

miss irene clearmont

an adult female domination tale

made in heaven

it's a fully arranged marriage...



Made in Heaven

An Adult Female Domination Tale

By
Miss Irene Clearmont

FDC

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Made in Heaven

By

Miss Irene Clearmont

Dedicated quietly to Charles H, an avid reader of mine... because, even though he had no part in the writing of this particular tale, I wrote it stimulated by his energizing correspondence! - Irene X

Da mihi castitatem et continentiam, sed noli modo.

- Augustine of Hippo - Confessions

The impulse of the American woman to geld her husband and castrate her sons is very strong.

- John Steinbeck - A Life in Letters

Part One

Wedding Plans

Conversation I

"Did he really propose?"

"In the traditional way, a rose in his teeth on bended knee."

"Did you accept?"

"How could I refuse?"

"And us?"

"Oh, we can carry on fucking, if I decide!"

"And, if I proposed?"

"I'd say 'no'!"

"So, when's the happy day?"

"In six months."

"And after that?"

"I'm a wife of course."

"No. I meant what happens to us after you are a wife?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe we just carry on fucking!"

"You are such a bitch!"

"I know that I am, it's what I do. It's who I am!"

"So why marry?"

"Why not? Maybe the reason is; that it's about time!"

"That he's the man that you love, that could be a reason."

"I don't love him."

"And me?"

"I don't love you either, how can I love a man who is desperate to be abused? I am just along for the ride, my little pony-boy."

"Does he know about your naughty hobbies?"

"No. About what I like? No, but his mother does!"

"Have you fucked him?"

"Of course not. He believes in chastity before marriage."

"The wedding night is going to be interesting."

"That's what I was thinking, it's going to be fun."

"Am I invited?"

"The wedding, the night or the honeymoon?"

"You are a bitch!"

"I already told you. I have to be myself."

"OK, you are the boss, but I don't have to like you marrying."

"You do, my dear, really, you do!"

"Do I have a choice?"

"You never have a choice, I *always* decide."

"Where's the honeymoon?"

"I have some ideas; he's leaving it up to me."

"That's his first mistake."

"No, it's his second. The first was the proposal!"

"You haven't ever told me about him."

"It was none of your business."

"So, are you going to tell me about him then?"

"Just what you need to know, of course."

"So, what's that? What do I *need* to know?"

"That he's incredibly rich and I am going to love it."

"I'm rich as well."

"Yes, but you are married and the money is actually hers."

"I want you to be mine exclusively, as a mistress."

"I think that the offer comes too late, dear. Anyway, I am exclusive, but not *exclusively* anyone's."

"Including this new husband of yours?"

"I do believe that you are getting jealous, I really don't like it at all."

"How can I not get envious? I love you, Edith. I just so wish that you were mine."

"You are starting to irritate me."

"That may be, but I have to say it now or there'll never be another chance."

"You are so right, *now* I know that I am doing the right thing."

"What marrying some weak-chinned, old-money-twerp from the Hamptons? That's so wrong for you! You are better than that, Edith!"

"I think that the time has come for us to call it a day!"

"Please, Edith, I'm so sorry, please don't get dressed and go!"

"I can do what I want! That's the lesson for today."

"But, what about us?"

"That's over now. 'Us' is all in the past now."

"You can't leave."

"Who's going to stop me? You are fettered tight to a bed and the door is unlocked!"

"Well, at least throw me the key."

"Don't worry, I'll leave it on reception. In the morning the chamber-maid will unlock you!"

"Fuck, Edith, fuck you! You owe me!"

"I owe you nothing. You pay me, that's the basis of our friendship. Just because you buy me a meal or two doesn't give you any rights. I just like fucking your mind! Now then, be a good little boy and lie still until the morning! It will give you time to think."

"You can't do this, bitch! Leave me here like this, fucking get here now and free me."

"*What* did you say?"

"Bitch!"

“Oh dear, now you have made a sad mistake. I think that your wife is going to have something to say when you get home!”

“Are you blackmailing me with a threat to tell her about our affair?”

“This an affair? I don’t think so, this was never an affair, it was just a cock that I occasionally sat on, that’s all! I would never break the promise that I made at the start and blackmail you.”

“Edith, what are you doing?”

“I’m going to give you a proper thrashing, that’s what. Don’t worry, I’ll keep all the cuts below the neckline, it’s up to you to hide them for the next few weeks from your rich little wifey.”

“Shit, Edith, don’t do this. Please, it’s just a misunderstanding, I just can’t bear the thought that you will belong to someone else!”

“I’ll never belong to anybody, you really don’t get it, do you?”

“Please, Edith, don’t fucking gag me, please don’t do that!”

“I’m sorry, I can’t have you screaming and shouting the whole place down. Fifty strokes of the cane take a while to do properly.”

“Mm.”

“That’s right, darling. This is going to hurt; and since it is a punishment there’s going to be no little relief from my stilettos at the end. Just give me a moment to get my gloves on, the handle of these crops always makes my hands sore.”

Mm.”

“Fifty! I’ve said it now, so here we go, are you ready? In a nice neat pattern, I promise that the cuts will last months, but at least it will look so elegant!”

Conversation II

"So have you decided?"

"I have two possibilities in mind. All I have to do is to decide which is right for us."

"Edith, you are a closed book sometimes! Do I have to pry every word from your lips? Tell me where the honeymoon is going to take place, darling. My mother has to make the bookings for the first night."

"OK then. It's Scotland."

"Geez, Edith. Why would we ever go there?"

"Because it's what I want, that's why. You allowed me to make the choice about the honeymoon and now I've decided. I'll do all the bookings and arrangements. I'll tell your mother when the flight goes. Boston or New York, I don't know yet which. I want the first night to be there."

"Edith! You are impossible. It's a ten-hour flight, we won't get there until the next day. Why not stay the first night here and fly the next day?"

"Jacob, you're the one that's insisted on waiting until the wedding night, one more day won't make a difference!"

"Is that what it's all about? Sex?"

"Of course it is, darling. You are the one who's obsessed!"

"Being chaste is not an obsession, it's a moral decision! Wedlock is a blessed sacrament and should not be sullied by carnal knowledge beforehand."

"What are you hiding from me? Does that mean that you are still a virgin, then?"

"Of course I am, I've told you before. It might not be fashionable, but it's what's right. But I am not a prude, you seem to confuse morals and reserve. I am saving myself!"

"For me?"

"Of course. You will be my wife."

"So, tell me, what has your mother arranged so far?"

"The fitting of your dress is on Monday. The invitations go out the same day, the church is booked, the cars and the music are already arranged, the reception is booked, but the menu is not decided yet. It's all done, she's on top of it, there's no need to worry!"

"I am not worried at all."

"Good! Mother wants to have a word with you tomorrow. She says that there are a few private things that have to be sorted out. I have no idea what it's about, though."

"I have an idea, let's see what she has to say."

"I won't be there, she said that it's a little sensitive."

"Interesting!"

"Nothing to worry about, I'm sure! At any rate, come around at seven and have a chat with her."

"I'll bet that it's all just about the plans. Have you got your list ready to give to her? And, do me a special favor."

"Mm?"

"Be a good girl, I want her to be happy about the wedding."

"You mean the honeymoon?"

"Just think about it, Edith. The first night here is the best idea. If you insist on Scotland, then Scotland it is. I have no problem with that, just remember that my mother is the most important thing in my life!"

"I'm not?"

"You know that I didn't mean it like that, just do as she wants."

"Like you always do?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means that your mother decided that you should be chaste, you are more than a little tied to her apron strings, Jacob."

"I am fully independent."

"What, on the stipend that she pays you? When are you going to be really in control of the bank?"

"When mother decides, that's when! She is the head of the board and says that I need time to learn the ropes. It's all in order as far as I am concerned."

"You are so sweet, just a little mother's boy."

"I can wait, there's no hurry."

"As you say, Jacob, you can wait."

"Good, that's settled then. Just don't upset her! I want everything to go smoothly."

"It will, darling. It will!"

Conversation III

"Jacob needs constant supervision."

"That is a very polite way of putting it, Mrs. De Vere. I would put it a different way and say, he needs a strong hand."

"As long as you understand that I decide everything then there is little point in discussing semantics."

"You hired me, you make the rules!"

"I did not hire you, young lady, I employed you, and there is a difference!"

"As you like."

"Good! Now we have a few things to discuss before the wedding and I want to make sure that everything is exactly the way that I want."

"First of all, the wedding. I have everything arranged. I have organized your family. A father, a mother and three or four others will all be there. You will have to meet them so that it all runs smoothly. The bridesmaids will be present. Now then, you asked for three places for friends."

"I'm trusting in you a little here, and I agree that you can do this as long as I vet them first."

"Fine, three will be enough."

"Good. I want you to arrange for them to be here next week, before I go on a quick break to Florida. I want them in the clothes that they will be wearing for the wedding and I shall test them, so make sure that they understand that I decide if they come to the wedding or not. None of that kinky stuff mind, this will be high society!"

"I'll get them here, I'm sure that it will all be in order."

"Then there is the next thing. Go wherever you want for the honeymoon, but I insist that the first night is here. I have a suitable hotel near the reception, you will use this hotel and arrange the flights accordingly."

"Is that a condition?"

"Don't test me on this, young lady! I get what I want, I am paying for everything and I want no arguments."

"Of course then, that's the way it will be!"

"Now then, we have to discuss a few other things, because I want to be sure that you understand what it is that I expect from you. I have hired you for one reason and one reason only. I want my son to marry a woman who ensures that my son remains in the hands of someone who is beholden to *me*, do you understand?"

"Of course, Mrs. De Vere. You have made that quite clear."

"I picked you because I believe that a strict regime in every facet of his life will achieve that aim. If I need something, then I always seek out a professional and not some amateur who will get above themselves. I know all about your past, I know what you do, where you go."

"I have noticed that I am under observation."

"Indeed, you are. You are discrete and I am happy with that, but you are still following your trade. As soon as the wedding is over and you are my son's wife, that will have to stop! You will concentrate on Jacob to the exclusion of all else and for that you will find that you are amply rewarded!"

"I stopped my business and closed the studio and dungeon, as soon as the first payment arrived, Mrs. De Vere. But my hobby was also my business and my business is my hobby. That does not stop when you flick your fingers as I am sure that you will understand."

"Mm, I am not sure that I am happy with your explanation."

"Mrs. de Vere, I am sure that there are discreet activities that you too would rather not reveal."

"That's my business and not yours. I know all about the BDSM scene that you inhabit and the most that I can say is that they are not at all serious! I know what's serious and how to control people, but I'll not have you prying into my private life! I am paying you a considerable sum and I feel that it is only reasonable that you take that into account."

"I am very discrete. It is part of the territory. I have often had to deal with men and women who relied on my *not* revealing or leaving signs of my personal services on their bodies. I can assure you that this will continue and that my marriage to Jacob does not change this mind-set."

"Mm, well! Despite my better judgement, I shall leave the matter in your hands. I have never followed that route. So, with the proviso that, should I discover that you are indiscrete there will be consequences. That leaves just one small thing that we have to discuss."

"Before we go any further, Mrs. de Vere, there is something that I need to know."

"Which is?"

"I understand from Jacob that you employ a personal secretary for him. A nanny? I am a little hazy as to this woman's position once we are married."

"Exactly! This was the very point that I was about to enlarge on Edith, and it is an important point. I have always believed that it is vital that any young person needs guidance and complete regulation. It is no different for my son and since I was unable to be present for much of the time that he was growing up, it seemed the best option to

find someone to ensure that my ideas about his adult education were followed to the letter."

"I understand."

"To that end, I employed a woman to act in all matters as a substitute for myself. Florence has spent the last ten years supervising Jacob to ensure that he did not stray from the path that I insist that he follows."

"I am sorry that I have to ask this directly, but is there a sexual relationship between Florence and Jacob?"

"Not in the sense that I think that you mean. She has of course ensured that Jacob has never indulged in self-abuse and has provided a suitable and strong feminine presence in his life, but I have never allowed direct sexual contact, that would have been inappropriate, after all, Jacob was only eleven when she was employed!"

"I see. Did you intend that Florence would continue to be present after Jacob and I get married?"

"I had not really considered that, I must admit. Perhaps it would be just as well if you discussed the matter directly with her. I should tell you that her contract is very generous. For every year of employment, she receives a bonus based on her salary and my assessment of her work. At the moment the sum is quite considerable and she may well decide that she wishes to terminate her employment and retire."

"What is your opinion?"

"I am happy to keep her on if there is no conflict of interest, Edith. Perhaps we can decide after you have had a little chat with her and read the day-to-day journals that she has produced over the last years."

"I shall certainly have a frank exchange with Florence, Mrs. De Vere."

"Fine, I think that we have covered everything to my satisfaction. Just ensure that confidentiality is the basis of our understanding. You are being presented with a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, ensure that you do not displease me!"

"Rest assured, that I never will."

Conversation IV

"It was not at all what I was expecting at the beginning, but I would like to think that I have adapted to circumstances and performed to Mrs. De Vere's satisfaction!"

"That's what she informed me but what I need to know are your plans, now that she has hired me to take up the reins."

"I was thinking that I would retire and enjoy the fortune that I have earned in the last eleven years. It will be a little odd, really, because the intensity of the job has meant that to some extent, what I have done to Jacob has been done to me!"

"I'm sorry?"

"Mrs. De Vere has always been insistent that I not divide my attention in intimate matters. This means that I have not had any private life for the last years, it's really quite ironic!"

"You mean, no boyfriends?"

"Or girlfriends. That's exactly what I mean! I have been living in this house like a nun, except when accompanying Jacob. Mrs. De Vere did not want *anything* to distract Jacob, so the job was full-time in every sense. Perhaps it is time that I spread my wings and lived a little, now that everything is changing?"

"I have to ask this, but did you and Jacob ever..."

"Oh, dear me, no! That would have created *so* many problems. Of course, he was just ten when I arrived, a little boy just starting to grow up, now he is almost twenty-one. Mrs. De Vere was quite insistent that there be no direct sexual contact since the age of eighteen."

"Direct?"

"This is in strict confidence?"

"Of course!"

"I have to admit that I have interpreted Mrs. de Vere's rules in a strict and literal way. Not that there was ever a moment when there was any direct contact between us, but since the time when he was over eighteen, I discovered that my influence was waning and needed some sort of hold on a man who was showing some signs of independence."

"I take it that this is not mentioned in all of those reports that I have been given?"

"Oh no, that would have been so indelicate! There are some methods that Mrs. de Vere suggested that I found to be difficult to implement."

"I am glad that you can be so frank."

"I suppose that I am putting myself in your hands a little, Edith, but I have been here so long that perhaps, the appearance of a woman that I can open my heart to, is too much of a temptation!"

"It used to be my job."

"That would be so like Mrs. De Vere to hire exactly the correct person for the job of marrying Jacob! I have not been told anything about you, so I can't even guess how she found you."

"Mm, since you have been so candid, perhaps I can do the same. Of course, this is also in the strictest confidence. Inside the house, only Mrs. De Vere knows anything about me."

"I am all ears."

"She picked me after a test that I did not know was actually an interview for marrying her son.

When I was eighteen, I worked as a photographic model for an agency in Boston. I'll explain.

Every successful model needs a specialty, something that makes her special. Mine was fetish clothing. Catalogues, advertising that was edgy and some posing for magazines that needed creative rather than explicit content. At any rate, it was soon apparent that I was a hit and the fan mail flooded in."

"I think that I can see where you're going with all of this."

"You're probably right. One thing led to another and I found that I developed a taste for men who ached to do more than just look at my photos! I became an escort first. It was perfect because I was able to decide at the end of every evening's entertainment if I wanted to move it to the next level."

"So how did Mrs. De Vere find you?"

"I had a client, a man who became a regular. He was actually Mrs. De Vere's personal secretary.

After a few months, instead of my expected client for the evening, I found myself entertaining Mrs. de Vere and she offered me Jacob!"

"I have led such a sheltered life, Edith. Keeping Jacob in line for his mother has meant that everything has passed me by. Maybe it really is time for me to leave and enjoy a little. After all, I'm twenty-eight now and have to catch up."

"Florence, why don't you stay with us?"

"What and stay in the shadows looking after your interests as I have for Mrs. De Vere's for the last ten years? I would never escape!"

"I am not Mrs. De Vere! The rules would be quite different!"

"In what way. How can I tease poor little Jacob when his wife has been specifically hired to do just that?"

"That's what we will be discussing if you change your mind. How about this then, you stay on another year or six months after the wedding and then decide and I'll promise that you'll get a year's bonus for the effort. At the very least we can arrange a smooth passage for Jacob and all the work that you've done for the last eleven years won't be wasted!"

"I guess that you enjoy your job."

"Of course I do! It's the reason, I think, that she finally picked me. All the docile married men that I want without ever having to worry where the next cock is coming from!"

"Ouch! It's so long that I've even heard a swear word!"

"That can be on the agenda, if you agree!"

"But I can back out at any time that I want? I mean, even though we seem to be getting along so well, that might alter and I need to know that I can change my mind."

"I can feel it too, Florence. I think that we'll get along like a house on fire, but of course you can change your mind at any time, that goes without saying."

"We'll need a contract then?"

"If you like, though to be honest, I really don't think that it would be worth the paper that it's written on! What we do is to decide, in the next few months, how you fit in and then you decide if it suits you."

"I want to be able to have free time, days for myself, to do the things that I want to do."

"Florence, let's not discuss this now! You think about what you want and I'll make a list of responsibilities and then we'll take it from there."

"Good, but what about Mrs. De Vere?"

"I think that she has her own agenda. As long as we work inside that, I'll bet that we have a free hand."

"If you say so, but the way that I understand it, when Jacob is twenty-one, he gets control of fifty-one per cent of the bank. That means that he will be difficult to manipulate. He's just like a small child, yes, he wears a suit, he goes to the board meetings and votes, he has studied for his MBA, but inside he's just a willful little boy. Keeping him from breaking away from his mother's apron-strings will be problematic."

"Ah, now I begin to understand."

"What?"

"It's all about the control of the bank. Mother does not want son to use his fifty-one per cent and so she marries him to a woman who will keep him on a short leash."

"I suppose so, though I have never really thought about it."

"That also explains why he is being married off, just a month before his twenty-first birthday. What I don't understand is, if Jacob is due to get all those shares, why Mrs. De Vere hasn't got him to sign them over to her?"

"I have no idea. Perhaps it's impossible for some legal reason. After all, his father's will might be difficult to overturn?"

"That's probably it, Florence. At any rate, I wish that Mrs. De Vere had been a little more specific. I need to know all the background in order to keep her sweet."

"She never allows anyone to follow her thoughts. Mrs. De Vere is incredibly secretive. In fact, she was a closed book when she told me that Jacob was never to be allowed to abuse himself."

"Wank! I think that you mean wank?"

"Edith! I hate that word. As I was saying, no *self-abuse*. She never gave a hint as to how I was supposed to implement her orders or why it was ever necessary. After all it's normal for a boy. Now I start to realize that ten years ago, she was already preparing for this day. Now she marries him off to a woman whose whole life has to do with sex, if you'll beg my pardon, and he's ripe to be plucked!"

"Fucked?"

"You are terrible to me, Edith. OK, fucked and not plucked. You'll drive him mad, he's a virgin who has been in chastity all of his life! I think that he will quickly become obsessed with you and forget about the bank and everything else."

"It's a plan!"

"Of course it is, Edith. It's Mrs. De Vere's plan. That's the reason that he's acquiesced to marrying in the first place. How could he not, you're the fantasy woman who is suddenly placed in his hands, the forbidden fruit that opens her legs for him. You'll drive him mad with desire.

I know, I can see the effect that you are having on him."

"If that's the case, then how can you possibly stop his wanking?"

"There you go again, Edith, using those words. But, you're right! It has not been easy. At first, I just put the fear of God in him, that was the early years when he was easy to manipulate.

Then, I had to turn to sterner measures. There was no way that I could keep him under constant supervision, because at the age of sixteen he moved out of the cot in my room.

Finally, three years ago, when he was eighteen, he was fitted with a chastity restraint with Mrs. De Vere's recommendation and only I have the key."

"Ah, now I understand. I was wondering. That's why he never even tried to do more than peck me on the cheek! He was scared that I'd find out and then I'd laugh at him!"

"I have a feeling that you'd have taken it all in your stride!"

"I've seen it all, Florence. Believe me, I've seen it all!"

Conversation V

"I am so looking forward to the wedding."

"So am I, Jacob. It's going to be perfect, there's just a month to go now. Everything's arranged, everyone will be there and then after it's all over, we'll be off on our honeymoon."

"I can't wait! Did you speak to my mother? I mean, are we straight off to Scotland after the reception or did you decide that a night here would be better?"

"I did speak to your mother, of course I did. I let her talk to me about it. I've booked a room near the airport and then we'll be straight off the morning after. The flight is at seven."

"But the reception doesn't finish until late at night, there won't be time."

"Time for what, dear?"

"Time for... fun!"

"We'll have our first proper night in Scotland, Jacob! I'm not going to rush and spoil it."

"But!"

"No buts, darling. You can last another single day until we can celebrate properly! Jacob, we have the rest of our lives to play, why ruin it in a rush?"

"It's just that..."

"Let's get something straight, Jacob. We are not going to spoil it! I have asked the hotel in Scotland to have everything perfect for us on our first real night together. We will be so far away from here and we will have two months to play and discover each other. That means that we'll just be flying back after your twenty-first birthday and we'll make that special too."

"Edith, I love you."

"I know that you do, dear. You'll love me all the more by the time that we get back. That I can promise you!"

"Do you think that Mummy would mind if I kissed you, now?"

"It'll be our little secret, Jacob."

"I don't want just a little peck on the cheek, like usual. I want more."

"I'm not sure that she would approve but if you can keep it decent, I promise that I won't tell her."

Kiss!

"You taste almost sweet."

"You are sweet!"

"It's so difficult, the waiting and all of that especially when I'm so excited. I'm so glad that we met at the garden party, it was such a lucky thing."

"Maybe it was not just luck, honey, maybe it was made in heaven?"

"I think that it was luck. I'm lucky all the time!"

"I guess you are, because you have Florence too."

"Florrie says that you'll make the perfect wife for me, she says that she'll be staying on to look after me if Mother allows it and that you and her will be the perfect team to look after me."

"You could be right."

"Really, please tell Mother that Florrie can stay with us, I'll bet that she doesn't mind."

"I'll see what I can do, darling."

Conversation VI

"Hi there, is that Oban Manor Spa and Hotel?"

"Yes Madame, how can I help you?"

"Three months ago, I booked a reservation and I wanted to check that everything was in order and to my wishes."

"Your name, Madame?"

"Edith Chamberlain, but I paid with an account in the name of De Vere."

"One moment, Madame. Ah yes, here it is! All I need is the booking code, Madame."

"That's one of the reasons that I am calling. I have lost the booking number."

"I'm sorry, Madame. I just can't help you! It's a matter of the rules that we have in place to ensure the utter privacy of our guests. There is no way that I can give out details on the phone."

"I'm sure that you understand!"

"I have to get the dates all straight and make sure that the details are correct."

"Madame, rest assured that when you arrive, everything will be in order."

"Surely, there must be a way to prove that I am who I say that I am?"

"Madame, the rules are strict, just check the letter that we sent and..."

"I can give you my card number, the card that I booked it with!"

"It's very irregular, please hold the line for a moment."

Pause

"I'm sorry, Madame. Without the code that we sent, I cannot comment on your booking. I do apologize, but this establishment rests on its reputation for privacy and confidentiality. I'm sure that you understand?"

"I will just have to search for that letter."

"That is the best advice that I can give. I shall then be happy to go over the booking for you and your husband."

"Thanks anyway."

"A pleasure serving you!"

Mrs. De Vere put the handset back on its rest and smiled. Edith was such a clever bitch. Poor little boy to have a wife like her. Of course, this would dovetail to her plan exactly.

She folded the paper where her private eye had described Oban Manor as '*A place where people are abused for the pleasure of the rich*' and tucked it in her pocket.

A shame that she hadn't thought of it herself!

"I am most satisfied with your work so far and I should like you to continue in the same vein until the wedding takes place."

"Mrs. De Vere, there is nothing more to report at the moment, as I told you on the phone. The only thing is that I think that the subject has noticed that she is being followed, which means that everything that I report has to be reconsidered in that light."

"Yes, yes. Edith is an intelligent young woman, I'm sure that she spotted you months ago. But, never mind that, I have a small task for you and that is why I called this meeting."

"To do with the current work?"

"Indeed! Edith has a letter that I need a copy of. A photo will do. I need you to find this letter bring me a copy."

"It's been delivered?"

"I am sure. It's from Scotland and has the details of a hotel booking."

"Oban Manor? The place you enquired about?"

"Oban Manor is certainly an interesting place."

"Beyond nightmare, might be a better description, Mrs. De Vere."

"Depends if one is a client or guest, I suppose!"

"I'm not going to ask why you want to know about that place."

"Good, that shows that you understand me exactly, now tell me about how you intend to get the letter I need."."

"Fine, then I may well have it already!"

"You've been through her mail?"

"Of course, though I did not notice anything that seemed to need reporting to you."

"How?"

"Oh, simple really. The subject lives in an apartment building and the mail boxes are in the lobby. I simply got a key made and checked it every morning after the post man delivered."

"Excellent, I am impressed by your attention to detail."

"Details are the bread and butter of my work, Mrs. De Vere. Without covering the minutiae, how can I comment on the vulgar everyday life of my subject?"

"You are correct and I am grateful that I have hired such a particularly diligent private eye."

"Investigative Agent!"

"Of course. You have earned the title. Now then, can you give me copies of all of Edith's correspondence?"

"All of it?"

"Why not, better that I check to see if there's anything that you missed of importance to me."

"One moment, I'll send it as an e-mail. There, it's done."

"There'll be a bonus if you already have it!"

"Then I can only hope that I was thorough enough!"

"If I do not find it in your email, I'll require you to enter her apartment and find it."

"If that is the case, I'll need a day to prepare and it will cost extra."

"You know that the cost is of no interest to me."

"Then, I almost hope that I have to break in!"

"Oban Manor Hotel!"

"Ah, hello. I called yesterday to ask after details of my booking, but I had mislaid the booking code. I have it now in front of me."

"I saw the note in our diary, could you please give me the code to confirm your identity first?"

"ASD530tty."

"Thank you. One moment please... Ah, Mrs. Edith De Vere. I can see the booking on my screen."

"What enquiry exactly did you wish to make?"

"I had just forgotten the type of room and the dates exactly."

"It runs from September the fifteenth to the last day of November. You have booked two rooms.

One of the client double suites for the first two weeks. For your husband, Jacob, you have booked the sissy training room for the whole period. The room will of course reflect this choice."

"Thank you, that means that my flights are in order and the timing is good. Now then, I have another question."

"Certainly, Madame, we are at your service."

"Were there to be any extra charges for my husband above those already paid?"

"Let me see, though all of this information was mailed with the invoice. One moment please."

"That's fine, take your time. I just need to know for my financial planning."

"Let's see... Two to four weeks of the isolation therapy and then the room that comes with all of the basic training. It is noted here that all clothing and such will be brought by you. That means that there are no extra charges for that. Mm, you have ordered two exceptional courses.

Loving-maid training and then full chastity preparation. These will be charged as extras! Is there anything else? Oh, wait a moment, you ordered the ownership tattoo, but that's a minor extra, not more than a hundred pounds and the piercings too. In all three hundred, give or take.

There are two other things on order that will cost extra, that's the equipment for the chastity training and the course of hormones. Usually, it does not come to more than two thousand, so I reckon that the total extras to be charged before we release him back to you is not more than three thousand. That's around five thousand two hundred American dollars in total."

"Thank you very much for your help."

"Do you wish us to send the invoice again?"

"No thank you. This little call has cleared it up!"

"Is there anything else at all that I can help you with?"

"No, thank you. It is a pleasure doing business with you."

Part Two

Made in Heaven

Dressing

Jacob was clearly eager to see his bride in her full outfit. Edith and his mother had to lock the door to make sure that he did not burst into the bedroom where the preparations were taking place.

"You don't get to see the bride until she arrives at the church, Jacob," called Florence through the locked door. "Get yourself ready and go over to the best man's house and make sure that he has the rings in his waistcoat pocket!"

Jacob's petulant voice came through the door.

"I wanted to see Edith before the church. It's not fair that I don't!"

"Tradition, Jacob," called Florence. "Be patient!"

From inside the room, the three women heard Jacob stomp off and his mother commented, "Jacob's so like a little boy sometimes. I wonder how he thinks that he can ever be the CEO of a private bank in just three months' time?"

"He won't be," said Edith. "Jacob will find another occupation to keep him busy."

"What's that?" asked Florence.

"Our servant, of course. We'll keep him fully occupied!"

"Enough chit-chat," announced Mrs. De Vere. "We need you to get into that dress." With a wave of the hand, she indicated the stand where the dress was waiting. "It's going to take ages."

"Oh, it's not that bad," said Edith with a laugh. "The dress is easy, it's the rest of it that will take time."

"OK, here's the chest," said Florence as she pulled a flat wooden box from under the bed.

"Let's get going. The things that I bought are here as well, so I can get dressed as well."

"Who's going to do the make up?"

"That's my job," said Mrs. De Vere. "It needs to go on after the dress, I've got some towels to keep it off the dresses."

"Isn't this just a bit kinky for a wedding?" asked Florence as she pulled a corset from the box.

"Don't worry, most of it won't show," said Edith. "Now then, let's lay it all out."

The three women quickly arranged the contents of the box on the bed and stood back to look at what needed to be done.

"I didn't order these," said Edith holding up a third pair of shoes.

"They're mine," said Mrs. De Vere. "So are the classic black stockings and the girdle. It gives me the waist that I need for my flared jacket."

"Good, that's everything then," said Edith as she started to undress. "I'll need a shower first and then Florrie can follow!"

"Don't be silly girls, together would be quicker," said Mrs. De Vere. "I'll get my stuff on and by then you'll be ready to go. We have less time than I thought."

"OK, let's go."

Shedding clothes as they went, Florence and Edith headed for the en-suite. Edith switched on the shower and stepped into the huge cubicle first as Edith watched.

'Florrie's a big girl,' thought Edith as she watched.

Wide hips, large breasts and a narrow-ish waist. Her shorter legs accentuated a shape that was far from Edith's slender frame, even though Edith had almost as much on top as her husband's nanny.

"I like the tattoo," said Florence as Edith stepped into the shower. "It's really sexy."

"I had it done years ago, well before it was really fashionable," said Edith as she looked down at the roses that grew from between her thighs and spread, thorns and all, to her belly.

"It's perfect. I'll have to get something like that too!"

"Three weeks and soreness for longer," said Edith. "They grow from my pussy, that hurt the most!"

"Well, I like them," said Florence. "Here's the shampoo."

Florence was clearly attracted to Edith. She could not take her eyes from the bride's breasts and then looked down at her own.

"It's a shame that we have not got to know each other better in the last few months," said Florence. "Intimately I mean!"

Edith smiled and reached to touch Florence.

"There's time on the honeymoon, Florrie. Let's see how it goes."

"I'm coming with you on the honeymoon?"

"Of course, you are!"

“Oh!”

“Come on, Florrie, let’s get a move on, there’s loads to do. Getting a corset on properly takes ages!”

Florence blew a kiss to Edith and started to soap herself.

“I can’t believe that you’re taking me.”

