

Miss Irene Clearmont Presents

Three Novelettes in One Volume

“Getting Uneven”
“Skewered on Spikes”
“Road Trip”

An FDC Publication

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Getting Uneven

ONE

Act of Lust

He pushed his cock into the soft yielding flesh. For a moment there was resistance, a slowing of that forced entry. A momentary pause that just gave him cause to laugh hysterically in the inevitability of his superiority. Then his weight pushed his prick home to its full length, a satisfying clench, the friction of dryness a rasp of her breath.

‘How dared this rich bitch refuse to him? How dared she to say no!’

The words rang in his head as he allowed himself the momentary pleasure of gripping her throat and allowing her to see that she could do nothing to resist his rape.

His hands moved from pinning her wrists and tore at her blouse sending the buttons showering like bullets as they tore free to expose her breasts.

She cried out.

There was a spasm of resistance as her hands tried to push his weight from her body. A futile gesture of defiance as his hand moved from her breasts with sudden force to slap her backhanded across the face. A brutal reaction that forced her to recognise his physical superiority.

He looked at those tits, those delicious giant mounds that were crying out for his attention. begging for punishment.

His hips thrust down to drive his erection like a pile driver to its deepest extent. A song of conceit rang in his ears, in time to the beat of his heart. She whimpered in shock as he took her. He took it all, her love, her pleasure, her body, her confidence, her self-assured haughty demeanour.

Bitch!

It was all his for the taking!

Slut!

All stockings, suspenders, sexy lace and sheer fabric. Lipstick and fuck-me heels. She wanted this! She had needed taking down to a place where men ruled and fucked and did not have to resist temptation.

This was what she had asked all men to do to her.

This was what she deserved.

As he tore at her body with his hands his cock enjoyed the dry friction, that sign of a true whore. A woman who could do no other thing than be frigid in the face of his violent fore play.

‘How dare she reject me, the fucking whore,’ he thought as he pulled those tempting nipples. ‘This is just the warming up. Now she gets what every bitch wants!’

A sharp pull of his hips and he tore free of her flesh.

Pulled free.

She moaned in agony as he ripped from her.

There was a moment of stillness as he contemplated the final pleasure that he would take from her ripe and perfect body. The forbidden abyss that he lined up for, a plunge that would take him to ecstasy.

“Please, please,” she begged in sobs of realisation as the tip of his rigid prick was pressed against that rear entrance to her body.

She clenched, strived to block, to resist as the pressure grew to an irresistible level.

He pushed; increasing the pressure and the pleasure of rape; bursting into her and ramming home between those delicious cheeks of her ass as he took what he wanted, what he needed, what was his by right as she opened her mouth to cry out and the cut lip bled red across the pink of her smeared lipstick and the salt and iron taste filled her senses as he came with a groan of satisfaction.

He spilled his seed into her ass, enjoyed her pain and enjoyed his certain victory.

The council for the defence smiled at the jury and adjusted his wig with a small smile.

“So, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, what you see today is the outcome of a woman’s plot to destroy the man who gave her so much of himself. She flirted with her colleagues at work, she dressed to excite the men around her. This rich and degenerate woman had a string of boyfriends behind the back of her fiancée. Every one of these men had sex with her with her consent, but she claims that her fiancée, this man so unjustly accused of rape, had no consent.”

He paused again and looked at the man who sat in the dock and smiled reassuringly, as if they old friends, noticing each other across a bar or restaurant.

One comrade helping another.

“So I ask you to consider the evidence. The way that Miss French prepared for this romantic interlude. The equipment in the bedroom that she had that suggests that rough sex and domination is something that she enjoys as an occasional, nay, a regular, pastime. I want you to consider the fact that she told her friends that she was going to marry the accused, surely an assent considering her behaviour with her other lovers.”

He coughed and looked at Miss Hannah French sitting with her council.

“I shall sum up. This is no trivial accusation! Rape is a terrible crime, without a doubt. But, this was not rape...

“Was it rough?...

“Of course it was, Miss French has a special partiality for rough sex!...

“Was there any expectation of sex being on the menu that fateful night?...

“Of course there was! Miss French prepared for the arrival of her fiancée in a manner that suggests a romantic, sexual and passionate evening rather than the rejection that she states she wished to make...

“Finally I wish you to consider the two participants in this sorry affair.”

He paused to ensure they would be waiting for his words, then went on:

“Miss French, a woman who treats sex as a hobby in all its fetishistic variations on the one hand. On the other, Kyle Benson, a shy man who has only ever had two girlfriends and was enamoured by this free-living woman and now faces the destruction of his reputation, his private life in the face of a sorry allegation by a woman who at best could be described as ‘loose’.”

The council for the defence retired and the case was over apart from summing up by the judge and the decision of the jury. A jury that had nodded agreement all through that summing up. A jury composed of middle aged men and women who could never imagine that a woman like Miss French could ever say ‘no’, and mean it.

It took that jury just an hour to free the rapist from the clutches of the court to his weeping mother. The attending reporters chewed over the words that the council for the defence had used and mentally added them to their headlines for the next day.

‘Loose woman’, ‘degenerate’ and ‘rough sex’ seemed to offer the best possibilities and then there was the chance that Mr Benson might sell his story.

Revelations of a victim of a loose woman!

TWO

Act of Shame

Miss Hannah French glanced at the headlines in the local paper with tears in her eyes.

'Local man cleared of rape.' It said.

Now she was being threatened with a civil case by the man who had raped her. Her face on the front of every paper, her reputation soiled by his victory.

The text of the article made her life seem like a sordid cocktail of sex. Bondage and drugs were hinted at length. The word 'loose' was bandied by the journalist in every paragraph.

She folded the paper and wondered if this nightmare would end. Three months of trial and accusation, pain and torment and all that her defence council could say was, "It's a three day wonder. In a month it will be forgotten."

But, it would not be forgotten. Already her friends were ignoring her and her family was keeping their distance. Soon she had to return to the advertising business that she was a partner in to face the other two partners.

"I'm sorry," they would say, "but we cannot afford the stigma of this negative image. We have decided to buy you out!"

Hannah knew what they were planning and had no answer. The money would not compensate for the fact that she was a person 'non grata', a person who would always be whispered about. A woman who had dared to say that her fiancée had raped her when it was clear that he had not.

As she sat and contemplated the mug of coffee in front of her she realised that she was not just hurt and angry but had serious hate in her for Mike, the man who had forced her, the fiancée that had pushed his prick into her ass as a goodbye. The man that was even now planning to squeeze her for the loss of his reputation.

Hate!

She sighed and wiped the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand.

Somehow she would get even with that twisted son of a bitch.

Somehow.

The possibilities, though, seemed distant and unrealistic.

What could she do that would balance the score?

The police would come knocking on her door as soon as she touched the bastard. Everyone would assume that she was behind every misfortune that overtook him.

First Hannah had to get the 'here and now' sorted. The business and the partnership. Then there was the civil case to be dealt with. Finally, then, she could sit back and decide...

THREE

Act of Play

The session was at an end.

Hannah sat on her throne and watched her latest customer slowly get dressed. He was slow because the pain of the whip and the numbness of his recently unfettered arms made him wince with discomfort.

Finally he was adjusting his tie.

Her victim, willing or even eager, smiled and thanked her with his usual polite words before mentioning that his wife would be away for the month and it would be great if she could fit him in next Thursday.

Hannah nodded assent and held up two fingers.

"At two then," said with a grin. "Don't spare the rod..."

She smiled because it was expected, but inside she felt only disdain for the men who needed to be punished to make them come. Her disdain was hidden behind a curtain of play acting and hard words that gave them the ambience that they desired.

Never were they allowed to touch her, never were they allowed to pleasure her or fuck her. She had refused offers in the realm of tens of thousands to get intimate, but when it came down to it she hated them all.

Every blow she struck, every enema that she administered, every kiss to her boots, was a revenge on Mike. A moment of pleasure that was arousing, not for itself, but in her imagination where Mike was punished for the pleasure that he had taken from her.

The customer closed the door behind him with the word 'Mistress' on his lips. That, she despised more than anything, that word. It was required, a part of the play that she was paid for. It just signified that they paid for her to amuse them, to take a part in a script that they wrote for themselves.

She heard the outer door close and knew that tomorrow she would be doing the same again. Pleasing some fat business man by thrashing him, masking him and then making him masturbate to her command.

Hannah sighed and stood up.

Her costume creaked as only thick leather can when the buckles and straps were pulled across the surface by her movement.

Four years ago she had done the only thing left that she could do well.

She had decided to convert her anger into coin and become the very thing that the court had labelled her as.

A whore.

She knew men, she knew what they needed and offered sex without sex and passion without passion as Mistress Chantelle.

"There's that god-awful word again," she thought as she stripped off the costume and boots.

Finally she was naked, a Venus in the flesh. Huge breasts, wide hips, smooth cunt and long red hair. But, Hannah was a soiled Venus, a woman who was misusing her beauty, wearing down her passion in meaningless encounters with men who wanted to be punished as a pleasure.

Mike!

How the reality of revenge had turned to fantasy! Five years after the trial. Four years after the civil damages and three years after she had lost contact with him.

At first she had planned so many things, planned a revenge so exquisite and delicate. Something to spoil his life and make him pay. Instead she had drifted to become what he had decided she was.

Whore!

Carefully she cleared up the detritus of the last session. Now that she was exclusive and only had rich clients, the money was rolling in. Certainly faster than she could spend it! They paid her tribute and begged to fuck her.

Her refusal raised her price.

They spent lavishly and bought her gifts. Her distant demeanour cost them more than ever until all the things that she wanted, an apartment in Barcelona, a reclusive farm house in Scotland, a studio of pain in London were all paid for and money left to spare.

Friends?

She had none.

Family?

They had been lost!

The life she had built destroyed.

Hannah French, Mistress Chantelle, was alone but for the slimy men who came and paid homage, paid thousands, just to wank over her beauty, come on her feet, lick her boots and be whipped until they squealed and cried, and finally when she used the rod too hard, bandy their safe words to slip out from under the lash.

They were attracted by her hate!

FOUR

Love and Coffee

Alone.

That was the way that Hannah spent her life. She shopped alone, ate alone, masturbated alone and wept alone.

That very separation from the rest of humanity was her mark. She came to shun contact and displayed a haughty disdain that pushed away any approach. So she took pleasure in being overwhelmingly sexual, attractive and then repelled all attempts at friendliness.

"Is this seat taken?"

Hannah looked up from her lap top at the young girl who already had begun to pull the back of the chair from the table.

"No, I suppose not," said Hannah, turning back to the screen.

"Fine, the, I'll keep you company."

There was a silence that was only disturbed as the young woman placed her coffee cup on the table next to her chocolate muffin.

"I like this café," said the young woman as she shrugged her coat off her shoulders.

The comment seemed to require an answer, so Hannah pulled a smile.

"The muffins are made fresh every hour!"

"I'm sorry, but I'm not in the mood for a conversation," said Hannah.

"Fine," said the young woman. "Try a piece!"

Her slim hand proffered the piece of muffin and Hannah reluctantly took it and popped it in her mouth.

"It's good," she reluctantly said.

"My name is Hermione, as in the Greek myth rather than the character in the book," said Hermione as she sipped her coffee.

"I'm Hannah. As in me and not any other Hannah."

It was the first time that she had given her name to someone in years. It felt odd, this faux friendship over coffee and a muffin, but Hannah felt her emotions awakening, despite her trying to suppress them.

"Nice name, I had a best friend called Hannah at school."

Hannah looked at the girl and decided that she was perhaps eighteen. Blonde hair, cut savagely short, topped a pretty face that seemed to made to smile.

Hermione chattered on and ignored the inspection that focussed on breasts, face and hands.

"I want to become a model, that's my goal."

"Well, you're pretty enough," replied Hannah.

"I know, all my boyfriends and girlfriends say that I am not a Hermione at all, but more a Siren because of the way I look!"

"Well I would not fall at your feet, even though I'll admit that you are attractive."

Hermione finished her muffin and sat back in her chair with a speculative air.

"I'll bet the men are dying to sleep with you!"

"You are so right, but I won't let them."

"That's what I thought. You radiate cold!"

"Do I? What does that signify?"

"That you value control over passion..."

"I suppose that is true. Maybe truer than you think."

"Are you married?"

Hannah laughed at the nerve of this sweet young thing.

Was she really being chatted up by some school girl.

"No, and I'm available if that's what you're after!"

"Well, I'm nineteen now and I do fancy you a bit. That red hair is gorgeous and I love the way that you dress. Sexy, distant and powerful. It's a great look."

"So when do you want to start this passionate affair?" asked Hannah with a laugh. "I mean, in twenty minutes I have to be back at my work, is there time?"

"Meet me here at six, Hannah, and we'll go out. I think that I know just the place you'll like. make sure that you're dressed as sexily as you are now!"

"How can I refuse," laughed Hannah, "You're my first date in years..."

"Now that, I don't believe."

They walked through the crowded streets. Hannah being led by her new acquaintance to some unknown destination.

Hermione chattered away.

"When I said sexy, I had no idea that you could be so daring," she said as she stopped Hannah in front of a shop window. "I love that leather skirt, it's so outrageous with the lacy top."

"It's rubber, not leather," said Hannah with a grin. "You said sexy and I went kinky."

Hermione's hand smoothed over the smooth rubber and lingered where the knicker-line should have been.

"Well I love it," she said. "It's just right!"

"You're not doing so bad yourself! Your heels must be all of six inches."

"Seven with the platforms, actually. I love the way that everyone stares when I walk by."

Hermione took Hannah's hand and they continued down the street.

"We are like a couple of whores on a night out," said Hermione. "I'm taking you to a special bar, actually."

"Mmm, where are you taking your older whore then?"

"It's a bit risqué actually, for a first date, but I love the music."

"It's not Larry's place is it?"

"You know it, I've never seen you there."

"I have a few clients that use the place."

They walked in silence for a minute or two before Hermione asked her next question.

"What do you do then?"

Hannah had been expecting the question. Should she fib? What would be the reaction?

"I'm a whore actually."

Hannah awaited the reaction, would there be shock and rejection? She had used the word 'whore' in a last attempt to cause Hermione to reject her, a try at shaking off this woman who was trying so hard to be friends.

"You seem more of a call girl than a whore! I mean it's obvious that you've got money and taste."

"Thank you!"

"I mean it, you are the most interesting person that I've ever tried to pick up!"

Hannah had to stop walking. She burst into laughter and turned to kiss Hermione. What started as a quick peck on the lips ended as a passionate kiss when the girl responded openly.

"I should charge you for that!"

"I thought that whores never kissed their clients?"

"I never fuck them!"

"Then you are not a whore."

"I suppose not, if that is the definition! Actually I let men do all the work and punish them for being such naughty boys for their fantasies."

"That would make you a Mistress!"

"I don't like that word, 'dominatrix' is silly as well. Faux Latin made for porn and vanilla fantasies..."

"You have your own place?" said Hermione changing the subject.

"Of course, the studio is right near here."

"Can I see it?"

"If you like, though if you need to be punished I will charge you for it as well!"

"I'm not sure that I want to be punished!"

"That's not your choice."

"It is if I pay!"

FIVE

Love and a Whipping Horse

There were three locks and three keys to the door. Then Hannah typed in the code number. A loud click and the door was open. Stairs led up into blackness, soft carpet shrouded the sound and erotic paintings covered the walls.

Hannah led Hermione up the stairs to the small hallway.

"Which room do you want to see first?"

"What choice is there?"

"I have three rooms. One is my private boudoir, because occasionally I spend the night here when a client has paid for a two day session of punishment. The second is the dungeon. It's a bit twee really, all worn brick and fetters. Of course there is a whipping horse, my chair and a full selection of instruments of torture."

"And the other?"

"That is my throne room. I sit on my throne and make demands that have to be met!"

"But you never allow them to touch you?"

"They kiss my feet, wank on command and get punished for coming. One special client wears a chastity belt for me. Occasionally, every month or two, when I release him, I put on my spiked gloves and force him to come until he is in agony."

"So how much would I have to pay you for that?"

"It depends, most sessions run to a couple of thousand, anything else costs more and more. I put up the prices by doubling them, it increased my client list!"

"I will go for the throne room then!"

Hannah opened the middle door to reveal a room decked in red velvet and gold leaf. A single large chair sat on a small dais in the centre. The black carpet was broken by occasional steel rings set in the floor.

Hermione wandered in and looked around. She glanced at Hannah in the doorway and sat on the throne.

"Now I am the Queen," she said. "You are the one that has to obey!"

Hannah smiled and came into the room to stand before the throne. The experience was like nothing that she had ever done before. A frisson of trepidation filled her as she looked up at Hermione who was pulling a severe face and acting the part of the haughty slave owner.

"Shut the door, we have matters to discuss!"

Hannah turned, and before she knew it she was obeying the order.

"Good, now strip!"

"I'm not sure if..."

"Strip now!"

Hannah decided to play along. This was what she had done so many times as the occupant of the throne, now she was experiencing the sexual tension and excitement of being the submissive one.

She slowly undid the buttons on her blouse and let the lace slide from her shoulders. It fell to the floor with a soft whisper of delicate cloth.

"Very good, now the skirt."

The zipper that ran from hem to waist ran smoothly and the pencil skirt was only held by Hannah's hand. Suddenly she remembered that she was wearing no knickers, Hermione would see her...

"Drop it!"

Her hands released the skirt which fell heavily to the floor.

"Nice!" said Hermione as she inspected Hannah.

"I like the roses that grow from your pussy, very artistic."

Hannah smiled at the praise and started to unhook her bra.

"I hope that you have a surprise there too," commented the blonde who was Queen. "I like what I see so far! Kink and deviance."

Hannah let the bra drop to reveal her large breasts. They sagged slightly, but her nipples were swelling as she responded to Hermione staring at the small gold caps that decorated her nipples.

"I love them," said Hermione. "Are you pierced?"

"Of course, three times for each nipple."

"Turn round," came the order.

Hannah spun on her heels to show that the roses that grew from her slit wandered and climbed over the cheeks of her ass and between her thighs.

"Kneel, Hannah. I want to see how it is!"

She knelt at the feet and looked up at the blonde woman who seemed so naturally in charge. This was the position that men saw her in. They saw all of her, breasts, pussy and ass, but they could never have them.

Just admire them and long to touch without completion.

Hermione crossed her legs. It raised one of her shoes to a few inches from Hannah's face. For a moment the shoe moved up and down until the heel settled to point at her mouth.

"It's time for you to tell me that you love me," said Hermione. "I am waiting!"

Hannah pursed her lips and kissed the heel.

A soft touch, a gentle touch of the lips.

"That's a bit chaste, Hannah. Try harder!"

The lips opened and the heel slipped into her mouth. As she sucked it moved forwards and backwards slightly, a spiked cock fucking a tight cunt. At last Hermione was satisfied.

"I can't hear you, Hannah!"

"I love you."

"I know that you do. I love you too, but you need to prove it to me, whereas I only have to declare it, for it to be true!"

The crossed legs uncrossed.

They opened to flare her dress wide and allow Hannah to look up that tunnel of her thighs. Hannah could see the dark patch of the clipped pubic hair, the slight valley of the pussy and the soft flesh of thighs where the lacy stocking tops ended.

Slim hands lifted that hem and laid Hermione's sex bare to view. The hands coursed up the thighs to open the slit to reveal the slick folds of her cunt.

"You know what I want and you have to do it," said Hermione in a gentle voice. "I love you, but you are a whore who is going to do as she is told."

Hannah looked into that young face and saw a strange mixture of concern, affection and haughty pride. She shuffled forward and pushed her face into that pussy.

Her tongue and lips found the small clitoris and peeled it before she lapped like a cat at the smooth skin.

"Very good, I think that you are perfect."

The thighs flexed and the legs dropped onto Hannah's shoulders to pull her deeper into Hermione. She could feel the spikes dig into her flesh, she could taste and smell the perfumed pussy and all the while Hermione slowly settled into the chair.

Sliding out.

Pushing herself into her lover's face.

She climaxed with a soft cry. A shudder and a quiver.

Her hands pushed Hannah down to her ass.

"Make me come again."

The lips kissed that pucker of soft flesh, the tongue explored its texture while Hermione slipped her fingers into her liquid cunt and reamed herself with slow motions of her hands.

Again, orgasm.

This time slow and controlled, as the whore licked the ass of her lover. She pushed her tongue in and explored every contour, her lips sucked in the firm flesh and nibbled at the clenched pucker as if teasing the lips of a paramour.

At last the shudders slowed and Hermione stopped her hand.

"Don't stop yet, I like it," whispered Hermione.

Hannah lived in a small world. Between thighs, ass and pussy. She rimmed her lover with tender strokes of her tongue and lips while Hermione moaned in satiation.

At last Hannah was allowed to kneel and kiss both feet of her Queen.

"Do you want to come as well?"

The question was casually dropped, inviting a positive reply.

"Please!"

"Then take me to your dungeon."

"Not there!"

"It's the right place for you."

"But..."

"I do not wish to hear it. Just do as you are told and I will give you a climax like you have never had before."

Hermione stood from the throne and walked to the door that connected the two rooms. She turned the key to reveal the dark side of sex. The sex that all those men paid for to experience.

Hannah looked at her uncertainly, Hermione seemed so sure of herself, so in control and self-contained and at the age of nineteen was taking control of her and manipulating her like an expert.

Who was naked here?

Who had willingly served?

Hannah, to one and both!

Hermione led Hannah into the room. Black walls, red light, chains hanging and a whipping bench waiting. Waiting for its owner to taste its delights.

"Over you go!" came the order.

There was a small hesitation on the part of Hannah that Hermione decided to interpret as a test.

"Don't you trust me? Do you think that I would hurt you and fuck you in some evil way? Trust me!"

Hannah bent over the whipping horse and Hermione fixed on the fetters that held her stretched tight, bent over with legs apart and breasts hanging like ripe fruit.

The straps were fixed with buckles and padlocks. Four clicks and Hannah had to trust her new found lover. From this padded room there was no escape.

Hannah moaned and had a premonition. She imagined Mike, what he had done, what he had managed without fetters and all the equipment of a dungeon. How he had taken her and then fucked her ass.

Forced her and raped her.

Hermione seemed to have forgotten Hannah. She strutted around the room and marvelled at all the equipment, the massive dildos, the whips and chains, the gags and costumes and then finally the whipping horse on which Hannah was fixed.

She bent and kissed the captive Hannah on the lips. Her slim hands stroked the breasts with their gold tips. Finally she pulled up a chair and sat with Hannah's head between her legs as her hands roved over the luscious body of the older woman.

The hands reached back and breasts.

Ass and pussy.

They ranged in between lips and lips and then finally slipped into that cunt while massaging the outer lips with a sure touch.

"I like the way that you trusted me. It is a good sign. I like the way that you make men your slaves but are mature enough to surrender to me. I like your rose covered pussy and I want it for myself."

The pressure built and Hannah started to gasp with a mixture of anticipation and hope that this slip of a girl was able to bring her to orgasm at last. The first since the rape, the first person who really took her and made her forget everything but passion, sex and pleasure.

She could feel the oil of her passion drip down her thighs as the clever hands bored her out and filled her. Fisting and fucking, taking and giving as they played her like a violin.

Then she felt a pressure on her ass. Slight and firm.

"Please no, please no, I beg you!"

The thumb that had entered her pulled free and found other places to probe, other erotic zones that the captive Hannah had never had explored before.

Finally she climaxed with a shudder, staring at the high heels of this woman who knew her body and its sensitive buttons better than she did. She looked at the painted nails of those toes and fixated on them as she was pushed to the edge a second time.

Pushed to the edge, but not over it!

"Kiss my feet and you will come again," said Hermione as she misused her new lover with all the assurance of youth. "I like my lovers to be at my beck and call, it makes me give more and it makes them give it all."

Hannah stretched and kissed the toes and shoes.

The hand that was fucking her twisted and plunged into the rose covered slit. It strummed the clitoris and nipped those outer lips. It brought a surfeit of gratification and Hannah came in a rush, with a scream and a shudder that was suppressed by the fetters that held her stretched.

Once again she kissed the only part of Hermione that she was allowed to reach, those spike heeled shoes, those manicured nails that peeped from the front.

"Well done, darling Hannah. Well done, you are in control, when you say 'no' I will always stop because even though I will make you beg to be fucked, beg to be enslaved, I will only do that which you have begged for!"

Hannah laughed in relief as she was unfettered from the whipping horse. Her legs shook so badly that she almost collapsed and she took Hermione in her arms and kissed her, smothered her in kisses.

"How long since you last climaxed?" asked Hermione without a trace of worry that she might upset Hannah.

"Five years, give or take."

"Masturbation, frigging and wanking?"

"The same..."

"Your ass?"

"A sad tale!"

"Tell me over a drink at Larry's"

"I'll buy."

"Of course! I'm not earning, I'm daddies little girl!"

"I have loads of money, you are what I want to spend it on. let's buy cocktails and I'll tell you some of my cock tales. By the way, what's your father's name?"

"Sir Martin Gerrard Pitherton. Why?" asked Hermione.

"I'd hate to turn up one day and find that he was one of my clients!"

The bed was hard, that was the way that Hannah liked it. Hard mattress, smooth cool silk sheets. Stuffed pillows and Hermione in between the sheets to keep her warm. This was the first time that she had slept with someone else in the bed.

The first time in five years that she had shared her sleep.

"Won't you be missed?"

"Absolutely not," answered Hermione with a laugh. "Daddy thinks that I am in Cornwall with my friend Suzie and that is that!"

"How long can you stay?"

"How long is a piece of string?" said Hermione with a small laugh. "As long as I fancy really..."

"Does daddy mind you sleeping with women?"

"Why should he? he does it all the time!"

Hannah turned to face her lover and placed a small kiss on her lips.

"What happened to Mike?" said Hermione.

