

adult female domination fiction

miss irene clearmont

part two of the 'domains' series



cover art by sardax

in crimson

where men are at the end of their tether...

In **C**rimson

by

Miss Irene Clearmont

The second novel in the 'Domains' series...

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the editors and others that made its writing a pleasure for me to write. They know who they are and can take pride in their ability to put up with the demands of such a willful author! It ran late, was more exertion than any of us imagined at the start, but the final credit for its perfection depends, in part, to their dedication.

Irene

I see America, not in the setting sun of a black night of despair ahead of us, I see America in the crimson light of a rising sun fresh from the burning, creative hand of God. I see great days ahead, great days possible to men and women of will and vision ...

C Sandberg

Though your sins are like scarlet, I will make them as white as snow. Though they are red like crimson, I will make them as white as wool.

Isiah 1:18

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Introduction

This novel, 'In Crimson', follows the events of the first, 'In Pink'. This is the second in a series of five novels that depict a sexual theme-park like no other. A place where dominant women can live out their fantasies far from the gaze of those who are shocked by their wicked peccadillos. 'In Pink' gave you the lay of the land, 'In Crimson' takes you deeper into that perilous world of female domination and introduces you to darker truths that lurk beneath the surface.

Enjoy the ride...

Irene.

In **Crimson**

Breitbart Editorial

USA June 15th 2036

by our Capitol Hill Correspondent, Ms. Janice Upton

This is what the American public wants, not what the pathetic Democrat Donkeys want, it is what American citizens voted for. There will be those that try to stop the onward march with slander and fake news...

Four years ago, President Perez won the election on the back of the appreciation of her fellow citizens that crime was a nettle that had to be gripped no matter what it costs. The modest proposal being that lawbreakers would be chipped and thus branded by their crimes.

Now at last, that declaration is about to be enacted and become an amendment to the constitution of this great land of ours. Now, the Democrats say that it is the biggest abuse of rights since our great constitution was first written! They whisper of a former lover that can spill the sordid beans about President Perez.

Fake news!

Meanwhile, all right-thinking American folks know that the ability to identify criminals for what they are, is fair and just. Criminals choose to be criminals, they choose to commit crimes and they must discover that there is a price to pay.

Every criminal will be chipped for life. Without exception.

There is still far to go! We believe that every single citizen of this land as well as all those that come here should have the latest technological miracle embedded in them to ensure that their identity can be established without doubt and that all who live in this great land

are equal in the eyes of the law.

This is all about democracy, this is all about our rights. The rights of all law-abiding folk in this great country of ours. This is the world that we live in and at last we can identify those who think that they can steal our freedoms by committing crimes against the law-abiding citizens of this great land of ours.

We will be the first in the queue to be chipped!

Remember - *Only those with something to hide are against it!*

1 **Twenty Miles Up**

"This is Captain Wright, your pilot speaking, if this is your first trip on one of our brand-new SSLs then all I can say is that there is a *great* trip to look forward to. We will be travelling at Mach two point five as soon as we clear altitude."

The chatter of the passengers became a whisper as the unseen captain of the plane paused a moment and then continued his announcement.

"...Air Traffic Control have warned us that there is a jet-stream disturbance over the central Amazon and advised that we reroute west of the Andes over the Pacific coast so we have had to wait for another air traffic control slot. Our rescheduled route has now been approved and we should have a take off slot in a few minutes."

The pilot paused for a moment and then coughed before adding a last few details for the passengers.

"We will be cruising at a height of eighty-five to one-hundred thousand feet and passing over Cuba in just half an hour. The detour will add around an extra hour to the flight to Lima, we here in the cabin will keep you updated on the flight as it continues. Can I just say that American Airlines welcomes the whole of the Orlando Crocs team on board on their way to their high-altitude training? We at American Airlines are proud that the team that got to the Super-Bowl last year has chosen this American Airlines SSL as *their* carrier of choice... More details when we are up and cruising..."

There was a little applause the length of the plane before a slight lurch as it started to move. With no windows, the attention of almost all of the passengers were on the screens as the aircraft moved and then a rumble of the engines filled the

cabin, and all were pressed back in their seats as the SSL catapulted into the air and began its steep climb. There were a few gasps as the ground receded as if falling away from the plane, and they cut through the low cloud cover.

Chatter soon resumed as the cabin leveled out and a few of the passengers unclipped their seat belts and the cabin staff passed through the cabin.

"Make mine a Champagne," said Carrie to the passing waiter, "Dom Perignon..."

The waiter poured the glass full and watched as Carrie settled back into her seat, nestling into her huge boyfriend. He put his arm around her protectively and downed his beer in one slug before proffering the empty glass for more.

"Two weeks," said Carrie. "I can't believe that we have to spend two weeks in fucking Peru," she continued. "What the fuck am I going to do in that shit hole?"

"You wanted to come," said the quarterback to his girlfriend with a shrug. "You could have stayed in Miami..."

"I don't think so," she replied. "Leave you to *fuck* all the groupies? No *fucking* way!"

Her eyes roved across the seating where the other twenty of the team slumped in their seats, most paired with wives and girlfriends who were dressed as if in a fashion parade. Prada, Gucci, Le-Boursier and all the rest. A million dollars just in clothes and shoes, even the bags and sunglasses had cost more than a norm earned in a year. These were her real competitors and not the local bitches in the training camp, should there actually be any. She smiled and kicked off her shoes and stretched out her legs and sipped at the glass and enjoyed the jealous looks of the other female passengers at her perfect figure.

This is what it's all about, she thought. At the top of the world, literally and figuratively, paired to the finest quarterback on the East Coast, Carrie was at the top of the food-chain, the perfect accessory for the man that had offers of millions in advertising just to sell their burgers, fashion-gear and other shit for them.

Of course, there was a down side, like this trip for instance! The importance of being by his side all the time to make sure that some skank didn't steal her man was one of them. The pause from the endless nightlife and paparazzi meant that she would not be on the front pages for a while.

Carrie drained the champagne and dropped the glass to roll across the floor, a waiter obligingly picking it up from by her feet a statement of the power that she represented.

Famous, flawless and fuckable...

Untouchable and reserved for a man who could run with a ball faster than any other... She watched the others on the flight and felt an instinctive disdain for all that were not part of the team. Sitting chatting and marveling at the scrolling indicators that showed the plane's speed and height, like kids on a Disney ride, while she was the center of the whole fucking universe. Mike Fallon on her arm, a man that all women dreamed of fucking was hers alone...

As Carrie picked from the menu, carefully choosing by price alone, the woman to one side of her dozed and moved a little. Being ignored felt insulting and Carrie slipped a sly look at the middle-aged women who sat to her right. Thirty years ago, perhaps, she had been a looker, though in no way matching Carrie's perfection, of course! Carrie felt more and more irritated by the woman's insouciance. By the time that the lobster and wild rice arrived with another bottle of Dom Perignon, Carrie was exasperated and allowed a little of the champagne to spill fortuitously on the woman's arm and it

awoke her with a start.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Carrie as the woman's eyes opened and she looked up at the seemingly apologetic young woman with the glass in her hand.

"Be careful, not sorry," said the woman in a New York drawl and brushed away the drops on her arm.

For a moment, Carrie was taken aback by the antagonistic tone.

"It was an accident..."

The woman raised an eyebrow and looked Carrie up and down with a look of condescension and then caught the attention of a passing waitress and requested a serviette.

"With the Crocs?" asked the woman.

"Carrie Rudd," she replied.

She expected the women to show instant recognition, but she just smiled shrugged.

"Oh, should I know you?"

Novelty! Here was a woman who did not know the face that had launched a thousand lipsticks and fitness training plans and did not immediately gush with false friendship.

"Mike Fallon's girlfriend..."

"Veronica," said the woman without offering a surname. "I doubt that you would know me..."

Carrie bit her lip. Was this some sort of game, she wondered? She allowed her eyes to take in Veronica, noted the cheap tight jeans, the high heels, the loose T shirt and casual bargain-

basement leather bolero jacket and decided that some one-upmanship was in order.

"Mike Fallon, quarterback for the Crocs..."

"That's so nice for you," said Veronica with a small smile.

Now Carrie was at a loss and decided to go on the attack...

"So, what do you do?" she asked Veronica.

"Well, normally I usually sleep on these flights," came the reply.
"When undisturbed by idle chatter..."

"I meant, what do you do for a living?" persisted Carrie.

"Oh, that?" said Veronica. "I suppose that you could say that I'm a sort of talent-scout!"

"Sports?" asked Carrie, despite not wanting to allow the other woman to show off.

"Occasionally," said Veronica. "It's a little complex really, not something that most people would understand..."

Veronica shrugged and settled herself in her seat as if indicating that the conversation was at an end, but Carrie remained irritated by her disinterest.

"I have my own range of cosmetics and fragrances," she said.
"The fourth top-selling brand in the States..."

Veronica looked Carrie in the eye with a glance that made Carrie look down instinctively. There was something worrisome about Veronica's stare, now focused on her breasts.

"I don't need to buy any perfume," said Veronica.

"It's the sexiest..." said Carrie.

Veronica just stared at Carrie's breasts and smiled.

"Amazing what can be done by a skillful surgeon," she said.

"I'm not just some fucking bimbo," hissed Carrie. "I could buy and sell *you*..."

Veronica turned her eyes back to the reddening face of the young woman that sat next to her and closed her eyes. Veronica uttered a few last words, almost at a whisper.

"I doubt it very much," she said. "In fact, I think that I could buy and sell you *and* that boyfriend of yours..."

2 Two Miles Up

A crowd of journalists was held at arm's length as the Crocs waited for the transport to arrive. Random flashes from the cameras, shouted questions that begged stereotypical answers. Carrie, usually eager to flaunt herself watched as the two huge busses slid into position up to the sidewalk and were loaded with all of the gear that would accompany the Crocs to their training camp.

Towering over her like giants were the men from the Crocs team. Between them, all of the others who were privileged to accompany them. Wives and girlfriends, physios and trainers, flunkies and assistants, gofers and the one or two press spokespersons who smirked at the opportunity to accompany this up-and-coming team.

She kept a jealous eye on Mike as he bantered with the linebacks as she waited impatiently for the boarding to begin. Amongst all of the banter and shouting of the press, she heard the team Physical Therapist speaking behind her. A few words caught by Carrie almost made her step backwards to hear more clearly, but she held herself and merely tilted her head a little to focus on the discussion and separate it from all of the other clamor.

"I fucked her good... the slut squealed like a sow every time!"

Jerry's words were uttered with a low chuckle.

"You serious?"

"Of course I'm fucking serious. It'll make me a fucking mint!"

"How's that?"

"For me to know and all of the rest to guess," laughed Jerry.

"When the time's right it'll be front page news..."

Carrie wanted to snort in derision, but controlled the impulse. She did not want them to realize she had overheard their private conversation and she wondered which of the wives and girlfriends the ass-hole was talking about, but it seemed that the conversation had taken another turn.

"Perez'll win, obviously!"

Politics endless fucking politics! thought Carrie. Politics was on everybody's lips at the moment...

She exhaled in frustration as the line started to resolve and those at the head of the line mounted into the first bus.

"I reckon so too," said the other voice. "The polls say that she'll sweep the board."

"First and last bitch in the White House," sneered Jerry's voice. "Give it a month and she'll be swallowed up by the scandal!"

"What you were saying?"

"It's ready, all I need is a contract..."

"You really gonna do it?"

The line shuffled forward and Carrie missed the next comment as her boyfriend turned to her and put his hand on her hips.

"One for the cameras, let's give them something," he laughed as he picked her up and placed her into the open door of the bus.

The assembled press lapped up the moment and Carrie knew that she would be on every sports page next morning. A little smile, a wave and the photo opportunity was over. She took a window seat as the bus filled and waved again to the clustered

press, careful to display her hand-bag clearly.

By the time that they were underway, Carrie smiled to herself... her latest branded designer-handbag would soon be a sell-out, one on every arm when it was released for sale tomorrow!

A broad, well-made road that wound through hairpins and curves carried the team buses away from Lima and up into the Andes.

Every twist, every turn taking the two busses higher into the mountains that soared into the clouds. The two busses crawled up the gradient slowly, each turn allowing the passengers glimpses down the almost sheer mountainsides. In just a couple of hours they would arrive at the drill-camp where they would spend the next two weeks training for the coming season. Away from the adoring crowds, focusing on strength and tactics isolated from the scouts and sports reporters, building team spirit, stamina and cohesion and that special Team élan.

Carrie could not get Veronica completely out of her thoughts. The last sight of her at the gates at the airport, disappearing into the milling passengers and well wishers and fans of the Crocs somehow an anti-climax, unfinished business somehow and a sentence left hanging ...

Stupid cow! How dare she? Just an aging skank... Bitch!

The cluster of the paparazzi at the exit-gate had initially purged the thought of Veronica from her mind as the hustle and bustle of attention took over and she posed with her muscular boyfriend and answered the fawning questions put to her by the press. Carrie managed a mention of the new line of fragrances and then it was over. Minders and team officials hustled them onto the two coaches and they were whisked away into the mountains.

Two miles up...

The winding road taking them ever higher.

She looked down from her bus-window and shivered. If the coach were just to make a single mis-turn, it would tumble into the depths, roll and be destroyed on the mountainside in a few slow-motion moments. Every year, the team made an extraordinary training trip, this being the first that she had been present. Last year it had been the cold high pastures of the Swiss Alps, the year before in Aruba, this time, Peru.

Carrie could feel Mike next to her, his sheer muscular bulk forcing her to the side as he filled his seat and more. He was laughing and joking with the coach who sat on his other side and Carrie felt cut out. He would spend the next two weeks fully occupied with team training and this was his chance to spend some quality time with her and she deserved it...

After all, he was as famous for being with her as much as for his efforts on the pitch. She wondered how she would manage to cope with being in this god-forsaken place for two weeks, away from the clubs and shops, and the posing, it sure looked as if there was nothing of that sort here. She glanced again at her phone to see that there was still no signal.

Surely the camp would have some sort of satellite internet connection and allow *her* to get on Facebook?

Mike continued listening to Jerry as he pontificated.

Carrie could not help herself sneering at the man who was always so full of himself. Hints of all his affairs slipping from his lips, boasting mentions, suggestive asides about the women that he had fucked.

Fake news, she decided. He could talk the talk, but has he *actually* ever walked the walk? Carrie doubted it.

"All the signals and codes," Jerry was saying. "Until they are totally fucking habit. We have a few new great plays to test, well away from the snoopers, as usual, you are the lynch pin... You make it happen Mike, the best of the best..."

Carrie turned her attention from the sports-talk. It bored her with its macho-speak and obsession with the one thing that Carrie could never be part of. Football! It made millions for Mike but the rules the strategy and motivation were something that she just could not bother to understand. Her new fragrances and the diet-fitness regime just came naturally to her. Mike's celebrity was a thing of interest to Carrie as long as the spotlight caught her in its glare.

Two weeks!

It would seem like an age...

The coach groaned as it turned another hairpin, this time Carrie could only see a wall of rock passing by almost in touching distance. She sat back in her seat, the coach was almost at a standstill and then it rounded the corner and came to a halt. The engine revved and then the bus lurched into motion again, now juddering over a rough surface as it hugged the rock wall and moved away from the edge. Chattering and a suppressed short female scream came from the front and Carrie lifted in her seat to see what the problem was just as the bus finally came to a juddering halt.

There seemed to be a commotion at the front, though Carrie could not see what exactly what was happening. Another scream and there came a rasping mechanical chattering sound Smashing glass, more sounds and then cries and then there was a bearded figure in fatigues standing at the front by the driver, an automatic weapon pointing up at the skylight of the bus. His face was half covered by a green bandana, the gun waved ominously.

"Sit down..." he yelled as he waved the gun in his hand.

Carrie slumped to her seat as a short burst of automatic fire shattered the skylight as the man with the gun fired again. Now all Carrie could hear was a whining-singing in her ears as she burrowed into the footwell.

“All out... now! Now, get a move on...”

With the seat hiding her, Carrie cowered down as another burst of fire ripped into the glass roof of the bus. All around was confusion. The bus rolled back a couple of yards and then there was a hiss as the brakes locked and it came to a sudden halt. Mike and the team-coach stood as Carrie cowered and there were more orders shouted and all around her, the occupants of the bus shuffled towards the front.

Mike's powerful hand reached for Carrie, but she evaded his grip and crouched down as another burst of fire blew out a window and caused a hailstorm of glass to spray inside the bus. There were screams from the front and from the window Carrie could see more armed men like the one standing at the front of the bus as they corralled the occupants of the second bus on the gravel lay-by. They filed past her window, mouths open, some of the women screaming thinly, the massive men of the team herded from their transport under the guns of their captors.

Then she was alone, all the seats that she could see were empty.

Carrie was the only occupant, the only one hiding, peeping to watch the frightening scenes outside. The entire team, the coaches and trainers, the girlfriends and wives stumbling in the dust as they were lined up roughly. Carrie felt herself descend into a panic, senselessly watching as the jumble of people outside resolved itself into a parade of cowering women, players and drivers while it seemed that the armed men were

sorting through their prisoners. She ducked briefly as a man walked by her window, looking in, but it seemed that she had evaded notice.

Carrie waited several minutes before she dared peep out again. Now she could see the person in charge of the kidnap. A tall figure, a woman with a bandana-covered face who strutted past the captives and pointed individuals out to be taken to one side. Of the fifty or so victims, it seemed that twenty were to one side in a group, while the others were herded out of Carrie's sight.

Then calm.

Some shouts and answers, some laughing and another burst of automatic gun-fire. Carrie found herself shaking and weeping in terror and then the bus moved a little as someone entered it. She heard the footsteps and curled up as tight as possible in the foot well of her seat. There was no place to hide but nevertheless, Carrie wrapped herself up as small as could be, as if to be small might bring invisibility.

Perhaps she would yet be overlooked?

The steps came closer and then there was a feminine laugh.

"This is *not* a good place to be," said the woman's voice.

Carrie uncurled a little and looked up to see the unmistakable figure of Veronica standing looking down at her. The bandana covering her face almost completely, but there was no mistaking the cheap leather jacket and plain jeans, or the smiling eyes that looked down at her.

"Veronica!" blurted Carrie.

"Out you come, dear. You are selected... You will be *perfect*!"

Carrie shifted and uncurled onto all fours before climbing to her feet.

"Out, Miss Rudd!" laughed Veronica. "This bus is going over the cliff, so if you don't want to go with it, you'd better come with me!"

Scarcely able to see for the tears that filled her eyes, Carrie staggered the length of the bus with Veronica close behind. There was a blow in her back to urge her on as she almost tripped. Now she could see the kidnappers were now ushering some of their captives into the second bus and she exited to be grabbed by a man in fatigues. Her arms were twisted behind her and a cable-tie rasped as her wrists were bound.

"Who are you?" she cried thinly as she was led to the smaller group of players and women by the kidnappers. "What do you want?"

The question earned her another sharp slap. She was pushed into the small group as both busses were reloaded with the remainder of the team and their hangers-on. Carrie shook the tears from her eyes and turned to watch the unfolding drama. There were no bodies, it seemed that the kidnappers had not shot anyone except for one of the drivers who was nursing a wound on his arm where he had been winged.

Shell cases littered the dust at her feet.

Now it was clear that Veronica was in charge. She was directing the whole show, walking around the two half full busses and looking at each of the faces at the windows. It seemed as if she was searching for someone in particular. She stopped and made a small motion with her hand. Carrie recognized Valentina Rossi, the young wife of the team's owner, who was then taken from the bus again to join the group of twenty. She was weeping and staggering, as Veronica grabbed her hair,

forcing her to stand whilst her hands were bound behind her.

Veronica turned to the group.

“You are all selected, and are going on a little trip. Be glad, girls and boys,” and then she turned to the leader of the armed men. “Pedro and Juan... if you please! We only have a few minutes before rendezvous...”

Two of the men moved, one to the front of each bus. They climbed through the open doors, released the parking brakes and jumped free as the busses started to roll backwards. Carrie cried out as the doors closed automatically and the two huge luxury coaches rolled from the graveled area onto the road under their own weight. With no drivers in the seats, each of the vast coaches turned slightly, the rasp of tires on the gravel the only sound as they rolled with the curves of the gradient and the passengers suddenly realized what was happening.

They stood in their seats, screamed, one of the windows shattered and a player tried to exit just as the bus teetered on the edge of the road and then... the long bus teetered and disappeared over the edge with a grating sound of metal as it lurched over the cliff to be followed by the other bus that was given an affectionate pat on the rear by one of the kidnappers as it too wavered and swayed a moment and then vanished.

For a long second there was no sound.

Utter silence!

Just the gasps of the bound prisoners and then a distant shattering crunching and the sound of a few falling rocks. Busses and occupants, all disappeared off the edge of the cliff into yawning void.

Carrie staggered and cried out with the others as an indistinct sound of rending metal and rock was heard from far below and

Veronica walked to the cliff edge to look down with hands on hips. She stood looking down at the carnage far below and then turned back to view her captives and then cast a glance upward to the clear skies.

"Boys and girls," she called. "You all have a long journey ahead of you. I would suggest that complete cooperation would be the best course for you as I have zero tolerance of the slightest disobedience. Our ride will be along in a few moments..."

Her hands pulled the bandana from her face and smiled before walking slowly to the cowering group of victims who were guarded by a circle of armed men. Carrie tried to move back from the front of the group, but the tall woman who had kidnapped them all was now advancing towards her and she found that she was frozen in terror.

Several of the ten men with guns walked over the ground and picked up the spent cartridges, laughing and chattering as they stooped while Veronica moved closer.

She stood right in front of Carrie and smiled.

"You see, I can buy and sell *all* of you now, Miss Carrie Rudd," she laughed. "Though you will *not* be sold on, that's for sure!"

Her hand reached out and she slid her fingers into Carrie's designer T shirt at the neck and ripped it from her with a sharp tug. She stood for a moment admiring her victim's pert breasts and her nipples as they stiffened and became erect in the cool mountain breeze before turning, surveying the scene with clear satisfaction

A sound of laboring engines came from the curve of the road and three black vans pulled in.

"You know? Perhaps I *shall* buy some of your new fragrance after all," she said to Carrie.

3. The Crimson Domain

Darkness, and light.

Light, glaring from above and from below, Carrie felt as if she was on a stage, a grotesque display for her captors and that the next few minutes would be significant for her time in captivity. Standing bare chested in the grubby remains of her designer clothes, stripped of jewelry and accessories, she could not see who inspected her, but she *knew* that they were there in the darkness, beyond the white light.

Where was she?

That was the question that crowded her thoughts between moments of intense terror and dread. Hours in a van with the women who had been picked before the busses and the other victims had been sent over the precipice to their doom. Blindfolded and helpless, pushed and directed. Pawed and molested by the bandanaed men who secured them to the fetters in each van. So tired that she slept on the bouncing metal floor of the van despite the noises and terrible smell of fear. Stumbling out of the transport in the warmth of the sun, manhandled and seated, the thud of helicopter blades filling her ears. The queasy lift-off and then wild trip that brought her and the others to more vans, more long hours bruised and helpless.

Hands that enjoyed tormenting, between her legs and roving over her naked breasts. Chatter and laughter in Spanish and some other language. Darkness as the doors closed and then hours of travel over rough roads.

Who were they, their brutal abductors? What did they want?

Were they open to negotiation? The questions remained unasked and no explanations were offered.

One thing was sure; they had been taken hundreds of miles from the scene of the kidnapping and the hope of rescue faded with every minute that passed. If there was to be no rescue, might there be ransom? Now the heat was oppressive. Almost wet with humidity, clammy and dripping with sweat, every movement was torture, each push that directed her taking Carrie further into nightmare.

Now they had reached a building of some sort and inside, out of the sun, they were spoon-fed and watered, sitting on the hard, rough concrete floor. A toilet break over holes in the concrete. Carrie heard the sobbing of the other victims, the shuffling and sighs, the footsteps of their captors but her intuition spoke to her: that they had reached their destination.

Hands lifted her, roughly pulling her to her bare feet. Urged and then walked the blindfolded Carrie with the others into cool corridors and smooth floors. Was she alone now? All she could hear was the clicking of heels on the tiles under her feet, the jingle of the chains between her ankles and the cuffs behind her back as she moved towards her destiny.

Veronica's image once more came back to haunt Carrie; her arrival in Peru aboard the American Airlines SSL travelling in more than first class just like her and the way she had intended the abduction and supervised the murder of so many of the team, the officials and girl-friends like her. Anyone with even half a brain could see that these were no rag-tag group of rebels or revolutionaries or Mafia gangsters, emerging from the jungles of Peru to carry out a speculative kidnap in the hope of extorting a ransom.

She thought about the huge effort made to bring them to this place. The vans, all ready to receive them at exactly the right time, the helicopters, the journey, of hearing American accents!

This all needed careful planning, the marshalling of significant resources...

By her side, lined up as if in a beauty contest, stood the others. Not in a coffle, but each restrained and pushed into position from the shadows by barely-seen abductors who were impersonal in their treatment of the victims. The gunmen were long gone, and it seemed as if they were in some sort of theater.

Carrie squinted and looked up and down the line. Players and wives, girlfriends and squad officials, only twenty in all. Just twenty from two full busses... She caught a glimpse of Mike at the far end of the row. Hunched and dazed, a heap of cowering muscularity squinting into the darkness before him.

By Carrie's side, Valentina. Broken heels, tattered clothes, grubby, with her hair wild as she sweated in the oppressive heat. After her, Karl, the huge line-back, the only one standing tall.

She turned her gaze forward and peered into the blackness. The glare of the floodlights made sparks dance in her head, but now at last she could, see and see those who sat looking up at her and her colleagues on the stage. It was an auditorium, mostly unoccupied, white tiles on the floor that reflected the dazzle lights and figures resolving from the darkness, occupying the comfortable cinema-style seats. As her eyes adjusted, she saw four or five women chatting together in the shadows. Three of them in long white coats, the other two, fashionably dressed, looking, inspecting.

"These are for Crimson and Roan," said a female voice, "though two are needed for Pink as well as the request from Silver..." The accent was definitely South American, a hint of Spanish, a lilt that almost came with a chuckle.

The words were so empty of meaning to Carrie they might just as well have been spoken in a foreign language. Tears filled her

eyes and then rolled free and she found that she was almost panting with the terror of the place. Now at last, her eyes were accommodating themselves and she found that lowering her head and squinting allowed her to see the woman who was speaking. Middle aged, red lips and white teeth, a sensual look and a figure to match. Her head moved slightly, and the blue-black hair moved in waves like a cascade down her back.

"Let's see what we have here..."

If you play American Football, you need strength and stamina, courage and determination. You need it when the game goes well and you need it even more so when the game goes badly and Karl, the huge line back, knew when a game was going badly. The opportunities to break free were diminishing: smaller opportunities and fewer of them. It was now or never!

To her left, Carrie saw and heard a commotion flare up. One of the Team had begun to kick out, all the while shouting insults.

As if in slow motion, one of the white-coated women drew a stubby pistol from her belt and fired point blank at Karl. Two lines snaked and found their mark, a brief blue spark flamed. Karl collapsed, releasing his bladder and coming to lay, a crumpled writhing heap in the puddle on the stage.

"Anyone else have something to say?" came a women's voice from behind.

In her mind's eye, Carrie saw once again the agonizing tip of the team busses, the see-saw moment as they poised on the edge of the cliff. The faces in the windows and then the slow-motion movement as they tipped into the void and she choked back a cry of anguish. The oppressive heat lifted, and a cool breeze swept the room, carrying the stench of sweat and fear with it.

Despite the cool breeze in the auditorium, Carrie felt perspiration run down her back and thighs and her knees struggled to keep her upright.

By the time that she had managed to get herself under control the three women in white coats were on the stage while the other two women stood watching as clothes were stripped and slashed to leave the line-up naked.

The brief cold kiss of the knife, the steel moving over her quaking flesh and then she too was naked as the shreds of her shorts fell to the floor. On parade, on show, standing in the bright white light. Instinctively she held in her stomach, closed her legs tight and tried hard to stand straight.

"I'll take this one and that for Silver," said the woman with the black hair as she stepped onto the stage and stood before one of the team. "Now then, we need suitable males for Pink... Him and him..." as she picked two smaller men.

A team coach and a trainer were indicated by two touches. Hands from behind pulled them from the line-up.

"The induction in Pink is in two days, have them ready for it..."

"Mistress Consuela," said one of the women in white in affirmation.

The woman walked the line, followed by the others. A slow stroll as she decided the fates of each of her victims with a smile. Each step she took, a sharp click on the stage. Each time she paused, she spoke a few words in Spanish or English.