“Mrs. De Vere paid, so don’t worry about it at all. We will have three months to get to know each other better. After all, if you’re staying with us, then it will be a great start to the rest of our lives!”

Florence rubbed Edith’s back with the sponge.

“I thought that you had a boyfriend?” she said.

“Did have, ditched him months ago. I couldn’t put this marriage at risk!” said Edith.

“You just dumped him like that?”

“Of course, he was just a passing amusement for me.”

“I wish that I could be like that, but I haven’t even had an intimate friend for ten years. That’s a long time to have my right hand as a best friend!”

“Now your back,” said Edith as she took up the sponge. “Turn around. Don’t worry. When you are working for me, chastity will not be on your mind!”

“I can’t wait.”

Edith slipped a hand down the back and bent to slide her fingers between the cheeks of Florence’s ass until they slid through her pussy.

“I thought that we didn’t have time!” said Florence as she leaned forward and parted her thighs a little.

“We don’t, but this is how it could be.”

Edith ran a fingertip along the opening of Florence’s sex and then slid her hand slowly back, touching the puckered ass on the way.

“Now I’m all yours,” whispered Florence.

“That’s the idea! If you want to live with me, I’ll be abusing you all the time!”

Florence straightened and turned to face her employer.

“If that’s abuse, then give me more!”

Mrs. De Vere stood in high heels, girdle and stockings. The thong between her ample cheeks disappeared between the cheeks of her ass and she was just adjusting the lace bra as the Florence and Edith came back into the bedroom.

"I chose so well," said Mrs. De Vere as she looked at the two women. "I am so glad that you are taking Florence on. Now then, let's get going."

Wearing a tight corset was all a part of Edith's world. This one in white boned leather had cost more than she had ever paid for any piece of clothing. Exactly measured to her figure, it swelled her hips and closed on her waist as Florence laced it under Mrs. De Vere's instructions.

"Make sure the laces lie flat," said Mrs. De Vere. "Now then start at the top and work down tightening until the bride squeaks!"

The laces were tightened three times. Each time they bit the corset tighter until the sides of the corset almost met and a twenty-inch waist had been achieved. The corset was smooth, the seams almost invisible. It cupped just over the hips and curved in and then out to cup her breasts, eliminating the need for a bra. When it was on and Edith had wriggled breathlessly as she made a final adjustment, Florence started to attach the stocking-straps.

"How many of these are there?" she asked.

"Twelve," said Edith, as she took the diaphanous nylons from her mother-in-law-to-be's hands.

"I'd never squeeze into a corset like that," said Florence as she watched Edith roll on the white fully-fashioned stockings. "Mine is at least five sizes larger."

"Now these," said Mrs. De Vere.

She passed a pair of netted panties to the bride.

"No knickers," said Edith. "No knickers and no blue garter!"

Mrs. De Vere smiled and dropped the blue garter.

"As you like! Now then, the gown and then the shoes."

The gown was white netting, it hung open at the front to be closed with a pink rose sash. It slipped over the corset like a dream and Edith could not help twirling in it, making the lace rise, exposing herself to the two watchers.

"You'll have to be careful," smiled Florence as she watched Edith slipping on the white stilettos. "And, don't trip over the heels, they must be six inches if they're an inch!"

"I'm used to them," said Edith as she made a few small adjustments to her shoulders. "I've worn far higher than this!"

“Now then, the make-up,” said Mrs. De Vere as she took up a bag from the bed.
“Florence, just shout out when you want the corset pulled tight and meanwhile, I’ll start on the bride!”

Mrs. De Vere wrapped a towel around Edith’s shoulders and smiled. It was all going so well.

with Florence and Edith hitting it off, poor little Jacob would be in for such a hard time! Her thoughts went to the hotel in Scotland. A bit kinky really, but then anything that ensured that Jacob was not able to leave the house had to be good from her point of view.

Edith would more than make her son the perfect authoritarian wife, a little training on the honeymoon and then came his twenty-first. The moment of victory that was looming.

A small tingle ran through her thigh.

Centered on her damp sex.

The perfect choice.

Reception

The groom and the bride danced while the entire circle of guests clapped in time to the beat of the music. Edith led the dance, leading Jacob in a whirl.

"I haven't met your parents yet," said Jacob in his wife's ear. "You must introduce me."

Edith just smiled and nodded. As they whirled, she saw the people who had been hired by the groom's mother to play the part. A Tall man in a tuxedo linking a rather stern woman whose smile seemed painfully overextended as she sipped at the champagne flute in her hand.

The dance was over, the clapping died and Jacob took his wife on a round of the guests, introducing aunts, uncles, cousins and friends whom she pecked on the cheek.

When they came to the 'parents', Jacob kissed his new 'mother-in-law' and attempted small talk that fell flat with monotone answers.

"They're not very talkative," said Jacob as the couple headed for the high table.

"I don't really get on with them," answered Edith. "Rarely see them as a matter of fact!"

The speeches followed. A humorous litany of bon-mots that had been trawled from Internet sites that caused small smiles and polite clapping before the meal started.

Edith dropped her hand into Jacob's lap. For a brief moment she could feel the metal of the chastity tube that Florence had fitted before he brushed her hand away and blushed.

"Don't, not here in front of all the guests," he stuttered.

"I just wanted to see what I was marrying," said Edith in a whisper. "Have you got a nice little hard on?"

"No! I mean yes, that's what it is, I'm looking forward to tonight!"

"The honeymoon starts tomorrow, dear," she said with a smirk. "Tonight, your mother has booked me in a separate room. We will be far too tired to do anything after this wedding, so she thought that the real honeymoon could start in when we get to Scotland."

Jacob looked around at Florence. On both sides he had one of the women in his life. On the right his bride, on the other sat the woman who had been in charge of him for the last ten years.

"Chastity is next to purity," whispered Florence in his ear. "In two days, your virginity will be gone like dust in the wind."

Jacob blushed again and looked back to his wife.

"Now then, let's see what we have here." said Edith.

The guests sat eating and chatting on the long tables, not noticing the conversation between bride and groom. Only Jacob's mother seemed to notice that her son was under assault.

"Please don't," said Jacob as he felt the hand return. "It's so wrong!"

"Nonsense," said Edith. "I'm entitled!"

The hand slowly moved to the top of his zipper while Florence giggled and watched from the corner of her eye.

"Please," he begged his wife as his hand grasped her wrist. "You can't do this!"

Edith reached across and kissed Jacob on the lips. For a moment her tongue touched his lips and her hand slipped free of his grip. It plunged through the opening and caught at the waistband of his pants.

"If we can't do it tonight, then let's have some fun now," she murmured. "Sex in public is such a turn-on."

Jacob closed his legs, trapping himself between his thighs as he tried to recapture his wife's hand.

"Now, now," she said. "A husband should not refuse his wife's advances."

At last, he managed to circle the wrist. He looked around the guests to see if any had noticed his blushing, but they were all fully absorbed in their meal except his mother, who just smiled at him and sipped from her glass.

"What's this?" asked Edith as her fingers found the padlock that kept him caged. "Are you so scared of sex that you lock yourself from me?"

"No, Florence... my mother... I mean, it's just an aid for me," he replied as he started to cough.

"That's so Victorian," giggled Edith. "Is it specifically to stop me or is there some other reason?"

Her hand pushed deeper and explored, Jacob's grip failing to slow her investigation. Her fingertips searched and found where the swelling tip of his cock bulged from the tube inside a barred cage. The device was familiar, she decided. Just a plain curved tube to hold him with a ring around his balls and a barred, bulbous tip that allowed a little expansion. It would make swelling almost impossible. She had used similar a thousand times with her clients to tease them.

"If he doesn't wear it, he is so tempted to self-abuse," said Florence in a whisper. "His mother wants him kept free from lust."

"Well, this would do it."

With her nails she penetrated the bars and stroked the smooth sensitive skin with a gentle touch.

Jacob almost choked on his drink as he felt a rising desperate need.

"Well, I think that it's sweet," said Edith. "In fact, I like it so much that I think that my husband should keep wearing it."

Mrs. De Vere watched the interchange with a sense of glee. She had chosen so well; this woman would make a perfect wife for her son. She could see his blushing embarrassment, the way that Edith's hand was under the table and wondered if the cage was still on. The next act in the drama showed her that Florence and Edith seemed to have reached an understanding that was beyond what she thought was possible for the rather innocent Florence.

She watched with amusement at the whispers between the woman who had been placed as a surrogate mother and the bride. Then came a moment that caused her to giggle.

Florence reached into her décolletage and pulled a necklace free. Dangling on the thin gold chain was a small key. She offered the necklace and key to Edith. There followed more chit-chat and then Florence put the necklace back on with a giggle. It seemed that even though she had given Edith her son, Edith was allowing Florence trust that bound them together.

"Clever Edith," she muttered.

"What's that?" asked her brother who was sitting beside her.

"Oh nothing, I was just thinking how perfect Edith was for Jacob," she replied.

"They do make a lovely couple," came the reply.

"Let's say 'well matched' shall we," said Mrs. De Vere as she lifted her glass to be recharged.

"In just three months he will come into his inheritance," said her brother. "Aren't you just a little worried that Jacob on the board will be a new broom?"

"Oh, there's not too much to worry about, I've thought it all out and I suspect that he will not be taking his place!"

"That's not what he said to me," said Jacob's uncle with a smile. "Just a year ago he told me that the bank needed new blood and that he was just the man to supply it!"

"We'll see!"

Edith watched Florence fiddle with the chain around her neck and drop the key deep between her full breasts. Florence would be the key to Jacob in so many ways, she decided. Then she tittered with her pun and kissed Jacob on the cheek.

“Darling, your chastity will make it all the more fun!”

Her hand retreated, closing the zipper as she went.

“I am so glad that I’m marrying you,” he muttered. “You understand. When we are on our honeymoon, I’ll show you that I love you. No one else will be there, we’ll be able to wave goodbye tomorrow and I can really start to live my life.”

“Three months, Jacob. It will be so satisfying for both of us!”

“Especially without my mother’s spy and keeper on my back all the time.”

“You mean, Florence?”

“Yes,” he whispered directly into her ear. “I’ve had to put up with her to keep Mamma sweet. Now at last I will be free!”

Edith pulled back and looked him in the eye. The expression on his face was intense and rebellious, like a small boy who had discovered some special secret inside himself that made him a man. Either he had changed his mind or hidden his fear of the nanny that his mother had set over him.

She leaned across her husband while she patted him on the lap, where she could feel the steel under cloth.

“So, Florence, my husband would like to leave everything behind.”

Florence took the cue and smiled.

“Well, he can, for three months. There’ll be just the three of us together in Scotland!”

“What?” asked Jacob, his strived for erection shriveling inside its tube. “You’re coming too?”

“Of course, Jacob. Your mother and your new wife would not have it any other way!”

Part Three

Honeymoon

Mile High

From the window of the plane the receding earth could be seen like a map. Scudding cloud, roads and towns and then the expanse of the Atlantic Ocean spreading below like a grey blanket. Florence leaned to watch the vista while Edith flicked through the menu card and tried to decide what she would order.

Jacob sat with a set look on his face that betrayed annoyance and frustration. Here he was, on the way to his honeymoon with the most beautiful and sexy women that he had ever known, while his mother's emissary sat just two seats from him and commented on the view from the plane. How had this ever happened? Why did Edith put up with it?

The questions flicked through his mind, as the anger began to mount. There was no doubt about it, he thought. Ever since he had met Edith his mother had been trying to separate them! His mind conjured reimagined incidents and conversations, half make-believe that proved the point without a doubt. What he had to do was to persuade his wife that Florence should not be with them and then they could be alone. This was all to do with the fact that he was nearly twenty-one, it was clear that his mother resented the fact that he was coming into his inheritance and she was doing all she could to upset him.

The plane levelled out and a hostess arrived to take their orders for dinner.

"Would you like me to free the curtain?" she asked as she indicated the folded cloth that could ensure privacy. "It's usually a good idea to get some sleep on the flight, stops the red-eye you know."

Edith nodded and the pretty flight attendant loosened the ties while Florence adjusted her seat back a little.

"Just ten hours to go," said Edith. "We have a limo from the airport, three hours' drive and then we are there."

"You haven't told me about this hotel," said Jacob. "You've been so secretive! Is that the only place we're staying or is this a road trip?"

"I didn't want to spoil the surprise," said Edith. "It's not actually in Oban."

"I looked at a map," said Jacob. "It's so isolated!"

"Just across from Oban is an island, the hotel is there, a lovely isolated spot, away from all distractions. I always wanted to visit Scotland, so it's special for me."

"What's there to do?" he asked.

"Oh, I think that you'll find plenty to do there," said Edith with a smirk.

Behind her, Florence smiled and flicked at her hair.

"Besides sex?" asked Jacob.

"I think that that's enough to be getting along with," laughed Edith. "Just think of it as practice and training for married life with me!"

Florence started to giggle as if there was some joke embedded in the answer that only she and Edith shared. Jacob felt a tinge of irritation that his wife and his mother's spy seemed to be getting along so well. It would make it far more difficult to ditch Florence when they arrived.

He had already made up his mind that the woman had to be on the return flight to the States as soon as they arrived!

The meal arrived and they ate in silence. Jacob picking at his plate, while the two women ate with gusto. The pretty flight attendant took their empty plates and showed them how to close the curtains around their seats. When she had gone, Jacob watched the two women settle their seats down to become beds. He had a rising tension in his head and stood up.

"There's a bar on this plane somewhere," he muttered. "I fancy a drink. Are you coming?"

The question was obviously aimed at Edith, but she shook her head and Florence said; "I need to sleep a little."

"So do I," said Edith and Jacob found himself heading up the stairs to the bar alone after closing their seats into a cubicle.

The bar was populated by a small group of travelers that perched on the narrow stools and chatted with each other. Jacob sat down next to a woman who seemed a little drunk and ordered a whisky.

"I'd better get used to this stuff," he said half to himself.

"I love it," said the woman.

Jacob ordered a drink for her as well as for himself and found himself being adopted as a conversation partner.

"So, what are you doing in Scotland?" she asked.

"Honeymoon," said Jacob.

In her thirties, dressed like a million dollars, the woman crossed her legs towards Jacob and smiled.

"It's a bit of a dour place for a honeymoon," she said. "Name's Bathsheba and I'm doing the opposite!"

"The opposite?"

"Just got divorced," she said. "I can't recommend marriage except as a way of getting alimony!"

"Oh," replied Jacob. "I see what you mean by that."

"There's only one good thing about marriage," said Bathsheba. "Regular sex, that's it!"

"I think that there's more to it than that," said Jacob, as he sipped his drink. "I'm in love!"

"Love, smuv!" replied Bathsheba. "There's no such thing! Men want just one thing, but women want it even more!"

Bathsheba was exactly as he imagined a rich divorcee to be. Skinny, gold trinkets and rings, large breasted and a lush. He found himself staring at her breasts and then looked up into the over made-up face.

"You can look all you want, dear," she giggled. "The best scalpel in Boston created these. A work of art, he called them!"

"They are very noticeable," said Jacob feeling arousal being stymied by the steel that enclosed him. "They are perfect!"

Bathsheba cupped her breasts with her clawed hands and smiled. "Better than the bride's?" she asked.

Jacob watched with fascination as the woman teased her nipples a moment and then looked up into his eyes.

"I wouldn't want to ruin the first night of your honeymoon, babe, but there are things that I could show you."

'Definitely drunk,' thought Jacob as he watched with fascination. He had fantasized about meeting women like this, how ironic that it had occurred at the one time that he could not experiment. He looked around as if he expected Florence to appear like she always did at moments like this, but his mother's guardian angel was tucked up in her seat far below.

"I'm sure that there are," he said.

It was foolish to encourage the slut, he thought, but she was entertaining.

"You almost sound as if you want to pick me up!" said Bathsheba. "Naughty little hubby!"

"Miles over the Atlantic?" he replied. "Not possible even if that was the case!"

"Never heard of the club?"

"What club?"

"The mile-high club, darling. Fucking in a plane is so sexy!"

Jacob was at the limit of his restraint. He could feel slight discomfort as it bent his half erection and held him squeezed tight. He moved on the stool and Bathsheba smirked at him.

"Seems like you want a bit of practice for tonight," she said, her voice slurring a little. "Ten hours is a long time for a hot-blooded man!"

"This is not a good idea," said Jacob at last. "I'm saving myself!"

Bathsheba winked at Jacob and raised one stiletto heel to kick at his shin.

"Don't be such a fucking prude, fucking is how I'm going to spend the rest of my life! No more husbands, no jealousy to worry about, just every day a different man, that's why I'm on this flight. Three weeks of glorious fucking. One-night stands, zipless fucks, opening my legs for anyone, I'm going to treasure every memory."

"I've got to get back to my seat," said Jacob. "My wife will be missing me!"

"Nonsense, she's asleep dreaming of your big cock," replied Bathsheba, "and so am I!"

Jacob went to slip off his stool and leave, but Bathsheba anticipated him and stood to fall forward into his arms as he caught her.

"You would be ideal for the first," she slurred. "A groom before his first night with his fresh-faced new wife."

Jacob could smell the whisky and perfume and found his arm around her waist. She pulled out a mobile phone and stumbled as she switched it on.

"Just a little selfie to remember you by," she said as she raised the phone.

"No, I'd rather that you didn't."

He brushed down her hand and guided her down the aisle.

"I think that you'd better help your lady-friend to her seat," said the barman with a frown.

Jacob blushed as she slithered into his grip and put a finger under his chin.

"You heard the man," she said. "Be a gentleman!"

Jacob looked at the disapproving barman and then down to the woman that he held in his arms.

What harm could it do to help her back to her seat? He wondered how he could get her down the spiral stairs to the lower deck, but Bathsheba pointed to the back of the bar.

"I'm on this deck," she said. "Just down here."

Jacob supported her around her waist and she led him to her seat. She had already drawn the curtain and he opened it with one hand to find that she had three seats to herself.

As she slid from his arms to the seat, her hand went out and hooked into his belt.

"You're not going, are you?" she asked.

Suddenly she seemed to be far less drunk than he had imagined as she overbalanced him to fall over her lap, one of her hands finding its way between his thighs.

"If your wife found us..." she said in a loud whisper.

"I can't do this," said Jacob in his sternest voice as quietly as he could.

"Of course you can!"

The hand that had been hooked in Jacob's belt had the buckle open and was unbuttoning the top of his jeans.

"Please, Bathsheba."

It was too late! Her hand had twisted and wrenched at him and his trousers slid down to expose his boxers.

"What have we here?"

He moved to stop her, but now her hands were burrowing between his thighs. They contacted the steel of his caged cock and stopped before exploring and finding his balls.

"My, oh my," she started to giggle. Wifey has you well under her thumb, doesn't she? She knows that you are a such naughty little boy! This is so perfect!"

"Shh, let go," said Jacob as he tried to move away from her, but Bathsheba closed her hands over his balls making him suppress a grunt.

"I've never seen one of these before," she giggled as she pulled down his boxers and moved her thighs suddenly to pitch Jacob off her knees and onto the floor at her feet.

"Look at that! There goes my first fuck."

Jacob looked up at the woman who was laughing and tormenting him. A bright red flush came over his face and he tried to rise. She lifted a leg and placed the point of her stiletto on his chest.

"Oh, no you don't, little husband. You're going nowhere! This is a challenge, that's what it is. I'll just have to settle for second best!"

She leaned down and pulled his trousers off and inspected the steel tube that was padlocked firmly under his balls.

"I'll never get it off, so we'll just have to improvise! I have to get this..."

Her phone appeared and made a shutter sound as she took a picture of the man at her feet.

"This is one for the album," she said as she pressed down her heel and held him while she took another photo.

Jacob put his elbows under himself and tried to sit up. His hands went to the trousers around his ankles and started to pull them up, but Bathsheba's reaction was totally unexpected. She slithered off her seat to sit astride Jacob, trapping his arms under her unexpectedly powerful thighs.

"If you want out, then you'll have to get through my pussy first!" she said as she tightened her grip on his balls and smiled down at him. "Even if you can't cum in this contraption, I need a fuck and you're all I've got! I want it now!"

Jacob wriggled, but dared not cry out in case it attracted an attendant. Edith and Florence would be so mad if they found out that some slut had seduced him. He had to get that phone of hers and delete the pictures! One of her hands lifted her skirt and Jacob found that he was staring at her shaven pussy from just inches away.

"That's a good little hubby," she said with a titter. "You know what I want."

As she spoke, Bathsheba slipped forward and buried his face in her slit. Her hand moved to grasp his hair and lift his head as she ground down. The perfume of her was rank and strong, it filled his senses just as the bony hips ground down and she moaned in response.

"Lick it all up, Mr. Groom," she gasped as she moved back and forth. "Make me cum if you want to get out of trouble!"

The phone reappeared and took a close-up of his face buried between her thighs.

"Smile!" she giggled and ground down with her hips.

Jacob struggled for air as she slid, he licked at her and felt a small nub on the end of his tongue.

Above him, Bathsheba stifled a groan and then pulled harder at his hair.

"Just think of your wife," she crooned. "We should visit her after this, I'm sure that she'll be interested to know how naughty you were! She'll just love the pictures!"

It seemed that the words and the idea of intimidation excited her, because she shuddered and climaxed as Jacob submitted and kissed the naked pussy as she ground down at him. One hand squeezing his balls as the other gripped his hair and pulled him up with frenzied strength.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," she groaned.

Her second climax almost saw Jacob pass out as she blocked his breathing and used him.

Finally, she dropped his head and sat looking down at the man that she had just abused.

“Shame that I can’t give you a little blow-job, darling, but I don’t even know your name! I should have got one of these things when I got married,” she said as her hand lifted his steel-enclosed cock. “Things would have gone a lot better if I had!”

Bathsheba lifted and slid onto the seat, one-foot resting between Jacob’s thighs, pressing her heel into him, holding him down.

“You’d better run along little man! Maybe I’ll be along later to meet your wife!”

“Please, please, don’t,” he replied as he pulled up his trousers.

“Off you go now with your little caged cock and balls. Men, they only want one thing,” she said in parting. “To please me!”

Jacob staggered out between the curtain and staggered down the aisle of the aircraft. The smell of her filled his nostrils, the taste lingered on his tongue as he got to the bar. He ordered another whiskey to kill the taste in his mouth.

“You’re the third so far this trip!” said the barman with a laugh.

Florence turned over in her bed. It was not too uncomfortable, but a little lumpy where the angle of the seat left a line. She pulled the coverlet over her and looked at Edith who appeared to be sleeping.

In repose her face was so beautiful, scarlet lips, parted slightly, lashes resting on her cheeks and her hair a mass of ringlets that drifted over her features. Her hand was between her thighs, pressing slightly as she thought of the corset that Edith was wearing. How could she manage to sleep wearing that hard tube that she had poured herself into?

The thought was exhilarating and she remembered the encounter in the shower. They had been so close and yet, nothing had really happened! Florence felt a small twinge of disappointment and allowed a finger to stroke the lips of her pussy in a slow tease.

Was it possible to pleasure herself like this? In a plane over the Atlantic with the bride and groom only inches from her? Florence lifted her head and looked at Jacob’s empty seat. He had been gone just ten minutes, but already it felt as if she and Edith were on this trip alone. A lover’s journey! She had never been so attracted to a woman before, but Edith was different somehow.

Florence closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling as her finger slipped into herself. Slick and dripping with yearning she wondered if Edith was attracted to her. Would it be possible to seduce her? Probably not, but the fantasy absorbed her as she felt her thighs open a little and she massaged herself in small circular motions.

The fantasy slowly unfolded, it became the two women in an endless bed, Florence feeling the hard corset under her hands, the flaring hips as she moved to show Edith how she could please her. Florence stifled a gasp and slowed a little to make the feeling recede and then renew as she teased herself.

She writhed and opened her legs quietly as a finger slipped inside. So much better than some man's dirty cock, it moved and stroked the walls of her aperture and then slowly slipped inside making her hold her breath with tension.

It was at that moment that another hand joined the first. A hand with a will of its own, a hand that burrowed under the covers from the sleeping Edith. A finger nail ran a few inches up her thigh and wormed below her own hand to find her swelling clitoris and rub gently!

Florence opened her eyes to see that Edith was smiling and looking at her.

"That's so good," whispered Florence, "don't stop."

"I won't."

The teasing became more. It became a pressing massage that made Florence gasp and she opened her legs wide to allow Edith to play with her. It seemed that Edith knew her so intimately, as if she had been intimate forever. Knew every spot, every movement that she so often used herself.

The finger touched, it teased and tickled, building suspense and need in Florence as she fucked herself slowly with two fingers, every breath a gasp, every heartbeat an hour of pleasure.

"I want you to cum for me," said Edith.

Florence's lips parted, she saw the small blown kiss, her free hand moved to touch her lover and came to the smooth leather of the corset.

It was that touch that sent her over the edge and she closed her eyes and gasped as the hand that was beyond her control brought her to an intense orgasm.

"Oh, Edith," she said. "I love you!"

"I know that you do, Florence, that's why I brought you, that's why I want you to be mine."

Florence heard an undertone in Edith's voice that made her gaze at Edith's eyes. She felt as if she was falling into their darkness, as though she was being absorbed.

"I need you, darling," said Edith. "You make my honeymoon complete."

Florence watched the lips blow a small kiss, but the eyes were expressionless.

"Do you love me?" she asked plaintively.

Edith smiled.

“Do you need me to?”

“No!”

“That’s good, because ‘love’ is too shallow a word for me! I just want you, that’s all.”

“Are you going to use me?”

“Of course!”

“I’m yours to use!”

“Dear little Florence, I promise to use you.”

“...and abuse me?”

“And abuse you! I will make your life a maze of pleasure that you’ll never escape, if you let me.”

“That’s what I really want!”

Florence gasped as the hand pushed hers away and slipped a finger into her. The finger moved, doing its wicked work while another extended and pressed between the cheeks of her ass.

“There’s only one thing to remember,” whispered Edith.

“Mm?”

“I can do what I want to you.”

“Please fuck me.”

“I will!”

Bathsheba waited at the front of the plane, pretending to queue for the toilet, but allowing everyone to pass her.

At last, her patience was rewarded as she saw Jacob finally return to his seat and slip through the curtain to his innocent wife. The photos were perfect, she thought. Bathsheba would enjoy them every night when there was no one to fuck, but there was something that would make them extra special!

The idea that the wife who had locked him in a chastity cage knew that Bathsheba had used him despite everything would make the memories even more thrilling. Poor little hubby, he would be in such trouble!

Her finger flicked over the screen to look at the face that licked the cum from two other men as it poured from her naked cunt. This was something that had to happen more often!

All Bathsheba had to do was be there when the flight disembarked and have a little word and show her phone and laugh at the bride who had been cuckolded on her honeymoon.

Now, that would be the crowning achievement!

Island

"It's all so grey," said Jacob as he stood at the rail of the tiny ferry. "It's starting to rain."

The ferry lurched a little and then chugged on towards the island through the choppy waves. It could barely fit the large limousine and three other cars that were aboard.

"Thankfully, that it's just a short ride," he said as he watched the island across the sound.

"I love this place," said Edith in response. "So wild and unsophisticated. I can't wait to get to the hotel."

Jacob just shivered and wondered what his wife saw in this drab place. Just three hours ago they had made their way through Edinburgh airport and all slipped into the hire car. The drive had been one long tedious mile after mile of small roads and narrow lanes, sorry looking villages with unpronounceable names and sideways slashing rain.

Now it was starting again.

All three sat back in the car as the rain started with a few heavy drops that soon turned into wild downpour that lasted until the ferry arrived at Ballimore. Florence attempted to use her mobile phone to look at a map, but here was no signal.

"The GPS says left," announced Edith as she turned the wheel. "Just a few miles to go."

"I hate this place already," said Jacob. "I can't imagine spending months here. At least Oban town looked like people live there!"

"Oh, do shut up, Jacob," said Florence. "You're like a broken record. All moaning and whining."

Can't you see how romantic this place is? Isolated, remote; it's a lover's paradise."

"Grey and boring," said Jacob.

This was the first time that he had been so far from home, allowed to do anything he liked and here he was in the most boring place in the universe. Of course, Florence was mad at him, especially since he had told her to catch the next flight to New York. To his irritation, Edith had put an arm around her shoulders and told him that she had decided that Florence would come and that was that!

"Don't worry, Jacob. It will soon get more interesting. The hotel has a million things to do and we three will be able to spend a wonderful few months here."

Edith smiled, but inside she was seething, how dare Jacob fuck another woman? How dare he? The thought of her own little game with Florence did not surface to balance the equation.

'How dare he?'

Unaware of his wife's dark thoughts, Jacob slipped into a sulk and sat on the back seat while the last few miles of heather passed in the rain. The road was so narrow that they took up the whole of it, but there were no other cars.

"Does this place even have a name?" asked Jacob.

There was no answer as Edith exclaimed and then turned left to stop the car before a huge gate that closed off the road.

"One of us will have to ring the bell," she said looking out at the rain.

"Oh, I'll do it, though why the place has to look like a prison... well, at least it all comes together! It's all miserable," said Jacob.

He opened the car door and a blast of rain swept in.

"This is like some Gothic palace," said Florence as she watched Jacob crouching over the intercom in the rain, "Why did you choose it?"

"A friend of mine recommended it."

"How did he find it?"

"She, actually," said Edith. "Word of mouth, I suppose. Don't let anything surprise you, Florrie."

This place is where Jacob discovers what it is to be my husband! What it means to belong to me."

Florrie raised an eyebrow and was about to reply when Jacob jumped into the car.

"OK, they are expecting us," he said as he wiped his wet hair with his hand.

The gate opened slowly and Edith drove down the narrow lane. Another gate was already open, finally the Oban Manor Hotel came into view just as the wind brought another onslaught of rain.

The hotel was a large stone building that looked out over the western waters to Mull. Numerous low buildings were attached to form three sides of a square where a few cars were already parked.

"Well, at least it's a big place," said Jacob.

Edith backed the car into a spot near the steep slope of the entrance steps and said, "OK, let's get all the bags out and get into the warm."

They stepped into the rain and the front door opened, casting a dull yellow glow in the rainy dusk. Three figures with umbrellas came to the doors as Florence, Jacob and Edith climbed out. Jacob did a second take as he realized that all three were women dressed in maid's uniforms that seemed so inappropriate for the weather.

"I think that I might like this place!"

Jacob went to the boot of the car to open it, but the young woman shading her from the rain said, "Don't worry, Sir, we'll get the luggage!" He looked at her skimpy dress that was blown in the wind to show her stocking tops. What sort of a place was this?

Inside the hotel, two other maids were standing to attention to take their jackets. Now at last Jacob could get a good look at them in the well-lit hall and he felt a surge of interest. All three were passable looking, not beautiful, but attractive none the less, but their figures were out of this world. Narrow waisted, long shapely legs and so large. They stood until the coats were passed over and then hurried with a click of heels to put them away. Jacob's eyes followed their progress and then his attention was drawn to the woman who was walking down the stairway to greet them.

"Good evening," said the woman with a soft Scottish brogue... "I am Miss Elisabeth McCowen, welcome to Oban Manor. You must be Florence and you must be Edith."

She pointed at them correctly and smiled.

"Now then, best to warm up in front of a fire a little, have a bit of broth and then we can show you your rooms."

Elisabeth led them over the stone floors and opened a door to reveal a warm room in which a huge log fire burned.