Hannah drew in sharp breath. She had told Hermione everything and waited for her to abandon the raped woman, the prostitute, the dominatrix whore and the over anxious woman who had no friends.

"He got away with it! he won his civil suit and I had to pay seventy thousand in 'damages to his reputation'. He whispered to me as we left the court 'Now I've fucked you twice whore! Once in your sorry ass, the second time I raped your bank account,' and then he left."

"Didn't you follow him and try to get revenge?"

"For a while and then I realised that if I wounded or murdered him I would be the first person the police would talk to."

"So?"

"So what?" asked Hannah.

"So what are you going to do in revenge?"

"What do you suggest?"

Hermione started to laugh.

"The whore has a dungeon, a thousand torments waiting for the man who enters and then this woman asks 'what do you suggest?'."

SIX

Love and a Thrashing

Hannah had forgotten what it was like to have a partner, a friend and a lover. And this lover was like no other! Hermione was a naturally dominant personality. Not in some dark and devious way, but in the confidence she exuded, the orders that she expected to be followed and the natural ascendancy that she radiated.

The certainty of youth!

There was no force that could blunt her optimism. She demanded, willed and ordered and the whole world fell into place at her feet. No whips and chains, no crops and fetters, this girl required; that was enough to make it all happen!

Hermione wanted Hannah.

Hermione got Hannah.

It was as simple as that! Hermione wanted Hannah to let her into her life and five years of isolation, mental pain and aftermath of rape were torn like the curtain in the holy of holies.

When Hermione said that she wanted to take part in a session with a client, Hannah was shocked.

"That is so perverse!" said Hannah. "Think of the risk!"

"What risk?"

"You might be recognised for a start."

"I'll wear a mask!"

"It might put you off me!"

"Is that what you fear most? That I'll leave?"

Hannah nodded.

That was really what she feared most, the loss of this friend. The renewal of the isolation and the numbing existence of before.

"Then I'll leave if you don't let me," laughed Hermione.

"That's blackmail of the most devious sort," said Hannah.

"I know. So where are the masks?"

"Here!"

Hermione rifled through the costumes and laughed.

"Some of these defy belief," she said as she pulled a ball gown from the collection. "Isn't this from 'Beauty and the Beast'?"

"I've only worn it once, but I love it even though it takes an hour to get on. The client paid for it so who am I to argue?"

"OK, tell me about the next client and I'll select a costume for the occasion. I promise that I'll not say a word, I'll just watch and observe."

Hannah sighed and nodded. It seemed as if there was no stopping Hermione, she was not fitted with brakes or an 'off' button.

"If it goes wrong then I might lose a client!"

"If it does then it might be the most fun that you ever had..."

The client entered the throne room to find his mistress on the throne, waiting as she always did for his surrender.

"Undress, slave" she said in a stern tone. "I have decided that today is a day for punishment and not reward..."

He gulped with fear because Mistress Chantelle could wield a whip with cruel force and his wife was returning from Cornwall.

She might find the stripes and wounds of the whip and know that he was, once again, paying for punishment that she was happy to administer for free!

"I said, fucking strip!"

He sensed a new force in her, some subtle change that leant new edge to her voice.

He stripped.

Mistress Chantelle smiled and stood. She wore a ball gown, flouncy in its extent, a circle full two metres wide at the floor. Her breasts spilled over the low place where a corset should have restrained them and showed their pierced nipples standing proud.

She reached behind her and picked something up. She tossed it to him. "Put on the cuffs," she ordered.

He hesitated and then clicked the right wrist on.

"Behind your back!" she said before the left wrist was captured.

He hesitated and then blindly fastened his wrists behind his back. Now he was helpless, a naughty boy awaiting his mistress' next word of command.

His cock stood straight, a clear sign of his excitement.

His legs knees and trembled, a clear sign of his fear.

Mistress Chantelle took the cane leaning against her throne and pointed at the door.

"Into my dungeon, slave," she said theatrically. "The punishment is about to begin."

He opened the door to find the room beyond lit in an eerie green light. The whipping horse stood waiting and so did another woman!

Never had a third person been present, never had he ordered it, paid for it or desired it. So why was another woman there?

He turned to Mistress Chantelle and was about to inquire when she held up the cane and said: "I hope that you are not about to question my orders?"

He almost used the safe word, almost...

"No Mistress."

"Then bow to Miss H, because she will be administering the cane on my behalf."

The scene was set and now the man had been drawn into it and was about to be consumed by it.

He looked at Miss H, the new woman in his secret life and gulped with fear. She wore a costume that contrasted evil with the good of Mistress Chantelle's ball gown in white.

Miss H wore spiked heels on boots that came to her thighs. The rest was a coat of thin rubber that showed every contour of her body in relief. Even the slit of her sex was visible, with every fold and undulation picked out. Small breasts, but her nipples were swollen with excitement.

The final touch was the tight mask that stretched over her face. Black and featureless, it smoothed her hair and made her look like a black statue that had come to life to serve his Mistress.

In her hands was a black crop, bent into a rainbow of black pain running from fist to gloved fist.

"Miss H, prefers her slaves to be restrained before she whips them, so I will prepare you."

Mistress Chantelle pulled a small remote control from her dress and pressed a button. To the accompaniment of a slight mechanical whine a hook on a chain descended from the green light in the ceiling until the hook had reached waist height.

A small movement of the hand.

The slave knew what was expected and feared what he was paying for. Somehow this seemed more menacing than usual. The presence of the new woman, the mood, the ambience, the green light; they all conspired to make a subtle change that brought menace and real fear into the equation.

Real fear.

Not fairground fear.

He sweated and hooked the cuffs onto the hook. As he did so the chain started to pull up and his wrists were pulled with it. Until at last she relented.

He was standing in a bow. Wrists pulled up behind him until they were as high as his bowed head. Naked and vulnerable. never had he felt this exhilaration and this much terror at being punished by his Mistress.

There was a small pause as he heard the boots of Miss H clicking on the floor. For a moment he felt a hand weigh his prick and balls. She just felt them, gripped them, let them rest in a slick palm before her hand retreated.

"He is not well equipped at all," commented Mistress Chantelle. "That is one reason for the punishment. The other is that he has paid me, but offered no extra tithe for my amusement. He knows that I demand it, but he does not pay.

For this dereliction three strokes.

For his lack of virility, three strokes.

For my pleasure, three strokes.

For his arriving late, three strokes."

Miss H, the unstoppable Hermione, smiled and reached to the mask that she had selected for her victim. As she took it Hannah tried to signal that this client hated masks, that he would never submit to it and the attached gag.

Miss H held the mask slackly from her hand in front of his face. The question was clear, to be masked or not, that was the question. Whether to suffer pain in the dark or refuse a request and scratch the needle over the long playing disc of this perfect scene.

He knew the choice.

Admit the fantasy and refuse, follow the fantasy and submit to reality of loss of control!

He nodded.

Hannah gulped at the way that Hermione had manipulated her client. She had understood that this man was prepared to suffer for his fetish, as long as he had the initial choice...

The mask was pulled over his head and the red ball pushed into his mouth. Now there was no more safe word, no way out, Miss H had him in her grip.

Her hand slipped between his thighs and wanked his raging prick. It moved with brutal intent as though she was milking him with clenched fist.

Four strokes and he moaned.

Miss H stood back and the cane struck.

"One of twelve," said Miss Chantelle.

It was a brutal stroke that left a welt that was only broken by the cleft of his buttocks.

The hand gave him the four brutal strokes on his prick and then administered the second stroke of the cane.

"Two of twelve."

Miss H did not speak she just alternated between wank and a brutal stroke of the cane. Her victim staggered and wailed, he tried to speak, but the gag reduced him to a mumble. His ass bled with the strokes, cuts like a blade.

This was far more severe than Miss Chantelle had ever dared. This was well over the bounds of BDSM and into the misty realms of torture and masochism.

Brutal!

At last the punishment ended.

The twelfth stroke had chimed and the slave hung slackly from his wrists. Come dribbled from his flaccid cock. It splashed with the blood that ran from his ass down his thighs.

He sobbed in the mask.

A violent shuddering gasping that filled the room with his pain and satisfaction. Fear and contrition. Miss Chantelle was at a loss. Never had it gone this far, never had she been so brutal to a man who was playing and paying.

She lowered the hook.

She had not been able to stop it. She was like a rabbit in the headlights of the oncoming Hermione. Scared to move, scared to stay still. Unable to stop the terrible scene that had unfolded before her eyes.

She stripped off his mask.

Water of tears dripped from the mask, the saliva and slobber of fear dripped from the ball gag.

He dropped to his knees.

"Mistress, I will never forget to pay an extra tithe. Please forgive me for being under your expectations. Please, I shall never be late again and you I offer freely my pain for your pleasure."

She looked down at him and smiled. Once again Hermione had shown good judgement and pushed the limits.

"If you are late again you will suffer five more strokes. Be thankful that Miss H chose a light cane so do not make her use one of the more painful ones."

He nodded and looked over his shoulder at the fearsome Miss H. Under the thin rubber mask she smiled and then stepped up to him until her body was pressed into his. Her hand slipped to his cock and gripped it, smearing it with his emission and the blood of the punishment.

The gloved hand came to his lips and one of those fingers pushed between his lips forcing him to taste his own pain and pleasure.

"I can only hope that Miss H will take the trouble to discipline me again," he whispered.

SEVEN

The Revelation

They sat in the Sunday afternoon quiet of the Café Royal. A murmur of conversation fluttered in the background, masking the conversation on the table in the corner.

"You had me so worried there!" said Hannah. "I really thought you'd pushed it beyond too far!"

"I would never have pushed it too far!"

"So how could you tell that he would be so willing to submit to what amounts to torture? You could have caused serious damage to him."

"But, I didn't and it's not torture if he is willing!"

Hannah laughed ironically and said, "You blackmailed him into the mask. He either had to give up the fantasy or put on the mask. You knew that the gag would take away the safe word that we had agreed. So you pushed him to a point where you could do what you wanted to him and he was unable to resist!"

Hermione sighed.

"I know that I pushed the limits, but I had to!"

"What the hell do you mean, you had to?"

At that moment a waiter walked by and the two women stopped arguing and sipped their coffees. As soon as he was out of earshot Hannah resumed her attack.

"What the hell do you mean, you had to? In this game the client determines the setting and the Mistress decides if it is inside her capabilities. He pays, he decides. Not he pays and then gets the living-fuck thrashed out of his raw ass in-between strokes of a brutal hand job that will leave his balls bruised for a month!"

Hermione hung her head.

For a moment she stared at the coffee, the small cluster of bubbles that swirled in the centre of the black liquid gold. She knew that the telling off was correct, that she had overstepped the mark, but she knew that she had to do it.

"I had to, because I know him!"

"Oh, fuck. You know him, I'm so glad that you were masked and kept silent."

"You don't understand, I know him. He's my husband!"

Hannah sat back and gaped like a stranded fish at the young girl who was full of revelations and unexpected hidden angles.

"Hermione, you're married? Fuck, fuck and double triple fuck!"

She looked at Hermione and then another thought intruded on her mind. Another revelation that made her heart stop and beg for release.

"You knew when you met me that afternoon?"

The question was self-complete. It contained the answer in its words. It was answered by itself!

Hermione had met her with the intention of this happening! This was the game, the intent and the plan. Hannah was just a piece in the puzzle of some devious plot that Hermione was following up.

Hannah sat back and stared at the woman who had filled a wide gap in her life. The woman who was tricking her and using her and loving her and fucking her and lying to her and... and... and...

"I never told a lie to you," said Hermione. "I missed bits out, I tricked you and I used you, but I never lied."

"Does that mean that I have to forgive you?"

"I had meant to expose my stupid husband in front of the whore that he was seeing, but I couldn't do it because I love you too much. So I thrashed his ass and made him come with the pain. I know his limits, of course I do, I'm his wife."
Hannah laughed.

"What the fuck are you laughing at?" asked Hermione.

"Why don't you just give him what he wants most in the world and make him your little whore? Jesus, you have a talent for making him come and a talent for caning him. Just a little subtlety and he will be your slave for ever!"

"I don't care about the kinky shit, I love that myself so how can I object?" said Hermione. "I do care that he betrayed me and went to another woman for his pain. It is mine to dish out, mine to administer and mine to control. Do you know what he is, what he does, this husband of mine?"

"I have no idea."

"He's the youngest Inspector in the Met!"

Hannah looked stunned and Hermione laughed.

"At the moment he liaises with SOCA on the continent, the French actually. At the age of twenty five he is partly responsible for determining police procedure in cases involving French nationals!"

"You forgot something," said Hannah, recovering from her surprise. "He also likes a good thrashing. But, and I have to ask this... What place are we in now? Are you satisfied that you have punished him? Is our affair over?"

There was an edge in her voice, almost a wail or the beginnings of a cry.

"I have not yet decided what I am going to do with my husband, I am only sure that I have not punished him enough. Our affair is not over, if you do not want it to be. I still love you and that feeling has already spoiled my plans once so I do not see why it should not spoil them for the foreseeable future."

Hannah sighed.

"I see that we both have problems with men. You have a husband that loves to be punished and I have a rapist who has avoided punishment for too long!"

"There will be a resolution to our problems and I am sure that we are clever enough to find it. For now we have to promise to be faithful to each other and see where that takes us."

"Are you still going to sleep with your husband?" asked Hannah.

"How else can I find the results of the caning that I gave him?"

"And then?"

"And then I don't allow him to fuck me anymore. You can go on the whipping-horse again and I can have my little whore-lover licking the parts that other bitches never reach!"

"And his next visit, next Friday?"

"Make him pay double for my presence!"

"Six thousand pounds! How can he afford it?"

"He can't!"

"You are so devious, Hermione. Now I am starting to fear for my own sanity," said Hannah. "Will he or won't he pay?"

"He'll pay!"

EIGHT

A Genesis

"Paul, I want a fuck!"

Paul looked up from the screen of the laptop at his wife, Hermione, and his lust swelled. Stockings and a corset, heels and naked breasts.

He knew that he was in trouble, deep trouble! There was no reason to say 'no', but the black and purple stripes on his ass and back could not be explained. They could not be anything other than a caning. They would take weeks to heal and he had to face her ire.

"Darling," he said, "I have to finish this report, maybe later..."

It was weak and he knew it. To put off until later what should be done now. She would see it all and know. He cursed himself for falling for Miss H's offer of the mask and whip.

'How did I let myself come to this?' he wondered.

Then he noticed the T shirt that hung from her hand. The one that he had stuffed into the washing machine and not the wash basket. The one that was covered with the straight lines of dried blood that marked where the cane of Miss H had caused so much pain and pleasure.

Now there was no escape from her offer!

She held up the shirt in her hands and displayed the brown lines that marked its white purity.

"What is this?"

He gazed at the evidence of his infidelity and could not answer the question.

"What happened in France, what have you been up to?"

Her face was unreadable. Was that concern or anger on her face?

"I got into something that got out of control!" he essayed. "I was going to explain..."

"Is that why you hid it?" she said. "Let me see your back!"

Paul stood and hung his head. Slowly he undressed, facing her, and then he turned to show her the twelve stigmata that divided his back and ass into divisions of bruised and rent skin.

"Were you with some French prostitute?" she said in a level voice. "Some dominatrix whore?"

"I am so sorry!"

"Is that an answer or real contrition?" she said. "Is that the type of sex that you play at when I am not with you?"

"It was in London," he mumbled. "Not France!"

"And that makes a difference? What else did you do with her?"

"She brought a sadist into the game. A woman who is like an angel of death and pain."

"And you paid for this?"

"Yes!"

There was a pause as Hermione smiled, unseen by her husband, and ran her fingertips over the wounds that she herself had inflicted.

At last she broke the silence of his shame.

"Do you enjoy pain?"

"It was more than I have ever felt," he moaned as her nails caught the healing crusts of the wounds. "It forced something from me that I have never felt before."

"Is it what you want from me?"

"Darling, it what I sometimes need!"

"Do you need so much?"

He did not answer, but winced as she playfully slapped the bruises on his ass.

"Are you going back?"

This was not the conversation that he had anticipated. He had expected rage, talk of divorce, a lecture of how her father did not give them his money so that he could indulge himself with prostitutes.

Where was the anger?

"Do you need my permission? Do you expect it? Or do you hope that I will continue from where the bitch left off!" she said with another slap at his rear.

"I hope that you will forgive me," he muttered. "I can hope for no more!"

There was another pause, pregnant with expectant silence.

"Did you, were you, allowed to fuck her?"

"No! I go for the hope, but it is never fulfilled."

Another minute of silence.

Her arm wrapped around him and took his prick that was swelling with uncontrollable desire.

"How can I be sure that you never fuck this bitch?" she muttered. "That it is just the pain that you enjoy?"

"I can promise," he said.

The hope in his voice was so clear. The hope that she would understand. The hope that she would actually say 'yes'.

"I will think about it, but for now I need to know that you are mine."

"I am yours."

She walked around to face him. Her hand did not leave his stiff prick, it was like an assurance of her need.

"Show me!"

Her hand left his cock and joined the other to part her naked sex and open it like a flower that blossomed.

His hand reached out to touch, but she stopped him with words.

"Not your hands or your prick, not today."

He looked in her eyes and saw her condescension.

Paul lowered to his knees and placed his lips on that glistening cunt. He sucked her clitoris in and massaged it gently. He heard her moan as he licked and savoured her sex with lips and tongue.

Her hands pulled him in and forced him to penetrate her with his tongue.

"You do so like to do as you are told," she muttered. "But do I let another administer pain and pleasure or do I drink the cup of your service myself?"

There came no answer, but the peak of a climax that shook her as her hands slipped to his back and scored him anew. Lines of scratches that overlaid a grid contrary to the marks of the cane.

He winced and shuddered as she forced him to serve. the blackmail of his infidelity providing the spur to greater effort.

Hermione came again, climaxed with a shudder of pure pleasure as the man on his knees gave her what she needed.

"I have decided that you can visit your whore under two conditions."

She allowed his head to retreat from her pussy and twisted it so that she looked down at him.

"What do I have to do?"

"You cannot have intercourse with her, no fucking!"

A feeling of relief flooded his mind and showed on his face.

"I need to be sure that you are mine!" she said as she smiled at him.

He felt her shoe touch his bobbing erection. It caressed him with its hard sole, rubbing and stretching him. As the sole reached his groin the tip of her heel touched and impaled the tip of him with a sharp contact.

"What is the second condition?" he dared to ask.

"That you climax at my feet now!"

The sole pushed at his groin and forced the heel to push into him. Her hands pulled him to her cunt to serve her again as she made his position clear.

"Come for me, Paul. Come at my feet and I may forgive you," she gasped as he lapped at her.

He did not hold back, the fantasy took him, the need to be held in the grip of a woman. His prick spurted its come on her heels as he took Hermione to a new height.

She scratched his back without thought of the pain that she was inflicting. Miss H, Hermione the young she-devil who intended to take the best of both worlds. A lesbian affair and a servile husband, blackmailed into compliance, both of them blackmailed to serving her lust.

One, a whore held by the fear of losing a lover, the other scared that his fetish would lose him his wife.

The power was intoxicating.

NINE

A Gospel

Hannah waited. Today she had another session with Paul. The preparations, as always were elaborate and started two hours before the scene was due to begin.

First the shower.

A half hour of pure luxury that was spent in a cascade of hot water that swept all her troubles away and got her in the mood to insert herself into another's fantasy.

Today for the first time she shared the cubicle with her lover, Hermione.

The two women contrasted completely. Figures and motions. One full figured, red haired and adorned with roses and piercings. The other a shock of white hair and slim to the point of a child.

"What happened when you spoke to him last night?" asked Hannah as she allowed the water to cascade over her hair. "Did he admit it or try to hide?"

"I gave him permission to come here!"

Hannah wondered at the sheer impudence of her lover. The flexibility of her character and the way that she stayed in control even when faced by such a difficult problem.

"Did you tell him?"

"What, that I am Miss H?" laughed Hermione. "Of course not, the truth comes today at his greatest moment of weakness!"

"You are strange," said Hannah. "Not that I mean that you are mad or something..."

"What? You mean that I lack morals or guiding principles?"

"Exactly! How clever of you to understand and voice my thoughts better than I can myself."

"You will find out the little trick that I have played today."

"Hermione, you are the limit! I hope that you have not given permission for him to come here and then you lose me one of my best clients!"

"Never. Just let me guide the show and relax and enjoy! Anyway he's my client as well now..."

"He's actually your husband, I'm only the lover. You have total freedom from me to do anything you want," said Hannah as she stepped out of the shower and took a warm towel.

"Good, because I am going to have fun."

"Why do I feel a shudder of anticipation and trepidation?"

"Because I intend to make both of you perform and then become my slaves!"

"I am already your slave," laughed Hannah.

"Ah, but only in love. Now I intend to make you my sex slave in reality."

Hermione stepped out of the shower and shook the droplets of water from her svelte body.

"I am already your sex slave!"

"Not really. To belong to me fully you have to be chastised, bent and controlled for my gratification."

"This is not a game then? No safe word, no restrictions?"

"Non! Do as I say or be punished for disobedience."

Hannah hugged Hermione and kissed her.

"Tell me what to do."

"First we dress and then you'll understand," said the blonde devil. "It starts here... This is the gospel according to Miss H not the book of Hermione."

The buzzer announced the arrival of the sacrificial victim.

He made his way up the familiar stair with the usual fear in his stomach. Somehow this was special because Hermione had given permission. Now at last he could indulge himself without restriction, allow everything that he had avoided because it would leave marks of evidence of infidelity on his body.

He entered the hallway that would tell him what he was in for today, this first day of his new life. The initiation of a balance between wife and whore, the start of pleasure and pain.

He hoped with all his heart that Miss H would be present, but was that a hope that was a step too far?

The door to the throne room opened to reveal Mistress Chantelle dressed as he had never seen her before. She wore a tight rubber suit that perversely covered all that was not sexual and revealed all that was.

Her breasts hung with small weights attached to her nipples. A collar that held her chin up and her hair in a long plait that was laced with black ribbon. Her wrists were fettered and chains hung from them to clink loosely to the floor. Ballet shoes forced her to walk on the tips of her toes and ankles locked by chains that allowed just small steps to be taken.

She was the perfect female slave, ready for use by the slim mistress who emerged from the shadows of the throne room.

A rustle of silk.

Miss H!

His hopes were realised in spades.

Today she wore the ball gown and carried the crop that had, just two days before bitten his flesh. A corset covered her breasts and handcuffs dangled from her left hand. Just the feathered mask, a Venetian bird of prey, hid her features and a wig that piled her hair tall and gave her the air of a mistress on her way to the Bridge of Sighs to meet a lover or victim.

He bowed to her. It seemed so right.

Without a word she offered him the cuffs to his proffered hand. he took them, a symbol of his obedience.

"Follow," said Mistress Chantelle.

The two women opened the door to the dungeon to reveal a blue light that gave it the look of a hell that he might never escape.

"Miss H requires that you strip," said Mistress Chantelle.

Slowly he did as he was ordered to reveal the cross hatching of sharp nails and the caning that portioned his back into small squares.

For a moment he was embarrassed at the stares of the two who were about to make him suffer; naked now but for a metal tube that enclosed his erection.

"My wife," he muttered. "She did this because I am allowed to come to you as long as I don't come for you."

Miss H smiled at his contrition and inspected the device. Locked to a ring that clasped him in iron grip, the tube enclosed him with a finality that spoke volumes of her control. This was Hermione's first condition made to reality!

Miss H beckoned him to the whipping horse and made a motion that he was to lie on it, lengthways and face up.

He did as he was told and allowed himself to be fettered to the soft leather top. Arms down to the floor and pinned with wrist cuffs. Ankles to chains that hung from the ceiling.

Paul could feel his heart beat furiously as the silent masque was played out. His mistress, Chantelle, was chained between his legs, with the chains that hung from her arms.

He saw the remote control in Miss H's hand and heard the slight whine of a motor in the ceiling. His legs were pulled and stretched until at last they were pulled to the point where he was opened and his toes pointed to the ceiling.

Helpless, stripped and ready to be taken, punished or just fucked without being able to resist.

Miss H was satisfied by the position of her two slaves. One helpless and exposed, the other bound by steel to observe the punishment.

The final touch, that full stop that emphasised his helplessness was the hood that Miss H fitted to his face. It closed his eyes and filled his mouth with a circle that forced his jaw wide and his mouth under her control.

Hannah watched her lover and wondered at the natural way that she exerted control. The chains and locks were just part of it, the costume another. The silence was the third quarter of her ascendancy, but the final piece was that assurance and obvious enjoyment that she experienced at this game that was not a game.

Miss H stripped off her mask and wig with a single sweep of her hand. Now that her victim was blind she could do what she wished. Now she was Hermione, lover and wife. Seeker of gratification at the cost of her victims.

She held her finger over her lips and stripped off the huge dress and corset. Now she was a tart in pink and green. Colours that clashed in harmony with the blue high platform stilettos. Green stockings, pink lace suspender belt and red lips and eye shadow.

A change that would have startled her rubber sex-slave had Hannah not seen the ensemble being put together an hour before. Street sex with white hair, the uniform of a hooker that had no interest in matching her uniform of raw sex.

Paul heard Miss H strip and wondered what was coming to him. The experience was strangely intense and mysterious and spelled exciting danger.

Hermione laughed and bent her crop.

A motion that was wasted on her vulnerable husband, but not wasted on Hannah who felt fear at allowing herself to submit like this to a lover who was now going to make use of her two victims with no qualms.

"I have decided that I am going to watch a little show," said Hermione. "Lover and husband performing for my benefit."

Paul gurgled, the gag that held his jaw wide allowed him no coherent words, but his shock was plain to see in the way that he struggled to escape the tight bonds.

Hermione moved to stand over the stricken Hannah and swung the crop to slice at Paul's exposed ass. He cried out in pain and then started to struggle. His fantasy had turned to nightmare, Miss H was his wife, Hermione and now she was going to wreak revenge.

