

miss irene clearmont

adult femdom fiction

the intern



two lovers are better than one!

# The Intern

written by

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a tale of depraved and immoral deviancy and wicked conducts

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She'll carelessly cut you and laugh while you're bleeding.

*Billy Joel*

No trust is to be placed in women.

*Homer*

Anyone who hasn't experienced the ecstasy of betrayal  
knows nothing about ecstasy at all.

*Jean Genet*

# The Intern

Nigel was cute, so cute in his pink embarrassment. Out of his depth and out of his mind, caught in the little scene that I had created for him, a scene that would become the play.

A drama that was to become what he was...

Two weeks of loving and fun, making him mine, all the while he thought that he was making me his! The first time was just a one-night-stand. Casual drunken sex that placed him in my hands. So many women miss the opportunity, are shy of 'going to far' and realising their desires. Overcautious and running from their deeper wants, failing to grasp the nettle and get what they want. That first night told me all that I needed to know.

Nigel was under my spell. Enraptured by finding a woman who it seemed had no limits to the games that she would play in bed. Inexperienced and soft as butter, eager to fall under my spell. When that little cock of his finally erupted between my lips, and I kissed him with the slime still on my tongue, he was mine.

How could it be otherwise?

A week of trysts... a week of pure unadulterated loving and sex. A week of games that caused Nigel to abandon himself to passion. We did all those little things that lovers do and abandon themselves to. I used my stockings to tie him to the head board, I smoothed oil onto that cock of his and made him wait all night to come. I smothered him with my thighs, enjoyed the intimacy of his lips between the

cheeks of my rounded ass, but, most of all, I took what I wanted and made him long to go again into my world. I taught him how to pleasure me, showed him that my pleasure was the greatest gift that he could bestow and guided him to ever greater heights.

So, back to that scene!

You see, Nigel had whispered the words that I had hinted at. Given breathless assent to the next step in his education, little knowing that his juvenile fantasy was to become the chain that would bind him.

“You would do that?” he asked with bated breath and I nodded the answer.

“I’m not enough for you?” I whispered in his ear.

He looked up from between my thighs and then away.

“That’s not what I meant, darling,” he answered. “Only if you think that...”

“I’ll think about it...”

He dared not press me further and kissed my dripping cunt delicately. The idea of persuading me to have a third in the bed had already pushed him to his limit and now it was up to me.

The climax was earth shattering and we lay together on the bed, hand in hand, afterwards. There was just one more thing that was required from him now. Those three words had to be given to bind him to me and make him mine. We lay in the stillness, I could feel a tingling between my thighs that warned me that the moment had come.

“There is something that I have to say” he mumbled.

“Mmm?”

A small sigh and then he spoke.

“I love you, I really do...”

In my head, I heard the padlock click closed. He said the words that made him mine forever.

“I know that you do.”

“I mean it, Jasmine, I really mean it.”

I propped myself on one elbow and my other hand drifted to his limp cock. Stroked and teased, squeezed his balls a little and then explored intimately.

“You just think that you do... it’s all just lust really!”

“I mean it!” he whispered as his cock started to stiffen. “I love you so much that I would do anything for you!”

Music to my ears.

“Naughty boy,” I scolded as I took him in hand. “You are in lust *for* me, not in love *with* me...”

He turned and lifted his lips to mine and brushed a small kiss.

“How can I prove it?”

I laughed.

This was not the time to lay down rules, it was a time to be a little girlfriend and bathe in his devotion. I kissed him back and slowly rubbed the cock to hardness. Teased the tip and played, rubbing the come into his skin and building him up for the next bout.

"I'll find someone," I pouted. "But, I can be jealous... How don't I know that you won't find our playmate more attractive than me?"

"I promise..."

He was gasping now, ready to come again and again for me. Poor little Nigel, so ill equipped to satisfy with his little cock, so eager to make up for that lack by playing by my rules!

"You say that now..."

I moved lazily on the bed. Lifted a leg high over him and shuffled to place my foot at his lips. All the while, my hand stroked and teased him, brought him closer to exploding, brought him under my control. When the tip of my heel touched his lips, he came into my hand. Kissing the steel of the heel while I forced him to ooze, clutching his balls as if to squeeze every drop from him.

"If I find someone," I said as his thighs lowered to rest on the bed, "then it will be my rules..."

He sighed, and kissed the sole of my shoe.

"Your rules."

"How could it be otherwise?"

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The matter rested there, there was so much to do first.