"Ask for anything you want, but my prescription is something to warm you through and settle you down," said Elisabeth pointing to the maid who stood by the fireplace in the shadows.

"Jilly will get you what you want."

The room was just as Edith would have imagined it. A few swords were crossed on the walls and tapestries hung everywhere. The fire cast a welcoming glow and the three travelers sat on the chairs. Jacob slipping next to Edith before Florence could sit beside her. After a small discussion the maid took the order and the three of them were alone.

"This is one strange place," said Jacob.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Edith.

"The maids everywhere and are we the only guests. Now that I come to think of it, there was no reception desk. Still, it's better than I thought that it would be."

Florence held her hands to the fire and warmed them.

"I like it," she said. "Staying here will be great."

The door opened and the maid returned with a tray. Carefully she set out the plates and drinks and then moved a few steps back with her hands clasped behind her. As she had bent down to place the plate in front of Florence, Jacob was sure that for a moment, as

she bent low, that the maid was not wearing any knickers. It had just been a quick flash, but he was certain!

He looked up at her sideways and admired her figure and long legs and wondered if he would be able to find moments alone to find out if these maids were willing to serve properly. Then he remembered the key around Florence's neck and wondered how he would be able to get control of it.

"Lovely," said Florence. "Warms right through."

They all drank the soup and then tasted the hot whisky toddy and Edith nodded.

"Just what the doctor ordered," she said. "Now then, we'll have to sort out our rooms."

The door opened and Miss Elisabeth entered.

"We have all your rooms ready, if you would follow me ladies."

Manor

Jacob followed the three women to the hallway and then up the stairs. He was directly behind Elisabeth and could not take his eyes off the seams of her stockings. Old fashioned with Cuban heels, they moved in front of his eyes, hypnotizing him with the way that they bagged a little around her slender ankles and made the shape of her calves so perfect. The red shoes she neatly stepped in, had heels that tapered to a metal point and the hem of her tight skirt just below the knees had a small cut that moved from side to side.

By the time that he got to the balustrade that looked down into the hallway he felt dizzy and had to pause for a moment.

"Jacob, are you OK?"

Edith's voice sounded as if it was from a million miles away and he gripped the stone with both hands and leaned forward to brace himself.

"Must have been something that I ate," he muttered as he felt Edith's hand on his shoulder.

He looked down the stairs and felt as though he was tipping forward, before he reacted and staggered back a pace, to be caught by the two maids that had been following.

"Sit down, Jacob," said Edith, "I'll get you a glass of water!"

The maids allowed him gently down to sit at Elisabeth's feet and he looked up at her smiling down on him.

"Take him to his room, darlings," said Elisabeth to the two maids. "In a few hours, he'll come around and we will be there to start the little adventure that he is going to go on."

Edith and Florence stood back while the maids lifted him under his shoulders and dragged Edith's husband with his feet trailing behind him.

"Now then," said Elisabeth. "I'll show you to your room and then we'll meet later over a drink or three to discuss your requirements! Meet me in the lounge in an hour."

She turned and led the two silent women to their room through a maze of corridors and doors.

All the while, Florence could not get over the sight of Jacob being dragged away from her mind. She had wondered how it was going to go when he found out that he was in a single room, now it seemed that every such problem had been anticipated.

"This place is a fucking maze," said Edith as they finally reached the stairs to the hallway. "I should have dropped breadcrumbs on the way to our room!"

“Oh no, not Hansel and Gretel! This place is the palace of the minotaur, what we needed was a ball of twine to unwind like Ariadne.”

“Well, anyway we’ve found it, and we’re a little early, so let’s head down and have a chat.”

As they walked down the long stairway a maid watched them from her post by the front door.

“This place is amazing,” said Florence. “How many maids do they have in the place?”

“I’ll bet that most of them are trainees that are just finishing their time here.”

“Is that what happens here? Butlers and maids?”

Edith started to giggle.

“Florence, you are so naïve!”

“What do you mean?”

“Watch and learn.”

Edith led Florence to the maid and stood by her side.

“What are you going to do?” asked Florence casting a worried look around to see if anyone else was watching. “Be careful!”

Edith winked and reached down to the edge of the lace on the maid’s skirt and winked at her companion.

“They are just like guardsmen,” said Edith with a giggle. “They are not allowed to resist or flinch!”

“Ooh, don’t,” said Florence, but she was too late, Edith lifted the hem of the dress slowly to reveal stocking tops and a neat line of twelve clasps that held them in place.

“What are we going to see?” she asked the maid.

The maid just stood still with her hands clasped behind her back and Florence thought that she could detect the small hint of a smile on her lips.

“Tarrah!” announced Edith, as she jerked the skirt high and looked down.

The maid was wearing no panties, the cleft of her pussy was neatly shaven and a small tattoo adorned her just to the left of the slit.

Florence started to giggle, “Pretty pussy,” she laughed while Edith had a crestfallen look on her face.

“OK, I got it wrong, but I’ll bet that half of the maids here are men!”

"Nice and docile, anyway," said Florence. "She'd make a perfect present for Mrs. De Vere!"

Edith allowed the hem to drop and a cross look flitted across her face. She did not like to be so wrong and felt irritated that Florence made fun of her.

"Never mind, dear," said Florence. "Better luck next time!"

They entered the lounge and Edith spotted another maid standing in the corner shadows waiting without moving a muscle.

"How about this one then," said Florence. "Fancy a bet?"

Edith inspected the maid and nodded.

"OK, what's the bet?" she said.

"Winner takes it all, of course. I think this one's a woman again."

"Tonight, the bet is settled?"

"All night!" said Florence.

Edith nodded acceptance and approached the maid while Florence stood smiling and watched her new found lover in a fit of uncertainty. The large breasts, the narrow waist, the small feet in their high heels. All signs that Florence was right. But there was something about the face, the hands and the posture that told Edith that she was already the winner.

"You can back out if you want," said Edith as her hand lowered.

"No way, she's far too perfect to be a man."

Edith lifted the hem and gritted her teeth.

"Aha, I win," said Edith. "Look what we have here!"

Between the thighs of the maid was a tiny little cock, hairless and pierced with a small hanging bell that tinkled when Edith's fingers brushed it.

"Oops, you were right! My, look at the sweet little balls that he has. I mean *she* has! It's so cute and defenseless. Do you think that she can still... I mean can she get a hard-on?"

"Why not?"

Edith's hand moved from the small bell and stroked the balls softly, tickling the velvet skin of the maid's thighs before closing to grasp the flaccid organ. It was so tiny that her palm enclosed balls and cock with ease, its softness giving under her light grip.

"That won't happen," said Elisabeth's voice. "If she could get hard, then she would be locked up when not under supervision! They get up to all sorts of tricks if one lets them!"

Edith pulled her hand back with a jerk and smiled sheepishly as the hem of the dress fell to cover the maid's thighs.

"We were just fooling around," she said with an embarrassed expression. "Florrie just thought that it was female like the one outside!"

"My dear Edith," said Elisabeth. "That's what they're for! To 'fool around with'! The staff here are under orders to be there for the clients at all times and can be played with as long as there is no external damage. This is all part of their training to break down their inhibitions to casual abuse. We'll get to that later, so how is the room? Is it to your satisfaction?"

"It's perfect," said Florence. "We love it, I think that I'm going to enjoy my time here."

"Good, that's good to hear. Now then, let's have a glass of something and discuss in detail your stay here. There are a few rules that must be followed and you will need to be involved in the first weeks of your husband's reorientation."

They sat on the sofas while the maid took their orders. Edith inspected Elisabeth carefully and had to admit that she admired her elegant and calm exterior. The tweed suit, tight and form-fitting and the discrete décolletage gave the impression of a rich Scottish Laird, sophisticated, elegant and cultured.

A bottle of chilled wine appeared and was served to their hands and then the maid retreated to her station in the shadows again and stood with her hands clasped behind her back.

"Let's start with you two," said Elisabeth. "We have several other guests here at the moment and we expect that you will not disturb them and that they will behave likewise. This is a place of study and don't forget it. All the students here are learning a particular type of service and a calm but firm regime is a given."

"Jacob?"

"He will be inducted in a few hours when he recovers from the little calming agent that he was given," said Elisabeth. "Now then, there is just one rule here. Do nothing that upsets the order and tranquil atmosphere! Do not attempt to enter any room that is marked with a red circle, do not molest or countermand the trainers, they are the ones dressed in red. Most of all do not allow any keys or tokens that you are given to leave your possession. There have been attempts to escape, luckily all thwarted, but chasing people across the moors is not a relaxing business!"

"I have our keys here," said Florence as she patted her jeans pocket.

"Dear me, Florence. I am not your tutor; I am not checking up on you! If I was, you would be in a locked room fettered securely! I am here to make your stay pleasant, relaxing and a thoroughly stimulating experience."

"So, what about my husband?" asked Edith.

"That's the next thing that I want to discuss. Now is the time to finalize any arrangements, as we need time to change track if you have anything to add. I noticed on the log that you called to say that you had mislaid the details. Perhaps we can run over them now and get it all straight."

"Pardon?" said Edith. "I have never called here!"

A look of uncertainty crossed Elisabeth's features.

"You have not called? That means that you have allowed the invoice code to be used by someone else."

"I have it here," said Edith, pulling the letter from her pocket. "It has been safe or in my pocket since I received it."

"Well, someone has had access."

"Not me," said Florence. "I didn't even know that such a thing exists."

"Mrs. De Vere." said Edith.

"That's you!" said Elisabeth.

Edith laughed.

"I've only been 'Mrs. De Vere' for a couple of days. I meant Jacob's mother, she paid for all of this!"

"Mm, I see. Well, please contact her and ensure that she does not breathe a word. It is most important that we maintain a low presence."

"I'll call her."

"Fine. Since she paid for this, I really cannot feel too troubled by her knowing what her son is going through. Let's see, are there any adjustments that you wish to make to the program that you chose?"

Edith felt the tension in her belly recede. How had Jacob's mother read the letter and why had she not objected to what was clearly abuse of her son? Perhaps her silence was approval?

Florence put her thoughts into words.

"If Mrs. De Vere knows about this place and what we are doing here, then she approves!" said Florence. "There is always a reason for her every move, so what is she up to?"

Edith looked at Florence and then nodded agreement.

"You're right, Florrie. We'll have to think about it."

"What you requested was a feminized man, expert at pleasing women and perhaps men as well as fully submissive to his superiors. A small amount of hormonal adjustment, with behavior modification. No alterations to physical appearance and familiar with light punishment to the level of caning and chastity control. Am I correct?"

"Yes, that's what I requested."

"If Mrs. De Vere approves." said Florence.

"That means that I can go much further," said Edith completing her thoughts aloud.

"I want something more!" said Florence.

"And?" asked Edith.

"How about having a nice little maid like that one?" said Florence, pointing to the figure in the corner of the room. "Much more fun."

"That could be possible," said Elisabeth with a small smile. "Of course, there is a great deal of alteration to do, but we can do that."

Edith looked around at the maid and then back to Florence.

"He might have to pass as Jacob," she said in a doubtful tone. "If we go that far then there's no chance for him to ever take part in an outside life."

"Why would you want that?" asked Florence. "More to the point, why would his mother want that?"

Elisabeth sat back with an amused smile as she allowed the two excited women to decide their minds. *'This so often happens,'* she thought. *'When the door opens, it is so difficult to close it half-way.'*

"Because, we may be shutting out an opportunity," said Edith. "I might need Jacob to be a man at some point."

"Nonsense!" said Florence. "Mrs. De Vere will be grateful if we go the whole way. She wants Jacob to disappear forever. Though why she wants this done to her son is beyond me! All I know is that everything I ever suggested to make Jacob unacceptable as the CEO of the bank, she has supported and funded. Look at you for instance!"

"What do you mean by that?" said Edith.

"Don't tell me that you haven't already guessed?" answered Florence. "Just imagine that her scheme to dominate Jacob failed and that you could not control him. What would happen then?"

"Mrs. De Vere would have a serious problem?"

"Of course, she would! But, just imagine, what would you do in her place?"

"Expose his marriage to a..." said Edith, her voice fading to silence.

"Expose his marriage to a prostitute! Exactly! The board would find him unfit as CEO and Mrs. De Vere would cite all the deviant things that you did in your past!"

Edith winced. Why had she not seen this coming?

"Listen, there's no way to present Jacob as a possible CEO now. The only thing that can be done with him is to sign documents and so on. From the point that he married a dominatrix he was shafted!"

"You're right!" admitted Edith. "I hate to admit it, but you're so right. She wants him out of the way and there'd be no way to bring him back. So, if that's the case..."

"We need to make sure that he never appears in public again!" said Florence completing the thought. "We have to make sure that Jacob has no chance, that he's broken to your hand completely and hidden away for all time."

"And, there are just two possibilities."

"Which are?" asked Florence.

"Well, the first is to do away with him. But, if we do that, then I have nothing at all, no title except the grateful thanks of his mother. The other is to keep him as a nice little slut, in which case his mother has to take account of my views."

"Exactly!" said Florence.

"So, we go all in," said Evelyn after a moment's thought.

"What is 'all in'?" asked Elisabeth.

She was half entertained and half amused by the conversation that had revealed so much. It explained the mother calling up Oban Manor as well as a great deal about Evelyn. For instance, how it was that she had been referred to her services.

'A dominatrix,' thought Elisabeth. 'Not many had the resources to use the Manor! It would be interesting.'

"We will decide in the morning," said Evelyn. "I think that another day will make no difference, will it?"

"If you like. Though, bear in mind that there are not many slots for surgical work if you decide to go that route! It will also mean a longer stay and considerably more costs."

"I need to speak to his mother anyway," answered Edith. "We'll decide after breakfast tomorrow and then we can explore the Manor and the island in the afternoon."

Florence looked at Edith and wondered how she could be so naïve and clever at the same time.

Clearly it had never occurred to her, in her enclosed world as a professional dominatrix, that she might be labelled as 'whore' in the elevated society that she had chosen to mingle. That truth would hurt, of that there was no doubt, but perhaps she could use it to be something more than a casual lover!

"That's all settled then," said Elisabeth. "Tomorrow, you decide and inform me. Meanwhile, we should have something to eat and I'll show you around a little. The whole place is like a warren and takes some getting used to. After that, we'll pop in and see your husband start his induction and then you can possibly meet the other guests who are staying here."

"Sounds good to me," said Edith, but her decision had already been made.

Awakening

An hour ago, Jacob had wiped the crusts from his eyes, swallowed to rid himself of the dry evil taste in his mouth and realized that he had awoken to find himself in a nightmare.

His first sight were the bars over his bed. Thin steel netting that was welded at every join. The grid would have been in easy reach, just a couple of feet over him, but his wrists were fettered to the far corners of the bed and when he tried to move his legs, he realized that they too were held fast.

Jacob moved his head. He felt a rubbing at his neck and then saw that the room that he was in was scarcely larger than the cage over his bed. Plain white tiled walls, no furniture at all and a small entrance between cage and the rest of the room from which hung a sturdy padlock.

He shook his head and closed his eyes, but when he opened them again, he was still in the cage with a bright white lamp burning to one side. No window, just the shape of a riveted door at the edge of his vision and a single metal toilet and hand basin by the end of the bed.

The first question that occurred to him was: was he still in Oban Manor? The second was a feeling of guilt about his encounter on the flight. Had Evelyn and Florence known what happened in the bar and this was the punishment? A few moments of thought dismissed that possibility. This was no casual punishment for infidelity, it could never have been prepared in just a few hours. That thought triggered the next idea. Was Evelyn in another cell?

His head moved and the tightness at his throat rubbed again. He was collared, though it still allowed movement. He looked at the bed and then down the length of himself. For a moment his eyes took in the steel bands on his ankles that were chained to the bed, then he realized that there was not a trace of body hair on his naked skin. Legs, forearms, pubic hair, it had all been removed to leave soft skin. There was a trace of rashes where the work had been done, but otherwise he was stripped more naked than he had ever been.

After a few minutes, his head dropped down under the strain and Jacob was forced to lie quietly as his thoughts raced. The steel restraint, was gone too so at least there was something positive. That bitch, Florence, had been forced to give up the key that she always taunted him with! She had never given up the key, even to his wife, so that must mean that she was also in a cage somewhere.

'Serves her right,' he thought as he imagined her rounded, naked body in a bed with a cage over it. *'I hope that they fuck her all day and all night.'*

He felt an unaccustomed sensation and struggled to lift his head. There it was! Stiff as a flagpole! Unrestrained and free at last after so many years, his cock swelled to its full four inches, bobbing a little as his hips moved, unreachable, but a clear indication that he was free of that bitch. Jacob fed his thoughts with the fantasy of Florence being

chained and fucked, crying and begging as his hard cock forced itself into her fat ass. He imagined her shrieking and then the sound being cut off as he pushed into her open mouth and took her throat.

His cock reached its peak. It stood a few minutes and then subsided with a lack of stimulation and no matter what his thoughts, it refused to respond.

Jacob lay in the warm air and waited.

He woke to the sound of a key in a door, the click of a latch and the slight squeak of the hinges.

Jacob turned his head to see one of the maids enter the room. Dressed in red, now at least it was clear that he was still on this godforsaken island in Oban Manor. Where else did they dress like that?

The woman came into the room and nodded in his direction as he wondered if it would have been clever to feign sleep. She was older and had a larger figure than the other maids that he had seen and moved with an assurance that they did not have. For a moment her hand came into the cage and planted itself on his wrist as if to feel his pulse.

"Who are you?" he said. "What's this all about?"

All she did was cluck, "Tsk, tsk," between her teeth as she pulled back her hand and smiled down at him.

"Where's Edith, where's my wife?" he asked.

"She'll be along soon," said the maid. "Now then, you just lie quietly."

A thought occurred to Jacob and his lips moved before he had considered the consequences. "I need the toilet."

"Mm," said the maid. "Just give me a minute and I'll sort it out!"

Jacob put his head down and watched the maid drag an armchair into his cell. She pushed it until it faced his cage and then retreated again. As the door closed, he thought that she was laughing, but he could not be entirely sure.

He looked at the armchair and shook his head, '*What on earth was going on?*' he wondered.

The door opened again and the red dress maid entered closely followed by one dressed in black.

"Catheter only," said the red maid. "Be quick, the clients will be here in a few minutes."

Jacob watched as the maid in black wheeled in a small trolley and started to uncoil a tube. A sudden surge of fear filled him as he realized that they did not have to allow him from the cage for him to pee.

"I'm fine actually," he said.

"No, you're not," said the maid in red. "You are a liar and a teller of fibs. The consequences of this will become clear over the next few days, but for now you will be emptied and then thank me for attending to you!"

"Please, no," cried Jacob as the cage was unlocked and the black-dressed maid placed a slack bag on a clip by her trolley.

She unwound a thin pipe and pulled on latex gloves before adding a little grease to the end of the tube. Jacob watched the red clad maid leave the room and tried begging the other one to stop, but there was no reply as the hands entered the cage and grasped his cock.

With great care, she slid it into him and worked the tube deep inside. Jacob started to sob and then caught a glimpse up the maid's skirt. What he saw made him shake with horror because she wore a tight metal restraint over her little cock, fixed with a welded sleeve around her that kept her tiny balls stretched and like two smooth plums at the end of the tube.

The maid turned and switched on the pump. It was a strange feeling, he felt himself being drained, his bladder being emptied and there was nothing that he could do to stop it. At last, it seemed that she was satisfied and the maid carefully withdrew the tube and pushed the trolley out of the room before returning and closing the cage door.

There was no doubt, Jacob felt better and was just a little reassured by the soothing way that she had drained him, but now he was alone again in his cage, left to stare at the comfortable arm chair and wait for his visitor.

'Perhaps Edith would be naked and in chains when she arrived,' he thought; it was certainly not outside the bounds of possibility.

The door opened and Jacob struggled to look up. He heard Edith's speaking; "In here?", and then Elisabeth's voice saying, "Go right in."

Induction

Edith walked into the small cell and looked down at Jacob before settling on the comfortable armchair and crossing her legs.

"Edith!" he said in a faint voice. "I thought..."

"What did you think?" said Edith in a friendly tone.

"I thought that you'd be like this too!"

Edith allowed her shoe to slip a little on her raised foot. The stiletto hung for a moment and then swayed on her toes. She smoothed her skirt with her hands and nodded.

"Jacob, I think that you misunderstand what is happening here. *This* is all for your own good."

"You're my wife!"

"Of course I am and I really have your best interests at heart, Jacob. All I want is for you to be the perfect husband for me."

Jacob looked confused and looked down his fettered body.

"I don't understand, why this?" said Jacob as he tried to lift his hand and the chain rattled against the bars of the cage. "Is this some sort of joke? Perfect husband?"

"Ah, Jacob, you have a lot to learn and I have found the perfect place for the tuition."

Edith looked away from him and Elisabeth walked into the room and stood behind the chair, leaning on the back of it with her elbows.

"Your wife has decided that it would be good for you to spend a little time here at Oban Manor, Jacob," said Elisabeth. "We will care for you and you will learn your duties as a husband."

Jacob felt as if he was slipping into a bad dream. The two smartly dressed women smiling through the bars of his cage, the constriction at his neck, the fetters that held him stretched.

"It is what you wanted." said Edith.

"What the fuck do you mean? What I wanted? I never wanted anything like this, I never asked to be chained in a cage in this perverted place."

"Darling, be reasonable! It was you who told me that you wanted to be chaste, it was you that allowed a chastity belt to be locked on to you. All I am doing is to take your little moral-stand to its logical conclusion!" said Edith. "What you will learn here is that chastity has a price."

Her voice was calm, a reasoned argument that flowed from her lips as though it was a logical conclusion to reach.

"I never wanted anything like that or this," he said desperately. "Please let me out of here and I'll show you that what I most want is to make love to you."

"If that's what you wanted, then why did you fuck that woman on the flight over here?"

Jacob started and pulled at his fetters. A look of surprise crossed Elisabeth's features as well and then she smiled, this was so perfect!

"That's right, Jacob!" said Edith. "I know all about your little peccadillos. While we were on the way to our honeymoon, just a day after our wedding, you were screwing some old slut in the plane."

"It wasn't like that," he said defensively. "She..."

"She did what? Forced you to her seat? Forced you to give her what you denied me for months?"

I don't think so!"

"I was forced..."

"So, you admit it then? I was wondering if she was just telling lies, but you admit it?"

"There was no way that I wanted to do it," he said querulously. "She made me!"

"It doesn't help you to fib," said Elisabeth. "Honesty is all Edith wants from you."

Edith leaned forward, "OK, so let's get this straight, Jacob. You were dragged to her seat, despite all of Florence's careful precautions, you managed to fuck this woman that you had never met before and now you claim that she raped you? Is that the story?"

"Let me tell you," he said, gathering himself. "She was drunk; she could scarcely walk so I took her back to her seat. Then I fell and she took advantage of me and..."

He didn't want to mention the photos and hoped that Edith had not seen them so he stopped in mid-sentence.

"That doesn't sound at all very likely," said Elisabeth to Edith. "What do you think?"

"I think that my husband has a lesson to learn," replied Edith, looking up at Elisabeth.

"Honesty, chastity, the sanctity of marriage and what it means to promise something and then break one's word."

"She did, she forced me, that's the truth!"

"Is that your final word?" asked Edith.

"Of course, it's the truth, that's why!"

"Your mother is going to be so disappointed in you," said Edith, trying hard to keep a straight face. "When she hears about this, she will be so displeased."

Jacob felt the earth open and swallow him! His mother would be livid, of that he could be sure,

'displeased' was the least of it. He looked up at Edith and Elisabeth and tried to plead with them.

"Please, I promise, it will never happen again, I promise!"

"It certainly won't," said Elisabeth. "I will make sure of that! I think that it would be better if you considered carefully how telling the truth to your wife would help her to get over this episode."

Edith stood and looked down at Jacob. He was at the point of crying, the first tears welling in his eyes and his breaths were coming in sobs. All she felt was a surge of excitement that circumstance had offered her such power over him. She had had clients who surrendered and put themselves in her hands, but they were still in control, it was what *they* wanted. This was different, thrilling, real domination with none of the constraints.

"I shall be back and you will admit everything," she said.

'Is that all she wants?' thought Jacob. 'An admission of guilt?'

His mouth opened to make a full confession, to tell Edith that he had slipped and been tempted, but by the time that the words were formed she was gone! Only Elisabeth stood looking down with a wicked smile on her face.

"I don't think that you did very well there," she said as she leaned over the cage. "Edith is very upset with you, there's no knowing what she'll do! Do you want me to try to soften her heart?"

Persuade her that I think that you'll be a good little husband in future?"

Jacob only nodded, the words choked in his throat.

"I'll do my best for you darling, I really will, but for now you'd better just do as you're told!"

Just be a good boy and I'll see what I can do. Maybe she'll come around!"

Jacob nodded, at least Elisabeth was on his side!

Edith and Florence stood at the head of the stairs, leaning on the old stonework and looking at the maid who stood like a statue by the door.

Your mind is already made up, isn't it, Edith?" asked Florence. "Is it that woman?"

"The one on the plane?"

"Of course, though I can't figure how he managed to fuck her with the lock on."

"I doubt that he did," said Edith. "It was still on properly when we arrived here."

"So, what happened?"

Edith held up her phone and showed a picture of Jacob's face buried in a steaming hairless cunt.

"This is what happened and I'm not happy about it at all!"

Florence took the proffered phone and flicked through all the photos.

"He doesn't look as though he's enjoying himself down there!" said Florence as she handed the phone back. "Actually, it's good," "Now you can do what you want to him!"

"I could anyway," said Edith. "I'm pissed that he slipped past my guard, not that he licked some slut's pussy."

She headed down the stairs with Florence hurrying to keep up.

"That's not what I meant," said Florence. "What I meant was that this is the reason that you are playing with him, that's what he'll think anyway."

"I suppose so. Anyway, it's time to meet up with Elisabeth, tell her the good news."

"You've decided then?"

Edith nodded, she could sense the suppressed excitement radiating from Florence and knew that the woman who had resented Jacob the last ten years was falling into her world.

They stopped by the door to the lounge, Edith's hand on the door knob.

"And?"

"Let's talk to Elisabeth."

"Don't leave me in suspense!"

Edith ignored the comment and opened the door to find that Elisabeth was already waiting for them.

"Sleep well?" asked Elisabeth.

"A little," said Florence with a sly smile. "That bed is endless."

"Did you find the chest of toys then?" answered Elisabeth.

"Mm," said Edith. "We played all night."

Elisabeth raised an eyebrow.

"To business," she said. "Have you decided, Edith?"

"I have," came the reply. "I called up his mother last night."

"I take it that she's paying?"

Edith nodded.

"So, what did she say?"

"She said that anything that I wanted, she would pay for."

"You don't seem happy with that!"

"I just can't figure why?" replied Edith to Elisabeth's observation. "She's giving me more power over her son and I know that she's very protective of her control over him. There's something that I don't know and it bugs me!"

"So, what are you going to do?"

Elisabeth watched Edith and decided that this was one of the most interesting clients that she had had in years. Edith was a mass of uncertainty. It would be interesting to see how it all worked out.

"Don't overthink this," said Florence. "If she's paying then..."

"I suppose so," said Edith. "I just want to understand her motives, but it's beyond me."

"Anyway, you've decided!" said Elisabeth. "What's it going to be? What you originally intended or more?"

"Everything!" said Evelyn. "Feminize the little shit to the limit, I think that there's nothing that his mother won't pay for! It's what I want, all I have to do is figure out her reasons."

"OK, we'll discuss the details later. I'll book space at the clinic that we use and you can relax and leave it all in my hands. Do you want me to contact the other Mrs. De Vere to see what her budget is or shall I leave that to you? But there is a serious side to this."

"Which is?" asked Florence.

"The subject is only released to the client when full payment is made. If his mother is paying, then you have to be sure that she will clear the funds." She paused a moment, "If she doesn't..."

"What happens then?" asked Florence.

"I'd rather not discuss that in detail. Let's just say that we have ways of recouping our investment. We don't often do it, but we have never made a loss yet!"

"You contact her," said Edith. "I want her to pay up front, I don't trust her at all where Jacob is concerned!"

"As you like," said Elisabeth. "I'll call her! Since we have that out of the way, can I suggest that we have a little breakfast on the terrace and you can relax. It's not often that we can enjoy sitting outside at this time of the year and I don't like to miss an opportunity."

Florence and Edith sat on the rattan sofas and shivered. The idea of sitting outside and having breakfast had seemed attractive, but Elisabeth had hurried away after just a few minutes and left them in the cool breeze.

Four sofas were arranged in a square with a low table between them. Florence and Edith sat on one, the facing sofa was occupied by a rather prim older woman. Behind her sofa stood a short young woman shivering in a tiny mini-skirt and tight halter top that barely covered her breasts.

Edith felt uncomfortable that she was not alone to discuss her anxieties with Florence and sat on the edge of her seat while Florence poured them both a coffee, not knowing what to say.

The older woman looked down her nose at them both in a superior way as she sipped her tea and carefully chose a scone from the piled plate before her.

The uncomfortable scene held for a few minutes until the older woman broke the silence.

"A bit cold out here," she said with a heavy German accent. "Americans?"

"New York, actually," said Florence. "We're here for three weeks."

"I'm near the end of my stay," said the older woman. "It has been most satisfactory, despite the weather. Name's Beate von Grimmen, Junkers, you know!"

"Florence and Edith," said Florence pointing at herself and the silently sitting Edith. "We just arrived yesterday."

Beate smiled and poured herself some more of the pink tea.

"Karoline here has really benefited from the visit," she said.

Edith looked up at the young woman standing behind Beate and inspected her wondering what the relationship between the two was. More to the point, she wondered whether Karoline was male or female. Oban Manor was a place where the two overlapped each other and it was so difficult to tell.

"My husband has just been taken in," said Edith as she slowly came out of her fugue.

"Ah, a husband, I understand!" said Beate. "I am here for a rather different reason. Karoline is my son's wife and was badly in need to learn a little respect. I told him that she wasn't good enough for him, but he just wouldn't listen!"

"How long have you been here?" asked Edith becoming interested at last.

"Karoline has spent three months here; I've just popped over from Berlin to take her home."

The young daughter-in-law shifted feet a little and looked down at her husband's mother as if awaiting a word.

"Friedrich, that's my son, finally listened to my point of view and sent her over here to Scotland to be trained properly and even I have to admit that Karoline is much more like the wife that he needs now."

"I didn't know that women were *prepared* here as well as men," said Florence as she scrutinized Karoline. Then she thought of that first maid and her bet with Edith.

"Oh yes and they have done a perfect job. Now she can be the perfect wife, silent, attractive, willing to please and ready to be at the side of my son instead of the argumentative, egotistical, independent lawyer that she used to be!"

It seemed to Edith that 'independent' was the trait that had upset Beate the most in the list. The word was almost spat out of those thin lips with detestation.

"Silent?" asked Florence.

"That was one of the things that I requested," said Beate with almost pride in her voice.

"Friedrich will be so pleased that I had her quieted, she was always disagreeing and arguing with me. Always thinking of herself, telling my son that he was tied to my apron strings, always making trouble between us."

"She's very attractive," said Florence.

"I suppose so," said Beate. "Personally, I think that that's the reason that he married her. A man just doesn't see that when a woman is so attractive, she thinks that she owns him, but I have taught her different."

Beate smiled and beckoned her daughter-in-law with the crook of a finger to be admired by the two young women who she was lecturing.