Suddenly he understood her strange compliance with him visiting Miss Chantelle. The sudden switch of his Mistress to nothing more than a tool in his wife's hands. Her excitement at the savage bruises and cuts of the cane.

She was the woman who had inflicted the punishment. She was the terrible mistress who had ripped him to pieces and then the next day made him spill his come on her shoes in a painful climax. She was the bitch who had wanked him brutally between strokes of her cane.

Hermione, the delicate young wife who now had become a demon with a liking for agony and a need to feed on pain.

He felt her unlock the restraint on his prick, slide it off with a clink of steel and free his prick to swell to a size that it had never achieved before.

"My poor little husband, naked and exposed. My lover chained to serve him. This is my very special moment."

Her hand pulled his prick from upright to level, to force it to point at the face of Hannah. Like the barrel of a gun it threatened her mouth with obscene meaning.

"Suck it bitch," she said to Hannah.

Her face was smiling, it showed her enjoyment of her power over them.

Hannah hesitated.

"If you want to avoid me using the cane on you, then you will do as I order," said the woman who was dressed as a street whore, but acted like the owner of her two victims.

Hannah opened her mouth and felt the hand push her onto the throbbing cock. It entered her mouth and Hermione's hand retreated to make the lips of her slave the only thing that forced the prick level.

"Good! No climax mind. He will come when I allow it and not before."

She pulled a footstool to the head of the whipping horse and mounted the masked face of her husband. Her legs were spread, opening her cunt to envelope his mouth.

As he licked and sucked at her she enjoyed the sight of him being fellated by her whore lover. The cane swept down and laid a cruel blow on his chest and belly as she rode to her first climax.

"Suck him properly, Hannah, " she cried as she shuddered with the climax.

Hermione put all her weight on the man who was giving his utmost and cut off his air with the flesh of her sex. It gave her a second climax to realise that she could snuff him like a candle with her cunt if she wished. A true control over his life that she relished as she rocked to heighten his fear.

Again the cane struck at him, making him buck against the restraints and pull his prick free from the servile lips of her lover.

She felt him slacken in his efforts to get free and allowed him to gasp air for a moment before she closed him off again and climaxed for the third time.

The heels of her shoes stroked his arms as she sought balance, scoring bloody lines the length of his arms. This was what she sought, real control. This was no scene that she played out for the benefit of the other two participants.

This was actual and now.

At last she lifted an inch above his labouring mouth and listened to him pant for air. Paul was trying to speak but the words exited as gasps, incoherent sighs of fear.

"Now you are going to serve again."

Hermione shifted forward and again closed his mouth with her flesh. She lowered her ass hole for attention and gasped as he responded with his tongue.

"Fuck me, Paul. I want to feel you deep inside before I let you breathe. Rim me and fuck me!"

Hermione dropped the cane and pushed her fingers into her sex. They strummed her clitoris as her husband fucked her ass with his tongue.

The small flower of her anus loosened, allowing him to push deep into her as she shuddered to orgasm at the touch of her fingers.

Finally she allowed him air and then leaned forward to grasp his prick with a fierce pressure. Her nails, long and devilishly sharp, pressed into the rigid flesh as she began a brutal and hard motion.

He could sense that her ass was just over him again and he tried to placate her with his lips and tongue. The offer was not a distraction as she brought him to completion. Her hand blurred as she wanked him to orgasm, the pain of her nails scoring his cock and the urgency of his need pushed him over the edge into spurting his come into the face of Hannah.

"Very good, but next time I expect my slut to keep a prick in her mouth when she is ordered to."

Hermione climbed off her husband and smiled at Hannah.

"Fancy a fuck!" she said in a light tone.

Hannah could feel the sticky come dribbling down her cheeks. She nodded to Miss H and lowered her eyes. She longed to do what Hermione had done, she longed to make the stricken man hers, but she dared not ask Hermione for permission.

The locks clicked open as Miss H released her slave from her ankle bonds and the fastenings to the whipping horse. Then the creak of the costume as she was helped onto her feet. The scrape of the stool as it was positioned and the strong hands of Hermione as she mounted Paul's prick and swallowed into the rose bush that was her cunt.

Hannah moaned as the first prick for five years pushed into her. It filled her slick pussy with its volume as it stiffened and recovered from the savage hand that had forced it to come.

Hermione supervised the fuck in every detail.

She decided the rhythm and the motion. She pulled the stiff ballet shoes up until Hannah was kneeling, impaled, over the man who wept blood from the cane. Hermione massaged that rose bud that lay in the midst of the bush and forced a climax from her lover.

Another as she used the cane to threaten those giant breasts with strokes that touched but did not hit with more than a light touch. Finally she lifted the obscene rubber slave from her husband's cock and licked and kissed her to a final shuddering orgasm that made Hannah beg and cry like a small child.

The slave-lover watched as Hermione approached the smooth mask of Paul's face. her fingers explored the helpless mouth and pushed into the blank hole as though she was force fisting a helpless cunt.

"Do you want more, Paul? Are you ready to become a slut for me? If you say 'yes' I will never stop playing with you. I promise that you will be forced beyond your limits until you become my bitch. I will punish you and make you do things that would make De Sade shudder in horror. I will own and control you and never let you go. I will make you come in so many painful ways that you will cry all your nights and long for rest. If you say 'no' I will let you go. You will never have me again; you will miss the thrill of being mine. I will send the film of this afternoon of pleasure to the people that you work with and divorce you in a welter of shame and disgrace."

Paul murmured and Miss H held her hand over his mouth.

"I shall give you time to consider! There is a last thing that I want you to get a foretaste of before you decide. Just a few hours of discomfort to let you understand that if you assent to my wishes you will truly be mine!"

Miss H turned to Hannah and smiled.

"You have no choice to make," she said. "You have already made your decision today. You are mine to keep and I promise that I will take you to places that will make you beg to be my slut again and again."

Her voice changed and she became Hermione again. A rapid change from the Miss H of before.

"Where is that machine that you showed me earlier?" she asked.

Hannah pointed to a curtain that hid all the devices that were the tools that she used on her clients.

The fucking machine took moments to set up.

A jumble of rods and leads were assembled to give form to something that would make Paul realise that he was open to every violation and degrading thing that his wife decided if he made the mistake of assenting to her wishes.

It rasped into life.

The disk started to turn with unstoppable force as the machine forced a small rubber cock into that exposed ass. Lubrication, oil laced with ginger assisted in the rape as Hermione set the speed to slow and led her stumbling lover from the room where her husband futilely struggled to escape being shafted by a burning dildo.

Hannah could finally stand without help. The boots had made her feet ache, the tight costume had made her breasts sore where it rubbed in the sweat of fear and dread. Dressed in jeans and trainers she felt as though the last hour had been a dream. A nightmare that had torn her from her lonely life with the force of a gale.

Hermione had been revealed as a devil, a demon in pursuit of sheer power. A sexual misfit that contrasted with the Hermione that she had met in that café just a few days before.

A Hermione that she loved, but controlled her now like a puppet.

"I cannot believe what you have done to me!" said Hannah. "You did in an hour what I have been spending years trying to achieve. I love you so dearly and I have to give myself to you, but you know no limits, no boundaries that I can sense. I trust you, but you are going to push me to places where I cannot go without fear in my mind."

"I know," said Hermione with a look that verged on a smirk. "I am going to take over your life and destroy it, like I plan to do with Paul. He is going to suffer torment and you are going to learn that to obey my whims will bring you to heights of passion and slavery that will make you weep with love for me."

"How can you be such a bitch and still be so sure of what others will do for you?"

"Because there are equal parts of Hermione and Miss H in my bloodstream. People do as they are told if they have no choice. Paul is going to say 'yes', you already have."

"When will you release him?"

"After we have a coffee and discuss your future as my slut," laughed Hermione as she pulled the thin summer dress over her multi coloured ensemble of stockings and suspenders.

"Sound like a good beginning!"

"That's just it, it's a good beginning."

TEN

Business Plan

There were fifty clients on the books.

Fifty men who served Mistress Chantelle as she willed. Many of them, perhaps thirty or so had visited only once. May be they were in London just once, like the ten Japanese businessmen who longed to be under the lash in every capital in Europe; or then there were those who had served once and decided that their fantasy was not fulfilled by her studio.

Of the rest, there were just ten who appeared regularly and submitted to the whip in her hand. The others were potential regulars who had visited and returned just a few times.

Hermione looked at the book and decided that the potential was more than huge.

"Look," said Hermione as she ran her finger through the pages of the diary. "You have just an average of twice a week and less for several months in a row."

"But, they pay thousands for the discretion and sex that makes up for it. I never wanted too many of those wankers on the books at any one time. That's why there is no Internet site, it's all just word of mouth," replied Hannah.

"If I up the frequency to every two days then that's half a million a year."

Hannah smiled.

Even though Hermione was her owner and a Goddess in the flesh when it came to punishing men, she was so naive when it came to the business side of things.

"I own the studio, I own a small farm in Scotland and the apartment in Barcelona. All of this is paid for and mine. Lastly there is the account containing three hundred thousand in the Isle Of Man."

"You are wrong!"

"I showed you all of the accounts!" said Hannah in hurt tone. "Nothing has been hidden from you."

"What I mean is that I own all these things and they will be made into my name. You are mine and so is everything that you used to own!"

Hannah looked down at her feet.

"I'm so sorry, you are right. It is all yours and so is the business. Please forgive me."

"For the nice apology you lose just a single demerit," said Hermione. "I am keeping count now."

She flicked the account book to the last page and took up the pen lying by its side.

"Let's make it official," she said as she wrote 'demerits' at the top of the page and then drew two small lines underneath.

"Two?" asked Hannah.

"I anticipated the question and marked you for asking it. You earn and work them off at my whim, all I can say is that if the total ever gets over ten then I will punish you beyond your deepest fears."

"I shall try hard not to allow that to happen, Hermione," whispered Hannah. "Please tell me how I can redeem my demerits before the total climbs that high."

"Like I said, they are at my discretion."

"So what are you going to do with your business?"

The pen flicked and crossed one of the lines.

"That's for getting it right," chuckled Hermione. "It's easy really, just do as you are told and you will find me a kind mistress."

There was a small pause as Hannah digested the fact that now, all that she had done and built up in the last five years was her lover's property. As was she!

"Firstly, maybe you are right. Twice a week is the average to keep to. The prices can be raised because there are two of us now who have to get paid. My second idea is something that I have been deciding since I first met you..."

"Paul?"

"Exactly, he will be the main attraction."

"You are going to prostitute a policeman?"

"That's the idea!" laughed Hermione. "He made a big mistake when he said 'yes'. he is going to leave his work and become the man-bitch that my clients can abuse!"

"You have no lack of ambition," said Hannah. "Now I have a favour to ask!"

"If you ask then I will be forced to add demerits to your quota," said Hermione seriously. "There is no pleasure without pain!"

"I will ask and risk your demerits for this, but I am hoping that..."

"That it will turn me on?" broke in Hermione.

"Yes."

"Then ask away."

"I want revenge!"

"On Mike?"

Hannah nodded and watched the hand that held the pen. It moved and then drew eight more little lines on the paper in a flicker of movement.

Hannah gasped and almost protested.

Hermione looked at her out of the corner of her eye. A small twitch of the lips and a chuckle were the answer to the 'almost' protest gainsaying of her discipline.

"Making me part of your plans is not part of the rules! I decide what you want and you had better get used to it quickly," said Hermione. "One more stroke of the pen and the fucking machine will be busy all night. Or perhaps you will be sucking slave cock for a week while I cane you for your impertinence."

Hannah felt ears well in her eyes.

'Would she do that to me?' she thought with a fearful look at the lover who controlled her. 'Yes, she would, and more! I have to learn to anticipate her wishes and be perfect for her.'

"There, there, little pussy cat," said Hermione in a soft voice. "I only want what's best for me and you have to learn that you want it too."

"I'll try."

The pen hovered for a moment and then withdrew from the paper, a tenth line unwritten.

"Try harder. Show me that you love me and I'll forgive you and not mark the last line."

The customers in the restaurant had no idea of the game that was being played out on the next table. They carried on eating without noticing the fear on the face of the beautiful woman who was in thrall to the slim girl that held the reins of pain in her slim hands.

Hannah stood for a moment and then bent and kissed Hermione's shoes. For a moment the polished leather was damp from the kiss and the toes of the mistress felt a tongue push into her toe cleavage.

One man at a table started and said something to the woman that he was with. She looked at Hermione and Hannah, but the moment had gone and Hannah was taking her seat again.

"Very good. Next time you will stay down there until I signal that you have finished," she said as Hannah nodded, pleased that she had, for once, done the right thing.

"OK then, Mike is on the list of things to do. Let me think about it and then I will tell you what I think. For now, you will find him, so that when I am ready to decide I will be able to proceed with demolishing his life."

Hannah was about to speak, but the waiter appeared with the Lobster Provençale and she had to wait.

'Hermione will never promise me anything,' she thought, 'but she is unable to resist anything that makes me belong ever more securely to her coffin.'

ELEVEN

Business Funding

Paul felt a shiver run through his body.

'Is it fear or anticipation?' he wondered as he stepped into the throne room.

Nothing mattered anymore. Nothing from his everyday life. at any rate, because that life was over. He had seen the film and felt the utter despair of being fucked for two hours by a machine. A steady rape that had proceeded with tick-tock rhythm until the taking of his virginity was an endless brutal violation.

Then had come that moment when his wife had offered him a choice that was no choice. Either make your fantasy real in all its aspects or else be sundered from everything that he had in the rest of his life and be left to rebuild.

He had said 'yes'.

She had laughed as she had switched the machine off and he had been allowed to leave with a soreness that filled more than just his rear.

How had it come to this?

Was he really to blame?

A couple of years ago he had been entranced by Hermione. Taken with her strength and bowled over by her lack of restraint. Daughter of a rich father, self-willed and on the edge. But for all that, attractive, loving, and in control of herself.

At twenty five, a part of the graduate intake and already an Inspector. Highly thought of, liaising with 'le flic' in France and the buzz was that vice would be his next stop on the upward ladder.

Vice!

That was a joke for the man who was now married to a whore, who was caught using a dominatrix! Who now starred in a film that would have made a porn baron rub his hands in glee.

Now he was waiting in the vestibule of a BDSM studio waiting to hear his fate! But, somehow it excited and repelled him, after all, had he not often waited here to know his fate and longed for a life that was under the control of women? He entered at her beckoning call to find that the two women who had ruled his life were going to change it beyond recognition and make the longed for dreams come true...

There was a new addition to the room.

The throne stood as it always had, in the centre place where the Queen reigned from.

Now there was a new Queen and she had the previous one on a leash.

Literally.

On all fours, naked and beautiful, Hannah waited by the throne with a collar and leash that loosely curled around the new Queen's wrist.

He saw that first, the clear change that had taken place, the way that Hannah had become the slave and his wife, Hermione, had become the true mistress.

Then he saw the new addition to this room.

A cage that stretched the length of the far wall. Bars to the height of his waist with a metal roof and floor. It was split into three parts, each with a barred door and lock, each with a sliding door to its neighbouring cell.

He stood before the throne where Hermione lolled wearing just jeans and a T shirt. Casual dress that did not hide her demeanour. She was uncrowned, but she did what she wished.

"Paul, I'm so glad that you could make it," she said with a smile that boded ill. "You are five minutes late. I have finally decided on your future and you will be glad to know that it looks comfortable!"

Paul breathed a sigh of relief that she was being so reasonable.

"You have an hour to get in your resignation to work and clear your desk. Within two hours you will be back here and ready for the start of your new life."

"An hour, but..."

"Make sure that you get there in an hour because certain highlights of a film will be on some of the free porn sites by then. If you wait too long then you won't have to resign because they will fire you and be handing evidence to the vice squad."

He turned to leave.

"There is one more thing. Get me the file on a miscreant called Mike Harding and bring it with you. Born in eighty three on the third of May, suspected but found 'not guilty' of rape five years back."

Paul turned to look at what his wife had become. Maybe she always had been that arrogant bitch that was his fantasy and now the mask was off!

He was about to start living the life that he had wanked about so many times. The life that he wanted but had never dared try, the life that he had occasionally paid thousands for, to experience a single hour of!

Paul left and walked to his taxi, it was his last trip to New Scotland Yard, his last moments in a career that had flashed gloriously in the pan and then guttered out like a fallen over candle.

Hermione watched him leave.

She looked down at Hannah and said: "Stand up; we need to discuss the next client. Get the appointments book."

Hannah walked to the door slowly in her high heels. Hermione had insisted on heels so high that she tottered as she took the small steps that were part of her new role.

As she went she could feel Hermione's eyes on her ass so she rolled her hips a little as she walked. A minute later she had the book in her hand to present to her owner.

"Thanks," said Hermione. "Let's see. He is Justin Harlen, listed with four little stars for his tribute level, that's pretty good isn't it?"

"It means that he often gives expensive presents, maybe even doubles his payment to me, oops, I mean you."

Hermione patted Hanna on the top of her head to show that she was not angry with the mistake and then continued: "You have a note here that he loves rubber, not leather and is never to be touched by any corporal punishment. How does that go then?"

"Restrain him totally. Take away his freedom. Threaten him and then wank him slowly and tell him how bad he has been and then give him tasks to do while he is free. Tell him how to make love to his fat wife and then leave a mark on him to force him to worry about it."

"A mark?"

"Oh, lipstick, written in marker on his skin, or something like that."

"I see..."

"He is one of the few that wants very little more than a psychological subservience. Tie him up and he might run for it, whip or cane him and he will never come back. Wank him on your thigh and he will be here again next week."

"The appointment is at four, in just three hours' time."

"Would you like me to take him, he might be more responsive to you next time when he knows you from the background? Like Paul was."

"You are so right. I'll be a fly on the wall and watch you handle them all! I will take over sometimes when I think that you are being too gentle."

Hannah bent and kissed a denim-clad knee.

"Thanks, I appreciate it."

'Sometimes I am a lover, sometimes a friend and sometimes nothing more than a plaything,' thought Hannah as she watched Hermione for signs that she had missed something.

"Can I add something that you may have noticed, here, this little pound sign," Hannah's finger pointed in the book.

"It means that they pay cash," guessed Hermione. "If they pay by credit card then we know who they are and the transaction is noted. Do any of these men pay by credit card?"

"Mmm, about half either trust you or do not care."

Hermione reached out and pulled Hannah to her by her leash. She kissed her on the lips and felt her breasts as she did so. A lascivious show of affection that Hannah responded to by pressing against Hermione with her naked body.

"Do you want it?" asked Hermione between kisses. "Do you need a little fuck?"

"Yes please," begged Hannah. "Please fuck me , I'm so horny for it."

A hand slipped down from the breast and coursed its way down to Hannah's slit. A single finger slid into that moist pussy and played with what it found there in the wet darkness.

The other hand pinched a nipple and twisted a little before also sliding down to massage the mound that covered that cunt.

Hannah gasped and begged for attention. She heard herself as if from a distance and wondered at her servility.

"Please make me come," she cried plaintively. "Make me your bitch; I'll do anything to feel you fuck me."

The fingers rippled in her pussy and then hooked to enter and spear her on their length. Thumb pressed clitoris whilst fingers moved inside her. It was more than a fuck, it was overwhelming pleasure.

Hannah gasped.

The begging stopped to be replaced by moaning and then a shriek of pure pleasure that rang in Hermione's ears.

"Very good, my dear. You see how much I love you?"

She pulled at the leash and led the still quivering Hannah to the right hand cage door. With a tap of her foot Hermione opened the door and indicated to Hannah that she should enter.

Hannah crawled in and found that she was in a space just a yard deep and high and two yards wide. She looked out of the door of the cage as it swung shut and the bar was dropped.

"I can move the dividing walls like this," said Hermione as she lifted a bolt and slid the partition wall out of the cage to remove the wall that separated the middle cage. "The slaves can be made to mate and perform just by opening and closing the cages."

Justin noticed the change.

Mistress Chantelle was dressed in a parody of everyday clothes. Latex stretched over her form, tight skirt, stockings and blouse were all that delicious extra skin that enticed and labelled her as a sexual beast.

But, there was difference in demeanor, a gain and a loss. The words were the same, but the tone was softer and more female. More relaxed, but by no means less strict.

As was usual he paid her in cash.

A pile of fifty pound notes that was both a tribute and a fee. She left the notes on the silver tray and did not count them.

"Justin, you are in for a special surprise today," she said as she opened the door to the throne room and indicated that he was to pass inside.

On the throne sat a woman that he had never seen before. Slim and pretty with a shock of white hair that was cut almost as short as a man's. Her long legs extended and crossed at the ankles, she smiled as he entered and made a small motion with her hand that he decided to take as an invitation.

"This is Miss H, my dear friend, who has decided to join me occasionally. She is much stricter than I am and loves nothing better than to make a man her own so I advise you to be careful and do whatever she orders."

Justin noticed for the first time that a cage ran along the back wall of the throne room. Low and menacing with thick well-spaced bars it contained a person who was cocooned in a suit that was festooned in restraints.

'Was it a man or a woman?' he wondered, 'and why had he or she been added to his fantasy?'

Miss H followed his gaze and laughed.

"He is our resident slut, an example of what happens to men who cross our path and do not pay and offer suitable homage!" said Miss H. "There but for the grace of me go you. Restrained and forced to serve as I desire."

Justin shivered in fear. This was closer to his dreams than he had ever dared go, this implied threat to him. Couched in veiled terms he realised that failure to serve might bring more punishment about his ears than he could cope with.

"Mistress," he said. "I promise to serve as well as I am able."

"That might not be good enough, Justin," said Miss Chantelle. "Miss H is sure that I am not hard enough on my slaves so make sure that you meet her high standards..."

"Strip!" ordered the young woman on the throne. "I wish to see what you are offering."

He undressed to stand naked.

At fifty he was still in good condition, squash and training left him rangy with a muscular figure that suggested stamina and strength.

"A fine slave," observed Miss H as she pointed her crop at his erect prick. "Chain him!"

That Miss Chantelle followed another's orders was a new development! That explained the change that he had noticed in his mistress. She too was subject to orders.

In moments he was restrained, hands behind his back and ankle chains that left him making small steps. As Miss Chantelle clicked the cuffs closed he watched a smile of satisfaction cross Miss H's features.

Her raised foot kicked off the stiletto with a casual flick and Justin felt a slight push from Miss Chantelle.

"Show that you are willing, Justin, I would hate to see you in the cage as her next victim," said Miss Chantelle.

He stumbled slightly as he knelt and kissed those toes. He tried not to slobber as he ran his tongue over the soles of her feet as he felt the tension flow from him in almost visible waves.

Here was a woman who he could serve! A woman who kneaded Miss Chantelle like soft putty in her hands. A woman who kept a man in a cage for her amusement, a woman who needed adoration.

As he licked and kissed he felt a hand grasp his prick from behind and start to wank him slowly. A firm grasp and controlled movement that made him gasp in excitement.

"Do not come," said Miss H. "If you do then I will cage you in rubber. You will find that you are presented with other tasks that you might not be so willing to do."

Her hand stretched out and pointed to the figure in the cage.

'Am I allowed to look?' wondered Justin, 'Is this an order?'

He decided that it was and followed the line of her outstretched finger. The figure in the cage came into focus. Now it was clear that it was a male slave. On all fours, filling the space to the limit the slave had one part that was not contained in his suit. A rampant prick sprang from the matt black skin and pointed to the floor.

"That little prick needs milking too," said Miss H. "If you are a bad boy than it will become your job to do it. But, since your hands are in restraint you would be forced to give your very first blow job. So attend to my feet, resist the urge to splatter your slime and you might avoid that little task..."

Justin turned back to the foot and kissed it lightly. The hand that ran up and down his shaft was bringing him to completion, threatening him with pleasure that would be punished in the most horrible way that he knew.

"Very good, Justin," said Miss Chantelle. "You are passing the test."

The two women teased and tantalised him as he kissed those delicious feet. He managed to resist the urgent need to come and remained on the edge of fear and pleasure for a time before Miss H moved her foot from his lips and slipped it into her shoe.

She stood and walked around him as though inspecting him like a piece of meat. As she went, the tip of her crop trailed over his skin leaving him with a premonition of fear and a tingling foretaste of the punishment that she could administer.

At last she stopped behind him and gave a little push that left him on knees and face. His gaze was directed at the slave in the cage, cock hanging, a metal ring claspings balls and the root of his prick.

"That could be you, if I like the idea of keeping you for my personal use," said Miss H as she moved her stiletto shod foot from behind and touched Justin's prick. "Would you like that? To be kept in a cage, bound and held so that I could play with you as I like. Do you need that, Justin? To be my little toy that is taken out of his container and played with until it is time for him to be put back in the box. Well?"

"Please, Miss H, you decide, I am yours anyway, I would do whatever you order."

"I know, little Justin. One day you might come here and never leave! I shall think about it. For now you can come for me, show me that you are willing and if you come for me I shall consider it a 'yes', a consent to punish you as I want at any time I please."

Miss Chantelle's hand gripped him and started to bring him closer to the edge. The shoe gave his balls a light kick that made him fearful for the control that he had given this woman who seemed to know the thoughts that ran through his feverish mind.

"If you come then you are mine. Miss Chantelle is my bitch, a slut that must learn to serve me and the men who are my slaves," she said with a light laugh.

The hand, smooth in its rubber glove, built up the speed until he was at the point of no return. Then it retreated with a last touch that ran the length of his organ.

"If you come then you are my bitch too..."

He climaxed.

The slave's prick jerked and spilled its sticky white honey at the feet of Miss H as he watched the slave in the cage, Miss H's property, him on another day. When she willed it.

Justin groaned with completion.

"Stay still, bitch," said Miss Chantelle. "Miss H has one last thought for you."

He watched as Miss H went to the cage.

She knelt by her slave and extended a hand to the bobbing prick that was so vulnerable and slapped it hard.

