



An **ADULT** female domination tale from the pen
of
Miss Irene Clearmont

Haiku

Haiku

Pink blossom
with pain
clear air.

The Room

The room had a particular scent.

Roses and fragrant apple blossom.

It hung in the air, an almost palpable bouquet that wafted with the light breeze through the paper walled room.

There was light aplenty.

The wan light of the sunset that lingered in the west over the China sea. It was a light that was yellow with that purple-grey tinge that warns of oncoming heavy rain. It clarified the air, making it fresh and clear, but that was outside. Inside it lit the room in lurid yellow that cast deep shadows over the low furniture that clustered in the centre of the room.

There was sound.

The sound of clippers trimming the hedges and trees with a slow cadence, a click that sounded every half minute or so as each cut was carefully applied and the dropping cuttings caught in the hands of the gardener. A slight susurrantion of the air through the gaps in the panels of wood and waxed paper and the distant trickle of a fountain that flowed many metres away.

But those delicate sounds was mixed with the laboured breathing of the man that was stretched on the low frame in the centre of the room.

He was bound and contorted.

Careful knots, lacework of rope held him immobile bent over a stanchion that supported his back while his wrists and ankles were knotted to the frame of the trestle that supported his weight. Each knot had been tied with great care in the ancient way. Designed to hold him fast, to add to the attraction of his naked body as art as well as to cause the maximum discomfort while allowing the blood to reach hands and feet without hindrance. That was as long as he strained to relieve the pressure, a battle that he was losing after just four hours on the frame that held him fast.

The highest point of his body was his hips and the erection that pointed in the air like a candle while his head was held with cords that grasped his hair and forced him to contemplate the cloth on the floor that was carefully arranged with the instruments that would soon be at the disposal of his mistress.

Around that fleshy pole that stood so arrogantly was a leather tube laced to hold him erect and impressive, because he had much to be proud of. Nine inches of substance with a purple smooth head that bulged from the leather and was tied in that groove with a fine pink ribbon that emphasized it's dignity.

Criss-cross across thighs and back, the cheeks of his ass and his calves were the stripes from yesterday. Each welt parallel to the ropes that held him to form a lace pattern in blue and yellow that completed the decoration of the cords that bound him. perfection in art and the conception of inflicted pain.

He could close his eyes.

It was the only movement sanctioned...

The Woman

In a kimono.

Bound with light blue that signified the dignity of evening, a broad belt that swathed the wide hips and emphasized her pronounced rear with a delicate curve. Her feet were clad in silk socks that covered her calves, neatly disappearing under the hem of the kimono and a single iron ring adorned her little finger.

She knelt at a low table with her eyes closed and waited while the tea was prepared. Jasmine for evening with apple blossom to compliment the aromas that filled the room. She was at peace and enjoyed the subtle sound of the china being moved, rubbed clean and then replaced with artistic care.

She opened her eyes and watched the preparations with concentration.

The pot held just so, at an angle to compliment the breasts of the young woman who poured. The man behind, dressed in black to contrast the young slave's rose skin and twining tattoos and the curve of the tea as it flowed in a gentle parabola that ended when the pot was smoothly levelled and replaced with the handle inclined to the mistress' hand.

The tea steamed, the cup was hot, but she picked it up between finger and thumb to sip delicately. There was slight pain in that grasp, but it made the taste of the tea all the more exquisite to her lips. A contrast of perfection of aroma, bitter fragrant savour and the heat of the crystal fluid.

A small motion dispensed with slave and guardian to leave her alone to savour the tea, the perfection of the moment and the mental preparation for what lay ahead.

She looked at the blossom, visible in the shadowed garden and felt a surge of poetic rapture. A Haiku for the moment that was now.

Pink blossom
with pain
clear air.

The poem came to her in an instant, perfect in composition, that overt contrast of beauty, agony and the ambience of the evening that darkened around her.

A slave came bearing a single candle lantern and placed it discretely in the corner. The lamplight flickered and then steadied and the mistress decided what would be her pleasure tonight. A choice of gratification awaited, but she was in no hurry.

Time was also to be savoured.

She stood.

The female slave by the lantern emerged from the shadows and bowed to her mistress before prostrating herself on the hard ebony floor and kissing her feet lightly. Three kisses on each toe and one on each ankle to bring good fortune in the night's pleasures.

All was perfect.

The slave started to disrobe her mistress. Piece by piece, each folded carefully she undressed the woman who could mandate life or a painful death. No ceremonial was forgotten, there was a bow for each carefully folded piece of stiff cloth and finally the yellow socks were slipped off those heavy feet.

When mistress was disrobed fully, the slave kissed each nipple on the pendulous breasts and then planted a small kiss between the rounded thighs. The scent of passion was wrapped in that triangle of clipped hair and its origin, the oozing passion was delicately licked clear to finish the rite.

She bowed and waited until mistress waved her from the room and she backed carefully into the shadows marvelling at the erotically entrancing revealed opulence of mistress' corpulent body.

Heavy breasts that hung like ripe fruit, thighs the width of the servant's waist and smooth waves of flesh that moved as she breathed.