She came closer.

Carrie smelled the perfume, a heady musky smell that she recognized as one of her own brand. The woman was not *beautiful* in the conventional sense but she had an animal

magnetism in every liquid step as she reached and touched Carrie's breast with her hand. As she stood quivering, all Carrie could take in was the perfect manicure, the long red curved nails, the small hands that touched her momentarily. Dressed almost as if for a burlesque, almost see-through lacy top over rounded breasts, stocking-tops that were dark stripes below the tight skirt.

"Crimson," said the woman as she paused by Carrie. "Veronica wants this one for herself!"

Her hands moved from breasts to Carrie's neck and then under her chin.

"Mmm, you were Carrie Rudd, weren't you?"

Carrie could not help herself nodding, the use of the past tense scarcely registering. Now Mistress Consuela's face was almost in hers. The dazzling smile, the crimson lipstick and deep décolletage filling her vision. Eyelashes flickered and the woman shrugged.

"Perhaps Silver would be more appropriate. Have we had any other requests for this slut?"

"No Ma'am," said a voice from behind.

"Never mind, Crimson it is for now. She will be perfect... no adjustments needed for the moment..."

Mistress Consuela moved on and was now replaced by the women in white. For a moment the white coat rippled as she took a step. Carrie caught a glimpse of the lascivious body beneath and then the coat closed like some liquid fabric. The nurse raised an eyebrow and smiled. She raised a clipboard and marked something and then looked Carrie up and down. Carrie stepped back in apprehension, but the young woman just smiled again and moved on to stand over Karl the line-back.

"This one's for Roan," said Mistress Consuela as she stepped over the stricken Karl and delivered a small kick with her outrageously high stilettos. "Somewhere he will be very happy, I'm sure."

It was all beyond understanding, a nightmare dream that had escaped the unconscious and found form and substance in the waking world. One by one, they were taken from the line-up. Roan and Silver, Crimson, Pink and White, adjectives without meaning until only those selected for 'Crimson' were left standing on the stage.

Herself and Valentina, two reserve players from the team, Jerry the Physical Therapist and last, her Mike, his muscular figure standing tallest of all. They stood blinking as Mistress Consuela moved once again down the line. One hand on her hip, the other moving a manicured finger over the crawling skins of her captives. Valentina started to sob and received a sharp slap as the woman passed by her and Carrie once again caught the whiff of the heady perfume that moved like a cloud around the dominant woman.

Finally, Mistress Consuela moved off the stage and turned to address the group of six who sweated with terror in the cool breeze.

"Mmm, the oldest profession," said Mistress Consuela with a smile. "Not what you think, actually the oldest profession is 'slave'!"

She paused for a small chuckle and surveyed the shocked faces of her victims.

"You are now slaves and the property of CM Domains! You might have thought about the efforts which have been made to choose you and to bring you here, so you will now understand that there will be no ransom and no escape from

your new owner. Put that thought out of your minds once and for all. This is where you will live out your whole of the rest of lives. You are here for one reason only..."

She paused for effect and held out her hand. One of the white-clad women passed her the handle of a long whip and Mistress Consuela caused it to snake and crack with a snap.

"To entertain and amuse our clientele! You will learn what is required of you and obey every command, learn every lesson and most of all, become what we want you to become!"

The whip cracked again, and she spoke in a sweet almost reassuring tone.

"The whip and the cane... you will answer to both. If you serve as we desire, then you will be fulfilled in ways that you have never dreamed of. All you need to do is obey..."

Her eyes swept the terrified victims of the Domains.

"Are there any questions?"

Carrie shivered, the question was a trap, that was clear to her. Words set to ensnare...

"Just who do you think you are, huh? Do you seriously expect to get away with this? And how dare you treat us in this way? We are working for one of the most powerful men in the whole of the United States and you, sister, you are going to end up doing serious jail time!"

The words came from Jerry, the physiotherapist, a man who could not contain himself, a man who had to be in the center of every discussion, a man that Carrie disliked for his argumentative attitude and the way that he belittled her Mike at every turn in training and on TV. The man that it was rumored had enjoyed a brief affair years ago with the woman who was

now President.

Mistress Consuela smiled and nodded slightly. Un-noticed, one of the women in white had moved in the shadows behind him.

The nurse touched a cattle prod against his thigh so gently that he failed to realize until there came a small crack as a bright spark jumped through Jerry and between the prongs of the prod. Jerry sank to his knees crying out in pain and surprise and was dragged from the line-up to the back of the stage. Carrie turned with the others to follow the punishment with horror and disbelief on their faces as Jerry's arms were momentarily released but only for the second it took to clip the shackles on his wrists to a trapeze bar. It was winched up until the sobbing Jerry was stretched tall and balancing on his tip-toes.

"Not polite!" said Mistress Consuela. "Obedience and respect..."

Carrie caught sight of Mike now standing slightly behind Valentina. His huge cock stood to attention as if entranced by the scene playing out. Carrie watched him from the corner of her eye. How could he be excited by these sordid events?

Carrie turned to watch Miss Consuela again. The woman had an innate superiority, an almost arrogant stance; the hand with the whip twitching as her eyes took in Carrie.

"I don't think you'll like the answer to your question," she said. "But, since you asked... You are a special bonus for us and we have special plans for you..."

Like a goddess from some sexual inferno she moved, slowly walking the length of the stage and stepping past Carrie. The muscles of her thighs and calves beautifully defined as they moved under the sheer nylon of her stockings, each step on her heels making a click as steel met the tiled floor until she reached Jerry, stretched and sobbing beneath the trapeze.

Carrie stood as one hypnotized as the woman passed by, her whip trailing behind her, snaking over the tiles. Carrie could not even tear her eyes away to glance at her boyfriend, at the far end of the line.

Mistress Consuela was now standing just a couple of paces from Jerry. She carefully planted her feet and her muscles moved as she made ready. Carrie almost began to enjoy the sway of her ass and the rasp of nylon on nylon. Large breasts moved under the shimmering net as the tyrant drew back her arm.

The bright stage lights swelled: now the whole room was flooded with white radiant light.

"We are your owners," she said in that false-pleasant tone. "The rest follows on naturally from there... That's who we know that we are!"

She raised her arm and the whip snaked upwards; an almost perfect ellipse and then with an almost relaxed flick of her wrist a wave travelled along the braided length of the whip, accelerating as it moved until the leather writhed on Jerry's back with a soft hiss.

"The answer to your second, question, what right do we have?' follows on naturally from the first..." her tone was almost conversational, "We are your owners, we are merely exercising our absolute rights over our property."

"You will all learn about the whip", continued Mistress Consuela.

As she spoke, the tail of the whip found Jerry's back again, "It will find you out..."

The whip was striking hard now, the soft popping replaced by loud slaps as leather licked across skin and left snaking welts.

Jerry, stretched below the trapeze bar, was not speaking any more, he was gasping and sobbing as the whip moved across him, wrapping about his chest, striping his buttocks, travelling across his thighs.

“Another question was, about why you in particular have been acquired?” her light conversational tone continued as she walked slowly around Jerry inspecting the pattern that she had created on his pale skin.

Her strong arm moved back again, Mistress Consuela's body flexed, her breasts heaved, a swell under the nylon, as she brought the whip around and dealt an especially hard and cutting stroke across Jerry's shoulders. The sound of the leather connecting with skin filled the auditorium and this time, Jerry's legs gave way and he hung by his wrists, beaten into submission.

“You were specially chosen; a woman waits to use you. That is all there is for you to know!”

Next to Carrie, Valentina began to sob as Jerry writhed under the whip and Mistress Consuela turned to see which part of her audience was reacting in such a satisfactory way to the performance?

Valentina, now crying incoherently, fell to her knees. Hands on the tiles, she sobbed and shook as her tears dripped to the floor. The ominous sound of heels on the tiles brought Mistress Consuela to the stricken woman and she stood legs apart over her, wrist flicking the whip like a viper, a smile on her lips.

“What's this, Mrs Rossi? So very upset by the answers I am giving?” she said. “Why, I could almost believe that you feel some small affection for him...”

Carrie could feel her own knees ready to give way as she realized the utter sensuality that was so plain on Mistress Consuela's lips. She dared not look into the face of the woman

who was so enjoying torturing their minds and bodies.

"You see," said Mistress Consuela as she continued in the same soft tone. "We know all about the little affair you were having with the team physio! Cheating on that rich husband of yours, fucking Jerry at every turn, making Barrington a cuckold with every shafting in every hotel room between Miami and New York! We know every sordid detail, every slut-trick you turned! We know everything about you and your past..."

Miss Consuela stooped over the sobbing woman and reached out, running a nail from ass to neck in an almost affectionate touch.

It was possessive sexual contact that caused the tearful face to lift to look up and then drop again.

"Don't think that I am judging you, darling," she continued. "We don't care if you fucked the whole team and then some... But, it answers Jerry's question. You were both chosen for Crimson because some of our clients just love to play with those that have personal value ... I have been told that you are both to be reserved for special people who have specifically requested your company!"

Mistress Consuela moved her foot slightly forward.

The elegant black stiletto moving under Valentina's face, wetted by her tears. The tailored nylons smooth over the ankle, the cleavage of the toes showing as creases from her uppers. Carrie felt herself holding her breath, instinctively knowing what was to follow.

There was a pause, utter silence in the auditorium.

Then, Valentina lowered her head so slowly. Tears splashed on the black patent surface. Her lips touched shiny leather and Mistress Consuela smiled with sly satisfaction.

"That is the first lesson, slut," she whispered as Valentina kissed her foot. "Here in Crimson Domain, obedience and submission is all there is, your pain and *our* pleasure. *That* is all you need to know..."

There was a pause, utter silence in the auditorium.

Then, Valentina lowered her head so slowly.

Tears splashed on the patent surface.

Her lips touched shiny leather.

Mistress Consuela smiled.

With sly satisfaction.

4 Outside World

The battered police car stood on the edge of the cliff.

One uniformed policeman stood on the edge of the chasm and whistled as he stared at the carnage far below. The busses, broken backed and crumpled, a few bodies could scattered around where they had been thrown by the impact.

His companion sat half in the driver's seat and was speaking into the handset.

Far from base, the replies came as a crackling whisper, almost impossible to understand. The policeman started to use a talking-shout into the microphone, but the answers were even more indistinct. In a gesture of frustration, the second officer gave up and moved to stand by his companion.

"It's them," he said in Spanish. "Both coaches... Lima is not going to be at all happy..."

"Looks like they both just drove over the edge," said his companion. "Accidental?"

The policeman shrugged his shoulder.

"Who cares? They're sending up a car or two to take a look," he said as he turned from the edge. "Lima will take it out of our hands, for sure."

The two policemen moved back to their car and then strolled through the dust of the layby. The dust and grit plumed at every step until the first policeman stopped and picked up a brass cartridge.

"What's this doing here?" he asked.

His companion shrugged after a glance at the brass casing and moved on. Now the dust was disturbed. Tire tracks in all directions, some broad, some narrow.

"These look like the coaches' tracks..."

"Stopped here... and then running *back* over the edge?"

"Strange..."

"We'd better get off here," said the first policeman. "When the A Team come, we'll be on a charge if they think that we disturbed the scene."

Both policemen looked at one another and strolled back to their dusty car. Hours from anywhere, their police radio network ineffective and even mobile phone contact impossible. It would be hours before anyone got here and it was their duty to mark the site of the accident. They had stumbled upon the carnage only because been heading up into the mountains on routine police business.

Their shift suddenly promised to be a long one... two hours drive from the nearest town there where officers of the police criminal investigative bureau who could takeover the case. Once more, they looked down at the busses.

"Should we climb down?"

The question was clearly ridiculous as they stood and looked at the wreckage far below.

"No way," said the second uniformed policeman. "No point... not now."

They moved back to the shade of their car and sat waiting. They might be here all night... The cartridge case was balanced on the top of the dashboard, gleaming, a suggestion of other forces at work.

"Do you think that there are more?"

"Cases?"

He shrugged in answer.

"Terrorists or kidnappers?"

"Merde, we'll be here forever. What the fuck did you have to stop for?"

"You were the one that noticed the scrapes on the edge..."

"Yeah, but you didn't have to stop! Now we'll be here for hours and I *have* to get back by eight..."

They looked at each other and suddenly there was a hint of conspiracy in their conversation. A hand reached out and the brass case was pocketed.

"We could look around a little..."

"We are *obliged* to..."

Once again, they stepped into the sunlight and moved around the layby. Their feet smudging the tracks in the dust, another three bright cartridges added to the one in the policeman's pocket. Everything that they did to cover the tracks of the vans and busses was done by silent unspoken accord. Each policeman moving as if alone until once more they were staring down into the abyss. A mute conspiracy of reserve that both understood, but neither uttered. As if, by not talking, they were not even part of what they did.

At last, all obvious traces were gone and they could speak.

"They must have just gone over the edge."

"Maybe there was a cloud-fog and they missed the corner?"

"That's the *only* possibility!"

Both men lapsed into silence as they looked at the smoking wreckage of the busses on the rocks below before seating themselves back in the car.

They waited just under an hour before the sound of an engine drifted up from beyond the curve of the road and a battered police-van appeared. It slowed and pulled into the layby, flagged down by the two waiting policemen, raising dust, ensuring that any last signs of what had happened were wiped out.

A brief interchange of words, rapid orders in Spanish and then a haphazard crowd of uniformed officers moved to stand gawping at the edge of the chasm. The two policemen who had found the site watched as their compatriots from the city milled around in the dust and finished what they had started while a plainclothes senior called in more reinforcements on his

radio.

Few words were exchanged.

Ten minutes later, the battered police-car with the two silent men was heading back for their police post. The big-city men had taken over and seemed they were not at all interested in statements or explanations.

A perfect ending to a nerve-wracking hour of waiting!

The two policemen stopped three hairpins down the road and stepped from the car. One of them fished the several cartridges from his pocket and tossed them into the void. For a moment they rattled far below and then were gone.

"A terrible, terrible, accident," said the first.

"And, none of *our* business at all now... Come on, let's go... before more city assholes arrive!"

The engine coughed black smoke and the car continued down the road.

Far above them, the hired policemen who had been held up by their unfortunate breakdown, ensured that the site was utterly clean. Brooms and a careful combing of the layby made sure of it.

A plain-clothes officer supervised and thought about all the things he was going to do with the two-thousand American dollars that were hidden under his bed.

They were perhaps just a little surprised to find so few signs of the hijack they had been paid to cover up. Not a single cartridge or tire-track, no sign at all that it was anything other than a terrible calamity. Now there was nothing more to see ...

The kidnappers, it seemed, had done all of their work for them!

Just the scrapes on the tarmac and the debris below.

A terrible accident, an unfortunate calamity...

As they stowed their tools and climbed back into their van, they heard a police-helicopter and caught sight of it briefly in the valley. Soon the busses would burn and finish the job. Laughing and joking as they watched it settle and three men appeared far below to inspect the wreckage and the scattered bodies before carefully spilling petrol over the remains.

The Josh Green Sports Blog - News

Exclusive USA Sept 1st 2036

Ratrace, Facebook, Kontact, Instagram, and Sports-blogger.

Josh Green writes ...

Just a few months ago, Barry Rossis's Orlando Crocs were on top of the world. That photo of Mike Fallon lifting Carrie Rudd, to be followed by this tragedy! A tens of millions of dollars spent, a revamped stadium in Orlando, runners-up in the last season's Superbowl: they had it all before them. Now we stand on the edge of a cliff looking at the ruin of all those hopes for the coming season.

Two buses packed with the cream of our sports-elite on their way to high altitude training camp lying wrecked and burned at the base of a cliff in the remote Andes. They have all perished in the torn and twisted shells of the vehicles, a makeshift grave for their hopes, themselves and the finest representatives of American sport. The body-count has been done, the body-bags have been airlifted out and it has been revealed to me exclusively by a police source in Lima that no-one survived the terrible accident. That not only did the whole first-team plunge to their deaths but also so many others who made Barry Rossi's Crocs the outstanding football team that it was.

Barry's wife, the trainers, the physical therapy staff, many of the wives and girlfriends as well as the team coach who brought such a fresh and original

approach to the greatest game on earth.

There are so *many* questions, but just two are uppermost in the minds of the American Public right now. What would make for a suitable memorial to those who will not be coming back to Orlando? What happens to the Crocs going forward and, once the time for mourning lost-heroes has passed?

Barrington Rossi, the billionaire owner of the Crocs, has made almost no comments official or otherwise except to express his shock and sorrow at his personal loss and the loss of life amongst his players and staff.

The new season begins in just a few days, and there is talk of delaying the start out of respect for what must now take place. Time for the funerals of the fallen and to give the remnants of Barrington's team time to collect itself and carry the glorious memory of the magnificent Crocs into the future. Without a doubt, this must be one of the greatest ever tragedies to hit any sport.

Thankfully, though, there has never been anything quite like this before. The public will mourn the loss of these heroic Stars who reached for the heavens and ended at God's right hand. Their mangled remains so badly disfigured by the crash and fire that DNA testing and forensic dental examination was the only way that they could be positively identified. There will be no open coffins, and we will never see their like again.

We all mourn, America mourns, the *world* mourns along with Barrington Rossi, the man who spent took his fortune made in the silicon chip business, so

important in our everyday lives.

I can sense the personal tragedy as I watch the forensic teams that move like ants far below. The silent and forlorn figure of Barrington Rossi poised, as he stares into his own personal abyss. The sense of loss, the sense of the hope that died.

There is only horror to see here, it will be a long time before the wounds heal.

5 Tiled Inferno

The cell that held Jerry was completely bare.

A white unrelieved, featureless hell.

Endless white tiles on floor and walls. A door that had no handle, a bright light that was never off. A single drain in the floor that served his need to piss, smooth walls and ceiling only relieved by the ring, high on the wall, that the chain from his collar was padlocked to.

His wrists still behind his back, the cable-ties replaced by leather cuffs and a short chain. Hours before, he had been taken and chained in the cell and one of the nurses had hosed him down before she left without a word.

His erection had faded.

The lines of the whip were now just livid welts.

He sat on the hard floor, legs outstretched before him, back and arms leaning on the smooth tiles as he wondered what this nightmare place was and allowed his mind to drift over the events of the last day.

Who were these people? he asked himself.

The one question raised yet others as he allowed himself to dwell on the women that seemed to be in charge. The nurses, naked under their white latex coats, white stilettos and slick shaved pussies, large-breasted and all three in some way so attractive with their intrinsic superiority. Not a word spoken, just urging hands as they brought him to the cell, white painted nails and white lipstick, white angels of cruelty.

His erection stirred again as he remembered the nurse who had

hosed him down. A jet of cool water that ran like a river into the drain in the center of the cell. Her coat open, shamelessly displaying her waxed cunt, her nipples standing hard as she too was splashed by the chilly water.

Better looking than Valentina, and with a dispassionate level of control that still sent shivers of fear and arousal through him, as he thought of her.

Now he was as stiff as a steel rod!

The door opened and Mistress Consuela stalked into the room. Stood for a moment contemplating her prisoner. Jerry's eyes took her in and he could not help his rising lust overwhelm him.

The memory of the nurses, replaced by the actuality of Mistress Consuela. Short, shapely and so very, very carnal. Dressed like a Hispanic whore, muscular *and* soft, sheer overt sexual power with the well-used whip in her hand. The thin nylon stretched over her large breasts, the nipples that stood proud, the way that she moved, and her lips curled at every word. Blue-black hair that hung down her back to her waist and a look of superiority that promised everything and gave nothing.

Jerry found that he longed to have his hands free!

Not to escape or even to feel comfortable but to run them over his hard cock and wank over the woman who had given him the welts that scored his flesh. He found himself almost panting with the need of it, the need to rub, to tease and to make himself harder that he had ever been.

How could he be this excited, in the midst of his terror?

The answer was easy, Andrea Perez... *President* Perez...

Consuela was so like the last Latino bitch that he had fucked! Wild and kinky, loving every moment of being on the end of his cock! Cuffs? Andrea had been so into cuffs and ropes, long

helpless fucks. The sharp features, the pouting red lips as she moved in for the kill, delicate stockings, expensive perfume, it was the same look, and Jerry could not help himself longing for just a touch! Longing for her to take him and squat on his needy cock, teasing with her nails, panting with her craving to come.

She smiled.

A smug acknowledgement of the power that she had over him. He banished Andrea Perez from his thoughts. Those moments were all in the past, the urge to allow a woman to rule his life had passed. Now he took what he wanted from the wife of his boss...

He lifted his knees and trapped the desperate cock between his thighs, but it brought no relief. The hard tiles beneath, the dread of what was to happen prevented any physical release. With the excitement fading to be replaced by dark fears and darker thoughts, he relaxed again and thought of the delicious Valentina.

Mrs. Valentina Rossi!

Wife of the team owner, rich beyond his dreams.

The perfect fuck... the woman who had no sexual boundaries! Needy and avid for more...

Did he truly love her, as he had declared at every long stroke as he fucked her?

No!

But it had been a *great* six months; making the rich-bitch squeal and beg for his cock, knowing that her husband followed him into her tight dripping cunt, enjoying every time that they sneaked into each other's rooms and fucked like desperate teenagers.

It had been so good...

Valentina was such a perfect bitch...

Andrea had been so demanding...

Valentina merely so desperate!

He thought of the secure bank-vault where the work of the last four years rested in the dark.

The autobiography that would make him a wealthy man, the story of each and every one of the rich bitches he had fucked. From the young innocent doctor, now become so famous, the woman that had moved into circles far over his level. Then the models and wives, the bitches and sluts who had all been on the end of his cock.

God! But it would cause an earthquake when it was published.

It was beyond reach now... he had to escape, had to give the word that would begin the process of publication ...

Consuela stepped closer and Jerry felt the power of her control. Struggled in the fetters that held him, desperate to escape, desperate to be taken!

"You will love what we have in store for you," said Consuela with a small laugh. "And a special little surprise that will have that cock of yours jerking to come like it never has before. First, you need to be made ready for our amusement..."

For a moment the nails touched him and he cried out with the tension and fear of the moment of contact.

"It's what you want," she said. "More important, it's what I want... A man-slut who is broken to the leash!"

He looked up and she turned to leave.

"They'll be along shortly to begin," she said casually. "It's why you're here..."

"Why am I here?" he begged.

Consuela paused a moment as if about to reply, but then shrugged and walked through the open doorway.

The door closed with a click and Jerry pulled at the shackles that held him to the wall.

So? *Why* was he here?

He guessed, in his heart of hearts but contemplation of the probable truth filled him with terror! Then his thoughts recalled the agonizing moments as both coaches had tipped into the void. Teetering a second at the edge. The screams and the faces of those falling to their doom. Their open mouths, the last moments and then, they were gone, only a faint grinding of steel on stone marking their passing.

As a witness, he would never ever be allowed to escape!

Then came naked fear again which overcame his lust!

Jerry pissed himself and sobbed. The yellow stream of urine wandering to the drain as he howled and shivered even though the cell was not cold. He was in hell. Not what he had ever imagined it would be, but a cold impersonal inferno all the same. The women that he so desperately wanted to wank over... they were the demons and devils of this place.

Casual indifference and terrible consequences.

Despite their attraction, it was them that he feared, the women that now owned him...

The door opened.

Beyond the opening, a corridor no different from his cell.

Standing in the gap, two of the nurses. Was it the same one who had hosed him down, the one that had so excited his thoughts? That perfect cunt, a hard mound of waxed skin, a pouting slit displayed to taunt and torment him. Jerry could not be sure: he felt sick with fear as they stood before him and appalled by the way they stimulated his imagination as he drew his knees up, shamed by the last traces of piss that seeped towards the drain in the floor.

They stood for a moment as if for effect before entering the room.

Jerry saw the coat open and the taut skin revealed beneath.

The closed slit of the cunt and the high rounded breasts that seemed almost unnaturally perfectly rounded.

Nipples adorned with small gold rings as the opening closed.

"Get up, bitch..." said the one that standing before him.

"Please, please... I can offer you so much..."

"*You* can offer *us* nothing!"

Her face was blank behind the tight white latex, her crimson lips pouting, her black lashes long. Her eyes emotionless.

"All I need to do is call someone..."

He thought of his lawyer the only other person who held the keys to the secure box where the manuscript lay.

The answer was a laugh and a sharp slap across his face that silenced him.

The words that he spoke were barely audible, but even so,

another sharp slap on his face underlined his infraction of the rules.

“Speak when spoken to, bitch!”

Jerry struggled to his feet.

As he did so the second nurse moved and pulled a chain tight to level his arms level behind him. To see them and to see what they were doing, he had to crane his neck: his eyes focused on the slit of her sex but it did not pout wide as he hoped it would. He could feel an erection starting and blushed with shame. His eyes turned to the other nurse's hands.

Pincers of some sort? Almost like a riveting gun. A small box with a bright display that he could not make out in the other hand. As she stepped close, he tried to shy away, but there was nowhere to go.

She pressed that gun to him, just under his ribs and there was a click. He felt a sharp sting, agony that passed in a second to be replaced by a throbbing inside.

“Good boy,” said the first nurse and her hand lifted his face to hers. “You are 6336. Remember it boy...”

“6336,” he repeated.

“That's right, boy,” she said. “From now on you are just a number. You will be a good little boy by the time that you leave to go to Crimson. Fun to play with even, providing endless pleasure for the wealthy women who pay to use you. I believe that you are reserved for a very singular guest...”

She uttered a short laugh, where the instrument had touched his skin, a drop of blood welled and trickled down his belly.

The nurse lifted the small box and moved it over his body close

to where the drop of blood was starting to congeal. She inspected the screen and nodded as if satisfied.

"What have you done?" he asked, his voice unsteady as if he was about to sob.

He could not stop himself from asking and he received another slap across the face almost as soon as the question was out of his mouth.

The first nurse placed a hand on his throat and lifted his face.

"All property is marked. How else would we all know *whom* it belonged to?"

He looked into her eyes, but there was no hint of humor or emotion. Then he felt a hand between his thighs, gloved fingers closing on his hard cock as the other nurse gripped him.

"Nice and quick..."

The hand gripped his balls and then began stroking the length of his cock. All Jerry could see was the nurse's blank face. Cold and hard, latex stretched over beauty, lips a line of disapproval while the other woman roughly pulled his cock faster and faster.

He gasped.

"Get a move on, slut... we *haven't* all day!"

He whined, he gasped and his hips flexed. Jerry could not help himself, thrusting in time to her hand as her grip became harder and the strokes became almost frantic.

"Come... *now!*"

He gasped, he felt that internal click, he thrust hard and a fountain of slimy come welled from deep within to issue from the head of his cock. All the while, his eyes were locked to hers, as

he gave what they forced him to give and the hand kept stroking like a machine between his thighs.

“Good, that's all of it... all of it, and the slut's in refraction now.”

The hand was withdrawn, and he felt fingers probe and inspect his shrinking erection. Gauging and measuring, probing and clutching.

“A number ten will be a perfect fit,” said the nurse who had milked him dry.

They stood back and Jerry could see his come dripping down the latex of her coat. A wet stream, globs of sticky goo that clung as the coat rippled with every move of her legs.

“Full control implants and partial silencing. Just think of all of the pleasure that you will bring!” said the nurse with her first smile. Then she looked at Jerry and winked. “We will have you fitted and ready for the teacher in an hour... Don't go anywhere, slut!”

Both nurses laughed at the joke and then the one that had spoken slowly opened her white latex coat by raising her arms a little.

The triangular gap opened wide to expose her oiled flesh, breasts partially covered, swelling and oozing pussy pouting between her thighs.

Both hands moved, slid through the opening and slid to the creases between her legs.

Fingers parted the lips of her pussy and she gasped as she pressed to force her clitoris to peep from the slit. Her finger danced over it and she climaxed with just a slight touch.

“You will be so perfect,” she gasped.

“6336, the helpless fuck-toy for the woman who so wants to meet you...”

The moans of the white-clad nurse filled his mind and 6336 started to cry.

6 Play Pet

Solitary Reflections...

Valentina had never been shy!

She lived in a world of attractive men, all 'owned' by her husband, all available with just the crook of a manicured finger. All that heady testosterone had scented the air. Every season a new cock to fill her, to be sucked dry, to be teased and then dropped like a hot coal. Mike, Dave, Solomon and Jerry; four successful seasons of top league play for Valentina no matter what happened on the actual field of glory.

Valentina preferred quarter-backs and physical therapists. They had the strength and cunning...

She had never been timid, ready to test her limits, but this? This was different! Naked, helpless and chained. Standing in a narrow white cell where the 'nurses' had left her. Inspected and talked over as if she were on an auction podium.