"I think that a wife should be seen and not heard," she said with pride in her heavy accent.

"Obedient to those that have allowed her into their lives. I'll show you!"

She spoke a few words in sharp German and Karoline started to undress. The breeze was cold, it made her nipples tighten as she slipped off her top and exposed herself.

"It was Friedrich that wanted them," said Beate with a smile. "My son has tastes that I can't say that I approve of! But, then that's men!"

Her hand lifted and cupped a breast and squeezed a little.

"Much larger than before, but nice and firm."

Another couple of words in German and Karoline lifted the hem of her short skirt and a sharp slap on her bare thigh made her open her legs to show her spellbound audience what her mother-in-law had prepared for her son.

Two parallel rows of small rings edged the lips of her sex, threaded with a gold chain ending in a tiny padlock.

"Now that's security," said Beate a rather self-satisfied tone. "Only I have the key; Friedrich will have to be nice to his mother if he wants the right to use to his slut-wife."

Florence looked back to the older woman and wondered what her son was like, a man who would allow his mother to do this to his wife. She felt a shiver and then realized that Mrs. De Vere was not a million miles from this woman!

Beate allowed Karoline to dress and commented, "Attractive, trained to serve every need and all securely locked up but ready for use; I really don't think that my son could ask for more."

Florence found herself nodding agreement and tried to imagine what sort of a life Karoline would be living from now on.

"That woman was frightening," said Florence after Beate had walked her daughter-in-law back into Oban Manor at the end of her leash. "Imagine being at her beck and call?"

"Oh! It's nothing more than we are doing," said Edith, "it's just that she's in her seventies that makes you shiver, that's all."

"I reckon that her son will be the next visitor here," said Florence, "his mother will always get what she wants!"

"No, he's already well under her thumb, Mummy has the key!"

Florence started to giggle as she imagined Friedrich begging for the key to his wife while his mother laid down the conditions for its use.

"What I was thinking," said Edith, "was that she reminds me of Mrs. De Vere. I can see myself begging her for enough money to live on, a key to Jacob's cage and permission to fuck him."

"You'd never let that happen," said Florence. "I think that I know you well enough by now, that you'll get the upper hand!"

"I'm not so sure, look at the way that it's gone so far," replied Edith with a small shrug and a pout of her lips. "I was chosen by Mrs. De Vere for her son, I allowed her to set the limits and pay for all of this."

Edith straightened her arm and pointed at the grey stone hotel behind them.

"Now she has paid for so much more after I called her to beg her to. Her son is never going to get to own any of that bank in New York, and I will never be more than a jailer for Jacob, just like you were!"

"I suppose so," answered Florence. "But what happens in a few months' time when he is twenty-one? Somehow, she has to maneuver all the pieces into place and make her move. I mean she must have a plan to keep control or else this is all wasted effort."

There was a brief pause.

"There has to be something that we don't know, some fact that escapes us, something that she has been in preparation for years. Let's look at it this way, Mrs. De Vere marries a man who owns most of a private bank. She has a son and the father writes a will that gives her complete control of the bank until Jacob is twenty-one. The father dies and then what happens?"

"Mrs. De Vere gets to use the majority share in the bank, but only until Jacob reached twenty-one. At that point, the share that she controls passes to him and she is forced out," said Florence.

"What happens if Jacob dies?"

"I know, actually," said Florence. "The share is divided amongst the entire board of directors and she loses control of the bank!"

"So, she can't just kill him off," said Edith. "Neither can she force him to sign his share over to her. The tax would be immense."

"Oh, I thought that's how it would go," said Florence. "I mean that when he is twenty-one, he signs it all away as a little sissy, and she gets the lot!"

"No, that can't happen, not if she wants to keep control and not pay for the pleasure. Jacob has to survive, the share has to go to her, but for some reason she gets everything, for some reason."

"Why does this matter anyway?" asked Florence. "I mean, who cares?"

"I care," said Edith. "I care because maybe there is more than just a career as Mrs. De Vere's stooge ahead of us. If we can figure it out, we might be able to push her out."

"We?"

“Of course it’s ‘we!’”

“And ‘we’ doesn’t include Jacob?”

“He’s fucked, whichever of us wins!”

Part Four

Jacob's Ladder

In Isolation

Jacob found that his mind was empty of thought. It was not that he could not think, they could not stop that, it was just that he was so isolated and free from stimulus that there was nothing to anchor his mind and give relativity to his senses.

The tight hood closed out the world, dampened his hearing, blinded his sight and held his mouth open wide. His naked body was held in a crouch on his knees, there was no possibility of movement. Tubes and sensors attached to him emptied and filled him, even temperature and lack of air movement deprived him of stimulus.

Time held no meaning, day and night, time to eat or excrete did not exist in his closed world, all that was left was a heartbeat that he could not feel, breathing that was forced on him by a ventilator that he could not hear and the wild thoughts and fear that had faded to leave him empty, a blank slate that just required a chalk to describe a new Jacob.

Jacob tried to hold on to memories, recall places and people, revisit his past and retain recollections that had made him who he was, but he found that only the recent past held any meaning. Edith's face, his mother at the wedding, the woman on the flight, Florence with the key between her soft breasts and that moment at the top of the stairs where his previous life faded to be replaced by an indeterminate state that had no boundaries.

Oblivious to the outside world, he did not sense the presence of others. The visits from Florence and Edith and the women who tended to the computer-driven limbo. He could not see the rows of cages, some occupied by similar figures. Other cages awaited victims of the first stage of reconditioning that all subjects experienced, as they were prepared for their new lives of utter service.

Jacob and the other inductees were wrapped in a silenced and lightless inner-world, deep in the bowels of the Manor. A room, tiled and tidy, like a medical store, was an abattoir of living meat that was maintained by a doctor and three nurses who attended to their helpless charges with loving care. A deep carpet muffled the sound of heels. Pumps were enclosed and damped far from the place that their tubes were sourced and neat arrays of wires fed from every cage to be collected and routed to the three servers that ensured that conditions were suitable and all signs of life were monitored and controlled.

A nurse, smartly dressed in her red uniform sat at the console that monitored the subjects, each one dedicated a single screen that showed the progress of the initial phase. Another nurse carried out checks on the sensors and tubes. She cleaned and replaced equipment under the supervision of the doctor whose duties were to decide the phases of the preparation.

Once a day, Elisabeth arrived to monitor the progress and discuss details with her doctor, occasionally accompanied by sponsors who wished to be a part of the process. It irritated the doctor, but she accepted that it was only correct that the sponsors should be allowed to see where all their money was being spent.

"Tomorrow's the last day," said Elisabeth. "All packed and ready to go?"

"We are going to drive up the west coast, possibly as far as Skye and then head east and head to Inverness," said Florence. "From there we fly to Hamburg and spend the rest of the time on a European tour."

"As long as the weather holds, it'll be great," said Elisabeth. "In two months, everything will be ready."

"It will be a shame to miss what Jacob is going to go through," said Edith.

"Actually, it's better that way," said Elisabeth. "Some clients want to get involved, but I advise against it. It creates more problems than it solves. When you return to take possession, Jacob will be ready for transport and use."

"Well, we'll say goodbye to him and then tomorrow, we'll be on our way," said Edith.

"The timing is perfect," said Elisabeth. "Today he is scheduled to start the next phase of induction, you can be there to see how we start the stimulus that will train his thought and responses to move him towards the point where the real training can begin."

"What about the alterations?" asked Edith.

"He is booked into the clinic in two weeks' time," said Elisabeth. "That is timed to when we think that he will be ready. Occasionally we have to delay, but the house doctor rarely gets it wrong."

Edith nodded.

"So, let's take a look at him and then you can start to think about your trip and leave everything to us. Follow me."

Elisabeth led Edith and Florence to the back of the Manor and then to a flight of steps that led down into the basement of the hotel.

"Until now there hasn't been much to see, I'm afraid, but there should be a little more entertainment now," said Elisabeth. "I explained last week how the isolation phase breaks down the mental barriers of the subject. This phase is now at an end and Jacob will be introduced to carefully controlled stimuli that will cause him to focus on the direction that you want him to go. We have something new prepared for him!"

Elisabeth opened the familiar doors and stood aside as Edith and Florence entered.

Six of the twelve cages were occupied. In each was a crouched figure, strapped into place with wires and tubes neatly placed and routed to leave a full view of the trainee. Edith and Florence wandered over to the cage where Jacob was kneeling and inspected him.

"It's been nearly three weeks," whispered Florence. "He will be going mad in there!"

"There wasn't much in his head to begin with," giggled Edith.

"Look at his little cock," laughed Florence. "It's so funny to see it out of the restraint. I just can't get over how helpless it looks."

Edith looked at the still figure and tried to imagine how it must be to be so helpless. As a dominatrix, lots of her clients had asked for something like this, but it had never been for more than a night and the total control of Oban Manor had been something that she could have never replicated in the studio that she had given up.

"We are about to start the stimulus," said Elisabeth. "Perhaps you'd like to speak to the doctor?"

Both women turned to see the doctor standing behind Elisabeth. The large glasses and white coat were complimented by a long tight skirt and blue stilettos.

"For the last three days, Jacob has finally been in a state of complete mental limbo," said the doctor as she stepped forward. "Usually, this phase begins after a week or so, but in his case, it has taken a little longer. What happens now is that we allow him to breathe again under his own control and start introducing stimuli that will condition him to the responses that we decide match the sponsor's requirements."

As she spoke one of the nurses opened the side of the cage and carefully retracted the tube that was fused to the hood.

"Jacob is going to be the first subject to be using our new training system," said the doctor with a small smile. "It's a bit limited at the moment, but Virtual Reality is definitely the way forward."

Edith raised an eyebrow and the doctor elaborated.

"It's quite a simple idea actually, though the implementation is complex. The subject sees in 3D through the fitted screens."

Her finger pointed to the hood and the bulge over Jacob's eyes.

"He can then react. Sensors here and here on his hands, face, neck torso, groin and feet sense muscle movement and allow him to move through the fantasy. Now, at the moment, the feedback is here and here."

She pointed beneath him, between his thighs and his ass.

“...and the program rewards appropriate behavior and punishes him when he makes mistakes.

The program is set here, take a look!”

She led Edith and Florence to a screen that showed a black screen with information superimposed that indicated heartrate, sweat production, muscle movement and more.

Jacob moved at the touch of the nurse’s hands on his face and then gasped as he was suddenly able to draw breath of his own volition. Edith listened to the first rasping gulps of air and tried to visualize his fear that must be racing through his mind.

“The sensors can judge to an inch, if Jacob is excited, close to climax, uninterested or defiant,” said Elisabeth, as she moved a mouse on the table and activated the program. “The beauty of this system is; that we used to be able to show films and sound recordings and monitor in the same way but we want him to react, to accept or resist and then the stimuli are adjusted and integrated with the VR experience as well. See?”

Florence looked at the crouched figure in the cage and saw the nurse fitting a box around Jacob’s groin. As she watched a cable was plugged in and the nurse moved to attach other wires and sensors with deliberate and thorough expertise.

A single thought filled Jacob’s mind.

That was all that he could manage. The vision of a face, a stern disapproving look that had a name, though he could not quite grasp the word that described that frown. He concentrated on the bright red lips, the creases at the corners of the eyes and the cold stare that pinned the picture to his thoughts before the word that had escaped him slowly seeped into his consciousness.

‘Mother’!

That had been the word!

It carried a weight of association, a burden of fear and hatred that he could not shake, even though the incidents and feelings that led to that anxiety were lost.

The thought, the image and all the emotions that went with it lingered for minutes or hours.

And then came the touch! This was not in his mind, not a figment of imagination, but real, a stimulus that was a contact from the world that he thought no longer existed.

The touch was on his face, it pressed on the surface of the hood that enclosed him and moved to his lips. It pulled, it pressed, it moved and became the total focus of his being. Suddenly, there was another movement, deep inside his throat. He felt himself choking, felt the denial of breath before the feeling inside stopped and he pulled air into his lungs with a gasp.

A faint sound, almost imperceptible came through the bones of his head and he realized that what he could hear was his own gasps and gulps as he filled his lungs for the first time. The feeling of achievement in his mind was glorious. The fact that the outside world had imposed itself was a moment of sheer bliss.

He ran the tip of his tongue around the entrance that was now open and felt the air move. Only the feeding tube remained in place. Jacob felt his muscles tense as he felt another touch to his helpless body. Something gently touched between his thighs, it lifted and then touched his balls and cock as if investigating him with gentle touches and pressures. The muscles in his hips and legs bunched, but he was still held fast and could only hope that the contact would continue.

Someone outside was doing something, something that filled his mind with carnal hope. The hands held him, they massaged him and Jacob could feel himself swell in response. He held his breath and hoped that the hand would play with him forever, but instead something was attached to him, something that weighed his balls heavily and closed around his swollen prick to grip him.

Jacob mewled, it was all he could manage, a small sound that forlornly exited the hole that they controlled and then a light shone pinkly through the closed lids of his eyes. It caused starts to appear in his vision and took a minute before he dared open his eyes to see what was being revealed.

The view was bright and he squinted. At first, in the brightness, he thought that he was seeing into a room, but then he realized that actually it was more like some video-game. Realistic, but not real, even though the image resolved to 3D in his eyes.

The image stayed static. Nothing moved, there was a bed, a chair or two, a window that looked out over gardens, pictures on the walls. Jacob marveled with excitement, at last, after almost going around the bend with a lack of any sensation, he was being served an almost overstimulation that left him breathless.

He tried to move his head to the side, a reflex reaction.

Even though he could feel that his head had not moved, the sight before his eyes shifted a few degrees, allowing Jacob to see more of the room. Once again, he moved his head, this time to look up at the ceiling.

It took just a few minutes for Jacob to realize that he had control over everything in his vision.

He tensed his tightly bound arms and a hand came into view, he tried to move his legs and he moved smoothly forward. He turned and then he looked down.

Now Jacob could see the body that the program had given him. He looked down at his huge breasts from above and then over them to see a small cock hanging between smooth thighs and the shapely naked legs that stretched down to the floor.

Jacob tried to move his hands and touch his cock, but somehow his virtual hands slipped over a surface that allowed him no contact. He tried again, this time by reaching back

between his thighs, but soon it was clear that the program would not allow him to touch any part of his body. His hands just slithered over an invisible surface that blocked all contact.

He moved around the virtual room and investigated everything that he could. He reached out and touched things, an empty drawer opened in a small cabinet and so he opened other drawers.

Now sounds came to his ears, the slide of a drawer, the click of a latch as he touched a door handle, even though he could not figure how to open the door.

Jacob found himself entranced by this freedom, he moved about, looked at the gardens outside and far away he could see passing traffic on a road. He wondered if he could escape this virtual prison and get to that road, maybe he could get help! He watched the cars pass for a moment and then it finally occurred to him that this was not real, there was no one really there to help him!

He heard a sound and turned to see where it came from.

The door opened and Edith walked into the room. The figure seemed like Edith, walked like Edith and when she spoke it even sounded like her.

"Why are you not on your knees?" asked the simulacrum of his wife.

Jacob could give no answer, so he tried to drop to his knees, but he was not yet skilled enough to figure it out so he found that he remained standing and the look on Edith's face became cross.

"On your knees, bitch," said Edith.

Jacob tried to move and at last his position changed and slipped to his knees.

"Don't move."

He watched the figure of his wife move around the room. Every now and again there seemed to be a small glitch in the program, but the motion was smooth and she started to undress in front of him. Jacob watched fascinated as she slowly stripped her clothes off and an erection started to swell his cock.

"Keep your eyes down," said Edith as she started to slip off her bra.

Jacob looked down at his own breasts and then took a sly peep to look at something that he had never seen before. His wife's breasts! Ripe and firm, pointed nipples, they bounced slightly as Edith looked him in the eye and frowned.

"You disobeyed my command," she said.

An excruciating pain swept through Jacob in an instant and he tried to scream in agony, but no sound came to him. He just fell back and found that he was lying on the floor looking up and no combination of movements could make him stand.

“At the moment, it’s all a bit ad-hoc,” said Elisabeth. “When the subject does not obey, the punishment is instant, a shock administered according to a scale based on the infraction. After punishment he will always end on his back, helplessly looking up at the woman who has punished him. Only the program can release him if the AI assesses that he has suffered enough.”

“Oh, my,” said Florence as she put her hand to her mouth in shock. “Poor little Jacob, he’s trapped in a video game that can punish him endlessly.”

“That’s right,” said the doctor. “Eventually this will replace all of the preparation work that we used to have to do. Different punishments will be inflicted, shocks, scratches, beatings, canings and of course since we can insert dildos, vibrators and enemas, the program will be able to give twenty-four-hour training with constant exact attention. At the moment it’s a bit limited, but in a couple of weeks the rest of the modules will be fitted and control will be complete!”

“Is this exactly what Jacob can see?” asked Edith.

“Basically yes,” said Elisabeth. “Of course, he can’t see the information on the screen and the view is immersive, but yes, this is what he can see.”

“So, if he can be punished, how about rewards?” said Florence.

“Oh, that’s so easy,” said Elisabeth with a small laugh. “The box that you saw the nurse fit can punish and stimulate, pleasure and chasten, as the program decides.”

“It can make him cum?” asked Florence with a small giggle.

“Better than that,” laughed the doctor. “The sensors allow a subject to be edged forever and once we have the rest of the system in place, anal stimulation direct to the prostate will enhance the effect!”

They turned back to the screen to see that Jacob was standing again while the simulated Edith moved around fully naked. His head was bowed and even though he was provoked to admire her, Jacob’s eyes were fixed on the floor.

“The program will run a sixteen-hour day from tomorrow,” said Elisabeth. “It will advance a little each time, repeating again and again until his responses are perfect. Then it will move to a new situation and go through it all again, and again, and again, and again.”

“For how long?” asked Edith.

“We are not sure yet,” replied the doctor. “This phase used to be carried out with a lot of porn and electro stimulus, now the subject’s reactions are taken into account, we believe that two weeks will be enough to hard-wire his responses, but at the moment we allow for three weeks.”

Florence turned back to the screen in time to see that Jacob was alone in the room again. Soon 'Edith' would re-enter the room and tempt him to peep and punish him if he did. Each time would be a little different as Joseph made slightly different choices, each time the punishment would be a little more severe for the same offence.

She watched him explore the room and gaze at the road outside. A sudden thought came to her and Florence could not help herself suggesting it.

"When do I appear?" she asked.

"The wire-frames are ready, so is voice," laughed Elisabeth. "All we need to do is create a character response map. For that I need Edith, here, to tell me how she wants the 'Florence' in the program to behave. Every character has character traits that are set. For instance, 'sadism' can be set from one to a hundred and so can 'provocation', 'anger' and 'mercy'. There are nearly a hundred traits that have to be set and Edith has to decide how Jacob is to be programmed to react to you."

"What do you think," asked Edith. "Are you a bitch-tease or a dyed in the wool sadist?"

"Does it matter?" asked Florence. "It's only for the program."

"Of course it matters," said the doctor, a cross look on her face. "The subject will learn to respond properly to you by endless practice. The same reactions will surface when he actually has to satisfy you in real life. We have to ensure that the two at least approximate each other!"

"I see," said Florence. "If that's the case, I'll be a teasing bitch who is strict and rewards by not punishing."

"Is that you, or is it what who you wish you were?" asked Elisabeth.

"It's what I'm going to become."

Virtual Reality

The excitement and the delight that Jacob first experienced melted away in drips. In his mindless state he had descended to utter torpor. Now, he was pushed to pay attention to detail and learn the correct moves in his new virtual world. At first it seemed like a game to him. A surreal mixture of learning how to move, what was and what was not possible in the strange virtual world that he lived in.

He learned the moves and the responses as they became automatic. Reflex that could not be avoided. He played for points, the reward of the vibrator switching on and teasing him, the small shocks that pushed him to the limit and made him groan with desperate need. He kneeled as soon as the door opened and hung his head to admire his breasts. He imagined hands on them, teasing and arousing, and tried to see from the edge of his vision as his wife entered and stripped.

Jacob found a position where he could just see, from the edges of his vision, his wife's pussy and breasts. He had to be 'just so', undetected by the program, but able to see what aroused him. Each time she entered the room, he managed to kneel in exactly the same spot where observation was possible without punishment. He discovered that as he learned exact movements to make, that the reaction of Edith was exactly the same and the program responded exactly the same.

At the end of every session the light dimmed, his avatar was forced to the end of the bed to kneel and he was allowed to sleep a sleep filled with nightmares and shadows that crept at the edge of his senses and haunted him as he kneeled in constant fear.

Every morning he was woken by the small sound of a bell that brought him to consciousness with its ringing. Then, for a minute or two he was permitted to explore his room and practice his movements before 'Edith' arrived.

Jacob awoke from his restless sleep and opened his eyes.

The room had changed!

Now suddenly there was more detail in the simulation. Every thread on the pile of the carpet was detailed, the shadows were deeper, the grain of the wood in the furniture was intricate and the cars that moved on that distant road became clearer. Every leaf on the tree that stood outside was plain and individual.

For minutes he stood almost nonplussed at the changes that had occurred in his world. He looked down at himself and could see the pores in his skin, the pert nipples that spiked from his breasts and below the smooth belly and navel in which every crease and crinkle was clearly defined.

Something else was different!

As he reached to touch the knob on a drawer, he felt the contact in his fingertips and the pressure as he pulled and revealed the contents of the drawer. It was still the same

virtual world, but the virtual was closer to 'real'. Inside the drawer was a pile of stockings. He reached to touch them, expecting to feel the delicate contact of nylon on his fingertips, but his hand slid from them as if there was a glass wall.

He closed the drawer and moved around the room and found a mirror that was fixed to the wall.

Nervously he stood and looked at himself, the man-woman that stood and gazed back at him.

Wide hips, long shapely legs in high heels, flat belly, dangling cock and tiny balls and those breasts. Large enough to hang, proud enough to stand with nipples staring back at him.

An erection started.

Jacob watched fascinated at the reaction that he had to his own body. How it aroused him and made his prick stand out in craving. His hands went to touch, but once again he could not touch.

The shock of punishment was terrifying! As he reached down, he saw a flicker at the edge of his vision and was struck by a cane that crossed his ass with a savage sting. He turned and saw the cane suspended in the air, hovering for a moment before it vanished with a small popping sound.

He looked down, his cock was rigid.

Jacob moved his hand again, slowly, deliberately down.

A small pop came to his ears and he instinctively pulled back his hand and stepped forward.

The hovering cane slashed at him and inflicted another cut that made him yelp in distress and he knew that it was no longer permitted even to *try* to touch himself.

He heard the door open and found that he was perfectly placed to take advantage of the blind-spot in the virtual room. Quickly he kneeled and saw that Edith was entering the room. As usual she acknowledged the fact that he was kneeling and praised him before she began to strip.

Carefully Jacob moved his head to the right a little to find that sweet spot where he could admire her nakedness at the edge of his vision.

She shed her dress and turned to unclip her bra, as she always did and he caught a glimpse of her breasts. Sweet nipples, hanging as she bent down to unlace her stilettos. The vision was perfect, the detail beyond anything that had experienced and then she looked up and spoke.

"Jacob, how dare you peek without my permission?"

Quickly he looked at the carpet, but it was too late. Edith suddenly had a cane in her hand as a small popping sound echoed in his ears.

“Ass up!” she ordered and Jacob knew that everything had changed.

The program had been updated!

The real world arrived for Jacob in discrete quanta that impinged on his virtual world in discrete steps. Day by day the program and the women that controlled it closed in on him. Added touches, finely adjusted characters and introduced new means of controlling him.

The characters swished through his life, posing simple problems that had easy resolutions.

Obey or not, submit or not, be punished or not. All he had to do was learn the responses that avoided their anger.

Slowly his periods of sleep were shortened, events rushed by like so many trains passing in the night, until there was no time to think, just do. His wife often came to his room together with Florence now, the memories of her naked body faded to fantasy. At first Edith lay on the bed, opened her thighs and brought herself to climax while Florence stood by and taunted Jacob, daring him to watch while she threatened him with the cane that could pop into her hand in the wink of an eye.

He dared and was punished, as the vibrator slipped into Edith and she writhed on the bed. By the third time it was clear that a stroke of the cane was being added every time and his will to challenge faded to terror and all Jacob could manage was to stare at Florence’s feet and listen to the rising tempo of his wife’s climax.

It was at that moment that Florence named him Jaqueline for the first time.

The shift to the feminine was just another exquisite lesson. Each time that they used that name for him it was praise and a tickle at his groin signaled reward that he began to long for. A tight grip, a slow pulse, tiny shocks that brought incentive but never took Jacob to the place that he now began to long for beyond all else. ‘Jacob’ was only used in the moments before the next punishment and he did all he could to avoid the word passing their lips.

For several sessions the program repeated itself, lowering the reward, but repeating the same scenario until it began to dawn on Jacob that something was expected of him. Something that would move him forward. He dared not look up at Florence for a clue, already he knew that she was naked above the waist and that all he was allowed without punishment was to stare at her shapely legs in the boots that towered out of his sight.

From the toe cleavage laces were tautly wired to close the boot, but exposing the skin of her feet and legs. They zig-zagged over two lines of hooks out of his sight, the patent leather glistening, the skin soft and kissable.

Jacob knelt at Florence's feet and was so tempted.

Was it worth the risk of savage punishment to do what was fixed in his mind?

He inched forward, there was no response. Now the skin and leather were just an inch from his face. He could see that the skin bulged around the laces a little, every pore on her flesh was visible, every detail of the boots that symbolized her right to use the cane.

As Evelyn climaxed, her cries surging and filling his ears, Jacob moved that final inch and kissed the skin. There was no sensation on his lips, no touch on the tongue that quested for the leather at her ankles, but the kiss was as real as it could be, the intention was divined by the program that controlled his every moment and it rewarded him with all that he had hoped for.

"Jaqueline, you are a good little slut," came Florence's voice from far above.

A small shock, pleasantly licked his cock and he felt himself being rewarded with a low vibration. Jacob pushed forward to show that he was obedient to the needs of Florence and the response was an increase in stimulation. A new sensation filled him, a pressure in his ass, a throbbing deep inside him that nestled to a sweet spot inside and massaged it.

Jacob pushed harder forward and was rewarded once again. The laces and leather, hooks and skin now filled his sight as he discovered that obedience was so easy and fulfilling.

In his ass, the probe started to move to a strong rhythm. It pressed on him, while his cock swelled to press against the device that enclosed the tip of him. Inside he could feel it, that feeling that was unstoppable, like a dam bursting before the release.

It had been so long since this had been allowed. So many years since release had been permitted. Now Florence, the woman that had put the restraint on him, was allowing him to cum and all he had to do was show her that he longed to kiss her feet.

Jacob held his breath and hoped.

And came!

It was like a surge of bliss. He felt deep inside, the pressure and the contact. He felt himself unlock, as his prick strained against the vibrator that teased and a lightness in his head that caused him to groan and gasp as he pressed forward with all of his will.

"Oh, dear me," said the avatar of Edith. "Jacob has made a mess!"

At the sound of his male name, Jacob was brought back to realize that what he had done was clearly not allowed. He braced himself, tightening the muscles in thighs and ass in

anticipation, but the stroke of the cane still filled his post orgasmic mind with a searing agony that caused him to scream.

“Naughty boy,” said Florence.

Jacob braced himself for a moment and then heard the slight popping sound that told him that the cane had vanished from her hand.

His breath came in gasps and then he felt the familiar feeling that came when the machine drained him. Jacob could see the boots, their arching heels and soles and then the stilettos that indicated that his wife was standing next to Florence. He wondered if he should be repeating his submission, but the two pairs of feet moved and came to face each other and he knew that he would be severely punished for disturbing such an intimate moment of love.

He just gazed at the shoes, the ankles and the heels of the two computer-generated figures and listened to a kiss and small moans issuing from far above his head.

Pain and pleasure!

The two became intertwined. Jacob learned that pleasure was always followed by punishment.

If he wanted the one, he would have to face the latter.

The punishment came in so many forms.

The savage blows of a cane administered by a machine that calculated each blow to an exact measure. Electrical shocks that caused more fear than they did hurt. A swelling in his ass that made it feel as though he was being abused and slaps that stung his helpless body.

The pleasure was administered with a ruthless efficiency. Sometimes the probe in his ass just forced Jacob to spill without ever doing more than tickle and tease. No climax, just a neat and effective milking that relieved without a peak of pleasure. Small impulses that forced an erection without release, vibrations on nipples and the tip of his cock that brought him to the edge of the abyss without ever pushing him into its depths.

A climax was only given when he managed to find something new, a different way to submit.

The next time that he kissed Florence’s feet, there was a response, a tease, but a climax was denied. It took two more sessions to discover that kissing the heels of her boots was the prize-giving option. The punishment was another caning and to listen as the two women played erotic games far above his vision.

There was stasis for the next few sessions, repeats of earlier scenarios as Jacob struggled to discover the next possibility to be bestowed a climax.

He found it almost by accident when he explored his room and discovered the drawer with dessous. Now he was allowed to touch and lift it. In an experimental mood, Jacob put on a pair of lacy knickers. It took concentration and a level of control that was far beyond his earlier fumbling, but at last he could look down and see the black lace on his thighs and he knew that when Florence and Edith next visited that they would reward him.

He knew it and looked forward to all the items that he would add from the drawer, each of which would bring reward.

Soon he would open the doors of the wardrobe that appeared in the room and find more ways to please his wife and her lover.

Jaqueline was discovering herself.

Reality Virtualized

"Muscle tone needs to be restored," said the doctor as she and Elisabeth stood by the cage where Jacob was tightly bound. "In general, though, his physical condition is good. We have been monitoring it closely and I believe that he is ready for the next phase."

Elisabeth felt tempted to reach through the bars and touch the man who was presently in a world created by the computer server that emitted a low hum from the far end of the chamber.

"This is the first time that we have used the virtual method. It is important to get it right. I want the shock of reality to be minimized and give the subject the feeling that reality and virtuality are almost the same."

"Well, normally, under the old regime, there had to be dislocation because of the nature of the training. I have thought about how we are going to do this and I believe that I have designed a few steps that will bring the subject from the programming to the training with the minimum of confusion."

"I have the room ready," said Elisabeth. "It is exactly the same as the one that he lives in now."

The problem, as I see it, is that we have over concentrated on using the Edith and Florence avatars and we will now need to spend a few sessions phasing them out and replacing them with an Elisabeth and one or two of the supervisor maids."

"Oh, of course! That's no problem, I shall make the adjustments, and in a few days, it will be done."

"Fine! After that we need to consider the surgery and how to dove-tail it to his awakening."

"Bear in mind that it takes two to three weeks to recover, Elisabeth. Somehow, we need to close that gap. From my point of view, that is the most difficult part of the problem. In the past we just strapped them to a bed and then took up when it was possible. We need to get beyond that and make the transition smooth."

"I'll think about it, we have a few days to reach a decision."

"Right, but don't leave it too long, dear."

Elisabeth strolled a couple paces and found herself looking into the next cage with an occupant.

"How's it going with Jemma?" she asked.

"She started on the virtual reality a week after Jaqueline," said the doctor as she came to stand beside her employer. "We started her on the upgraded program after the bugs that allowed too much latitude. I would say that, using the experience gained from Jaqueline, that she will be ready in just a couple of weeks."

“No surgery?”