Poor little lover never dared raise the subject again, even though I had assented to his sick little fantasy. How could he even imagine that I had it constantly in mind, that

everything that followed was just the preparation for the day that his hope of three-in-a bed would come true?

Nigel lived in his world of slaving as an office intern by day, while by night he played my exhausting little mind-games. In the office, we passed each other daily a million times as he delivered the post and I answered the calls for my demanding boss.

A wink.

A pout.

A touch.

A kiss.

Then he was mine.

From five until nine he was my lover. From nine until five he was the young man who ran hither and thither at the demands of attorneys and legal eagles. Finding precedents to make cases. Delivering the post. Arranging contacts and acting as the runner in the courts. Seven years in law school, two at the firm and he had so far to go. It is how they all start learning the trade and he had a great future if he could just stay the course.

There was something so sweet and innocent about Nigel. A backwoods unsophistication on the one hand and a determination to satisfy others that made him a perfect foil for my games. Untutored and never-been-touched, a virgin little boy who eagerly did all he was told with a passion that could not be denied. Kisses at the prom, fondles in law school, petting on the sofa and tentative suggestions of youth.

Then I got my hands on him!



Naturally I kept him on a short leash!

Exploding at the slightest sign of independence.

Jealous pouts and sharp words at the slightest glance astray.

His response?

A fear of losing what he had, what he imagined that he had. A girlfriend who would do anything, a girl who had the morals of a porn-whore and the figure of a model. That was what kept him in my sights, kept him straight, kept him in line. The fear of losing a girl who sucked his little cock like a pro and then fingered his ass as he came.

And, you ask, what was my aim?

Simple to tell.

Fun!

To me, sex is like a Chinese take-away. Right after the first, another can be ordered! I love sex, I love it to bits. I can come from a touch of the hand or the touch of a cock. Experiment, play, live every moment and enjoy each night. One night stands, BDSM clubs and speed dating. Fucking in alleys and in bed. Hotels and under the noses of wives and girlfriends. Male and female and everything in between, an insatiable desire to be fucked, to be filled to the brim and most of all, to enjoy every little moment.

To get what I deserve.

So, why take on the pathetic intern who was on the lower end of the learning curve when such great opportunities lay to hand? My boss, the married leech who would fuck whatever moved and breathed. His other secretary, Jez, the brunette with a taste for blondes. The other lawyers and

men in the office who gazed at my legs and short skirts, appreciated my heels and pouting bee-stung lips and longed to bend me over a desk and fuck my ass until I screamed.

Good question...

But then you don't know me yet, do you. Not really! I can have who and what I want, but what I wanted was something *entirely* new. Something that I had created myself, something made to my personal order. That something was, of course, the innocent and malleable Nigel. I wanted to bring him up, make him a toy to play with, create a soft pleasure plaything, make him respond to me and only me, make him mine. Not just in the sense that he was devoted to me, that he loved me and what I did to him; I wanted to make him just another toy in the toybox.

See how far I could go...

Where better to start than with an impressionable and inexperienced boy?

Of course, at the beginning, this was just a vague feeling, a tendency and attraction to purity that I longed to warp and twist. I had no real idea of where this was all going, all I knew at the beginning was that it was fun.

Fun to make him come whilst he sucked on my heels. Fun to make him kiss my feet and learn to press his lips to my ass hole. Fun to make him beg for it and then leave him on the edge until he had satisfied my needs first.

Call me a bitch.

I don't care, it is who I am.

When he begged me to add a third to our little games, I suddenly knew what I wanted of Nigel. I wanted to break him down, reduce him to his component parts and then rebuild him in the image of a pet. Thus, began my campaign. Focussed and following logical lines.

Let me show you...

...a small moment of my entertainment.

A month after his request, two after the first night of passion. A minor milestone in the progress towards an, as yet, uncertain goal.

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It started with an argument, as was now so usual. Kiss and make up, show me that you are repentant. Show me that you love me...

"I caught you flirting with that bitch..."

"Only ever with you, Sam."

His eyes almost filled with tears as I wagged my finger at my naked boyfriend.

"You want to fuck Jez, you little shit! I would know that look anywhere..."

"I never would," he begged.

"You never will, is what you mean," I countered. "But, you thought of it, you long for it and you want her big tits around your cock, I can see it!"

He was not crying, but a tear broke loose and he seemed to wilt.

"I never would... Sam, please my love, I never would!"

"Well, I'm sick of you eyeing up every bit of skirt in the office and imagining them on their knees," I attacked. "I am going to put a stop to it, and that's for sure. You are mine and mine only..."