The bright chrome of the chain to her collar allowed perhaps a step or at most enough slack for her to sit as she was now, staring at the white metal door waiting for the next humiliation.

She began her argument with a spasm of invective with words that would surely impress her captors.

"Do you know who I am?"

"My husband is..."

She screamed and struggled until her throat was raw, until another chain was added and at *that* point came the realization that these were not simple kidnappers or criminals, but something much, much more. Something far beyond!

Then that half hour on the stage.

Bright lights, female voices, words that she did not understand the meaning of, until at last she was dragged to her cell and chained, inspected and mauled.

That evil Spanish woman's words that still rang in her ears, Consuela, the mistress, knew every detail of Valentina's affairs and dalliances.

Then came the nurses, bright white coats opening to reveal everything, their sly chuckles and the indignity of being chipped. It was not the sudden pain. That was gone almost as soon as it had registered, it was the realization that she, Mrs Valentina Rossi, had no significance, no status, she was merely property now.

Valentina's hands were behind her back, hands almost numb as she tried to find a position in which she could sit easily. A trickle of bright red from just under her breast had dried to a dark line to her belly. The collar was tight and did not allow itself to be forgotten, the rattle of the chain to the high hook sounded at every movement.

The rational world had been replaced by a nightmare.

One thing was certain, the men who had been supervised by that evil woman were part of a group that had no shred of humanity left in their hearts.

The faces at the windows of the buses as they tipped over the road edge and fell into the ravine, the wry laughter as metal screeched on rock and voices cried out in terror. The trip; vans and helicopters, the vast building hedged by dense growth of tall trees, all of this spoke of money and power. No mention of ransom, no hint of release, nothing that made any rational sense...

Barrington, her husband would be frantic by now...

Barrington was her only hope, her touchstone.

When he heard of her disappearance, the loss of his treasured team and the wreckage in the mountain pass, he would turn every stone, pull every string in Washington, rant and rave to the press. He would come for her, of that she was sure!

Nothing could stop her husband from hunting down those that had taken what he cherished. What he had paid millions for. What he had created and valued over everything.

Wife and team!

A ghostly premonition.

A sense of imminence filled Valentina.

A rattle of keys, a voice heard behind the door.

The slight creak of the hinge and the scrape on the floor.

Two women stood for a moment on the threshold of the cell. Valentina knew that they were women, even though their faces were masked. Covered smooth in white latex, from their high-heeled mules to their masked faces, latex that stretched over their limbs and bodies, hands and feet, marionettes with only breasts and the curves of their smooth cunts showing where their white coats fluttered.

One held a loose cloth bag in her gloved hands, the other had her hand on keys at her waist.

Valentina opened her mouth to speak and then closed it again. This was not the time to struggle, this was the moment to learn and perhaps understand more about her fate.

The two strange figures entered the cell to be followed by the

woman that had delivered her gloating presentation.

Short and full-figured, she was clothed as if to enhance her femininity with tight skirt and filigree stockings in black. Bright red lips like her two white mannikins, hair pulled into a high bun, lace fingerless gloves on her manicured hands. The woman who had supervised and controlled.

This was the woman who had used the whip on Jerry, the woman who had so enjoyed tormenting her captives.

"Mrs Valentina Rossi," said Consuela in her rich Spanish accent.

For a moment, Valentina thought she was being addressed, looked up, but the Spanish woman passed some small tablet to one of the white servitors who then inspected it and flicked at the screen.

The heels clicked as Consuela strolled to stand over Valentina to stand with feet apart, hands on hips.

"This one needs to be ready for use in a week," continued Consuela. "We have a guest that wants her ready. After that, the modifications on her condition-file can be completed and she will stay in Crimson. Until then, conditioning only... The rest comes later."

Consuela smiled down at the mute Valentina and raised an eyebrow.

"You are lucky, my dear," said Mistress Consuela. "A week of relaxation before the real service begins. Make the most of these last moments..."

The naked woman on the floor could not help herself.

"When my husband finds me..."

Consuela made a tutting sound and pouted her lips.

"My dear pet, I am sure that he will, but until then you need to learn to only speak when you are spoken to," she said before turning to the nurse with the slate in her hand.

"Starting now, three punishment sessions per day and I want it presentable for my inspection in an hour. If it dares to speak again, level three penalties are called for!" she continued.

Valentina could feel the tears in her eyes spill onto her cheeks, her lips trembled, and she bit back her impending words.

"That's better, dear. Make sure that you are nice and obedient because I have ways of ensuring obedience should it be necessary. You have not savored real helplessness yet."

Consuela left with a last look leaving the sobbing Valentina to the tender mercies of the two white nurses. They did not move until the door closed behind their mistress and then the nightmare began.

The tablet was silently consulted, and then they turned to their victim. The bag was opened and before Valentina's eyes a crimson latex costume was pulled free and laid out. Not bright red, but a darker hue of glossy material that hung slack as it was carefully spread on the tiled floor. Like a latex crimson shadow on the floor, a shadow that would engulf the chained slave to contrast to the stark whiteness of cell and nurses.

"My, my, how special you are going to be," laughed the nurse as she flicked her finger over the surface of the tablet. "You would not believe how much work needs to be done. So much to do before you are ready for use..."

She paused to take in the effect of her words and then continued, "Any questions?"

The question seemed to be a permission to speak and Valentina

dared answer.

"Why is this happening to me?" she sobbed.

The nurse squatted by her face, her knees wide exposing the dripping slit so close to the tear-filled eyes of her victim. The heels of her mules turned on the tiles with a grating sound and she leaned over Valentina. Her lips twisted into a smile and it seemed that she was amused rather than annoyed at Valentina's plea.

"Because you do not match your sponsor's requirements, my dear," she said. "But, don't worry, we will make sure that you are perfect for your owner!"

Valentina looked up at the masked face of the nurse and wailed in distress. She closed her eyes to shut out and drive away the nightmare.

"There's no hiding from me," chuckled the nurse, "or from what is happening. Better to just accept it and appreciate what you are... I think you should know..."

Something touched Valentina's lips. Warm and wet, sweet and perfumed and she opened her eyes to see the slit of the pussy over her face dripping its honey and, between the parted thighs, the masked face of the nurse who was now inspecting the tablet in her hands.

Her eyes moved, and she looked down as she spoke.

"A few little adjustments here and there," she crooned as Valentina tried to escape the hand that stroked her breasts. "These are ready for a little attention..."

Valentina cried out as fingers and thumb squeezed a nipple.

"A pleasure slave needs to be special, exciting and tempting, so

a little more here is called for..." the nurse lifted the tablet again and pouted. "Your sponsor wants so much more here to play with," she said. "Easy to adjust, I think. Exceptional size is called for..."

The fingers pulled back and the nurse slid on her heels until the parted pussy was almost at Valentina's lips.

"A little severe corset training will get the wasp-waist, no need to operate! This will be the hardest part, it always is..."

The hips tilted up, knees flexed, and the hand moved to touch Valentina's face. It brushed away the tears in almost casual affection and then a finger ran the length of Valentina's lips.

"You need a proper pout, dear," said the nurse's voice as the finger came to rest. "How can you pleasure your owner if you cannot kiss and suckle like a slut?"

"Oh God!" cried Valentina as the finger pressed between her lips. "Please!"

"That's better," said the nurse. "Perfection has to be begged for and we will make you into such a perfect lover! There will be no more tears, just a little happy dolly to be played with every day."

Through the haze of tears in her eyes, she saw the nurse stand over her. A dribble of excitement on the bare thighs above her white latex stockings. The hand with the tablet dropped by her hips, a smile on her lips.

"Time to start your journey, darling."

"What have I done to deserve this?" moaned Valentina as hands moved to release her from the wall.

The collar came off with a click, the cuffs on wrists likewise.

"Hush now, babes, we'll look after you and teach you to be nice and obedient. Everything will be taken care of for you..."

Valentina glanced from the masked faces, pouting red lips, fluttering long lashes like feathers, and turned her attention to the door. There was no escape, no resistance was either practical nor would it lead to freedom. One nurse moved over Valentina, the slit of her pussy dripping with lust as she reached down and took a wrist. The other glanced at her companion and smiled before arranging the dark-red latex.

The sobbing woman was guided on all fours by the smiling nurses. A hand guided her crawling across the tiled floor. She looked up and through her tears, saw the smooth legs and thighs of the nurse guiding her, the place where latex gave way to polished skin, the weeping crack of the cunt that she had been in kissing-reach of and Valentina's elbows gave way to leave her lying on the ruffled suit that had been laid out for her.

"Let's get this on you, darling, and then you'll get a taste of what your life will be like as a pet."

Openings, zippers and flaps; ripples in the glossy material that she posed on.

A hand descended and again took her wrist. Pulling it upward to her shoulder. Valentina looked up and started as four hands moved. In a moment a band passed under her armpit and tightened, encircling arm and wrist. She almost cried out as it was tightened and the two silent nurses moved to the other arm.

Valentina struggled as the other hand was pulled up, but the four hands that held her were too much to resist. She tried to back away, but on knees and elbows she slid on latex and tiles. The other band was tightened and there was a moment's pause. She craned up to watch the two nurses move behind her and tried to circle to face them. There was a slight laugh and

then a quickening of mules on tiles, then an ankle was taken and lifted, and Valentina tried to kick out.

Shuffle, pull, scrape of heels, lift.

Foot met thigh, ankle pressed to ass and banded tight.

Now she was once again on knees and elbows and it hurt! The hardness of the floor on her joints hindered attempts to move as the two women positioned the latex under her before it slipped on. Tight and fluid over arms and legs, zippers tugged tight over her limbs before four gloved hands pulled the costume tight over her torso and closed it down her back. As the closure was secured, Valentina felt the latex stretch and pull taut. Sealing her into the suit, drawing in her stomach, tightening and constricting over breasts and ass.

Another closure.

From belly to back, between thighs, under, up and over.

Clinching her rounded ass, pulling at thighs and hips, modelling and shaping as it tightened.

They stood back.

As if to admire their work, the two nurses inspected and adjusted. Pulling here, tugging there, opening and re-closing the suit until it was perfectly fitted.

Hands drifted over pussy and breasts, pinched and pulled, pushed and guided in unwonted intimacy as the last wrinkles were purged. Valentina had been through this all before!

Wedding gown, designer dresses, corsets and lingerie fitted by dressmakers and conceited fashionistas.

But never had the bounds of intimacy been transgressed like this, as a gloved hand stroked between her thighs and then

slowly adjusted the zipper there to ensure that it opened exactly over and molded closely around her femininity.

"There, that's better isn't it?" said the evil nurse in a soft tone. "Tight and ready for display... Your sponsor will get to use you and then off you'll go to White for a few small modifications."

Valentina wailed as soft hands pulled zippers tight and locked the tags and buckles. A light slap to her ass emphasized the need for her to stay still as they smoothed out the wrinkles in the suit.

Another pause and then the click of those high heels again.

Each limb was lifted a little, and small pads were attached. Poppers clicked home. In relief, Valentina realized that she could now move if she sashayed her hips and shoulders. Like a pet-poodle.

A final indignity had yet to be added and Valentina cried out when she saw what was held before her face. A hood, crimson latex like the suit. Two holes where white gloved fingers poked through. Nose and mouth, wide blue orbs painted on the smooth mask that would cover her eyes.

"Now to make you totally *irresistible*," said a voice from behind her. "You won't need this once you are finished, but for now let's get you at least acceptable... Helpless and so fuckable. Just think how much pleasure you are going to bring to your lucky owner."

"Please, no, please, please don't do this..."

"Hush now, dolly. This is how you will look, isn't it pretty?"

Hands slid into the mask to open it out for Valentina's inspection and the emotionless face that would soon be hers was displayed to her streaming eyes.

A dolls' face, a marionette's startled expression. Large blue eyes, long lashes and small pink circles on the cheeks. Nerveless and impassive, blank and doll-like.

Valentina moved a step, bent her head down, but it simply assisted the hands that pulled on the hood with a smooth motion that cut the light from her eyes leaving her sobbing and gasping through the opening from which her open lips pouted. Hands smoothed, pulled and tugged again. Her hair was fed through the top and plaited. She could feel the tugging at her scalp and it frightened her because it symbolized her helplessness. They could do whatever they wanted...

The lush smell of the latex filled her nostrils, the fingers pulling it over her features as the click of heels filled her ears and another light laugh came from outside her limited world. The two nurses were enjoying their task immensely, enjoying the painful birth of the new pet that they were creating. Savoring the terror and tears, gently heightening the fear with soft words.

"I can't see..." said the pet in a tumble of words that burbled from her lips as the hood was pulled tight over her features. "God, oh God, help me..."

"But, babes, you don't *need* to see, you just need feel those three nice tight little holes being used by your new owner... Just imagine how much satisfaction you will give!"

In the darkness of the hood Valentina felt hands move over her helpless body. Sliding between the cheeks of her ass, teasing her between her thighs, sliding over her lips. Something pressed, forced its way between her lips.

Her tongue recoiled as the shape became clear.

The head of a cock, warm and slick between her teeth. She tried to bite down to stop its entry, but the force was too

great. It filled her mouth, pushing at the base of her tongue gagging her as the hands moved to make it fast.

“Just to show you what your holes are for,” came the muffled laugh from outside the latex prison of the hood.

Claustrophobia overwhelmed Valentina; it took her mind and blanketed it in grey shadows.

Valentina panicked.

She tried to move, run, escape her fate. She gasped and cried out and moved three steps forward, engulfed by the horror of her predicament. Nothing constrained her but the suit and her sightlessness. They let her move, stood back from her and watched as her head came into contact with a tiled wall. She moved to the side, chest heaving and breath sniveling from her lips as she sought the door, not thinking that there was no exit for the mewling animal that she had become.

The angle of the wall.

On elbows turning to seek the exit.

Knees and elbows moving but hopelessly uncoordinated. She heard chuckles and her head bumped the wall in her panic.

She moved; following the walls, finding the angles, losing her direction.

A hand slid under her body and fondled her freely-hanging breasts.

Once again, she heard the voice of the nurse. This time, not talking to her but to the silent companion who was her helper. Muffled by the hood, it came from every direction and none. It could have been directly over her or from the other side of the room.

“Perfect for use...”

At last, four corners were counted, four walls traversed, halted, trembling.

All Valentina could hear was the mocking laughter of the nurses as she fought her panic to take each step.

The touch of a hand on her back made her start and Valentina felt claustrophobic helplessness. Constricted and clothed, free to move, dressed but at the same time naked. She made no sound on the tiles as she moved again and the hands allowed her another circuit of the small cell. The circle exhausted her energy and resistance. Valentina's breath came in gasps of terror, filling her ears as she moved.

Suddenly her head was between the open thighs of one of her captors and she was held while a collar was added to her costume. She pulled her head free and backed to find a hand slipping between her thighs. A hand that opened her. A hand that moved under her as the opening widened and the flesh bulged, vulnerable and delicate.

A finger probed and ran between the lips of her pussy. Stroked her, slipped through her until it wriggled and entered.

Hands fumbled and pulled the rubber cock from her mouth, causing her to gasp as she could suddenly breathe with no constraint. A finger drifted over her lips and then the cruelty of the nurses took a new turn. Softly rubbing, teasing and exploring.

“Time for a little play... We'll show you how much fun is in store for you...”

A perfect mirror of terror and bliss as the finger probed while another stroked her to rapture. Another hand, sliding the opening bigger, slid between the cheeks of her ass. Pressed into

her, rooting her to the spot as the two nurses played with her. One using two hands to penetrate and fondle, the other threatening to press into her from behind.

More laughter.

More movement.

Valentina did not know whether to cry out in pleasure or terror as she was fucked in the darkness, opening her thighs and sobbing in the apprehension of her coming climax.

Because, she knew that she was coming. The onset of climax could not be halted. She could feel that surge of anxiety that swirled in her belly. Contact, slippery contact of latex and flesh tormented and violated by hands that had imprisoned her. Helplessness and powerlessness brought to a peak in the darkness by the impassive nurses. Climax shaking her whole body, elbows and knees wide to allow the exhaustive manipulation to reach a crescendo as Valentina mewled and wailed, dripped and flowed like liquid under the fingers that fucked her.

She was forced to a peak of desperation.

"Come for Mummy... show us how grateful you are."

It had never been like this under her stud lovers...

They had never reached the depths of her, taken her like this. Caused her to shake like a leaf as they pumped her full of their cocks. Now, every touch was heaven and hell, every stroke pure pleasure as she surrendered to their touch.

It was over, a last trembling touch and then she was sealed, closed and tight in her crimson hell. A finger that tasted of her own orgasm pressed between her lips and followed by an urging tug at her leash.

Valentina could hardly move. Her limbs had left her control. Her movements slow and unsynchronized as they walked her to the longed-for door and led her slowly from her cell. She could hear the moans and steps of others, words that made no sense as she was led. Every movement seemed to tease her, as thighs rubbed and breasts swayed. Every step a torment that pushed Valentina to the edge of climax, melting her responsive clitoris and teasing her to the rhythm of the clicking heels.

She could hear the clink of the chain from her collar to hand and, as she moved, Valentina regained herself, learned to move in slow steps, follow the leading tugs of the chain, melting at each step.

Valentina felt soft carpet under her elbows and knees that cut the tick of heels of the accompanying nurses to a soft tread.

She was led endlessly in corners and turns, finally coming to rest as a hand on her shoulder brought her to a halt.

Other steps, movement and voices, and then the sound of leather as someone sat. The pet could not even imagine the room that she was in, her universe ended where crimson latex smoothed over her form. Her head hung down and every breath was a small gasp of effort and anxiety, passion and lust.

"Very good," said Consuela's voice. "A perfect play-pet. Have you punished it yet?"

Valentina held her breath and imagined one of the white marionettes that had brought her here shaking a head slightly.

"Mmm, let's show our new property what it means to be owned."

Valentina lifted her head towards the sound of Consuela's voice and almost screamed as a hand unzipped her behind. From pussy to the small of her back, she was opened, revealed.

Spilled out as tension released and a hand patted her on one cheek of her ass.

"A schedule three punishment is the cane, my dear," said Mistress Consuela's voice. "You will learn to fully obey in thought *and* deed."

A hand touched her face, the leash pulling her head up as a light slap was delivered to her face.

"When you are punished, you will remain still to make your submission a perfect delight for the guest," said Consuela. "You will be silent and welcome the chance to please those who enjoy you. You will thank the guest afterwards and then await further use."

A small pause to allow the meaning of the words to settle.

"Just think of all the pleasure that you will bring..." added the lilting voice of the mistress.

Another light slap and then a contrasting searing agony as a cane dealt a stroke to the naked flesh exposed from her covering. Valentina bit back a cry of terror and shock and then a second blow was administered. A finger pushed into her mouth and she was so tempted to bite on it. The smooth latex of the nurse's hand showing that it was not the woman who was instructing her.

"That's very good, pet," said Consuela.

Hands closed the suit and Valentina wept in thankfulness that the punishment was over. Her breath was in gasps and she could feel the wetness between her thighs as the suit was closed.

"In Crimson Domain, every guest enjoys the living fantasy of owning pets like you," said Consuela. "Male, female and in-

between, all of them just waiting to be pleased or punished at the whim of those who vacation here. You are now just such a plaything! In the next week, you will learn what is required and be presented to a special sponsor. After that, it will be decided what is to become of you..."

Hands stroked Valentina's breasts and then fondled between her thighs.

"There will be a few modifications in store to make you even more desirable and then you will live out your life here in Crimson until you are no longer of use. We are *investing* in you, make sure the outlay is not wasted..."

Mistress Consuela laughed.

"Enjoy..."

7 First Use

Mike's heart pounded in his chest.

As though it was his first time on the football field. As though he was waiting for his father's belt after breaking that window. As though it was the first time that he had fucked Elise in that darkened alley.

But, it was none of those!

Before, it was an experience that he could not have even imagined of just weeks before.

Now, it was not just possible, it was all there was. The voices that he could discern through the tight hood, the prickling of his shaved scalp against the latex, the steel at his wrists and the collar that held him in position.

The voices became more distinct.

Female voices to which he gave faces in his imagination as their casual conversation swirled around him.

The footsteps, as they moved...

Four...?

Five?

Perhaps more of them.

He moved his head a little and felt something soft give under his chin. He was on hands and knees, held in position, clasped by straps and thongs. The soft padding under his chin rubbed on his mask, made a small soft sound as he moved the inch that was possible.

His heart steadied, calmed and could no longer be heard in his

inner ears.

Now it was a cold sweat that ran from his naked form dripping and pouring from him as if he had just touched down.

His mouth was dry; held wide open with a soft-hard ring that allowed no escape. Held gaping, restrained and wide. His swollen tongue moved and he could feel the stud that moved against the roof of his mouth.

What had they done to him?

Why?

How could it be that the man who had won the Davey O'Brien and Walter Peyton prizes, the man that earned a million a game, could be hooded and displayed like a piece of art?

From the moment of the tipping of the Croc's coaches over the edge, from the bright lights that blinded as he was chosen for Crimson, from the inspection by Consuela, Mike Fallon had fallen into a mental stupor. He could not, he did not resist, he just crumpled and folded. Obeyed and submitted to every indignity, every punishment as if he had lost his will to even survive.

"Mmm," said a female voice close by. "If it isn't Mike Fallon... Quarterback!"

The stating of his name brought him back from the edge of madness, his self-imposed psychosis, and he flexed against the fetters that held him and pulled them to their limits. Muscles contracted and then loosened, sweat trickled from back to belly.

"You should get an autograph," laughed another voice and others chuckled at the wit of the speaker.

"Oh, I will," chuckled another female voice.

Mike felt a twinge deep inside. Was it the chip that had been implanted in his chest or maybe a reawakening of his will? A flutter of the heart that signified rebirth?

A clink of glass to metal at the side, an indistinct comment that brought more merriment.

Followed by the opening of a door and the sound of steel heels on a hard floor.

A new voice joined the others. Stronger somehow, certain and confident. A voice that belonged to a woman that knew that she was in command.

"Welcome to Crimson Domain, ladies," it said. "This is where your dreams come true, the place that everything that you ever wanted to do, everything that you need, everything that you dreamed of is possible."

The murmur of the other voices stilled and there was a sudden tension in the room.

"This is where it all happens. The Crimson Palace where each of you has a suite of private rooms as well as being able to mix with your peers. You can enjoy your pleasures in private with the help of our Crimson Bitches, mingle and enjoy intimate games, be entertained by our events and most of all, relax and enjoy!"

"Unbelievable!" commented a female voice.

"It is *not* unbelievable," continued the self-assured voice. "Why should it be? Why should women with have a need to dominate have to hide in the shadows, have to fear criticism from dull fools?"

"This is the place where you decide what amuses you. A crimson palace of tender love, where every man is obedient,

every servant a slave, every pleasure intense gratification. Where fantasies become reality and there are no limits."

Mike knew the woman that spoke the words and the reality of it hit him. He could not help himself: the fragrance of sex and feminine power overwhelmed him. He could feel a petrified thrill, a turning to stone that brought stiffness between his thighs as his cock moved and straightened.

The voice belonged to Mistress Consuela and he saw in his mind's-eye her luscious form. Lace and leather the theme. Together with a sexuality and full red lips that filled him with craving.

"I have invited you to see our latest acquisitions here in Crimson," said Mistress Consuela with a small laugh. "All your preferences have been taken note of, but there are always other possibilities for you to try, because our aim is to help you grow and explore in the week that you are with us. Discover new pleasures and ways of amusing yourselves as you examine your sexuality."

There were murmurs and the clinks of glass on glass and the pop of a cork firing from a bottle of Cristal. Mike felt a hand on the smooth skin of his ass, a proprietary pat and then came to rest. He tried to move a little, relieve the pressure on his knees, and felt the bars of the cage that confined him press against his muscular flanks. The hand moved as if in response and slid between the cheeks of his ass to cup his balls.

"I can't wait," said a voice that was over him.

"But there is no need to!" said Mistress Consuela. "Everything in Crimson is yours to use and amuse as you will. The three new acquisitions are the only exceptions to the rule as they have not undergone the procedures that ensure proper discipline. The keys to their cages will be released when they are ready for private use, you are privileged to access them before the full

training is complete..."

The hand that cupped and fondled closed and there were giggles as Mike clenched and moaned. Fingers closed, thumb twisted and he almost shrieked in agony as the hand retreated and then slapped hard, catching thighs and balls in a firm smack.

It seemed that Mistress Consuela had finished her introductory speech and there were further clinking of champagne glasses before the opening and closing of the door signaled her exit. The hand that had slapped did so again, harder this time and then retreated and traced the clenched muscles on his thighs.

Fragments of their conversation came to Mike as he heard the chink of glasses and the chuckles of satisfaction.

"I just love this place."

"I could stay here forever."

"Whip or cane?"

"Did you check out your bathroom?"

"Both of them are fully feminized, naturally?"

"Red latex of course, it suits my complexion."

"I never let my bitch-husband come."

"Only six inches, I hate platforms."

"All of my slaves are docked and frocked."

"He is allowed to kiss my feet and that's all. No more."

"Tonight, come to my suite and I'll show you how to use the bathroom slaves like they are meant to be used..."

Mike listened to the comments. Parts of conversations that swirled around him as the guests sipped their champagne and socialized. It was as if he heard only the things that most terrified him most. He heard the clicking of heels, casual hands that traced the course of the sweat that flowed from him. Touched his raging cock and intimately mauled and explored his fettered body.

In the darkness he whined, but the sound was only in his head. His mouth was so dry, his thighs beaded with wetness. His cock moved with a mind of its own, anticipating and hopeful while his mind struggled with its fears. It twitched at each touch, begging for attention from hands that slipped between thighs and bars and teased it.

"I want him to see me."

Mike caught the words, resolved them from the background of voices and felt fingers at his eyes.

They fumbled, then pulled and the light blinded him.

Between the unfocused notches of the zippers, he could see a female face, its ebony skin stretched over angular features, the sensuous lips and the contrast of perfect white teeth. Heavily made-up, claws and crows-feet at the corners of her eyes, lips that were pinker than pink, an even black skin that was deeper than mahogany, and lips parted as the tip of her tongue licked her lips in anticipation.

A finger explored his open mouth.

The lips pouted, and a smile became broad as the stud in his tongue was touched and discovered.

Mike's vision resolved, what was blurred focused and he made a noise in his throat as his eyes rolled up at the gathering of malicious women that surrounded him. Fresh from their arrival

and preparations in their suites. A murder of crows that enjoyed the sight of their prey, suffering. Tight leather corsets, whips at their hips, breasts surging over low-cut latex, faces that were filled with anticipation.

"No autograph then?" said a young voice with a hint of laughter.

The woman that had uncovered Mike's eyes shook her head. It was clear that she was in a fugue of lust as she pulled her finger from his lips and sighed.

"I just need it," she gasped. "Now!"

There were looks of almost-embarrassment from the others as she moved to stand before Mike's face and stooped to fill his vision. A sheer black leather skirt, tight over almost bony hips. A corset that pinched her waist to inches and the creased ebony skin of naked arms that showed her age. The coil of a short whip that was tattered and worn as if used almost to destruction.

This was the woman that wanted him and there was nothing that he could do but try to turn his face from the sight of her.

"I don't think that he wants you, Pleasance," tittered a voice from the back, but it was ignored as the wizened hands slowly moved to unzip the tight leather skirt to reveal stockinged legs and tanned skin at the thighs.

"That's perfect," sighed Pleasance.

She sighed as the skirt dropped, revealing the naked triangle between her legs. The slight bump of her mons, the clitoris that peeped like a little pink cocklet, the tendons that stood at the join of legs and sex. A hint of rose between lips of dusky skin.

All he could see was the raw slit of her, the dry flesh that approached his open mouth and then suddenly there was a

hand between his eyes and the oncoming cunt. A hand with a glass that poured the champagne over his mask and her sex; that caused a sting in his eyes as splashes caught him. The hand retreated and there was laughter from the women that watched Pleasance take her seat.

"A sip of bubbly, darling, before we fuck."

Thighs wide, opening her champagne-splashed slit.

"I used to dream of having Mike Fallon in my bed all night," whispered a voice. "Fucking me hard as I caned his tight ass..."

"Dreams *do* come true," tittered another voice.

"If you can pay," laughed another.

They surrounded him, but all that Mike could see was a cunt that opened as Pleasance slid on the seat before his collared head. Sliding on the spilt champagne, the taste bitter loud in his mouth. Closing on his lips as her hands rested on the back of his head to pull herself to him. He could not help himself, stiffening as hands stroked between his legs, fondled and pulled at his balls, sought the intimate opening of his ass. Voices from behind, amused and falling into the game.

