

Lost Auction



A sadistic **ADULT** tale of female domination by Miss Irene Clearmont.

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The darkness engulfed him, it processed his mind, it filled him from the tip of his cock to the place where his jaw was stretched open. It devoured him and digested him in solitude, but it did not spit him out! Harold was in the box of panic, the box of shadows.

He guessed that he had been in that darkness for an hour, but how was he to tell? There was no way of marking time even though he could feel his heartbeat where the leather lined metal cuffs bit into his ankles and wrists. To think that he had paid for this, paid well for this session with his Mistress. The woman who knew how to make him suffer and ache with unfulfilled lust. No safe word, no way out, a willing sacrifice who would spend hours waiting for the exquisite climax that would be his.

The darkness was doubled.

The box and the hood.

The box was physicality that constrained and restricted his movements, the eyeless hood was something that filled the mind. It pressed on his skin and enclosed him in a far more direct claustrophobic prison. A prison of the mind.

It was not the first time that he had offered himself to her, or the second, but it was the first time that he had allowed her such full power over his straining body. Stretched to his physical limit by the chains in a shallow box that could have been a coffin if a coffin required its contents to be stretched and pinned like a butterfly in a case. Only one rule was in effect. She was not allowed to mark him, not allowed to leave any trace but his aches and pains. No touch of the whip, no cane or pins, no mark to ever betray his deviant need.

That was what being married meant to a man who longed to be totally under the control of a professional Mistress! What a Mistress! A woman who knew just how far to push him, to make him her slave, obedient to her will. Twenty stones of femininity who could crush the defiance from him and make him truly hers.

So he suffered in the box and awaited her personal and intimate attention.

What would she do to make him come for her?

The choice was entirely hers. With his mouth open to the air in the dungeon, his prick standing like a lighthouse from the small hole, she could do what she wanted. Last time in the box it had been her shoes. She had walked on the creaking wooden lid and massaged his rigid organ with the soles of her heels. Massaged his balls with her spikes and forced the come from him as she did so. Would she just do the same or would she find another way to torment him to climax. A rough glove, studded leather with a firm grip? Would it be a vibrator or her mouth?

The thought of her luscious lips enclosing him made him stand all the firmer from the box. It made his prick strain with hope as he imagined that soft climax being given with the rough touch of teeth that would rasp his cock like knives.

Then there was that novelty that she had laughed about, as she had pushed something deep into his ass. Thin as a finger it had penetrated him as it slid into his rear until it nudged against a sweet spot that he could only imagine was his prostate. It was not something that he had expected, it was a devilish addition that she had added when he had already been constrained. He could feel it now, subtly there and not there, a sodomy that would lie in the background of his orgasm, making a sissy of him, making him a fucked slut as the treatment of his cock made him spurt for her pleasure.

His Mistress was strong, luscious and huge. She overwhelmed him with a deep feeling of awe that he could not resist as she handled him like an object, chained and stretched him, gagged and buckled him into the box until no movement was possible and even breathing became a chore that made him suffer with the movement. Her breasts had hung over her corset like soft pillows, the vivid tattoos centering on the pierced nipples with their small dangling bells on chains. Her naked cunt had opened like a flower at every step of those huge legs, revealing its need in a flow of clear need that dripped down her thighs to the tops of the red stockings.

Never had he seen her so excited, never so turned on by his servitude.

She was a goddess, a divinity of pain and exhilaration. A woman who made his wife seem but a thin shadow cast by the burning light of the Mistress' sexual need. His wife, Beatrice, a pale shadow of a woman even though she possessed a luscious figure and an aggression in bed that was strong and direct. But, she did not know how to make him truly suffer for his climax, she did not know how to make him spout like a fountain and most of all she did not understand his deep need to belong to her completely and utterly...

Again he wondered how long he had been confined here...

The time in the utter umbra of a hell of his own making passed, beat by beat, until his thoughts twisted to fear. Fear that his Mistress would not come for him. That she would forget him and leave him to suffer the cramps and agonies forever, the terror of being held forever in the utter dark.

He heard footsteps.

Hard and firm on the tiled floor of the cellar room that was his Mistress' kingdom of pain.

The click of those heels that might make him come...

Maybe she would fuck him? That would be the most perfect gift that she could give him. To stand over his straining prick and open her legs. Lower herself until he slid into the depths of her body. Once again his prick stirred to the thoughts in his head. It pushed into the warmth of the air while he sweated in the heat of the box. He felt a sweat gather on his brow and slip into his eyes with a stinging of salt as he strained in the black to see what he would not be permitted to see.

The footsteps rang and stopped.

His hypersensitive nerves strained to gather what little they could about her whereabouts and he realized that his Mistress was not alone. The cadence, the rhythm of those heels were doubled, irregular and off-beat. Two women were in the room and he shrank in fear at the thought that she had brought another in to witness his private voluntary hell.