"How can I prove it to you, Sam?" he whined. "You make it impossible! Just say how I can prove it and I'll do it."

I allowed my hard expression to soften and beckoned him with a crooked finger.

"I'll think of something. For now, this will be the proof!"

I put one foot forward and my crooked finger became a pointer. Pointing down as he looked down and then up. There is something so powerful in being dressed while a lover is nearly naked. I can't explain the feeling, the urges that it brings to the surface, but it is such a kick.

"I promise..."

Nigel was already on the way down. Kneeling and looking up at the expression on my face. Begging and beseeching, longing to kiss my shoe, though desperate not to show that what I thought was punishment was *really* a thrill for him.

"Just a kiss, and maybe I'll forgive, but I'll never forget," I said as his lips moved and kissed the leather of my stilettos. "I never forget!"

Two small kisses. One to each smooth shoe and then he was looking up at me as if all could be forgiven.

"Sometimes I think that you are just too randy," I said. "All you ever think about is sex!"

What an accusation from a bitch like me!

I pointed at where his little cock stood proud and made as if to touch it with the heel of my shoe. His thighs opened a twitch, and I diverted to rest the sole of my shoe on his thigh. Well clear of his needy little cocklet.

"What do you say?" I asked of him.

I looked down, he looked up and I pouted as if to show that I could allow him to reply and actually listen to his words.

"Sorry, Sam, sorry that I looked at Jez!"

That's how easy it was. He gave in like a card-castle tumbling and I now had to reward him as the rules stated. Every apology deserved a reward, every surrender something to make him beg for more.

I moved my foot, tilted to leave just the spike on his thigh and then slowly dragged it to his cock. This was the punishment, the payment for the pleasure to come. The pain for the reward that had become our habit.

My habit!

Abuse rewarded by sex.

A slap for a wank, a spike for a fuck, a slap for a blowjob!

The sole of my shoe brushed the tip of his cock and then the heel plunged between his thighs to rest threateningly on his balls. Already he was so close to coming that I had to restrain myself and lift a moment before continuing with the schooling in submission and acceptance.

"Tell me what you will do..."

The sole rubbed, the heel pinched and Nigel gasped.

“Never even look at Jez again...”

“Not enough, darling!”

“Never think of her again...”

“How will I know that you are keeping your promise?”

The tears started from his eyes and I could see that he was so close that I had to hurry him along to my answer. Once the little shit is on his way to coming, nothing can stop it and I was so close that I could touch it.

“I don’t know, Miss!”

Aha, so close that he had even called me ‘Miss’. Without prompting he had realigned himself in his need to come. His desperate need to please my irrational temper.

“I think that you need help,” I whispered.

It was coming, that thing at my feet, and there was a glorious feel to my power over my lover. A swimmingly heady feel of triumph that almost brought me to the edge.

“Help me!”

There it was, the begging for help that always signalled a milestone on the hard path that he was taking. He knew, as I knew, that there would be a price to pay for begging for me to help him. What it would be, he could never know until I had decided. Until I had revealed his penalty for naughtiness.

That was the rule.

“Of course I will help you...”

The sole rubbed, the spike pressed down and poor little Nigel wept tears of come on my soles. Slow pulses of sticky slime that wetted his cock and greased the worn sole on his tender flesh. Endless mess that would be his duty to cleanse.

One day soon his tongue would have work to do after every climax, but for now there was another aim that was more urgent. A small step to becoming my toy-boy. A step into the dark...

Already he had suffered degradation.

A step by step lowering of status in our relationship.

A series of submissions that placed him ever further in my hands.

The knickers that he wore to tease him in lace. The little tender licks at my ass that showed him where he belonged. The necklace with my name that could not be taken off. My initials etched on his thigh by a tattoo artist.

All these things had been the price of assuaging my temper. Each one a mark of a passing rage that he had satisfied by submission. Each a step in an education that was leading him further from equality.

“Stand up, boy...”

He stood. Head hanging, arms slack, toes inward and cock slack and dripping. A little boy standing before the imperious teacher who was now about to demand some punishment.

I reached for the lace that hung at his thighs and pulled it out and over his cock as if tidying him up. My finger ran up his torso, almost scratching as it went. The long nail leaving

a slight pink trail on its path. Then I hooked the silver chain and pulled him close.

"It's time that you never forget which bitch is yours," I said to his face.

"You are..."

"Exactly, boy. I am your bitch and don't you forget it. I am going to make sure that I am always on your mind, boy. Ensure that every time that your cock swells and hardens, every time that you imagine another woman, that I am there to remind you that your cock belongs to me!"