"Look what I've found..."

"Perfect for our little virgin quarterback..."

"Can I?"

"No, no, I want to be his first..."

It all happened at once.

An assault that overwhelmed Mike's mind. Something cold between the cheeks of his ass. Something that pressed into him, smooth and irresistible. Something that vibrated and shook

every nerve in his ass. As hands squeezed his balls, rolling them in a strong palm, crushing and twisting. As fingers gripped his shaft and pulled back, causing Mike to gasp just as he was smothered by the gaping raw cunt that loomed before him.

Eight women intent on violation, swept away by the lust of the oldest bitch amongst them. Each one taking her part, each enjoying the caged man as she willed. One hand pinching, stroking, pulling, crushing and pushing the buzzing dildo inch by inch into his virgin ass. The other engaged in secretive touches that heightened their intimacy and pleasure while their victim was smothered by the cruelest of them all.

Pleasance cried out at the first touch as she slid on the leather padded seat that extended under the chin of her victim. Clitoris touched the ring-gag and then sprang free to enter between those lips. Her flesh closed the entrance and she pulled his head hard to press yet harder. The corset pressed hard on his face as she bent over him.

"Nice and slow, bitch," she whispered in his ear. "Show me what you can do to make me reward you!"

One of the others started to giggle.

"I always thought that you preferred nice little girls, Pleasance!"

"Anywhere I can get it," replied the black woman who pressed ever closer to Mike's lips. "Cock or cunt, as long as it's for me!"

The invader in Mike's rear pressed home. It filled him and taunted him with its mechanical buzz. Touched something deep inside that caused him to whine in his throat as his balls were pulled and twisted and his cock was slowly pushed back and forth.

"I want to really feel it, bitch, feel that tongue of yours," she whispered in his ear. "Now!"

The tastes of champagne, the swollen clitoris, his tongue and the stud that was embedded at the tip. At last, her perfume and sour taste as her cunt exuded wetness, the hands that held him and the air that eluded him.

He touched her, ran the length of her and tasted her.

Like claws, her nails bit into the latex of the hood that covered him. She slid towards him to lie back a little and seal herself against the opening that she used ruthlessly. Pleasance cried out in climax as he massaged the smooth cunt that smothered him. A second climax as the stud in his tongue massaged her, furrowing her, struggling for breath as the vixens that tormented him administered their own intimate torment.

He managed a gasp and then, she closed to him and demanded more.

His head was bursting, specks of light dotted his closed eyes and he knew that he could not resist them all. He was at the brink and it filled him with dismay and also, intense bliss. A violation that was repulsive and appealing. He could feel that vibration taking him and the hands that punished him with pleasure speeded to a height.

Pleasance cried out.

A shrill call of triumph as she climaxed and pulled sharply from him.

"Now!"

The voice of a woman behind him.

Commanding and in control.

The dildo was pulled with a jerk, hands dropped their torment and Mike felt the unstoppable surge as his cock lifted and

juddered. No control, no power to halt the inevitable. Balls pulled up of themselves, cock swayed, muscles clenched and a dribble of snowy come dribbled from him to the floor of his cage.

Where was that orgasmic moment of release?

The surge and fountain as he filled a willing cunt?

The furious pumping and push that signaled orgasm?

Merely a dribble, a rush but no blast, a ruined orgasm under the control of the wealthy bitches who fluttered their fingers under skirts and dresses as they savored their wicked game, climaxing as they relished the ruination of the quarterback's orgasm. A trickle, forced from him by guile and torment as the taste of Pleasance filled his senses.

"Oh my God," said the young woman who it seemed, knew Pleasance. "This is going to be such a great week... This is so, 'the best'! Fucking Mike Fallon! I could almost come again, just thinking about it."

Her breath came in gasps, her enthusiasm picked up by the laughter of the others.

A hand closed the zippers on Mike's mask. Another slapped his face and the dildo was pressed back into him, this time with no soothing vibration. He moaned, and they laughed at his distress.

"Next time, the cane and a good old-fashioned fuck, girls," said Pleasance as she finally caught her breath. "Our caged bitch has so much to learn to please a *real* woman..."

He heard their voices, their steps on the hard floor and a tear gathered in the corner of his eye.

There was nowhere for it to go, trapped in the tight mask ...

8 The Crimson Wife

Barrington Rossi felt a curious excitement and it made him shudder in anticipation. The limousine in which he was seated, struggled with the poor road and bumped across each pot hole, but it passed almost unnoticed to the man that was on his way to the Domains.

For several weeks, he had played the part of the distraught husband in mourning, devastated by the loss of both his wife and his team in the terrible accident. He was suddenly forgiven for his wealth, his extreme political views and religious sanctimony. He was now a man at the center of attention, someone to be pitied, a man bereft.

The funerals had taken place, the past was past and finally, Barrington was free to take what, according to Breitbart, would be an opportunity to gather himself together, to meditate on his past and future, and take leave of sorrow. He would become a recluse for a short season away from the reporters and the searching eyes of the press.

Not that he would ever have expressed it so!

He firmly believed that *he* was the puppeteer, thanks to the money donated to the cause, the sacrifices that he had made to bring his political objectives ever nearer. In four years' time, all would be resolved when he would become the candidate to become the President of the United States. Now he was now on the way to meet those who were making it all possible. Deep in the interior of South America, far from the madding crowds, plans would be laid, flesh would be pressed, promises would be made.

President Rossi... it sounded so perfect, it rolled easily from the tongue.

It was possible!

The President...

He reached forward and steadied himself as he inspected his phone. The election was on the horizon and he just had to know how the opinion polls were playing out.

He inspected the results of the latest surveys and looked at the voter demographics, the characteristics of those intending to cast their votes...

The battle to re-elect President Perez was going well and that meant that he was on his way as well. The plans were coming to fruition, though only he knew what they were.

Barry closed the phone down and watched the countryside pass outside the limousine.

As his mind put away thoughts of politics he could feel excitement building.

It played out as an erection! A stirring and a stiffening of the cock between his thighs as he thought about the place where he would soon be. The place that he had invested so much in. The place he had never actually seen. It would take all of his skill, all of his guile and all of his billions to control the forces that he was releasing, but he just knew that he could do it.

His hand stroked between his legs at the stiffness within and he smiled at the irony. Not that he regretted a moment of it, Barrington Rossi was a man that seldom had regrets and never looked back.

The limo slowed a little and came to a halt.

Barry looked through the mirrored glass and was glad that he had arranged, to take this route into the Domains. Naturally,

taking the SSL and arriving in state would have had its compensations, but sneaking in the back door allowed him to see far better what his money had bought. The barrier stretched out of sight on both sides of the entrance. A simple high razor wire fence that could have been the border of a country. The far edges of the Domains, enclosing hundreds of square miles.

It had been his main contribution to the cause.

An Eden of his own making!

Here at the border of the Domains, there were no guards, no personnel on patrol and no sign that this was anything but a vast private ranch. Clumps of trees at intervals, mountains on the far horizons and a pampas that extended as far as the eye could see. The gate opened, unmanned and electronically controlled and the limousine rolled through on to the metaled road that ran in a straight line to the distance.

Now he was just a couple of hours from his destination.

Strange to be in a limo that actually had a driver, he thought as they rolled on. There was no other traffic on the road to nowhere. That was hardly surprising, as almost all contact was by air and only the heavier supplies ever traversed this road. The limousine, with its single guest kept to a steady fifty miles an hour while the delicious chauffeur in her leather uniform and cap concentrated on the easy task of following a ribbon that could have been laid by the Romans, arrow straight and vanishing into the distance.

After an hour or more and more than seventy miles of tree-spotted grassland, there came at last, the first signs of life.

A small group of buildings clustered by the forest edge. The limo came to another gate, just a mile before. This one guarded by a small group of staff who checked the credentials of the passing

vehicle before Barrington was admitted and finally saw the nature of the place he had come to visit.

Rolling at walking pace, he looked with open-mouthed amazement at two women who were riding high on a pony-trap drawn by two naked men in harness. The surprise was *not* that such a thing existed, the surprise was to actually see it in the flesh. The small two-wheeled carriage moved to the side of the road to allow the limousine to slide past and Barrington caught a brief sight of the stallions, beaded with sweat, and displaying standing erections, being chastised by a lick from the whip before the car passed on and moved under the shade of the forest that circled the domains.

As if possessed by a mind of its own, Barrington's hand unzipped his pants and gave his erection the freedom to stand proud. He massaged himself slowly and then glanced furtively at the rigidly upright female chauffeur. As he caught a glimpse of her eyes in the mirror, he thought that he could see the ghost of a smile on her red lips but he found he just could was struggling to resist reliving himself of the hardest erection that he had ever experienced. Barrington stilled the impulse, lifted his hands and looked down to where his massive stalk emerged from his pants.

In vain! He could not resist his desires, but what he could do was to tear the silk kerchief from the top pocket of his jacket and soak up the stream of come pumping from his cock before he dropped it sodden to the footwell of the compartment.

Barrington sighed in resignation at his weakness and hastily closed the zipper, but in the privacy of his head, his imagination was filled with images of the delights to come as the car left the forested area and the inner delights of The Domains were revealed.

The ground around the Domains undulated with one hillock in particular, rising to command a view of the surrounding plain

and distant mountains. Around it, rising two thirds towards the summit, draped like a pink tapestry, was village of hundreds of small villas that cascaded down to larger buildings, also bright pink in the autumn sun. He knew its name; this was the Pink Domain. A place where the male slaves had been recreated as degenerate sissies and where women delighted in their obedience and frilly submission.

The limousine slowed almost to walking pace as it slid through a vast manicured park that extended to that pink village. A small carriage stood waiting, the seat unoccupied, a muscular man between the traces as the car passed around the lower slopes of the Pink Domain. Barrington gazed at the extraordinary sights and felt himself swept up in an emotion he found difficult to comprehend, or even to describe.

Excitement?

Arousal?

An intense craving?

Perhaps a heady cocktail of all three.

His erection reasserted itself, but now he resisted and simply took in the sights as the road swept the borders of the domain.

Women, strolling together, dresses in frills, couture that fell between lacy-Victorian and outlandish fetish. In boots, in heels, and long latex dresses with parasols, whips, painted bitches with their pets on parade. Women who were the Mistresses of all that they surveyed with leashes dangling from the feminized sissies that held their shades high while the whips and canes that dangled from wrists and hips asserted the mistresses control.

The scene was so bizarre that he was riveted to the window as he passed. The reality of what he had merely imagined was so far beyond his expectations that it took his breath away. The car

accelerated and took a wide arc, the pink buildings falling behind as road swept outward and then revealed buildings that had so far been hidden from view.

A stark white building that could almost have been a vast hotel - scaffolding showing that it was still under construction as the 'hospital' that would soon become the White Domain.

After that, sprawling four stories high, a red building that was more of a palace than anything else, proclaimed the recently revamped Crimson Domain. It took up much of the other side of the hill. A porticoed and pillared Versailles of pain and fetish that hid gardens, cloisters and terraces that climbed half way to the summit.

Not all the Domains clustered around the hills. In the distance, Barrington could make out the low outlying farms and buildings of Roan Domain.

A place where captive slaves lived their lives as ponies, stallions, mares; some in parlors where the light of day never penetrated, others who, as he had already seen, slaved to transport their betters as was required.

The car drew towards the elegant red-themed palace as the chauffeur settled her leather cap on her brow and slowed to a crawl. This was the final destination, the place where he was expected and would spend the next two days.

Barrington sat back in the soft leather of the seats. The women who inhabited this place were no longer a shock to him. Their uniforms and dress was similar to those he had already seen. The human equines pulling carriages no longer a surprise, even those pulled by mixed teams of stallions and mares. Mares with bare breasts, stallions whose limp cocks were encased in steel restraints, fillies whose flesh was decorated with delightful tattooed tracteries.

The limousine paused and then smoothly slid into the opening that appeared before it.

The chauffeur opened his door and Barrington stepped from the car to be greeted by a middle-aged woman whom he recognized. Mistress Veronica. He had met her occasionally in DC and New York, but here in the Domains, everything was so very different. Veronica, the front facing bitch of the Domains, the mover and shaker who never stepped entirely from the shadows. The woman to whom he had entrusted over a billion dollars on the simple power of her word and promise that he would be the next President of the United States.

Veronica was the woman who had agreed to his plans for a new domain that would cater for men just like him. Men who would have the pleasure of female slaves at their beck and call. Powerful men who would thus become vulnerable to the subtle pressures of obedience through blackmail.

All of this female-led frippery would merely open the doors to ultimate power.

For it was men, after all, who continued to rule the world.

"Welcome to Crimson," said Veronica as she extended a slim hand. "I trust that you enjoyed the trip?"

"Breath-taking..."

She smiled and waved a hand casually.

"Did you notice the building site where the new Domain is being created?" she asked.

"I saw the scaffolding on White, if that's what you mean," he answered.

"Oh, you came around the back, so you won't have seen it,"

she smiled. "Tomorrow, we shall pay a small visit to where work has already started on *your* personal pet project. It's just a mile out. We thought it was best to keep it well separated from the other domains."

The limousine rolled to a marked space by three Jeeps and the chauffeur stepped out once more and smoothed her uniform. Barrington admired the figure that had not been obvious as she had driven and he felt a surge of interest in possibilities that seemed endless. Even the coiled whip at her hip did not seem to be a threat.

"Miss Candice will be your Mistress for the visit," said Veronica to her guest with a small wave at the chauffeur.

"Naturally, this is all a *little* delicate," she continued. "We cannot have a man wandering around freely here in Crimson. You might end up in a cage! We have prepared a small part of Crimson for your use, where you can find amusement for yourself. Outside this area, I would ask you to only venture with Miss Candice as your guide. Once the new male domain is completed, there will be no such need for caution."

Things are looking up, thought Barrington as he inspected the tall woman who would be his companion for two days. Fucking the bitch would be a delight...

"We have a meeting in an hours' time, to discuss all the funding details as well the rearrangement of the Chastity Microsystems' directorships I suggested in in DC. After that there will be a tour so that you can have confirmation that investment is being properly managed... Then perhaps a little intimate fun?"

"Sounds great," said Barrington as he imagined the mistress putting out for him.

"I'll leave you in the safe hands of Mistress Candice, then," said

Veronica. "Just make sure that you do not finish up on the end of some dominatrix's leash!"

"You would save me?"

"Perhaps! But only if I felt like it..." laughed Veronica. "So be careful!"

He echoed her laugh, but somehow there was the ghost of threat in her tone.

Miss Candice led Barrington from the underground lot. Doors opened at her touch, as she her companion made their way through the byways and corridors that led to his suite. Now that he was inside the Crimson Domain, he realized just how vast it was - endless service corridors, barred occasionally by gates and sliding doors and never once did they meet another inhabitant.

The way had been cleared beforehand and he would not be allowed to see the inner workings of this female dominated area. The presence of an un-enslaved man would not be revealed. To either guests or the mistresses that ruled.

"Where is everyone?" he asked of the woman that led him.

Miss Candice paused as she opened a door and smiled.

"All tucked away, Mr Rossi," she said. "I believe that you are the first man ever to enter our portals without a collar around his neck, so you will understand that your presence here must remain a secret?"

"Sort of a shame," he replied.

"I suppose so..."

Miss Candice shrugged.

"If you really want to see it all close-up, I could request that you are chipped and collared and then we can pass you off as one of the male slaves..."

"I'm not sure that would be a good idea..."

And yet, he was almost tempted!

She waved Barrington through the open door.

"From here on in, this is all an area that you are free to use," she said.

A second door, this time mahogany. No lock, no bars concealing the barrier that they had just passed. Suddenly they were in a luxurious suite of rooms where the sunlight slanting through and lit the opulent décor before opening onto a terrace.

"Bedroom to the left, your baggage will be here in a few minutes," said Miss Candice. "The terrace has a pool and can't be overseen from anywhere else so complete privacy is assured..."

"Thanks," he said casually as he wondered if there would be any possibility of a little more intimacy with the woman who had guided him. "Er, how do I call for service and so on?"

Miss Candice pointed at the rope hanging by the door and then moved into the suite to explain the various luxuries that it offered. "Drink, toys, fastening points for the maids and pets, a selection of food is possible from this screen, the isolation cage and of course the sauna and bathroom..."

She led him around the suite and pointed out areas of interest and then to the terrace.

Suddenly the vista opened out and Barrington realized that they

were almost at very roof-top of the Crimson Domain palace.

Somehow, he had not noticed that they had gained such a height and were standing looking over the pampas and forests that formed the background to this Eden of female dominance. He could see small figures far below, pony-traps moving, others in small groups and perhaps just the edge of the Pink Domain to the far side.

"If you look over there," pointed Miss Candice, "you can see the construction area that Mistress mentioned... the new domain."

He stood, lord of all that he surveyed, even if he could never really go down to experience it. On the other hand, in a year or so, his vision would be realized and then the fun would really begin.

When the two of them returned to his suite, his cases had already been delivered and two delicious maids stood waiting to attention. Almost a matched pair of pretty whores for his personal use, they stood quite still displaying their breasts through the lacy dresses and Barrington felt a thrill as he imagined all the things that he longed to do once Miss Candice left him to his own devices.

"Enjoy," she laughed as his lust showed on his face. "I will be back here in an hour, so don't get too involved! We have a special surprise for you as well, so make sure that you do not exhaust your passions!"

"I won't... I hope," he laughed as she turned to leave.

The door closed, and he was alone.

It was like a dream come true, a delusion of bliss.

He stood there, almost at a loss, staring at the two nymphs that had been placed in his care. So often he had indulged himself,

let his nature loose, but *never* like this. This was special! Never, in a place designed to satisfy his inner urges and degenerate nightmares. Here, Barrington could at last play to the limits of his imagination and beyond without ever having to worry about the consequences. Here in Crimson, he owned the game and others would cover up his little crimes.

It took a moment before his mind could take in what was offered and he still had a hint of moral unease as he inspected the two still marionettes whose only purpose was to satisfy his lust.

Both of the girls were so young. Just turned eighteen, fresh and unsullied. That would change as he looked around the room and took in the possibilities.

“On your knees, sluts...”

Barrington’s voice trembled as he spoke the words, holding his breath to see what happened. He need not have worried, both of the sluts gracefully did as he had ordered, and he moved to inspect them carefully.

Both were collared and leashed, both pouted in expectation as he touched the bare shoulder of one of the maids and felt the creamy skin under his fingers. Their lips opened wide and he saw the studded tongues that would pleasure him, and the pierced breasts that would be severely punished. They deserved it, they needed it, it was what women were for!

At last, Barrington Rossi, future President of the United States, investor in Chasity Microsystems, owner of the ruined Orlando Crocs, degenerate manipulator was at home.

Barrington Rossi had what he had always dreamed of.

Naked in the sauna, sweating away his lust while a naked maid rubbed him down, Barrington heard the door to his suite open

and realized that the hour had already passed. Drained into willing lips, enjoying every moment of his pleasures, the sauna had beckoned and suddenly he was due for the bothersome meeting that Veronica had spoken of.

He pushed away the maid and wrapped himself in the towel to emerge into his suite. Miss Candice stood by the cage where the other maid had been restrained and smiled as she watched him emerge.

"I see that you have availed yourself of the facilities," she said. "I hope that there were no wishes left unfulfilled?"

"Er, nothing to speak of," he said as he headed for the bedroom. "I'll just be ready in a moment..."

"No hurry," said Miss Candice with a raised eyebrow. "I'll wait here..."

She noted that only one of the maids had been undressed and Candice smiled to herself. He would get such a shock in the fullness of time. It would be interesting to see his reaction when he discovered what was between one of the maid's thighs! Later, she would review the recordings and no doubt Mistress would be interested in her report.

Barrington emerged from the bedroom still pulling the belt on his jeans tight and Miss Candice secured the loose maid to the ring in the bathroom door.

"Is it far?" he asked.

"Five minutes, Mr. Rossi," she replied.

Once again, she led him through empty service corridors until they emerged into another suite. This time through the rear of a panel that concealed the entrance. A small table was already occupied by Veronica and a much older woman who

Barrington did not recognize. Veronica rose to greet him while the other woman remained in her seat and did not even acknowledge his arrival.

"We have a great deal to discuss," said Veronica as she pointed to the chair opposite her own. "It could have been done remotely, but I thought that an actual visit to the Domains was necessary to show you how everything is coming to fruition."

He glanced at the older woman who just watched and then concentrated on Veronica while he wondered just who she might be. Obviously, she was important in some way, but if she took no part in the meeting, it did not really matter anyway. Barrington had been in enough clandestine meetings like this to know that there were often powerful partners who simply hid in the shadows.

"Let's start with the funding..." he opened. "Then we can discuss the profit and loss because, I understand that the Domains are actually in the black from the start of this year..."

"True, but investment is still vital because we need to grow," said Veronica as she opened the file before her. "We'll get the financials out of the way and then turn to your political ambitions and how they can be realized."

It was like any other business meeting that Barrington Rossi had ever sat through. Profit and loss, investment and capital spend. Income and budget, development and accounts. Depreciation and unexpected costs. EBIT and EDBITDA. Of course, every dollar was controlled even if no government or auditor would ever see the balance sheet.

That was the job of the accountants and lawyers in the States.

After half an hour of discussion the meeting turned to consider Barrington's position. His allies, his hidden political assets and his

personal ambitions. Veronica was not simply well-prepared, she had all the facts and figures at her fingertips. The other, silent participant of the meeting simply watched and did not even speak. Barrington felt that he was being gauged, picked apart by her eyes and assessed with every word that he spoke.

At last it was over. They had reached agreement on all of the main points and he had only resisted on a few small details. A typical business deal that would transfer another hundred million dollars from the banks in The Seychelles that sheltered his accounts.

The conversation moved, at last, to the sacrifice that he had made.

"A political necessity, unfortunately," said Veronica as the talk moved to the terrible 'accident' that had afflicted the Orlando Crocs. "As we agreed, it will boost you in four years when people remember it in the voting booths," she continued. "What's more, we gained some fine stallions and you were able to rid yourself of a wife who was really *quite* unsuitable for a President of the United States."

Barrington sighed.

"I don't give a shit about Valentina, she was a whore! It's just that the team will cost *millions* to get back in harness."

"I quite understand; a hobby can become an obsession," smiled Veronica. "You'll get over it and everyone will be rooting for the *new* Crocs and you can afford it! Look at it this way... Lovers and a wife disposed of, political standing and profile raised a thousand per cent and some of our guests can now enjoy some very beautiful well-muscled slaves at a premium price. It's all good in the end!"

He nodded agreement and realized that he had meant his

words. Valentina was nothing, just a whore anyway...

Veronica shrugged and then called to call Miss Candice from the other room where she had been out-of-hearing for the whole of the business meeting.

"We have a small gift for you,' said Mistress Veronica with a laugh. "Something special to amuse you in the next couple of days. Something that you have already fully paid for... Miss Candice, would you be so kind as to fetch it for our guest?"

There was silence, the stillness of anticipation as Barrington thought of the two maids who awaited his pleasure in his suite and could not imagine what sort of gift could possibly top their helpless service.

The older woman stood and nodded to Veronica.

"I am satisfied with the progress," was all that she said before she nodded to the seated Barrington and swept from the room with a surety that belied her eighty years.

"Ma'am," said Veronica as she too stood, and moved to open the door.

As Veronica closed the door, Barrington looked questioningly at her.

"One of the other main investors," said Veronica. "Possibly with even more at stake than you!"

Barrington nodded as Veronica changed the subject, but he could not imagine how that woman had more at stake than himself.

"Valentina... You remember her?"

Barrington started in shock, as Miss Candice entered the room.

Her arm extended behind, a leash following through the open door of the room from which she emerged. What followed her caused his breath to pause on hold. A figure that was bizarre beyond his wildest dreams. Crawling on elbows and knees, suited in smooth red latex that rippled with every movement, a pet that was so exquisite that his heart nearly stopped in awe.

A hooded slut, crawling like the pet that she was behind the woman that was his guide. Breasts hanging from her costume, rods through each pierced each nipple adorned with stirrups which swung as the pet sashayed over the lush carpet. Ass exposed, the bare flesh a contrast with the crimson of the fetish suit. A helpless female pet that would have satisfied the most demented dreams of an abusive user.

He stared at the vision as it crawled behind the heels of its owner and almost gulped in anticipation.

It was then that he understood the words Veronica had uttered.

Was this *really* his wife? The cuckolding slut? The bitch that had been fucked by every member of the line in the Crocs?

Now he could see it!

The plait that draped over her back, the mole on her breast, the color of the skin that was revealed, the folds of that smooth and surgically perfected cunt.

This was Valentina.

Barrington was lost for words. His cock sprang to attention as he stood to look down at the pet that had been his beautiful and sexy wife. Mute and helpless, constricted in latex and then pierced for adornment. The parted cheeks of her ass revealing the plug that had been placed to fill her, the tiny ring that pierced the glistening clitoris, the incredibly high heels that spiked upwards where her feet had been banded to her thighs.

"Perfection," he breathed. "I can't believe it..."

"It can't hear you," smiled Veronica. "Or see you, of course!"

"What can I say?" he breathed as his hand reached down as if to test if this was real.

He felt the warm skin of that perfect ass and then reached to tease the swollen pussy that dripped at his attention. Allowed his fingertips to feel the gem that decorated the plug that filled her ass and turned to Veronica with an expression that was almost awe.

"She's all mine?"

"For the next couple of days, Mr. Rossi. Then it goes to Crimson or Silver. You can decide if you want to reveal yourself to it or not."

"I can't thank you enough."

"No need, this is what we do and, who better to enjoy our efforts than one of our largest and most important investors?"

Barrington could not answer. All he could do was to slowly press his fingers into that perfect cunt, feel the wetness, the need of the pet that mewled at his touch. Raised its smooth face upwards and drool from the lips that would soon... so soon, be filled with a husband's needy cock.

As Mistress Candice and Veronica left the room, Veronica paused to look at the man who was so completely absorbed with his latest toy. His hands fondled and explored, pinched and slapped the helpless wife that had so suddenly become his property.

"The next couple of days will be hard for her," she said with a sigh. "But, she is making a small sacrifice that will make him

ours..."

Miss Candice nodded and closed the door, shutting of the scene just as his hands fumbled with his belt.

"Tainted by a man's touch..." said Mistress Candice. "Ugh!"

"Unfortunate, but we all have to make sacrifices," said Veronica. "It may be that it will have to be there for him every time he visits."

"But, you still want the pet prepared fully?"

"Of course! Silver is the best option... not enough female company and we are short of female playthings. Barrington will not return for a few months at least and there is time for the work to be done."

The two women walked the corridors of Crimson domain as they talked. Passing out of the quarantined area that confined Barrington, through sliding barred gateways and doors, they reached a place where women ruled, and they stepped to the side as guests passed with their crawling prey.

Miss Candice was silent, clearly digesting what she had seen and Veronica could sense the unasked questions bubbling in her thoughts. She pre-empted her companion with a casual aside.

"The Blue domain will be a minor problem,' she said. "But, so necessary..."

"How so?"

"Plans within plans," answered Veronica as they passed a slave chained by a guest suite.

Miss Candice stopped by the slave a moment and inspected

the welts that graced thighs and ass. It twitched as she touched it, tracing the line of the whip across flesh with a nail. Her stiletto lifted and bumped an ankle.

"Legs apart," she ordered.

The naked slave obliged, moving each leg wider, the heels of its ballet boots pivoting until he took the form of an inverted 'Y'.

"This is what we are," said Veronica as she watched Mistress Candice position the slave to display himself correctly as he had been trained. "Blue doesn't change that!"

Miss Candice sighed.

"I just can't help thinking that we are compromising our ideals!" she answered.

Her hand slipped to fondle the slave's hanging balls and steel-enclosed cock before she delivered a sharp slap that caused the man to stifle a cry.

"Is this the way that you present yourself when you're waiting for a guest to require your service? If I see you slacking again these will come off!"

Miss Candice gave a savage tug on the balls and dug her nails into the tender skin under the collar that held them from his body.

"Three demerits, slave!"

Veronica smiled. This was the reason that Mistress Candice was so favored. An uncompromising attitude to service that ensured the guests would be indulged at every level. Attention to detail, inflexible and severe! Perfect to keep order in a domain where punishment of the plebeians secured perfect pleasure for the patricians.

Mistress Candice held up her bracelet to the fettered slave and registered the coming punishment before turning back to Veronica as though the whipping that she had just mandated was a casual aside.

