband and held it up before pressing one of the buttons. In the computer a brief dialog box on the screen showed the status change. It took a minute for Petra to regain her erection! Lian watched with

wide eyes and looked longingly at the remote as Miss Rose tucked it back in her waistband.

“Fuck me!” exclaimed Lian as his hand moved and held the stiff cock and pulled at it. “Just the touch of a button? Fuck, that’s so fucking good!”

Miss Rose smiled and walked around her husband with a proprietary air.

“Petra is mine,” she announced to her lover. “Understand that or else find yourself standing here in your own pretty dress!”

Lian’s face fell, his eyes followed her waist as she walked, and Miss Rose realised that now she actually had both men in her full control. Well, one was a man, the other something quite deliciously different!

“If Petra is naughty, then you may be allowed to play with her,” she said. “But, only with my express permission, do you understand?”

“Yes Miss,” said Lian with a smile. “Petra is going to be so much more fun than Chris ever was...”

“Of course she is, but a routine needs to be established. She will slave in the house all day and then join us at night to be played with.”

“But we can both play?”

“Of course, Lian, that’s what she’s for. Now then, we’ll lock her in her cot and have a little bite before we retire...”

Somehow, it seemed so right to make Lian wait. To allow him to understand her power to give and take away as it pleased her.

“Will she do anything?” asked Lian as they met Maria in the kitchen after closing the cot.

“Everything,” laughed Miss Rose.

Ave Maria

Miss Rose sat on the sofa and patted Petra on the head.

The last week had been an exploration that had been like being at the funfair with endless pockets of change! Petra's routine had been established and under Maria's hand she learned the household tasks while the Italian maid watched every step. Maria's only job now was to rouse Petra from her cot at five in the morning and ensure that the list of tasks was pinned up. Then she went back to bed and slumbered whilst the system watched that the chores were done. That the iron moved, that the washing machine was on, that the kettle was boiled at nine for Miss Rose to join her and Lian for a light breakfast.

Several times in the first two days, Miss Rose noted that the system had been forced to punish her new maid and she looked gleefully at the logs and occasionally even added a little remote-controlled punishment of her own. From five in the morning until nine at night, Petra was a high-heeled ghost that moved to complete the duties that she had been given without pause. Miss Rose added the refinements that she had planned and now the poor maid could never rest, but for the ten minutes allotted to eat the food scraps from the bowl on the kitchen floor. It was Maria that decided to put them in the blender and on the third day, that task was added to Petra's tasks as well. The slop was eaten and then there was five minutes for a shower. Then the endless mending of stockings and polishing of shoes filled her hours.

Sitting in the centre of her husband's activity, Miss Rose simply enjoyed watching her progress. She sat with one shoe dangling on her toes while the sissy that had been the master of the household ensured that everything was more than perfect. Maria watched both mistress and former master, the cane twitching in her hand. Face impassive but for a small curl of the lips that was almost an ironic smile. There had never been any doubt that Maria was the perfect household servant, efficient and meticulous, she applied those personality traits ruthlessly to ensuring that Petra never slacked.

* * * * *

On the third day, just after Petra had licked his bowl clean, she was reaching to reach the corners of the room with her duster while Maria watched with hard eyes. The duster, fixed tight to the top of Petra's hood made the task a strain and Miss Rose sat and sipped a coffee and reflected that the Italian was perhaps just a little animated.

The red stiletto slipped from Miss Roses heel and dangled.

She watched the hem of Petra's dress raise as she stretched and enjoyed the sight of the pink ribbon that Maria had tied with a bow to the ring that clenched around her low-hanging balls. Her hand played with the remote and she giggled as the erection started. There was something so perfect about the control, the mastery of the sad slave that toiled for her amusement. Maria moved a step forward and Miss Rose felt a small thrill as she anticipated the blow on that naked ass, but it seemed that the Italian had seen something.

For a moment, a small shadow scurried across the rug before it scuttled across the smooth marble floor. Maria raised a foot and then suddenly, her foot slapped onto the cockroach and twisted to grind it to a pulp. There was something brutal in that movement as the sole of the stiletto turned back and forth.

"Slut!" ordered Maria, a small smile showing on her lips. "Clean my fucking shoe..."

Miss Rose held her breath. Here was that sadistic side of Maria that she had suspected, revealed by the pink flush at her neck and décolletage. Sheer pleasure in tormenting her charge in front of his owner and wife.