The finger loosened and allowed him to look down, to where black lace covered his spent prick.

"This!"

He looked up and I held the devious little device up to his eyes. Inside his focus, making him move back to define what was hanging from my finger. He looked, he inspected, he realised and he stepped back.

Oh my, was it really so soon to lock up that cock of his?

Had I mis-stepped?

Over-reached myself at last?

Was little Nigel about to rebel and say 'no'? Instead he was mute, acceptance and submission warring with resistance and freedom. I allowed my hand to lower and he took the device from my hand. Inspected it, looked at the tiny lock, the pierced cap and the ring that was designed to clench balls and root.

Then he looked up.

Should I soften the blow?



Make it part-time, make it temporary?

Take a longer view and work on the idea over weeks?

No!

He was mine to pluck from the branch, ripe soft fruit in my hands.

"Put it on, boy and then I will explain how it goes!"

The tiny padlock was open. It fell to the floor and he bent to pick it up. I moved my foot forward and he availed himself of the opportunity. There seemed to be nothing more arousing to Nigel than my shod feet. Endless association of pleasure and heels overwhelming his senses. But a small kiss, all that I allowed by pulling back my foot and standing over him.

He looked up and then attended to my orders.

What a good little boy he was, all that work and training making him submit.

His fingers fumbled and finally opened the ring, slipped it on, pushed his cock into the tiny cup at the tip and then closed it tight. Only when tight would the shank of the padlock slip through the steel and snap closed. The sound of that click the moment that he was mine.

"Very good, let's see how it fits!" I said as I crooked my finger in his necklace and pulled him to stand.

The knickers were strung at his thighs, the lace stretched and wet with come. The balls were bunched and shiny like little plums with the collar that now held them tight. The flaccid cock enclosed and wedged tight in the tiny cup that could barely contain it and the whole was a lump that

thrust from his body and exposed him. Easy to punish, easy to tease and easy to slap, should I feel the need.

"Mmm," I said. "How does it feel?"

"Tight and uncomfortable," he winged.

"It's supposed to remind you," I said as I fondled the steel and flesh lump that was all that was left of his sex. "But, it's too easy for you to slip out of..."

I pulled a little and it was clear that my words were true. Like a magician I produced a small tube. Metal and just two inches long and with a thread at one end.

"This finishes it off," I said.

It went. Into the pursed lips that I could see at the cap of the restraint, I licked it and then pushed it home gently before using the small tool to tighten it until the thread was at an end and it locked into position.

"Better?"

What could he reply?

"Thank you!"

I teased those little purple plums and moved them to fit better and then goaded him gently with my nails.

"I have the key," I said. "When you can only think of me and not that slut, Jez, then we will play when I decide... But, I'm willing to bet that you can come even in this!"

I held the key for his inspection and tested it, revelling in the snap as it closed again. Then I carefully slipped off my stiletto to show the ring on my second toe that would hold the key ready for its infrequent use.

At the seat of his desire... between my toes.

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Bit by bit.

Moment by moment.

Each incident in our liaison a step into the darkness of my growing confidence.

In the next month, I occasionally released that cock and let it grow. Swallowed and played as before, licked and teased it to coming for me before locking it away. Those few moments of release giving him hope that all I ever wanted was to make him mine.

I don't think that he noticed that there was no more fucking, no more pushing that tiny stalk into me, no more oozing of come into my precious cunt. Instead there were moments of passion, fast and elusive, short and sharp releases that were followed by hours of pleasure for the girlfriend that had his captive cock in her grip.

I took my time!

And, why not?

Every night was a pleasure that could never be repeated. Never again because every single one was a step further that could not be back-tracked. I remember them now and smile at every recall. Of course, I have the record of Nigel's enslavement on my phone. Endless pictures of each stage as if I were creating a manual of sexual debasement.

That night that we shaved him to smoothness and juvenile aspect. The first time that he wore stockings to show his

shapely legs. The first time that he dripped come in his steel restraint and I told him that it was no longer necessary to release him. The pretty tattoo of a rose bud with my name in flowing copperplate that declared him my property and the giddy moment when he first bent over to take the rubber cock that now often sprang from my cunt.

And, all the while, Nigel ran hither and thither in the office and I answered the phone for my boss and all those in the office thought that we had the perfect relationship...

I have to admit that I did not really know where exactly I was going. After all, what else could be done to him to break him further? My imagination stalled for a month and I have to admit that I thought that I had reached the end of the tunnel.