His Mistress' voice was clear, "he's in my box of panic," she said in that luscious tone that always seemed to carry a hint of humor in it.

"It's been three hours now and he will be ripe to paly our new little game!"

He strained to hear a reply, but there was none forthcoming as he heard the sound of one of the two women stepping onto his box. Panic was the word that described his feelings. An alarm that there was a sudden change to the proceedings that he had not expected.

He felt something touch his cock. Something hard and sharp that pressed him rigid. A shoe or a weapon that made him groan as he felt it lacerate him. Damage him, leaving a trace, a mark that could not possibly be explained.

“Shall we begin?” asked his Mistress, but there was no answer just the sound of another getting onto the groaning box.

There was no sound of heels and soles this time, just a pad of naked feet and then a groan from the wood of the box as the third person moved on the box.

“Fuck him,” said his Mistress in a tone that was clearly imperative. “It’s been requested!”

He felt his breathing whistle as the movement on the box closed the exposed hole where his mouth pressed. Something entered and he gagged as he realized that a man’s cock was entering his helpless mouth to press into his throat.

“Slowly, slowly, slowly! I want him to feel every stroke,” said his Mistress as the cock pulled back and then pushed again, deep into him.

His breath was stopped and he struggled to cast this male horror from his helpless mouth, but the cock was in control. It plunged deep, it moved in the cavity and then pushed in again with renewed pressure.

He felt a hand grip his cock, enfold him in fingers that held him and then a slight touch at the tip of his cock. The grip tightened, the cock in his mouth rammed deep and then something entered the eye of his prick. Something hard and intrusive. It penetrated his cock and fucked him with smooth slowness. As one woman held him firm the other penetrated a hole that was intended itself to penetrate, sliding the sliver-like heel of her shoe into him and fucking him in miniature while he gagged on a fat cock.

“I think the time has come to show Harold that I control every part of his pathetic body, he is mine to exploit in any way that I choose,” said Mistress. “Poor little Harold lost the auction and he never even knew that he was in one!”

A slight twinge sent a shock through Harold’s ass as the long thin object that had been inserted into him by his Mistress became active. It started to grow. Not in length, already it was longer than a cock. It swelled and opened him. It engorged slowly, forcing him open with a pressure that every muscle in his body resisted. A pressure that did not let up as it began to vibrate, filling his body with its movement.

Despite everything, notwithstanding the cock which took its pleasure in his wide open mouth, regardless of the way that his cock was being fucked by a spiked heel, Harold

felt the gathering of forces that could not be gainsaid. He was climaxing, he was coming for his Mistress.

“Is my little slave-in-a-box coming?” asked Mistress in a sweet voice. “That’s not allowed, that’s not the terms of the auction, you climax when enough is paid for your pleasure!”

The vibrating inside slowed and the heel withdrew from him, but the prick in his mouth convulsed and gave up its load, filling Harold with revulsion that cancelled his approaching climax. He could feel the gel-like drip of another man’s come on his lips and tongue. He could feel it drip into his wide-held mouth, ooze down his throat, that discharge of a man compelled to fuck by a Mistress.

“That’s better, all bets would be off if Harold spurted too early,” said Mistress.

Her gloved finger circled his lips once and then ran over his teeth slowly before mimicking that recent cock and finding its way into his throat.

“If we are paid enough,” she announced, “we will be removing all these horrid teeth to create a proper fuck hole, but that’s an auction for the long term, dear. The price I set is high, but I’m sure that it will be paid!”

Harold shivered in the darkness. The fantasy that his Mistress had designed ran so deep. It was consuming him with fear that it might *just* be real. It was so bottomless, her imagination, but he still could not believe that this was reality that had come to intrude on the make-believe. He had been so close to coming, so close to spurning and she had stopped it with a single word, now he knew that he was in for a long spell of torment that had been planned from the first.

A hand gripped him and then he heard something that he had not anticipated. The slight click of steel on steel. He knew the box well, the lid was held in place by simple clips that could not be undone from the inside. Each, in itself, was easily bent and broken, but all twenty together could have held a much stronger man than Harold even if he had not been held by straps chains and locks. What he now heard was those clips being undone.

One by one, slowly with a cadence of half a minute between each slight click and rattle.

“Now, Harold, do not think that this is the end of the session, that may never end,” said Mistress with a small laugh. “The bid to ‘open the box’ has been accepted and we

are simply doing as we are directed. So far you have raised twenty thousand pounds for me and my sadistic assistant.”

Click by click...

“I wonder what will happen to you next? With you all exposed to those who are paying for all of this session I’m sure that the action will heat up. They like to see what they are paying for.”

Click by click...

He heard a hiss. Like an angry rattler that is trapped in a box, it trilled and susurrated and then was suddenly replaced by a restrained roar that faded into the background in a few seconds.