“Nothing major, so there’ll be no dislocation. If you remember, her sponsor wants her as a birthday present for her husband. The fact that she was a former girl-friend makes the conditioning a straight path and I expect that just another two weeks will be sufficient. Straight-forward really, I almost wish that we had started on her as the first on the new system, because she is a simple case.”

Elisabeth watched the naked woman for a minute before turning to the screen that was attached to the cage-front.

“I like the screen here,” said Elisabeth with a smile.

Together, Elisabeth and the doctor watched the screen that showed the point-of-view of the woman who was trapped in the cage.

“This is the anal scenario at the fifth level,” said the doctor as she settled her glasses on her nose. “Jemma has just the post anal-oral levels to get through and then we can start adding the wife to the mix.”

As they watched they saw a close-up view of a bed with the view moving up and down to a steady rhythm.

“She’s being fucked right now, wait a sec,” said the doctor as she moved the joystick at the base of the screen.

The view panned back and suddenly it showed the room from the point of view of an angle above Elspeth.

“It’s so realistic,” said Elisabeth with an approving smile.

“We have another upgrade to apply tonight as well,” said the doctor. “That will add four more devices as well as improving the quality of the rendering.”

“I hope that the fortune that we’re spending on all of these computers pays off,” said Elisabeth.

“We’ve spent three million so far!”

“If you want my opinion, it’s money well spent, Elisabeth.”

“Well, it’s certainly better than all those old videocassette systems that we had years ago, but in the end it’s the results that count.”

The man who knelt behind Elspeth held his cock in his hand and started to push into her ass with slow strokes. There came a gasp from the bound figure in the cage and a slight hiss of compressed air as the inserted dildo began to thrust into her.

A small cry came from the caged woman.

"I can save on supervision of course," said Elisabeth as they turned to stroll back to the door.

"I have already picked two who will be demoted and be trained ready for sale at the next auction. I think that a small reorganization is called for."

"On top of that, we need a full-time programmer to maintain the system," commented the doctor. "It's not my field, but we do have the occasional problem with software and servers."

"I'll arrange it," said Elisabeth. "We'll advertise and then take the one that we think is best and put them through a basic training. Just tell me exactly what you need and we'll have them here in a week or two."

"Thanks, dear," said the doctor. "I suppose that's the advantage that we have here, we don't need to pay a penny in wages, we just find the people that we need and kidnap them!"

"That's the fun of it."

Jaqueline struggled.

Every muscle in her body ached and tore at her mind in disharmonic agony. Cramps came and went and then subsided to a gentle discomfort.

Something was different, this awakening rasped at her consciousness like no other.

She opened her eyes.

The familiar surroundings were a comfort but now she could feel everything. The cool silk under her, the slight movement of the air around her naked body, the sore weight of her breasts, the shoes that she always wore clasp her feet and the sound of her breathing unrestricted by the feeding tube that had vanished from her throat.

The same, but different!

Every color, every shape was defined with a clarity that was breath-taking. It was as though her room gleamed with authenticity.

Jaqueline moved her head a little and the transition was smooth. No slight delay in change of perspective, silk touched her face on her cheek. She looked at the window, it was the only thing that had changed in the room. Before it was a view across fields to a road and trees. Now it was a crystal pane that was fogged and just glowed white.

She lifted an arm.

A sudden pain filled her shoulder and she looked to see that the slim arm bunched its muscles just to lift that few inches that it could manage. A leg moved. It too protested

from the effort, but it slid over the coverlet and Jaqueline gloried in the texture of the bed and the fact that she could move.

Exhausted by these revelations and the subsiding agony of the cramps, Jaqueline lay passive in a torpor, half way between slumber and conscious thought. Her arm moved and slipped across her skin. The intimacy of the contact was sweet, special somehow. She tried to move further, touch what was forbidden, but her hand stopped and she heard the clink of metal and its smooth cold touch on her skin.

Her head turned and she inspected the room.

She knew every inch, every corner. The wardrobe with the pretty dresses that she had tried one by one. The small cabinet that held her special underwear and stockings, the tall bin that held the canes that Elisabeth always had in her hand. It was all there, every detail, but in a blaze of colors and textures that were glorious to behold.

Jaqueline mustered her strength and lifted her head.

Now she could look the length of her body. She looked over her breasts and saw her hand on her taut belly, a leather strap on her wrist with the chain snaking over her skin. She saw her little cock standing to attention, pointing upwards with need and beyond that her legs parted with the points of her shoes visible, moving as she willed them to.

Finally, her head dropped back and she wept.

Tears streamed from her flooded eyes and ran in trickles over her cheeks. She reveled in the wetness and the feeling of the sobs that stuttered her breathing. The coolness of the drying, the way that the drops seeped between neck and pillow.

Jaqueline wept because it was all so real, all so genuine.

She wept because she knew that she had been ill and that Elisabeth and Edith had saved her.

She wept because this life was what she had *always* wanted.

Most of all, she wept because those that loved and cared for her would reward her endlessly for her obedience in every way. That was the least that she could do to thank them for their care!

Maid in Heaven

“Darling Jaqueline, you have been such a good husband to your dear wife,” said Elisabeth as she looked down at her. “You have to get well for her because she will be back soon to take care of you.”

Jaqueline nodded and tried to speak, but the words came out as a hiss and then a small cough that pained her throat.

“Now then, don’t thank me, just be a good girl and enjoy your rest,” said Elisabeth in a soft tone. “I shall arrange for Vari to look after you until you are well and then she will show you all the things that you will have to learn if you really want to impress Edith when she returns for you.”

She tried to speak again, but all she could manage was a mewling sound that made Elisabeth smile and reach down to touch Jaqueline’s lips.

“Hush now, there’s no need for you to ever speak ever again, all that you have to do is learn that your betters speak and you will show them your adoration by being a good girl and obeying their commands. Vari will teach you how to tell them of your worship by special signals and that will be enough.”

Jaqueline lifted her hand and then dropped it when a cramp spiked at the muscles of her arm.

“In a couple of days, you will be ready to learn to walk again,” said Elisabeth in a kind tone.

“All you have to do until then is to enjoy the moment and think of all of the ways in which you will serve your dear wife to make her so happy.”

The sound of the door caused Jaqueline to turn her head and she saw a woman in a red lacy frock enter the room and come to stand next to Elisabeth.

“This is Vari, your wife has decided that she will be teaching you,” said Elisabeth. “She will show you the exercises that will make you fit. Obey her word, because she has been given the right to punish you as well.”

Tears rolled again from Jaqueline’s eyes. This time she did not revel in the feeling. The word ‘punish’ had caused memories of the cane to surface. She awaited the pop of the cane appearing, but instead, Vari walked to the bin of canes and picked one to flex it in both hands.

“You have to learn well, so make sure that you serve Vari as you would your wife or Florence.

I’m sure that you will come to love her and realize that she only wants you to better yourself.”

Jaqueline mewed like a kitten and was rewarded by a small pat on her forehead.

“That’s better, now I have to go, be good.”

Vari flexed the cane and touched the tip to Jaqueline’s lips.

“Show me,” she said with a smile.

Jaqueline kissed the tip of the cane.

The tears of gladness still rolled.

It was all so difficult and complicated!

Stockings after corset. Bra before corset before dress. Shoes after stockings, Collar after makeup and makeup before the dress. Jaqueline learned lists of her duties before she ever got to practice as Vari made her dress and undress again and again, put on the lashes and lipstick, powder her face to white before the highlights were applied.

Elisabeth had not been exaggerating. Learning to walk stressed long unused muscles especially in the high heels that she was obliged to slip on and lace up her calves. Cramps and stresses, discomfort and balance all caused Jaqueline to break down in tears and then have to bend over the end of her bed to be given a stroke of the cane.

Jaqueline learned to roll her hips, step with small movements, put sole before heel and step with feminine elegance. Vari seemed to have endless patience at first. With a helping arm around the narrow waist of her charge, she walked miles over the soft carpet, correcting each slip, coaxing and ordering and praising as was needed. As she learned, Vari became more likely to punish and Jaqueline found that she had to push herself ever harder to please her mentor.

Muscles took on tone, arms strengthened a little, legs became stronger and steadier. Dressing became a natural series of elegant moves that seemed to please Vari as she commented on style and elegance while bending the cane a little between her hands.

It took several days to reach the level that Vari seemed to expect without a single mistake, before she rewarded her charge with a slow climax, legs apart, balancing on her heels as Vari played with the little hard cock wearing Jaqueline’s favorite lacy gloves.

Memories of life before were hard to disclose to herself, but Jaqueline looked at the small erection and was sure that it should have been larger, fuller and prouder than it was now.

Obviously, her memory was at fault as she looked past her large breasts and watched the little cock sway with every step.

“You will learn to keep it nice and stiff all the time,” said Vari. “Your wife wants you ready to play with at the drop of a hat, so we’ll keep working on it until you are satisfactory.”

Jaqueline was so proud when, for the first time she managed to maintain the rigidity for the allotted time and was rewarded with a wonderful orgasm that seemed to last forever as Vari slipped a vibrator into Jaqueline's rear and slowly stroked her to spill herself into an outstretched hand.

"Very good," said Vari as she offered her cupped palm to Jaqueline's lips. "Now that you are recovered from your illness, I think that it is time for you to venture out of your room and learn the duties that I have taught you in the rest of the house."

Jaqueline mewed and pursed her lips to blow a kiss to her teacher. It always brought an approving smile and a warm feeling of accomplishment to her.

"That's for tomorrow," said Vari, "something to look forward to tonight when you go to bed."

Now, we'll practice your greetings again and see if you can make them perfectly for me, just the way that Edith will like."

Jaqueline dropped to her knees elegantly. The movement started as a curtsy, became a gentle descent and then she was on her knees, kneeling with legs apart, naked breasts straight and a bowed neck.

"Well done, now the greeting. You are going to be perfect for her."

Hands dropped to the floor on each side of the stilettoed shoes and back bent slowly to bring Jaqueline's lips to the skin of Vari's feet for a small kiss. After that came the retreat. Head up, rocking back and forehead on the floor just inches from the feet that she worshipped.

"There are real signs of improvement," said Vari. "Now then, lift for a stroke of the cane. Next time you kiss the shoes not the feet! That is only permitted with express permission!"

Jaqueline rocked back a little and flexed her thighs to lift her ass. She felt the hem being drawn back and then the small pat that always showed where the cut would come.

"One will be sufficient and then we'll go through it ten times and you will not make a single mistake."

The blow was sharp, fast but not hard. It smarted and made Jaqueline flinch a little just before contact.

"Here," said Vari as she offered the point of the cane to Jaqueline's lips. "If you flinch again, I shall keep punishing you until you learn to be still. It is so disrespectful to look as though you do not appreciate my efforts."

Jaqueline kissed the cane and stood with her eyes cast down.

"Now then, the greeting. Make sure that no matter where I place my feet you move to the correct position every time, that is the art of pleasing a woman."

The door opened and Jaqueline could not help but stare at the hallway beyond. It was a new world, an expanse that had no end and at last she was permitted to experience it.

Vari led her charge down the corridor allowing Jaqueline to discover what it was to walk for more than a few paces before having to turn. Then she led her back again. Finally, she had Jaqueline walk the corridor a dozen times while she guided and commented to correct the slow progress.

“Now it gets more difficult.”

Jaqueline waited until Vari was ahead of her, admiring the perfect steps, wondering at her elegance before she was led to a stone balustrade that looked down on a hallway.

“Wait here,” commanded Vari. “Watch carefully and let’s see if you can walk down the steps with the real grace that I *know* you have inside you.”

Jaqueline watched Vari and then found that she had a memory of this place. She felt light-headed as she had the last time that she had been here and pictured Edith and Florence watching with concern as she collapsed. Her hand sought the stonework and she managed to recover as Vari turned at the bottom step and made her way up the stone stairs.

“Like this,” said Vari as she stepped. “Roll your hips, show allure and take one step at a time with your heel just on the edge of the step.”

Jaqueline tried hard to emulate her teacher and almost slipped, but she recovered and took the final ten steps with Vari’s apparent approval.

“Two more times, dear,” said Vari. Then, I shall show you how to wait for your betters patiently.

She climbed the steps carefully and turned. Her legs, unaccustomed to the strain of the steps, ached and protested, but for Vari’s approval, Jaqueline descended and repeated the exercise.

“It will do for now,” said Vari. “Now then, you will wait here as a maid is expected to. Still, straight, hands clasped behind your back. Breasts ready to be enjoyed and fondled and legs slightly apart in anticipation of inspection.”

Vari took up the position that she had described and then pointed at the shadowy corner where Jaqueline had to emulate her.

“This is your spot now,” said Vari, indicating the tiny marks where each heel had to rest. “You will stay here for three hours while I do a few small tasks. When I return, I expect you to be exactly as I left you.”

Vari watched as Jaqueline took her position and then attached a thin chain to her collar and then to a tiny ring on the wall.

“Good. Like that is just perfect,” she said. “I shall return occasionally to check on you.”

Jaqueline stood self-consciously in her corner.

Carefully. She positioned her feet on the almost invisible marks that Vari had pointed out. The corset nipped a little and she looked around to see that she was unobserved and then adjusted it to settle on her hips. A small tweak settled her breasts in the half cups and then she reassumed the position with her hands behind her back just in time as Elisabeth strolled out of the lounge.

For a moment she stood and then checked the other maid positioned at the door was smart and said a few words that Jaqueline could not overhear. Next, she turned and seemed about to climb the staircase, when she noticed Jaqueline and walked over to her.

Jaqueline started to kneel and then realized that the chain to her collar would allow no more than a refined curtsy and to allow her to look down at the floor. Elisabeth's legs and feet appeared in Jaqueline's vision and then a hand that reached and stroked her breasts.

“Sensitive, dear?” asked Elisabeth in a kind tone.

Jaqueline made a small sound and nodded her head.

“They will look so much better when they are ringed! Something for you to look forward to, because your wife has ordered some really beautiful pieces for you to wear. I think that she will be the perfect wife.”

The hand tweaked a nipple and rubbed it making Jaqueline mew pathetically and she thrust a little forward to allow Elisabeth to caress her.

“Very good, Jaqueline, now let's have a little peep, shall we?”

The hand ran its fingers down the smooth leather of the corset and then lifted the hem of the skirt to examine what lay beneath. Jaqueline started at the contact and managed to keep from moving as the hand played with her erect cock and weighed the balls that hung slack behind.

“It's about time that Vari organized something here,” she said with a smile. “Would you like that, Jaqueline? A nice little tube, something that will help you to behave?”

Jaqueline nodded and prayed that she would not suddenly cum into the hand that played with her. The penalty would be severe! Luckily, before she was too aroused, the hand allowed the hem to drop and moved to put a finger under Jaqueline's chin and lift her face to look into her eyes.

“We have some guests coming, a couple of clients that I particularly wish to impress with the quality of the product that we produce. Make sure that you behave if you are still here when they arrive.”

Her finger withdrew and she smiled kindly.

"I almost envy you, Jaqueline, you have no responsibilities, no decisions to make, a beautiful wife and her lover who only want to use and cherish you. It must be so wonderful to just have to be obedient and let your betters decide what is best for you."

Her hand came to cup a breast and squeeze slightly, the long fingernails pressing into the firm flesh.

"Don't cry, your Mamma is very happy with your progress and is so looking forward to seeing you. Everything will be so easy if you just empty your mind of worry and follow Vari's training."

Her hand dropped and she squeezed Jaqueline's rounded ass and pinched it playfully.

"You are a gorgeous little slut, you really are a delight, darling, don't let it go to your head!"

With that, she turned on her heel and ascended the stairs with Jaqueline's eyes following her until she disappeared into the shadows above.

Vari passed twice.

Each time she appeared from the door behind Jaqueline and made a small wordless inspection and then passed on. A touch here to straighten Jaqueline's back another to nudge a knee to present a more appealing stance and then she moved on with a tap of heels on the marble floor.

Jaqueline watched the other maid by the door and tried to emulate her perfect pose. One foot a little forward, knee bent slightly, hands holding elbows behind her back and head hung slightly to look at the floor. It seemed that she could stand in that pose, motionless, without strain while Jaqueline felt a slight cramp in her hips and back and fought the impulse to slacken her pose and relieve the discomfort.

The hall was silent except when a maid or supervisor walked through on some mission, until the faint sound of a car arriving outside heralded the guests that Elisabeth had mentioned.

Jaqueline felt a slight sense of pride that she had been taken into the Mistress' confidence and waited to see who the important guests were.

The maid by the door moved gracefully and opened the door wide, standing back a step as a woman with perfect Middle eastern features entered the atrium. Dressed in smooth leather, skirt, jacket, she had a fur coat on her shoulders which she slipped off to hand to the maid with a casual tip of her shoulders.

Following the impressively attractive woman in leather followed another woman, older and overdressed in furs who glanced at the maid by the door with a haughty look. She

too had that olive skin and almond eyes, but was clearly ten years or older than her companion.

At that moment, Elisabeth appeared at the top of the stairs with Vari trailing behind her. She smiled in greeting and moved to the two women with a graceful walk, kissing each on the cheek lightly and giving a brief hug.

"Welcome to Oban Manor," she said. "I hope that the journey was not too stressful, the weather here of late has been so blustery."

The tall woman in leather nodded and said, "Fine, you are so isolated here, three hours' drive from Glasgow just to get to the ferry, Elisabeth. I would like to introduce Gudrun," she said as she indicated her middle-aged companion. "We had a wonderful time in Hamburg, where she showed us the sights and arrived early this morning."

"I am so glad that the trip was stress-free, Armena, and it is nice to finally meet Gudrun, I have heard so many good things. Your bags will be taken to your rooms. Now, would you like to freshen up a little first or perhaps a cup of tea or something stronger?"

"Thank you so much, I think that a bite to eat first and then we will freshen up. Since we are only here the one night perhaps a small tour later?"

"Of course, follow me."

Elisabeth led her two guests into the lounge followed by Vari, who crooked a finger at the maid by the door to follow her. Jaqueline watched the women enter the room and let out her breath slowly. She had been holding it in without even realizing, carefully posing and trying not to stare at the strangers.

A few moments later, the maid reappeared and passed Jaqueline only to return a few minutes later with a tray laden with cups, a pot of tea and plates of delicious looking biscuits.

Jaqueline stood.

She wondered what the guests were discussing with Elisabeth and why they had come all of that way for just a day, before deciding that the whole matter was far over her head. Important was, to make a good impression for Vari and Elisabeth and be perfect as they finally passed by.

The maid slipped out of the door and took up her position by the front door and Jaqueline felt a little surge of happiness that she was not alone in the vast hallway.

Shadows moved across the floor, the light dropped a little as the two maids stood and waited like silent sentinels. Occasionally Jaqueline heard voices and laughter from the lounge and then the door opened and Vari stood holding it while Elisabeth and her two guests re-entered the hall.

"...it shows great promise," Elisabeth was saying to Armena as they entered Jaqueline's sight.

“The first subjects have been processed and there are four more who have not completed it.”

They stopped a moment and Elisabeth pointed at Jaqueline and then the little group strolled to her with Vari trailing behind.

“Jaqueline is the first.”

Jaqueline felt her face flushing at being mentioned and looked down at the feet of the three women hoping that she could impress them.

“A few weeks’ total isolation, that’s how we always start. Then instead of the old program we tested the VR and upgraded as we went along. We think that we have ironed out most of the most irksome bugs and are still learning and designing the various scenarios.”

Armena scrutinized Jaqueline and touched her breast for a moment.

“Perfect!” she commented. “I am impressed by this. If you had not told me otherwise, I would have thought that you started with a woman!”

“We have access to a top clinic,” said Vari from behind. “Their work is exceptional.”

Gudrun stepped forward and gently lifted the hem of Jaqueline’s skirt and smiled.

“I take it that you are administering a course of medication for this effect,” she said as she stroked the rigid erection that stood from Jaqueline’s groin.

“Well yes,” said Vari. “There is medication of course, we need to maintain the feminine look, but what you now see is all training that started in the VR.”

“I’m impressed,” said Armena. “How far to completion?”

Elisabeth made a small motion of her hand and stroked Jaqueline’s cheek.

“In two weeks, ten days actually, Jaqueline’s wife will take possession. All that remains now are the boudoir exercises that Vari is in charge of and a few small additions that her wife has requested.”

Gudrun’s hand stroked Jaqueline’s rigid cock gently and her eyes watched the maid’s expression.

“I’m not interfering with the training, am I?” she said as her nails scratched the tip. “I am just interested to see if she is fully responsive.”

“No,” said Vari. “We are presently using a break in chastity as part of the training. Feel free.”

Jaqueline struggled to hold her hips steady as the abusive hand played with her. Occasionally stroking, teasing and then slapping the sensitive tip.

"All this in just a couple of months," said Gudrun. "My normal regime is six months. I just have to see this new-fangled VR system of yours!"

"Two months, three weeks," said Vari.

"Remarkable," said Armena. "I am already sure that my husband will benefit from a small vacation here but I have a few questions."

The hand moved now with a steady rhythm and Jaqueline knew that she would not be able to hold herself back. For a moment her eyes dared to look up and she saw that Gudrun was not even watching her, but absorbed in her companion's remarks.

"I see that you specialize in maids," said Armena looking from Jaqueline to Vari and then to the maid who stood by the front door. "But I think that I need something else."

Elisabeth shrugged.

"It's true, most of our clients want submissive feminized males or else women who serve as ornamental companions. However, we can produce almost anything that you can imagine."

At that moment Jaqueline felt herself pushed past the limits of her control and she uttered a small squeak and climaxed with a small shudder of thighs and belly. Gudrun pulled her hand back in time to avoid the squirt from the little cock and watched as further spurts splashed to the floor at her feet.

"Fully functional," said Gudrun with a small laugh before turning back to Armena to listen to her comments.

"As I was saying, I think that my concept for my husband is a little different. I want a man that can satisfy me; feminine, yes, but with the stamina and ability to satisfy both myself and other women constantly."

Jaqueline felt the shivers in her thighs subside as Gudrun dropped the hem of her skirt. A hot flush, from breasts to face prickled her skin and she tried to steady her gasping breath and stand as before. The women ignored her discomfiture and started to walk towards the stairs.

"That's no problem, you just need to be clear about details like performance and punishment, chastity and physical size and we will do the rest," said Elisabeth.

"Pain and pleasure, that is what I want. I want him to beg to be disciplined before I use him.

Total control over his every thought and a need to be punished that is all consuming!"

The group climbed the stairs, Vari taking a last look at Jaqueline as she trailed behind. It was good that the tears came after they had left her, she thought. A perfect slave should have no regrets or signs of emotion unless her owner desired it for her own pleasure!

The last words that Jaqueline heard as the group disappeared into the shadows was Elisabeth laughing and telling Armena that she was sure that Oban Manor could create the husband that Armena desired and was prepared to pay for.

Jaqueline looked at the drying spots on the marble and could not help feeling superior to the other maid standing in the hallway, she had not been even teased.

Boudoir Behavior

"Your wife has decided that you will be prepared to please her intimately," announced Vari.

"You are very, very lucky that she has decided that she still wants to play with you in bed, because your mother wanted you to be neutered to ensure life-long chastity. Edith has persuaded your mother that you will have an intimate role to play and she has assented to this future for you."

Jaqueline tried to picture her mother in her head. A face appeared in her inner thoughts and she shuddered as that face frowned and showed displeasure.

"We shall start today with the training and you will learn how to make a woman satisfied."

Jaqueline nodded and focused all of her attention on Vari. For the first time she was not in her red maid's uniform, but rather in a slinky black dress that hugged her from thighs to breasts.

"What we are going to do today is the basics of decorum. Dressing, undressing and preparations for a woman's pleasure. Do you understand?"

Jaqueline glanced at the long thin cane in Vari's right hand and mewed as she had been taught.

"I won't accept any dilly-dallying," said Vari allowing her Scottish accent to surface. "I want grace, elegance and poise in every move. Pleasuring your wife is the highest honor that she can bestow upon you. It is *not* for *your* gratification, the entirety of your being must be focused on *her* pleasure. You will learn the signs to follow that give away her wishes, because she will not want to be distracted by having to give a string of commands. Everything must be seamless and perfect or justified punishment will be severe."

Jaqueline mewed and looked at the floor. Days of practice walking, standing still, dressing and preparing herself was coming to its culmination. She could feel the rasp of the lace on her standing prick and the slight tug of the rings that hung from each nipple. An anxiety filled her as she hoped that she could remember all the new lessons that were about to begin.

"Good," let's start with undressing!

Vari showed Jaqueline the pose that she was to take before disrobing and then reeled off a long list that explained the order in which she needed follow.

As Jaqueline moved awkwardly to reach the laces of her corset, Vari made her practice again and again until her fingers moved directly to the ribbons that crisscrossed her back.

"Loosen from the top to the bottom, lace by lace," said Vari. "That's better, do it again!"

The whole process of stripping elegantly was broken into steps, each of which was done again and again until Jaqueline's movements met the approval of her teacher. Each time, Vari bent the cane in her hands, but she did not seem to be provoked to use it as Jaqueline gradually improved.

"I had been hoping to move onto undressing a real woman," said Vari with a slightly frustrated tone, "But, we'll have to leave that until tomorrow."

The six hours had flown by and Jaqueline felt exhausted. It was not a physical effort, but the control that she was required to show over every movement created a strain and cramps that she had to overcome to do the bidding of her Scottish teacher.

"We have finished for the day," announced Vari at last. "Practice another four hours alone and then you can run-through your walk and greetings until midnight."

Jaqueline stood in her dress and corset.

She so desperately wanted to thank Vari for her patience, tell her that she hoped to become perfect, but all that came from her mouth was a small sigh.

"You are doing well," said Vari, patting her on the head. "I am satisfied with progress so far, even though I overestimated your ability to learn."

Jaqueline looked down at Vari's feet and gracefully dropped to the floor in a greeting-kneel and place her face close to those delicate feet.

"You may," said Vari with a smile. "Just a single kiss, that is enough."

Jaqueline felt a surge of affection and planted a small kiss on each shoe. Vari sighed and used the point of the cane to lift the hem of Jaqueline's skirt and pull it back over the kneeling maid's back.

"That spoiled a perfect day," said Vari. "You still have so much to learn!"

Three strokes of the cane stroked the sensitive skin in quick succession. Jaqueline held back her need to squeak at each blow, but felt that perhaps the cuts of the cane had not been as severe as the severe disobedience required.

The cane tapped the rounded buttocks of the maid a little and then the backs of her thighs. Then it tapped the gold tube that stretched Jaqueline's balls.

"You are a naughty girl," said Vari, in an exasperated tone. "Don't think that I'll let my affection moderate any punishments! One more trick like that and we will spend a long day learning that obedience is not just required, it is compulsory. When I say 'one kiss' I mean exactly that."

The ring in the tip of Jaqueline's cock rubbed on her thigh and almost made her wince. After two days it was still a little sore. It had been sunk so deep, a deterrent to prevent self-abuse, a potent sign of subservience. The tube that stretched her balls to small shiny

marbles was a little uncomfortable, but nowhere near the tenderness of the piercings in nipples and her cock.

"I'm leaving now," announced Vari. "I shall look in occasionally and expect to find you practicing until perfect!"

Jaqueline felt pride in the expression on Vari's face as she undressed. Every move was smooth and delicate, flutters of the fingers, twists of the wrist and slow elegant moves that slipped stockings and shoes from her feet without a single hesitation or tremble.

"Well done," said Vari as Jaqueline stood naked before her. "Every night you will practice.

Even when you are back in your wife's care, you will use all your spare moments to test your ability with the clothes that she decides that you should wear. Now we move to the second part."

Compared to the difficulty of undressing herself, undressing Vari was an easy task. Jaqueline's hands shook a little as she worked and practiced, but the nervousness was due to being allowed to see her teacher's gorgeous body rather than any nervousness at failing to please.

Once again, they practiced again and again. First undressing and then dressing. Each motion smooth and feminine, each time with different clothes and dessous.

Jaqueline realized that stockings and shoes were the most difficult. Everything else could be managed without touching her teacher, rolling down the stockings and unseating the stilettos or boots required a light touch that never culminated in contact with thighs or feet.

Finally, both Vari and Jaqueline stood naked by the bed and Jaqueline so hoped that the next phase would begin. Vari smiled and slapped the ringed cock playfully.

"You want to please me now?" she asked.

Jaqueline mewled and looked down.

"Maybe tomorrow, perhaps we need another day!" said Vari. "You are permitted a single kiss."

Jaqueline knelt and realized that she was being permitted to place her lips on Vari's naked feet.

No stockings, no elegant shoes, this was direct contact and she realized that this was a special moment that could never be sullied by her eagerness to serve.

She planted a single brush of her lips on the toenail of Vari's right big toe and retreated to stare at the floor.

"See! You can behave if you try," said Vari. "Now, until midnight, practice, practice, practice."

It was not the next day, or the one after that. Those days were filled with walking, undressing and dressing. For half of each day, Jaqueline was tethered in the hall where occasional passing guests teased and played with her as they came and went. The rest of each day was practice with Vari, but mostly alone.

Each of the days, Jaqueline yearned for the pleasuring lessons to begin, but Vari ignored her and ensured that every move was elegant and perfect.

"Now we move along," said Vari as she stood naked before a hopeful maid. "Before we begin, I shall warn you! Direct contact is only ever possible when commanded. At the first sign of displeasure, you must retreat and await direct commands. Understand?"

Jaqueline mewed and her cock stood rigidly to attention.

"There is to be *no* release or gratification for the maid. She is just a tool, a toy for her betters who wants nothing more than to satisfy and gratify."

Vari moved to stand directly before the kneeling Jaqueline and said, "Now, let's begin with Mistress standing and you kneeling. Lips, tongue and hands. Your task is to coax thighs apart to allow better access. How do you think that you can manage? Show me."

Jaqueline was almost overcome with excitement. Her little cock stood straining in her lap as she hesitantly lifted her hands to touch.

"No, no, that's not good. Think about what you are doing! What is the first sign of submission?"

It is all about showing obedience. Think!"

Jaqueline pulled her hands away and put them behind her back.

"There, that's much better."

The kneeling slave leaned a little to kiss the curved lips of that pussy, but was stopped by the reaction from Vari.

"Stop! If you make another silly mistake, I will have you thrashed. How dare you think that you are allowed to go there. First you need permission. Now then, let try again and this time tempt me to allow you to go further. This is for my pleasure, not to satisfy your gross fantasies!"

Jaqueline looked up and choked back a sob as she felt a touch of distress and then looked down.

Finally, she bent right down and gently kissed the stilettos of her tutor with a brush of her lips.

“See, that’s much better. You cannot ask with words, so ask with actions. Each small step leading to the next, always allow your owner to choose.”

Jaqueline mewed and then dared kiss the taut skin of Vari’s ankle.

“Mm, that’s good,” said Vari.

The kisses moved higher. A gentle pattern of dry lips on skin that lifted to the knees. The reaction from Vari was a small sound that encouraged Jaqueline to tickle just above the knees with her tongue.

“Always dry. It is important that you do not slobber. There is nothing worse than a wet kiss on skin. Now then, move on and show me that you are under my control. This is not ‘making love,’ it is showing unconditional love.”

She was so sensitive to failure on her part. She moved down and started again at the ankles. Jaqueline looked up and Vari seemed satisfied, but she was working her way up slowly.

“That’s better, now then, watch for the prickling of the skin. Perhaps a slight flush, perhaps goose bumps. There are the signs that you are on the right track. Keep an eye on my pussy, look for slickness, excitement, then you can tease and tempt the way that you need to.”