"This man, this slave, will be doing things and enduring punishments that might be yours next time," she said. "After you are released remember my pet that is suffering as you walk the streets."

Justin gulped and shook with terror as Miss H turned to him with a marker pen in her hand.

"I am going to leave my mark on you now. When you next come I expect it still to be there or your chances of escaping the cage are slim!"

He felt her writing on his crawling skin.

Marking him as hers.

Forever.

"Justin was so scared that I thought he was going to collapse," laughed Hannah. "He was so sure that you were going to put him in the cage, but most of all he was scared that he was going to go willingly!"

"Next time I will lead him there to get him used to the idea," said Hermione with a grin. "I want to break them down and train them to go further and further until they queue up at our door out of fear alone."

"Do you have no limits at all?"

"None!"

Hannah blew a kiss to her lover and ran her tongue over her lips.

'How easy it was for Hermione to control those around her!' she thought.

Her husband was her slave bitch and now she herself had become her slut.

She loved Hannah, that was sure, but Hannah felt as though her love was a hard thing, a stone that she could allow to fall at any moment.

And, when it fell, it would leave just the mangled remains of a slave who was broken to her mistress' will.

She sighed and thought about the nine demerits that had slipped to seven and then gained two points again when she had counted the money.

Hermione's money, not hers.

She had to learn that unspoken orders and expected behaviour were the key to keeping Hermione pleased with her service. Hannah had to learn to read the thoughts in her head and follow the logic of servitude.

It was the only way to keep her love!

TWELVE

Business Profit

"It says here that Mike Harding was arrested again for rape," said Hermione as she flicked through the photocopy of the file that had been printed from the police records. "Charges were dropped before he came to court because the woman that had identified him then refused to testify in court."

"It was a harrowing experience," said Hannah.

Hannah looked up at Hermione and smiled shyly. At last, after a month of silence on the matter, Hermione was starting to consider what to do about the man, the former fiancée of Hannah that had raped her and got away with it.

That month had been one of slow but steady business as the two women learned how their studio worked when there were two and not just one making the client suffer.

Every time that Miss H appeared the client was pushed a little further. His limits were always respected but the fantasy world of real slavery enveloped the clients like a mist to make them want more and more to submit to stronger punishments.

It was clear that those clients that had ambled in just once a month now wanted weekly appointments and that those who had been real regulars were consumed by an insatiable desire to serve the haughty Miss H.

Justin was a perfect example.

Out of a man who never risked pain he was becoming a man who could not escape his addiction to humiliation laced with small discomforts. Three visits later he had entered the cage for the first time and spent his whole three hours being slowly made to come as Paul was punished in front of him.

Punished savagely!

A stage show that Justin was part of, but still not in contact with! He was in the grip of an obsession that was like a drug that ate at his mind and pulled him in for ever larger doses.

Each time he paid more.

Not because he was told to, there was no fixed list of itemised charges, but because he knew that it was expected and that he might be punished for not meeting that unspoken level.

He paid more for more punishment and feared to pay less because the fear of punishment. A pretty paradox that he could not see, he just did as was expected.

The two smartly dressed women sat in a wine bar in Strand that was full of businessmen. They chatted, laughed and made their deals whilst two of the most exclusive dominatrices in London discussed Mike Harding.

"We must think of some ironic way of punishing him," said Hermione. "Something delicious that will show him that it is punishment for his particular crime!"

"A honey trap, perhaps?" said Hannah. "That ends in captivity?"

"My thought exactly, " replied Hermione as she sipped her wine. "But, he knows you and would recognise you and I am not inclined to let any man get that far!"

"He set up an exclusive Wedding business with the seventy thousand that he took from me," said Hannah. "Perhaps we can start by attacking that?"

"Hmm, yes, some slander and blackmail..." said Hermione with a thoughtful look. "That's all too messy really. Then there is the problem that if we kidnap him or some such the police will look at his record and be interviewing you inside a few hours. The studio does not need that attention, especially since one look at Paul and we are really in the shit!"

Hannah could see some of the old Hermione surface as it did once in a while. Miss H and Hermione were part of the same persona, there was not a doubt. Sometimes, though she returned to become the bright young thing that Hannah had met all those months ago and shared a muffin with.

"He has to suffer as I did," said Hannah, risking the ire of her lover. "It has to be a sexual revenge or it is not sufficient."

Hermione looked up from the file and a look passed over her features that suggested that Miss H was coming to the fore.

"Hannah," she said. "I decided that I would be the one to resolve this. I am doing it as a favour to you, and don't you forget it. I am giving you three demerits, so you can report to the studio for punishment! Now!"

Hannah felt a shock at Hermione's vehement reaction. It had been so sudden, this turnaround.

"Please," she said. "Hermione!"

"Are you arguing?"

Hermione's fingers tapped the table in irritation.

"No!"

"Good. Then go to the studio, enter the cage and wait for me to arrive, because I am losing my patience with you and that will increase the severity of the atonement that you will make to me."

Hannah got up.

The chatter continued in the background, no one noticed the woman with tears in her eyes that pleaded without words to the slim young girl seated by her side.

"I will wait for you! I am so sorry for having allowed my ego to put myself before your concerns."

"I will arrive in half an hour, make sure that you are ready!"

Hannah hurried to the studio.

When she arrived it seemed almost as if she was a client seeing it all for the first time. The stairs up to the hell of the throne room and the dungeon seemed endless. She had a quick flick through the appointment book and sighed in relief that there were no clients expected today.

What to wear?

What should she wear that would make Miss H soften her hard attitude? Would it be too presumptuous to dress in street clothes, should she be the abject slave? Nude and vulnerable?

Her hands flicked nervously over the vast array of costumes as she rejected them one by one. She realised that she was wasting time. Ten minutes had passed and most of the costumes would take half an hour to prepare so she shut her eyes and held out her hand.

She felt rubber and unhooked the hanger.

Miss H loved soft latex so this might just be the right one!

With expert fingers she dusted her naked body with talc and slipped the single piece suit onto her limbs. Rapidly she smoothed the second skin to perfect tightness and grabbed some cuffs from the shelf over the vast array of clothes in the walk in wardrobe.

Click, click and the ankle cuffs were on. She slipped on her heels and then fumbled the hand restraints into place.

'Shit!' she thought as she headed for the throne room with tiny steps. 'The fucking padlocks on the cage would be impossible to close with the cuffs on and all the keys were on Miss H's keychain at her waist!'

Her half hour was over as she crawled into the cage in the middle with the lock between her lips. In the neighbouring cage was Paul. He looked at her as she struggled to pull the barred door to and moaned.

His prick was standing like a telegraph pole, rigid and needy, but his hands were fixed to the corners of the cage and he could not satisfy his desperate urge to wank.

The sound of the door.

It came like a jolt of fear as Hannah realised that she had just a minute at most to get the lock onto the cage door. Slowly she passed the small lock to her right hand from her mouth and tried to reach through the bars.

But, the cuffs on her hands were too wide to reach through and fasten the lock.

"Shit, shit and double shit," she muttered as the lock fell from her fingers and fell to the floor.

Just out of reach!

It mocked her attempts to reach it and the bolt had dropped on the cage door. She heard Miss H reach the vestibule and sighed with frustration.

'What the fuck is going to happen when she sees that I am not locked in?' she thought as the door opened and Miss H walked in.

Hannah tried to hide in the back of the cage. She curled up and pushed into a corner in sheer terror as Miss H strolled to the cage, bent down and picked up the lock.

There was a click and the lock was in place by Miss H's hand.

"That's better, because now you are going to wait while I decide what punishment is suitable for my slut who thinks that she can decide what I do about damage to my property!"

The door closed and Hannah breathed a sigh of relief. At least it seemed that she had not added more on top of her already grave offence.

Hannah uncurled and looked at Paul.

'Was she going to end up like him?' she wondered.

For a month he had been teased and punished until his world was a mass of confused sexual experiences that conflicted with each other. Now he had reached a stage, a level of consciousness, where he focussed on the one thing that his wife occasionally gave him.

What she took was much more!

He longed to come. He longed to be allowed to wank, he longed for the moments when clients were forced to suck his rampant prick. The prick that was the focus of his life, the centre of his existence.

It led him like a drug, that sex. It had twisted him to beg and plead to serve, it needed attention, even punishment, his prick and its satisfaction were the only things that motivated him.

Was that Hannah's destiny?

To be the slave of her cunt. To be denied and then sated until she could think of nothing more than her next climax? Would she be begging at Miss H's feet and ass for attention? Would she be serving the clients as a real whore, the woman who is just a toy for the use of anyone that Miss H decided should be allowed to fuck her?

The door opened.

With a rustle of silk Miss H entered the room and swept to the cage in the fabulous ball gown that framed her small breasts with lace and smooth silk.

In her hand was a crop.

Not the small delicate switch that left just thin pink stripes on the flesh of its victims. This was the heavy bull whip that had ripped the skin of Paul on that day when Miss H had been incognito.

Hannah stared through the bars of the cage as Miss H sat on the throne and smoothed her dress over her legs. Spiked stilettos, a slight sharp spur at the heel that would goad the slave when ridden.

"It has taken you just a month to earn over ten demerits," said Miss H in a severe voice.

She looked at Hannah in the cage and then over to her abject husband.

"If you do not learn to obey me then you will end up like him!"

She pointed with the crop at Paul who was trying to rub his cock against the bars.

"I have decided your penalty. You may consider it lenient, but you will realise in time that it is the hardest punishment of all. I am going to mark you with my name, as my property, in such a way that you will not forget who it is that decides your fate at each step you take."

Miss H stood and strolled to the cage.

"You used to be the Queen here, but you do not have it in you to truly rule. You are my lover and slave, my slut and partner and my plaything and wife. The last few weeks have taught you to obey, do not forget the lesson!"

The lock sprang open in Miss H's hand.

"I allow you to leave the cage, but I can just as easily put you back there when the whim takes me. The demerit points are gone forever, now there is just obedience or insolence to account for. The next time that you enter my cage you will not leave it! I will force you to rut with anyone that I please, I will put you on the fucking machine night and day and then whip your beautiful breasts and cunt until you scream to be sold!"

Hannah crawled from the cage.

She could feel a wetness, a running of her juices that filled her pussy with longing. She felt a need to throw herself at Miss H's feet and submit.

Love!

Of a kind!

"You may serve me," said Miss H as she lifted the front of her dress to expose her streaming slit, "so make a good job of it and I might just allow you into my bed..."

THIRTEEN

Rapist

Mike's car rolled off the ferry at Hook Of Holland. A mass of other cars streamed off the ramp and through the small Dutch town that quietly was the entrance to a land of tulips, windmills, drugs and prostitution.

At last he had managed to get another short break from his business. He found it ironic that he arranged weddings and yet was a man who scorned marriage. Now that he had the taste for rape he could not control his urge to fuck all those unwilling and screaming women.

But he was a man who retained enough self-control to never be caught. He used their shame, their fear and their endless hope to shroud himself in a robe of protection.

Only the one time had he had to face a jury, and that had been a most pleasing charade. At the end he could even whisper in that bitch's ear that he would take her money as he had taken her tight dry ass.

That first time was still the best. Every fuck after just an anti-climax to such a famous victory! Now he was in Holland to take advantage of the shit whores who allowed him to pay for his rough games. Of course sometimes he had not paid, sometimes he raped for real, but this time was just to ease the growing need to make some slut scream 'NO!' as he shafted her and put his hands on her neck.

As the car turned onto the motorway he could see the first signs for Amsterdam, his first choice. Antwerp was good, Rotterdam was better, but Amsterdam was like heaven, almost as good as the real thing.

He turned onto the ring and made his way to the centre, parking his small Jeep on the side of a canal right behind Damrak. As soon as he got from the car he was in the midst of the red light district.

A stumbling mass of tourists who gazed goggle eyed at the windows with all those soft whores on their kitchen chairs. Then there were the endless sex shops where he would find films and pictures, magazines and DVD's of violent sex and rape.

He smiled at their naïveté and passed through the crowd to his hotel. He was looking forward to two days of heaven, two days of fucking and sex. His cock would be sucked tens of times and he would make them lick his ass like the good little sluts that they were.

The hotel was bustling with Japanese tourists and Germans who were here to smoke a little pot, get stoned, drunk and then attempt to fuck some bedraggled whore. He was just here to fuck!

Mike checked in and left his bag in his room.

He longed to get onto those shady canal walks and scout out the action, but first he had to get a beer. Anyway it was too early to go to the nearest brothel, they opened at seven and it was only five.

As he sat at the bar and ordered an Amstel he checked out the bar for female action. There were a few good-lookers in the bar but they all seemed to have partners.

'Fucking sluts,' he thought to himself.

They would all be offering their cunts in exchange for promises of love. What he offered was nothing, just a solid shafting to the music of those sweet cries of fear!

Mike turned back to his beer and noticed the girl that was perched on the bar to his left. Quite a tasty bitch, small tits, tight ass and high heels. He smiled at her and looked for a ring on the finger.

All clear.

"You here alone?" he asked. "I can't believe that you have not got a partner with you."

"Yeah, I just came here to see the diamond museum, it's my job!"

Mike sipped his beer and wondered if he might just get a free fuck before going out on the town.

"Sounds good, my name's Steve," said Mike, "and I'm just here for the beer."

She laughed and said: "Just call me H."

"Strange name for a pretty girl like you?"

"Strange town, a bit of fun and incognito," she said with a twinkle in her eye.

"Sounds great. Are you in this hotel?"

"Nah, I'm up the road in the Hilton."

Mike felt his cock stir. This was some rich bitch who thought that she could give it away and screw around. He would give her a lesson in fucking around. Just wait until his massive cock pushed its way into that tight virgin ass hole!

"What you doing tonight?" he asked.

"Not much, I'm alone so there's not much to do!"

"Well then, that's settled go with me and I'll show you the town!"

H looked at Mike's beer and raised an eyebrow. In the background, paying attention but not making his presence felt, was a huge rough looking man in a denim jacket.

"Are you saying that you want a fuck, Steve?" she asked in a bright voice, "because I'm looking for a man who can fuck all night long."

Mike revised his mental picture of H. She was a real out and out slut-bitch, less fun to force, but less likely to call the police!

"Yeah, I'd love to, but not here, we should go back to your room."

He felt a little woozy and slumped on his chair.

Strong hands lifted him, denim sleeves and huge hands. Mike tried to shake off the unwelcome touch, he saw H grin at him and he slipped off the stool.

"OK let's go," said H with a laugh. "He's a bit drunk so we'd better get him to his room."

The man carried Mike onto the street and shoved him into a waiting car.

"See you later, tell Mistress Peitsche that I'll see her in an hour or so as I have to buy a few bits and pieces."

Mike awoke in a daze he looked around him and saw that he was facing a sea of faces that stared up at him excitedly. One or two people clapped when they realised that he was awake and then a stillness descended over the small auditorium.

He tried to move his head but some sort of collar held it rigid. He tried to move his arms and legs and realised that he was on all fours. Not on hands and feet but on elbows and knees.

This because his limbs had been folded and bound.

The lights dimmed and the audience vanished into the shadow. Moments later there was a click and a binding spotlight focussed on him.

Mike tried to shake the dullness from his mind and try to understand what was happening to him.

He felt the beginnings of fear as a woman came onto the stage and stood next to him.

She was dressed in leather from boot tip to the tight collar that she wore, but it might have been better to say that she was dressed in spikes and the leather costume just held them in place.

In her hand was a cane, a thing rod of glass fibre that strummed as she whipped it through the air theatrically.

She looked down at Mike and leered.

"This is Mike Harding from England. One of our friends from across the North Sea. Please give him a big welcome, because he'll get another in a moment," she announced in English. "He has been a very naughty boy and has begged to be taught good manners."

The cane swept down and contacted his ass.

Mike screamed and howled in agony and started to beg incoherently.

"Quite the noisy little fuck-pig is he not," she announced. "Well I won't keep you waiting for his begging to stop as I am proud to announce our special guest tonight. All the way from Hamburg in Germany, it's Mistress Gerda and her insatiable sissy slut, Schlampe."

Gerda proved to be a petite woman dressed in a rubber skirt and top, while Schlampe was a pretty shemale dressed in pink with the most enormous cock lifting the hem of her flouncy skirt.

Hannah and Hermione relaxed in the audience. They held hands and kissed before turning to watch how Mistress Gerda would proceed.

Hannah gave an extra squeeze to the hand that fed her and felt a warm tear of emotion well in her eyes.

"Thank you so much for this," she whispered. "I apologise. You were so right, I could never have done this myself and I have you to thank for loving me enough to make me so happy."

"Apology accepted," said Hermione as she switched to Miss H. "Now just watch and learn because this might be instructive..."

The sissy was on her knees and Mistress Gerda swiped Mike with the small weighted whip that she unclipped from her belt and, as Mike screamed, she popped a ring into his mouth with such dexterity that it was like a magician pulling off a trick.

As Mike struggled to spit it out Mistress Gerda strapped the ring in place to the general applause of the audience.

"She's good," commented Hannah under her breath.

"We're meeting her after the show," whispered Miss H. "What she can do with a few pins and a dildo to make a woman beg to serve, is amazing, and something that I am going to have to learn."

The German woman waved at Schlampe and took his prick in her hand. With the threat of the cane to keep Mike in his place she guided the stiff member between those lips until the sissy's groin was pressed up against Mike's nose.

Mistress Gerda lifted Schlampe's skirt to show the smooth rounded buttocks of the slave. Then she pushed a gloved finger inside his ass and used it to control the face fuck that Mike was to get.

"Now that's an idea," whispered Miss H. "Paul would love to be fucked like that I'm sure. We have three clients that like to be sucked off so there's plenty of scope..."

At last the oral rape was over and Mistress Gerda introduced her slave to Mike's ass hole. This time it seemed to go on forever as the incoherent screams of the bound victim issued from his wide open mouth.

Schlampe at last came in a gush that spilled over Mike's ass.

"Would you like to see this pig ask to be deep throated again?" asked Mistress Gerda of the audience.

There came a loud cheer and she smiled as she moved her sissy to face that open mouth.

"I will now make him move onto this prick," she said as she rubbed the organ to hardness and clipped a ring over it to keep it so. "Willingly, he will clean and serve the cock that just raped his ass."

With the emotion her voice betrayed its heavy German accent, but all in the audience understood what was going to happen next.

She bet down and took Mike's balls in her hand. Theatrically circling forefinger and thumb she squeezed until they stood stretched for her attention. The other hand moved with a flick and a long hat pin stood from her fingers.

"That was in her glove," whispered Hannah to Miss H. "She's like a cat with claws!"

"Just watch," came the reply.

The pin pricked those balls and Mike howled in pain. It pushed against the skin and then went deep. Mike screamed again, but he did not move.

Miss Gerda then smiled and moved the point of the pin upwards to where his ass hole was weeping sissy's come. A slight move and it plunged home and she let his balls drop from her hand.

Mike lurched forwards and swallowed the prick that was waiting. Swallowed it to the back of his throat and beyond.

"If the pig does not want more he now has to make my little Schlampe spurt again," announced Mistress Gerda with a laugh.

The audience clapped again and Hannah noticed that the couple in the seats in-front were busy frigging to the action on the stage.

"If anyone in the audience would like to fuck him, they are welcome to come up and show us how it is done!"

None of the audience took up the offer so Mistress Gerda had to content with forcing the sissy slave to shoot into Mike's throat before she retired off stage to a round of applause.

The woman in spikes arrived back on the stage to introduce the next act.

"I'm sure that you have all heard of Captain Jack and the sailor boys, so let's give a big welcome to them and enjoy watching how four men can make use of just two holes. Let's hear it for Jack!"

Miss H tugged at Hannah's hand.

"We've seen enough now," she said as she led her lover from the small theatre. "Mistress Gerda will have put Schlampe back into the fucking machine by now and so we'll meet up and have a drink and a meal with her."

"What happens to Mike after Jack and all the others have destroyed him?"

"Are you sure that you want to know?"

"In this case, yes! I need to know!"

"The woman who introduced the show is always on the lookout for unwilling talent. It's difficult to find apparently! So she will keep him a few months for the show and then pass him on to some Russians who need men to keep their oil workers in Siberia happy. Not all of them are hetero, you know."

"Just like that, he disappears and never resurfaces?"

"He hasn't disappeared, he is registered as a sex worker in Holland and he'll pay his tax. Then he gets a work permit for Russia and fades away in his expatriate job!"

There was a pause that indicated to Hannah that the subject of Mike was now finally and forever closed. Hannah waited and then asked a question that was just a little risky.

"Are you Miss H or Hermione now?" asked Hannah.

"They are the same person!"

"I love them both!"

"That's the only way to avoid the abuse! That and total obedience!"

"I can't avoid it forever, I know that, but I would rather suffer at your hands than be passed to some other mistress or master!"

"That will be decided when it happens."

"Will it be soon?"

"Maybe. Hermione decides and Miss H acts. That's the way it will be and nothing that you can do will ever prevent it." said Miss H and Hermione.

"I love you..."

THE END

Skewered on Spikes

ONE

UPPERS AND DOWNERS

~ “*You put high heels on, and you change.*” - Manolo Blahnik ~

Frank Earnest Lye lived with his name in a love-hate relationship. There were no end of jokes about being ‘frank and earnest’ and the surname was no great help either! It had given him a fear of introducing himself that had resulted in an introverted character and a definite fear of women that drove him into a lonely existence.

Most of his teachers in school mistook his withdrawn demeanour as a sign of thoughtfulness or perhaps shy intelligence, but the truth was that he was simply a man that lived in the shadow of a name that had been given to him in some obscure fit of jocularly by his father, while his mother lay in the hospital recovering from her hard labour.

A thoughtless father that thought that Oscar Wilde’s best known play was a good guide to giving his son a name!

So he left college under a cloud of disappointed teachers who could not understand that he was not a quiet genius, but a man in whom great hopes had been misplaced, a man destined to go nowhere and do nothing in particular.

Frank found solace on the Internet.

It was a shadowed space, a false world, a place where his name was of no note, a locale where he could change his name and become Gary or Hugh with a few taps on the keys on his keyboard. In the real world he was Frank Earnest Lye and worked in a men’s outfitters and shoe shop as a sales assistant. On the net he was Gary Ghent, a browser of porn sites and chat rooms where his nick name was ‘Submeek’, a man who found solace in virtual sex.

He discovered quickly that all of the circle of people on the chat rooms were probably also not at all frank and earnest about their lives. Men posing as women. Women posing as men and others whose sex was concealed behind a wall of fetishistic fantasy. Maybe they were not sure themselves and hesitated to allow others the power to judge.

Submeek, a man who shied from women and avoided men homed in on his personal fetish. Every variation of fetish sex was on offer, like a vast menu in a restaurant that had no discernible limits. From submissive to aggressive, from leather to lace, from men and women to every aberration betwixt the two.

There was no doubt that he was not a man whose sexual preference was women, but inside this broad spectrum he drifted towards the pictures, films and stories about women who made men their playthings.

He collected films and pictures of women who wore all the uniform of dominance in all of its variations. There was a common denominator in all this finery, this uniform of the dominatrix that attracted him; it was a focus of similarity and the locus of his fetish. Women who told their men what they had to do, always teetered on stilettos that were like the weapons of war between the sexes. A war that Submeek hoped he would one day lose.

Shoes, spikes, stilettos and boots.

So he passed the day serving men who wanted suits and shirts with matching tie and handkerchief and shoes. A world of brogues, dress shoes, casual sandals and loafers. On his computer, at night, beyond the portal to that other world he found women who slipped on boots, oxfords, stilettos, wedges and sling-backs.

He found that occasionally the two worlds collided and he could not help but admire some woman's legs or feet. He spent his time looking down at the floor whilst others looked at faces, breasts and décolletages.

Life drifted on and Frank quietly moved from sales assistant to under-manager with unintentional drift that was aided by the fact that no other manager thought of him as a threat to their own ambition. Frank and earnest he certainly was, but mild and compliant also. As he progressed by doing as he was told he became ever more inverted, more introverted and more involved in a fantasy life that hinged on his obsession with women's footwear.

TWO

SOLE CHANCE

"I'm looking for something in linen, you know, casual and classy."

Frank looked at the man that he was serving and made a snap judgement of size. From the rack he pulled a jacket and passed it to his customer.

"It's nice," commented the woman who came up from behind Frank. "This is a man with good taste!"

Frank smiled at the compliment and instinctively looked down at the woman's feet. He could not help himself really, he summed a woman by the shoes that she wore and this woman did not disappoint. Blahnik's of extraordinary grace. The heels plunged downward to end in a red point that spiked the floor with stiletto lethality. The cleavage of the toes peeped out, half concealed by the slick stockings.

Money and sex, that irresistible combination.

"So what shoes would you recommend with this?" she asked, ignoring his interest in her feet.

"Oh," said Frank with a small embarrassed grin at being caught by this attractive wife of his client. "Brogues of course, in a slightly deeper tone, preferably laced rather than boot."

While the wife cross-questioned Frank the man slipped on the jacket and found it to be a perfect fit.

"Perfect," he muttered, "the fit is perfect."

"It can be adjusted here and here to stop it pulling under the arms though," said Frank as he asked the man to stretch his arms out.

"I'll take it, when will it be ready?"

"It takes just two days, but if you are in a hurry..."

"Katie, will you pick it up for me?" said the man to Katie as she browsed the shoes that were on display.

"How about tomorrow?" asked Katie. "Otherwise it will be such a terrible inconvenience..."

Frank almost blushed as Katie asked him. He looked at the line of her leg, the perfect seam from heel to hem of the pencil skirt, he took in the stilettos at a glance and he was in awe.

“Of course,” he stuttered, “after one you can pick it up. Would you like to look at the shoes?”

“Of course! Brogues it is! Show me what you’ve got!”

On the dot of one Katie entered the gentleman’s outfitters and sought out Frank from the entrance. She behaved as though her presence was announced by some unseen force that Frank should sense and react to by running to her attendance.