Petra turned to find Maria standing with her back to her, Maria's shapely legs soaring upward, one shoe lifted from the floor, the crushed insect smeared on the purple sole. He shuffled forward and kissed the heel reverently before carefully licking at the loathsome remains to obey her command. Petra was about to attend to the matching smear on the marble when the stiletto that had been cleaned moved to give Petra pause.

"Again..."

Miss Rose watched in fascination as the total humiliation was repeated. The shoe moved and twisted on the floor while Maria looked down with a glare

of utter contempt. She bent the cane in both hands as she slowly lifted her foot.

“Heel first, bitch,” she breathed. “Lascia tutto, puttana! Always the heel first...”

Lips moved around the heel and slipped over it and Miss Rose felt a thrill as she realised that Maria was starting to climax! Just the infliction of the degradation on Petra, was bringing her to a flushed orgasm. The slowness of the scene, the helpless hooded slave fucking the heel with her lips until at last, Maria could not balance, and she rested her foot on the point of her shoe while Petra crouched lower to clean the sole.

Miss Rose found herself entranced and decided to save the film of the incident for her personal collection, as Maria finally decided that she was satisfied.

“Now the floor,” hissed Maria.

The remnants of the cockroach, ground into the floor with such force, were apparently difficult for Petra’s efforts. Maria stood over her with feet apart and looked down as Miss Rose felt a new excitement begin. Something had changed in Maria, of that she was sure. It was almost as if she had decided to show Miss Rose the intensities to which she would go to prove her sadism.

“I think that you deserve a little reward, sissy,” said Maria.

Petra looked up and the tip of the cane moved to lift her face to look up at the stern face of Maria.

“Please Padrona,” said the cowering slut.

Miss Rose smiled, it seemed that one of Petra’s new duties was to learn Italian as well as her other duties!

“Slime for me... puttana!”

Maria’s shoe moved and she kicked the bobbing erection and then slowly moved the tip under the length of the pulsating cock to tease. Just two small movements were required, and the shoe retreated to leave the prick to slowly release thick come that dripped to the floor as Maria held Petra’s eyes fast in her glare.

“Now you can clean up...”

A shudder passed through Miss Rose as the obedient slave carefully used the slime of her release to lick the last of the destroyed insect from the marble.

“What a puttana...” said Maria as she watched Petra return to the corner to continue her duties.

Miss Rose looked up at her household maid and nodded.

“You are such a bitch, Maria!” she breathed.

Maria laughed, “Wait until you are in France! Then she will find out what is in store for her...”

“I am so glad that you enjoy my fantasy, Maria.”

Maria pouted and turned her eyes back to where Petra was working.

“Your fantasy, Miss Rose, my reality...”

* * * * *

Miss Rose remembered the wonderful collection of shoes in Oban Manor and decided that more were needed. Then she decided that very room had to be dusted every day. That all the washing be done by hand and that a warm iron would ensure that nothing was damaged. Stockings, knickers and Lian’s socks were all ironed and carefully stacked. Every movable object in the house was moved for cleaning, the beds made perfectly with fresh sheets.

Each day, after sixteen hours of work under Maria’s control, Petra was called to the bedroom.

The first two nights, Miss Rose and Lian fucked slowly while Petra aided them. Miss Rose found herself hornier and hornier and the games lengthened. At the slightest slip, time was taken to punish the maid ruthlessly. Lian loved to use the cane and Miss Rose had to rein him in a little. The first time that she used the light cane whilst Petra took Lian’s long cock into his wide mouth, Miss Rose almost climaxed at the second stroke. Other times, a gentle lapping of her ass or Lian’s balls added to the sheer pleasure of being fucked while she rode Lian and enjoyed the show.

Miss Rose didn’t use the remote-controlled toys until the fourth day.

It was Lian that pushed the dildo deep and then buckled on the harness to hold it firmly. That night, they played with the remote as they enjoyed the

whimpers that issued whilst Miss Rose straddled her husband and felt him use all of the teaching that Oban Manor had lavished on his worthless hide.

Each successive night was a delight, especially when Miss Rose realised that deep inside the maid that she abused, was her husband. Trapped and humiliated, endlessly punished for the affair. His mind was layered with the harsh training, the endless rote, but he was still there, deep inside, sobbing and shamed, as she gloried in violating the sobbing bitch that slept just a few short hours before beginning again under Maria's stern hand.

* * * * *

The week had been sheer pleasure and, as Miss Rose sat with her small suitcase she wondered if it was wise to leave Petra alone with Maria. Lian was off on a week's holiday of his own and only Maria would be there to babysit her bitch. No doubt Maria would take advantage of the slave, but Miss Rose deliberated over it and decided that Maria was not interested in sex even if she seemed to enjoy making Petra's life a misery.