After all, he was now being fucked every night and had so well learned to cry and sob as I fucked his smooth ass. Like the little girl that he had to be for me. Dollied up and wearing the clothes that I picked for our nights of passion.

So, I was stalled, until one precious night, the thrill of my pleasure, the vibration of the long rubber cock that pierced him, the pleas to be fucked and taken ended in a way that I had not anticipated.

My poor little bitch leaked come as I thrust into his lily-white smooth ass, and the slime dribbled down his stockings. It was that moment that broke the impasse, showed me where the next progress was to be made and I climaxed with a cry that was more than just physical release.

Now I knew where to go, what the next stage was to be. It was what he had begged for all that time ago.

He wept in my arms and suckled my nipples as I comforted him and I knew that he had fallen.

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A year of working for my boss, fending off his groping hands and yet teasing with a skirt so short that he could see that I wore nothing underneath. It was time to take on a second lover and train him to pleasure me!

So I thought.

Not that I had not availed myself of other opportunities. If you think that Nigel's pathetic suffering and loving was enough for me, then you have not been reading my words with due care and attention. Occasional one-nighters, a few repeated liaisons and other pleasurable episodes were the norm. At least twice a week I slipped from the apartment and went on the prowl. I *have* to have cock, it's as simple as that. Real cock, swelling and filling me with come, hard muscle pounding my ass while hands and arms hold me and screw me to the bed.

Now it was time to gather myself and entrap another man to supply a constant source of real man. My boss would be that man, ready to pluck from the branch, ready to fuck. After all, he had been waiting long enough to fall into the trap!

A little more flirt.

A little more cleavage.

A little more naked thigh.

A little more pouting with a wink.

He was ready to fall into an affair with me.

The first little touch was a thrill for me. He made it seem like an accident. A brush against a hand followed by an apology as he tested the waters. Jake has been married so long that I could have been his daughter. A discerning older man, a lawyer in his corporate prime. A taster of the best of the best, an epicure of discrete affairs for decades. A man of fifty-five who longs for young flesh to close and hold his hard cock.

I twitched away and forgave him.

The next time it was less discrete. A touch to breast, a flick of the finger over taut silk that sensed the hard nipple below. Jake was moving forward, Jake was more than forward! I responded with a brush of my hand at his waist and below and soon there was an understanding that he was permitted to make the first approach.

An offer that I just could not refuse.

Dinner by candlelight, lobster washed with Crystal. A hand under the table and a knee touched. A suggestive comment followed by a small kiss and the affair was off to a fine start. He overwhelmed me with the gift of the gold necklace, I rewarded it by pressing against him before I left his limo. Somehow there was an understanding between us.

No hurry, no impatience.

The build up being as important as the coming final act.

I played the game, who better understands the rules?

Intimate words and suggestive suggestions.

Suggestive words and intimate intimacies.

By the time that we finally moved the affair to a hotel room the passion and hunger in the experienced lecher was at bursting point. What can I say? We fucked... he took me and filled me, pressing his hard cock into my ass and cunt with consummate skill. Always giving me the pleasure whilst taking his, always careful to make every night a pleasure.

For my part, I stretched each episode with days of uncertainty and delay to keep the interest of the man that I was allowing to pleasure me. I don't suppose that it made all that much difference really! He was intent on me, desperate to experience ever more between my thighs, proving to me and himself that he was the man that he believed himself to be. That's the real point with older men, every night of passion is proof of their virility, every stroke before they gush is testimony to their manhood.

For my own part, I have to admit that Jake was all that I could have hoped for. A man who had no limits, a man whose wife did not understand him, a man who was a real man. He had proved himself in the courts, the first African American to become the head of a major firm, the first at everything that he put his mind to. He revelled in our fucking, in the bed and out of it and I realised that his rather dowdy, primped and superior wife knew exactly what his night-time hobbies were!

So much for my original plan to blackmail him into a little deviant fun! On the other hand, there never was a suggestion from him that I was under any pressure to continue or not as I liked. No, Jake was a man who was supremely confident and the master of his own fate.

And, all the while, Nigel suffered my attentions like the good little whore that he had become. The taste and savour of my black lover became the norm as he laboured for my pleasure between my thighs. The streaming come that was the evidence of my treachery was to Nigel, nothing more than the sign of my intense pleasure of his efforts.

The time had come to bring them together...

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When Jake made the same suggestion that my gurdy slave had made just a few months before, I realised that I had spent too long waiting! It should have been me to open the door, but I had become enraptured in the thought of my plan without ever daring to realise it.