Frank saw her red hair over the racks of suits and glanced at his watch. Exactly one O’clock, precisely. A woman who kept her promises, a woman who demanded his attention. He picked up the jacket and shoes and made his way to her with a smile.

Once again she was approaching his ideal of womanhood. Dressed and manicured like an actress on the red carpet. He glanced down at the shoes, the eternal focus of his yearnings and saw that Prada was the flavour of the day. A small padlock on the ankle strap added a fetish touch to her exquisite feet.

She watched him with hooded eyes and then smiled when he looked up. A small change of expression that was almost undetectable.

“Is it all ready?” she asked. “I am in a bit of a hurry, really.”

“Of course, the jacket has been altered to match your husband’s requirements and the shoes are here too. We just have to spend a brief moment at the service desk and you can take them with you directly.”

Katie smiled slyly.

“He’s might not be my husband, you know.”

“I apologise for presuming...”

“No matter!”

Frank led the way to the service desk wishing that he was walking behind her and not leading the way. He needed to see those legs that took small steps in a skirt that made her strut in small steps. He wanted to see if her legs were defined by a seam. He wanted to see that rounded ass move and sway in the skirt under the high and extended waist.

Most of all he wanted to look at those shoes that were locked onto her ankles with tiny silver locks and fine looping chains that hung from the small buckles.

He turned and found that she was in his space. That zone of three dimensional distance that was defined by closeness of relation. He tried to move back, but the desk blocked him and allowed her to invade his senses with her presence as she leaned forward a little.

“You are such a good salesman, a man with a natural touch,” she almost whispered.

Frank could sense her perfume, the smell of her hair and the lemon breath that made the words from those black lips seem almost piquant.

“Thank you, miss,” he answered as he tried to avoid his eyes. “That will be eight hundred and fifty five pounds, please.”

The close proximity was making him dizzy and confused. Talk of money normally made the customer get down to business. Why was he trying to escape this woman of his dreams?

He so wanted to look down, but he dared not!

Katie smiled and pouted as if she were about to kiss him and chuckled inside when he moved a little back as far as he could, as if unsure as to the correct comportment in a case like this.

“Cash or card?” she asked.

“As you wish, we can accept both,” he replied with a slight relief as she fished in her bag for her purse.

“Here,” she said as she pulled two notes from her bag and passed them to him.

He looked at what he had in his hand and realised that they were foreign banknotes, Swiss Francs, thousands.

“One moment,” he said and slipped from between the counter and the female presence that shook him to his core.

In the small office behind the service desk he checked the notes and calculated their worth. Seven hundred pounds apiece, notes that were almost worth the same as the negative balance on his credit card.

He returned to the desk and took a position behind it, safe and sound from this overpowering woman. He passed the change to her, a mass of Sterling that seemed so overstated in contrast to the simplicity of the bland Swiss notes.

She smiled and pushed the wad of notes into her purse and then pulled a visiting card and toted with it for a moment before passing it to Frank.

“I own three shops, small boutiques if you like. Exclusive and expensive, but well frequented and famous if you know the right people,” she said as he took the card.

Frank turned it in his hand and saw the headline of the shop, silver etched on matt black in florid letters. He looked at her questioningly.

‘Spiked Soul’ read the inscription next to a small gloss black stiletto shoe that glistened on the matt finish.

“Don’t you recognise a job offer when it is held to your face, young man?”

“A job offer?”

“I need a manager for the shop in London and you may well have what it takes!”

THREE

WELL HEELED

The shop had just a small frontage, a display window that was un-crowded and modern, the same matt black and silver that adorned the business card that he held in his hand. Frank wondered if this was a good idea. After all he was already employed in a respectable retail outlet store and was on the slow and steady path to management anyway.

He thought of the woman who had invited him here and wondered what she saw that he did not. He was a good salesman, but for her to offer him the job, was it enough?

But, the lure of the small shop on the other side of the road was like a magnet that had dragged on an iron core in his soul. He could not resist; Frank was caught up in the idea that he could feed his growing obsession, his fetish and at the same time make a living from it.

Somehow the fantasy world of Frank and the reality of life were starting to coalesce into a dream come true.

He could not resist.

‘Sort of like being a nymphomaniac whore really,’ he thought to himself as he crossed the street and looked into the window of the shop, hoping that it would give him some final sign that he should enter.

The window was sparse; just three pairs of high heeled shoes were on display. They stood on small silk draped tables and there were no prices or other guide in the window as to what they were or even how much they cost. He recognised the two Prada pairs and wondered at the provenance of the other pair.

‘Choo, I suppose,’ he thought.

The shape of the thin heel was so characteristic...

Frank felt a surge of confidence and opened the door to find himself in an intimate space that was decorated almost like a comfortable front room. There was no sign of shoes on display, nothing at all that might tell you that this was indeed a shoe shop.

A young woman sat on the sofa, her feet rested on a footstool, ankles crossed. As Frank entered she smiled at him and then looked over at a door sized velvet curtain that served as a door at the rear of the room.

The small sound of the bell on the door was barely still when another young woman entered through the curtain with a wooden box in her hand.

“Please take a seat, sir, and I’ll be with you in a few moments,” she said as she opened the box and pulled out a pair of high heeled sandals in an elegant shade of blue.

Frank sat on the proffered chair and tried to look interested and indifferent at the same time. He watched the sales girl fit the shoes and discuss the straps and colour in a knowledgeable and expert way. After a minute there came the phase where the customer has to be convinced and has to be sure that the fitting is perfect.

A brief walk on the soft carpet, a wiggle of the toes and the moment when fingertips touched the smooth leather to decide the closeness of fit.

He watched the sale proceed until the customer at last relaxed; a slight lowering of the shoulders and a smile from inside rather than a polite pulling of the mouth. The sale was made, the shoes packed and presented and the card accepted.

Finally, Frank and the salesgirl were alone in the shop and she asked him how she could help him.

Frank presented the business card and mumbled that he was just interested in seeing the shop. The young woman smiled and sat on the small sofa.

“You must be Frank. Mrs Verbero has already told me that you might visit the shop,” said the shop assistant. “My name is Christina and I am responsible for the shop at the moment. I was told to show you around and ask a few questions. A sort of job interview I suppose, but Mrs Verbero decides everything and she was quite concise about that.”

“I have not decided if I even want to be interviewed yet, I was just curious about the shop.”

“Of course. Even so, I shall ask you the three questions that I was told to ask pose. After all it is not a good idea to fail to carry out a direct order from one’s boss, especially when it is Mrs Verbero.”

“Ask away, Christina,” said Frank, hoping that she would not feel that he was being overfamiliar using her given name.

“Three questions. The first is; what designer created the shoes on display in the window display?”

Frank relaxed, they were testing him on his chosen subject.

“From right to left, Prada, Choo and Prada. Though I have to admit that I thought that the Choo might possibly be a Zanotti, but I think that the heel gives it away.”

Christina showed no reaction and asked her next question.

“How many pairs of shoes do we sell a week from this shop?”

Frank glanced around at the small but empty shop and tried to make a rational estimation. Already he had been here half an hour and he had seen just one customer. So one an hour with a sales rate of fifty percent, open five hours a day for four days a week came to ten pairs. It seemed too few, but the price would be sky high and the margin even larger.

“Ten pairs would be a good week.”

Christina smiled and seemed to nod.

“The final question is, truthfully, have you ever tried on a pair of women’s heels?”

Frank felt himself flounder in a sea of uncertainty. This was intimate! An intrusion into his personality that he was not happy to reveal. After a moment’s hesitation he decided to be candid...

“Yes, I am going to admit it!” he said with an embarrassed grin.

“Well, then. That is the interview over and done with. What would you like to see? Any questions?”

Frank allowed Christina to show him the shop, the stock, the ordering system and the small private fitting room that reeked of comfort and money. At last the ordeal was over, ending with a perfect espresso and a small chat that revealed very little about the owner, Mrs Katie Verbero, the subject that interested him the most.

FOUR

IF THE SHOE FITS

The call came out of the blue, a week after he had been to 'Spiked Soul', the small shop that sold only fifteen pairs of shoes a week, but at prices that made his head spin. Two to four thousand pounds a pair gave the shop a turnover that was extraordinary for such a small place, even though it was in the centre of London.

Mrs Verbero introduced herself and then offered him the job of managing her shop for two thousand pounds a week plus a commission that Frank thought was really pretty generous at ten per cent.

"I would like to improve the sales to seventy per cent of all customers who enter the shop," she had said. "So that is the target that you will have to achieve within six months. Call me back in the next two days if you are interested and I will set a starting date for you."

It was all so casual, but serious, that Frank was put into a tailspin of turmoil that filled his thoughts for a day. He called her back and agreed to her conditions.

"Of course I have to give two weeks' notice and I would like to sign a contract before I do so," he told her.

"There is no contract! Contracts are for people that do not trust or believe in each other. You will serve me and I will look after you and help you to be the man that I need for my business. It is a purely private arrangement that will keep you focussed on my needs," she replied.

Frank found himself overpowered by her stance and found himself assenting to this strange arrangement without consciously thinking about it.

He gave in his notice and called her to ask for a starting date. She gave him a start date in three weeks and invited him to come to see her to discuss the running of the shop.

"Bring some ideas as to how you will improve sales," she said.

"Alterations to the shop? Advertising?" he asked.

"Of course, as well as new lines, your ideas on fashion and fitting that will improve the service. The whole business is based on service, service and more service, so that is one important area that needs some attention."

The house was in one of those quiet corners of Surrey that seems a million miles from modern life. Not large, but sitting in a few acres of carefully tended garden that seemed to have been clipped with nail scissors and clippers.

He parked his Smart next to the Mercedes SLK and noted the fact that every badge and identifier had been removed from a car that was obviously top of the range. Here was a woman who lived in luxury, wealth even, but did not display it overtly.

The door was opened by a smart butler in uniform that he recognised as the man who he had thought to be the husband of his boss. Frank followed the man into a sunny sitting room and sat on the sofa to wait.

A few minutes later the butler arrived with a small tea service on a tray and proceeded to pour a cup of tea for Frank.

“Mrs Verbero will be along in a few minutes. She asked me to tell you that she only has half an hour to spare so she expects you to be concise when you make your presentation.”

“Thank you so much...”

Frank left a small pause in the hope that the butler would fill in the gap with his name, but the butler just waited for Frank to continue.

“I shall be as concise as possible,” he continued lamely.

The butler left and Frank flicked through the notes that he had made. Already the job in menswear had passed and was old history. Now he had made his choice and had to do everything her way.

She entered the room.

Casual in tight jeans and flowing T shirt that hung to her hips, she wore a pair of stilettos that were polished to a mirror in red leather.

Frank stood and was suddenly not sure if he should be offering his hand in greeting or if that was either too formal or intimate. In the end he just said “Hello” and sat on the sofa again.

“Now that you work for me I would like to hear what you are offering in the way of new ideas and I would like to set the tone of our relationship in stone so that you understand exactly what it is that I want from you.”

Frank took a deep breath as she sat next to him on the sofa. His eyes glanced at her feet and the smooth leather of her patent heels before he gathered himself and launched into his spiel.

She listened with interest, she did not interject any questions or comments, she just absorbed his observations and tapped her manicured nails on the tight denim on her knees.

At last he was done and awaited her reaction.

“That sounds great. I would now like you to work a month in the shop, as it is, without changing anything. After that time you will return and make the same presentation and any changes that you wish to make to it.”

Frank nodded.

“Excellent! Now that is out of the way I feel that it is only right that you get to know me a little better. What I want, what I need and what it is that I expect from you,” she said.

Frank leaned forward slightly.

“I need people who are passionate about shoes. Passionate or perhaps ardent and avid! Now that you work for me you will unquestioningly obey all my spoken needs. I expect a superior level of service to our clients. You are there to steer the shop of course, but many of our best clients have requirements that go beyond just a pair of nice shoes to show their excellent taste or the wealth that they wish to display. I chose you because you seem to be something of an aficionado of stilettos, perhaps even a fetishist if I could be so bold. I want you to bring this passion to bear and submit to any requests that our clients articulate. That said, I will pay you well, clothe you suitably for the shop and listen to any ideas, improvements and corrections that you may have as long as you remain respectful and deferential to me.”

Frank watched her drum her nails on her knee and then looked again at the cleavage that her toes were showing and decided that he had slipped into a heaven that was too good to be true.

“I am glad that you do not wish to discuss or argue at all,” she said. “I just want to hear your assent and then I will have to go to an appointment.”

“You are the employer, you are the boss,” he started. “I really hope that I can meet your high expectations and satisfy you in every way.”

He felt that he had been a little clumsy, but he was always reticent when in the presence of women and sitting next to Mrs Verbero, in the zone of her perfume and warmth made him self-conscious and tense.

Her hand slipped to his knee and gripped it for a moment.

“You will do just fine,” she said. “I will look after you and make sure that you please me!”

She slipped off her shoes and nudged them with her naked toes so that they stood neatly next to each other.

“Next Monday you start at ten O’clock. Let Christina be your guide, she will help you and for the moment is your boss despite the fact that officially you are the manager. Allow her to steer you in everything for the initial period of your service.

“Meanwhile go out and get a suit and make sure that you are dressed to a level that will not shame the level of clientele that we serve. My butler will arrange credit at Gieves & Hawkes so that you can be prepared. Buy two suits and enough shirts for the next few months and make sure that you are well groomed!”

Frank thanked her as she stood in her bare feet.

“Take the shoes; they are a present from me to help you concentrate on what I discussed. I am sure that they will serve to remind you of my requirements!”

Frank Ernest Lye, new employee of Mrs Verbero, could not help himself!

The way that she had imposed on him, the way that a job was becoming service before he even started work. The memory of her, the sound of her voice and the feeling that he was being overpowered by a woman who seemed to understand his obsessions without having to do anything other than make oblique observations.

He wanked into the shoes that night. Slowly in a fit of heightened consciousness that had always been absent until this moment.

The stilettos were so emblematic of his employer!

Austere, but sophisticated, strong in shape and feel, but feminine with more than a hint of complexity. All this and his imagination. He could not imagine having sex with her, he could not hope to fly so high! He just recalled her feet. The manicure and the black nails that had been stroked by an artist's brush to add gold leaf that crackled over the surface.

He longed to gently kiss them.

In his fervid imagination he did!

In his left hand was her shoe; in his right a stiffening prick that jutted in remembrance of her little pep talk to him. His fingers stroked the smooth leather, the solid but thin spike of the heel and he came in a premature gush that sprayed like he had never done before.

Where was the slow trickle that always came when he watched some pornographic film?

The memory of reality, his first connection to a woman was so much more overpowering and the freely given object of his fetish, the shoes, focussed him and brought him to a climax that was like no other that he had experienced before.

He could smell her, hear her and see the stern look on her face.

Was Mrs Katie Verbero was becoming the focus of his obsession?

FIVE

ON ONE FOOT

Frank served his first customer within minutes of arriving on his first day at work. A middle aged woman who was trying to recapture the glamour of her youth by wearing the highest heels that she could walk in.

Frank knelt by his customer and showed her two pairs that he had selected as fitting the narrative that she had spoken. He fitted them to her stockinged feet and realised with a shock of intuition that a man on his knees serving a woman's feet was exactly what this woman had arrived to experience.

She spent a half hour getting him to try one pair and then the other until even she tired of him slipping the mules onto her feet with a gentle intimacy that both experienced but neither expressed. The last time she held her foot up and he fitted the shoe with a smooth motion. Frank almost got the impression that she was about to ask him to kiss her foot. Or maybe it was his imagination that projected his wishes on the experience?

In the end she bought both pairs and paid cash. A pile of fresh fifty pound notes that looked to be thickness of a thin paperback book. He counted the money and gave the woman the receipt whilst he packed the shoes into the thin walled wooden box that was the trademark of Spiked Soul.

"I am sure I will be back, young man," she said as she left the shop, blowing him a little kiss with puckered red lips. "Shoes are a passion of mine and I must say that it is a joy to find a man who thinks likewise."

He closed the door and turned to find Christina standing in front of him.

"Very good, Frank," she said with an approving smile. "I think that you should always be on your knees when you are serving. For the moment I will get the stock and supply the silent background and you will sell shoes to all these rich bitch women who enjoy the buying rather than the shoes themselves!"

Frank nodded and wondered whether the question about whether he had ever worn stilettos at the interview had come from Mrs Verbero, or had been a private question from Christina.

Perhaps he would never know.

With her in the shop he did not feel like the boss, the manager that he had been hired to be. She was in charge for the moment and she showed it.

"Why do we have a private fitting room when the setting is so intimate already and there are so few customers that they probably never clash?"

"Mrs Verbero had it put in so that should the customer wish to dress to match her shoes, she could do so in privacy," came the reply. "Occasionally we arrange a foot masseur to come by appointment so the room is also used for that service."

“Oh,” was all that Frank could think of to say as Christina led him into the almost cubicle sized room that had just a single armchair and a small table.

“If you feel, from instinct, that the customer requires special service than this is the place to use,” she said without defining the meaning of the words ‘special service’.

The rest of the day was spent serving one other customer, a young spoiled brat of a sixteen year old who was not satisfied by anything, but eventually bought a pair of Louboutin’s that she had trouble walking in because she thought the red soles matched her outfit to a ‘T’.

Frank went through the stock with Christina in a systematic way and practiced recognising all the makes and styles. She told him that he had not done badly. But he needed to spend much more time ‘becoming intimate’ with the stock until he could recognise them all with his eyes covered.

Finally they locked up for the day and took the money to the bank before they parted their separate ways.

Frank found that his days were filled with the selling and practice at distinguishing all the shoes that they held in stock. He had to recognise fashions that seemed to change in cycles of two years that turned in bigger phases of ten or twenty years. He had to allow Christina to introduce him as the new ‘boy’, he spent his evenings studying women’s fashions, shoes and Internet sites that sold them.

Gradually he was weaned, unsuspectingly, from the sites that he used to visit with a fluttering stomach and beating pulse. He switched from a focus on his fantasy to the reality of his work and the contact that he made with women who were really dominant. Not in some fantasy setting, but in the real world of his life.

Those red shoes were like a magnet, a focus for all that represented his life. Every few days, when she was in London, Mrs Verbero came to the shop to see how Frank was doing. Once she had him fit her with new shoes that he chose. Never once was a hair or a word out of place, never did she mention the shoes that she had given him; not once did she perform any overt act that could have been misunderstood as some sort of a sexual advance.

But, her very presence was like a drug to Frank. Her commanding air and the occasional testing questions that she threw his way served to make him study more, try harder to please and try to show his willingness to please her.

His sex life did not change outwardly.

He was still a solitary man who masturbated, who wanked to the thought of strong women, but never had the courage to approach one. Paradox! The need for something, but the desperate need stops that first approach ever being made!

Not that Frank saw it in those terms.

He was living part of his fantasy, the part that precedes actual consummation. Sooner or later, he told himself, that time would come and he would find some woman who wore her heels just to tread on his psyche. She would drive her stilettos into his soul and, and...

The thought never passed that point. It was enough, enough that she wore her spikes and made him suffer some indecipherable hardship that somehow was sexual in nature, but unstated, undecided and ambiguous.

A month passed, a month in which the job entranced and sucked him in. Payday came and he found that he was better off than he had ever been before! In his mind he applauded himself. He had sold fifty pairs of shoes to thirty women who needed to stand tall on slender spikes of leather, steel and plastic. His salary was already good but the bonus for being such an effective salesman brought an extra four thousand pounds.

“Well done, Frank,” said Mrs Verbero as she arrived at the end of the month. “In a week or two’s time we will discuss your ideas for making more sales, though I am really impressed by your sales, just as a sales assistant! For now just keep working as you have and I will be satisfied with your effort.”

Frank had never felt so rewarded by another’s words as that little speech. It lifted him to a height of consciousness that almost made him want to kneel down before her.

“I am elated that you have noticed. I have to thank you so much for offering me this job and hope that I can serve as well in the future, because you can be sure that I love this work more than anything that I have ever done before!”

Mrs Verbero smiled and noticed an emotional tear in Frank’s eye with approving nod.

SIX

ON THE OTHER FOOT

“Of course he will never manage the shop, that is your job!” said Mrs Verbero to Christina as they sat in the Savoy sipping a pleasant afternoon tea. “I knew from the first that he was the ideal man to pander to our customers.”

“He is so easy to manipulate,” said Christina. “I am not sure how the next step is going to go. I mean that I am sure that he is moving in the direction that you want, but the next step is such a big jump!”

Mrs Verbero sat and sipped her tea contemplating what Christina had said.

‘It was true and a bit ticklish,’ she thought to herself. ‘Soon we will need some sort of induction and put him in a situation that he could not escape from.’

“Maybe, and I am just making a suggestion here, maybe we need to make sure that the first time he is following a script rather than just some random encounter that could go wrong. I mean, that if the wrong person...”

Mrs Verbero smiled at the fact that Christina had been thinking along the same lines as she was.

“That’s a good idea,” she said in reply to Christina. “I will think about it, how to find the right female lead for the drama that will envelop him!”

“I may be speaking out of turn,” said Christina, “but perhaps you might be the right person...”

The answer to this sally was a chuckle from her employer.

“I didn’t mean...” continued Christina.

“I know what you mean, but I do not think that would be a good idea! He might get the wrong idea if it was me in the fitting chair and get the wrong impression.”

It was Christina’s turn to laugh.

“Of course you are quite correct. I am sure that you know how to handle it, I mean that you will find the right woman and poor little Frank’s head will slip under the waves of his obsessions.”

“On the other hand we must not push too hard at first, we do not want him to become fixated on the flesh rather than the shoes!” said Mrs Verbero as she poured some more tea into her porcelain cup.

For a minute or two there was a comfortable silence as they tried the scones and turned their ideas over in their conspiring minds.

At last Christina broke the silence, wiping the corner of her mouth with the corner of her napkin and signalling the waitress to bring the bill.

“I will spend the next week reinforcing the idea that service is what this job is all about. I will also usher a few clients into the private fitting room, but I will always be present to make sure that nothing untoward occurs.”

“Excellent! I shall find a suitable woman, I have one or two acquaintances that might be interested, especially if it is a conspiracy and is amusing. We shall see!”

Christina paid the bill and the two women stood and picked up their shopping bags.

“In the end we shall just have to take it slowly, at least at first. He is so very shy!” said Mrs Verbero.

“I would not say ‘shy’ so much as ‘inhibited’ where women are concerned.”

“Is he a virgin then?”

“More than that; he is thirty and has never had even a casual relationship with a woman.”

“I thought so, but has he ever made a pass at you?”

“No, not even when I showed him how to fit the shoes as he kneels at a woman’s feet.”

“That is so perfect! This is going to be entertaining, a sort of pastime really!”

“Does your husband know about your devious little hobbies?” said Christina.

“My husband does what he is told, in general, and is as interested in my little ‘project’ as I am.”

Christina raised an eye at this.

“That’s right. He has no objection to me playing with a man like Frank, in fact he told me the other day that the idea of playing games with men sort of turns him on. I am not even sure if he would object if I told him that I had to fuck my little laboratory rat to get my way!”

“Katie, you are so devious and yet so open about it all,” said Christina.

“Devious is getting my way, being open is just the trap opening, so be careful Christina! I always get what I want.”

The two women made their way to the street.

“Your husband is very understanding and flexible!”

“That’s why I married him! Secretly I think that he fancies me having hobby lovers and him getting the leftovers.”

Christina had never heard Mrs Verbero being so forthright with her.

Frank and Earnest!

SEVEN

TOEING THE LINE

The buzzer sounded and Frank stepped to open the door.

It was one of his small suggestions that Mrs Verbero had immediately taken up. The shop was so much more exclusive when the customer had to ring a bell and was then escorted into the exclusivity of a shop that displayed none of its wares.

Customers of standing, those who always bought there, were given a gilded key that allowed them to avoid pressing the brass bell button. A small touch of faith, of trust, that they were so delighted to receive; that for each key that had been given, Frank felt that he had sold at least two pairs of shoes as they tested their special status!

He opened the door to find a tall middle aged woman, smartly dressed in a suit, who smiled and then asked him if he was Frank.

“I am,” he said as he ushered the woman into the public fitting room. “How can I be of service?”

Christina entered the shop from behind the curtain and greeted the new client.

“I think that we should use the private fitting room,” she said. “Mrs Jefferson-Smythe has an appointment in just half an hour.”

“Fine, please follow me,” said Frank.

He led the new client to the small fitting room and took her jacket as she sat on the high-backed armchair.

“What would Madame like to drink,” he offered. “Tea, Espresso or perhaps something a little stronger?”

“Mmm, a whiskey on the rocks would be perfect. Single malt, Irish would be just fine.”

Frank nodded and hung the coat on a hanger and tucked it into a small concealed wardrobe. He slipped into the office and poured the whiskey and clinked a couple of ice cubes into the cut crystal glass.

He returned to find that the woman had slipped off her shoes and was resting her feet on the footstool casually. She thanked him for the drink and sipped before speaking. “I am looking for something special,” she began. “No less than a five inch heel, in dark blue with a classic look.”

“May I ask if there is any price range that you have in mind?”

The woman smiled and indicated that she placed no great significance on price, what was important is that they were ‘just right’.

“If I may,” said Frank.

He kneeled by the customer and took her feet in his hands. With a firm grip he felt her foot and bent the instep a little to measure her size and fitting. This was something that Christina had insisted on from the beginning and it was a new skill that he had picked up quickly.

“Mmm, I suppose that seven to seven and a half with a slightly wider fitting might just fit like a glove,” he said. “Might I ask if the shoes are needed urgently, because we can adjust the fitting exactly to your requirements?”

She smiled and said, “You have such nice strong hands, Frank.”

“Thank you Madame.”

“Please call me Miss Hillsbrough,” she said as she raised her glass.

“Of course, Miss Hillbrough. I shall just go and collect a few pairs that may well fit your need and will be back in a moment.”