Jaqueline saw that the slit above her had a liquid sheen and felt satisfaction, so she moved a little higher. Now she was brushing her lips on Vari’s thighs, her eyes level with the swelling sex that was her objective.

She dared kiss the smooth skin to the side and then retreated to the firm thigh, a dry lick that started at the knee and traced a curve to the fold between leg and pussy.

“Very good,” sighed Vari. “That is a good signal for your user.”

Vari’s feet moved a little to open her thighs. The curved slot of her sex parted to reveal a glimpse of pink flushed layers, tempting Jaqueline to touch the edge of the pussy with her lips.

“Too far too soon,” breathed Vari. “This is all about delicacy, subtle touches and temptation.

Your job is to tease and make your owner ready for the first dainty contact.”

Jaqueline ran her lips up the other thigh and then planted a small kiss just above the small gold ring that pierced Vari’s clitoris.

“That is fine, just move around and shower me with kisses. Make me *want* to allow you to touch me.”

Jaqueline was grateful for a direct instruction and did as she was told, moving and touching with her lips and the occasional touch of the tongue. The response was that Vari moved her feet a little wider and moaned a little.

'Now', thought Jaqueline, as the slightest touch of her tongue risked contact with the tiny gold ring.

The reaction was instant, thighs flexed and a small groan from above rewarded Jaqueline with a sign that she had done well. She retreated a little and brushed her lips on thighs to allow Vari to recover.

"Now, you're getting it, dear!" whispered Vari. "I think that it is enough for the moment."

Jaqueline sat back and looked at Vari's stilettos with disappointment. How could she stop just when she was doing so well?

A hand descended and stroked Jaqueline's hair gently.

"Let's practice the steps again and your greetings. If you are perfect, we can move to another important area. Breasts and upper body. If you are not, then you will find yourself standing in the ready-position all night!"

Jaqueline gracefully stood and bowed her head. The ready-position was so difficult to hold and all night would be a terrible punishment. Legs apart, straining ankles in her shoes, pulling at the muscles of her thighs with back bent back to allow inspection and torment of breasts and cock.

'Please not that,' she wailed inside her head. *'Not all night.'*

One small curtsy had not met Vari's approval.

Just one small mistake in the way that she held the hem of her skirt and lifted it too high to expose the glint of gold of the tube straining her balls. It had been enough to annoy Vari and Jaqueline found herself leashed to the familiar training ring in the hallway of the house.

She stood, legs feet apart, her back arched and eyes up in the cool air of the hallway. The strain to keep the soles of her shoes on the slippery marble and thrust her large breasts out for inspection, but the only users of the hallway were other maids about their quiet business.

At any time, Elisabeth, Vari or one of the other supervisors might pass and she dared not move from her position even though her calves were cramped and her back ached from her awkward position.

Time seemed to stretch, distant sharp footsteps of the inhabitants of Oban Manor came to her ears. She knew that the short, wicked cane that lay on the floor between her feet

was the proscribed distance and dared not move because the regulation was that it should just touch each spike of her heels.

She heard the sound of walking on the stairs and fought to hold still. It sounded as if two or more people were descending and that could only mean that it was not merely a maid. Of course, a maid was obliged to report misbehavior, but they tended to be less critical than the senior women who would punish at the slightest misconduct.

The steps approached and then Elisabeth's voice broke the silence.

"I have been informed that you were a naughty little girl!" she said. "Vari is most disappointed in you."

Jaqueline stood rigid and prayed that her position met with her mistress' approval.

"I hope that you are fully erect," said Elisabeth's voice sternly. "The cane is not just for show."

Jaqueline mewed piteously and then sighed.

"It would seem that there is more than a little rebellion in this one," said another woman's voice. "A trainee?"

"She is no longer a trainee," said Elisabeth. "She should know by now that perfect grace and obedience is the only reason for her life now. Disappointing Vari is disappointing me personally and now she is shaming me in front of a client!"

Jaqueline shuddered slightly as the hem of her skirt was lifted for inspection.

"Is that really as big as it gets?" asked the other woman's voice.

"I'm afraid so, client requirements, but at least it is fully stiff," said Elisabeth's voice as she dropped the hem from her hand.

A hand touched Jaqueline's breast. Briefly it cupped her in a palm before it moved and tugged at the ring embedded deep in her nipple.

"She is almost fully healed," said the woman whom Jaqueline could not see. "The scars are almost invisible. What size were the implants?"

"Five hundred cubic each one," said Elisabeth. "This is on the large side, but it is always important to match the frame with breasts unless the client has particular tastes."

"I would prefer something a little more natural for mine," said the voice. "I want a real feeling of hanging and not this silicon firmness. Perhaps a few hundred more cc's each and nice and soft to need a proper support bra all the time?"

"No problem, you have to specify if you intend to use them to punish or restrict," said Elisabeth.

"The type of implant is critical and the cost rises."

“Oh, I don’t care about cost, there was nothing he liked more than small neat tits. I don’t want him to be aroused when he looks in a mirror!”

The hand that tweaked the ring pulled a little and Jaqueline could not help but moan.

“Mm, I like the piercings, elegant, understated and perfect to torment. It had not occurred to me, but I want something similar, but I want large soft nipples and not these pert stand-up ones!”

“A lot depends on what the surgeon has to work with, but of course I am sure that we can match your ideas. Now then, we need to discuss this.”

Elisabeth’s hand lifted the skirt again and Jaqueline felt a hand brush her constricted balls.

“They come off, that’s for sure,” said the female voice. Just a sweet little soft thing to dangle.

No piercings there, though. Too much bother and anyway, that way chastity control will not be an ongoing problem.”

The hem dropped again and Jaqueline felt herself holding her breath. How was it that the thought of losing her balls excited? Was it because she knew that she was not the one to be improved in that way?

“As you like, we can discuss other options tomorrow. There is one thing though while we are here. It would be useful if you could specify how you want him dressed. Corset, dress, skirt, bodice, bra or girdle. We pride ourselves that we match the subject to the clothes to get the best effect. As you can see, Jaqueline has had her waist narrowed for a corset. This accentuates the hips nicely.”

A hand smoothed over Jaqueline’s hips and waist.

“We adapt each subject to match the fetish that the owner requires. Slim, full hips, as you like.”

“I would prefer something nice and chubby,” said the voice in answer. “Sexual, plump and suitable for corporal punishment. I have already started to look for steel boned corsets that will push her into shape, so I don’t want a narrow waist that would be easy on her. More straight down and ready to force into shape!”

“Perfect, my dear! So many clients ask for perfection like Jaqueline here. A mistake if continual anguish is the aim! There is nothing like a really excruciating corset and tight eight-inch stilettos to ensure that the subject is continually reminded that they are being forced into being a sexual plaything. Anyway, it is such fun to dress them up!”

The other woman started to laugh.

A finger brushed Jaqueline’s nipple, she sensed that it was Elisabeth.

“You are so lucky, Jaqueline, that the woman who has sent you here for training wants a pretty maid. Just imagine what it would be like to belong to this client!”

Jaqueline suppressed the mew that came to her throat and felt an upwelling of panic. It was replaced by relief as she thought of Edith. Elisabeth was right, she was so very lucky.

Presentation

"Your owner will be arriving the day after tomorrow," announced Vari. "Tonight, we shall present you to one of our clients and you will be able to put everything that you have learned into practice."

Jaqueline nodded almost imperceptibly before her mentor continued.

"There will be a small soiree that will be attended by a number of male and female clients. If you are lucky, one of them will pick you and you will be used. If you are not selected for use, then I will be more than disappointed! Three others will be in competition, all experienced way beyond your abilities, I want you to shine and show me that you have what it takes to be not only selected, but the perfect companion for the man or woman that chooses you for their pleasure. Do not disappoint me, because if there is anything but praise for your behavior, you will pay for the insult."

Vari had never threatened Jaqueline so clearly with severe punishment and Jaqueline realized that Vari's reputation as a trainer depended on her performance. Her hands behind her back twitched and she crossed her fingers briefly.

"You have the ability, make sure that you act with grace."

A brief smile flickered on Vari's lips. Jaqueline allowed her mind to recall the delicious moments when she had been permitted to take her to climax and a slight smugness filled her thoughts.

"Preparation starts now," announced Vari. "You will assume the 'ready' stance for three hours after which I shall make sure that you are perfect for this evening. You will not be required to serve. You will be exhibited with the other three as available."

Vari placed the cane on the carpet and watched as Jaqueline took up the ready-position with elegance.

"I'll be back in a while, concentrate on perfection."

The center of the lounge had a low stage. A circular podium on which stood all four candidates while the guests mingled and chatted with glasses in their hands.

Jaqueline stood facing the buffet with her legs in the 'repose' position, one foot slightly turned before the other. She stood straight, making the most of her breasts and occasionally fluttered her long lashes, pouting slightly with the hint of a smile. She was sure that the other three also knew how to make the most of their attractions and hoped that the position that she had chosen was perfect to show her charms. The question was, how should she show reaction if a client showed interest.

She had thought very carefully about this for the three hours of waiting for Vari and decided that the best strategy would be a slight change of stance, a small slide of her

feet, that would invite further interest. With luck, the client would want to see more and then choose her to play with!

The buffet looked delicious, prawn pil-pil, breads and salads and a vast selection of pastries and sweetmeats. The wafting bouquet of the garlic and breads tormented her, but she held her pose and hoped for the best.

The guests at the soiree provided something to think about, as Jaqueline tried to decide whom *she* would pick if the choice was permitted.

Elisabeth stood near the window chatting and laughing with a man who would have been Jaqueline's last choice. She was sure that she knew how to please a man, but the thought was terrifying. Training for that eventuality had been sparse because it had not been placed high on the list of priorities by Jaqueline's wife, but it was a distinct possibility and she quailed at the thought.

Her eyes turned to the three women who were sipping champagne near the buffet as they chuckled over some private anecdote. Two were younger, perhaps in their thirties, the other was a severe, bulky looking woman whose smile seemed more politeness than humor. She was the second last choice, Jaqueline decided. Difficult to please and probably intensely demanding. The other two had both chosen to dress in latex with coiled whips at their waists.

Jaqueline admired them and wished that she could be so relaxed before deciding that perhaps they might be more interested in punishing their companion for the night than using her for pleasure. Perhaps they too were at the bottom of the list?

There were only two other people in the room that were clearly clients. All of the others seemed to be senior staff like the doctor who stood alone and watched the proceedings with a slight smile on her lips.

What would it be like to have to please the woman who had supervised the dream-like phase of the initial training at Oban Manor? Jaqueline found her eyes drawn to the woman and she felt a shiver of fear pass through her as the doctor caught her eye and raised her leather-gloved hand in acknowledgement. The fingers opened slowly and hypnotically and Jaqueline felt terror as she realized that the entire surface of the glove was a mass of tiny pin-like spikes that moved in waves as the hand flexed. The hand partially closed and then made a small movement up and down that caused Jaqueline to almost cry out in fear.

Then came a small twisted smile and the doctor broke eye-contact and slowly walked around the podium, out of sight.

Jaqueline concentrated on the other two guests, that she had not assessed yet. One was a stunning woman, shapely and full bosomed who stood listening to her partner in conversation with a lifted eyebrow.

Jaqueline concentrated and realized that the other woman was explaining some facet of her philosophy about men.

“...and so that’s the reason that I *know* that it is not enough to just break a man, he has to be emptied of *all* independent thought and...”

The rest of the sentence was lost, but the skeptical look on the listener’s face put her in clear first place of all the clients in the room, from Jaqueline’s point of view.

The gathering was clearly a success, as the guests mingled with staff and occasionally inspected the four play-things on offer.

The first that showed interest in Jaqueline was the man who had been chatting with Elisabeth.

She led him to the podium and stood relaxed as he commented on the maid next to Jaqueline.

“I am going to add at least one of these to my collection,” he said. “It would be so complimentary to bed one or two women with something a little exotic like this.”

Jaqueline dared to allow her eyes to move and inspect him and was impressed by his charisma.

Dressed in a suit and tie, Jaqueline could see his huge cock bulging between his legs. Clearly, he was interested in a companion. Now she was caught in a difficult place. Clearly the worst result for her would be to disappoint Vari by not being selected, but on the other hand, could she manage to gratify this strong man’s desires?

Elisabeth and the man moved to the next possible choice and Jaqueline felt relief and disappointment as they passed behind her.

It was several minutes before the next prospect arrived. This time it was one of the pretty women with a whip at her belt. The latex dress that she wore slid on the floor and was tight like a matte sheath that showed every detail of her perfect figure. In her glass was a glass that she held as she lifted Jaqueline’s skirt and raised an eyebrow.

“There’s much too much fondness for little men,” she said to herself as she dropped the hem and sized up Jaqueline.

Jaqueline flushed a little and the woman made a small cluck of disapproval.

“Far too subservient for my taste,” she said as the other two women arrived by her side. “Look at the way that it blushes. Who wants a little rag doll like this?”

“Some women are not very confident in their abilities,” said the older woman with a sneer.

“They just play with their broken pathetic she-males and think that they are really so dominant.

It’s pathetic!”

The other young woman arched her lips and added her own opinion.

“Imagine putting this little tart through her paces. In a minute she’d be sobbing as she was shafted and exploited. Give me a man crawling at my feet, trying to escape being pegged any time!”

“Oh, the fashion will change, women need to get used to the idea that unwilling men make by far the most satisfying sluts to fuck,” said the older woman. “Then when they break and submit, toss them out with the rest of the garbage!”

Jaqueline held her breath, would one of these women want her? The thought came that Vari’s disapproval would perhaps be a better option!

The three domes moved away and added themselves to Elisabeth and her companion and Jaqueline allowed herself a silent sigh of relief.

Jaqueline stood painfully aware that she was on the brink of not having anyone at all select her and she shivered in fear as the soiree gradually dispersed. First to leave were the three sadistic women. Next was the man that had picked the maid behind Jaqueline’s position. That left her alone with two others and just two guests.

“Well then,” said the attractive skeptical woman. “What have we here?”

She strolled into view and came to a halt before the quaking maid.

“You are a sweet little thing, have you a name?”

Elisabeth slid into view and shook her head.

“This one has been silenced for her new owner,” she said with a smile. “Wives, they don’t like to be contradicted!”

The woman laughed at the joke and stroked Jaqueline’s thigh with the tips of her fingers.

“That’s the way I like them, nice and quiet,” she chuckled. “Let’s see what she’s got.”

The skirt was lifted and dropped with a small laugh and the woman asked Jaqueline another question.

“Are you looking forward to seeing your wife?” she asked.

“You are permitted to answer,” said Elisabeth to the maid.

Jaqueline nodded slightly and smiled. Then she remembered her intended strategy and wondered if Elisabeth would be annoyed if she moved. For a moment she hesitated and then moved her heel a little to open her thighs an inch or two.

The woman started to laugh and then said; “How can I resist this slut who wants to serve? She’s so sweet and eager, it would be a shame to refuse an offer like that!”

Elisabeth started to laugh and winked at Jaqueline.

“I think that you have caught my sister in your toils, Jacki.”

Jaqueline felt herself melt with affection for Elisabeth. It was the first time that she had been called ‘Jacki’ and it filled her with an emotion that warmed her and caused tears to fill her eyes.

“Good girl,” said Elisabeth’s sister. “I think that you need a little love, that’s all. I’ll look after you tonight if you’re a good little girl.”

She turned to Elisabeth and asked; “If it’s not a chastity regime...”

“You are such a soft touch, Eileen! Do as you like, just tell me how Jacki did and that’s enough!”

Eileen smiled and reached for the leash and wound it in her hand.

“Come on, let’s find out if my sister’s done a good job!”

Jaqueline followed Eileen and wondered where she had met the woman before. There was feeling of Deja-vu and she was sure that somewhere she had seen her in the house.

Perhaps just in passing in the long hours spent in the hallway in the ‘ready’ position?

It was half way up the stairs that Eileen told her and Jaqueline felt her legs go weak and was glad that she was not in view of the woman that had been with Elisabeth while they had discussed her next purchase.

Hers was the voice that had commented that she wanted her husband to be castrated and in constant agony while Elisabeth had told her that it would be done to her liking!

Come On Eileen

'Surely she would not do that to me?' thought Jaqueline as she was led to Eileen's room, but in fact, she had no idea if there were any limits placed on her use.

Eileen opened the door to her room and led Jaqueline into a room that was both sumptuous and personal. Erotic prints on the walls, a photo of her sister in a silver frame by the bed, silk sheets and hangings and a carpet that was like walking on a cloud.

"Now then, wait here in the ready-position until I have had my shower and then we'll see what you're good for. I am demanding, but if you please, then perhaps you'll survive my attentions."

Jaqueline mewed and spread her legs as required while Eileen took a leather crop and held it for Jaqueline to hold in her lips.

"That's better than on the floor. Be careful, it can bite!" she said with a laugh.

Jaqueline felt the rough leather with her tongue and discovered that metal studs had been twisted into the braiding. An awful feeling of wanting-to-run assailed her. Run to Vari, run to Elisabeth, escape the woman who was going to hurt her, but her legs stayed stretched as she had been trained and she knew that whatever she did, the least perilous path was to suffer and obey.

She had been trained to stand for hours, but the twenty minutes of waiting were almost more than Jaqueline could bear. The sound of the water, the tuneless humming of a pop song and the splashing of feet put Jaqueline through the ringer.

Finally, Eileen emerged naked and still wet from the shower to inspect her quaking victim.

"I think that I want to buy you," she said. "My sister said that you were up for sale at the right price, so it seems that your wife might be persuaded to part ways with you!"

A hand thrust under Jaqueline's skirt and pulled at her balls with a tug.

"Then these could come off and I could fatten you up a little. I suppose that these are a problem," her other hand touched a breast, "but that is just a surgeon's knife."

Jaqueline felt her suddenly full bladder, an imperative release just seconds away. What would happen if she pissed herself in fear? She managed to control the physical reaction, but her mind filled with thoughts of belonging to this woman who had seemed so wonderful when in the party, but was now the worst of all outcomes.

Eileen nodded and looked into Jaqueline's eyes with a wicked smile.

"I like to start with a whip," she declared. "Tears before bedtime is the rule! First things first, though!"

She turned from Jaqueline and started to dress. High Oxfords, hold-up stockings and a diaphanous negligee that covered her splendid breasts and hung to her hips. By the time that she arrived to take the evil crop from the lips of her slut, Jaqueline was almost at collapse. She stood aware that her knees trembled and her cock was hanging loose and knew that she could not resist whatever was about to occur.

There was no choice, she had to obey. This woman was better than her in every way, superior and in need of gratification and there was no option but to suffer whatever she decided for her trembling little maid.

Eileen stood and flexed the crop. The spikes that stood from the braided leather would tear at the first strike and Jaqueline braced herself for a cut as best that she could.

The scene held for perhaps just thirty seconds, an age in the mind of the quaking Jaqueline, before the crop dropped to the floor and Eileen started to laugh uproariously.

“OK, OK, you have passed the test,” she said between guffaws. “You managed not to piss yourself or try to escape even though I promised Lizzy that I’d do my best to crack you! Well done. Jacki, you are a credit to Vari and my sister. Just make sure that you behave for the rest of the night and make me cum like no other man has before and I’ll give you full marks!”

Jaqueline started to sob. Her breath came in gasps and she mewed and purred as a hand stroked her hair in comfort.

“I know, it’s a mean trick, Jackie, but it’s for your own good! There are clients and others who buy used husbands and lovers in the aftermarket that can be very severe indeed. Worse than I pretended by far. Oban Manor just wants to make sure that they sell the very best of the best and a little test is the last hurdle for every slave to jump!”

Jaqueline looked up and saw a smile on Eileen’s lips.

“Now then, let’s start with your greetings and see how well the rest of your time here has been spent!”

Jaqueline dropped to her knees and kissed the smooth patent leather of the shoes with a fervor akin to love.

Now she would show what she could do at last.

Part Five

Breakfast in America

Collection

It had been so long!

Three months that seemed like years of acquiring the skills that Edith had paid so much for. So much to learn, so much to absorb, so much satisfaction at being at last what his wife wanted.

The tension was palpable!

Jaqueline stood at the door and waited in the 'ready' position. Now it was easy, the muscles of her thighs built to take the strain, shaping her legs to perfection, showing the exact right amount of strength, shapeliness and allure that was required. Even the tight knee-high boots were now easily held in position on the slippery marble. Soon, Edith would be here and Jaqueline's heart swelled with hope that the first moments would be all that she hoped.

Astonished disbelief that she had done so well, that was the hope.

She heard the crunch of tires on gravel and then the slamming of a car door and imagined Florence and Edith stepping from the limousine with no idea that Jaqueline was so close and ready to obey every instruction eagerly.

Her thoughts slipped to two nights ago and she felt proud of the way that she had acquitted herself with Eileen. Even Vari had had to admit that the report had been glowing! The final jewel in the crown had been the moment that Elisabeth's sister had slipped the harness over her face and added the huge dildo that allowed tongue and rubber to fill and tease the woman that she adored almost as much as Edith.

That hoped for, wonderful reward had been so generous, because even though Eileen clearly did not have to do anything other than roll over and sleep with satiation, she played with her maid until almost the very point of climax to watch as the little cock slowly milked into her palm.

Jaqueline had lapped at the proffered hand and purred as she had been taught while Eileen smiled as encouraged her to lick up every drop and then *even* allowed her to suckle those perfect breasts as the mistress slipped into contented slumber. That had been the ultimate accolade.

The memory was so sweet.

Jaqueline could only hope that Eileen would understand that all she ever wanted was to love and please her wife every night and all day.

The door opened, Elisabeth making her usual perfectly timed progress down the staircase. All Jaqueline could hear were the sharp click son the stonework, but she

recognized the step and did not need to look to know that every step was elegantly taken.

“Well, here we are again.”

The voice was Florence’s, the reply Edith’s.

“That ferry is a real pain!”

Jaqueline braced herself for recognition as her gaze took in the familiar ceiling of the hallway.

“Welcome back,” said Elisabeth’s voice in a warm tone. “Come in and see the little surprise that we have for you!”

Jaqueline heard the sound of steps and felt a prickling of sweat and a drop run down her back.

He heard a small giggle and a hand touched her breasts, drifting over the tingling skin to brush the rings.

“Oh, you are sweet,” said Edith’s voice.

She longed to look down, but she dared not, but her knees shook and her heel slipped a fraction on the floor.

“Poor little Jacob,” said Florence.

Jaqueline felt a start and looked down to find Elisabeth, Edith and Florence admiring her.

“Jaqueline now, darling,” said Elisabeth.

There was a smile on her lips, but the rest of her face showed irritation.

“That was naughty, Jaqueline, you were not asked to look! Now show your wife the proper greeting and be thankful if she does not order you to be disciplined.”

Gracefully, as she had been taught, Jaqueline slipped to her knees. The boots always made it more difficult, but in a flutter of lacy dress and small movements of her hands she came to the correct position and lightly kissed the shoes of her wife. How beautiful she was, how flawless, thought Jaqueline as she brushed the leather with her lips. Jaqueline stayed down and placed both hands on the floor between Edith’s feet and waited for further orders, desperately hoping that she would not be angry at her shock at being called by a name that she had almost forgotten.

“Jaqueline is so fetching,” said Edith. “Her mother will be pleased. However, if she needs discipline, then while we are still here, she should of course be punished.”

From the corner of her eye, Jaqueline could see the feet of all three women. Edith's red stilettos, the elegant high-heeled sandals of Elisabeth with her perfect manicure and the high wedged ankle boots that Florence wore with fur around the ankles.

"The plans have changed a little," said Edith. "While we were in Rome, Mrs. De Vere was in contact. She wants to see Jaqueline, but I was planning to stay here another week. It would be best if we head back for the USA tomorrow, so I have booked the flight already. That means that we have to leave from Glasgow tomorrow in the early afternoon."

"You intend to take Jaqueline on that flight as a passenger?" asked Elisabeth. "You realize that passport control will be a problem?"

"We'll just have to get through it," answered Edith.

She looked down at her husband and pushed her foot forward a little and was gratified to see Jaqueline gently kissing the uppers with reverence.

"If you can wait another day, I can arrange to have her shipped as freight," said Elisabeth.

"There is a regular overnight flight for animal transport once a day from Cardiff. We will handle the whole thing and it will save you a great deal of bother."

Edith nodded and looked at Florence.

"What do you think?"

"Sounds fine, one day won't make any difference. He belongs to you now, so I don't know why you are getting into such a rush?"

Edith turned her foot a little and enjoyed the soft touch on her foot as Jaqueline understood the signal.

"In three days, Jaqueline is twenty-one and you know what that means, honey," said Edith.

Florence smiled.

"We have been through this a thousand times, Edith. Your husband is now yours, and no longer belongs to Mrs. De Vere. You should not let yourself..."

Elisabeth coughed to interrupt and changed the subject.

"Ladies, ladies, this is not something to discuss in front of Jaqueline, she is not allowed to hear adult problems or conversation. Now then, tell me all about your trip to Rome?"

Jaqueline's heart pounded. The mention of her mother brought a strange feeling of aversion, but she was so glad that Edith had come to collect her. It showed that she loved her husband.

She crouched as the women discussed Rome and watched the feet move slightly and the muscles in shapely calves move under nylon.

"It was so romantic, Amsterdam, Munich and then on to Venice and Rome," said Florence.

"We dilly-dallied in the piazzas and had such a great time."

"Sounds romantic," said Elisabeth.

"It was so romantic," said Florence. "We decided from the start that we would make it memorable since it was the honeymoon. Rose petals and silk."

"Rome is full of those Latin lovers," said Elisabeth. "Every time I go down there, I find it irresistible to have some small affair and find a man who knows how a woman should be treated."

Edith looked down at Jaqueline and smiled. Her hair was slowly growing out and had been plaited against her head to be tied with little ribbons. The back was lean and smooth down to the edge of her corset where pink laces criss-crossed her pale skin and pulled the hard leather tight.

She patted her husband on the head and said, "Not above the ankle darling."

Jaqueline moved and planted small kisses on the leather and then dared to plant a small experimental kiss where the ankle swelled over the leather.

"In the end, we decided to just have fun," said Florence. "We have each other, but it is so exciting to share."

"What she means is that Florence decided to sample the wildlife and found Emilio."

"You were the one that started it all," accused Florence with a laugh. "Letting Massimo show you the sights! I think that you saw rather more of him than the Forum or the Coliseum!"

"OK, that bit's true," said Edith. "Massimo had something in his trousers that was taller than Trajan's column but then you insisted on joining in and sampling a little Italian flair!"

Anyway, he was so good, a refreshing change. It's not all whips and spurs."

"You're a liar, Edith. You just couldn't resist thrashing him and that chased him away!"

Jaqueline listened to the conversation of her betters while she carefully massaged the ankle that had been permitted to touch. She wondered who this 'Massimo' was, but was glad that he had been chased away. Edith was his wife and Jaqueline belonged to her, that was the way that it was and everything else was not important.

"I'll give you that, but if I hadn't, how would you have found Alessio? He was a keeper if ever I saw one."

“Sounds like you had a great time, girls! I am longing to hear all the details, but the rooms are ready. So how about a little ‘freshen-up’ and then I’ll join you in the lounge for a bite to eat.

I’ve got arrangements to make.”

“And Jaqueline?” asked Edith.

“What about her?”

Jaqueline pricked up her ears and paused.

“Don’t stop, dear,” said Edith stooping and patting her husband on the head. “Just do what you’re told to and there might be a special little reward tonight! I brought you a present back from our honeymoon.”

Jaqueline kissed the shoes fervently, tracking the laces to skin and down again.

“I need to know all the details of her stay!”

“Oh, that,” said Elisabeth. “I thought you meant, was she in your room?”

“No just Florence, we have a little catching up to do tonight!”

“Fine, then half an hour, say?” said Elisabeth.

“Your wife will be back soon,” said Elisabeth. “Take up the ready-position and if you’re lucky you can listen to all of the details of the honeymoon.”

Jaqueline stood and spread her legs to look up. Even though no crop was placed between her feet, the distance was exact, of that she was proud.

There was a slight touch to her breasts, Florence she thought, and then Elisabeth showed her two clients upstairs to their rooms.

“In the end, Alessio was the best,” said Edith. “Polite and compliant. In bed? Well, let’s just say that he was *so* eager to please both of us!”

“You’re lucky,” said Elisabeth. “So often these holiday romance types are all just macho sweat and then say, ‘suck my cock’.”

“In Amsterdam, Florence got a little tattoo!” said Edith. “She’s getting a little wild now that she’s away from looking after Jaqueline for all those years!”

“I’ve got a lot of catching up to do,” laughed Florence. “Anyway, I might have gotten a tattoo, but it was you that fucked the tattooist up against the wall, you insatiable tart!”

Jaqueline stood in her ‘waiting’ pose behind her wife, her head tipped down at the proscribed angle. Since she was standing behind a seated Edith, she could peer between

her breasts from above with ease while still in the correct position. She could feel her cock pressing straight into her skirt and hoped so much that it would show. It was so important to show Edith that she was happy that she had returned.

"Precious," said Elisabeth with a laugh. "You two must have left a wake of broken hearts across Europe!"

"Stiff pricks and sore asses, more like," said Edith. "Just a great holiday and so good to just throw everything in the wind and enjoy."

"Let's give Jaqueline her presents," said Florence. "Then it's off to bed!"

"And supper?" said Edith with a smile.

"Fuck supper! We need to get up so early tomorrow morning and I'll eat in bed!"

Elisabeth laughed and pointed to a space on the floor between the seating. Jaqueline walked to the position indicated, rolling her hips a little, coming to the indicated place and standing correctly with one foot forward. Elisabeth sat with crossed legs, her nylons ruffled at her ankles, Florence in just a bathrobe that opened a little as she leant forward, while Edith wore jeans and stilettos.

"This is my little present," said Florence as she reached behind her and pulled out a small box.

"We'll let Edith open it, because it's for her as well."

Edith took the box and admired the wrapping before she pulled at the ribbon and lifted the lid.

"Oh, that's so nice, she'll have to try it on now," said Edith as her fingers pulled a steel ring from the box and showed it to Elisabeth.

"Don't close it," warned Florence as she watched Edith put it in her palm. "Once closed it has to be cut off! It's vanadium steel, so it won't tarnish."

Edith held up her palm so that Jaqueline could see the ring for a moment before she carefully dropped it back in the box.

"If you like, I'll get it fitted now," said Elisabeth. "I'll call someone."

She waved her hand and the maid in the shadows slipped out of the room.

"I got something special for her too," said Edith. "I saw it in Munich and had to buy it. Here, look at this."

She produced a small bag with a flourish and pulled out a piece of jewelry. A tear shaped plug the size of a finger that had a pale blue crystal on the wide stopper.

"Jaqueline will love it," said Elisabeth. "Perfect if you want to display her."

Edith held up the stopper and the crystal glinted in the light as she turned it.

“What do you say to the lovely presents that they brought you?” asked Elisabeth, looking Jaqueline in the eye.

Jaqueline mewed and purred.

“There you see,” said Florence. “I knew that she’d love them.”

The door opened and Vari entered, followed by the maid that had fetched her who had a small leather bag in her hand.

“Vari, could you fit this please,” said Elisabeth as she pointed at the small box by Edith’s side.

“Immediately,” answered Vari as she set the bag down and opened the box to withdraw the ring.