"I know a girl who would like to join us," said Jake as he smoothed his hands over my come laved breasts. "Something new to try..."

I laughed and fumbled for that hard cock of his. Already he was recovered for a second bout and this time I knew that it was my tight ass that he wanted.

"Don't you think that I'm jealous?" I asked.

"I think that you are mad for it," he laughed as I found my target and stroked it hard. "I think that a little pussy will make you come like you never have before!"

I felt him move on the bed and his hands took my ass and rolled me onto my front. My hand lost his cock and then he pulled my ass up and I was on my knees for him.



"I'll think about it," I said.

Then I gasped as the rigid prick parted my ass and lined to the hole that it would fill to overflowing. He slowly pressed home while his huge hands gripped my thighs.

"I would like to see you come while I fuck some other bitch..."

"I'm a bitch?"

"Of course you are, Sam! My bitch to fuck and fuck until you scream for more!"

Now his hands had folded between my thighs as his cock sank deep. Parting my cunt and rubbing me to come a dozen times before he released into my ass. He filled me so hard, smoothly fucking, taking me while his fingers worked their magic on my clitoris. His hard thighs pressed hard on mine and then retreated and I gasped as his fingers slipped into me and thumb teased mercilessly.

"I choose," I gasped as I came again.

"You choose," he laughed as he thrust hard home.

I was so full that I could not think and I cried in bliss as he forced another orgasm from my sore cunt. My moth open panting with lust, my body moving to the sway of his hard strokes. All I could think of was that cock buried in me, the come pumping me full and the fingers that caused me to almost faint with ecstasy.

He came and I climaxed a last time, surfing the wave of his come.

"You choose, babes, and I'll fuck her while she kisses your wide open cunt," he laughed as I panted and sweated

with the release. "A nice little white-bitch is what I want, find one and we'll go with it!"

I could only sigh as he withdrew and rolled me to face his kneeling form. The sweat ran from him, his breath was in gasps, his cock dripping come and his heavy balls showed that soon he would need more.

"I have just the bitch," I said with a small smile. "But, it will; be a couple of weeks before you can try her out..."

"And?"

"She's a little plump, but ready to be fucked!"

"Mmm, sounds enticing..."

A raised eyebrow, a quizzical look, but then a broad smile.

"I'm sure that she's just what the doctor ordered," he said. "I'll look forward to it!"

"She's shy, and might be just a little inexperienced at sucking cock," I said slyly.

"Then she's perfect," said my boss. "We'll show her what a real man is like..."

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Two weeks to go.

You might ask why I had said that two weeks were required. I would reply that I had to get my little gurl ready for his fucking. In fact, there was no real reason for the delay. It was more my apprehension that made me delay,

and that anxiety was merely prolonged by the two weeks that passed.

I found myself sitting at my desk and looking at Nigel passing and smiling at the thought of his coming terror. The last couple of months had seen him putting on a few pounds. Not really part of my plan, but I have to admit that the way that a corset looked on him was appealing. Swelling all that puppy fat to soft white flesh, making him just a little more the gurl than he had been before.

Both affairs filled my hours and nights and my unease was gradually replaced by a tension that I can only describe as anticipation. How would Jake react? What would happen when he saw my little fuck-puppet? Would his nature cause him to be repelled by my evil plan or would he revel in the glory of fucking the intern that scurried here and there?

Even worse, would he just laugh and walk from my life?

That thought, more than any other began to consume me. Was I going to lose that mighty cock because I had miscalculated my lover's lust?

A week to go.

Jake was gone for a few days on a business trip to LA and I took my tension out on Nigel. I shackled him and fucked him until he cried tears of terror. Slapped those tight balls and then unlocked him to inspect what was left of his manhood. That caused even more tears as he failed to get hard and that tiny inch long remnant wept a thin come whilst I rubbed it with the soles of my stilettos. What had been a mere four inches of hard cocklet had become a soft outlet for sissy-come that showed no sign of reaction.

Poor little Nigel, poor little gurlly-gurl. Needing to be fucked in the ass to come, needing to rub against the soles of my spikes to dribble thin slime as I laughed at his distress. Long past the point of escape, he surrendered to my every whim as I taught him the penultimate indignity.

Penultimate, because Jake was yet to come.

Deep in his ass...

Passively he lay as I smothered him under my ass and forced him to drink every drop from me. His lips closed over me, his tongue teasing as I spent myself into him and then had him tease my ass for hours. Then again, drinking champagne as he drank mine. I worked off my fears by reducing him to tears whilst I shivered in waves of pleasure.