"They never seem to learn..." she said with a sigh. "This one will end up on the farm if it keeps on being disobedient."

Veronica laughed as they moved on down the corridor.

"If they were all *absolutely* perfect, it would be so dull," she chuckled. "It is the balance between obedience and rebellion that adds such spice to Crimson!"

"I guess so," admitted Mistress Candice with an emotional sigh. "But, I just can't get over the way that male pig, Barrington, gets given everything he wants here..."

"Pride before a fall, Candice, pride before his fall..."

Editorial from our chief political editor. Ms. Camilla Brag

The only way to describe the current GOP machinations on the Hill here in Washington DC is 'ferment' as favors are traded, political power is asserted and pork barrels are rolled into position.

President Andrea Perez, in the closing year of her presidency, is finally showing her political teeth and carrying through what she promised in her election campaign in thirty-two in the dying moments before she goes up for re-election. That's not to say that she has not achieved a great deal of what she pledged, but now, in the last moments of her term, she has finally aligned her forces in Congress and the Senate and she is playing her hand.

The question is, will it be nine or eleven?

With the sudden and unexpected death of Gordon Charris Jr. there are just eight Supreme Court judges. Nominating a ninth is well underway, even though traditionally it would be far too late in the day. Barring unforeseen difficulties, Jez Harriman, the nominee will be added to the illustrious roll call of supreme judges. Ms. Harriman, a GOP candidate of impeccable, though unconventional right-wing politics is a shoo-in, so what is all the fuss about?

It was the announcement that the Supreme Court will be enlarged that has DC in such an uproar. Increasing the number of seated judges from nine to

eleven to cope with the ever-increasing number of cases referred is unprecedented, a complete change of game plan that has caught the Democrats with a sucker punch, just as they were swinging up in the electoral polls. That means that the two new nominees, if the change goes through, will be from the GOP and the next twenty years will see an enduring Republican influence in their rulings, perhaps the ultimate legacy of President Perez.

All the President has to do is swing just two Democrats and one independent to get this through both houses and the course will be set for a generation.

Since 1789, the Supreme Court of the United States has tested the judgments of the lower courts against the intentions of the Founding Fathers in the Constitution.

The Court is one of the checks and balances in the American Republic which prevents the adoption partisan legislation in the courts and limits the political overhang of previous administrations.

Roosevelt threatened to stack the court, now it looks as though President Perez is following through. Ms. Perez has not yet revealed who her nominees will be for the two positions that would become available, but there are deep misgivings and the names that have been bandied about on the Hill give the Washington Post grave anxiety.

Since the Supreme Court ruling in July that the judgment in Bland vs. Kline should stand, and the entire populations of state as well as federal jails are to be chipped, we believe that the federal

government of the United States of America is accumulating unprecedented and unnecessary powers that could so easily be misused. The addition of two more GOP inclined members of the court makes it likely that this dangerous program might end by changing the USA for ever.

We implore those in both houses who have misgivings to vote with their heads. To look beyond their party allegiance and reflect that what they are voting for when it comes to September tenth. Do they wish to be midwife to a State that will be able to endanger the freedoms that our forebear fought and died for over two centuries ago?

9 Ruined Orgasm

Mistress Veronica and an older woman watched the antics of Barrington Rossi on a virtual image that was projected between themselves and the wall of the room. Veronica moved her hand through the image and brought up one of the small pictures and expanded it with a flutter of her fingers.

The crimson pet, hobbled in front of its husband, moved: the plait from the top of the hood fell forward before its face, and the sharp thrust from behind caused it to make another step forward on all fours and Barrington slapped its naked behind.

"He's all ours now," announced Veronica as she leaned back and observed Barrington indulging his love of power over others and enjoying his opportunity for revenge on Valentina, his new pet. "Give him a day or two and he will be so addicted!"

"Don't be so sure," said the older woman who sat at the back of the room. "He's a man that will be difficult to manipulate... don't let yourself imagine that Barrington Rossi is a fool!"

"I disagree," said Veronica. "So far he has spent tens of millions and all he has to show for it is that he can now fuck his wife and there is nothing she can do about it!" She paused and looked at her Mistress and smiled. "And of course, we have this film... and the rest!"

Miss Irene Clearmont smiled and shook her head.

"Not at all, dear," she said with a hint of laughter creasing her lips. "There is so much manipulated film nowadays, ours would look like just another clumsy attempt to blacken a politician's name..."

"Are you saying I'm naïve?"

"No: what I'm saying is that I'm sure that he knows that he is being recorded and... that it just does not bother him in the least! Blackmail is not what it was forty years ago! Everything is fake, everything is lies..."

"You really have to get away from the idea that reputation even matters. *Image* is what makes a difference. Politics has become a matter of fantasy over reality"

Veronica sighed, but she knew that her Mistress was probably correct. She usually was.

"So, how does it go?"

"We wait for our time..."

Veronica turned back to the image that hung before her eyes and shrugged. There were parts of the puzzle that even she did not understand, pieces that were being selected in Miss Irene Clearmont's head and would be revealed when the time was judged to be right.

Perhaps now was one of those moments?

Barrington was stripping off his clothes to reveal himself. Though the man was well over fifty, his body was ripped and toned like a man twenty years younger. Clearly, he worked-out hard and had paid much to look that way and Veronica idly wondered why he had not purged the lines on his face.

Each of us to their own, she thought as she considered all the treatments that she, personally, had been subjected to. Now nearly sixty, her skin was smooth, her breasts firm and almost every trace of the years had been purged. It had not been cheap, but it was worth it. The wealthy could live forever in a state of youth, if they were prepared to pay for it. Subject themselves to the indignities of therapies that could strip the years off, but changed the very essence of their physical make-

up.

His cock was long and thick.

Dripping and eager.

Clearly not what Barrington had been born and grown up with!

A minor alteration in the scheme of things that reflected who he felt he was.

Average had become excessive, ordinary had become impressive. A sign of who the man actually was, a sign of his innate insecurities.

Like an iron rod, it stuck from his groin and he took it in both hands and closed in on the mewling pet who was ripe to receive it. Lowering himself to his knees, moving to dock with the flesh on offer. Obviously impatient he maneuvered and pressed home into her pussy and slapped the bare ass again as if to signal that the fuck was about to begin.

Veronica found herself entranced by the raw energy and eagerness of the man she watched and wondered at the experience that Valentina was enduring. She mewed as she had been taught, a cute fetish pet that was just a perfect hole for the man who had *perhaps* once loved her.

Enjoyment or violation?

It was so difficult to tell!

After all, reflected Veronica, the programming had begun and perhaps she loved the intimacy of the shafting that she was receiving! So far, not much had been altered in her mind. When she became just another pet in Crimson's inventory she would be put through the various courses that would make her perfect to be used as a plaything.

Violation not pleasure!

The red latex pet blindly tried to move forward, and Barrington was forced to hold her thrusting hips and move with her. Soon she would be stopped by the Chesterfield sofa and then he need not work so hard to fuck her!

His face was starting to blush, his balls slapped on her smooth flesh as the long shaft pumped in and out.

A dew smothered him at every outstroke, sweat started to bead on his brow and he slapped the exposed ass with ever harder slaps as he brought himself to a climax.

"He likes the sheer power..." said Miss Irene as she impassively watched the images. "An instinctive need to take by force."

"He's not the only one," laughed Veronica.

She spun the chair to face her mistress and was gratified to see a relaxed smile and a sardonically raised eyebrow.

"You can ask! I know that you have wanted to for years..." said Miss Irene Clearmont.

Veronica shrugged, "OK! Why have you never gone for treatment?"

"To look younger? To be a forty-year-old me?"

Veronica nodded.

"I am who I am, *not* what I think I am," was the reply. "There are reasons. I wait..."

"That's it? As simple as that?"

"Do you want me to prove it to you?"

"It's been years..."

"You know that I own you, darling," said Irene. "I know it too, but *if you insist.*"

Irene's hands moved over her long skirt and slowly pulled it up. It slithered over her knees to reveal the elegant stockings that shrouded her legs until she was revealed to Veronica.

"Show me..."

So long, so many years since mistress had required this homage, but Veronica felt the power of the woman that owned her, pull her from her chair and she crawled towards the parted thighs. The firm thighs were still firm and well-muscled, though the skin was soft and creased. The slit that beckoned Veronica's lips was wet with anticipation and parted like a flower before her under the fingers that pressed to open it.

"Slowly darling," whispered Irene as she raised her hands and guided the head of her partner. "You know what I want... what I need!"

It was as though the past opened and they were once more in the Long Island mansion. The touch, the scent of mistress, the submission that was all that she needed. The tremble of thighs and whisper of breath, the hands that pressed her between thighs, the lace that scratched Veronica's face and ears. A slow cadence of strokes of the tongue, a teasing that was intended as torment but became arousing caresses. A climax that came from the depths, willing familiarity and obsequious service.

The sigh from above signaled the end and Veronica turned her head up to see the smile that played on that lined face.

"Not as good as it was?" asked the kneeling Veronica.

"I own you more than ever," said Irene wistfully. "It was always

the reserve that added the spice..."

She licked her lips and nodded. A willing lover was not what Irene had ever wanted, tenderness was no longer in her vocabulary of emotions.

"I was never unwilling."

"I used to pretend you were... but, I knew!"

It was the closest to affection that she had ever heard, from her mistress, and she felt overwhelmed by the closeness.

The moment passed, and she turned to sit on the soft carpet and lay her head between Irene's thighs whilst she watched the scene that played out on the floating image.

The naked Adonis with the face of an older man had discovered the other unfilled hole on his pet and was enjoying the sight of his cock sliding deep inside the smooth face, dribbling endless come into her, making the climax last for ever, enjoying the ooze at her lips and the sight of his veined shaft sliding home again and again. His hands gripped her, one on the back of the pet's head, the other using her plait as a rein, using her as a glory hole with no wall, a tight orifice that caused him to gasp and shudder.

A last thrust and then out.

Still so hard, still at full extent, his ever-ready unnaturally engineered cock weeping endless come, longing for new holes to ream. Veronica watched and realized that Barrington would never stop fucking. Each climax bringing pleasure, but that pleasure was never *really* gratification! The price he had paid to be a sexual god.

Without going, Barrington could never *really* come!

It was as if Irene read her thoughts and asked the question.

“And, that’s why I did not buy youth... Every climax ruined by losing what comes afterwards, it should be a high that allows descent before the next. Otherwise it is meaningless, a fairground ride where you never get off. In the end, just a bore! I have time, I can wait until the results give me what I want.”

Veronica could *almost* grasp the notion, but the logic was just out of reach. She sensed that the subject had reached a natural conclusion and moved to her next thought whilst the mood was benign.

“Pink, Roan and Crimson Domains are finished...”

“Oh, they will never be *finished*,” laughed Irene, breaking into Veronica’s words.

“OK, operational,” said Veronica. “White is almost fully *operational* and Silver is ready for the planned move. We will set up the Domain that will ensnare Barrington and the rest of the men... Blue for boys, I suppose? What is next?”

“One *last* and vast Domain,” laughed Irene. “The best of all...”

“And, the color?”

A hand came to rest on Veronica’s head and combed her hair with its fingers.

“That *would* be telling...”

10 Carried Along

It was too much!

Every fiber of Carrie's being was flooded with stimulation, overwhelming conscious thought, each nerve-thread untwined and scoured with pain and pleasure, a scream that could not be uttered. Abruptly, the pleasure stopped, leaving just the agony that had been lurking under the surface. The raw anguish that pushed her over the edge.

And the images!

So real, so intense, saturated colors that were blurred by intensity. The legs of the guest like pillars to the clouds. The curved manicure of toes, the slim ankles and patent leather. The focus of her intense need. She struggled to kiss them, craned her neck to reach, every muscle straining against the straps that held her, the craving so forceful that she was incandescent with desire ...oh, to kiss and beg, to show that she belonged... just the touch of skin on her lips would be enough!

The stroke of the cane! A bright flash of sensation like a breaking wave, resolving into a burning tender itch that made her want to grind her teeth as the sensation rolled up the beach and withdrew hissing across the sand and back into the sea. Oh! When would the next stroke come? The next loving stroke of the cane?

Just another sensory overload came that could only be assuaged by kissing those perfect feet. Showing her devotion to her mistress. The sudden sting caused her to redouble her efforts and those feet came an inch closer. All she had to do was to want it enough and it would be hers. The climax would come and bathe her in its glow, mistress would be glad and that was enough.

Deep inside, a violating tremor.

The vibration in her rear urged her on, a gift of pleasure a reward for her efforts to learn what was required. Carrie's clitoris swelled as if to reach the source of that vibration. Almost touching the rod that was embedded inside, just about in contact, but not quite.

Clear dew slicked her cunt now and dripped down shackled thighs, signaling every effort to move with a wetness.

The cane again. Stinging across her naked ass but what a beautiful erotic satisfying sting! Let it sting her again and again and again ...!

Sobbing with her efforts, Carrie pushed again, moved yet a little closer to the perfect feet that demanded her piety. The pain contrasting now with the rewards that were administered; by an unfeeling machine that had her in its power. For a moment the image flickered as if the computer encountered a problem to resolve and then the patent leather shoes changed color to red and the ankles were encased in laced collars. Heels and toes clad in fully fashioned nylons, the feet flickered again and became a pair of savage boots perched on heels that curved from above to needle-spikes with serrated teeth.

The images flickered and flimmered, unsettling transformations.

Carrie, confused and disorientated by the sudden changes, relaxed. The image changed to black and a few words appeared fleetingly. An error message; numbers and characters, a string of code in green on black before there was nothing but darkness. The vibration in her pussy stilled, the electrodes on nipples ceased to administer current and there was a sigh that was almost human in her ears to replace the white noise that had muddled her thoughts.

A small noise came from her own throat, her distress at disappointing her mistress.

She felt hands on her face that moved and then retreated and then the rubber form that filled her was withdrawn slowly and a hand patted her rear where before, the cane had stroked her mind. It seemed an age in the darkness, but at last the visor was slipped off and Carrie blinked in the stark light of the room.

She had tried so hard to please...

She focused on what was before her, two pairs of feet where there had been one.

Bright unsaturated colors of reality that were nothing to the intensity of the vision that had been before.

White latex stockings in low mules and elegant fashionable sandals that perched on six-inch curves.

Nylon stockings, smooth at the ankle, toes that were nearly as perfect as the ones that had promised bliss before.

"I am not satisfied," said a voice from far above Carrie still restrained in her fetters. "We upgraded the system and look what happens!"

Carrie shuddered, her ecstasy dissolved into fear.

Somehow, she was responsible for the displeasure that tumbled in words from above. She had not tried hard enough, she had not pleased her mistress. Her Mistress: who was she? She could not remember the name of the women that owned her, but she knew the title. Her lips moved silently to frame the sound, but no sound came.

"I want the engineers down here now," continued Consuela to the nurse. "Tell them that if they don't get this up and running perfectly before I return they will be doing the testing

themselves!"

"Ma'am," answered the nurse as she placed the visor on the top of the cage where Carrie was confined. "May I ask how long they have to complete the work?"

"You may not!" answered Consuela.

"Ma'am!"

"Thank goodness they didn't upgrade the entire system ... just this one terminal. But I am *not* happy *at all*..."

Consuela watched the nurse detach the electrodes and measuring nodes from the naked slave and tapped her foot in impatience.

The slave in the cage strained forward, pulling at her restraints. Now that the computer no longer controlled the motors that allowed movement they gave a little and the sobbing face of Carrie inched closer to the objects of her desire.

Consuela laughed and moved one foot a little closer.

Lips met toes. Pouted fully and kissed. Wetting the nylon stretched over the curved manicure and then kissed again with true fervor. It seemed that the subject was still in the fugue of her need and Consuela watched as each kiss was accompanied by grateful tears and touches of a tongue.

A success, perhaps?

"Three strokes as a reward," said mistress with a smile.

There was a rattle as the cane was taken in hand by the nurse and then a sudden sharp blow on the raised backside that begged for the cane. The subject shuddered and opened her mouth before kissing again, her eyes filled by the sight of the

ankles that formed the base of shapely legs. No sound, or maybe just a sigh of need as the second blow caused fervent devotion.

"Harder!" said Consuela casually as she pulled her foot back a bit, forcing Carrie to pull harder and just brush curved toe-nails with lips.

The cane raised high and then swept down to scorch the delicate skin with a bright red welt. The slave reacted instantly to the impact, straining in her fetters, her face screwed up tight and then a thin mewling issued from her lips as she climaxed from the blow and her tongue stretched to lap the wet nylon.

Consuela bend her head towards Carrie. She spoke softly, "I said you would be fulfilled beyond your dreams and look at the progress you have made. A slut begging for the cane and loving each stroke. You see, sluts are made and not born and you are going to be such a *wonderful* slut!"

The Mistress stood up once again.

"Well, at least some good has come from the test of the new system," laughed Consuela as her hard face softened. "I want this one back on as soon as it is ready. Another week and she will be ready for use. Just time enough for recovery."

"Ma'am," said the nurse as she placed the cane on the cage.

Suddenly, Carrie remembered the name of her owner!

Her eyes lifted as far as they could and she saw the shapely calves and hem of the tight skirt that surrounded Consuela's thighs.

With that came other recollections, memories pulled into focus and she began to sob.

The tears had no end, pouring from her eyes, cascading down her cheeks as the foot was pulled back and mistress spoke again.

"This one is reserved for Veronica," she said. "Make sure that it meets her requirements precisely."

The nurse bowed her head in acknowledgement and cast her eyes over the bound form at their feet.

The cage was merely the structure that supplied anchors for the straps that held her fast; olding limbs in precise configuration and only allowing movement when the program decided that movement was permitted.

Large breasts hung almost to the floor of the cage, elbows cupped in a slide that was also regulated by the machine.

Scattered wires and tubes, now detached curled on the floor and the stopper that still filled her ass was at rest.

"Two hours..." said Consuela.

"Ma'am!"

With a click of heels, Consuela left the room and the nurse called the engineers.

By the time that they arrived, the cage was empty and Carrie was once more in the darkness of her holding pen.

11 Crimson Bitch

“So, ready for a little sleep? When you wake up you’ll be ready for action almost straight away...” she said as she glanced at the monitor.

The tone casual, the glint in her eyes held no sympathy.

White on white on white. Skin, uniform and gloves making her look like a ghost, only the bright red of the lipstick breaking the flat monochrome.

He pulled at the straps, moved his dry lips and made a small croak that caused her to smile. Not a sympathetic smile that suggested pity or sympathy. But the broad smile of a woman who enjoyed his helplessness and reveled in supremacy.

Mike could have broken her in two at the waist, beaten her to a pulp in moments if he had been free to do so, but he was naked and strapped to the hard table while she was the one who could move freely.

That white-gloved hand appeared at the edge of his vision with a needle tipped tube.

“In it goes and then we’ll see what the doctor can do to make you a *real* attraction for the ladies...”

At first, nothing. Then a feeling as if he was being tightly squeezed all over his body, almost as if his mother was tucking him into bed at night.

Finally, a feeling of falling so far. Weightless and tumbling.

More steps, ringing on the tiles of the floor and a masked face looked down at him. A hand came to take his chin and elevated his jaw, to protect his airway. Her eyelashes fluttered

and Mike's awareness slid from his grip.

"He's gone. Laryngoscope and endo-tracheal tube? McGill's Forceps? Throat pack ready?" were the last words he heard before he slipped away.

When Mike awoke it was to a dim light that permeated the cage where he lay chained to a bed. His hands were free and he lifted them to his sight and inspected them as if they were a new addition.

Broad palms, ten fingers...

They fell to where there was an ache just below his navel. Skin met a surgical dressing and over it a bandage that encircled his abdomen and hid whatever had been done to him. A slight electronic bleep sounded, and he started to raise himself to his elbows.

For a moment he was dizzy and paused before he managed to half sit. A dull ache filled his belly under the bandage and he looked to inspect what was below.

All was as it should be!

Limp cock, heavy hanging balls, but waxed naked like a little boy's. Smooth dark skin over the muscle of his thighs. Powerful legs and the single anklet that chained him to the bed.

As if there was a chance to escape!

His mouth was dry and as he moved his tongue, it ached. A dull discomfort and a numbness. He felt something hard embedded top and bottom that touched the inside of his mouth.

Mike's cage was merely one of a row that stretched to either

side. Each with a bed like his, some with occupants, others empty. Dim light lit the prison and he craned to inspect the other occupants.

All he saw were the curled up naked forms of two other victims. Each swaddled with bandages at the midriff, a man and a woman. Beyond his cage, a console from where the sound had come.

Several screens with graphs and moving lines, one for each of the three occupied cells.

The other screens were blank.

At last, with a heave, Mike was able to lift and drop his legs to sit on the bed in the narrow cage. One of the screens showed increased movement and he guessed that it was monitoring him. There were no electrodes, no wires from him to the monitoring device, somehow it was able to read him even though on the other side of the bars.

Another bleep.

Sitting on the edge of the bed he inspected himself properly. He ran his hands over his legs and the skin of his torso and could not find anything that would give cause for concern. He slipped his fingers carefully under the bandages, touching and feeling his way around to find where the ache originated but the bandage was adhesive and he did not feel like peeling it off.

All he could feel was smooth skin, so he probed the surface of the dressing more firmly and suddenly inhaled as there came a sharp pain. Under the tips of his fingers were the staples that closed a tiny incision. Two small ridges that closed the spot where the knife of the doctor had penetrated.

That was all...

He swallowed.

His mouth was so dry and he had a craving to drink that was almost maddening. The offensive stud in his tongue moved against the ceiling of his mouth and finally the bitter taste was swept away.

"Awake already?"

The sound of the woman's voice caused him to start. In his self-inspection he had failed to notice her entering the room.

"What have you done to me?" asked Mike.
Now, he could see her in the dim light.

Long blonde plaits, hourglass figure and shapely legs. Pencil skirt and crimson blouse, she had a whip at her belt and high boots that covered her legs. The woman ignored the question and inspected the monitors for a minute before turning to face the bars of the cage from the other side.

She held a finger to her lips with a smile.

"I am Miss Rose and assigned to your induction in Crimson. *I* ask the questions, *if* there is any need. You will be here for a while before you are assigned to a suite. All you have to do is to do as you are told..."

He opened his mouth to speak, she frowned, and he thought better of it.

The monitors made another one of its sounds and she turned to inspect the screens. Mike felt a twinge in his belly and moved to relieve the discomfort.

At long last, Miss Rose seemed satisfied with her inspection of the system and turned back to him.

She cast a glance at the others in their cages and then turned

to leave.

“What the fuck is this place?” he cried as he reached for the door.

Miss Rose turned on her heel and touched the slim metal bracelet on her arm.

A sudden twinge became intense agony. Welling from deep inside, touching raw nerves as if rubbing them with sandpaper. Mike yelped and fell on his side and slipped to the hard floor with a gasp.

It was as if every nerve in his body was in rebellion!

He had faced pain before, what match was without agony and players in bone-crunching collisions?

This, though, was far beyond those physical limits.

This came from within, a pervading spike that sawed at every nerve and caused him to shudder on the floor.

He heard her steps on the floor.

He looked up as she poised a finger over the bracelet and he knew that this was something that she could do at whim. Inflict a searing pain like no other.

Rendering him helpless with the smallest touch.

“I said, no more questions...” she said before she turned and exited the room.

It seemed to Mike that it took an age before he could even pick himself from the floor. His heart jumped and the screen opposite reflected his struggle with a fluttering line.

The other three prisoners in their cages awoke from sleep. Mike recognized none of them and wondered what had become of

the others who had watched the team buses fall into the void.

Here they were, in some sort of institution. Somewhere... Penned in cells, awaiting their fate at the hands of the sadistic women who ruled this inferno? The young girl in the next cell hunched as if to hide her nudity, the other man managed to stand.

Mike watched them as they watched him and none dared speak a word. He had noticed the cameras that were installed on the ceilings of the cages and instinctively knew that any words he uttered would be seen, overheard and would be punished.

He inspected the cell and found the hospital bed-pan and used it, glad that he could relieve himself.

Mike thought about Mistress Pleasance and the others who had tormented and used him like a bitch.

His thoughts ran in streams and circles.

He tried to imagine why he was here, what sort of demented place it was in which he now found himself, but his imagination just did not stretch to match reality.

He thought of Carrie and shuddered, as he remembered her, standing by him in the bright lights when they had arrived.

His heart ached for her.

Even fuckable Valentina appeared in his thoughts, his brief affair with her, a moment now lost in the past.

Mike could find no answers that made any sense.

All three cellmates were fully awake when Miss Rose arrived with a nurse in that smooth white integument. She glanced at the monitor screens and then walked the length of the room to

inspect each occupant silently before taking a central position where all three were in her view. The steel in her heels clicked on the floor as she walked, a sound that was almost an assertion of her dominance.

“Stand!”

The three sitting figures stood, and Miss Rose crooked her fingers to draw them to the bars of their respective cages.

“You will not speak unless spoken to. You will not question any order and you will not give me any cause to punish you,” she said in a quiet tone that Mike could barely hear, so softly was it delivered.

Mike nodded and she smiled.

Miss Rose walked the length of the cages again and came to stop in the same spot before she continued.

“You are now my bitches. You are here for only one reason...”

The pause in her words focused Mike’s attention on her lips and he suddenly wondered what it would be like to fuck her. Tall, slim and shapely at hips and breasts; she seemed eminently fuckable and he pressed the thought down to concentrate on her words. “...that is, to please the guests of Crimson as they desire.”

Another pause for effect.

“Our guests come here to experience their fantasies and you are here to make them come true,” she said. “Anything that they desire is on offer, *anything!*”

Was this some sort of a high-class brothel? thought Mike.

“Some prefer pleasure, others pain, some both, it all depends on

their personal style. All have just two things in common. An insatiable appetite for sexual gratification and a craving for dominance. You are here to fully satisfy both of those needs..."

Miss Rose turned to the nurse and raised an eyebrow in question.

"All on line," said the nurse with a small smile.

The mistress turned back to her captive audience and fondled the bracelet at her wrist.

"You will have so many questions," she said with a small laugh. "I am not interested in hearing them. The slightest failure to please our guests will result in severe punishment that they are entitled, as guests of the Domains, to administer.

"There is no training necessary, you will obey or be punished! In a short while, the implants will have healed and you will be each assigned to a suite at the direction of a guest. You will spend all of your time pleasing as required and then assigned to a further guest. And so on..."

Miss Rose raised her fingers and tapped rapidly on the bracelet.

If possible, the pain was worse even than the first time. It swept through Mike and he gasped in agony. The other two captives shrieked and collapsed while the quarterback slumped to his cot. He could feel his heart beating in his inner ears, the twitch of his limbs that accompanied cramps that caused him almost to scream.

"That is the punishment for the slightest misbehavior, bitches. The guests may use it as they will," said Miss Rose. "Stand!"

Impatiently Miss Rose waited until all three were once again standing and then she tapped at the bracelet again.

"This is the call when you are required..."

A slight twinge spread through Mike's body. A subtle painless version of the punishment that stroked the fibers of his mind. He had braced himself for the shock, but the feeling was almost pleasant in contrast.

"When you feel that call, you are required to pay attention to your assigned guest. Simple obedience is required, that's all. Bitches who rebel will find themselves in positions much less pleasant than being a guest's bitch in Crimson. And there is never any coming back!"

The nurse made a small movement with her hand and pointed to one of the screens. Miss Rose nodded in agreement and touched the screen lightly before turning back to her listeners.

"To close the induction, one last and most important point..."

Her fingers moved at her left wrist.

Mike braced himself and it was a moment before a sensation filled him with alarm.

He felt a warmth, a choking sweet rush before he realized what was happening to him.

His cock stiffened, lifted and stood. Hardened like a rod to stand from him. He could not help himself looking down. Past the bandage that hid the cut where the malevolent incubus had been inserted.

His eyes following the progress of the vast erection as it stood from him without the slightest hint of desire inside his mind.

A low moan came from the cage where the female bitch was trembling, but Mike could only focus on the power that Miss Rose had revealed. He could not help himself but dropped his hands to the traitor that swelled to full length. The hardness, the

sheer power of the erection filled his head with panic while Miss Rose watched and gloated over the power that she had over her victims.

“And now...”

Her words came to his ears as a spasm came from deep inside his body. A squeezing pressure that was as if a fist clenched inside. As if fingers pulled and milked, ran along every nerve of his cock. As if he was sucked from the inside.

His hands pulled back in shock as clear drops materialized, to be followed by a slow cadence of come that welled from within. The increasing dribble became a torrent that poured from him until he was milked dry. Hanging from the tip of his cock, emptying with no accompanying climax to be felt.