He slipped out of the fitting room to find Christina sitting at the computer in the back office, browsing the stock.

“Navy with five inch,” she said as he walked in, showing that she had overheard the conversation.

“Try the classic Gucci number thirty and the Louboutin on shelf four,” she said without turning from the screen.

Frank nodded and returned to Miss Hillbrough with the shoes that Christina had suggested and two other pairs that he felt might just be of interest.

He took her left foot and massaged it a moment before slipping on the first shoe.

“Very nice,” said Miss Hillbrough as she looked at the shoe and wiggled her foot.

“Gucci, a classic look that has and will never go out of favour.”

“I meant the massage! You have the touch. The shoe is OK, but not quite what I am looking for on reflection. Perhaps something a little more daring?”

Frank picked up her right foot and massaged it ready to slip into the next shoe that he had chosen. It allowed one shoe to be compared to the other.

Miss Hillbrough made a small noise in her throat when he slipped on the shoe.

“That’s much better,” she said as she compared the shoe to the Gucci.

The platform made the heel higher and the bright pink sole and instep that ran down the inside of the spiked heel caught the eye.

“Yes, I’ll try the other foot as well.”

He slipped off the Gucci and massaged her foot. As he bent to reach for the left shoe the foot raised until it was just an inch before his face. The nylon reinforcement of her stockings hid her toes and the shiny nylon smoothed her skin to an almost airbrushed finish.

For a moment the tableau was frozen as if there was something to wait for.

“You may kiss it if you like,” she said with a chuckle. “I would not be offended!”

His lips puckered of their own accord and the toes brushed his lips.

“You might massage me as well,” she murmured. “It is so delicious.”

His hands took her foot and squeezed it a little as he plucked up the courage up to kiss the very tip of her toes again. So often he had been tempted, but he knew that it might have caused an angry reaction. Now that Miss Hillbrough had given permission he could not believe that this was happening.

He could feel an erection that stood so stiff that he was frightened that Miss Hillbrough would see it. Luckily he was kneeling at her feet and the stimulation was concealed.

“It would be nice if you said ‘thank you’ as well...”

He looked up at her and his eyes caught a glimpse of the darker stocking tops that was just visible below the line of her hem. Her eyes were smiling and she blew a kiss that made him blush a little.

“Thank you, Miss Hillbrough,” he said in a trance as he bent to attend to her feet again.

Christina stood behind him, unnoticed by Frank. She ran her tongue over her lips and retreated slowly and closed the door almost closed. Miss Hillbrough smiled as she looked down at the man who was so attentive to her feet. She had been told that she could watch the film of the encounter later if she wished and that Christina would be watching live to arrive should it look as though all was not well.

‘I wonder how far he will go?’ she wondered as she noticed that once again his eyes had caught the tops of her stockings and was slyly enjoying a shadowed glimpse of her thighs above the tan coloured nylon. Katie had not been at all specific. She had said something along the lines of making him focus on her feet, shoes and legs, but not just how far she was allowed to take this fragile man.

As he concentrated on massaging and kissing her left foot she allowed the right one to slip of the leather footstool into his lap. It started on his knee and then moved to slide up his leg to the tops of his thigh before it settled to nestle into the warmth at the top of his thighs. She felt his erection with her toes and pushed a little so that she felt that rigid prick lying under the length of her sole.

“You are a good boy,” she said to Frank. “You do know how to thank me don’t you?”

“Thank you, Miss Hillbrough,” said Frank as he kissed each toe as he felt her right foot stretch him against its sole through the fabric and stockings.

“Shh, that’s not what I meant. It would be so nice if you were to come at my feet. You can come to the massage that I give you. Do you think that you can do that for me?”

He nodded and then felt the foot take control of him. It slowly rubbed up and down while the left pushed between his lips.

Frank knew that what was happening was so very wrong. He appreciated that this was what he wanted but was forbidden. He ached to come and dreaded the moment at the same time.

The toes wriggled against the swollen tip of his cloth and then pressed firmly down as the sole lay the length of his trapped cock. Then he felt it slowly move up and down, running the length of him and slowly giving him a subtle foot massage through the thin cloth of his trousers.

He felt that gathering deep in his balls, deep in his mind and could not stop as she pushed against him and forced her toes between his lips.

“Would you like it if I put the shoes on now?” she asked. “It would be hard, those spikes might hurt and bite you. The heels would fuck your mouth and I might climax myself at the sight. Would you like that?”

Frank came with a sudden gush.

Here was a woman who connected with his fetish, one foot forcing his lips, the other misusing his trapped prick. A woman who knew that her words were like a drug when she prescribed them in the right way, at the right moment.

He felt a warm dampness spread between his legs.

He gasped as her foot forced its way into his mouth.

The foot in his lap pressed and squeezed him, forcing every drop out.

Finally her hands came to the hem of her skirt and lifted it slowly to reveal first the tops of her stockings. The fingers continued to move and the straps that held those stockings were revealed against the creamy flesh of her thighs. Finally he felt hypnotised as the hem lifted to reveal that she was naked, her sex was covered by neither panties nor a bush of hair.

It was a smooth folded slit that dripped honeyed liquid.

It dripped hunger and want!

The hands pushed the hem back into place and the feet retreated from him. They came to repose on the footrest and awaited his attention. The fitting was not over.

Miss Hillbrough made him fit her with all of the shoes that he had bought and then bought that second pair. Christina looked in on the fitting room to find Frank kneeling and Miss Hillbrough strutting in the new shoes that would eventually be paid for by her friend Katie.

Frank was still breathing deeply and recovering from his foot induced climax.

Christina took Miss Hillbrough out of the room to allow Frank to clean up as though she did not know what had happened to him under the feet of this new client.

Frank was so ashamed and yet so blissful.

It was the first time that anyone else had made him come and he was in total heaven. He quickly changed his suit for his spare and headed for the front fitting room to find Miss Hillbrough and Christina chatting as the shoes were paid for.

From his pocket he produced one of Spiked Soul's special gilded keys.

"Miss Hillbrough, please accept this key to the shop. It entitles you to enter without having to use the bell as well as any other special service that you desire."

"That is so kind of you, young man. I have never been served so well before in any shop and I shall surely be back to buy more shoes when I am next in the centre of London!"

After Miss Hillbrough had left Christina turned to Frank.

"The key is exclusive," she said.

"She will be back again and again."

"I hope so, for your sake!"

Frank did not ask what she meant by that last cryptic comment. He was not all that sure if he wanted to know!

Now that he was trapped by his employer, the devious Mrs Verbero and her understanding of his fetish his twin worlds of fantasy and reality would coalesce and become one. A single arousing place where selling shoes and the sexual energy that they awakened in him would lead to his demise.

His willing demise.

EIGHT

WELL SPIKED

“Katie, I have to thank you again for the shoes. They are perfect and sold in a perfect ambience.”

Mary Hillbrough lifted one foot from the floor to emphasise her point. She had not gone for the most expensive shoes, but the ones that she felt gave her just the turn of calf that she needed to show under the low hem of her dress.

“I think that you made the right choice, Mary. Of course only the first pair is free, just to get you tempted with the service that I plan to serve up on a platter for the holders of the gilded key. I understand that my over eager assistant gave you a key as well!”

“He was such a darling. He was so ready to give me a little more and I just could not resist flashing him a little temptation,” laughed Mary as she turned back to the bar and took her whiskey.

“I saw the film,” said Katie with a grin. “You really went further than I thought that you would. Really, Mary! You are the limit, playing a sly trick like that on poor little Frank.”

“You would not believe how painful it was getting that waxing done, darling. Hubby thought all his Christmas’ had come at once when he saw what I had done.”

“I want to go by slow steady stages with Frank. I want him to consent to each little advance until he is the perfect shoe salesman.”

“He already is almost perfect,” said Mary. “He loves his job...”

“Ahh, but you will see. I am going to have him used and abused by every woman that comes to buy a pair of heels. When word gets round what my assistants will do for my clients they will be queuing around the block to press that little bell.”

Mary rotated the glass on the bar thoughtfully, making the ice clink in the glass pleasantly.

“Are you going to have that camera running all the time?”

“Of course! That will be our little secret.”

“You are not going to start a blackmail business like Madame Rachel are you?”

“Who was she, then?”

Mary laughed and summed up the story in a brief sentence.

“Madame Rachel set up a cosmetics shop in London in Victorian times. The place became a place for assignations that led to blackmail. In the end she died in prison!”

Katie laughed and waved her finger.

“I just like the idea of the film being in my possession. I would never use it like that!”

“Glad to hear it. I don’t want everyone to see my pussy on the Internet. So why bother take the risk?”

“For years I have had this idea to sell shoes with sex. Sex and shoes are a perfect mix. Women who spend thousands love the power that money brings and high heeled shoes are the perfect expression of potency.”

Mary sipped her whiskey.

“Well I trust you, you pervert. I must admit that I have never been so turned on as I was in your changing room. Making a man come just by a touch of the toes is more than amusing, it is a serious turn on!”

“I know, darling, I know!”

“I am willing to do it again, even for the price of your expensive shoes... I am ready for the next course!”

“Well as it happens, there is something that you can do for me in that direction,” laughed Katie Verbero.

“I thought so.”

“I want you to do the same again, but this time with a small variation to see if young Frank will respond to another stimulus that I want him to relish. In fact that is what I want from him. I want to make of him, a man who is ready to be trodden on, misused and exploited by any woman in a pair of stilettos. That means that this time you are going to have to forgo your own gratification and just move to the next stage.”

“Katie, you are wicked, even to your friends. But, I am sure that when you review the film you will find that I have played my part as required.”

“All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,” quoted Katie from Shakespeare.

“That’s a good quote,” laughed Mary. “Especially as it comes from ‘As You Like It’.”

“As I like it,” sallied Katie with a grin.

She raised her red wine and tapped the whiskey glass in a toast.

“To Frank, the avid and willing shoe-slut!”

“To Frank!”

It seemed to Frank that the incident with Mrs Mary Hillbrough was just an isolated blip. He hoped for more, he hoped that she would arrive again. He dreamed and longed for her to arrive and sample him again. But the days passed and he gradually realised that she might never come again to Spiked Soul.

So, early one Monday morning, two weeks after that heavenly incident he was surprised to hear the door opening with a turn of the key. He half expected to see his boss or Christina in the shop as he hurried from the office.

What he saw made his heart miss a beat in shock. Mrs Hillbrough had her back to him and was turning the 'Closed' sign in the door and turning the other, main lock on the door which was used when the shop was unattended.

"Mrs Hillbrough," he said with his heart fluttering in his chest. "You really should not be doing that."

She turned to face the slightly blushing Frank and smiled.

"I am sure that if you want you can arrange a private fitting for me now!"

Frank thanked his lucky stars that by coincidence Christina had the day off! It was rare that a customer arrived until eleven, so he might just risk it.

"I am sure that I can oblige," he said in a voice that he tried to hold steady.

He looked down and saw that she was wearing a pair of Weitzmans'. Pure pink and high on an inch of platform to make the steel spike of the heel a full six inches. His prick hardened and he moved slightly to hide his excitement.

Mrs Hillbrough smiled and looked down at her heels.

"What do you think, Frank? Are they right for me? Perhaps something more aggressive might be in order..."

"I am sure that I can find something for you," he said. "What will it be, an early morning whiskey?"

"No. Espresso will be just fine today."

He led her to the exclusive small fitting room and asked her what she would like in the way of heels. She ticked off a list on her fingers with colour, shape and style and finished by saying:

"Of course I do not want to wear them out, they are to fuck in, so practicality is not important!"

Frank swallowed and tried to reply in a business like way, "I will try to imagine what you need, I will be just a few moments."

He looked at the racks of stock and decided to risk being as extreme as possible. He picked up two boxes and headed back to the fitting room with a whirling in his head that almost made him sick with anticipation.

Mrs Hillbrough was standing by the armchair with the cup in her hand.

“I was wondering, Frank,” she said, “if it was my feet, me or the shoes that you found so arousing last time that I was here? Or was it perhaps that you just enjoy my company?”

She pointedly looked down to see his trousers tented by his excitement.

Frank just looked down in embarrassment. This was not what he had expected at all. He had thought that he would be repeating the last time, recapping a silent climax.

“Lie down,” she ordered. “I want to find out!”

He hesitated until she pointed at the thickly carpeted floor with one red nailed finger.

“I do not expect to have to ask twice, Frank...”

He lay on the floor and looked up at her with almost frightened eyes.

“There is something missing,” she said. “Can you guess what it is?”

“I’m sorry,” he said in confusion as she leaned over and pulled down the zipper of his trousers with a single motion.

“Pull them off, in fact I want you to strip all your clothes off, Frank. This time I would not have you soil yourself like last time!”

Frank looked at her and saw the beginnings of a frown. He was almost frightened as the tension of this woman’s presence overwhelmed him. He could not afford to miss this moment by hesitating and overcame his reluctance to obey.

He struggled out of his clothes as she watched, the shirt being the hardest to strip off whilst lying prone.

“There, that’s better,” she cooed. “What a lovely little prick you have!”

Her right foot slipped off its stiletto and moved into his line of sight. For a moment he caught a glimpse of her toes in the silky thin stocking, the seam that coursed around the edge, the overlap and reinforcement that enclosed her toes.

His lips puckered as he understood what she expected.

“Not yet,” she whispered, “just enjoy the moment!”

Her foot swayed over his face slightly as she changed balance and unseen moved her other foot. Suddenly he felt his erection being pressed flat against his stomach by something cool and hard, the sole of her shoe.

The shock made him bow forward and instinctively he kissed that other foot as he felt the spike of her shoe come to rest on that crease between thigh and groin.

He grunted as the heel dug into his flesh, but the sole of the shoe that pinned his cock to his belly started to rotate. To describe an arc that pulled his prick tight, it stretched him in utter ecstasy. His mouth opened to gasp and she slipped her toes into that gaping hole.

“So do you like my shoes? Is it the heel or the sole that is going to make you come, Frank?”

He tried to think of an answer to her teasing words, but the distraction of the pain and the pleasure started to overwhelm him completely.

“I think that it’s the heel that you like best,” she said as her toes wiggled and left his mouth.

Frank gasped and tried to say something, but the words would not come out, the lips moved to speak, the sounds were silent.

Her right foot returned to his view, the platform, the purple instep and sole and the spike of the metal heel that jutted like a prick that needed to be satisfied at any cost. Like an erection that would never flag, like a cock that needed to find a hole at any price.

“Can you do it for me?” she asked as that spike came to rest gently on his lips. “Would you like to suck on my metal heels?”

His lips admitted that raping spike and closed to lap it in a parody of intercourse. But it was a parody because the heel was raping his mouth. It admitted no refusal as it moved in and out. Its partner in sexual crime dug into his thigh while that hard sole trod his cock into utter pleasure.

Frank tried to move, to shuffle.

“I know that it hurts, Frank, but that’s the idea! It has to harm you, the pleasure will be better if the pain makes the contrast! Being underfoot is not an easy choice, but it releases you from all anxiety. Allow yourself to be fucked and you will come, if you fight it you will lose everything!”

Frank stopped moving and surrendered to being fucked by the woman who watched him like she was watching a pet, an object of interest. She moved her hands to make sure that he could not see her stocking tops or her thighs. This was just about her feet, her shoes, her heels and the pain and pleasure that they could inflict on his psyche.

The damage was not to his flesh, that would heal, the wounds were inflicted on his virgin sexuality, the subversion of the meaning of love and passion the destabilisation of his consciousness, the matter of the meaning of pain and pleasure, desire and subjugation.

He felt the pressure mount as the heel in his mouth pushed down so very slowly, so very irresistible, so deadly and exciting as the sole of her 'fuck me' shoes scratched and pulled at his prick in a brutal simulation of intercourse.

"Come before I am forced to hurt you, Frank. Come onto my shoes, do as the shoes demand!" she whispered as she pulled him over that edge. "Please come before I grind your cock to a pulp with my sole. Come before the heel rapes your throat."

His body arched and she pulled her heel free of his lips to avoid hurting him more than she had intended. The other heel pressed home and broke the flesh as he lurched and climaxed with a spray that splattered her ankles and shoes with pearls of paste.

A pearl anklet...

"Well done Frank, you really like my stilettos don't you?"

Frank gasped agreement and looked up at the legs that towered over him. One of her feet rested on his slackening erection, out of his sight, but still pushing the heel into his skin, bruising and cutting as the sole rested on the sensitive tip of his prick.

Those shapely legs that framed her smiling face.

"Answer me!"

"I love them, I have never..."

"I know, you are perfect for my use, Frank," she said with a chuckle.

He stared up at her.

"One day, you might be allowed to satisfy me in other ways, but you have to devote yourself to my feet fully before we can go further!"

The foot that rested on him lifted and came into his view. For moments it hovered over his face, the heel threatening to gouge, the sole slick with his come.

He knew what she wanted of him; he knew what she expected of him, the service that was not quite completed, so he kissed that wet sole passionately.

"That is such obedient service, you have done well today, maybe I shall allow to worship a little!"

Miss Hillbrough stood and looked down at him.

He moved and kissed her feet, he licked the pink patent leather and ran his tongue up the heels that had raped his mouth and pierced his flesh whilst she enjoyed the moment.

The moment of exultation in conquest.

NINE

DOWN AT HEEL

"I must admit that Mary really pushed him to the limit," said Katie as she watched the film on the computer screen. "She really has a talent for this!"

Christina nodded and concentrated on the screen. She could see the heel dig into his thigh, the sole pulling him tight and stretching him so far that it pushed at his balls without him noticing the threat or the discomfort.

All the while the other heel slowly entered his lips and skewered him slowly. The timing was so exquisite, it reached a point where it could go no further and the naked Frank climaxed. It was forced out of him, squeezed; the orgasm was almost a sign of desperation, the only means of stopping Miss Hillbrough from pushing the steel heel into his throat.

He climaxed out of fear, out of devotion, out of obsession.

"This means of course that Frank will have to move to pastures new," said Katie with a dispassionate and calculating tone. "We cannot be having him only thinking that one woman only can feed his fetish! He has to be chivvied along until he is ready to serve any woman that we put before him. He has to serve the shoes and feet and not the person that is wearing them."

Christina watched the abject Frank kneeling and kissing those pink shoes. This was the second time that she was seeing the film of the naked Frank and she knew that Miss Hillbrough kept him kissing and licking the leather of her shoes, the metal of the heels, for over an hour.

She did not release him until he became hard again. Only when his prick stood waiting more attention did she at last relent and strut out of the fitting room with a last smiling look at the camera.

"So what happens next?" asked Christina. "I mean you have surely not got endless acquaintances who will go along with this?"

"Of course not," came the reply. "In fact I think that only Mary would do something like this and manage to keep control so efficiently! I think it is coming to the time when Frank has to find out that you are his boss. I just cannot decide whether he should first submit and then be told or if he needs to be told and then he will submit."

"Perhaps the service first and then a complaint from Miss Hillbrough?" asked Christina. "The disciplinary talk will push him into a corner, I suppose."

"Mmm, that sounds perfect. Let me think about it over the weekend and then come Monday I will demote him and promote you..."

“Mrs Verbero would like to see you now,” said Christina. “She has asked me to be present because she has something to impart to you and would like a witness present.”

Frank had arrived just five minutes before to find that both his employer and the rather distant Christina were waiting for him, even though it was a Monday, when he normally worked alone.

His heart fell, he felt a choking in his stomach, a smell of fear that was discernible only to his nostrils.

Mrs Katie Verbero was sitting in the Chesterfield chair that only a week before had been the place where Miss Hillsbrough had been seated when she had fucked him with her shoes. For a moment he could not get that image of those powerful legs that towered over him and the pink shoes that had demanded an hour’s attention from his lips.

Such devotion!

Cristina stood by the door leaving Frank standing before his boss like a lost schoolboy who has been caught playing truant. She looked up at him and then pointed to the floor.

“Sorry that there is no other chair in here,” she said with a smile that could have been friendly or ironic. “Please sit on the floor! I think that the carpet is comfortable enough.”

She coughed theatrically as he kneeled on the floor and looked up at her expectantly. The change of position wrought a mental adjustment to his view of her. Now she would ask him to get undressed...

He could feel his prick rise in anticipation as he waited for her signal.

“It is now two months since you started working for me,” the stress was on the ‘me’.
“In that time you have learned the way that I do business and have had some success.”

Frank tried to interject a comment, but as he drew breath she waggled her foot in admonition and put a finger to her lips.

“You may comment at the end of this appraisal, but you may not interrupt me now.”

There was a slight pause and Frank could not help glancing at the foot that was just a foot away from his eyes. A peripheral frame to her face as she spoke, just as she had intended it.

“So, it seems to start with the positive. You are a good salesman, you have learned your stock inside out and can answer any question about any of the shoes that we have in stock as well as many that we do not. This pleases me.”

Her foot moved and the pointed toe of the stiletto raised up to point the heel at him and expose the soles, new and burnished, not street worn.

His eye was caught by the brand burned into that instep as it hovered before his eyes.

A riding crop that crossed a stiletto in outline.

“The idea for the bell on the door is another positive sign that I did not make a mistake when I hired you as well as the fact that we are now selling an average of a pair of shoes to every woman who comes into the shop. This is all to your credit and I am pleased!”

Now her toe pointed down to show him the cleavage of her toes that were covered by a wisp of lace that sprang from the seam at the upper of the shoe.

“On the other hand there are some negatives that come into play here. Christina tells me that she has had to do all of the ordering and that you have failed to dust and clean the shop properly after hours as she requested.”

Miss Verbero held up her hand to silence Frank.

“These are in themselves minor problems that we will solve in the next probationary month. There is, however, a more serious setback to you becoming manager in my shop! I have had a complaint from a customer who says that you behaved improperly towards her. A Miss Hillsbrough... What can you tell me about this?”

Frank was so thinking about the way that Christina had not let him touch the ordering and the way that he had spent a half hour after every work day dusting and cleaning that he missed the next bit. He just caught the name ‘Miss Hillsbrough’ and the question.

“I gave all the service that she asked for, she was a little demanding...”

“Demanding? When a woman buys shoes in my shop she is demanding, of course she is! Exacting, insistent and challenging! That is the moment where you must do everything that she asks without question except alter the price. The price defines our exclusivity. Do you understand?”

“Yes...”

As soon as that word had passed his lips Mrs Verbero cut him off by continuing to define his failure to satisfy a client.

“Good! I have decided that for the moment and perhaps the foreseeable future you will be trained by Christina. The position will be held by her for the moment and you will do what you do best, serve our customers. That service will be not only complete it will be full and all-embracing. Whatever they want you will do or help them with without question. Christina will be responsible for all of your future assessments so you had better make sure that you do exactly as she requires.”

Frank bowed his head.

He could see that his job now depended on Christina, the woman who had kept him from ordering and then said that he was to blame for not doing it. She had watched him clean the shop whilst she helped with advice and then then complained to Mrs Verbero that it had not been done!

He was staring at her foot, that lace, the pale skin that was rendered shiny by the glossy stockings, the heel with its inch of bronze that went to the heel tip.

His erection was hidden, but it was strong.

“So let’s get off on the right foot, Frank. I want you to apologise to Christina for forcing her to have to explain you little failures. What’s more, when she returns, Miss Hillbrough will be subjected to such a blitz of good service that she will forget her complaint. If I hear another customer complaint your job will be on line, so I expect that you will try harder and listen to every one of Christina’s directives.”

Frank moved as if to stand but the foot moved from side to side, a clear indication to stay seated.

Mrs Verbero stood and made one more comment.

“I have to go now so I would like to tell you another small alteration to your working regime. Every day will start with a small meeting between you and Christina. She will be telling you where you are making mistakes and training you as well as making clear what small jobs need doing in the shop. This will be every day without fail. In two months there will be another formal assessment that Christina will be in charge of. Make sure that you come up to my expectations!”

With that last speech she left the room and Christina took her place on the chair. In a space of just ten minutes Frank had been reduced to the ranks and been put in the charge of a woman who now clearly wished him ill.

The outer door to the shop closed signalling that the owner had left and that the suffocating reign of Christina had truly begun.

TEN

BALANCE AND POISE

Frank found himself in a bizarre paradox. The woman who had been put in charge of him was the woman who had stolen his chance at promotion. She was the woman who had slyly fibbed about him to her boss. Yet, when he sat every morning at her feet he felt overcome by lust and attraction for her as if the bitch had him bewitched.

She spoke in a quiet way about what needed doing and he assented, without argument.

As she spoke, on this third day of the new regime, Frank found his thoughts wandering to Miss Hillsbrough.

‘Why had she complained to Mrs Verbero?’ he wondered. ‘He had done what she wanted, she had seemed satisfied with him, she had not seemed to be disappointed in her use of him!’

So why had she complained?

Frank could only imagine that she wanted to blackmail him, to scare him or make him lose his job out of some spiteful motive that he did not understand.

He thought of her shoes and the effect that she had had on him, the kissing and sucking of her heels, the pressure on his cock and the way that she had almost spiked him until he had come at her command.

As his thoughts wandered the patent green leather of Christina’s shoe moved into his vision. He could hear her speaking about cleaning and dusting, but the words and not the sense of her little pep talk were all that he heard.

He leaned forward and kissed the smooth green point of those stilettos.

Silence!

Christina’s voice stopped in mid word and she looked at him as though she was shocked at him kissing her shoes. Frank froze, the daydream had caught him out and he had been thrown back to another moment, the moment when Miss Hillsbrough had used him!

He looked up at Christina and saw a smile on her face.

“That’s very good, Frank! I think that I would like you to do that again for me. In fact I think that I would enjoy it better if you told me how you are not fit to kiss my shoes as you do so...”

Now the sense of the words was getting home. He looked up at her and for a moment had the strange feeling that he was being led by some force that worked behind the scenes to put him at the feet of these women.