Click!

It was the final clasp pulled back and the lid was lifted from him. He heard the click of heels and the rattle of a chain as a pulley took the weight of the inch thick lid of his coffin. The breath of cool air on his sweat drenched skin, the reports of heels on tile and a whispered discussion whose sense he could not resolve. Now the background roar was louder, it impinged on his consciousness as the latest threat.

A hand?

No! It was some device that had been slipped over his rigid prick. Warm and tight it simulated that part of a woman that men would do anything to force entry to. It enveloped him and pulsed as once again he started on the road to climax.

“Darling, at last the auction has reached an important landmark,” said his Mistress. “You have raised more in the last couple of hours than any other pain-slut I have ever auctioned. It’s going to take *days* of games to carry out all of the things that have been paid for.”

Harold gurgled and tried to struggle, but with the lid on or off, the result was the same. He could not escape the next chapter in his annihilation.

Contact was brief.

Somehow his mind separated the contact and the burn. His wide mouth let a thin wail from his lips and dried mouth as the branding iron marked his thigh with wisp of fatty

smoke that curled into the air like that of a smoldering cigarette. His wail was loud, but stopped as a plug was pushed into his mouth with a sure hand. The agony in his thigh was like an abyss of anguish into which he was sucked. A maelstrom of torment that lasted just a few seconds, but filled his head with crimson and blurred lines of brightness that were like liquid veins of fire in his awareness.

“There, that’s better,” said Mistress. “Now at last you know that this is real. You are not in your own fantasy anymore. You are in the minds and needs of those that are paying for your delicious experience. How lucky for you, not to have to pay, just lie back and enjoy the true powerlessness of being raped and enjoyed by a gloating moneyed mob!”

Harold’s breath whistled through the small holes in the bung that had been wedged into his ring gag. He could not utter a sound, there was barely enough air to breathe never mind the exhalation he needed to articulate sound.

“Do you want to know what has been branded on your thigh? “

There was a pause as if Mistress was assessing the answer that did not come. She interpreted every twitch of his body, every mewling squeak that exited his mouth like a fortune-teller using her skill to bleed tea leaves of meaning.

“The highest bid won of course, ten thousand pounds to put the name ‘Beatrice’ in italics on that smooth skin,” she said. “What an exceptional coincidence, that your wife should happen to be a member of my exclusive website! Amazing, it really is!”

In his hood, tears leaked from his eyes and spread twixt skin and thick latex.

“At the moment there are four thousand eight hundred and fifty people wanking to your torment, Harold. There are another fifteen thousand four hundred and fifteen who are paid members who are not bidding, but will just enjoy the action when it is over. That will be a week, I think! Just think; a week of sheer pain and denial of sexual gratification. You should be proud of your achievement, the counter has reached a hundred thousand already and we have so much on the list...”

The darkness claimed him, it focused his thoughts, it brought his existence to a sudden point where only the present was real, the past and the future were but dreadful shadows. He was at the junction of real space and a singularity of terror.

“This is the first time that I have ever seen our members donating to another account!”

She paused and her hand drifted down to the waxen and tan mark where the flesh had been melted like white chocolate under the heat of the brand. Her finger traced the word in an almost affectionate way. Every curlicue was clear, a perfect line that would mark him forever.

Mistress squatted, her knees parted by the thickness of her thighs. Latex creaked as her giant breasts hung free. The small bells on chains tinkled a merry tune. Juice leaked from her cunt like a river and dripped onto her spiked shoes as Mistress looked up at the woman who was painfully stretched on the cross shown on the huge television screen. Her other hand played for a moment with the engorged lips of her pussy and then pulled the hood of her clitoris back to reveal the stud that kept her on the edge of orgasm forever. How exquisite this idea of Mistress', to have the terrified wife issue the commands that would destroy her own husband in the hope that she could delay the same being done to her.

Delay? That was all it could be, delay!

When Harold had been torn apart for the pleasure of twenty thousand two hundred and sixty five sadists Beatrice would pay her own terrible price for her treachery. Mistress had created the ultimate webcam show, but in a week the secret 'Auction of Pleasure and Pain' site would vanish into the void of nonexistence and Beatrice would evaporate likewise to become a whore in a club so exclusive that members could play with her to their hearts content.

By the time that the films made their way from member's computers into general circulation, Mistress would be being served by a dozen pet lady-boys in Thailand. She would be free and the money would have dispersed to a thousand small accounts that would feed her endless addiction for sadism.

She watched Harold in the throes of the realization that he was going to be experiencing more than the five hundred pounds' worth of female domination that he had ordered.

A flush spread over his skin and salty sweat poured from every pore.

Mistress touched her swollen clitoris and came with a small grunt.

The bells tinkled as Mistress reached for the barbed steel whip.

The End.

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