A goddess in truth, a divinity of sexual pain incarnate.

The Commencement

He heard the footfall, a slight creak of the boards in the floor, but she was out of his sight. He knew that she would take her pleasure for this evening and then retire. It would be a slow process, mandated by her need and the self-control that she had showed the last two nights.

His vision was fixed on that cloth and the objects that she would choose from.

The short canes, bamboo and stiff with small iron rings around the knots of its form. Plain bamboo, those he had experienced, lightly used last time, but savage if used sternly. The carved wooden prods. Each the shape of a gnarled prick in sizes that went from the thickness of a little finger to the breadth of his arm. Those, he had not tasted the use of. Then there were the whips. A western tool of agony that lay curled in sinister sleeping serpents. He could see the glisten of the metal beads that adorned the final strands of their tails. Finally was a box that hid its contents from his eyes. What was within was a mystery, but he dreaded it being opened and the contents being revealed.

He felt a strong hand on his skin.

It smoothed over his waxed chest and then made its way to the leather bound erection that stood waiting to be teased. It was at once threatening and erotic. A touch of gentleness before the storm of her loving that would tear him apart.

Mistress muttered words in Japanese that he did not understand and then gently untied the leather restraint with exaggerated care. Lace by lace until it stood naked with just a steel ring embedded deep around its base. This, he knew, was preparation, a heady touch that would soon turn to agony.

Footsteps.

A hand came within his vision.

It seemed uncertain which tool it would pick first. Playing its fingertips over the grotesque phalluses that threatened with static bulk. Finally the hand settled on the second largest one and picked it up and out of his field of vision.

The gag in his mouth did not stop him sounding his fear it just stole the words from his throat and made them gasps and grunts that ensured that he was nothing but the man-animal that would suffer for her pleasure.

Mistress did not appreciate allowing pleading and speaking!

A pulling in his ankles, upward and outward stretched his joints to their limit as Mistress allowed herself access to his rear. The ropes creaked, the knots shifted a little and in moments he was ready for her enjoyment.

She spoke a command in Japanese.

A command or a warning?

He felt a finger run down his back; it traced the course of his spine to pause slightly at the crease of the valley that led to her objective. It stopped just short of touching the bud of his sphincter as her hand held him slightly open while she placed the intruder ready to violate him.

The first push, when it came, was almost gentle.

She knew that he was virgin, that this was the first time that he had ever been breached and permanent damage was not her object, at this moment in time. That would come on another night, when the storm of reckless craving would constrain her to outrage, but tonight was not yet that time. Tonight was a darkness that required art and pain for pleasure and not the longing to extinguish her restrained and constricted creature.

It entered and it stretched him to his limit, just as she had intended.

The discomfort would be the sensual background to the agony of punishment.

A humiliation and degradation that would fill his mind with suffering and mortification.

Slowly, with twisting movements, Mistress pushed the penetrating wooden prick home until just the broad stopper and the groove in the form fixed it in place. The man who had just been violated moaned with the distress and Mistress cooed soothingly as she returned his ankles downward to close his thighs and increase the pressure.

He whimpered with anguish and she felt herself reach that elevated state, that golden place that had to be achieved before she could begin to satisfy her lust to master this foreigner whom she had paid so much to devastate. Drool dripped from his open mouth and splattered on the floor.

Mistress inspected it and smiled.

Her finger entered the gag and ran over his tongue.

A touch of erotic comfort with sinister overtones.

There was so much yet to enjoy, so many challenges that her poor little creature had yet to experience and discover at her hands, she thought to herself as her fingers ran over the teeth and tongue that obstructed true, unprotected access to his mouth. She could feel all that expensive bridgework and artistic capping and wondered what the expert who had engineered that handiwork would think if he could see how she would demolish it all. Surely her victim had been a man in high estate to afford such work. All the sweeter then, to reduce him to an animal of impulse, pain and terror. Her hand moved over the stricken animal's face and savoured the smooth skin that had yet to receive the attention of the tattooist's needle.

She looked down at the tools at her disposal and watched the way that the man's eyes moved to watch her hungry slit. As a drop of clear liquid dripped he watched it fall out of sight with a flicker of his eyes and moaned in anguish. Mistress was minded to compose another poem, but it took contemplation and calm, both of which were not now in her grasp.

This was all about her moment of gratification.

But a transient moment of pleasure for her, an ending and calamity for him. He would pay for the rest of his short life for this, her passing instant of sweet carnality.

She bent and her fingers brushed every object on the cloth as she watched his expression to see which item he feared the most. Of the canes and whips, it was the banded cane that most distressed him and she lingered there a moment to ensure that her instinct was accurate.

The Commencement

The box of pincers and irons, needles and knives was an unknown to him and she decided to allow him a brief preview. Fear was *such* a nurturer of anguish, it would be exquisite to linger over the possibilities of future encounters to instil true horror, before she took her pleasure and finished with a finale that would create the perfect balance and harmony that Mistress needed to be able to climax fully.