The moment hung in the balance, silence delimited that instant and it became a fulcrum for all that had gone before and all that happened afterwards. It was the point at which Frank had to decide which way the dice might fall.

He leaned forward and kissed the shoes.

“I cannot hear you at all,” said Christina. “Speak up and tell me...”

“I am not fit to even kiss your shoes,” he mumbled.

She laughed in delight at bending him to her will in a matter of a few moments.

“Then lick the shit off my shoes! Now!”

The shoe turned up and the kitten heel pointed at his lips.

He could not resist. Frank was swallowed by the moment, eaten alive by Christina. He licked the soles of her shoes; he cleaned the heels with his tongue, He had passed to a new instructress in the practice of the fetish that he had been instilled with.

ELEVEN

MARCH IN STEP

Frank's world folded up around him as his work sucked him in like the gravitational well of a black hole. He whirled around the centre of his universe, the malevolent Christina. At every instant he found himself being used by her. She stood over him as he dusted the shoes in the stock three times a day. He served all the customers and was made by Christina to abandon any personality and just serve.

Once again that dichotomy reared its head.

He hated her with a will, he resented her presence and he came to love the days when he worked alone in the shop. Yet... he found himself wanking in dreams and fantasies created from the stuff of her domination of his work life. He arrived home exhausted and tired as she found ever more ways to make him do trivial jobs that demanded ever more from him.

Once home he thought of her in erotic rather than practical terms. He could not help thinking about the good bye kiss that she now expected of him when he left. On hands and knees at her feet while she blackmailed him to tell her how she was his boss and that he was not fit to kiss her boots.

One evening she used the words 'shoe-slut' and he spent his whole two days off masturbating to the idea of being a slut for her shoes.

A bitch that sucked heels and was fucked by heels.

Frank's Internet surfing took a turn away from films and pictures and became a search for literature that matched this fantasy. As Mrs Verbero's red shoe sat balanced on his desk he read about men who became sluts and bitches. A strange mishmash of fantasy and twisted reality that engaged him and sent him in a final head spin to plunge to the surface of that black hole.

To finish this distortion of his sexuality required just a small push, an encounter that would leave Frank naked and plastic, to be remoulded to become the new little bitch that would serve with overt sexual submission. The slave to his passion and fetish, the crawler at rich women's feet as his owner smiled and enjoyed wringing profit from a willing man-whore.

That encounter was on its way, planned and prepared for by his boss and her confederate, the ever willing Miss Mary Hillsbrough.

Just one more push... just a final surrender!

The heel was about to grind into Frank's consciousness.

It was Monday when the water ran from the roofs and in rivers across the street. Sheets of grey drifted across London forcing even those with umbrellas to hide in the shelter of porticos and shop fronts.

In the midst of this deluge came the sound of the buzzer that signified customers. Frank hurried to the door from the stockroom where he had been systematically dusting every pair of shoes even though they were all inside the wooden boxes that they were normally sold in.

He opened the door to find Miss Mary Hillbrough and another woman waiting in the shelter of an umbrella. As soon as the door was opened they came into the shop, brushing the startled Frank out of the way and then tapping the umbrella on the floor to shed a scattering of rain water.

“Morning, Frank,” said Mary, “no wait! Don’t close the door...”

Frank looked into the thoroughfare and the deluge that was drowning the street outside. He turned to Miss Hillsbrough.

She tossed him her car keys and said: “Do me a little favour, Frank. I left my handbag in the car, the red BMW, would you mind popping out and getting it?”

“Of course,” he replied.

What other answer was there for the woman who had complained about the level of service that he had offered?

He stepped into the rain and looked right and left for the red car. To the left he saw a red car carelessly blocking a private exit and headed that way, dodging from door to door. It had never occurred to him to borrow her umbrella; he had just stepped into the torrent of water that fell from the sky to hear the door shut behind him.

Sure enough the car was a red BMW. As he approached the car it unlocked itself with a flash of the indicators and he opened the passenger side to look for the handbag.

There it was, on top of a plastic carrier bag.

He lifted the handbag.

It was tangled in the plastic carrier bag and he was forced to untangle them. As he did so a pair of handcuffs and a vibrator fell from the carrier bag! Finally he had the two separated he put the handcuffs and the slim vibrator back in the carrier bag and headed back for the shop.

Standing in a spray of water that gushed from a broken gutter above he had to wait a minute in the rain before Miss Hillsbrough opened the door.

“I’m sorry, Frank. I should have lent you the umbrella, you’re absolutely soaked through!”

“Here, Miss Hillsbrough,” he said as he passed her bag to her.

“Didn’t you bring the other bag?” she asked with a raised eyebrow.

“I am so sorry, did you need that one as well?”

“Never mind, it’s just that there was something that I wanted to show you!”

Frank tried not to sigh with frustration at this woman who seemed to be a friend and a nemesis all rolled into one. ‘Maybe it was more user and controller,’ he thought as he felt the cold trickle of water invade the last dry part of his body and make its way down into his shoes.

“Frank, you are soaked,” she said as he sneezed.

The other woman took a seat and crossed her long legs. One of her Gucci pumps hung from the tip of her toes as she smiled a small smile that made her seem to look down on Frank even though her eyes were at a level some two feet lower than his.

“He is a bit of a sight really, Mary, maybe we should come back later when he has dried out!” said the other woman without introducing herself. “I don’t want some soggy sales assistant serving me!”

“Well then, Frank, what is the best way of drying you out?” said Miss Hillsbrough with a laugh. “How about repeating your last sale to me? Would you like that? Of course you would!”

Frank felt his blood pressure rising even though the water was still trickling betwixt skin and clothes. Memories of how he got that bruise on his thigh passed through his head as he remembered the other heel almost nailing his head to the floor.

“What did you buy last time?” asked the other woman. “I myself am looking for something dramatic that will have all eyes popping with disbelief at the outrageous height of my heels and the curve of my calves.”

“Debs, this man gives the most wonderful foot massage; he has gifted hands and lips!”

“Mmm, sounds fantastic, after that storm I could just do with a massage.”

Her foot twitched and the shoe flipped onto the thick carpet. Mrs Deborah James never asked for her pleasures, she just got them by implication.

“Well then!”

Frank knelt by her feet and took her damp feet in his hands. Behind him he heard Miss Hillbrough locking the door and turning the ‘open’ sign in the glass.

“It would be better if we are undisturbed while we choose and purchase a few pairs of shoes,” said Miss Hillbrough with a chuckle.

“I would so hate it if some other customer interrupted what is likely to be a chance for Frank here to learn what service his betters really require!” she finished.

The floor was littered with shoes. Well over a hundred thousand pounds in stock stood parked on the floor as the naked Frank tried to satisfy Mrs Deborah James with the pair of shoes that was ‘just right for her’.

Miss Hillsbrough had made him strip his damp clothes off and hang them in the office. He had had a terrible five minutes and his erection at the memories of previous encounters had faded. But, his new customer made him run back and forth, from stock room to changing room as she called colours at random and styles with no regard.

At last she had found a pair of Vivier designs in green that were like roses growing around her ankles, a heel like a thorn and uppers like leaves. She had Frank massage her feet and then kiss each toe before he was allowed to slip the beautiful shoes on to her slender feet. All the while, Miss Hillsbrough made small comments as she watched Frank struggle to keep up with Debs, her rather demanding friend.

She had no intention of doing anything other than making her friend aware of the possibilities. This time there would be no assault on poor damp Frank. It might be pushing her friend a little hard to try out some scene under her eyes and then expect her to join in the fun.

So, just a succession of massages, little kisses and of course a continual stream of remarks from Mary that suggested that the unfortunate Frank might well be available for a rather more intimate service should Debs be interested.

In the end, after an hour of running back and forth, Frank was rewarded with two sales from the demanding woman who was clearly enjoying the experience of a truly subservient assistant serving her needs.

As she waited for the credit card transaction to come through she commented to Miss Hillsbrough that she would come again and recommend the shop to her friends.

“I am very impressed with the level of service,” she said as she tucked her American Express Card back into her purse. “But, I am curious as to that...”

Her finger pointed at the livid bruise that was half covered by a small sticking plaster that adorned his thigh.

Frank stuttered and finally said: “Miss Hillsbrough...”

“Darling,” said Debs to her friend, “what were you up to?”

“I was not totally satisfied that Frank here was in agreement with my choices so I had a little fun!”

“With your heels?”

“Of course, Frank likes to satisfy!”

The two women were now talking as though Frank was not present. The naked sales assistant was of no consequence even though it was him that they were talking about.

“Are you saying that you tested your new shoes on the assistant?” giggled Debs.

“Frank, here likes to serve. Perhaps you should try it?”

“That might be a little intimate for me, Mary! He does not look to be all that well-endowed anyway!”

“I would never let it get that far,” declared Mary as she picked up her umbrella and unlocked the door. “He is just here to serve and satisfy the customers, he does as he is told. Don’t you Frank?”

Frank nodded and felt his prick start to respond as he realised that what Miss Hillsbrough had spoken a truth that was coming to pass. He was becoming no more than a fixture or fitting in Mrs Verbero’s shop. A small service that was being offered, a facility that came with the price of the merchandise.

The two women walked into the street and the light rain that now fell in place of the earlier deluge. The last thing that Frank heard as the door closed was Mrs Deborah James saying that she would recommend the shop to all of her friends!

TWELVE

TRODDEN ON

Spiked Soul did not outwardly change.

It presented a face to the street of a small window that displayed a single pair of high heels without a price label. Every now and again a curious woman rang the bell and was informed that only members of the Heel Club could enter the shop, unfortunately.

“How do I gain the membership,” they sometimes asked.

“By introduction of another member of course,” was always the reply. “I am afraid that the member list is full at the moment...”

The membership list was extensive, but exclusive. It comprised the women who Miss Hillbrough and her friends had patiently added. Women in their twenties to their seventies who appreciated the special service that was offered by the owner, Mrs Katie Verbero.

All of this exclusive club of women had a few things in common. They were able to afford to buy shoes priced beyond the level of a month’s salary of a normal person. They all made use of the shoe-slut who slaved for their pleasure in their various ways. They fed his fetish and reinforced his subservience at their whim

Frank found himself in a fantasy world that rivalled his now abandoned Internet daydream. He massaged the feet of his customers. He kissed their feet after each sale. He was dressed and undressed by those women who desired it.

A wave of the hand was enough to signal what it was that they wanted. Occasionally they allowed his tongue to travel up their stockings and perform intimate kisses, but that was more unusual.

Frank was rarely mistreated and when he was he just accepted the exploitation and abuse as a part of his job. He spent all his waking moments living shoes and stockings, his apartment was full of all the pairs of stilettos that had been cast off by their owners as they added new pairs to their collections.

Every now and again Mrs Verbero entered the shop to herself be fitted with new shoes and never once did this queen of his fantasies indulge in the service that she herself organised.

She remained a distant pipedream for Frank, the woman who had trapped him in his own fantasy world, but never realised the dream.

On the other hand Christina enjoyed her power over the subdued Frank and allowed herself more and more license to exploit it.

She shared in the bonus that he got every time that he made a sale.

“It’s only fair that the manager gets some reward from her assiduous organisation of the salesman’s workload,” said Mrs Verbero with a small smile. “Eighty per cent is not such a lot when you consider that it is Christina’s hard work in the background that makes the shop such a success!”

Frank found his salary shrink and wither away under the costs that Christina added to his bill. Every pair of used shoes that he took home, every cup of coffee that he served and every mistake that he made was added to a bill that was balanced against his salary.

“You really cannot expect the shop to reduce its profit to your benefit, Frank,” she had said at one of his appraisals. “I have decided to add the charges for the keys to your costs as well, after all you give them away and have to consider the sheer cost of a membership of three hundred, each with her own key!”

Every morning she followed the ‘daily task list’ by a little light relief.

It had started by her supervising his new uniform. A sort of butler, a Victorian servant’s uniform that emphasised his position under the sole of the clients, pinned by the heels of the women who arrived in the shop to enjoy a little light entertainment and the pleasure of their superiority.

The next addition was the inspection!

Christina watched him change into his uniform and commented that his personal grooming was perhaps not suitable.

“I think that you would look far more attractive if you waxed all that excess hair away,” she said as her fingers pulled at his pubic hair. “Smooth like a patent shoe, in fact that gives me a wonderful idea that would be such a great attraction. I think that perhaps a small tattoo of the name of the shop and our stiletto logo would look so attractive if it was put there instead of all those nasty curls!”

Of course Frank had to pay for the work and naturally Christina was not satisfied when she realised that a waxing only lasted a week.

“I think that a permanent solution might be required,” she had insisted.

The result was a smooth and well-presented Frank with his erect prick standing in the instep arch of a picture of a stiletto.

Each change was presented as a small thing that he should do for the sake of the shop. Each was a furthering of his career even though the position of manageress had been given to Christina permanently months before by the dissatisfied Mrs Verbero as she listed another litany of small complaints, ‘that just spoiled his otherwise perfect record’ at his assessment meeting.

Five months after that assessment came the next little move in the game of chess that Frank had long since lost.

“Some of our customers are a little upset that you get an erection every time that you massage their feet and legs,” said Christina as if it was all part of a natural problem that had been bothering her for a little while. “I think that we have to understand that, even though they prefer you to serve naked, that it is necessary for them to have a say whether they allow you to become excited or not. It is just a matter of politeness!”

The result of this was the fitting of a metal chastity device that then had a lock that could only be opened with the small key that was given to the members of Spiked Soul so that they had private access to the shop.

The handing out of these keys was taken from his control even though he found that he still had to pay to have them made and cut.

“It would be so terrible if one of the keys got astray,” said Christina as she put them all in a small safe under the till. “It would be even worse if you made the mistake of thinking that your pleasure was more important than the service that you offer our clients! I would hate to think that you are wanking outside of shop hours and indulging some private fantasy that involved me!”

In reaction to all these changes, Frank could have walked out.

There was nothing stopping him parting company from Spiked Soul except the grip that the two women who ran it had managed to get on his psyche. He could no longer imagine life without all these women who so haughtily oppressed him. His thoughts were consumed by the shoes and feet of the women that he served. Frank Earnest Lye had been guided into a cul-de-sac of sexuality that admitted no exit. He was trapped in a world that was no longer a fantasy, it was his reality.

He had at last become the shoe-slut that served and begged for release.

One more humiliation, one more small adjustment, needed to be added to confirm his status. One last idea that Mrs Katie Verbero had been given, that would squeeze the last possible resistance from him and make him hers.

THIRTEEN

THROAT AND VAMP

It was a suggestion from Miss Verbero's husband that triggered off the final stage.

"Poor little Frank," he had said. "at the feet of all those unscrupulous rich women who demand so much!"

"I don't think so," she smiled. "He loves it really, he is actually a willing participant in his own demise!"

"I'm not so sure," came the reply. "It is you and Christina that determined his path from the start and he has always been presented with choices that allowed no real option!"

"Just be glad that I do not want a husband who is a slave to my passions!"

"I am. I do not think that I could resist you either!"

"That's good to hear, love, but what I want from you is what I get..."

"Well he has some things to be grateful for I suppose," said Katie's husband as he turned on the sofa to kiss her.

He felt her lips touch his and her hand burrow beneath his clothes in search of the hardness that was starting to make itself felt.

"What is he grateful for then?" she asked as she freed him from the restriction of his trousers.

"Well, for one, that you do not sell men's shoes!"

Her lips had been parting to take in the head of his prick when he said the words. They parted and then she started to laugh as she was caught in a fit of the giggles at the thought.

"That's an idea!"

"Really Katie, you can't do that to him!"

"If I want," she giggled at the thought. "What else has he to be grateful for?"

"That you allow him out of the shop. You have the power to make his whole world a few square metres of perpetual service."

He felt her teeth lightly on the tip of his cock as she took him in. He smiled with satisfaction and relaxed as she played with her lips and tongue, tasting and sucking a cock that was gripped at its root by a firm hand.

She lay in his lap and lifted her feet to show him the heels that she was wearing. As she did so her skirt rode up to reveal those creamy thighs that parted to show stocking tops and a glimpse of pussy and ass that made him lust for her all the more.

She was such a delicious bitch!

After a long slow fucking, she sat astride his cock and ran a finger over his face. Every contour, lips and eyes was explored as the two lovers enjoyed that slow slip into contented passivity that came as an afterthought to a deep screw.

“Do you really think that it’s possible to chain him up in the shop?”

“Why not, dear,” he mumbled. “Why not go the whole way and control his every move?”

“I could, I suppose!” she muttered as she felt him stiffen a little, pressing into the matrix of her sex with his renewed interest. “I could save his salary as well!”

“It’s always the money with you,” he laughed.

“The money is mine, the shop is mine and now the assistant is mine,” she said as her hand slipped down to guide him into her dripping cunt. “But, it’s less the money than playing with him that amuses me so much.”

He sighed as she slipped on to his cock and kissed him passionately.

“Bitch!”

“That’s right. I am a bitch! It’s your idea so you can help me to make it part of his existence,” she gasped as she felt him rise and take her.

“Do you promise?”

“Of course, whatever you need!”

“Whatever I need!”

It was always Monday.

That was always the day when the two scheming women introduced new torments into Frank’s life. He always returned from a weekend in apprehension at what Monday would bring.

Three weeks ago it had been the announcement from Christina that he should wear stilettos as a part of his uniform.

“I am sure that you should experience them first hand,” she said as she produced the six inch heels from behind the counter. “Try them on and wear them all day!”

At first it had been just one day a week, within a two weeks he was wearing one of the three pairs that Christina had had made all the time that he served in the shop.

“Of course you will have to pay for them which means that you will owe the shop money at the end of next month and the month after because they cost a fortune to have made for you,” she had said with grim finality.

“How will I pay my rent?” he had asked as he looked down at the shoes with lust and worry filling his mind.

“I will ask Mrs Verbero how we will arrange the money, because she insisted that you have at least twenty pairs of shoes for work and you will have to pay for them all yourself.”

Christina saw a tear gather at the corner of his eye and smiled inwardly. Now he was in another crisis between the lust and hunger that he suffered from as against the pressure of his real life.

The next Monday came the next dreadful announcement. This time it was Katie that arrived to present a fait accompli that he would see as a straw to grab before he was sucked down by the whirlpool of his addiction and dependence to his fetish.

“I have decided that you are right,” she said to Frank as she admired his heels. “You will not be able to afford the rent on your flat so I have decided to offer you accommodation.”

“Thank you so much,” said Frank as he felt a weight lift from his thoughts. “But, then I will owe you the rent!”

“Of course,” said Mrs Verbero with a small chuckle. “But I will defer the payment until you have finished paying for your uniform and all the new shoes that Christina has picked for you. Look at this lovely pair!”

She held up the platforms for his inspection. A small padlock on the ankle strap would make sure that he could not escape their grip.

“A bargain at four thousand pounds, I am sure that you will agree when you realise that they were especially made to order by Jimmy Choo’s and you know how much that costs!”

“But...”

“No ‘buts’ are allowed now, Frank! You will live in the shop in two weeks’ time; I am having the small stock room made into accommodation for you. It is perfect because it means that you will be able to serve on days that you normally would be wasting on things that are of no interest to me.”

A week later, on Monday, Frank arrived to find that the rear of the stockroom was being worked on by the builders.

The work that he had to do dusting all the mess and keeping everything perfect took up every waking moment so that he never looked behind the builder's thick wooden screen to see what his new room would look like.

On Friday it was finished and Christina told him that he would be moving in on Sunday.

“Don't bother bringing clothes, bedding or any personal items. For the moment we will put the entire contents of your flat in storage ready for the time when you have paid for all the debts that you have signed for. I suppose that if you are truly frugal it will take only a few short years to pay off the debt that you owe Mrs Verbero.”

A truck arrived on the Sunday and picked up all of the contents of his flat. Frank did not accompany the truck; he just never thought to distrust Christina despite the way that she oppressed him.

The truck went to the local incinerator and all those carefully packed boxes and suitcases were consigned to the blue gas flames. They fell from the lorry in a slow parabola that finished with the cartons smashing onto the pile of refuse that would be dropped into the kiln a day later; as its insatiable hunger devoured his CD's, clothes, stereo, documents and the rest of his life. Computer, porn and DVD's of fantasies that had been made real and solid by the woman who now owned him.

If he but knew it!

He arrived by bus and entered the shop.

He changed into his uniform and slipped on the shoes that had been laid out for him.

He was checked by Christina, was the rigid stainless tube properly locked?

Did he wish to see his new room?

Frank nodded and was led by his manageress to the back of the stockroom. A wall of bars now covered the end of the stockroom and looked into a small cell that harboured a folding bed and a small chest of drawers.

“What do you think?” said Christina as she turned to him.

“It's very small...” was all he could think of to say.

“It is enough for you, Frank,” she said. “Make sure that you thank Mrs Verbero nicely for thinking of you. Meanwhile there is work to do and a client is booked for eleven O'clock, so get a move on.”

“Who is it?” he asked.

“Mrs Gladstone.”

His heart sank with disappointment. Mrs Gladstone was such a nasty piece of work. She always threatened to fuck his ass with her spikes, but she had never gone that far yet. On the other hand he always had the feeling that she was just building up her courage to rape him that way. That one day he would be taken and she would climax as he cleaned her spikes with his tongue after thanking her for deflowering him.

Frank sighed.

There was just no escaping it. Mrs Gladstone, all eighteen stone of her, was one of the best customers and often bought three pairs of shoes at a time. It would never be any use complaining because she was one of the most valuable clients as well as one of the most aggressive.

Christina saw the emotions on his face and felt exultant that she was able to take part in this little play. This was better than she had ever expected this destruction of a man's ego and self-worth. It was like a drug that demanded ever greater doses. A drug that destroyed another victim and not the user; the perfect drug.

That first night as an inhabitant of the shop opened Frank's eyes to the life that his employer and her manager were expecting him to live in the accommodation that they had so generously provided.

Christina locked him in his cell with a clang of the metal bars.

"For insurance purposes we cannot allow anyone to have access to the stock after hours," she said. "You will find a chamber pot under the bed."

She turned out the lights to leave Frank in the grim and slight light that the one small barred window allowed to enter way over his head.

"Goodnight! I'll be back at ten to open the shop."

He spent the night under the thin sheet in the darkened room. For a while the ghostly shapes of those familiar boxes filled his sight until at last the darkness was complete and he could do nothing else but sleep on the camp bed.

The second night was better as he accommodated himself to his shoe surrounded prison. Christina watched him eat the cold porridge that she gave him and then made him lick the bowl clean.

"It's not my job to feed you, Frank," she said, "but, Mrs Verbero has decided that you are not to leave the shop. She does not want those expensive stilettos to get worn on the street so you'll just have to stay in the shop."

"Mrs Verbero has a special surprise for you next Monday. I hope that you'll be on your best behaviour because her husband will be accompanying her and she told me that if you do not show delight at her news she will be inclined to punish you!"

This was the first time that actual punishment had ever been mentioned. Yes, he had been punished and fined. He was continually struggling to avoid sanctions, but the idea that his employer had the right to punish him finally settled his status as slave to Mrs Verbero and Christina.

Not that the thought ever entered his head that he was in reality a slave. He was an employee of Mrs Verbero, a top salesman, a friend and colleague of his Christina. His sense of proportion had disappeared with the clothes that he had worn when he had arrived two days ago. Now all he had was the uniform and stilettos that he did not have the key for!

“I’ll bet you that he will finally rebel,” said Katie’s husband as they walked to the shop down Bond Street. “You took a shoe fetishist and just pushed him down that road to the bitter end. A year’s work and he is now more or less a slave to your shop, but this will push him over the edge and there will be nothing that you can do to stop him leaving the shop if he really wants to.”

“One thing that you have just said is absolutely correct,” replied his wife. “He is consensually a slave to me and Christina. He has always been offered a choice in the path that we led him down. On the other hand I personally think that consensual and forced no longer describe the situation.”

“You mean that he is so conditioned that he just obeys, without thought that he could refuse?”

“Unequivocally that,” she replied as they reached the door and let themselves into the small shop.

“It amazes me just how much money you can make in such a small space,” said her husband as they entered the shop. “In a month...”

His wife silenced him with a small hiss.

“Never mention profit inside the premises. Never mention money!”

There was the sound of steps, of high heels and Frank entered the main fitting room. It was the first time that he had seen a man in the shop. It was almost a dislocation for a man to be there. Something that did not belong in a place where women satisfied their lust for shoes and service.

Frank was not sure what to say and ended up making a small bow that might have been a curtsy if he had been wearing a skirt. Mrs and Mr Verbero sat on the sofa and admired Frank in his tight striped butler’s uniform. Somehow it was feminine without being actually ‘female looking’.

“I have been hearing good things about you,” said the man with a smile. “I understand that you have more sales than any of the others in any of my wife’s other shops. Even in Paris!”

“You’ll be making him big headed if you go on like that,” said Katie as he put a hand on her husband’s knee. “On the other hand why deny it? He is the best and is about to become even better!”

“I hope so, I so want to please,” said Frank as he looked at Mrs Verbero’s shoes. Red and glossy, striped with thin black seams that curved to the heels and widened at the heel tip.

“That’s perfect then because we are considering allowing men to join our little club. You know, husbands and boyfriends of the members of Spiked Soul. What do you think of that?”

She smiled at his confusion.

“Would I have to... serve them?”

“Of course you will. You will learn, I am sure!”

“But...”

“I know, the men will be much more aggressive sexually and you are not inclined that way. Frank, you will just have to accept that I am your employer and I know best what is paramount for the business!

“I know that you have made some useful additions to the shop and that you almost made it to manager, but surely you see that there is a huge market of boyfriends and husbands who can buy shoes for the important women in their life?”

“The market is there...”

Mrs Verbero interrupted him: “I’m so glad that you agree.”

As she spoke her hand wandered to her husband’s trousers and released his stiffening prick. It sprang proud and solid like the spike of her shoes. A prong that needed attention from the salesman.