He was ready, the question was... was Jake?

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"Her name?" asked Jake.

"Oh," I said casually, "you already met her!"

"Oh, this sounds perfect," said Jake as he pulled into the parking spot at my apartment. "So, I have a couple of questions..."

The engine died and he rested on the wheel, looking at me.

"Go on," I said, holding my breath.

The moment was so near and I was almost wetting myself in anticipation. It seemed that every moment since my sissy

had suggested a third in the bed was a build-up for this moment.

"From the office?" asked Jake.

I nodded.

"Who could it be," he asked rhetorically. "I wonder who?"

I waited for the second question.

"Does she even know what is about to happen?" he asked.

No doubt about it, the man was a lawyer who could interpret the subtlest signs.

I shook my head and smiled. I think that it was more of a leer than a smile, but there you go. He sat a moment in consideration and then started to laugh.

"I know that you are a bitch," he said. "That goes without saying! I love every moment of it, so let's see what little game you are up to!"

I shrugged and stepped from the car. All legs and stockings, heels and tight skirt. No knickers and ready to fuck! Breasts almost falling from my crop top, my hair braided to a plait, cherry lips bee-stung, eyelashes fluttering. Exactly the whore that my black lover needed to egg him on. Every inch the bitch, every inch the lioness.

In contrast, he was every inch the black lover that I needed. Heavy balls pumping a thick long cock. Silk suit and powerful frame. Older and considerate, powerful and confident. A man who takes what he wants and makes it his. He slammed the door of the Jaguar and I led him for the first time to my love nest.

He followed me.

Filled the elevator with his presence.

Kissed my lips and I could see that cock tent his pants.

Masculinity and power, at ease and ready for a night of pleasure.

I opened the door and ushered him into the darkness. My heart was beating with the strain, I could feel my stomach rebelling and my knees felt weak. The small hallway lit as I fumbled the switch and then I led my black lover into the lounge where our new amusement waited.

I held my breath...

My gurl was as I left her. Dressed in her pink, stocking tops showing on her plump legs. Corset pinching in that puppy-fat, tiny little cock held in a ball of steel between her smooth thighs. Pink wig, cuffs holding her mittened hands behind her back while her leash fastened her to wait for the arrival of her mistress.

Perfect.

My worst fears.

Came true...

Jake laughed. Laughed at the disconsolate figure of his intern standing dressed like a bitch in a New Orleans whorehouse. Laughed at the shaking and sobbing man that was leashed to the wall like a pet waiting for an owner. I felt my stomach turn, churn and a cold sweat sprang from my skin.

"Nigel?" asked Jake.

The sobbing slut nodded and fell to her knees and I was rooted to the spot.

For a moment, Jake turned to me with a smile still broad on his face. I expected him to utter some words and leave. Run from the deviant puppy that I had prepared for his pleasure. Escape the aberrant vision and drive. Instead, he shrugged and stepped to the kneeling slut who dared not look him in the eye.

"I would never have guessed," he said.

His hand extended and he lifted the sobbing face with its smeared eyeshadow and running tears to force it to look up. He stared a moment and then dropped the face, his hands moving to his sides.

"Look at me, bitch!" said Jake.

Nigel looked up and his lips quivered as if about to speak. But, he could not utter words, merely a small whine from his throat as his boss looked down at him and decided his fate.

It was so sudden that I almost jumped in shock.

That hand swept from hip to wet face and slapped hard before the other moved to grasp the swaying head from behind. His hand was so large that he gripped the head and twisted it up to look.

Fingers moved slowly.

Pinching the neck, grasping the head, tipping it up whilst the other hand moved and unzipped the silk pants.

"You do suck cock, whore?" he whispered.

My sissy could not speak and her mouth opened in shock as the fat black cock was helped from the shadows. She gasped at the size, terror filled her eyes as Jake's prick hardened and became the rod of steel that I knew so well.

The glistening tip, already with pre-cum dripping, the veins pulsing as it moved towards the open mouth.

Passed the lips as the hand that gripped my dolly's head slowly pushed to impale lips and throat over cock. Pressed with a force that could not be denied. Eased the full length inexorably into the cunt that was wide for filling. I saw the throat swell, the gurl's desperate eyes and then it withdrew and the lips were guided to the low hanging balls that writhed at their touch.

"Perfect," sighed Jake. "The perfect fuck!"

I had been rooted to the spot. Watching my fevered dream come true in silence. The violation of one lover by another. The culmination of my strategy become reality. The black cock embedded and then the lips and tongue that served. I stepped forward and was at a loss as to what to do.