Anyway, at least there would be no insects in the house when she returned!

That last night had been the best of all, in Miss Rose's opinion. Watching Lian slowly fucking that quivering ass while she tormented the maid's swollen cock almost until he came, before causing it to shrivel as Lian filled his ass with his come. That had been so perfect, she decided. The sobbing sissy had cried all night, as the camera over her cot showed, and Miss Rose promised herself that she would dream up more humiliations to heap on the maid's head every night while Maria ensured the misery of his days.

Petra kneeled by her mistress.

With Lian and Miss Rose gone, she knew that the real sadistic torment would begin. Mistress thought that Maria was not interested in sex! How could she not see what was happening? That Maria used the maid every day and manipulated the system to punish her and make sure that the secret remained just that? A secret! Did she imagine that Maria spent her days merely supervising and planning the housework? Humiliating and abusing?

She looked up at the woman that owned her and longed to tell her, but she knew that Miss Rose would just laugh in glee and ensure that there were no more complaints.

Ever!

Maria entered the room and the moment had passed.

Petra carried the case to the door and watched as the woman that she loved slipped into the large Mercedes to head off on her vacation in France. Lian had already left for Thailand and now Maria was in charge. The two occupants of the house watched the car speed from the drive-way and suddenly Petra felt herself becoming stiff. Her cock swelled under the flouncy pink skirt, pressed hard upward, and she knew that Maria was merely waiting until the car was out of sight.

Petra knew, then it would begin and Miss Rose would never know. Maria understood the system better than her mistress. There would be no trace.

“Come upstairs,” said the Italian woman to her charge. “We are going to play a little game. Miss Rose will be gone a long time... for you it will seem an eternity!”

In her hand was a giant dido. The bright red one that would be fitted to Petra’s gag. The one that made Maria scream. The one that was her favourite.

“Miss Rose won’t be back... soon,” she said as she led Petra up the stairs.

“Miss?” asked the frightened maid as she heard the hard tone in the voice.

Maria laughed wickedly and swiped Petra’s ass with her cane.

“I made a friend a month ago, a very important woman. Una padrona molto importante! She is giving me the house and everything in it, because that bitch, Rose, is going somewhere that makes Oban Manor look like a day out in Genoa! As for that pervert Lian, that Rose found in the gutter, he is already on his way to a special place that he will never return from... Whore-son of a bitch. Stronzo!”

Petra followed Maria into the master bedroom and watched as the middle-aged Italian bitch sat on the edge of his wife’s bed. How could she call Lian a pervert when she cradled that giant red cock in her hands and so looked forward to using it?

“All I have to do is take possession... that starts now, whore!”

Hail Holy Queen

They waited in the first-class lounge at London Heathrow. Miss Rose and her rather supercilious companion, Dame Alicia Susan Georgette Smythe-Carrington OBE. Miss Alicia made a little small talk, but it soon dried up and Miss Rose drank a half bottle of wine.

If this was going to be the level of friendship, then the week would not be much fun. Miss Rose knew that she did not have much in common with the aristocratic lady, but she had really believed that there was enough for them to at least travel together. It was almost as if Miss Alicia did not even want to be associated with her 'new money' companion and when at last their names were called Miss Rose almost fled and headed for the exit.

At the desk their passports were checked, and Miss Rose followed Miss Alicia down a narrow corridor, past security and then into a small lounge that she had never seen before. Once again, they waited and then a beautiful stewardess appeared and led them to the bridge connecting terminal and airplane. As they followed the uniformed woman down the short bridge, Rose wondered a little at the uniform. A tight red skirt to the knees and high heeled shoes. Alicia had booked the flight and Rose wondered at the luxury of the airline that spent so much on uniforms.

The corridor slanted down, and Miss Rose followed the stewardess into the plane. She had to duck through the door and found herself in a plush cabin that was kitted as a small bar. It seemed very undersized and Miss Rose craned to see the other passengers. The stewardess opened a door to reveal a superbly equipped first class cabin. Plush cream sofa-like seating, tiny windows and a low ceiling.

"Welcome my dear," said Miss Karoline, turning on her seat and smiling broadly. "This trip is going to be so much fun..."

Miss Rose almost stumbled and her knees seemed to slacken, and she sank to the soft leather seat by Mrs Kurt. Miss Alicia primly took up a sofa of her own and the stewardess stood by the closed door to the cabin.