Mike looked at the smiling Miss Rose and then to the woman who clutched the bars as she was gripped by an endless climax over which she had no control.

At last, the rush came to an end.

Instead of his drained cock reducing and dropping to hang, it stood erect as if there as if nothing had happened. It was not until Miss Rose moved her fingers again that the erection slowly diminished, and the stiffness was gone.

“You belong to the Domains now, there is nothing that you will not do to please us and the guests that we welcome through our doors.”

Her fingers hovered over the bracelet again and all three caged victims tensed.

The agony swept over them and only Mike managed to stay on his feet.

“Obedience is unavoidable,” she laughed. “One way or

another!"

12 Intimate Service

6336 waited.

In its mind, it was still Jerry but the lines were blurring...

Jerry, the former lover of Barrington's wife Valentina and Physical Therapist to the Crocs. As well as so many others. The graduate in medicine that had switched to sports-medicine, free and single, more than satisfied by the stream of woman that had eagerly impaled themselves on his cock.

Now he was so much less.

A mere number, a possession.

The waiting plaything for a paying guest. The toy that could be thrown out of the cot, the helpless plaything for female sadists. The thing that waited in a suite in the Crimson Domain to be used, abused, punished.

Less than something and more than nothing.

A pleasure slave, dressed to thrill, dressed to excite.

He balanced on the end of the fixture that attached to the broad collar at his neck. It firmly held him in place until the first user had decided what game to enjoy with him. He stood, tall legs together, feet in high ballet boots, boots laced so tight that they became almost an outer armor of smooth leather. The personal requirement requested by a woman who had idly added her wishes to the list with a click of a pointer on a screen.

Breathing was difficult, every breath made so by the corset that ringed his narrow waist and clamped over his chest. The corset brought his waist in to twenty inches and in his mind's eye, made hips seem to flare out in a feminine way. It clasped his

naked flesh, from arm pits, over his ribs to below that nipped-in waist. Dressed to the exact specifications of the woman that had chosen to vacation in Crimson six months before, 6336 represented *her* idea of a perfect toy.

The room in which 6336 stood as part of the furniture was opulent. Silks and linens. Mahogany chests and a bed so vast that to 6336's eyes, it seemed not much smaller than a football field. A bin of canes stood discretely to the side of that vast soft bed and promised possibilities that almost made the helpless man shudder in terror.

A maid moved, preparing the room for the arrival of the guest that would occupy the suite for a week. Fluttering her duster around where no dust lay, making sure that every fold and pleat hung just-so, arranging the curtains while she made the final adjustments to the room.

She?

It was all part of the fetish madness that was endemic in the Crimson Domain.

The 'she' was a 'he'!

Exposed and restrained cocklet peeping from the tip of the polished tube that was adorned by the ring that pierced the flesh. Bare breasts hung with their gold piercings, short stockings smoothed over nylon-clad legs. A pretty face, ringlets and a linen cap that perched on top. Pouting red lips in concentration matching the mindless expression as she completed her chores and slipped from the room.

The maid moved almost at random, passing close to the fettered figure that watched her. Her eyes were blank, wide and staring, her eyelashes fluttered in mock allure as she passed. He watched as she stooped and displayed her rounded ass, noting the slim tube that hung and the rubber bulb

that bounced on the backs of her thighs.

6336 felt a sickness in his soul that caused him to hang on the three points that held him to the wall. Was this what he was to become? He slumped and then rose again as the collar bit under his chin and watched as, at last her duty seemed done and she moved to stand in the car corner of the bedroom of the suite after a final rearrangement of the canes in their bin. Her toes were pointing downward in the pointed ballet-boots, and she bent to adjust the laces and ribboned-pink bows and then stood with feet apart in an almost unnaturally still pose.

Silence filled the room.

The sun filtered through lace casting patterns on the room and a sense of impending arrival filled 6336's mind. A slight movement allowed more comfort. Lifting head and straightening knees. The hint of an erection filled him with dismay.

How could he find this place stimulating?

The door opened, and a young woman strolled into the room with a proprietary air. Dressed in summer skirt and high sandals she seemed quite at odds with the two silent servitors that waited for her arrival. Behind her, another maid wheeled in a trolley laden with cases and boxes and deferentially waited for a slight signal before starting to unpack the luggage.

The young woman inspected the room with a slight smile on her lips. Passing both the maid and 6336 casually as though such things were an expected part of the furniture. She glanced at the tall bin of canes and paddles, then flung open the door to the veranda where she disappeared out of sight whilst her accompanying slave unpacked her clothes and personal items into the drawers and wardrobes of the suite.

The trolley went with the maid who had brought it and once again the room was quiet except for the slight rustle of the moving air on the long curtains. 6336 strained to see and hear more of the new occupant and was rewarded as she re-entered the room and sighed, before casting herself on the bed and lying, relaxed on the vast bed with her feet dangling over to the floor.

So, he thought. *This* is a guest. The goddess that I am owned by...

A knock at the door and another young woman entered the suite without waiting.

Ebony skin, smooth and youthful.

She had blue-black curls, was youthfully pretty and she laughed at the sight of the young woman on the bed before flicking back her ringlets and striking a pose in the tight tube of her long skirt. Her perfect chocolate complexion and snub nose contrasted with the white blouse that revealed her cleavage and the silver filigree collar added the final impeccable touch.

"So, what do you think, Melissa?" asked the young black girl. "Isn't this just superb? Just as my Mamma said!"

She spoke with a lilting Portuguese accent that just added to her charm.

"Paradise," said the woman lying on the bed. "So, this is where she hides in the autumn for a few weeks, playing games and being spoiled rotten. Eloa, have you seen the view, it's to die for? A perfect birthday present for you... just think of the games that we will play here..."

"You are the *real* gift, darling..." said Eloa as she glanced around the room. "I love you..."

Her eyes took in the silent servitors and she moved to stand before 6336 and inspected him. A raised eyebrow when she noted the rod of his erection and then she brushed back her ringlets again and turned to her friend.

“Get undressed, darling... I want you now!”

“God yes, I want you too!”

Melissa sat up on the bed for a moment and then stood. Slowly, provocatively she undressed while Eloa enjoyed the show. The summer dress slipped to the floor to make a crumpled ring around Melissa’s feet, revealing her delicate stockings and her seductive nakedness.

6336 shuddered in mingled excitement and terror. Thoughts passed in his mind how he, in another life, would have craved to take these two women and play with them, create a wonderful threesome. Now his lustful soul could only writhe in the silence of his imagination as he took in the two women who were playing out their little game before him.

The slim black teenager and the creamy-skinned American girl who did as she was bidden.

Eloa reached to touch the nipples of her companion and brushed her finger-tips from breasts to end on the triangle of her lover’s mons, wedged between Melissa’s thighs. The touches were intimate and loving as Eloa took her lover in her arms and kissed her passionately. Clothed and naked, the two young women savored each other. The lips met and tongues played. Hands moved to waist and fingers moved to open her sex before Eloa sat up on the bed.

“You know what I want,” said Eloa and she crooked a finger. “Mamma says that I should always get what I want!”

Melissa giggled and moved to kneel at the feet of her lover.

“Is this what your Mamma means?”

Her hands reached out and she teased the pencil skirt up the lacy netting of the stockings a little, sliding her hands deep and giggling as Eloa moaned with the contact. The tight skirt opened at the side as hands played on sensitive skin.

Eloa's hands cupped the face of Melissa and she leaned to kiss the pouting lips. 6336 saw the bracelets on each of the girls' wrists and shuddered. The two young girls petted and played, touched and teased and he could feel his cock straining from his loins.

“What about it?” asked Eloa as she reached for the bin of canes by the bed. “A little fun before we explore the place?”

Melissa laughed as a slim cane was drawn at random from the selection and nodded.

“It's what they are there for...”

Eloa sat back up and bent the cane in her hands. Flexing it almost double as if to test its potency. One hand moved to her wrist and she poised a finger over the bracelet.

“Have you tested it yet?” she asked before pulling back her finger.

Melissa shook her head in answer and Eloa stood to inspect maid and slave. The maid's expression was vacant and empty of emotion. Her lips opened as the tip of the cane touched between her legs where her tiny cocklet strained in its restraint. Eloa moved to the fettered 6336 and Melissa followed her. He tried to cast his eyes down, but all he could see was the cleft triangle of her sex, ebony and pink, smooth and fascinating.

“Let's see?”

He saw the finger touch metal and the terrible agony filled him. 6336's knees gave and he hung like a rag doll on the wall as the two girls laughed at his distress.

"Oh God, it really works!" exclaimed Melissa. "Do it again!"

He opened his mouth to scream, but no sound but a sigh issued as Eloa once again touched her wrist. From deep inside he silently shrieked, the punishment causing him to writhe for the amusement of the two giggling girls.

"Pathetic," announced Eloa. "A weakling..."

Melissa reached past her lover and her hand closed on the limp cock that hung between his legs. Her nails bit into the soft skin and she twisted before loosening her grip and slapping upward at the balls that hung below. She sniggered as the slave lurched upright again and then moved behind him to rest her hand on a small catch that was holding him to the wall.

"Time to show us what you can do," laughed Melissa and she pulled to release the stricken 6336 .

There was a click and he stood for a moment before Melissa's hand pushed from behind. The slight pressure caused him to tip helplessly forward to lie on the floor, his ankles still clipped together.

"On your knees," said Eloa.

The cane swung briskly down and connected with his naked ass to make her point and 6336 pressed upwards to do as he was bidden. A second strike was delivered and he rocked to get his knees under his body at the feet of the two girls who played with him.

"It's sort of cute," said Melissa.

Eloa did not seem so impressed and slid a foot under his face and he crouched to kiss it while she watched with an impassive expression. He felt the leather of her shoes under his lips and prayed that he was doing enough to please her and prevent further punishment. A hand slid over his ass and between his thighs. It took his cock and stroked it hard until his erection was straining at her touch.

"I think that it likes us," chuckled Melissa.

"Of course it does," said Eloa. "Everybody likes us!"

She pulled her foot from the fervent lips that kissed it and delivered another stroke. 6336 trembled and shook, the strokes of the cane left his ass stinging, and he had difficulty in staying still as the two young girls teased and punished him.

They moved away, towards the bed and he struggled to follow. The tight boots were still clipped together at the ankles, making for slow progress, so that by the time that he arrived at the edge of the bed, they were once again in each other's arms and petting with fierce intensity. Hands pulled him onto the bed, laying him on his back while Eloa and Melissa giggled at the way that he tried so hard to help them.

"Top or bottom?" sniggered Melissa.

Eloa did not answer but lifted a leg to straddle his masked face and lower herself to cover him.

As soon as his lips met her streaming pussy, she groaned and pulled up again to shuffle forward and lower her ass to his lips.

6336 could feel hands on his cock.

Teasing and pulling at him as something was slid over his erection and the weight of Melissa on his thighs signaled that she had taken him in.

No feeling, no friction.

He was deep inside her cunt, but there was no feeling as she sank down upon him and gasped as she settled on his thighs and her pussy accepted him. 6336 could feel Eloa's weight pressing down, and Melissa leaning forward to kiss her lips. Hands played on the pussy that was inches from his lips, but if they were Melissa's or Eloa's, he could not tell.

All he could feel was the tight bud of her ass at his lips and the up-and-down motions of Melissa as she impaled herself on him with slow strokes. Words from above were muted by the thighs that clamped, trembling, over his ears. Moans and laughter, frantic caresses and kissing, 6336 was merely the toy that the two lovers used to pleasure themselves.

A wriggle, a sensuous tilt of the hips.

To the mute slave beneath Eloa's ass, it was a demand for him to serve and he pressed the tip of his tongue into the opening, managing to breathe between her writhing. He coursed the tip of his tongue over the relaxed ass-hole and massaged it with gentle strokes. The hands that fluttered at his chin became insistent, the vibrations from their frantic movement matching the cadence of the girl that slid up and down on his cock.

Juices flowed.

Sweet and slick, he could taste the juices from the black girl's pussy mingled with the sweat that ran to his lips. Feel the hole at his lips relax and allow more intimate access. His hips struggled to match the rhythm of Melissa as he was consumed by a desire to perform for them. A desperate need to prove his willingness as they ignored his efforts and climaxed together in sweaty bliss, Melissa's lips clamped on Eloa's hands adding the final touches to the pleasure.

The ass moved upwards.

The button of Eloa's clenched orifice slick with her juices and his moisture. A glimpse of the swollen pussy and then both had dismounted and were sitting, trembling after the force of their orgasms.

"God, that was good," said Melissa with a moan.

Eloa leaned to kiss her passionately. Her legs swung from the bed and she stood and looked down at the dripping face that had been under her ass.

"Just the start, babes," she said to her lover with that Portuguese lilt on her lips. "Wait until you see what Mamma ordered for my bathroom... Nothing but a shower and a chained slut waiting for my needs!"

The two young girls moved around the room and started to dress.

"We'll go for a scout around and see what's on offer. Some sort of a reception dinner at nine..."

"Or we can stay and play," said Eloa with a grin.

"I want to show off that new corset!"

"OK, a little explore, meet the other guests and then back to my room. I won't spoil the surprise, Melissa, but let's just say that the three that I have in my suite are a real eye-opener! Mamma said that it would be a special surprise for me and she was right!"

"Oh, tell me, tell me please..."

Eloa licked her lips and started to laugh.

"OK, a hint... let's just say that the helpless little dolly that waits

on my bed is so perfect to cuddle up to... Tits for pillows!"

Melissa's face showed shock and then she started to giggle.

"Jesus! Babe's, that's soooo kinky."

On the bed, 6336 felt queasy. The two young teenagers laughed and giggled as they dressed. Young girls that were tasting what Eloi's Mamma's wealth could buy for them as if it were nothing out of the ordinary. Pulling on their clothes and then almost skipping out of the room hand in hand like school girls while he lay with the taste of her ass on his lips, his cock aching for relief.

6336 did not know what was expected of him, but it seemed that the Crimson Domain knew everything that passed inside its halls. A few minutes after the two lovers had left, three women arrived to bring order to the suite.

They moved him briskly back to his former position and clicked him into place. The maid pulled new coverlets onto the bed, a wet cloth was used on his face before a new hood was put in place and the cane and other toys the girls had used were replaced with fresh stock. In moments, the room was as it had been before.

6336 felt a sudden need to relieve himself, but it seemed that even that small relief was to be without dignity. Tubing was pushed deep inside and he felt himself drained before it was withdrawn. The women who had prepared him worked with silent efficiency. Small chiding slaps used to guide him before they retreated and the room was once again perfect.

The sissy maid in the corner. Bed straightened, every footprint on the soft carpet had been smoothed and the helpless gimp that was ever-ready for use was once more in position to be used, or not, as the paying guests required.

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Our Hopes

James Brighton

The landslide victory of President Perez has simply confirmed what we already knew was bound to happen. That both houses are now secure in her grip, that the judiciary are in place, and that the program that was the center piece of the campaign will now, for better or worse, be implemented. She has her mandate and the people of the United States of America have spoken.

So far, the appointments to the cabinet posts in the White House are not a surprise except for the number of women who will take up the critical positions. The GOP has kept its word and is pushing for sexual equality in politics and this is something that we celebrate. What does not look quite so positive is the fact that, if the people match the agenda, the United States looks set for a political upheaval that will focus its attention on domestic affairs and foreign policy isolation, something that is worrying for both NATO and Europe.

The surprise appointment is the new Secretary of State. That Barrington Rossi would be invited by President Perez to fill this important post was hinted at just before the election, after all he was the largest spender in GOP contributions and there was a significant political debt to pay. Once he is back from his South American retreat, we shall see what is in store. His political views have never

been completely clear, despite his campaigning efforts, and we believe that he will be a welcome breath of fresh air in the West Wing. It is almost certain that he will be confirmed by the GOP controlled Senate.

It is, of course, early days.

All we can hope is that the second term of President Perez serves to heal some of the open wounds in politics in the United States. That she sees her legacy as one that unites all Americans to make their nation great again. That it becomes a place that lives up to the promise of those founding fathers of the New World democracy and breathes new life into the ties that bind the former colony to its now isolated mother country.

13 Perfect Divorce

How had they found him?

The crowd of reporters that swarmed around the newly nominated Secretary of State were fended off with a banal statement.

"I am of course very honored to be asked to serve as Secretary of State and for the confidence that this President has shown in me. You can be sure that, if my nomination is confirmed, I shall direct all my energies to perusing the very best interests of the United States abroad and to work effectively with all our friends and allies and to forge good working relationships even with our rivals on the world stage"

With Miss Candice's perfect ass swaying before his eyes on the way to the Executive Class Lounge, Barrington was gratified to learn how what a much more satisfactory experience it was to be *conducted through* Security, now he was Secretary of State!

She kept him company with small talk whilst he enjoyed a drink until the waiting Presidential SSL was refueled and it was time to take the airplane back to Washington, to meet his destiny. How different from his secretive arrival. Now he was a key part of the administration and two silent security men ensured his privacy.

He sipped at the Bourbon and felt a warm glow with the alcohol and his satisfaction mingling to leave him content.

In just a couple of days he had managed to achieve so much. Of course, the cost had been the Orlando Crocs, but that was just a question of money. More important he had seen what was possible. A little horse-trading, more of Chastity Microsystem's shares to bring him up to twenty per cent as a reward for his loyalty. The news that he was now in the White House and on his

way to his goal in four years was the final installment.

And those women!

Barrington despised them all.

Preening themselves as if they were some sort of elite!

Insufferably self-confident and haughty and thinking that they could control *him*!

That woman President who had opened the door without knowing what she did!

All he had to do now was to quietly accumulate ever more of the CM shares he needed and by the time that the next election, he and his sponsors would be in control.

Of course he did not articulate his thoughts, but he carefully tidied the mental images of his Sponsors into a quiet corner at the back of his mind: some things were too delicate to even *think* about.

Miss Candice was still standing by his side, a reminder of the few days in the Domains.

That had been entertaining! Forcing their hand to open a Domain to trap all the men that he needed to control. Once he was in the driving seat, all the immoral female domains would become his playground, his and the men who would owe him favors without end. Miss Candice and the insufferable Veronica would beg to suck his cock and take it in their perfect asses, just like his wife had!

There were still outstanding issues, reasons for a little uncertainty.

He had not managed to identify the *actual* present owners of CM Domains. For sure it was not Veronica and the others that he had met so far. Once he had the information, pressure would

be brought to bear. For sure they had filmed every moment of his visit and thought that they could blackmail him, but Barrington knew that that would never work.

Fake news, as they say!

He had thought about bending Veronica over and taking her brutally from behind, filling her with a never-ending stream of come from his perfectly modified cock and he felt the response to his imaginings! Then she would suck up every droplet and thank him for it as he caned the bitch for thinking that she could manipulate *him*. That turned his thoughts to the final divorce that he had enacted. The woman who was now his pet... Coming hard in her tight ass and then stripping away the hood as she choked on him in her throat.

An instant to be treasured!

A moment that was so very perfect.

A perfect divorce from the cuckolding bitch!

He had cleared her from the table and was finally free of the slut.

A flight attendant came to inform him that the plane was ready, and Barrington nodded politely to Miss Candice. Plans within plans! He was not a man to reveal his hand precipitously and the 'Have a good flight' that she uttered was accepted with a soft 'Thank-you for the ride'.

Down the long corridor to the SSL.

His cock hard in his pants.

As he stepped past the Presidential Seal, his mind imagined President Perez on her knees, face buried deep as she sucked his balls. Now all he had to do was to play out the next four

years with care. Make each exposed card count, win the game and every trick on the way. Build the team that he needed to seize control and then his term would be remembered forever.

Women...

Bitches all of them!

14 Virtually Theirs

Valentina Rossi huddled at the feet of her Mistress.

Two days ago, her husband had played with her, punished and exploited her helplessness. Now she was so glad to be with the women that had taken her into their world, away from all of her cares and fears.

Deep inside the restrained form that huddled at the feet of the mistress, the pet remembered the world that had been hers, the time when she had authority and made decisions... but in her ears, the whisperings and subtle white noise. The muttered urgings and the just-under-the-breath suggestions and commands, influencing her way of thinking and filling her mind to overflowing.

The voice of mistress cut through the dream-like murmurs in the back of her mind.

“Beg!”

Unavoidably tangible, the voice cut through her thoughts and she felt the force of a new instinct that caused her to move forward to obey. Everything in her sight was sharp and unrealistically precise. Veronica's feet before her eyes, the smooth patent leather of the uppers, the curve of instep, the nylon that stretched over white skin.

She knew what she had to do.

Her lips touched, and she felt a rewarding pat on the top of her head.

“Good Dolly, well done...”

It was not the words, it was the tone that gave the thrill. That she

had pleased *and* achieved what was expected. Another gentle pat and she looked up.

There they were!

Glowing with an unnatural aura, the smiling face of Mistresses that were so contented that Dolly was learning to satisfy them. Beautiful Veronica, standing just behind in the shadow of Consuela. They spoke and the helpless dolly felt as though she was blessed to hear their words in her head. She looked from one to the other as they spoke over her head.

"I am impressed," said Mistress Consuela with a small smile.

Valentina imagined that the smile was for her and felt a warm glow, a wetness between her thighs.

"So much more appealing without those ugly goggles," said Mistress Veronica. "Just the contacts, no more heavy screens and wires... and here's what it's seeing..."

As Dolly watched, Mistress Veronica pulled a phone from her jeans and flicked on the screen. A golden aura seemed to envelop her like an angel as slim fingers flicked at the screen and she felt an outpouring of emotion that caused her to whimper. It choked her throat and filled her eyes with tears.

"Amazing! When will it be ready for general use?" asked Mistress Consuela as she looked at the small screen.

"Production can't start for a few months," came the reply. "By the end of the year we'll have a thousand sets. And then we fully test the system and refine it..."

"What happens if..."

Mistress Consuela's hand moved, and she touched the screen. The heavenly aura that surrounded the two women shaded to

black, giving them a demonic glow and Valentina whimpered at their feet. She backed up a step on knees and elbows, suddenly scared at the transformation of the images that she saw.

“And, back again...”

Mistress Veronica's finger moved. The darkness receded and was replaced by the golden glow in the mannequin's vision.

“We really have to roll this out faster,” said Mistress Consuela with a small laugh at the confused pet at her feet. “I want every servant to be equipped...”

Mistress Veronica shrugged.

“Next year at the soonest. Maybe even the year after that! We have just a few of the new VR systems for testing, we need to map and create the whole of the Domains on the software and only then can we even *start* to introduce it!”

Mistress Consuela reached again and stroked the phone in Mistress Veronica's hand. She mumbled as she selected from the menus and then tapped on the screen.

Valentina heard the sound of a lock and looked between her Mistress' legs. The door opened and a man strolled into the room. The sight of Barrington moving towards her filled her with terror and she started to back up in a panic. A whimper from her lips signaled her terror.

His hands lowered to his thighs and unzipped his pants to reveal his cock. Almost larger than possible. It throbbed in his hands and she looked upwards to see the two smiling mistresses watching her in amusement.

“Beg to be fucked!” said Mistress Consuela casually to the pet.

Dolly's lips moved in soundless words of terror as the words echoed in her head. Then the real vision of her husband passed right through the two women. They did not move as the avatar of Barrington briefly occupied the same space and emerged to stand before her.

His lips moved, and a second later the voice of Barrington began to speak.

"You must be punished..."

The very words that her husband had spoken two days ago as he had opened the eyes on her hood. The moment when she had realized that she would never be saved. The moment when she gave up hope.

Valentina collapsed in a terrified huddle to the floor, her eyes squeezed shut, but the vision still clear before her eyes.

"Not *quite* perfect!" laughed Mistress Consuela. "I see what you mean... there are so many possibilities!"

Without any sound, the vision of Barrington vanished and once again only the two glowing malicious angels occupied the room with their pet. She was confused and her head moved to take in the entirety of the lounge where her husband was no longer to be seen.

"Beg, Dolly!" came the command.

She uncurled and struggled to her elbows and knees. A step and then another, her body trembling as she moved to obey. The reassurance of the cool smooth leather on her lips as she kissed gave her strength.

"Not like that," said Mistress Veronica's voice from above. "Do it properly..."

Fervent kisses, lapping and worshipping the feet gave her

strength and she felt a pat on her head that banished all thought of Barrington from her head.

The half-heard voices bathed her mind and praised her for her efforts.

They would keep her safe, they would care for her...

"Perhaps a reward for being a good little pet?"

Valentina shuddered in anticipation and redoubled her efforts as the first twinges of pleasure invaded her mind. Deep inside her body, as if fingers tempted and teased. Vibrations that filled her ass and pussy, a stroking on her clitoris that was beyond anything that loving touch could have achieved.

Every nerve was stretched to the limit, imploring her to cry out while the two women who stood over her chuckled as she struggled to please them, as the climax invaded and overwhelmed her brain. As the chip buried deep inside awoke and measured her response.

The latex clad hips shuddered, her thighs contracted and quivered. Juices flowed from pussy to thighs and her head nodded and trembled as the climax built to a crescendo.

"That's enough!"

The voice was that of her Mistress.

Abruptly the sensation was gone, leaving only the ghost of the awaited climax that could have been hers. She redoubled her efforts, but now the gratification lay out of reach.

She had been so close!

"Dolly here, is ready to be worked on, I want all of the work done in the next couple of months before Barrington returns," said Veronica. "Have it moved to White immediately..."

"Immediately, Mistress," answered Consuela. "And the VR?"

"I have two more subjects selected for the testing and we can begin the introduction of the system," answered Veronica. "Meanwhile, the software geeks need to get it perfected, so that by the time that we introduce the VR globally we will be ready..."

"Which Domain comes first?" asked Mistress Consuela.

"Crimson, I think. That will be the easiest. All in easy reach. Then we can roll it out in some of the others? I guess we'll have to see. Roan is all about the real experience... but, perhaps we'll get to it when the rest is done. One step at a time."

The foot that Valentina was kissing retreated and the two women moved towards the door.

She could feel the tears of appreciation in her eyes and willed them to turn and speak words of praise, but the door closed and they were gone.

Valentina's vision blurred for a moment as though filled with tears. A flicker of lightning and fog that resolved into focus in seconds. She was not alone in the room. A tall woman wearing an elegant rubber dress stood by the door that the two mistresses had passed through. Still and straight, almost motionless, she stood in her high heels and flowing garments, a whip trailing from her hanging hand.

The kneeling dolly held her breath and held absolutely still, not knowing what was expected of her. The mistress moved, stepping to just out of reach of the fearful captive and slid a foot slightly forward.

Another test in obedience, another woman to satisfy!

Valentina strained against the leash, pursed her lips and

crouched to serve. Almost reaching the smooth leather that covered the toes of the mistress.

Almost, but not quite...

There was a brief flicker, a slight haze as the woman smiled down at her victim, and Valentina sought to kiss the feet of the avatar that controlled her.

15 **Petting Zoo**

"I could stay here *forever* with you," said Melissa.

She took up the cane that lay on the bed and bent it in her hand. The small familiar movement gave her a rush of excitement and she looked to where the familiar form of her slave awaited punishment. The stripes of the previous entertainment still on his thighs. A maid curtsied and offered a glass on a tray and Melissa took it before waving the frilly slave away with a flutter of the fingers. The week in Crimson, pampered and spoiled, had worked its magic.

"If my Mamma would pay for it," laughed Eloa.

Melissa sighed and nodded in agreement.

"I just hate the fact that we have to leave tomorrow," said Melissa.

"You still haven't decided what to wear," said Eloa. "We are supposed to be there in just an hour..."

Melissa sighed.

She would have rather spent their last night in Eloa's suite. Playing games, squeezing every drop of pleasure from their playthings instead of going to the event that had been organized for their last evening. She flexed the cane once more and then stood with a groan.

"Do we have to?" she asked.

"We have to!"

"OK, OK, if you insist!"

Melissa took the leash of her kneeling toy. 6336 was naked but

for his tight hood and the tight boots on his feet. He stood at her signal and she slashed with the cane at his naked ass in a sign of her frustration. The helpless man shuddered at the savage blow, but his erection did not waver.

A further tug brought the slave into motion and Melissa stalked back to her room with the leash taut. The small steps that 6336 was forced to take caused it to stumble and she vented her ire with another stroke of the cane.

In her suite, she passed the leash to her maid while she moved to choose an outfit. Something outrageous, something so sexy that Eloa would be tempted to dodge the gathering and opt to play instead...