Her hand opened the box and tipped it to allow him to see the racks of needles and the pincers that he would come to fear as nothing else in the box. She bent to put her face close to him and smiled before opening her mouth and touching her teeth with a gentle fingertip. Then she took the pincers with their clawed grips and rotated them to allow him to see all their possibilities.

He cried out in trauma and a skein of saliva escaped his mouth as his own tongue caressed his teeth.

He knew now what was in store, he just did not know when it would happen, that was the perfection.

Tomorrow his fear would show that the box was the confirmed terror in his mind...

She carefully replaced the pincers and smiled before she chose the banded cane. Last night the pain had been administered with a straight bamboo switch, tonight he would savour the delights of the weighted cane and scream as never before.

Mistress stood and weighed the cane in her hands. She had used it many times before and loved its weight and potential. She regarded the prick and placed its location in her mind before closing her eyes and delivering the first blow across his groin, missing that stiff flesh by a hair's breadth.

Such refined skill in the use of the punishment cane.

Mistress was rewarded by a scream that rent the still of the room with its violence and animal wail. For a moment there was no sign and then the red and blue appeared. A line punctuated by the deeper round bruises of the rough iron rings that punctuated the cane.

She could almost smell the fear and pain mingle in the air as she mounted him.

The Kanji come to life.

Ropes creaked, the wood of the frame that held him groaned as she bent him out of shape to sit on his thighs facing his feet. Sitting on the newest welt with his prick standing before her groin and open

cunt she was an almost unbearable weight that pressed the wooden intruder deep into him and forced his hips to bend to their limit.

Two more sharp blows!

Each perfectly placed to leave a stripe along each thigh. Then she moved. He was still crying, sobs racked his body as Mistress allowed him entry into her with a slow lowering of her hips until the ring around his cock pressed into her open pussy, pushing against her exposed clitoris, the position that she had chosen for her pleasure.

His last ever complete fuck.

Or perhaps just the last where he was complete!

Every grind of her weight forced her partner to be fucked deeper in the rear, every twist of her hips as she ground against him, caused tremors of agony as his joints flexed and his back was bent over the stanchion that held them both.

He cried out in agony as Mistress experienced her first delectable orgasm.

Delight.

She ran the cane through her fingers, enjoying the feel of the cold metal and ridged bamboo before reaching down and tapping the exposed balls of her lover with short taps that brought his hips into motion to thrust ever deeper into her despite the weight that he was bearing. His cries, staccato and filled with sobs and choking coughs of breathless fear and agony filled her with renewed lust and she allowed herself acquiescence to punish him harder to give her a second preparatory climax.

Sheer pleasure filled her as her own cries of delight created sweet melody in her floating mind. Her tenor and his contralto, his gasps and her moans, the creak of the frame and the shudders that fought helplessly against the ropes that bit his body.

Poetry and sex, music and suffering combining so artfully towards a culmination as Mistress used the cane as it was *meant* to be used and punished his thighs with a series of blows that turned her fuck-toy to quivering spasms that took even his breath away.

Mistress orgasmed again and helped herself to climax with slow delicate strokes of her fingers.

She dropped the cane with a clatter and grasped his balls for the final round.

Nails bit him, scratched and scored him, long nails sharpened to points that slashed the soft skin of his inner thighs until she was sated and gasping with the gratification that only his anguish could satisfy.

It was still, finally there was quiet and just the sobs and the rasp of the breeze through the partitions could be heard. Mistress licked the blood from her nails and felt complete. Elated with the man that she had bought from the kidnappers that operated from the slums of Osaka.

Mistress could see her handiwork in the flickering of the candle, the Kanji characters that scored his thighs, the brutal knotted marks of the cane and the sticky flow of her own sweet juices that glistened on his balls and prick.

Sheer delight in the moonlit shadows.

In her head she took the time to compose a poem to commemorate her second night of passion with this sensitive partner. Now was the moment of breathless calm after the small storm of her passion.

A delicate Haiku to celebrate her sensuality.

Music
of sobs
passion's lust.

Not perfect, but surely the start of a beautiful few days that she looked forward to with self-indulgent anticipation.

Tomorrow would bring the white heat of the branding iron and another sweet series of climaxes that would be so very blissful as she moved towards the night when she would render him down to pure fear and agony with consummate skill. Tomorrow he would come just a little closer to the contents of the box as she showed him the endless possibilities of its contents. Fear, the mind killer, would fill his days while she would realise that terror each evening and gorge on his vigour until he was rendered down to pure agony.

The End Game

Finally...

When Mistress was finished he would be soft and ready to be bought by the Yakusa thugs who ran the corrupt brothels in Osaka. They were civilised, yes, so very refined!

They knew how to give ecstasy and pleasure for a *little* contribution, for those that could afford the high price... The Western savage would be tattooed by Mistress to raise his price; he would be used by those sophisticated men who liked Western men as fuck-dolls, before he was finally consigned to shadowy infernos that even Mistress could not imagine.

But, for now, she felt so very generous towards her lover. He must be so parched after all that joy...

He would be permitted to drink from her and then he would be prepared for tomorrow night's love.

An honour that few were lucky enough to enjoy.

Mistress alighted.

Petal torn
from
broken bloom.

The End

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