"Since all the passengers are aboard, I think that we can begin the flight," said Miss Karoline." She turned to the stewardess and said, "Tell the pilot that we are all aboard and ready to go..."

Miss Rose had never seen her so elated, positively oozing phony bonhomie as she watched Miss Rose with her gimlet-eyes.

“I thought...”

“My dear Rose,” said Miss Karoline. “Nobody here gives a fuck what you think, so don’t bother speaking, it will just create an unseemly scene before we arrive at our destination. Now then, sit still, be good and don’t make me seem a bad host by having to discipline you! We have a special secure cabin for uncooperative guests...”

Rose looked from one woman to the other and the terror of the nightmare finally sank in as the small private jet moved down the runway and positioned for take-off. Across from Rose, the woman that she had already been punished for, the aristocratic bitch, all prim and proper with her knighthood and old money. The woman who had already order three personal slaves. Then there was Mrs Kurt in her designer dress, Manolo-Blahnik heels with her dreams of the stallions in her stables. Worst of all, the woman that Rose had laughed at, the woman that loathed her for the insult. The woman who owned the very jet that they were flying in. Rose had never really found out what transpired in her chateau, but the sight of Miss Karoline’s thin lips, the long gown-like latex dress and the spurs at her heels were quite enough for her to realise that the nightmare had just begun.

“I have arranged all the accounts,” said Mrs Kurt to Miss Karoline.

Miss Karoline turned to Miss Alicia.

“My dear friends all here... I have something for each of you! Small tokens of my grateful thanks, if you like.”

Miss Karoline’s lips curved into a smile of sheer satisfaction.

“Mrs Kurt and her husband run a private bank,” she said. “I have transferred a few trivial sums into their care and certain considerations have been made in my favour, a small share in the business. What’s more, three new stallions, all of them most prodigiously endowed, are at this moment winging their way to my friend’s stables from Brazil... For you, Alicia, I have managed to speak to certain close associates of mine at the Elysee Palace and I have managed to arrange the ceremony you so much desired. In a week’s time it

will be announced that for services to charity you are to receive the Légion d'Honneur, naturally the Grand Croix that you so deserve!"

Miss Karoline turned to Rose and the smile became a laugh.

"Even her house-maid is better material than this pathetic thing! Hardnosed and uncompromising! All she needed was the house and a little stipend and she was mine! I think that the pathetic husband will not enjoy her games..."

The thought that the silent and unemotional Maria had betrayed her was almost the final straw.

"What can I give the woman that sniggered at me? What could I possibly arrange for the woman that shamed me before my dear friend and business partner, Elisabeth. What could I possibly have for the woman that humiliated me in the place that I am a partner? Something special surely? What do you think, Rose? What do you deserve? Something appropriate to the crime that you committed?"

Rose felt tears in her eyes break free and run down her cheeks. Her body seemed to escape from her control as she piteously looked for help from the two women who had been royally bribed to break the understandings that Mistress Elisabeth had been at such pains to explain. Her limbs were slack, her stomach churned and her eyes filled with tears.

"You see my problem," said Miss Karoline to her two smiling companions. "This upstart, this lower-class tart, this bitch from the sewers of central Glasgow of all places. Glasgow... She has the nerve to insult me to my face and the forces me to apologise in my own place! I cannot even think of a retribution that would fully repay that affront."

"Oh, you'll think of something," laughed Mrs Kurt. "I know that you will. You have such a fertile imagination..."

"Thank you so much, dear, for the acknowledgement of my creativity. For Rose, I have something special, I think," said Miss Karoline with a chuckle. "Of course, the slut has to want it..." The smile became a leer. "Thank you for the compliment, my dear. Yes, I think that this little addition to my collection was worth all of the effort and the slightly enhanced share of Oban Manor that I had to offer to convince Elisabeth that Rose was perfect for my collection. The woman has scruples, morals even. I overcame them with two whole

percent of the manor from the mere fifteen that I used to own. So, you see, my dear," she said to Rose, "you are an expensive commodity. Perfect for my collection of so-called dominant women, in fact you will be the third."

"Miss Karoline is quite the collector," said Miss Alicia.

"Exactly, I suppose that I am a bit of a hoarder. It's just that my tastes don't run to well-known personalities. But, we have strayed from the subject ladies. I was talking about what gift Rose would receive. Of course, she will have the grand tour of my villa first. It will be important for her to understand everything that happens in my little nest before she goes into the dark to fulfil the role that I have in mind. Isn't that kind of me?"

"You are noted for your charity," said Mrs Kurt with a smile.