She tossed garments on the floor as she inspected them until she found a short skirt in her hand that almost qualified as a belt. The small slip of stretchy fabric was not at all her style, but she knew that it would appeal to her lover. After that, it was easy to decide which way to go! White stilettos and a top that molded to her like a second skin of spandex.

The maid dressed her, taking the impatient slaps in her stride until Melissa was ready. The picture of a wicked slut, bare legs and tight skirt that barely hid the tops of her thighs. Breasts molded as if naked, the filigree silver collar at her neck and the control bracelet the only choices that she had not made.

When she arrived at the door of her lover's suite, Eloa was already waiting. Red latex matching her dark skin, a flowing sheathe that covered almost every inch from neck to feet. Kneeling behind her, the ultimate accessory, a naked muscled man who trembled on all fours at her feet.

Melissa grinned and reached down to slap the face of the man lightly and then kissed her lover on the lips.

"Please, please," she begged. "Let's stay in on the last night and have a little fun ..."

"We have a *little* time to play," was all that Eloa would concede. "Then we can go!"

Melissa pouted and then shrugged. After all, it was her lover's mother who had paid and Eloa *always* got to decide.

"Lighten up, we'll be back here again and play some more..."

"It's not the same back in the US," persisted Melissa, "I don't want to go!"

Eloa tugged at the leash in her hand, to draw the crawling slave towards the bed. She could feel the warmth between her thighs and had to admit to herself that a long night of playing with the Caucasian beauty, her chosen mate, was so very tempting...

She turned to find that Melissa had not moved, and she sat on the bed with the crawling man between her knees.

"It's so pathetic," Eloa said, looking down at the face between her thighs. "Only good for one thing..."

Melissa grinned and took a step. This was more like it! She slapped the naked ass of the crawling slut and then squeezed his hanging balls hard.

"What have you in mind?" asked Melissa

"Slow and hard," smiled Eloa. "I'll go first, to show you how it's done. Here you are."

Her hand extended with the quivering cane and passed it to Melissa who took it and grinned with pleasure. Perhaps there was a chance to persuade her lover that staying in their rooms would be the right choice...

Eloa's lips parted and she gasped as she slowly slid the zipper of her tight latex suit open.

Dark flesh welled from the opening. Oily smooth skin that parted to reveal the pinkness of her cunt. A wetness that glistened, inner lips that parted.

Melissa made as if to swing the cane, but the hand of her lover stayed her.

"Not yet, babes..."

The hands that had opened the latex between her thighs moved upwards, gliding over the smooth red second skin and then unfastened the slick covering over her breasts. Small tilted breasts that were exposed and teased into view. Nipples almost black, gathered as fingers teased them gently. Eloa's eyes were on the crouching man between her thighs and a smile spread on her lips.

"Now just one more thing," she said.

Melissa looked to where Eloa's finger pointed and she picked up the face-dildo with its two long rubber cocks.

"Naughty girl," she laughed as she untangled the straps. "On or off?"

"On babes! But first, I want it to see what it can never have..."

Melissa leaned forward and un-popped the eyes of the slave's mask. Eyes blinked for a moment in the low light of the room and then she attended to the dildo that would soon stand from their toy's smooth face. Two prongs, rearing and curved upwards. Veined and textured. Melissa strapped them to the face and settled the base into place. Pressing the third stiff prick between the lips of her victim. She looked up to see her lover in an almost ecstatic fugue, fingering her wide pussy, spreading

her thighs wide, her eyes fixed on the heavy cocks that she would soon enjoy.

"Tell me when!" smiled Melissa and she bent the cane between her hands and moved to stand by the side of the waiting slave.

"Oh God, Mel, give it to me..."

As soon as the words were out, Melissa raised the cane and struck. It hissed through the air and cut hard on the ass of the man. There was a sharp smack as the cane met naked skin. It was loud in the stillness, where the only other sound came from the sighs and coos of the two lovers but, from the slave, their victim, there was only a whimper. Melissa reached for her bracelet and gave a light tap and 6336 moved forward a pace. "Come on slut," whispered Eloa hoarsely as she guided the rearing prong towards herself.

Another sharp blow of the cane.

There came a hiss and smack as it bit thighs and finally the bedroom toy realized what was required. It moved forward again, and the tip of the cocks slid slightly into the pink flesh of the groaning mistress, fore and behind, filling her as she slid the length of them.

"Fuck me..."

Melissa gave a small kick. Her stiletto tapped between the thighs of 6336 and contacted the tight balls, making him lurch forward and penetrate Eloa a little more. Hands guided the rubber prong that reared from the smooth face and the lower, smaller cock slid between the cheeks of Eloa's generous ass.

"Nice and slow, babes," laughed Melissa as she gave a couple more cuts of the cane. "Don't come too soon..."

Eloa could only gasp as the face pressed against the flesh of her

pussy and then retreated with a sucking sound. The dew of her exhilaration soaked the retreating cocks and her hand fluttered to touch it as it slipped from her.

"Oh fuck, I can't help myself..."

Melissa waited a moment and then cut again with the cane. It struck hard and once more, the long prick slipped into the hole that so needed to be filled. Gasping and striving to control herself, Eloa gasped as the cock slid free for a second time.

One hand extended to stop another stroke, whilst the other strummed over the clitoris that peeped from her.

"Cane the bitch hard," she moaned. "Then make me come..."

Melissa held the tip of the cane and it bent to a curve.

She released it and it cut between the thighs of her victim, striking the sensitive flesh of thighs and balls.

The slave jolted with shock and the head lifted high while the black girl on the bed fluttered her fingers to-and-fro. It was clear to Melissa that her lover was close, and she administered more strokes here and there.

Now striking the backs of thighs, now between legs and then two savage strokes across the white ass that was such a tempting target. Each one a different caress of the supple cane, each a torment from a new and unexpected direction.

Inside the smooth mask, 6336 gasped and sighed. No sound coming from his silenced throat as he submerged in his own personal world of agony. He could see the black mistress frantically pawing her cunt, his view underlined by the prong of the cock that had been inside her.

Abruptly, he felt something deep inside. A gentle pervasive grip

that signaled attention and he lowered his head to stare at the gaping maw of his mistress's cunt. The dildo at the ready to penetrate and drive her to climax.

Between his legs, by his bruised balls and aching thighs, his cock stood rigid and unused as he was guided once more to fuck the ebony bitch who was so close to orgasm.

A strike of the cane on his burning thighs and once more he thrust into her. Parting the swollen pussy, driving into a tender ass hole, pushing his eyes to fill his vision with the perfection of her cunt. A finger strumming at the bloated clitoris, the root of the back cock pressed hard inside and then the screams of passion from far above.

Eloa thrashed on the bed, pulled up her latex clad legs, wrapped her thighs tight around the head of her slave and then climaxed with a scream that filled the room. A quick succession of strikes with the cane ensured that 6336 thrust as hard as he could and a hard kick between his thighs almost caused him to faint with the torment that was so perfect for the woman who was climaxing.

Then the final denouement, at the very point when Eloa could not believe that she could suffer any more of the outrageous bliss. Not the stroke of the cane, not the heel of the stiletto gouging tender flesh, not the fluttering of her fingers and the intense bulk of the cocks that split her cunt and ass.

A shock...

Melissa laughed wickedly as she tapped the bracelet at her wrist and delivered a punishment shock to the quaking form at her feet. The collar delivered the shock, the crawling form jerked in reaction, recoiled in shock and Eloa screamed with final climax as the cocks inside her delivered a shadow of that electric stroke.

Pulling free as 6336 collapsed prone on the floor, exiting with a sudden jerk, Eloa almost fainted with the ecstasy and her hand lifted from the wetness of her pussy with a wrench.

"You fucking, fucking white bitch!" cried Eloa as Melissa dissolved in laughter. "What the *fuck* was that!"

Melissa kicked the fallen slave and tossed the cane to the floor as she bent double with hilarity as her lover flopped to the bed gasping, her whole being still tingling with the shock that had been delivered deep inside.

"Something I waited all week to do..."

"Bitch," gasped Eloa. "If you think that you're going to get away with that..."

"But, you came like you never did before!"

Eloa lifted herself to her elbows and rested the spikes of her heels on the naked back of her quivering toy. She pulled back her feet a little, scorching lines on the already lined skin.

"For that, I'm going to fuck you until you scream," said Eloa.

"Show me!"

Eloa moved to stand but discovered that her thighs trembled so much that she could not raise herself. She could feel the liquid on her thighs, the tenderness of her pussy and could not manage to do more than sit.

"You are going to *wish* that you had not asked for it," said Eloa, and she could not help but smile as she looked up at the laughing woman that had pushed her so far.

"Give me a moment, babes and then you will see..."

Melissa extended a hand to pull her black lover from the bed

and held her tight.

"That's why I just love this place, darling," she said as she kissed the pouting lips that demanded attention. "There are so many ways to come... each better than the last."

They held each other tenderly and kissed, Eloi's hands clenching the ass of Melissa as the slave by their feet twitched with the after-effects of their endless loving bliss.

16 Cane and Able

The clink of crystal, the occasional pop as a bottle was opened. A few drifting clouds as cigarillos were drawn on and the murmur of conversation interspersed with laughter as the assembled guests enjoyed the gathering that marked their final night in Crimson.

Melissa stretched her legs and rested the points of her heels on the man who lay at her feet. Her hands smoothed down her tight dress over her thighs and she raised the glass to her lips.

She and Eloa had arrived late to the gathering after their intimate little games and she could still feel the post climactic flush on her cheeks and neck as she surveyed the other guests. A maid arrived with a tray at her waist, her arms back strapped behind her back, her breasts perfectly presented. Eloa fluttered her fingers and Melissa took one of the offered cigarillos and rolled it in her fingers.

"I'm glad that I came after all," admitted Melissa. "It sort of makes the last night special... Especially since it's your birthday gift."

Her lover smiled and patted her knee.

"This is what we are part of," she said. "A society of those who know how to enjoy themselves... Mama swears it's the best education that a girl can get!"

"Well, I'll certainly have to thank her for the vacation," said Melissa.

"It would have been no fun without my best friend," said Eloa with a small smile. "I know that she only paid you to be here because she fancies you!"

Melissa giggled.

"Do you think so, I mean *really*? She fancies your white slut?"

"Absolutely, she is just so jealous of me!"

Melissa preened herself and ran her fingers through the tumbling ringlets that framed her round face. She pouted and then shrugged.

"I think that she would be just a little too mature for me," joked Melissa with a sly smile.

A tall woman wearing tight jeans and a gold lamé T shirt approached the two young lovers. Trailing behind her on a leash, a crawling hooded pet whose every movement was a response to the tug of the leash. Small and delicate, like a kitten on a chain, she rubbed herself against the legs of her owner and settled as the woman came to a halt.

The woman smiled and produced a gold lighter, "Need a light?" she asked.

Melissa had quite forgotten the cigarillo in her fingers and lifted it. The blue flame touched the tip and Melissa put it between her lips. The woman was of indeterminate age, perhaps fifty, perhaps even older. It was so difficult to tell when the skin was smooth and fresh and yet there was an indefinable air of experience lurking in the eyes. Still, her filigree collar was gold to match her top and that had to signify something.

"I'm Veronica," said the woman by way of introduction. "Enjoying our little soiree?"

"Very much," replied Eloa.

She too had noticed the gold collar. She knew that her mother, Pleasance, was a silver client of the Domains so Gold must be

truly stratospheric! Somewhere she had heard the name before, perhaps mentioned by her mother?

"So," said Melissa as she breathed a dense plume of smoke. "Are you here for long?"

Veronica laughed at the question and made a small movement with her hand.

"You could say that, Melissa, I have a small part to play in the running of the place..."

Melissa wondered how it was that this woman knew her name. She had met a few of the other guests but was sure that she had not met Veronica before.

"Mama has mentioned you..." said Eloa, "I think!"

"Your mother is an acquaintance of mine," said Veronica. "We know each other well, I can honestly say. One of the very first guests in Crimson after it was created, many of her ideas became reality here as we tried to create something special."

"Mama is so very particular," laughed Eloa.

"This is your last night as well as your birthday," said Veronica to Eloa. "I just came across to tell you that we have prepared something special for you, later on, a little surprise so to speak... So, *no* sneaking off half way through, I insist that you stay 'till the end."

"I'll look forward to it," said Eloa, "wouldn't miss it for the world..."

Veronica twitched the leash in her hand and led her kitty through the groups of standing and sitting guests. Despite wearing clothes that could have been seen on a New York sidewalk, the crawling pet and gold collar set her at a level far

beyond the other guests.

"She owns the place?" asked Melissa naïvely.

"Of course not," said Eloa in a dismissive tone. "Mama has mentioned her, I'm sure. She's very high up, but she's not the owner..."

"I loved that pet," said Melissa. "What fun it'd be to own a kitty like that!"

Eloa grinned.

"Mama has three, actually," she said.

Melissa sipped at her glass and crossed her ankles on the slave at her feet. Eloa came from a family with money to burn, but the idea that her lover's mother had actual slaves in her house came as a surprise.

"What, like Veronica's pet?"

Eloa fluttered her fingers as she replied.

"Two puppies and a kitten at the moment."

"What's the difference?"

Eloa laughed and shrugged.

"Mama's little joke, I suppose. The puppies are neutered males and the kitten is a cute little girl to play with."

So much wealth! thought Melissa. She started to wonder how much Eloa's mother had paid for their trip to the Domains. Her musings were brought to a halt by a bout of laughter from a group of women on the far side of the room. She turned to look to see three young women, perhaps just her age, who were amused by the huge muscular slave who was being caned by

its owner.

She wore a feathered mask and wielded the cane in long measured strokes.

The cane was somewhat longer than those she had used and more flexible too. It formed a perfect, smooth arc as the woman brought it down on her slave's ass, covered the whole expanse of the buttocks from left to right and wrapped just a little around the far side. The muscles of his thighs clenched as the flurry of blows kissed his smooth black skin.

As she caned him, the guest, an older woman hissed in anger and Melissa suddenly realized what the problem was. Melissa could not help but smile at the drama.

"If I *want* to be amused, you *will* obey," she said as another stroke came from far above. "Who do you think that you are?" The slave's mouth was wide with the gag that filled it, his eyes were full of tears as his face was inches from the crotch of another male slave who knelt at the feet of the small group of young woman that were so amused.

The young mistress with the leash in her hand, reached down between the second slave's thighs and lifted a vast erection up until it pointed at the wide lips of the slave who was suffering the strokes of the cane.

Her thumb teased the leaking tip.

"Is this any easier?" she giggled. "Glad to help..."

Eloa's lips were parted in shock and her hand went to Melissa's wrist and clenched it for attention.

"That's *the* Mike Fallon, I'd know him *anywhere*," she gasped.

"The Croc's quarterback?" asked Melissa. "I thought that

there'd been an accident or something..."

"Shh," said Eloa irritably, "I want to see what happens..."

There seemed to be an impasse. The scene held for several seconds and while the cane urged the quarterback forward, he did not move as demanded.

"Suck-it-off, slave!" demanded the feather-masked woman. "I want to see the come dribbling from your stupid face..."

Melissa wondered how long the football star would be able to resist. The blows continued strike, as if the owner had no care as to the damage that she might have to pay for. At last, she tossed the cane to the floor and leaned to hiss into the obstinate slave's ear. As she did so, her hand slapped the freshly made welts of the cane and then slipped between his thighs from behind to gather his balls. Melissa could not hear the words, but the threat in the tone of her words was intense, and the slave lurched forward.

"What did she say?" breathed Eloa.

"Didn't catch it," tittered Melissa as the tip of the fat cock passed between parted lips, "But, I wonder if it has something to do with the future of his nuts?"

Melissa smiled and glanced at Eloa for a moment. Her face was rapt, taking in every detail of the desecration. Her lips were open, the tip of her tongue perched on teeth, her hand instinctively settling between her thighs and pressing deep.

The girl with the cock in her hand smiled and moved her hand to place it on the latex hood that was stretched over the quarterback's head. The face moved in response and the woman with the feathered mask nodded in acknowledgement.

Most of the women in the room, all fifty of them, watched the

small scene play out. Many had a smile on their lips, others seemed to be entranced by the drama.

"Make it come," urged Mike's owner.

With her hand squeezing his balls, he rocked to and fro on his heels at her urging and slid forward and back. When the plump cock slipped free, an obliging hand was always ready to slip it back into place, to keep the quarterback at his task .

Each time Mike was in 'upstroke' his lips sliding back towards the tip of the cock, the second slave rise fractionally on his knees, anxious not to lose the contact and as he rose, a smooth valley opened between its buttocks, to reveal a small jewel plugging the clenched aperture

"All week it's been waiting for this," laughed the girl with the leash. "It's almost a shame to allow it to spill..."

The woman with the mask smiled and shrugged.

"In the right place at the right time," she replied, with the air and assurance of an experienced bitch.

A tremble of thighs. A twitch of muscles on back, a small whine from a throat. The slave being milked struggled to stay still as Mike's broad pierced tongue worked up and down the long prick.

The room held its collective breath and then a slim hand took the cock. Fingers grasped, barely able to close around the stiff flesh. The wrist bent a little and then started a furious sawing motion to encourage the immanent eruption!

When the slave exploded, there was a fountain from his cock. At first a slickness, then a swelling of the shaft, then fluid pouring from the weeping eye and in through the lips poised at its tip. The audience sighed and there were a few giggles, applause

and comments as every last surging drop of come was forced from cock into open mouth.

“Thank you,” said Mike’s owner as she produced a small stopper and plugged the open mouth of her slave, to ensure that all of the slime was completely consumed by her pet quarterback. “It needs to learn that for a slave, there is not such thing as ‘choice’. We own that pleasure...”

“Quite right,” said the young woman who now dropped the leaking cock and stood straight. “They have to learn somehow, and we are here to teach them a whole new way of serving our needs.”

Now satisfied, the older woman in the mask nodded her complete agreement, picked up her cane and her hand in the leash, led her slave from the scene of his humiliation.

**Excerpt from Inauguration Speech of President Andrea Perez:
Washington DC Jan 10th 2037**

We can and will fulfill the full manifesto on which we were elected. Am I confident?

More than confident!

We have staunch allies in all divisions of Government who share our wish and our vision to build a better, fairer, safer and accountable United States. And let me acknowledge, here as I speak to you, the unsung heroes that work on our behalf work on finalizing all of the details of this program.

There have been those of my predecessors who have stood on this podium and promised so much. And failed to deliver! They swore to bring an end to lawlessness which has blighted this great nation of ours and they looked forward to a time when we could walk the streets in safety.

I am not them, I will deliver, that I promise!

No longer will the jails be full, no longer will criminals be educated in those citadels and universities of crime. Instead, they will be supervised, known to all and controlled, to make this great country of ours a better and law-abiding place.

I can announce that all criminals and those who would do us harm, all those who defy society and break the law will be marked for all to know.

The criminals of America are our enemies...

Mistake me not, they are our real adversaries. Secretary of State, Barrington Rossi, who brings with him into government, unparalleled experience in the design, manufacture and the implementation of new technology will oversee the swift implementation of this policy.

So...

Let us now go and apply the statutes that came into effect just a few short months ago and then boldly take the next steps with true American courage, the gratitude of our citizens and the helping hand of God's mercy.

You have made me your servant, I will not shy from the task you have set me.

Let's make America great again!

17 Present and Past

Melissa brushed the ringlets from her face.

Where before there had just been Eloa and herself, sipping champagne and enjoying the atmosphere, the group was now four and Eloa was in deep conversation with Veronica. Melissa felt just a little jealous of the older woman who exuded such quiet confidence. Firstly, because her lover was deep in the intricacies of explaining her personal philosophy of female superiority and second because of the pet that crouched at her ankles and purred so sweetly every time that a casual hand stroked her long hair.

"Now that Perez has a second term," began Eloa in a passionate tone, "we shall *really* see politics take a different turn..."

Veronica nodded seriously and smiled.

Melissa had heard the speech a thousand times and allowed her mind to drift even as Veronica gave Eloa a comment that simply spurred her on.

"I'm sure that there will be big changes ahead," she said.

Eloa became ever more enthusiastic and Melissa watched her as though in a dream. She saw the lips move, the wide eyes that locked onto Veronica and the way that her hands moved to emphasize every little point that she made. Melissa turned her eyes and roved the crowd of women who were at the gathering. Old and young and all ages between. Some dressed as if for a summer garden party, others in tight fetish corsets and dresses. Fur coats and silk, gold and platinum. Truly a gathering of the wealthy female movers and shakers.

Her eyes lowered to the kitten that was rubbing against

Veronica's legs with a devotion that matched her almost-Manga appearance. A smooth pink latex skin that was so tight that not a crease was to be seen. Feet in ballet boots held with heels upright and her hands at her shoulders to force her onto all fours.

No doubt, she was the ultimate accessory for Veronica. Devotedly pressing against the legs of her owner, her face with an almost mindless devotion etched on its features. Melissa dropped a hand and stroked the back of the pet. From the tight posture collar at the neck down to where the pink gave way to perfectly smooth skin at the flaring of hips.

Melissa cast a glance at Veronica, who noticed her attraction to the pet and smiled as though to permit her to explore. Melissa thought to herself, how perfect it would be to own such a pretty kitten! Her fingertips passed over the junction of latex and skin and ran over the rounded ass that pointed so provocatively in her direction.

She could see the cleft where the drooping tail had been planted deep and below it, the delicious glossy cleft of a wet pussy. Half gaping at the top in folds of delicate flesh, glistening pink where it closed, and a small bell was suspended from a golden ring in the erect clitoris. Melissa's fingers tapped the bell and kitty at last took notice of the woman who was teasing her.

She looked back with her large eyes and fluttered her lashes, her knees parted a little in encouragement and Melissa finally gave in to temptation and touched, running a finger from the tail to the place where the bell swayed on its thin chain.

"Tease Kitty all you like," smiled Veronica. "It's what she's for..."

"I just couldn't resist..."

Veronica turned back to Eloa was now explaining her opinions

on the chipping of criminals in society and why would solve so many problems. Veronica added a few small comments to her own, to show that she was paying attention and largely agreeing with her younger companion.

Kitty was actually purring!

As fingertips played with her, the captive pet made a small sound in her throat that was such a delight. Melissa stroked the sensitive skin and enjoyed the way that a glistening wetness ran from the plaything. A touch here, a caress there and a flick at the bell, a tug at the chain and a stroke on the naked thighs. Kitty was becoming distracted and lowered her hanging breasts to the floor, raising her tail and ass so sweetly as she begged for more attention.

Two puppies and a kitten!

Melissa's thought turned to Eloa's mother. Not one, but three perfect pets to play with and enjoy! A pity that she had never even seen them, as she wondered what a puppy would be like to own. Naturally, the balls would be removed, she decided. That was the way that she would do it. The helpless pets would play with each other all day long and then be there to soothe the rough edges of the day, in the evening. Her mind wandered through the fantasy in a delighted fugue and she started when the nylon clad legs of a sissy-maid came into view offering drinks and cigarillos.

Melissa lifted the hem of the dress and she took in the almost childish cock and tiny balls that formed an afterthought between the thighs of the maid. Tempted by the flawlessness she reached out and fondled them gently. Feeling the little cherries that dangled under the collar that held them tight and then stroking the tiny sissy-clit that sweetly hung from that plump mons.

Did this maid even know what a delight she was?

The miniature cock stiffened. Became an inch of hardness under her probing fingers. A minuscule replica of a cock even shorter than her pinky.

So cute, so cute!

Melissa's eyes lifted to the maid's. There was no reaction on that smooth face, nothing to signal pleasure or shame. Just a flutter of long lashes as a finger and thumb teased and played with the tiny cocklet.

Wetness!

She looked down to see her fingers smeared with the tiniest droplet of come.

A clear oil that was so appropriate.

For every pleasure, just a little pain...

Her fingers moved, and she squeezed the tiny balls, pinching and twisting before delivering a slap that caused a quiver in the smooth thighs.

Turning her attentions once more to her lover, she could see that Eloa was still expounding her views to a patient Veronica and she sighed as her eyes caught the contents of the maid's tray. A glass of cigarillos, a decanter and a stack of fresh tumblers, all suspended from the chains that were fastened to the nipples of the maid's small breasts. Melissa's hand was about to take one of the cigarillos from the crystal glass on the tray when Veronica's hand appeared and offered a pink cigarette.

"These are much better," said Veronica. "Have one of mine..."

"Thanks," said Melissa and the maid wandered away to serve

other guests.

“Light?”

“If you don’t mind...”

The sharp blue flame lit the end of the cigarette and Melissa sipped at the filter. Delicate in aroma, almost perfumed, sweet like cherries and a heady effect that caused Melissa’s head to swim.

“A little indulgence of mine,” said Veronica. “I have them brought from South Korea specially...”

Melissa mumbled thanks and turned her attention to Kitty again. It was all like a luxurious dream. The rounded smooth velvety flesh, the dripping pussy and the purring as she fondled and played with Veronica’s pet. No longer able to concentrate on her wicked teasing of the kitten, she took a further sip at the cigarette and decided that Veronica’s special stock was far superior to the cigarillos that had been passed around before. Eloi’s words sounded as if from far away.

“So, what is the special surprise for my birthday?” she asked.

Melissa focused on her lover and tried hard not to slump in the chair. The kitten, forgotten at her feet, turned back to rubbing against Veronica’s legs and kissing her feet and Melissa realized that it seemed that she had drunk just a little too much of the champagne.

She wondered at this, after all she had perhaps had just four glasses and they had not been overgenerous. Time seemed to stretch as though the world moved with a deliberate slowness, and Melissa took another drag at the cigarette.

The curl of smoke fascinated her as it curled upwards and she concentrated on the beauty of the circles and curves as it rose

towards the ceiling of the room.

"First of all, there is the surprise, then a little gift," said Veronica with a smile. "Your mother has thought of everything... A very valued guest..."

Melissa so wanted to add a comment, something clever and enticing for her lover to hear, but the words failed her. As the smoke curled from her lips, she took another sip at the cherry sweetness of the smoke that filled her palate. She sensed a presence behind her and tilted her head back to see.

Towering over her was the older woman in the feathered mask. The glossy plum-black skin contrasting against the utter matte blackness of her dress. Latex from the gold collar at her throat, the second skin swept over small rounded breasts to the corset that pinched her waist. Though Melissa could not see it, the dress flared over hips in ruffles of latex and hung in layers of lace to the floor. Under the feathered mask was a broad smile and above a pile of black hair that coiled around her face like a Gorgon's vipers.

"Happy birthday," said Veronica, and she placed a hand on Eloa's knee.

Melissa echoed the words, though it seemed that they were in her head, as Eloa and Veronica did not show any sign of noticing them.

"Happy birthday, darling," said the feathered Gorgon who loomed over Melissa as her hands slipped off the mask.

"Mama!" said Eloa. "I never guessed..."

Pleasance put her palm under her lips and blew a kiss to her daughter.

"I thought that the little show earlier would give me away," she

said with a small laugh. "But, it seems that my daughter does not even know her own mother!"

"When did you arrive?" asked Eloa.

"Well over a week ago, darling, but I had a few games to play and waited until tonight for the big surprise."

Melissa's head was in a whirl, the towering Pleasance came into and went out of focus and she found that she was almost unable to move. She lifted her hand, a dead-weight of a thousand tons and put the dying embers of the cigarette to her lips.

She just *had* to have more and looked pleadingly at Veronica.

Eloa stood and went to kiss her mother. She put her arms around the waist and kissed her lips, laughing with the pleasure of the surprise.

"So, what *is* my present?" she asked coyly. "As if the last week in Crimson wasn't enough! Wait until I tell you all about it!"

"I can't wait to hear," said Pleasance with a grin. "Later you can tell me everything that you got up to."

Melissa sighed, a pleasant warmth filled her.

"So, what do you want for your nineteenth, darling," said mother to daughter. "What do you long for?"

"Do you want me to guess?"

"That would spoil the surprise," laughed Pleasance to her daughter. "Your birthday present is something delightful and an event that every young mistress starting in the world should experience."

"Now you're really teasing me," laughed Eloa as she turned to

Veronica.

By now there was a small crowd of dominant women around the small group, enjoying the exchange and all of them waiting to see what the mother was presenting to her daughter. Pleasance surveyed the group and paused to add the effect of anticipation before her hand dropped to her waist and she slowly pulled a golden-chained leash from her waist.

"This!" she said as she passed it to her daughter's hand.

Eloa took the leash and held it up. Heavy soft gold that scarcely chinked as it ran through her fingers, a sturdy leather loop for her hand and the small clasp that would link to a collar.

"Mama," gasped Eloa in incredulity, "a pet? You are gifting me a pet? Oh, *please* let it be that!"

She clapped her hands in delight.