My imagination had not taken me past this juncture.

The plan had no final end to experience.

I had triumphed and did not know what happened next!

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How could I ever have doubted that Jake would play?

He took command, he took the reins and led me to the next level. Showed me what happened next, what a sissy could be used for. Not as a master, but as a lover. Appreciating the dish that I had set before him, savouring



its delights and showing me the epicure side of his personality.

He understood that my little gurl was an unwilling participant in our games, but could never ever deny the uses that she would be put to. That the unwillingness was unspoken and therefore void. That this was nothing more than a dolly created to pleasure her betters. Innocence defiled, virginity soiled. He knew that, but he denied it as he failed to resist the ultimate fuck.

Not a plump little white-trash ho, but a boy recreated as such.

I had never seen his cock so hard, so pumped and ready to fuck. So eager to be milked, so willing to explode. Already Jake was at the edge of control as the mouth that suckled his balls pushed him closer. That cock, pressing across the face, from lips to forehead, rubbing with every move of the face that served. Dripping milky pre-cum and bathed in tears of shame.

All he needed was me.

I stood behind the kneeling bitch and leaned over. Reaching high to kiss Jakes lips, pressing my thighs into the head that was held tight. Rubbing against the and that gripped and breathing hard as our lips met and we kissed. I held him tight, leaving sissy to make my lover come.

Kissed deep, kissed eagerly.

The shiver.

The clench.

My lover came as his cock rubbed the sobbing face of the whore who sucked his balls. His come pumping from him

adding to the tears, smearing make-up, soiling the bitch on her knees before he sighed and tipped his thighs. His ass back and then forward. Sliding his fountaining cock into the face of my slave.

All the while the kiss lingered.

All the while we warmed to our contact.

While the slime was forced into the throat of my gurdy lover.

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It was the beginning of a night that was so perfect that I think that I was in a trance. In heaven, in paradise. While Jake led, I followed, while Nigel was fucked, I came a thousand times and one. Just to see the strong black cock pressed into that lily-white ass. To see the come well from the clenched ass to dribble down the thighs of my bitch. Enough to send me to climax, enough to make me come to the slightest touch.

I think that Jake came a dozen times, but it could not have been more than four. That first time in the throat of his intern. The second buried to the hips in the ass of my gurdy-gurl and the third was in my desperate cunt.

Then passed a gentle hour of recuperation as Jake discovered that the slave could tease and ass hole or a cunt, suck come from either and then retreat to kiss feet and heels like a perfect bitch. An hour when it was my turn to experience what Jake could do whilst the come-slut attended to our bodies with unending efforts.

The fourth time that Jake came, that night was exquisite beyond my wildest dreams.

A slow wank, a slow cadence of strokes of my hands that forced a final fountain of come over my body as Jake filled my ass and cunt with his powerful hands. A joint experience that was brought to fruition as the plaything in our bed licked every drop from me with devoted care.

His own stub of a cocklet dripping as he worked for our pleasure.

At last we were still.

Lying in a threesome of spent lust. The chubby little slut massaging neck and breasts, balls and ass at our pleasure as we drank Champagne and enjoyed the perfect still that comes after great sex.

"A perfect evening," sighed Jake.

"Enchanted," I replied as I stroked his chin and kissed him.

There was a silence that seemed to last hours. A drowsiness that came from spending every erg of energy on pleasure. A soft stillness that filled me with comfort and warmth. My breathing slowed to a slow beat, gentle hands massaged my bare feet and sent me into a drowsy half-slumber.

I felt a movement next to me and opened an eye to see Jake guiding our slave to lap at slack cock and balls. Jake saw that I was watching and smiled. A great satisfied smile that told me all that I needed to know.

"The bitch is missing a few home comforts," he whispered.

I nodded and ran my hand over the tattoo that proved me the owner of the man who was now buried so deep in my lover's ass, teasing and licking whilst sobbing and snivelling.

I could feel sleep coming close, and struggled to stay focussed.

"Mmm," was the best that I could manage.

"I think that it's time for sissy-Nigel the intern to do what he does best!"

"Which is?"

"Sucking black cock all night and drowning in come!"

"And where does that leave me?" I asked.

"Finishing the work that you started and making this bitch the best fuck there is!"

A sharp slap to her blue-balls and Dolly pressed her tongue hard and brought a wicked smile to my lover's lips as it penetrated and teased. A foretaste of the endless pleasures to come.

End

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