"Not as much as Alicia will be," laughed Miss Karoline. Clearly, she was revelling in the glory of the moment as the quaking Rose squirmed in her seat. "Now then, I think that we all have time for a little drink. The Bollinger is on ice, the glasses are chilled and the truffles and salmon are waiting."

The three friends stood, and Rose looked up at their smiling faces. Each a mask of malevolent pleasure that was broken by a smirk of disdain. She could not stand. The terrible shock, the dreadful experience of Miss Karoline's monologue was almost more than she could bear and Rose was almost sick with terror. She knew what was possible and knew that Miss Karoline could do whatever she pleased. Rose felt a warmth between her thighs, an involuntary response and moved to hide the trickle of piss that wetted her stockings before it spurted again and formed a sodden pool at her feet.

Alicia raised an eyebrow.

"You were so right, darling, this creature is not fit to lick the shit of my shoes!"

"A natural submissive! Just begging to be fucked and abused. Just a little intimidation, and she pisses herself!" said Mrs Kurt with a look of distaste.

"Clean and strip the bitch," said Miss Karoline to the stewardess.

"Pathetic," added Alicia. "Weakling... this is what happens when the lower orders are permitted to taste the refined pleasures of their betters."

Miss Karoline looked down at Rose and sneered.

“Faugh! I smell piss, panic and weakness! If you had perhaps showed a little élan, a little strength in the face of adversity, just a little force of character, I might have allowed you a choice. If you had come to eat and drink with us in what you thought were your last moments of freedom, then perhaps, I would have allowed you to escape your fate! An apology might have been enough...

“Now that you have soiled yourself, you have merely proved the point that I was trying to make. You are not a dominant woman! You are a counterfeit, a fake, a mere docile sheep dressed in the latex of your betters!”

Rose looked up and her eyes begged for mercy. Then she felt another warm, wet stream between her thighs as she lost all control of herself and slumped, sobbing to the seat. The reek of her filled the cabin and the faces of the other women showed their utter scorn for Rose's weakness. The elegant stewardess approached, in her hands the loose bag of the hood that would soon cover streaming eyes. The cuffs that would immobilise her, the sharp blade that would strip her naked.

Miss Karoline spat down at Rose with a venom that brought her sheer uninhibited glee and turned to lead her two guests to the small bar as the hood slipped over Rose's eyes and the stewardess hissed in her ear.

“When we reach Madame's Château you will discover that she never forgets an insult... never!”

The stifling latex bag of the hood slipped over her eyes and the stewardess buckled the collar tight. So tight that she gasped for breath. A strong hand pulled at Rose's blouse and the buttons sprang away like bullets, the bra was cut with a single smooth motion and Rose cried out as jagged metal pinched tight on her nipples. Helpless in her terror, she could not fight the violation that overwhelmed her. Hard fingers pawed at her, ripping and shredding her clothes, entering her, mauling her, as restraints were added and cinched brutally tight. There came sound of a door opening and Miss Karoline's voice cut through the latex hood that the stewardess was pulling tight.

“That empty-headed bitch dared to chuckle at the thought of all my stallions pleasuring me. Now she is going to find out what it really is to be a defenceless and flabby brood-mare in my stables! In a week, she'll be nothing more than three loose holes for them to hide their big cocks in... Then we'll see who is laughing at whom!”

Somehow, Rose's mind slipped to another place.

The house, her house, where Maria triumphantly played games of sadistic depravity with her husband. A place where Mistress Elisabeth walked in her elegant heels on cold stone flagstones, a place where a bedroom cage waited for the maid who waited to be violated. The image of a stiletto closing down on her from above entered her mind's eye. For a moment, Rose saw the stocking tops, the sharp heel, the hint of a melting cunt far above in the shadows. The bare flesh of a thigh and the slight indrawn breath as a climax was experienced by the wearer of the shoe that crushed her. The purple sole of the spike-heeled shoe ground Rose to a paste, until at last the sole lifted and Rose was cleaned from it by the servile tongue of a sissified neutered slut and the scent of come filled her. Then, Maria looked down from far above and finally smiled with real emotion, smirked down at Rose's trampled remains...

Miss Karoline's tone lightened, bringing Rose back to reality with a start. Brought her back to a setting far worse than her terrifying daydream. Where three women paused for a moment and looked back at her with merciless sneers.

"Now then, how about a small flute of Bollinger and a bite to eat, that slut's stench has given me such appetites! Then we can teach my new pet to lick our shit off our shoes before we land..."

The door closed.

The End