Edith sat back in her armchair and watched Vari as she carefully inspected Jaqueline’s nose.

She nodded and carefully dabbed on something from a bottle and then went back to her bag.

“I was wondering why you had not specified a nose ring in the order,” said Elisabeth.

“Oh, quite simple really. I meant to have it done, but I forgot in all of the rush, but Florence must have spotted the omission.”

“It will be so practical,” said Florence. “Collar and leash are fine, but this is the best way to keep Jaqueline from fidgeting all the time. We can fit a few wall rings and secure her whenever we want.”

Jaqueline watched Vari pull a pair of pincers from the bag and quailed. This would hurt, she decided as she mentally braced herself. Vari placed the pincers and then withdrew them without cutting.

“One moment, I think that I need something else, the septum is perfect for it,” said Vari as she fished in her bag and brought out a small metal tube and two washers.

She unscrewed the tube into two pieces and slipped it back together with the washers to test it, before carefully wiping all the bits down with some antiseptic.

“Do you mind?” asked Edith as she stood to get a better view. “Oh, I see! This metal bit lines the hole and the washers make sure that it does not slip out.”

Vari smiled at Jaqueline and tipped her head back. “This is going to hurt, dear,” she muttered half to herself. “Be a good girl now.”

A sudden sharp pain filled Jaqueline's eyes with tears and she fought to stand still as Vari inserted one half of the tube through the aperture and used a tool to screw the two parts together.

"Perfect," she said as she wiped away a few drops of blood. "This will heal up in a couple of days. Just make sure that you wipe with antiseptic and it will grow in properly. Now then, the ring."

Vari opened the gap in the ring wide and slid it through the metal lined perforation.

"I think that you should close it," she said to Edith. "Sort of a significant moment."

Edith reached out and smiled at Jaqueline in encouragement.

"This is the second marriage ring," she said. "So, with this ring, I thee wed."

"A marriage made in heaven," continued Florence.

Edith's fingers snapped the ring closed and then rotated it a little.

"The join is invisible," said Edith to Florence. "I simply love it to bits. What about you, darling?"

Both Florence and Jacqueline answered. A small distressed mew from one and a, "Perfect,"

from the other.

Elisabeth laughed, "She loves it, now then, you too need to get upstairs to bed," she said sternly and we need to start the preparation to ship your husband. I won't see you in the morning, so this is a 'goodbye'."

Edith kissed Elisabeth on the lips and Florence on the cheek.

"I can't thank you enough," said Edith. "This has been a perfect three months for all of us."

"Think nothing of it," said Elisabeth. "Vari did a great job and Jaqueline here was such a good girl. She was the Guinea-pig for our new system and helped us get a great deal of the features running."

Jaqueline stood straight, proud of the praise.

"You'll be a perfect husband for your lovely wife," said Elisabeth, patting her on the cheek.

"Mind that you be a good girl."

Travel

Edith and Florence sat in the executive lounge and waited for their flight in comfort. As they sat, Edith flicked through a glossy inflight magazine and scanned the articles that showed small islands of the Pacific Ocean with sunsets in the background. Her thoughts were not on the idea of a holiday, rather she was thinking about the fact that in just a few days it was Jacqueline's twenty-first birthday. Theoretically, she should be awarded control of the bank, but it was clear that his mother had ideas to the contrary.

"What is she up to?" asked Edith half to herself. "How can she possibly avoid the legal problems?"

Florence looked at Edith and sipped at her coffee.

"You are talking about Mrs. De Vere, of course?"

"Mm. I just don't see at all how she can avoid a board meeting that will pass control of the bank to my sweet little husband. I mean, if she does nothing and he is assumed to be out of the picture, then the shares go to the board of directors. Of course, she will have a large share, but she won't be in control."

Florence sat for a minute and considered various scenarios, but in the end, she could only think of one that was even remotely possible.

"I've been thinking and the only way is; that in some way, the part of the will that passes the bank shares is invalidated, but the rest of the will stands," she said in answer.

"How's that going to work? There is only the one child, Jacob... I mean Jaqueline. She gets all of the bank and that leaves nothing for the rapacious mother!"

"Why are you even bothered?" asked Florence. "I mean, she has given you an income, quite a lot and all you have to do is keep your sissy husband out of sight to earn it. Why think about things that are just pipe dreams?"

"Maybe you're right," said Edith. "I have been lucky so far, it's just that I can almost taste the real win and anyway, she has manipulated me and I sort of resent it. I just want to show her that she has to take account of me."

Florence sighed.

"Edith! You have so much more than you ever thought that you'd need. You have me and now I have more than I ever dreamed of. Leave it alone or you risk losing everything. That woman is a dragon, she will breathe and burn you up into ashes if you annoy her. My advice is to cash in your chips and sit back to a life of luxury!"

Edith looked at Florence and smiled. She was an ideal companion. A little submissive, somewhat passive, but an ideal partner to come back to, when the excitement of an affair ended.

She could join into games, switch from domme to subservient as the mood took her and was just so attractive and good in bed.

Her compliant side was at the surface now, she had never taken risks, she had always been subordinate to Jaqueline's mother's wishes, done what she was told for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. She would never confront Mrs. De Vere, ever. If Edith wanted to use her husband as a lever to make a killing, then Florence would not be a support, she would be a hindrance, possibly.

Edith made a theatrical sigh and then said, "It irks me, but you are right. I should just relax, let her do what she wants to do and take the money that falls from her hand. We'll see how it goes and make sure that she is satisfied with Jaqueline and get the best crumbs from her table."

One look at Edith told Florence that the surrender was faux. Florence shook her head and started to laugh.

The idea of Edith surrendering was not in the least credible! Somehow, she had to get Edith to understand that Mrs. De Vere was far more dangerous than Edith could ever imagine. Subtle and vengeful, it was only by being the perfect nanny and mother to the woman's son that she had survived.

"You don't fool me Edith," she said with a small kiss on her lover's cheek. "Just understand that some of the things that we don't understand in all of this are sure to make going up against her a real risk. Possibly a deadly risk! I have seen her do business with people who are really dangerous."

"Well, OK. I have a husband who is due to get a bank in three days. Now, of course Jaqueline is broken to the leash and would cut a poor figure in any boardroom battle, but even so, there may just be an opening. Let's just say that we have three days to see what we can find out!"

"They broke into your apartment, that's a sure sign of where she is coming from," said Florence. "I have always known that there is something dark inside that woman, don't let it out."

"Just a look-see?"

"But, that's all."

Jaqueline watched her wife leave and felt a sadness that was ameliorated by looking forward to the excitement of meeting up with her again in New York. He vaguely remembered the city, but now it held an allure that it never had before. Edith and Florence would be waiting and then he could start to serve her every day.

She stood in the ready-position for three hours and thought about how wonderful it would be to be with her. Of course, she would miss Vari and this place. The goddess who ruled here, Elisabeth, Jaqueline thought about her too and wistfully imagined that there

was some connection between them. How could there not be? She was unobtainable, infallible and remote. Elisabeth could only be loved from afar, but Vari, she was real flesh and blood.

The day passed as most had in the last month. Practice and perfection were demanded and exhibited and then came her caged bed. There, she explored the ring that now hung from her

nose and twiddled it, imagining the pleasure of being waiting for Edith to arrive while she waited, leashed to the wall, ready to greet her wife with the respect that was due.

Morning arrived and Vari opened her cage to coax Jaqueline out.

"Come along, the training is over at last and you are finally allowed to be sent to your wife.

We need to prepare you for the trip, so hurry along and follow me."

Jaqueline trailed behind Vari, aware that she was naked but for the boots that Vari had ordered her to wear. The leash from her ring ran to Vari's hand. It was so sore, but the antiseptic had numbed the pain and she could almost ignore it. She was taken to a part of Oban manor that she had never seen. A long corridor and then to a room where two supervisors were arranging materials on a bench and a huge wooden crate lay with its top off and leaning to one side against a wall.

"I'll leave now," said Vari, planting a small kiss on Jaqueline's cheek. Patti and Jo will do all of the preparation. Just be a good girl to your wife and all will be well. Remember your training, it's what makes you so adorable. But, most of all, remember that your wife owns you and that she can do whatever she wants with you."

Jaqueline felt tears in her eyes and prayed that Vari would kiss her again, but she smiled and walked out of the room with a suggestive wiggle of the hips that Jaqueline knew she would remember forever.

The two supervisors helped Jaqueline into the crate. Eyelets and rings lined the wooden walls and they warned her not to pick up any splinters as they positioned her to kneel on the soft base and pulled her arms up behind her back. There were clicks and clinking as chains moored anklets and wrist bands to the crate. Then came a broad belt that was also moored and tightened.

"Just a day and you'll be there," said Jo as she slipped a hood over Jaqueline's frightened face.

"Don't worry, darling, this is all for the best."

The rest of the words were cut off as the hood covered her ears and was zipped tight and smooth. Chains were attached from the hood to the sides of the box and Jaqueline mewed in fear as she felt strong hands insert a plug into her rear. It swelled and settled to fill her and then she felt a hand on her head and a tube enter her mouth.

Instinctively she suckled the rubber and felt a trickle of water on her tongue. The last contact was something being attached over her little cock before there were a few noises and then something strange filled the chest. It entered every nook and cranny, between her legs, under her breasts and gradually filled the chest before the sound of loud hammering told Jaqueline that the box was nailed closed and the journey had begun.

An endless wait and then the chest moved and Jaqueline wondered how they could lift her so easily and smoothly.

The lorry took the ferry and made its way around the western lochs of Scotland before joining the motorway at Glasgow and heading for Cardiff where the animal transporter awaited its arrival. In the dark, Jaqueline felt movement and occasional loud sounds as the chest was fork-lifted into the cargo.

For a brief time, Jaqueline heard the sound of the engine's roar. A humming, whining that came to her dulled senses and then faded as the flight got underway. She sipped at her water and managed to slip into a slumber. The plane crossed the tip of Greenland and curved south to Boston while its cargo suffered panic in their cages and crates. Some were under sedation, other just plaintively called out distress from their enclosures.

Jaqueline woke in a panic, tightly constricted, senses in blackness, it took a few moments for her to realize where she was and then she sipped at the water tube and relaxed and released her bladder. It took minutes for her breathing to calm as she thought of Vari's goodbye and the anxiety and anticipation of finally being ready for her wife.

The thought gave her hope confidence and she prayed that Edith would come to rely on her willing husband for all of her needs. Of course, Florence would always be there, she also loved Edith, that was plain and Edith loved her. These certainties, slowly formed in Jaqueline's mind built a gate of hope in the wall between Jaqueline and her vastly superior wife. The only fly in the ointment was her mother! Jaqueline felt a surge of panic and fear at the thought of the woman who should have been her first love. At the end of the train of thought, Jaqueline convinced herself that she now belonged to Edith, Edith would protect her and keep her safe.

A sudden jolt signaled that the wheels had touched the runway and Jaqueline felt herself pulled forward against the fetters that held her tight. The feeling was gone almost as soon as it registered.

Jaqueline was home!

Mother's Milk

"It came just this afternoon, here is the custom's invoice," said Florence in frustration to the man behind the counter.

He looked at the form that she held with a bored expression and tapped the transport code into his computer.

"I told you once," he said with a yawn. "It has already been collected."

"That's not possible," said Florence.

The man turned the screen on the counter to face her and said, "See, picked up on behalf of Mrs. De Vere by the Boston Transport & Courier Service. I suggest that you get into contact with her. It passed customs and quarantine and is no longer here."

Florence looked at the screen and realized that Jaqueline was long gone from the Airport Freight Transit area. It seemed that his mother had beaten the wife to the draw. Now she would have to send the lorry that she had hired, on its way and speak to Edith.

She nodded to the man, who swung the screen to face him once again and picked up the game of solitaire from where he had left off before Florence had arrived.

The two men levered up the top of Jaqueline's crate with a screech of nails being pulled and then scooped out some of the packing granules that covered the inert figure pinned within. A tube sucked the rest of the granules to leave Jaqueline kneeling in her fetters and hood. The two men unlatched her, but left the hood on even though they withdrew the water tube.

Jaqueline felt rough hands weigh her breasts and squeeze them. The touch was not playful, just a grope that ended in a slap of the hand. She could hear voices and laughter and then felt the chains being loosened. Hands pulled at her and half lifted her from her crate to stand swaying as the tingling of the pin-and-needles from her legs and arms faded.

She had imagined that Edith would be there to release her and had already decided on the greeting that she would use for her wife, but instead she was led and pushed stumbling naked, but for her boots, while rough hands played with the rings in her nipples and another slipped between the cheeks of her ass, but somehow, she managed to keep walking where the leash pulled her.

This was not at all like her imagined entrance into Edith's life.

Doors opened, cold air hit Jaqueline's skin, and erection faded and she was confused as they took her around corner after corner. Then at last she felt carpet under her heels and was stopped by a nip on her breast that almost made her mewl with distress.

The leash was dropped, it hung from her nose-ring and touched her thighs and she knew that she had arrived wherever it was that they were taking her.

Sounds of voices and then a door slamming.

Jaqueline felt unsteady, she swayed a little and prayed that it did not show. Hands on her head started to unzip the hood, they tugged a little and then carefully guided the ring through her nose through the opening for it after detaching the leash.

The light was not bright, but after hours of darkness, Jaqueline blinked and caught sight of a huge sumptuous office. A desk, with the silhouette of someone, cool air brushed her.

"Jaqueline, stand straight and let me admire you."

Mother's voice!

Jaqueline suddenly felt naked for the first time! She looked around before remembering her training and looked down at her mother's feet under the desk. Shoes had been kicked off and lay to the side while the stockings feet rested on the soft carpet.

"Your wife has good taste, Jaqueline."

The feet sought the stilettos and pinned them down before slipping them on.

"I have brought you here for a reason," said Mrs. De Vere.

Jaqueline felt fear swell as butterflies in her stomach and fixed her eyes on the feet under the desk. Just the voice almost brought her to the point of wetting herself and her cock hung slack, her balls shrinking and pulling at the tube that stretched them.

The woman Jaqueline feared stood from behind the desk and strolled around, to stand in front of her son. Her hand slipped between his legs and stroked him for a moment.

"If you dare to ever sign a document, if I hear that you have been a naughty little girl, then these will come off," she slapped the vulnerable balls with a sudden sharp smack, "I will grind you like this."

Her hand seized Jaqueline and twisted hard.

"Understand?"

Jaqueline mewed piteously, struggling to hold from pissing herself as the hand lifted to cup under Jaqueline's chin and hold her face with the claw-like nails.

"It all worked out so well, much better than I imagined. The wife I picked for you is such a bitch! Fancy doing something like this to her husband? It would never have occurred to me to have you feminized but, there's one thing that I am disappointed in!"

Her hand dropped to loop a finger through one of the rings embedded in Jaqueline's nipple.

“I am disappointed that you don’t show any excitement that I am here with you.”

Jaqueline’s knees gave way and the finger allowed her to drop to her knees. Once there she could not help herself and greeted her mother in the only way that she knew how. Jaqueline’s lips pouted and she kissed the shoes of the woman that stood over her watching with a wicked smile.

“Do you want to go back to your wife?”

Jaqueline looked up and finally her bladder could no longer hold.

“Then, for now you can return, I shall allow it. But, remember I can dispose of you as I like, when I like. If I thought that you were going to be naughty and do anything to upset me.”

A hand chopped the air.

Jaqueline mewed.

Part Six

Once Upon a Time in America

Twenty-Two Years Ago

Anita De Vere looked at her husband in frustration. *'How could he be so obtuse?'* she wondered. She thought that he'd be delighted with the news, but clearly, he was irritated.

"I thought that you'd be delighted that I'm pregnant," she said. "A son to follow you on in the family Bank! It's what you asked for. What is the matter, what have I done to deserve this?"

She stood before Grant's giant desk in the office of the bank and suddenly felt as if she was some petty underling that he was disciplining for a misdemeanor. Recently this had become the only place that they ever met! In the bank, in the afternoon while his two smirking secretaries observed them from their desks.

Separate bedrooms, he was out of the house night and day and she waited every night and ate alone. He had to be having an affair, just like she was! Well, if he ignored her, then there were plenty of other places to go.

In a whole year, they had had sex just once, a month ago, and of course she had fallen pregnant.

It had been a listless affair, a fumble in the dark where she had climbed on top of him and he had put up with her riding him with ill-disguised grace.

"Well, I am pregnant, there's no doubt about it," she announced again in a loud voice.

Of course, it was not Grant's, of that there was no doubt. Mentally, she had calculated periods and calculated that interlude in, no, there was no way that it was his. It would be another little bastard. Just like he was.

He nodded slowly and dismissed her with a wave of his hand.

"Is it mine?"

At least he was direct.

"Of course not!"

...and, so was she!

"I'll see you tonight, maybe," was all that he said.

Anita shrugged and headed for the door.

'How can Grant be so blasé? I admit an affair and he just brushes me off,' she wondered.

Was there nothing that could stir him to any emotion?

Her eyes avoided the two smirking secretaries as she left the office. She stood outside the door for a moment to gather her thoughts. Just two years ago she had been the center of his world, the woman who sent him into raptures, the woman that he married against his parent's wishes, married because they didn't want him to. There was no love then, now he was only cold and remote, even when Anita told him that she was pregnant with someone else's child!

Anita leaned on the wall and tried hard not to cry, where had it all gone wrong? What had she done to deserve this treatment? What did he want from her?

One of the two secretaries opened the door and leaned through the opening.

"Mr. De Vere asks that you never come to his office again unless you have an appointment,"

she announced with a chuckle as she took obvious pleasure in making the announcement.

Anita looked at her and then found the energy to stalk off with a spring in her step. There was no one to ask for help, she was alone!

Grant De Vere left his office with a superior nod at Catherine and Paula as he left. They looked up briefly as he sailed by. He so enjoyed the power that he had! Deference and power. Majority shareholder, senior partner, CEO and the man around whom the whole business turned.

It was Grant De Vere made all of the decisions, he decided the risk, the positions on bonds and currency. It was Grant that had to sign the authorities and scrip-checks, Grant De Vere that made De Vere Private Bank exclusive, *and* effective. No one could replace him, he was that lynch pin. That was great feeling, the subservience shown to him, the fear of his hand on their collars.

But...

That feeling, ever rising self-confidence, egotism and vanity had to be balanced. Grant needed a counterweight, moments of time where he could shed that exalted potency. Marrying Anita had been the moment that he had showed his own father that he was stronger than the man that was the son of the bank-founder, but the appeal had died the next day, fucking her was not enough! Now she was pregnant, with who knew whose child? It did not wound him; he did not care what she did. She just had to be presentable.

Grant left the office, the doorman nodding as he passed and looked over his shoulder as he went. The limo was waiting and he slid into the dark interior, comforted by the soft leather and dark-glassed privacy.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

Grant did not answer for a moment as he ranged over the possibilities. What did he want? That was the question. There was Lara, a restful sojourn between her soft thighs was tempting, but the meeting with his wife had changed his mood, what he needed was something stronger, something where he would place himself in the hands of a woman who disregarded his status and used him for her own pleasure. Always after a tough day, the whip.

"Miss Stern," he said and then closed the partition.

Grant picked up the phone mounted in the fascia and called the number. A woman's voice answered with just a 'hello' and he asked if she was free for the evening.

"When will you be here?" she asked.

"I'm just setting off now!"

"Mm, I promised you something special, I'll see if I can arrange it, it's a bit tight really."

"Whatever you want."

"My dear Grant, it's always what I want, darling. I have some one very special for you to meet, she's very strict though!"

"She can't be enough for the way that I feel," he muttered.

Grant just sighed and relaxed back into the seat. It was so wonderful that Miss Stern did everything, took control and made him suffer.

"Good, I'll take that as a 'yes'. Expect the unexpected!"

The line went dead with a click and Grant replaced the receiver. Miss Stern was the only person that ever dared hang up on Grant.

The limo slid into the traffic and headed off Long Island through the tunnel while Grant pondered the consequences of Anita's announcement. She was right, a son would be perfect, grow up to become a partner, not at all like the relationship that he had had with his own father, the problem was Anita herself. Marrying her had won the battle, now there was nothing left.

The car headed through the light industry and suburbs and slid to a halt outside the familiar block. The partition slid down and Grant said, "I'll call when I'm ready."

The driver nodded and waited until his boss signaled him to drive, leaving Grant standing watching the limo disappear down the empty street.

Miss Stern was always an adventure, a tease and a release, a way to escape the pressures and hassle of the bank, always a new trick, she decided what he needed. She was not just a woman with a whip and an ability to read his every need, Miss Stern was also a confidant, separated from his life, a release and vaguely a friend.

Grant knocked on the door of the large apartment, well aware that all his contributions to Miss Stern's pocket book had paid for all of this. The door opened and she stood, allowing him to admire the boots, leather corset and elbow length gloves before allowing her best client into her studio.

"I have a special surprise," she said, "it's a mature woman who will make you really suffer exquisitely!"

Grant nodded and followed Miss Stern to the bedroom. He admired the flaring hips, the rolling walk and the straight bare back, visible when her long hair swept at every step. At each foot covered he shed his tension, released his ego and became hers. Her plaything. Of course, he was paying, of course he set the limits, but somehow the fantasy became more than the reality and he knew that he so desperately needed this session.

Who else would be there? It was rare that Miss Stern brought outsiders into his sessions.

As always, she left him in the dark bedroom to strip and then put on the costume that she had chosen and laid on the bed. Sometimes it was a full suit of latex, tight and constricting, occasionally just chains and leather straps. This time it was the latter and he knew that she was in the mood to punish to his limits.

He strapped on the wrist and ankle restraints and clipped a chain to each one to hang loose ready for her to chain him to the bed. The collar was a new addition and he carefully put it on as he felt his cock start to rise in response. It would be good to be held down and fucked, serve her delicious ass and cunt, Grant gave little thought to her promised surprise even though it was rare that another person played with them.

Grant lay on the bed and stretched out his arms and legs, then he sat up and attached the chains to the rings on the posts and lay back down. The wrists would be fixed by his deadly dominatrix.

Miss Stern arrived in the room, made her entrance and cracked the whip in the air with a snap.

That was always the signal that now he was nothing more than her bitch, the man that she would punish and ride, perhaps 'force' to serve her and make her climax before the inevitable teasing and final culmination that he so desperately needed.

She stalked around the bed and then clipped his wrists to the ends of the bed before pulling the chains tight and testing them with her fingertips. The chains thrummed with the tension before she attached a chain to each side of the collar to hold his head in place. Now he was stretched lengthwise on the bed, his legs stretched to the corners of the bed.

"Perfect," she said in a whisper. "Now for your surprise, slave-husband!"

Miss Stern went to the door and opened it with a flourish.

A woman walked through the door and Grant gasped with surprise. It was Anita! His wife!

Dressed in over-tight latex, a dildo swaying between her thighs, she entered the room and walked slowly to her husband and bent to plant a small kiss on his cheek. Grant's cock stood straight, his heart pounded in his breast.

How could it be? How had Miss Stern managed to bring Anita here and dressed like this? The tawse in her hand, the latex that moved over her perfect large breasts, the thigh-high boots and spurs, the shock of black hair.

Miss Stern started to giggle.

"She's perfect!" she said.

Grant struggled in his chains as his wife raised the tawse and placed a blow on his thighs and then it was that he realized that the woman who Miss Stern was giving him to was not Anita after all! There were slight dissimilarities. The breasts were larger, the hips wider, the gait was not exactly the same, but these were things that no one but Grant would perceive. In all respects the woman that now towered over him was Anita, moved like Anita and smiled like Anita.

The Anita he had always wanted.

"Meet Katherine, Grant! My special gift for you!"

Grant studied the simulacrum of his wife and fell under her spell.

"Kathrine is a hard woman to please. She can be brutal and does not respect safe-words."

said Miss Stern with a small laugh. "Make sure that you do as you are told!"

Twenty-One Years Ago

His wife waited with the cane in her hand.

It was the reason to return immediately from the bank to throw himself into her claws. In a tight latex dress, flared at the ankles, showing every curve and detail of her body. Thighs and breasts, legs and belly, he longed to fall into her strength and surrender to her perverted needs.

Miss Stern had been so right, this new Anita was so brutal and unforgiving.

He allowed her to rule his life, make him serve her cunt and ass without ever wanting to know how it had all happened. One day he had come home to the insipid wife whom he disregarded; the next day the Anita he knew had vanished. Where his wife had gone; Grant did not question, that was part of the unspoken deal. The new Anita did not allow it! What *was* allowed was to serve her and make her satisfied, what was *not* permitted was to question her supremacy.

His son, Jacob, lay in his cot while his new mother farmed his care to hired nurses, while Katherine gained ever more influence over the man who had allowed her to replace the woman that he was bored with. She played him like a fish on a line, allowing slack and then reeling him in until he gave her what she wanted.

It was like a dream. His paid lovers, Lara and Miss Stern were long forgotten and disregarded; as the woman that he had allowed to replace his wife plied her crop and gradually increased his boundaries to places that he had never imagined.

The first night she had branded him hers and that white scorch mark gave her license to punish and own him. The pins and needles, the machine that fucked him, the intimate personal services he was forced to, they were what turned him on.

No one ever suspected that Anita had been replaced by a perverted cuckoo. After the birth she was simply a different woman. Strong, opinionated and in command of the house like the old Anita had never been.

What had she done with the previous Anita?

That was a question that he never dared ask! Grant just accepted her presence and bent to touch his toes under the slashing of her cane. He adored her and was overwhelmed and that was enough. She was the Anita that he had always wanted, but never dared hope would surface. A woman who ruled his private life like he ruled his bank. The balance that was just.

She owned him ruthlessly and without pity for his sensibilities.

The new Anita pointed the tip of the crop at her shoes and he kissed them on bended knee. She led him to the room that used to be a bedroom and used him. Occasionally she allowed him relief, but it was always as she decided, when she decided and never enough.

Grant learned to climax with his cock stretched against her thigh, while she beat him in time to the strokes of his hand, as he made himself cum. Or, she pressed her stilettos against his balls and sometimes, the best of times, she slowed him to enter her and cum in a gush, after which he licked every drop as it slithered from between her thighs.

The child, little Jacob, that was neither his nor Anita's and lay in its cot and blew bubbles.

"It is time," said Anita. "Something that I have longed to do, but that I have held back from until now! Your loving wife has a new little game to enjoy. It's the final part of you learning that a wife's order has to be obeyed without argument."

Grant looked up at her from prone kneeling position and felt the familiar fear and hope that every new experience under her control brought. Each time he tried to resist the downward course, each time he struggled before submitting at last. Fucked by her, caned by her, abused by her, drinking at the well of her thighs, he knew that she would get her way. She had taken him hooded and fettered to clubs where others played. The difference was that his new wife did not indulge in games, she played for real.

The new Anita was depraved beyond Grant's ability to imagine what thoughts she had in her merciless mind. Each new experience was like a nightmare that he willingly walked into, he could not help himself. He just had to obey, no matter what she did to him.

"It is time," she said again as she watched him climb onto the black rubber sheets. "Time that you learned that you have to do whatever I wish."

Grant was lying prone on the bed as she chained him and then added the short steel bars that would prevent him from changing position.

"I love you," he said in a quiet tone, "please let me..."

The last words were cut from his lips by the gag that Anita pulled tight between his lips.

"The only love you are permitted is the one that I allow! You don't decide how to love me. I do," she said as she screwed a huge rubber prick to just from the gag. "I want to be fucked and so do you."

Her hands pulled all the chains tight, ratcheting them until Grant moaned in distress at the tightness that held him rigid. His legs were pulled until they pointed at the ceiling, a steel bar between them holding him immobile.

"You are just my bitch!" she muttered. "I want it all, this marriage is not enough!"

Grant rolled his eyes and looked up at her. In his mind she was the woman that he had married, the woman who he had betrayed. She was the woman who had had another's child. He *deserved* this punishment, and she was the driving force of that conscience. The

smooth skin of his ass and back prickled and sweated as she stepped back to admire her work.

"You don't deserve mercy," she said.

The crop swished through the air and cut at him. A single blow that struck gently at his ass, Grant felt a lightness at her restraint. Her hand slipped between his thighs, and gripped his erection, pulling at it before leaving him suspended in pre-climactic anticipation.

"Don't worry, sweetie," she whispered in his ear. "You'll cum for me. Oh, yes, you'll cum and then you'll go."

There was something in her voice, something that filled him with real terror and he pulled at the chains with futile strength. His head moved, the upstanding dildo always looming in his vision. Panic filled him, it took his mind and made him fight. His strong legs pulled, moved an inch and then stopped while Anita laughed and slowly undid her dress.

Her hand swept down the side, opening the zipper, exposing her naked body, revealing breasts, thighs and sex. She stepped out of the dress wearing just the high heels on her feet and moved to the door while Grant struggled and moaned.

"Look who's here to use you," she said as she opened the door to the bathroom.

A naked man stepped from the doorway. His cock was hard and pointing up, his slack balls dangled between his legs, his toned body spoke of hours in the gym. Anita nodded at him and he looked down at the man he was being paid to fuck.

Grant moaned through the gag.

"That's right, he's here to fuck you, darling! The time has come!"

The stranger allowed Anita to lead him to the bed. Grant felt as the mattress dipped under his weight and swayed his hips, but there was no avoiding the cock that sought his ass. He opened his eyes and all he could see was Anita's wide-open cunt displayed as she kneeled over him.

Thighs wide, lips pouting and open and a black hole that was to be the destination for the rubber erection that sprung from his lips.

Grant tried to scream and shout, a muffled incoherent series of bellows came from his throat, but Anita just started to laugh.

"Don't say that you didn't expect this," she said. "You know perfectly well that my limits are way beyond yours! There is no such thing as a safe-word in our marriage to spoil the fun! I told you, when I disposed of your wife that life with me would not be comfortable, I am not some whore like Miss Stern that *you* can control with your money. What I want, I always get."

She leaned down, reached between her thighs and slapped his face hard. It stopped the hysterical clamor.

“So, let’s not have any more of that noise otherwise I’ll swap ends with my friend here and then you can eat a real cock while I take your ass! It might happen anyway, if I decide! In fact...”

Grant felt the mattress dip as the man moved on the bed behind his ass and the woman, who was not Anita, slowly slithered down and lowered her ass.

“Fuck me, husband, I’m gonna make you, my bitch!

Grant managed to push upward and watched the wide rubber cock attached to his gag slip a few inches into the steaming cunt that swallowed it.

“Come on, darling, you can do better than that!”

He pushed up again, but the chains on his collar were stretched to their full limit. He strained, but she hovered above him and enjoyed Grant’s struggles.

“Fuck my bitch,” said the woman who was now his wife to the young man poised at his rear.

She smiled as she watched the cock press between the wide-open legs and force entry. As it slipped inside, she lowered herself slowly, swallowing everything, the lips of her pussy stretching tight over the uneven rubber until her Grant’s only view was the pulsing bud of her ass-hole.

Grant struggled for breath, his nose blocked by the wet softness of her clitoris and pussy, the gag hindering every drawn breath to a whisper of air. He felt the excruciating penetration as he lost his virginity to the silent man who was just a cock-for-hire. It pushed deep inside and then withdrew, before pressing in again, this time against less resistance.

“I love the sight of you getting fucked, shame it’s only this one time!” she gasped as she lowered again and then withdrew and inch before she put her full weight down.

Her hand pressed between her legs and massaged her clitoris.

“Fuck me, bitch.”