"Pass it to Veronica and she will show you," laughed Eloa's mother.

Melissa's eyes dreamily followed the passing of the beautiful leash to Veronica's hand and she so wished that she had a family that was wealthy enough to gift a slave to their offspring. How perfect would that be? she thought. Getting a perfect toy as a birthday present?

Veronica smiled and allowed the golden chain to drop to a loop in her hands as she found the clasp and she stood with a sly smile on her lips.

"This is a moment that all superior women should experience," she announced.

"The acquisition of their first plaything and the *hard* decisions and responsibilities that come with it. A moment of truth, a discovery that they are truly dominant. I am proud that your

mother chose me to make the presentation..."

Veronica leaned forward.

Melissa caught the drift of perfume, a cloud of sweetness that was a miasma around Veronica. The closeness of her and her eyes followed those hands as they drifted, slow and inexorably to her collar. The click as the leash was attached and the slow developing shock in her dream-like senses. The offering of the leather loop to Eloa and the ages of hesitation.

Eloa looked at her mother, looked at Melissa and then at the proffered leash. Realization was in her eyes, the recognition that this was a moment of truth that she would either accept or deny. Melissa felt her heart beat. Once, twice, thrice in her breast. She could see the agony of indecision in her lover's eyes, the knowledge that once the leash was in her hand her mother would have twisted her affection for Melissa onto a different path.

Fingers curled.

The arm reached out slowly.

Eloa took the leash and looked down.

Melissa felt tears spring from her eyes. She tried to speak, tried to cry out to Eloa that this did not *have* to be. That a mother's jealousy and lust did not have to be rewarded. That she would *gladly* be her lover's slave, but *not* like this!

"Maids!" announced Veronica as the moment came to a close.

They slipped through the watching crowd of women. Feminine and perfect, each bearing a single item that had been assigned to them. Melissa mewled, begged with her eyes, felt the tears course down her cheeks as the fluttering of lace and nylon engulfed her.

Forming a scrum, a tent of evil femininity, they closed her in, obscuring her from eager eyes as small gasps and giggles could be heard from the audience.

Melissa lost sight of all but the nylon stretched over smooth skin. White lace and the pathetic remains of manhood. Tiny cocks that dribbled come, little cherry-balls that were tightly ringed, smooth thighs that had been stripped to velvet. Flutters of petticoats and perfect breasts that had been adorned with circles of gold and clover-leaf bells that tinkled as they worked.

Her thin-tight dress stripped and cut from her body, her shoes slipped off, her arms pinioned and held, her ankles gripped by long-nailed fingers. The pursed lips of one of the maids kissed her and Melissa struggled, but her limbs were like lead and her head swirled in confusion and terror. Something pushed inside her pussy, a widening, a filling that caused her to whimper as hands gripped the cheeks of her ass and moved in intimate assault.

"Just a moment, ladies," came Pleasance's voice from far away. "Patience..."

Melissa tried to cry out, her lips opened, and something entered her. A soft-hard ring that opened like a flower and forced her jaw open and she mewled in fright as fingers closed on her nipples and squeezed.

Sudden pain, sharp and intense.

Melissa was pulled to the floor and positioned for the final touches.

The rings in her nipples were closed and locked. Sharp pains that almost cleared the fugue of the drug from her mind. The hand that had been fondling between her legs moved with sudden certainty and squeezed her clitoris as another ring was added and the tinkle of a bell rang like thunder in Melissa's ears.

The experience was one of utter helplessness, an inch of dripping cock near her lips one moment and tucked into the surrounding lace the next.

Legs were bent back, arms moved with a force that could not be resisted and then the suit was rolled onto her sweating skin in a few rapid movements.

A nightmare of confusion, a horrific hallucination that was reality.

The hood pulled over her face, locks clicked while they were closed.

A final tender kiss from the maid whose hand sought her nose and gripped.

The terrible feeling of cold followed by the addition of the final ring.

They withdrew and stepped back to their duties and the birthday present gasped for breath as she saw the stilettos of her new owner moving into view. Scarcely able to raise her head and look up, the view of Eloa was quite different from before.

Looking up at her owner...

Before, Melissa had been a lover, an equal, a pretty partner, a counterpart, a companion. In the twinkling of an eye, that view had turned on its head. Now she could see Veronica's pet-kitty kissing the shoes of her owner, purring in satisfaction and she knew that this was her future.

A tug at the leash, light and experimental, an indicator of an owner's desires.

Melissa kissed the patent leather and a ripple of delighted applause swept the onlooking bitches who had enjoyed every

moment of the show.

"I knew that you wouldn't disappoint me, my dear," said Pleasance to her daughter. "Pathetic love is not real pleasure, darling, pain and punishment are what you need to make you a perfect daughter!"

"Oh, thank you Mama... what a perfect present!"

18 Post and Packaging

"Be careful," said Veronica. "It's a long trip and we don't want the goods to be damaged in transit..."

He heard her steps and then she moved into view. With her was the tall black woman that Mike knew - and dreaded. The woman that had humiliated and forced him to fellate that slave. Days ago, or was it weeks, or even months? The black woman had spent endless nights punishing him in ways that gave her such gratification but clearly, the best of all had been to have a powerful and celebrated man serve her sadistic pleasures.

Mistress Pleasance moved with a long willow cane in her gloved hand, the tip trailing the tiles as she walked.

Mike heard Veronica's words and thought that the woman was talking about him and the girl in the next cage. It was not a voice that held concern for him in particular, but rather, a straightforward attention to detail.

Where was he going?

He felt the stirrings of anticipation: he might be getting out of this place. There might be opportunities to get out of this new and dreadful situation. There might be opportunities for escape and

in time opportunities to see these demons brought low.

And then came anxiety and then fear; Mike used to think that his time in the NFL had given him the resilience to deal with fear but now he was *long* past that point. Anxiety and fear stood like constant companions at each side of him.

In the tiled room was a wall of cages.

Mike occupied one of them on his elbows and knees.

The floor was firm but resilient, like the floor in the weights room at the Croc's Gym, it smelled of rubber.

Straps held him fast, and even his strength could not pull him free.

His cock stood uncontrollably rigid as if awaiting attention. Outside the cages, two of the faceless white marionettes who did the bidding of their mistresses, had a large crate unfolded on the floor and were attaching the restraints that would ensure undamaged transport.

"Just the one crate", he thought, "so just one of us ..."

He moved a little and managed to inspect the form in the next cage. Obviously a 'she', though after weeks in Crimson, there was just no way to tell! Shrouded in a tight suit, hooded and immobile. Neat breasts hung with tiny rings in the nipples. A tube snaked from the high-held ass and disappeared into a coil between her knees. The mouth was stoppered, and a ring hung, draped over the rubber plug piercing the smooth mask where a nose distended the latex.

Where he was naked, she was clothed , but it aroused a need in him.

A need to fuck, a need to cover and violate that sweet ass.

Hear her mewl as he shafted her, release his pent-up need and come for his owners. The source of his erection, the thoughts in his head that made him pant to fuck. Mike understood that despite his own wishes, he was like a tree bending in a storm, bending to their will.

The two women stood and watched the crate in preparation. Veronica with a professional eye, Mistress Pleasance with a pursed smile that indicated her arousal.

"I'll buy him from you," said Mistress Pleasance, licking her lips as she turned to look at Mike in his cage. "A million, two million, anything you ask..."

Veronica followed her companion's eyes and smiled.

"He's headed for Roan," she said. "All I can promise is that you can have him if you visit! We need him for a program that starts in a few months and I am afraid that I just cannot let him go."

Mistress Pleasance shrugged and sighed.

"At least I was his first," she said in regret. "Perhaps I'll pay a visit to Roan, but it won't be half the fun!"

"You would love Roan," said Veronica. "It's such an acquired taste... Now then, let's see your daughter's birthday present safely boxed and then we can have a little drink and discuss what we expect from you when you return to the States."

Three sides and the base of the crate were now ready and one of the white nurses moved to usher Kitty from her cage. A small tug and the masked pet moved forward blindly to be led to the crate and positioned carefully in the center.

"It will teach your daughter an important lesson," said Veronica. "That attachments are *always* subject to change. She has done well and I am glad to be able to return a favor in proper style."

Mistress Pleasance cast a last look at the man that filled the last occupied cage and sighed.

"I think that what I have done so far for the Domains is enough to give me that one as well," she said. "But, there will be others..."

"Exactly," said Veronica. "There will be others to play with... *and* better as we move forward. We have to focus on the long game."

The nurses had tightened the straps and the tube now had a nexus.

More were added and then the side raised to conceal the pet from Mike's point of view.

He watched the bags of filling being added and then packed down before the lid of the crate slid into place and the screws were added to fasten it tight.

"She should arrive in three days," said Veronica. "I'm sure that she will be an absolute delight for your daughter. A slut pet is something that every woman should own."

Mike felt his cock lose its rigidity as he waited for his future. The room was now empty, but for the muscular stallion that watched from his cage, the crate that loomed near the double doors that waited for the transport to arrive and the silence that came before the storm.

Mike breathed a sigh of relief. The thought that he would become the personal whipping block for Mistress Pleasance had filled him with fear. Somehow, he had escaped that terrible fate and was headed for a place named 'Roan'.

The events of the last month filled his head. The horror of the abduction, the fate of Valentina, the first night he was used as a

pleasure tool by Miss Pleasance, the terrible evening of humiliation in that room full of mistresses.

He could almost feel the cane on his thighs. The hissing voice in his ear, promising that the price of stubborn disobedience was emasculation! A small cut with a knife which would take him from Sports Hero to feminized slut.

He relived the moment...

The closing in of his lips on the head of that cock. Weeping precum, held by a slim hand that guided it between his lips. The rhythm and strike of the cane and then the fountains of slime that filled his mouth.

His cock, to his complete dismay, swelled rigid as he recalled the moment, and he knew that he was no longer *fully* what he had once been.

A man.

19 The Design

Stretched over the whipping horse, the stripes of the caning scoring his rounded ass, still clenched tight after the show and gasping for breath as the women that had now finished their sadistic games sat and conversed as if they were in a café in Manhattan.

They had enjoyed punishing him, giggling as he cried out, teasing with words and fingers, making him suffer for their amusement. Jerry felt all of the pain, the humiliation, the dismay at their casual cruelty and his degradation and wept bitter tears which spilled from his eyes, to roll down his cheeks to drip onto the marble floor beneath his feet.

Now at last, they had finished with him. Gradually, they came down from the emotional heights they had scaled as they had reveled in the power they had over him. Relaxing and animated now as they enjoyed one another's company.

They were served by a maid who stood perfectly still while they fondled it. The two women chatting and laughing as they took their ease while the maid stood in mute acceptance. One of the women slapped the maid for flinching and then slapped again upward between its open thighs.

This was a crimson world where the slightest whims of dominant women were attended to by slaves who soon discovered that this was a world that devoured its owners as well as its victims.

Mistress Consuela dismissed the maid with a small wave and settled back in her armchair.

"You want me to look after the Barrington project?" she asked of Veronica. "So, who takes Crimson?"

"Provisionally, Miss Rose," said Veronica. "Keep an eye on her,

but I think that she's developing well. The VR simulation project will be implemented in Crimson first, mainly for technical reasons. Manufacture of the contact lens is ramping up in Korea and we can have it fully operational in about a year. Meanwhile, I have someone that I would like you to meet..." Consuela pouted and raised an eyebrow quizzically.

"She'll be here in a moment and I need someone I can trust to get the domain up and running as soon as possible," continued Veronica.

"You mean the male domain, of course..."

Veronica nodded and looked pointedly at the helpless man strapped to the whipping horse.

"I'll get it removed..." said Consuela.

"No need... there's a special reason it's here..."

Jerry could just make out the two women close by from the corner of his eye.

Veronica lounging on the sofa with her pet at her feet, Consuela perhaps just a little tense. Her ankles crossed, and her hands folded in her lap, still holding the handle of the crop that she had used with such expertise.

"I know her?"

Veronica just smiled and nodded.

"She'll be here in just a minute or two..."

Consuela planted a cigarette in a long holder and a wisp of smoke curled upward.

"As always, you and Mistress are so tight-lipped!"

"Plans within plans," said Veronica. "This is a moment that we have been anticipating for years. The first step, a vindication of my mistress' strategy.

"Time to take you and a few of the other partners more deeply into our confidence... a moment where we all take a step forward."

Consuela nodded and, perhaps, blushed a little. Barrington Rossi, now Secretary of State, the only man to visit the Domains as a guest, the elaborate abduction of the Crocs, the visit by the shadowy older woman who had created the Domains, it all added up to a change of pace! After years of play, it was suddenly becoming so much more than a game.

She made as if to speak, but Veronica's demeanor silenced the question before it left her lips.

The door to the lounge opened and Mistress Rose entered the room. For a moment she scanned the scene and then stood aside in a pose that suggested deference to the person following her. A whip coiling from her hand, in a state of readiness as a woman entered the room from behind her and Consuela sucked in her breath in shock.

Latino, clear olive skin, hair piled high. Wearing a suit and stilettos, tight tube skirt, a jacket that flared over her hips, white lace gloves on her hands, a short crop dangling from her wrist. She could have been any of the senior guests, with her platinum collar, her so-self- confident look and the wicked smile on her lips.

But this was no ordinary visitor to the Domains!

This was the most powerful person in the world, coming to them from Washington DC, this was Andrea Perez, President of the United States of America!

Mistress Consuela scrambled to her feet in haste and Veronica followed suit a moment later as Andrea Perez nodded in greeting and proffered a hand. Even the pet at Veronica's feet paused as if in recognition of the status of the mistress who had entered the room. Jerry stared in recognition and a small whimper issued from his lips.

"Mistress President," whispered Consuela in awe.

The handshake was firm and definite. Andrea smiled as she looked over at the bound man on the padded leather punishment horse and then moved to sit next to Consuela.

"Miss Andrea will do quite nicely," replied the President. "No formality here..."

"The trip? How was it, Mistress Andrea?" asked Consuela a little confused by the arrival of the President.

"A little tiring, I guess. I am in Camp David, of course," laughed the President. "Needing a little privacy before the onslaught of legislation that is coming! Having the CIA at my beck and call makes it so easy to be here!"

"Still, it's a risk, I suppose?"

"Not at all. I'm just following in the illustrious footsteps of Kennedy and Nixon," she laughed. "A president is occasionally allowed to slip away from the leash of duty and indulge herself... The Secret Service have ways and means."

"Let's hope that they are discreet," said Consuela, wondering how many men knew where this woman was. "Men are such unreliable creatures ..."

Andrea shrugged.

"Perhaps they think that I am making a quite visit to family

members and relatives and taking the opportunity to spend a few days on our Ranch. Or, maybe I am indulging some intimate liaison, some lover tucked away in a log cabin."

Veronica chuckled and turned to Consuela.

"There is no need to worry about the President's security" she said. "Her bodyguards are in Pink enjoying an unexpected vacation at our expense! The first female President only ever has female security agents assigned ..."

"We have things to discuss," said Miss Andrea, nodding to the silent Miss Rose by the door. "Time to get down to business!"

"That's all, Miss Rose," said Veronica in dismissal. "Make sure that we are undisturbed. I want all guests to remain locked in their apartments. No movement at all is permitted..."

"Mistress," replied Rose. "I will remain at the door."

She flicked her head and brushed the plait from her face before retreating and closing the door.

"I see that you have already solved a small problem for me," smiled Miss Andrea as she nodded at the slave on the block. "I have a few others on the list from my wild young days, I trust that you were able to deal with the whole problem?"

"Your past is already a blank page," said Veronica. "All of them are now accounted for!"

The President nodded and flicked the crop against her thigh.

"Ladies, this is not about what you can do for me," she paraphrased, "it is about what I can do for you!"

Consuela looked from one of the women to the other and felt a sinking feeling in her belly. How could she *not* have put two and

two together before? Now it was so obvious, the links plain to see. Barrington Rossi, the owner of the largest specialist chip manufacturers in the world, Miss Irene Clearmont, the woman who owned CM Domains, Jerry the ex-lover: the links were all falling into place.

"Once the entire prison population is chipped with our latest version of the RCD chip, I will move on the next phase," said Miss Andrea, holding their complete attention with her steady gaze.

"CM Domains provides the perfect model for our new vision of society and we will replicate it across the whole of the United States, from coast to coast. With the new Supreme Court in position, we shall legislate confidently to enlarge the scheme part by part until we gather the reins of power completely into our hands."

As she spoke her hands moved again and the crop slapped on her thigh and she laughed.

"By the time I get to the end of this term, I will be in a position to run for a third time to complete the transformation! And after that there will be never be any need for another election!"

Consuela listened in awe. The concept was so outrageous, so overwhelming that she could scarcely take it in. And she was privileged to be part of a plan so vast that she could scarcely take in the full implications of those few but oh-so-significant words.

"Of course, a third term is not what Barrington expects," laughed the President. "They still believe in limits! He and his hangers-on will be destroyed by his own devices ... I just need to line the pieces up on the board and it will all fall into place."

This must be the reason for the male domain, thought Consuela as she listened to the plan unfold. No wonder that there was

such a rush now to start work on it...

"Miss Consuela here will be in charge of that project," said Veronica." When you give the word, their male paradise will become an inferno and you will take the twenty-forty election as sole viable candidate. Barrington will be destroyed and you will be in charge! This is our promise to you ..."

Miss Andrea relaxed in the sofa and placed her hand on Consuela's knee with an affectionate squeeze.

"Those that help us complete this ... this *sacred* task will be changing the history of the whole world, not merely the United States. They will be midwives female domination and *they* will become the new elite... every desire and whim will be theirs to enjoy."

Veronica smiled at Consuela and blew a small kiss to her.

"I think that you understand now the responsibility that you have been given," she said to Consuela, dumb-struck by all that she had just heard.

The President's words were ringing in her ears:

"*Anything* you need, any resources that are required will be yours to command," she continued. "There are *no* lengths that we will not go to, to ensure that every single one of Barrington's cadre are in our power. You will liaise with me, and I will ensure that it happens... The President will set the pace."

"Oh my God!" said Consuela and she could not help but cross her heart and flush with excitement as she contemplated the work that she would be doing to make dreams come true. "Just tell me what you require, and it will happen," she breathed.

"Nothing will be left to chance, we have potent enemies..." said the President. "I think that it is all in good hands." She paused a moment and her eyes flicked to Jerry hanging in his

restraints, the lines of his caning, standing out as deep pink tramlines on his pale skin. Her eyes creased with the smile that crossed her face and she licked her lips. "Now I would like to have a couple of days to see how the Domains have moved along since I was last here..."

"A tour?" asked Consuela. "Two days?"

Miss Andrea laughed and patted her knee.

"It's been four years now, but I have a hankering to see how Crimson and Roan have come along since then. I don't need a full tour, just a weekend of fun! Naturally, incognito!"

The pet at Veronica's feet brushed against the President's long legs and she looked down at the smooth face.

"This is new," she commented to Veronica. "Yours?"

"The perfect pet," said Veronica affectionately as she reached and ran her nails lightly over the upraised ass of the pet that had been Carrie in a former life. Kitty purred and offered herself to her owner. "Of course, it is not *quite* ready, but the White Domain is stretched with the work that they have underway..."

The President slipped off her lacy gloves and placed them on her lap.

"Fascinating," said Miss Andrea. "It is amazing what can be done..."

"Part of a new program that is still under development," said Veronica. "I don't want to get too technical, but..."

"Darling! You forget that I was a doctor before I became a politician," broke in Miss Andrea.

"Of course!," said Veronica. "So the chip that we implant

controls the hippocampus, the center of memory. It is supposed to allow us to switch between what you see here and a fully responsive mental awareness."

"It works?" asked Miss Andrea.

"Not fully tested yet, actually. We have twenty subjects and there are some problems with the recall. It requires several months before the implant works completely as intended. We think the brain needs time to adapt to it, rather than the other way round, so Kitty here will have to wait a while..."

Kitty heard the voices from above, and somehow knew that the perfect beings who owned her were discussing her. She purred in response and rubbed against their legs to show her devotion. The words were quite distinct, but the import was now beyond her understanding. A hand fondled her and she shivered in pleasure as it entered and teased and she mewed in bliss as her thighs shook and her mind filled with affection.

"Observe," said Veronica's voice and a wrist moved to the pet's face. "Kitty might just recognize this..."

A fragrance filled the pet's nostrils.

A scent that drew Kitty momentarily to another place.

"One of her own line of fragrances," smiled Veronica. "Smell is so evocative, such a strong stimulant to memory..."

"I just love that line of perfume," said the President with a chuckle. "I wear it *all* the time!"

Kitty felt something at the edge of her mind. A confusion of memories and terrors that hovered at the edge of consciousness. She mewed in alarm and backed to force Miss Andrea's hand once again into herself. The feeling of being taken, pierced and pleased caused the fog of distress to evaporate into pleasure and once again she began to purr.

"I wish that I could stay longer than just a couple of days," sighed the President. "But, I have to keep up appearances. At the moment I am in retreat in Camp David and then I have to be in Washington to deal with the start of my second term. I can't wait for the day when I can have a pet like this in the White House."

She slipped her gloves onto wet fingers and carefully pulled them over her long nails.

"She's yours for the next couple of days," offered Veronica.

The President laughed and took up the short crop from her lap.

"I'll tell you what," she said. "Next time that I pass through, have a nice little puppy ready for me and when the process is fully refined and reliable, I will take you up on the offer. However, in general I prefer to have slaves that know that they had a past with me... like Jerry over there!"

"As you wish," said a smiling Veronica. "Just tell us what adjustments are needed and Consuela will look after the details."

Miss Andrea looked over at the man stretched on the whipping block and pursed her lips.

"I'll think about it, but a cute little feminized puppy would suit me just fine." she said. "Now, time for the vacation to start. I don't want to waste any more of the little time I have here!"

"Let's begin right here with 6336," said Consuela. "Then, I will arrange a carriage from Roan to pick you up in an hour and show you the new parlors that Miss Isabella is creating."

There was a pregnant pause. Consuela realized that Miss Andrea had something in mind that she did not want to put into

words. She followed the gaze of the President and felt a rising understanding.

"I think that I will go to prepare," said Consuela. "Veronica?"

Veronica nodded and stood.

"I will send Miss Rose in an hour," she said. "Or longer if you want?"

"An hour is enough for Jerry and I to renew our acquaintance," said the President. "He spent years hinting about my past, it's time to refresh his memory..."

Consuela stood and followed Veronica out of the room with a nod to the woman who sat and looked at her former lover with a hungry gaze as she fingered the short crop in her hands.

The door closed.

Lazily, the President of the United States of America stood and strolled towards the sweating man who could only see her stilettoed feet as she took up a position at his rear.

"You know," she began, "this is *such* a pleasure! After all these years, I can see that you are truly glad to see me again!"

Her gloved hand closed on his rigid cock and teased a little.

"Such a shame that you cannot speak, dear, you always had so much to say!"

The fettered former lover shuddered as the hand played with him and then jerked in his restraints as the crop kissed his ass.

His head hung down and he could see that her hands were busy and then the skirt dropped to the floor with a whisper.

The tan stockings smoothed her legs, she moved on the heels as

if born to them.

"You will make such a perfect puppy to please me," she continued as she stood. "Crawling to kiss my feet and lick my hungry cunt... You always liked big tits Jerry, didn't you?"

He swallowed and pulled at the restraints as hard as he could.

"Would you like that? Me pushing into your tight ass while I cane your generous tits with each stroke of the fuck? Is that your fantasy? To kiss my ass and beg for more?"

There was only a muffled groan in answer and the President of the United States fondled the hanging balls of 6336 and then gave them sharp pull that brought tears to his eyes.

"You will be my puppy, begging for attention all the time just like Veronica's little pet. Always ready for more, always needing to be punished for your naughtiness! Just the tonic after a busy day..."

Her legs moved a little, placing her feet apart and then he saw the back of her head as she bent and stepped into a strap that she had dropped by her feet. She changed the subject with a chuckle and he heard the buckles being drawn tight at her thighs and ass.

"This is how it's going to be," she said as her hands drifted the length of the long dildo that now drooped from her thighs. "We are going to discuss everything in detail and I am going to decide what needs to be done to make you a perfect little puppy!"

She sighed in satisfaction and then continued her little speech.

"Scampering at my feet, longing to suck the come from every cock you are presented with while I take your ass and make you beg for more..."

6336 heard her heels on the tiles and braced himself, but it seemed that his former lover had yet more to say.

“Not nice, writing about all of our private little games,” she said as she rose once more and pulled the strap out of sight. “Not nice at all, dear. You will be glad to know that the manuscript of your ‘tell-all’ autobiography is now safely in my hands, courtesy of the CIA. You have really put me to some trouble, you know... and you will pay for that!”

Her voice was pleasant, conversational even, casually polite, but the sharp slap to his ass signified that the President was about to take intimate revenge on her former lover. 6336 struggled in a panic, but his wrists and ankles were fettered, straps held him against the smooth leather of the whipping bench and there would be no escape!

He heard a sigh of contentment from behind and then the sound of gloves being removed. Two small items of lace dropped to her feet and he tried to cry out as a hand carefully withdrew the narrow plug from his ass. The terror was rising and he felt his stomach rebel.

“A nice little fuck as an introduction. We are going to have such fun in the next couple of days!”

A thin acid taste filled his mouth, but the gag forced him to swallow.

“Can you feel it forcing its way in? Taking your ass? Can you feel the size of it?”

Something smooth and rounded pushed into the crack of 6336's ass. Moved up and down as her hands guided it to the pucker that resisted the pressure.

“This is just a small taste of being fucked by me, Jerry! Staring

small and moving on to bigger and better things..."

A hand passed below to stroke his rigid cock and then scratch at it with a slow stroke before tapping the engorged tip. He felt something close on his cock, something tight and soft, something that encapsulated him. Pulled at him, sucked at his throbbing cock.

"Can't have it going to waste, Jerry," said the voice from behind the helpless puppet. "We are going to have two wonderful days to rediscover our passions... times past and all that!"

Pressure, force of hips, an impossible-to-resist weight.

"In it goes, Jerry and there's nothing that you can do to stop it!"

He opened.

He felt himself stretched impossibly over the violating cock that joined her hips to his ass. He cried out, a whimper from his throat as the feet moved and she impaled her victim with a slow tilt of the hips.

"Coming yet, Jerry? Can you feel it fill you and fuck you? I just can't wait until you come to live in the White House."

His thighs tensed, her knees touched the back of his and then she eased a little deeper. Opening him wide, watching and enjoying the way that his ass formed a tight rim around the stippled rubber dildo. She could feel the pressure on her clitoris and moved a little to heighten the intensity, savoring the contact, pressing to extract every iota of the fuck.

"And, when I'm not there to use you, Jerry, there will be others that will teach you what it is to be possessed by such a loving owner."

Every small push pressed at her and a giddy feeling of power

swept her mind. The cock that hung swelled as she slowly reamed him so deep. A drip of pre-cum spattered the clear container that would catch every drop. Miss Andrea no longer needed to guide the dildo and her hands moved to shed her jacket.

"Tits like a porn starlet, you'll be so cute..."

The jacket fluttered to the floor by her feet as she popped the buttons of her blouse.

"I might even let you keep those balls of yours..."

Exposing the stiff nipples and small rounded breasts, teased to rigidity.

A sigh of contentment, a lick of her lips.

"You'll crawl like the bitch that you are and endlessly beg for the whip," she gasped as she pressed home with a slow stroke.

She moaned in desire as one hand moved between her thighs. The other fondling the giant cock that was embedded in her ex-lover's rear. Fingers moved the switch that she played with and the President gasped as the intense vibration took hold of her and took her to paradise.

She could feel the stiffening muscles of Jerry and took her crop to help remind him for whom this fuck was to be a pleasure. A sharp, light blow to his shoulders, a small push inward, a gasp as her first climax swept her mind.

The President pulled slowly out, enjoying the sight of smooth skin stretching to follow the ridged dildo. He was so accommodating! Her victim's cock jerked against the leather of the whipping bench and then gave up its first yield. A spurt that clouded the clear vessel which enclosed his erection, a twitch of balls as she gave in to her desire and lifted the crop high.

He would fill the glass full and drink every last drop of his own emissions. Learn to love the taste of come... Long for it even!

The crop arced down, the climax struck her like a physical blow.

6336 felt the long violating cock push deep home.

The President screamed in sheer bliss.

The real fucking had begun.

It would never end.

The End

In Crimson is the second part of the Domains series of five novels. The third part is titled 'In Roan' and follows the events that take place in a paradise for women who relish vacations in the 'pony' Domain.