Grant could not hear the words, his head spun from the lack of air and the cock that shafted his rear seemed to push deeper at each push. He cried out, but the sound was swallowed by her soft flesh, he tried to push upward but the chains held him and her weight bore down on him.

All he could hope was that she would climax and lift, but it seemed as if the woman using him was keeping herself on the edge of orgasm as long as she could.

Small flashes of light in his vision as it slipped to black. He slipped into the arms of unconsciousness and blacked out at the moment that the ass lifted from his face, stretching the inner lips of her cunt to a wall of clenched flesh around it.

The wife that was not a wife, the Anita that was not Anita, stood by the bed. There were just the two of them in the room now. The helpless husband and the woman who had taken the place of his wife. She looked down at the man who was now going to give her everything that he had. Slowly, he was coming around, his breath in gasps, his lips with a blue tinge as she opened the small case that lay by his fettered body.

With care she inspected the wrist and ankle restraints as well as the place where she had laid her gentle stroke of the cane. There would be no marks, the felt linings had seen to that. As his eyes opened, she opened the small case and made her preparations. A syringe and a small bottle of greenish yellow fluid.

From the bed, Grant watched her and tried to move. All he felt was a trickle of sticky cum leak from his ass and trickle down the crack of his buttocks.

“A firm hand, that’s what you needed!”

He watched her fill the syringe and tap the tube before gently pressing the needle into a wadded tissue.

“Wank?” she asked.

Grant nodded and felt her hand grasp him and build up his prick to stiffness. He moaned and she smiled encouragingly. The hand worked at him and she sat on the side of the bed with a smile.

“I have been thinking about everything, thinking about our marriage,” she started. “I really don’t think that this is working out for us at all!”

For a moment she slowed her hand and then pulled it back to playfully smack the upright cock with her palm.

“So, the best thing is for you to go and then I can take over the bank, ensure that your son is brought up properly and then I can live the life that I deserve.”

The hand arrived to give long strokes and slowed as she continued.

“Divorce, that’s not a good idea, is it? I think that the best is if you pass away and leave me with everything. So much easier that way!”

Grant saw the hand with the syringe come into view and struggled and pulled at the chains.

The inflated ball in his mouth rendered his pleas as a series of croaks.

“So, we’ll finish with a nice little wank. After you cum, the end will come. Of course, there’s the police, what will they say?”

Her hand quickened and despite the fear, Grant knew that he was going to cum for her. He swept his head from side to side and pulled with all of his strength against the restraints.

A familiar feeling swept through him and his cock spurted into the air, pumping as a rain of droplets splashed on his naked torso.

“There, you see, I knew that you could manage. What was I saying? Oh, yes, the police. They will arrive and find that you died of a heart attack in the middle of some deviant sexual experiment with another man. His cum leaking from your ass, yours splashed all over the bed.

It will all be hushed up of course, and they will never find the small pin-prick between your toes where this goes in.

She held up the needle to show him.

He felt her hand on his foot, parting his toes and then the prick of the needle.

“So, you see, there *was* a solution to my little problem.”

A crushing pain that started in his belly worked its way up to his chest. It was as though a weight constricted him, pressing down, choking the life from him.

“We should really be fucking when you go, it would be so satisfying, but I don’t want you inside me. No evidence of this last climax.”

A roaring in Grant’s ears filled his head and shook his consciousness loose, bright lights flashed in his eyes.

“You are so sweet.”

Her words were caught by the sound and lights centered in Grant’s vision. All he could think was of the will that he had written. In twenty years, he would have revenge.

Jacob would get everything, the boy who was not his *or* hers.

Part Seven

Banker's Card

Mother, Son and Wife

"Edith, I think that I have something of yours," said Anita De Vere. "Are you going to come and collect or shall I deliver?"

"I'll be there soon," said Edith.

"Good girl," said Mrs. De Vere as she cut the call.

"See, your wife is coming here to pick you up! Now that the nice doctor has seen you, I think that you should thank me for giving you back to your lovely wife."

Jaqueline knelt before the desk and dared roll her eyes up. Mother was so terrifying! Her feet rested just before Jaqueline's face giving a view up the length of the impressive columns of her legs.

"Are you going to thank me?"

Jaqueline mewled in fear and pursed her lips to kiss the soles of the stilettos.

"There! That's so much better."

The legs parted, leaving Jaqueline to look up the legs. Shapely, nylon clad, with a dark place under the hem of the tight skirt.

"Make your mother cum!"

Hands came into view under the desk. They hooked under the hem of the skirt and slowly raised it over the strong thighs. Stockings ended where fingers pulled. Darker nylon, reddish brown folds that were held in place by a dozen clips. Above them was the creamy white skin of thighs, bulging slightly, curving to a shadowy triangle that beckoned Jaqueline to move forward as if hypnotized.

"That's right, show me what you've learned!"

Jaqueline kissed the calves, ran her lips over the hard nylon and reached the knees. Brushed the stocking-tops with her face and caressed the bare skin above with her lips and tongue.

Mrs. De Vere leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. This was the culmination of her plan, how agreeable to celebrate in the way that she had always dreamed. The son who was not her son between her thighs as everything came to a delicious climax. Soon Edith would be here and the final pieces would slide into place.

The tongue brushed the leaking slit between her thighs and Mrs. De Vere opened her legs a little wider. Now lips were clasped over her, they sucked a little, pulled her clitoris from its hiding place, forced it to swell, ready for the tip of the tongue that waited.

She gasped at that first contact.

Mrs. De Vere relaxed and gave herself to the sensuality of having the victim of her plans serve her indulgence. Tongue, lips and gently used teeth, they nibbled at her sent her into a heaven of sheer supremacy. A small plaintive sound issued from the naked thing below her desk as the cum from last night's fuck, leaked and was lapped from her and she sighed with sheer enjoyment.

The knock at the door caused her hand to stray to the button on the desk that would unlock it.

It would be good to let Edith see that real dominion was more than she would ever know.

Edith opened the door and entered Anita's office for the first time. She saw the naked rump of her husband under the desk serving his mother intimately and held a hand to her mouth and uttered a gasp with the shock.

"Close the door, dear," said a smiling Mrs. De Vere, "there are a few things that need to be discussed."

Edith pushed the door closed behind her and looked at the mother whose son was pleasuring her.

"She's a good little girl," said Mrs. De Vere. "She'll make a perfect husband for you. Of course, it is a mother's privilege to have her son keep her happy, so let's hope that you can see yourself clear to visiting me occasionally."

Mrs. De Vere allowed a small gasp to issue from her lips and looked down into her lap where a pony-tailed head worked between her thighs.

"Your son!" was all that Edith could say in shock as she watched the legs that now rested on Jaqueline's back shudder with approaching climax.

"Surely you don't resent a son pleasing a mother? A little loving is natural."

"Monster!"

Mrs. De Vere climaxed at the accusation, her hands took the two bunches of hair and head Jaqueline tight.

"I'm not finished yet," she murmured to the bitch between her thighs. "Make me cum again, slut!"

As Jaqueline gently massaged her with lips and tongue, she opened her eyes and looked at Edith with a grin.

"I am far more of a monster than you could ever imagine, so I relish your observation and will take it as admiration and respect!" she said. "Now, I am going to explain what tomorrow will bring."

She gasped as lips closed on her clitoris and teasing touches of a tongue fondled the hyper-sensitive skin.

Edith looked down to see the vulnerable little balls hanging and the stiff little cock bobbing between Jaqueline's thighs.

"Tomorrow is a very special day," gasped Mrs. De Vere. "It is the day that everything becomes mine. Everything!"

Edith could see that the wicked woman was on the point of another orgasm. Heels were digging into Jaqueline's shoulders and lips were pursed as Mrs. De Vere paused to concentrate on the bliss that was almost more than she could contain.

"By the terms of the will," said Edith.

"Oh my, Edith, the will is a dead letter! You sound like one of my stupid lawyers! The broken man between my thighs cannot possibly do anything to stop me, can't you see that?"

The words bought on another crisis. Heels gouged skin, legs trembled and Mrs. De Vere's hands pressed Jaqueline deep to force a second climax.

"I've read the will and everything goes to Grant De Vere's son on his twenty-first birthday. It does not matter that he is nothing but a toy, he is mine and there's nothing that you can do to stop me taking possession!" said Edith.

"Oh, the street-whore wants it all! What a surprise. What you get, my dear, are the crumbs from the table, don't ever think that you can have more than I am willing to give."

The hands pushed Jaqueline's head back and the legs closed. Hands smoothed skirt over thighs leaving the middle-aged woman to sit gasping for breath.

"Poor little Grant," said Mrs. De Vere as she calmed her breathing. "He's long dead and gone and the only legacy that he left has vanished with him. This little slut is no more his son than you are! The paternity test will prove it."

Edith looked down at her naked, prostrate husband and then back to the smiling face that mocked her.

"Jacob?" she blurted making Jaqueline shudder. "Not his son?"

"No dear, the little test that Jaqueline has done will prove it. No son, no legacy and that means that a far simpler principal applies."

"And, that is?"

“All to the wife, of course! This was never Grant’s son; an affair saw to that!”

Mrs. De Vere shuddered. It was almost as if she experienced another orgasm just by revealing the information. A mental after-shock that complimented the physical release.

“You could have done this years ago. This scandal will destroy the bank!”

“There are no public shareholders, my dear, the board is totally under my control. It will just be a seven-day wonder that will be forgotten when the next scandal hits! Our clients care about the management of their money, that’s all. I have given them bigger returns than they dreamed of, they will be glad that an untested boy does not destroy their investments with his whims.

Anyway, to conceal the scandal, Jaqueline will sign away everything and no one outside the room need ever know.”

Mrs. De Vere crossed her legs allowing her heels to spike into Jaqueline’s back.

“All you have to do is present Jaqueline to the board tomorrow and you will have done your part. A debauched sissy and the evidence that I will present will cancel the last will and testament of Grant De Vere and the board will support me! Lawyers will do the rest.”

“And me?”

“You get to keep your husband, except when I borrow him of course! She is so terrified of me, that makes it so very pleasurable! You’ll get a stipend of course, despite the fact that you wanted to double-cross me! All you have to do is obey and I’ll sign on the dotted line tomorrow.”

There was feeling in Edith’s head that she could not shake off. Something was still hidden, of that, she was sure. It had to be true, there would be further tests until all of the lawyers were satisfied; Mrs. De Vere’s self-assurance was proof of that.

“Jaqueline has to be there tomorrow, because I have arranged a special little test to prove that she is not Grant’s son at the meeting. We shall meet here and then I will finally get what is mine! If you are late, then expect to get nothing at all.”

Her hand moved to push a leash across the desk.

“Take your sissy-husband home, Edith!”

Reckoning

"I told you that it was better not to go up against Mrs. De Vere," said Florence. "Just do as she says and take what she offers!"

"How do I even know that she will do what she says! She could just brush me off and I get nothing at all!"

"You'll just have to trust her, dear!"

"That's rich coming from you!"

Florence looked at Jaqueline, then to Edith and sighed. Edith's husband was dressed in a tight latex dress with a broad collar, Jaqueline was scarcely recognizable as Jacob, but she knew that Mrs. De Vere would use that to full advantage. The puritan instincts of the board would cause them to shudder and they would accept the evidence and then the proof of no-paternity would clinch the deal.

"I have a feeling," said Edith. "She's hiding something important!"

"Of course she is, Edith, but there's nothing left but to trust her."

"I can't do that!"

Jaqueline mewed and Florence patted her on the head affectionately.

"Even Jaqueline thinks that you should trust her mother," laughed Florence. "You really must listen to your husband!"

Edith shook her head and then said, "How many of the members of the board have been in place since Grant died?"

"I have no idea, but not more than one or two, I'd think."

"So, who chooses them?" asked Edith.

"The CEO, of course."

Edith thought for a minute.

"So, Mrs. De Vere gains control of the bank, twenty years ago. She uses her power to bring in new members and partners, what sort of people does she bring in?"

"Friends? People who will do as she wants, I suppose."

"Exactly! People like her."

"All the more reason to do as she says."

Edith and Florence arrived early at the Bank. A glass wall three stories high with 'De Vere Private Bank' in discrete letters over the porticoed entrance.

"You'll have to wait outside," said Edith. "I'll take Jaqueline to the meeting."

"Don't do anything silly," said Florence. "Mrs. De Vere holds all of the cards."

"We'll see how it goes!"

The previous night, after making love to Florence, Edith had lain for an hour as she worked through her anxieties. It upset her that she could not see what bothered her. It was a subconscious train of thought that there was something else that she should have seen and so she reviewed what she knew and tried to look at it from a different angle.

Grant and Anita, Mrs. De Vere, got married against the wishes of his father. The father had considered Anita feeble and not suitable to marry his son, that was well known, but Grant married her anyway as if to prove that he was his own man. A few years later Anita became pregnant with Jacob. She carried him full term, and, sometime after he was born, she became something quite different... a bitch!

Then Grant died and Anita took control of the bank in trust for Jacob. The will stated that Jacob would get control of the bank at twenty-one. The mother then kept the child under strict control and then assigned Florence to be a surrogate mother. As he grew up, Mrs. de Vere ensured that Jacob was kept chaste, repressed and obedient, while she ran the bank and gradually replaced all of the board members one by one.

Finally, she found a professional dominatrix to marry her son. A woman to push Jacob deeper and ensure his helplessness. She followed the wife-to-be, watched her every move and allowed her to send her son to a place where he would be feminized and trained without any objection.

When her son arrived back, she took possession and used him before returning the sissified man to his new wife, only to reveal that Jacob was not the son of Grant and therefore could not inherit.

Edith had pondered the events and then it struck her.

She slid out of bed carefully, passing Jaqueline's cage, and left the bedroom. There was no evidence for the idea that had struck her, but it was the only thing that fitted all of the facts.

Edith sat at the computer and drafted a letter. Carefully she considered the wording and then at last printed it twice and signed one copy. The signed letter was slipped into an envelope addressed to her attorney marked: *'To be opened in the case of death, or disappearance of longer than a month'*, and then put in her handbag with the unsigned copy.

Edith had slipped back to bed and snuggled into Florence, who moaned a little and then obligingly opened her legs to allow Edith to gently slip her fingers over the smooth skin of her moist pussy.

A huge table filled the board room, places for ten set out, each with pen and paper at the ready.

Already standing in a corner stood Jaqueline in the 'ready' position. Legs spread, head angled back, breasts jutting.

'She is exhibit-A,' thought Edith as she took her place on a chair to the side, next to her husband.

'I suppose that makes me exhibit B', she thought.

She checked in her hand bag, the unsigned letter was folded neatly in a side pocket, the envelope posted just an hour ago as she and Florence had made their way to the bank.

Edith had been the first to enter the room. She sat quietly as the others took their places at the huge table as members of the board. There were six of them, three men and three women. Mrs. De Vere was the last to enter, her dominance of the group clear to see. She did not shake hands like the others, but just nodded, stood for a moment inspecting Jaqueline and then took her place at the head of the table, placing a fat folder on the table in front of her.

"This exceptional meeting of the board of De Vere Private Bank is now in session," she said formally. "Minutes will be taken by Paul."

She indicated Paul with a finger and then continued.

"Also present are Edith De Vere and Jacob De Vere. In a few minutes the lawyers will arrive and we shall resolve the restructuring that is demanded by rearrangements to the size of the holdings of the partners. Before they do, I would like to introduce a motion that is important to my plans for this bank while I am still CEO."

She paused and looked down the table at the other five members of the board and waited until Paul had caught up with his minutes.

"Since the death of my husband," she started, "De Vere Private Bank has shown an increase of eighty per cent in both reserve holdings and active accounts. It is now set to expand and move into other areas of business. I think that I can fairly say that it has been *my* leadership that has been responsible for this growth, as well as the expertise of the five members of the board that I have introduced. The stuffy and old-fashioned leadership has been dissolved and I have utter confidence in all board-members. I would like a vote of confidence on the part of the board."

Paul looked up from his notes.

"A vote of confidence in the leadership of the CEO. All those who feel that Mrs. De Vere's leadership has been exemplary, please raise your hand."

All five members of the board raised their hand and Mrs. De Vere fluttered her fingers in assent.

“Good,” she said. “I am glad that you are all with me. Now on to the business of the trust and Jacob here.”

She pointed at Jaqueline and smiled.

“In a moment we shall allow a lawyer from an outside firm and one of ours to do a small test.

It seems that the terms of the will of my late lamented husband cannot be fulfilled and that a slight rearrangement is needed in the board!”

She looked over to Edith.

“Edith, would you please open the door and invite them in?”

Edith stood and opened the door to find four people in the office outside.

A smartly dressed woman, a suited man and a woman dressed in a nurse’s uniform carrying a small bag. Edith beckoned them inside and closed the door before sitting down to watch events.

The meeting so far was much as she had imagined it.

“We all know Jason Brent, senior partner of Brent, Klein and Wandsworth,” said Mrs. De Vere.

“Miss Larner from Hooch and Larner, is here as an independent witness and Mrs. Smythe is a senior nurse who will carry out a preliminary test that I have ordered.”

The three new entrants to the board-room all nodded as their names were mentioned, after which Mrs. De Vere continued.

“Jason will give you each a form. It is a confidentiality agreement that will have to be signed before we can continue,” she said.

Each person in room but Jaqueline, who received curious stares from the three outsiders, signed and handed the forms back to Jason.

“Good,” said Mrs. De Vere. “The case is simple. My late husband’s will created a trust, with fifty-one per cent of the ownership of De Vere Private Bank that was to be held until Jacob reached twenty-one. Until now, I have used this holding to run the bank as per the will. Now, it is Jacob’s twenty-first birthday and the time has come to implement the terms.”

She paused for dramatic effect and watched with a sly smirk as most of the people in the room turned to look at Jaqueline. It was quite clear that Jacob and Jaqueline were the same person, but the strangely posed woman dressed in latex with a steel ring through her nose was not at all the Jacob that they had occasionally seen.

"It seems, that partly under the influence of his new wife, Jacob has decided to indulge himself in a fantasy sexual world," said Mrs. De Vere, struggling to stop her laughter surfacing.

"Obviously this makes him, or should I say her, unsuitable as CEO."

There was a little nodding from around the table.

"That does not change the terms of the will or the trust," said Miss Larner.

"Of course not, dear," said Mrs. De Vere. "I was merely pointing out that some feminized, sexually challenged man cannot possibly be the main representative of the Bank."

"If you are trying to get him to sign away his trust, then I would reconsider," said Miss Larner with a small smile. "The terms of the trust are for life and he or she cannot even sign it all away to you!"

"You are absolutely correct," said Mrs. De Vere with a grin. "but there is a problem that invalidates the whole arrangement."

Mrs. De Vere paused for effect.

"Jacob is not Grant's son!"

It was clear that the other five members of the board were not shocked and that Mrs. De Vere had them in her confidence, but the two lawyers looked at Jaqueline with open mouths.

"Jacob was not conceived by Grant De Vere to be specific. That means that he is not a *son* as described in the will and cannot inherit the trust."

"We can't just take your word for this," said both lawyers almost together.

"Of course not! There is far too much at stake! For the benefit of you and the board I have set up a small medical test. Others will follow as you determine, to prove the case, but I think that this will at least give weight to my assertion!" said Mrs. De Vere.

There was a pause, utter stillness in the room before Miss Larner spoke.

"If what you say is true, and I say 'if'. Then it means that Grant De Vere died without issue. In this case, New York State law determines that the wife of the deceased will inherit the entirety of the estate. However, I have a small question."

"Ask away," said Mrs. De Vere.

"If you have known about this, why have you waited until now before revealing it?"

Mrs. De Vere looked at her notes and shook her head. The last of Grant's board members had been ejected just three months ago, everything had to be ready for her take-over, but of course that could not be revealed as the reason!

"I have suspected since his birth, but in light of the trust coming to term, I finally decided to confirm my doubts," said Mrs. De Vere.

"So, what test can be carried out now?" asked Jason Brent.

"Later you and Miss Larner can carry out a DNA analysis, but for now we can do a blood test.

Grant was O negative and Jacob is AB positive. This is already enough to prove my point. After we close this meeting, Grant will be exhumed and a sample taken in the presence of both of you. This can then be tested against Jacob."

Edith smiled to herself, this was all as she had expected. Her hand slipped to her bag and she felt the sheet of paper folded inside.

"Nurse."

The nurse opened her small bag and took out the kit to test Jaqueline's blood type. As she did so, all the others in the room watched and held their breath.

"AB positive," said the nurse as she showed the result to the lawyers.

Mrs. De Vere exhaled and smiled.

"It will take more than a week to do the DNA tests and exhume Grant," said Miss Larner after a long pause. "I suggest that the board agree to continue the current arrangements under oath until the tests are confirmed. I will need signed permission."

"To exhume?" said Mrs. De Vere as she proffered a completed form. "I think that you will find that it is all in order!"

Miss Larner scanned the document and nodded.

"How can I be sure that this person is Jacob De Vere?" asked Jason.

For a moment, Mrs. De Vere's face clouded over. It was clear that she did not like to be confronted, but she managed to turn her frown to a smile and passed an envelope to her lawyer.

"I don't like to be pricked with a needle, so I am giving you my hair brush in order for you to test my DNA against Jacob's," she said.

Edith watched and noticed the look of stress pass, but it seemed that she was the only one that had noticed the tension in her mother-in-law's voice. It was just another small indication that her conjecture last night had been correct.

"Fine, I'll pass this to my colleague and allow her to supervise all tests," said Jason as he passed the envelope to Miss Larner. "Meantime, I will review the will and trust, and we shall all meet again in two weeks to rule on this matter."

"Two weeks?" said Miss Larner. "That should be enough."

She could not take her eyes off the latex clad 'woman' who stood by Edith as she wondered what could make a man do this to himself. Then she considered the wife who sat silently by the side of her deviant husband.

'What was her part in this?' she wondered.

It was clear that there was more to this than met the eye, some sort of deceit, but the DNA tests would be the test of that!

"I think that I can now declare this meeting closed," said Mrs. De Vere. "Obviously, I expect no word of the matter to escape! The bank must not be damaged by scandal and the changes that will take place must be kept under wraps as far as possible."

Edith showed the two lawyers and the nurse out of the boardroom and closed the door. Mrs. De Vere sat back in her chair and laughed. It was a release of tension as twenty years of planning came to a close.

The other board members stood and nodded to their CEO, before following the lawyers, to leave Edith, Jaqueline and the triumphant Mrs. De Vere alone together in the board room.

"That went well, very well indeed," said Mrs. De Vere as she stretched her legs out under the table. "Now that just leaves one small piece of business to finalize and then we can go our separate ways."

"Which is?" asked Edith.

"What do with you and my son!" said Mrs. De Vere with a smile.

"The payoff?" asked Edith.

"What payoff? Do what you want, you'll get *nothing* from me, not a red cent," spat Mrs. De Vere. "Take my nice little sissified son and fuck off back to whoring the streets where you belong! Unless you want to pay a visit to Oban Manor yourself! An ex-dominatrix as an ass-licking slut with her maid-husband would suit me, so get out of here before I call them up and have you sent in a box to Scotland!"

Edith shook her head.

"I think that I'd be better off on the board of Directors of the bank," said Edith. "There's plenty of room and the salary must be substantial!"

"It seems that I underestimated your ambition, slut, but there's no place for you here. Count yourself lucky that I am in such a good mood to let you escape!"

"I think that it's only right that you keep your word, to make sure that Jaqueline and I are looked after financially, after all."

Mrs. De Vere's face flushed red with anger at being questioned.

"You can start the lesson right here, Edith! On your knees now! You and your sissy can lick my ass and beg to be allowed to keep your freedom. If you do a good job, then perhaps, just perhaps, I will let you walk."

Edith looked at the woman who was slowly unzipping her skirt and spreading her legs to reveal stocking tops and a streaming cunt that was in desperate need to be sated. Edith dropped to her knees under the table and watched as Mrs. De Vere's fingers opened herself wide, ready to be attended to.

"Start on my ass," said the harsh voice from above. "Clean and please me with every fiber, because the alternative is spending the rest of your miserable life discovering that I am far more than just a sadistic mistress."

Edith dipped her hand in her bag and pulled out the paper that she had prepared. Her hand curved from under the table and placed it on the surface by Mrs. De Vere.

"First," said Edith.

She inspected the open legs and pouting ass-hole as she heard Mrs. De Vere opening the folded paper and waited. There was something so satisfactory about denying the woman's need at the last moment and she waited for the reaction.

"This is nonsense," said Mrs. De Vere.

"The hair-brush?" asked Edith with a smile. "Did you actually save that from all those years ago? What happened to the real Anita? Who are you anyway?"

There was silence from above for a minute.

"This changes matters a little," said Mrs. De Vere at last. "Perhaps an arrangement is possible?"

A little money, a stipend perhaps?"

"That depends on you," said Edith. "I can fairly say that there is a balance."

"How is there a balance?" came Mrs. De Vere's voice.

"It does not change the fact that Jaqueline is not Grant's son," said Edith in a quiet voice as she stood to look down at the woman who she needed to help her. "I will get nothing if I release this, but neither will you."

Mrs. De Vere looked at Jaqueline and then back to Edith.

"So, what do you want, not to make this public," she said.

"What I asked for before. I sit on the board, you are CEO, and we all live happily ever after!"

"How can I be sure that you won't blackmail me forever?"

"You can't, but then I lose everything that you give me if I do."

"Deal!" said Mrs. De Vere as she folded the letter and slowly ripped it to small shreds.

"Good, there is one other small thing that I want!"

"What's that?"

"Kiss my shoes, bitch!"

"She did it?" asked Florence with a shudder. "I don't know how you dared to say that!"

"She's spent twenty years planning this," laughed Edith. "It was a onetime private thing between us and she knew that I meant it."

"So, who is she?"

"I have no idea, Florence. But one thing I know for sure, she's not the Anita that Grant married and that means that Jaqueline is not her son and Grant is not his father."

"How did you guess?"

"When she used Jaqueline, I thought that something was wrong. Even Mrs. De Vere would not have her son lapping at her cunt! When she presented the hairbrush that she had saved for twenty years, then I was sure!"

Florence exhaled and shook her head in admiration.

"I just can't believe that you actually had that woman kissing your feet like that."

Edith felt a small thrill as she remembered her extraordinary moment of victory, but she had known all along that she had to push to the limit. Anita De Vere had known and willingly submitted.

Enjoyed it even!

The middle-aged woman who had kissed her shoes on all fours. It had been such a glorious moment watching that broad ass exposed, the feel of the lips on her feet and then issuing the stern order to go further. Anita had looked up a moment with a small smile and slowly raised to ankles, knees and thighs before Edith had opened her legs and felt the first kiss on her smooth waxed pussy. Lips and tongue lapping her to an ecstatic climax.

Of course, it was a private thing, Florence could never know how far she had pushed her mother-in-law. There were certain things that Edith and Anita De Vere would never reveal.

But somehow, she knew that it would happen again.

Not because Edith held evidence that could destroy her mother-in-law, but because a new relationship was starting that would lead them both in a new direction.

"I will be on the board as soon as Anita has full control, in two weeks," said Edith.

"Anita? She's not Anita!"

"Of course, Anita," said Edith looking at Florence. "We'll have to get used to it.

A thought occurred to Edith as she spoke. Florence was the only other person besides herself who knew the truth. Until today, only Anita had known. Soon she would realize that she too could blackmail Anita! That made the future uncertain and her power over Florence also insubstantial! The ends needed to be tied and secured.

"I have reached a decision concerning Jaqueline," said Edith slowly. "There are a few other things that need to be done."

"Like what?" asked Florence, puzzled by the change of subject.

"Oh, I just think that she needs to go back to Oban Manor for another visit to purge the trauma of the last few days."

"Do you mean that we'll be going back there?"

"Of course! You can come too and then we'll stop of at Rome again and become the American sluts for a month!"

"Sounds great," said Florence.

"We'll disappear for a couple of weeks and leave Jaqueline there to get back by the time that the next board meeting takes place."

"Ooh, I love the sound of that. 'The American Sluts'!"

"Better pack your bags then," laughed Edith. "I call them up and arrange it, we'll leave tomorrow. You book the flights."

Edith pulled out her mobile as Florence hurried off with Jaqueline to pack. Jaqueline felt a glow of pleasure, she would be seeing Vari again.

"Elisabeth. I'd like to arrange *two* for special treatment," said Edith into the phone when she was alone. "Jaqueline needs a little tender loving care again and then there's a delicious sexy woman, who I would like *fully* trained, as a well-trained pet as well."

"Florence?" asked Elisabeth.

"Florence!"

"I'll be delighted!"

Boardroom Games

The boardroom was empty but for two, after the meeting that confirmed Mrs. De Vere as the controlling director of the bank's board.

"How was Rome?" asked Anita.

"Didn't see much of it at all," giggled Edith. "Spent all my time in one bed or another!"

"Sounds great," said Anita. "Perhaps next time, I'll come along as well!"

"No stop-offs in Scotland?"

"No! That was quite a trick that you pulled off! I would be a lot less subtle! I was wondering if you had spilled the beans to Florence. I was going to mention it, but then I realized your tactic as soon as you set off the next day."

"I had to..."

"Of course, you did, dear. I'll bet it was interesting when poor little Florence was collared?"

"I didn't stay to watch, but Elisabeth told me that she struggled desperately as she was suited up for the isolation stage of her preparation."

"What sort of pet is she going to become?"

"I don't have to decide that for a month, when she goes into the VR," said Edith. "I can't make up my mind if I want a cute kitten or a devoted little porker."

"Oh, I'd go for a piglet, it would suit her so well!"

"I'll bear that in mind," laughed Edith. "Porker it is. A chubby piggy with nice hanging tits, eager to snuffle and please. At any rate, she'll not breathe a word. I'll make sure."

"Good," said Anita. "Then there'll be no loose ends at all. Perhaps it would be better to dispose of her properly?"

"That's a euphemism for murder, then?"

"I suppose so, it would be easy."

"Like you already did, twenty years ago?"

"That's not proved!"

Edith leaned over the boardroom table and reached out to put her hand on Anita's.

"I don't want to know. No, it's not necessary, Florence will be completely devoted to me when she is back in three months. A nice little pet for my personal use!"

Anita nodded and pulled back her hand.

"So, you think that we have a perfect balance now?" she asked.

"Of course! I am now a director of De Vere Bank, you are CEO. I hold the power to topple you, but if I do, I go down as well. I would call that a perfect balance."

"I'm not so sure. There is one small matter outstanding," said Anita.

"And that is?"

"On your knees bitch," said Anita with a sly smile. "I gave you your complete triumph, now you have to do something in return!"

Edith smiled and watched as Anita slowly stood and unzipped her skirt.

"What makes you think that I have any inclination to do this?"

"Because you need it!"

The skirts slipped off Anita's wide hips to reveal a tight girdle that held up her stockings and revealed her dripping slit.

"Shoes first and then this!"

Anita's hands slithered down the black satin of the panels of the girdle to open herself wide.

"I suppose that it's only right!"

"If you delay any more then I'll have you kiss my ass as well!"

Edith slipped onto her knees and kissed the stiletto that moved forward to the reach of her lips.

For a moment she glanced up to see a satisfied smile on her mother-in-law's face. She kissed and licked and then began the slow climb to the wetness above.

"I think that every board meeting should end like this," said Anita.

"Only if we take turns," smiled Anita.

"It's all about balance!"

"And pleasure!"

The End