“There is so much for you to learn, Frank. You need to learn to accept that every job has a side that is a joy to do and a side that is not so enjoyable. This is that part!”

Her finger crooked and she summoned him to step forward to stand between her husband’s legs.

“Kneel!”

Frank knelt.

He was facing a massive organ that was the centre of his world. The foreskin was drawn back by Mrs Verbero to show a tip that could have been purple patent leather. The small eye of the cock winked at him and a single drop of crystal clear fluid gathered in oily anticipation of the lips that were poised to satisfy its lust.

“Pull like this,” said Mrs Verbero with a small pressure of the hand that made the prick rear like a cobra, “I know that you have not been allowed to use yours for a while, but you must instinctively know what works best!”

Her other hand rested on the back of his head and applied just a small amount of pressure to guide those lips over the waiting tower of need that waited and ached for contact.

“That’s better,” she said as his mouth opened and slowly enclosed the tip.

She stopped pressing on his head and allowed him to willingly suck her husband slowly. One foot moved to rest on Frank’s thigh and pushed the heel into his flesh as he attended to her man. The small pain was enough for Frank’s resistance to melt.

Finally Mrs Verbero was interested in him, finally he could feel her heel on his skin, digging in and making his cock try to become erect.

‘Maybe she will move to my cock,’ he hoped as he sucked the cock that seemed to fill his mouth.

He could feel the pressure on his thigh increase and slide to his groin. The sole on his own prick, on the exposed tip that pushed from its metal prison. He could feel that he might climax despite the chastity tube that was locked on to him! Just the thought of her paying him this attention was too much.

He concentrated on making her husband pleased with his service. He swallowed the prick and slid his lips over that uneven skin with a will as he felt himself beginning to leak come.

Then the spike, then the sole, the pressure built as he sucked to completion. For a moment the prick bucked of its own will and then it pumped come into his throat with a will.

Mrs Verbero’s husband sighed and pulled the shoe slut from him.

“Not bad at all, Frank. You’ll do.”

Mrs Verbero looked down at the shoe sluts pants and pulled a face.

“Frank, you have come, despite all of our precautions to the contrary. I think that we are going to have to reconsider how we restrain you when you have to serve men. It will not do that you enjoy their cocks so much that you come in your pants every time unless it is what they want!”

“I’m so sorry,” wept Frank with a small whine. “I could not help it when you rested your foot on me!”

“That’s no excuse, Frank. It will never happen again, that much I can be sure.”

“He is not finished yet,” said Mrs Verbero’s husband.

He pointed at the come that was dribbling down his still half erect cock.

“You should never leave a drop!”

FOURTEEN

THE POINT

Frank sat in his cage and ran his hand down his leg. It reached the strap that was locked around his ankle and fondled the lock that kept the shoe in place. His fingers slid over the patent leather to the top of that spike heel and had to make the choice... They chose for him and slid down to the sharp point that touched the floor like a sharpened needle. That was the point of his servitude. His need, his lust for shoes.

He was not in reality a slave to Mrs Verbero!

He was not even a slave to Christina, Miss Hillbrough or any of the myriad of women who used him.

He was a slave to their shoes, their boots, their heels and their uppers. He was consumed by yearning for those shoes and boots and there was little space left in his fevered mind for something else.

Once the process had been set in motion, once the stone began to roll downhill he had allowed the slope to take him where it willed.

Willingly.

Consensually.

He knew that there would be other things for him to do, other things that those women would think that they were making him do.

But he knew better what was in his own mind.

He knew that he was being led, not forced to serve.

His fingers enjoyed the spike and the cool metal that tipped it and he felt his cock struggle to expand in the confines of that capped tube that contained it.

It was the spike that made it all worthwhile.

It was the spike that held him in thrall to rape his imagination and hold him.

It was the spike that fucked his mind.

It pinned him and ravished him.

Willingly...

THE END

Road Trip

ONE

Happiness Is The Road

The road stretched into the distance.

It lured the eye to that distant location on the horizon where the parallel lines of the shimmering tarmac met at a point. Empty of traffic and lined with bare fields of harvested corn, the distant mountains on the horizon were just slight undulations that disturbed an otherwise level skyline.

Graham sat on the dry grass and drank from his water bottle as he squinted in both directions. This was where he had been dropped by his last lift, a local who had turned at the dusty intersection and headed south, off route thirty six. Far away to the east was New York, the place that he had begun his tour of the USA. That had been a month ago, sixty days of wandering here and there, wherever the urge or the lifts took him.

In general he had not been bothered where each lift had taken him because he was meandering without a plan, just a credit card and a day's rations in his pack.

Originally he had planned hitch with Carol his girlfriend of two years or so, but they had split up, partly over his craving for this road trip.

So here he was in the middle of Kansas, contemplating the horizon and the distant mountains in the west that were his target. The shimmering heat of the summer sun on the blacktop melted the view with ripples of liquid heat as he sipped the water.

Screwing closed the lid of the bottle he carefully replaced it in his pack and pulled out the creased map that was his only guide and plan. His finger traced the straight road to Marysville where he hoped to be by nightfall, possibly the last stop before he reached Denver at the foot of those distant mountains that that had lured him west.

With a sigh he stood and looked down the highway to the east. A slight movement caught his eye, a smear of red that crept towards him with deceptive slowness.

Instinctively he combed his hair with his fingers and focussed on the approaching vehicle.

Each hitch was different, each one a quantity that he had to adjust to with the mentality of a chameleon. A lorry driver hungry to talk to relieve the boredom, a local farmer on his way to deliver his stock or buy provisions. Sometimes a family or single man on their way to some distant destination.

The red dot resolved to certainty, a red pickup driven at a slow pace that crawled towards him until he could see the woman driving and the man beside her. He felt a twinge of disappointment because both seats were filled, leaving no space for a casual passenger.

At a hundred yards he held out his arm and waited to see if there would be a response, but he had no real hope of a lift to Marysville from this couple. Far behind he could see another approaching car, another chance, a possible hitch.

The pickup slowed, and pulled into the verge by him.

“Where you planning on going?” said the man to him through the open window.

“Marysville,” answered Graham with a smile. “If you’re going that way.”

“Near Washington’s where we’re heading.”

“That’s even better,” said Graham.

“You’d better get in then...”

The door of the pickup opened and the man got out. Despite the worn look of the pickup the man was dressed in brand new jeans and polished boots. Graham slung his pack into the back of the truck and climbed in next to the attractive female driver.

“All right,” said the man as he climbed into the cab and slammed the door closed with a clunk. “We have a farm up by Washington way.”

The pickup started with a clash of gears and pulled onto the road with a steady roar of the engine.

“Washington would be great. I’m heading for Denver.”

The man laughed and stretched out his legs in the foot well.

“Where you staying in Marysville?” asked the woman without looking away from the road.

“No idea, I’ll find a motel.”

“You can stay the night with us if you like,” said the woman with a grin. “Sure beats a motel anyways.”

This sudden generosity on the part of the young couple was like a breath of fresh air after the last lift that had left him in the middle of nowhere after promising to drop him in Marysville.

“My name’s Graham,” he said. “Graham Kleist.”

“Well hi there, Graham,” said the man. “I’m Bill and this is Florrie. Welcome aboard!”

Graham looked at Florrie and admired her tight jeans and tighter shirt that was stretched over large breasts and muscular arms.

The hint of a tattoo reached from under the cuffs of the shirt and she wore sunglasses and her hair was pulled into two bunches.

Strong features partly covered by the large sunglasses, striking rather than beautiful, purposeful rather than frivolous.

The expensive watch that she wore seemed at odds with her casual cowboy clothes.

“We own a small farm, mainly pigs and chickens, but there’s a few acres of corn as well.”

“Sounds like it keeps you busy,” said Graham.

“Sure does! Always working, that’s us!” said Florrie as she allowed a green sports car to pass. “Non-stop work, but we love raising pigs!”

The conversation did what it always did. It revealed the lives of the participants in casual words. By the time that they were ten miles from Washington, Graham had told them about the breakup with Carol and his dreams of a road trip that would take him to San Francisco and they had told him a little about themselves. The farm had belonged to Bill’s parents, but after they died in an accident, he married Florrie and took it over.

A few miles short of the small town of Washington, Kansas, they turned to head south, off the highway down a narrow track that made the pickup rock and rattle in the ruts of the well-worn road. Finally they came to a gate and Bill jumped out of the pickup to open it.

The track led another mile until the white house and farm buildings came into view.

“That’s the homestead,” said Florrie as they pulled up by the porch of the massive house. “Used to be called Stallion Farm, but we call it Hogland!”

She laughed at her little joke and grimaced as the smell of the pigs arrived with a breath of wind.

“Sure spoils the effect of home cooking,” she said.

A large motorbike stood under a lean to by the house, a Harley soft-tail tricked out with leather saddlebags and leather fringes hanging from every part of the polished machine.

“That’s a great bike,” said Graham.

“It’s more than a bike,” said Florrie. “It’s a lifestyle and a part of the family.”

“Do you ride?” asked Bill.

“No, never done the licence,” said Graham. “Thought about it though!”

“Round here it’s a must. You know for the society.”

Graham got his rucksack and followed the pair into the house. His impression was of slight dilapidation and disorder, mix and matched furniture and old fashioned fittings.

“I have to thank you so much for this,” said Graham as he followed them into the airy kitchen. “I mean putting me up like this.”

“It’s nothing,” said Florrie as she pulled out a couple of pans and squinted into the huge ancient fridge. “It’s sure good to have company.”

Bill pulled up a chair and sat at the table before licking off his boots.

“Florrie’s right,” he said. “It’s what’s missing here, good company.”

It was already two in the morning when the bottle was finally finished. The empty bottle was pushed to the side and the glasses were raised in a toast.

“To the pigs,” said Graham as he lifted the bourbon and let it slip over his pallet.

He could feel waves of alcohol and tiredness sweep over him. Bill appeared similarly the worse for wear, but Florrie seemed to shrug of the effects of the bourbon with a casual shrug.

“She’s a real drinker, our Florrie,” Bill had said just an hour before. “Drinks us all under the table.”

“Drinking you under the table is not exactly difficult,” she smiled.

Her shirt was open to the third button allowing Graham to see a generous portion of décolletage that was fringed by the lines of a tattoo. He tried not to stare, but in his drunken state he could not resist.

“No peeking, Graham,” she admonished him. “That’s not polite!”

Graham mumbled an apology and hung his head. The drink had left him befuddled and dazed and he longed to get to a bed and sleep to stop his head turning.

At last Florrie drained her glass and Bill stood unsteadily, his hand resting on the back of a chair.

“You city types,” he said to Graham, “just don’t understand farming. You have to do it for years and then you’ll see what real work is!”

“I don’t think that it’s something I want to do,” replied Graham.

“You might change your mind,” answered Florrie.

“Don’t think so,” mumbled Graham.

“Don’t be so sure!”

The bed was soft and fresh. Metal framed like an old fashioned hospital bed it creaked when he crept onto the covers. The sheets were fresh and crisp and the room smelled of lavender.

Graham pulled off his shoes and tossed his rucksack under the bed. Too drunk to undress, he laid on the sheets and felt the room spinning around in his head. The room was dark, his eyelids were heavy.

He slipped into a deep slumber, the sleep of exhaustion and bourbon.

TWO

The Society Of The Road

What woke Graham was the roar of a motor. A deep throbbing with an overlying roar that shook the windows in their panes. Actually it was the roar of several engines overlying each other. One by one they were silenced until at last there was the tick over of just one bike left, a throb that made his head ache with the sharp pain of a hangover.

Finally that noise was stilled and there was silence in the room.

He rolled over and felt a sharp pain in his wrist, a cutting pain that made him gasp with agony. He looked at his hand and saw that he had been handcuffed by one wrist to the post of the bed.

For a moment, in his confusion, he could not understand what was obvious to his eyes. He pulled at the cuffs as though they would fall off at a tug. The pain was terrible as the cold steel bit into his wrist and the cuffs tightened another notch.

Graham stared at the handcuffs and wondered at their meaning before he noticed something else that had been different when he had crawled into bed. He was sure that he had crawled onto the bed clothed, now he was naked.

In panic he looked around for his clothes and shoes, but they were not there. He looked under the bed and saw that his rucksack too, was gone. He was about to cry out for Bill, but then he realised that it must have been Bill that had done this to him. Calling for help from Bill might just be the wrong thing to do!

He tried to calm his throbbing head. He was on the verge of a headache that threatened to overwhelm him in waves of pounding hurt. He looked around the room for inspiration. The keys were not in sight so maybe there was some other tool that he could use to at least get free of the cuffs.

From outside the window he heard a woman's voice. Maybe it was Florrie? No! Some other woman who was supressing a low giggle, controlling a fit of laughter.

"Are we gonna play hide and seek?"

Then silence.

Graham's eye was drawn to the small bed side cabinet. He opened the top drawer to find a few odds and ends. A hairgrip! He took the small piece of wire and stretched it straight with trembling fingers.

For a minute he fumbled as he tried to lift the ratchet that bit the teeth of the metal loop that crushed his wrist. At last he managed to jiggle and work it in and the cuff fell open with a small clink.

Taking a sheet he wrapped himself like a Roman senator in a toga and tiptoed to the door. He peeped through the keyhole to see the kitchen where he had spent last night drinking. The empty bottles lay on the table where they had been left, but his field of vision was narrow and he could see little else.

He crept to the window and twitched the thin curtains to look outside cautiously. On the dust of the yard was the pickup and six of those huge Harleys like the one that Bill owned. His heart dropped with fear as he saw the jacket casually hung over one of the bikes.

'Hell's Angels.'
'Slaver's Chapter.'

“Shit,” he muttered. “Shit and fuck!”

His fingers slid up the parted slit in the curtain and found the catch that held the sash window closed. He turned it and eased the window up so slowly. Slowly, slowly with exaggerated care until it was open. Finally he risked parting the curtains and looking to see if the way was clear.

Outside it was so quiet that he could hear the birds singing and the slight clinking of the metal ornaments on the parked bikes rattling in the breeze.

Finally, sure that the way was clear, he started to climb out of the window. Gently he extended a leg out of the window and quested for the boards of the veranda with his toes. His foot resting firmly on the boards, Graham climbed out of the window just as a woman's voice came from the open kitchen window.

“I think that we should wake him now! Fucking wanker's had enough sleep by now...”

Graham stood on the veranda and took a fast look around him. It was obvious that he had to get away regardless of leaving wallet, clothes and rucksack behind.

He started to run for the shed, the first building that blocked the vision of the surroundings from the house. It was not just cover it would conceal him as he headed away from the house.

His bare feet hurt with the stones in the yard. Cosseted for years in shoes and trainers they hurt with the small stones of the uneven surface.

He took one last look at the house and headed around the back of the shed. He could hear the sound of the hogs and their rank smell coming from within. He climbed a fence behind the shed and ran for the nearest rise.

It was just fifty yards, a short dash but as he sank down into the dry stream bed beyond he felt winded. His head throbbed unmercifully from the alcohol, his feet were bleeding and the sheet was torn from climbing the fence, but he escaped the house for now.

Behind him he heard a sound that brought him from his reverie and made his heart beat with terror.

Voices.

Shouting in a confused medley!

They had found that their victim had escaped the nest. He stumbled forward down the stream bed hoping that it would remain a gully for a while to allow him to stay below the level of the ground.

He stubbed his toe and looked down to see that he was leaving small partial footprints with his bleeding feet. Panic took him. Horror of the nightmare that had taken him in its arms.

He stumbled down the bed of the stream, hopping from one flat stone to the other to save the soles of his feet. Behind him he could hear the distant confusion turning to order as the surprised Hell's Angels organised themselves. A shrill series of what sounded like orders in a woman's voice and then the shouting was over.

A motor started and then faded as it drove out of hearing.

All he could hear now was the panting and gasping of his own breath as he staggered on with increasing fear making all judgment impossible.

He just had to escape!

A singing in his ears added to his gasping as the stream bed opened out to reveal the distant horizon. There was the highway, that black ribbon just a mile or two away across the broken terrain of cropped corn fields and stony dry waterways.

He tried to crouch as he moved but it gave him a stitch in his side, a searing agony as his body betrayed him. A hundred yards on he came to another dried stream bed that had a few sparse trees growing by its banks. He almost fell into the cover and crouched by the bole of a tree trying to dispel the agony of the hammering that filled his head and the matching pain of the stitch.

Finally his breathing calmed and he began to take stock of his problem. Simply put, he had no resources and he had to get miles to even have a chance of finding help. All the cards were in the hands of those who had stripped him and left him handcuffed to a bed.

He crawled so slowly to the lip of the miniature canyon that he was in and peeped over the gnarled root of the tree that shaded him.

He had a split-second warning of movement.

Not enough time to react, but enough time to register the boot that caught his temple and knocked him the six feet onto the hard rocks of the dry stream bed. He lay face up and saw a figure silhouetted against the sky.

Leather jeans and knee high cowboy boots, she looked down at him with a smile on her face.

“Look what I found,” she said. “It’s our little runaway pig! Time to go back to the farm little piggy, time to get slaughtered!”

THREE

The Low Road

With his wrists in cuffs, no longer wrapped in the sheet, Graham stumbled to keep up with the young girl who had captured him. His feet hurt so badly but she had pulled a thin rope through the cuffs and almost dragged him at her speed.

He was led to the sway of her hips; the firm tread of her boots and the slight tugs that she gave on the rope. She wore a loose shirt that was open almost to her waist. As she had cuffed him, Graham had had a glimpse of round breasts that were covered by a slew of tattoos that formed a mismatched jigsaw of roses, skulls and words across that soft skin.

He could not resist, he was too shocked by his fall and the events of the last hour to put up any resistance. He was hers to pull behind her like a stray puppy that had been rounded up at the end of the garden after a short pursuit.

As the owner and the leashed pup entered the yard a group of two men and three women whooped with cat calls and wolf whistles at the bizarre pair, one naked and hand cuffed, the other a smiling woman in her twenties who took a small ironic bow and gave a jerk on the rope as she did so to make Graham stumble and fall to his knees in the dust.

“Why are you doing this?” he cried plaintively as he rested on palms and knees at the feet of the woman who held the rope. “What have I done?”

“It’s not what you’ve done, darling,” said his captor. “This is more about what you will do...”

Tears welled in his eyes as he looked up at her face for a sign of pity or perhaps kindness, but all he saw was triumph and harshness.

“Please...”

Graham felt a tap on the shoulder and he looked up to see Florrie smiling down at him. It was not a pleasant smile it was more like satisfaction that he had been caught.

“Can’t have our little piglet running away can we?” she asked rhetorically. “You are worth more than you imagine.”

“What do you mean?” asked Graham.

There was a pause and then she struck. A slap that was almost as hard as a punch, broadside to the face with her open hand it left his head reeling from the force of the blow.

“You belong to us now,” she said. “You are ours to prepare and sell; you are just meat like all the other pigs on this farm. We run a few businesses between here and Denver. Fuck-pigs is just one of them, so be a good little piglet and shut the fucking fuck up!”

Her boot lifted from the dust and took a little kick between his open thighs. The toe caught his balls making him cry with pain as she laughed. Her foot lifted and came down to rest on his thigh with a finality that signified ownership.

“You go to Nebraska for some training with some friends of ours and then we will sell you on. Possibly to Mexico or possibly somewhere else. Maybe we will keep you, who knows where your road trip will end.”

He looked up at her, the tight leather of her jeans and the half open shirt, her breasts adorned with a mass of smudged tattoos and writing. Her face was attractive there was no denying it, but the look on her face was hard and uncompromising.

“Tonight you are the entertainment for all of us,” she said, “and we are pretty demanding so expect to have a busy night.”

Florrie took the rope from the hand of the woman who had recaptured Graham and passed it to on to Bill, one of only two men present.

“Hang him up to wait for us,” said Florrie as she handed the lead to her boyfriend.

“With the pigs?” he asked.

“Don’t be so fucking stupid, Bill! I don’t want him covered with pig shit, put him with the others.”

Graham was led by Bill towards the pig shed. He stumbled behind as a door was opened that led down some steps into some sort of a cellar. The air was cool and for the first time Graham felt a shiver run over his naked body as he was led down twenty steps into a room that was lined with wire cages.

Most were empty and their doors swung wide with opened padlocks hanging waiting from the clasps. Graham caught a glimpse of two women in the cages. Naked and fearful, they looked at Bill and his captive and retreated to the back of their small cages as though they could hide from their owner.

“Brought you some company,” said Bill as he pulled down a hook from the ceiling. “He won’t be here long!”

Hooking the loop of rope that was Graham’s leash onto the hook he pulled the chain and Graham was pulled up by his wrists. The chain rattled through the block and tackle with a sawing sound until Graham was standing on his toes with his hands stretched above his head. The pain from the cuffs that bit his wrists was agony and Graham let out a groan as most of his weight hung from the steel manacles.

“Moan all you like, pig,” said Bill. “You’ll be screaming louder still when the girls get their hands on you!”

With that last comment he punched Graham hard in the stomach making him retch and cough as his stricken body tried to double up but stopped when all of his weight hung from his wrists.

“See you in a few hours, fuck pig!”

The door at the top of the stairs closed with a grim finality leaving Graham to be sick in the dark. Fear, the punch and the pain made him vomit the meagre contents of his stomach. The taste of bile in his mouth burned his tongue and lips as a thick liquid dribbled in stately progress from chin to groin and down his left leg to trickle at last to his foot and onto the hard stone floor.

At last it was over and the taste receded in his mouth to become a sour, bitter slobber that dripped from his lips. He managed to position himself and the rope gave a little to allow him to stand on the soles of his feet and rest the terrible biting cuffs on his wrists.

At last he understood what was happening, he had been taken by a biker-gang, a minor corps of the criminal underworld that straddled the nether regions between illegality and legitimacy. While they dealt in drugs, white-slaves, extortion and murder they posed as a club of bikers, a society of the road.

This gang was largely female it seemed, but that made no difference to Graham’s situation, he was nothing more than a chance captive that they had stumbled upon on the road.

He groaned as he moved a little to further relieve the pain in his arms and found firm footing.

“Who are you?”

The question came out of the dark, from one of the women held in the cages that Graham had seen built around the walls.

“Graham. Graham Kleist.”

“My name is Gerda,” said the disembodied voice in a rather plaintive tone from the darkness. “I have been here for a week now. At least I think that it is a week, it is so difficult to tell when you are only taken out and used at night and there is no regularity.”

Gerda started to sob and it was five minutes before she began to speak again.

“I have to talk because we have to know what the victim’s names are. That way if just one of us escapes they can go to the police and help get the others rescued.”

Another woman’s voice piped up from the total blackness.

“I’m not sure that I even remember my name anymore,” she said with a sob in her voice. “It feels like I have been trapped in this cage forever. Soon they will come again and do more horrible things to me and I will be put back in the cage ready for use, ready for more abuse.”

“There were five of us here just a little while ago,” said Gerda. “Three men and us two women.”

The other woman sobbed and then spoke a few words; “They told me that they were going to sell me to make snuff films...”

Her words hung on the air and Graham expected her to continue but there was just a silence, expectant and pregnant with fear. On the one hand Graham did not want to know what the future held. It was sure to be grim and painful. On the other he wanted to know what was going to happen, he had to know!

“Gerda, how did you get here? I was hitchhiking and took a ride from Bill and Florrie. They got me drunk and I wound up here, in a cage.”

Gerda sighed.

“I suppose that it will pass the time to tell you how I got here, in a cage in godforsaken Kansas,” she said.

Gerda's Story

“Back in about two thousand and five I passed my exam for the bar and was finally allowed to practice as a lawyer,” she started. “I took the exam rather late because I failed twice, but third was best and I passed with flying colours.”

As Gerda told her tale her voice calmed, the occasional sob broke into the story, but she warmed to telling the narrative. Occasionally Graham grunted to show her that he was listening and offer encouragement.

“I passed in Boston but I finally got a job in Topeka. Of course it was a long way to head out west, but the job was good and I got on the train. For about a year I worked quietly there doing all the things that a legal secretary does. You know filing and preparation and some of the background stuff on the cases.

It was pretty clear that I was going nowhere in Johnston, Black & Capelli so I applied to the public prosecutor's office in Topeka. To my surprise I got a job in the Asset Forfeitures Division helping seize the assets of criminals and drugs gangs.

The work is pretty involved, but interesting. I hooked up with one of the lawyers who works there, Steven Houghtonstone. I even moved in with him and it all seemed rosy for a couple of years. Then came the case against the White Angels. They were running the drugs and prostitution scene in east Kansas and Illinois. There was huge bust and half the gang ended up in state prisons.

They were kidnapping women for the brothels, shipping and transporting drugs and doing money laundering for some people in New York that we never managed to pin down.

I traced money that was moving to New York and Boston from Topeka. It was incredible the amounts. Millions of Dollars moved through banks and by couriers. The Asset Forfeitures Division traced and seized the money and I turned out to be the star witness that explained how the phone taps tied into the actual money.

I worked so hard at it, by night on the computer, by day interviewing and linking the string of couriers, eighty of them all together. Steve, my boyfriend, worked with me and helped join the dots.

How could I know that he was involved with the White Angels?

Fucking cunt!

Every move that I made, every line of investigation that I followed revealed a few small time criminals and money launderers, but no big fish at all, because Steve was always ahead of the game. That fucking little shit screwed me at night and screwed up my work during the day.

One Monday morning I used his laptop and found a list of telephone numbers. I am working with numbers all the time, and I have a good memory for figures, it meant that I recognised the third on the list as one that belonged to one of the crooked sharks that the White Angels used to cover court appearances.

Like a fool I confronted Steve at midday when we met up. He looked shocked and almost frightened, especially when I told him that I was going straight to the office and our boss with his laptop. We finished the meal and I said my goodbyes, I was so mad at him that I hurried to the office in Quincy Street.

It was like one of those actions movies because I was half way there, waiting at the lights of Seventh and South Kansas when a van pulled up and I was snatched from the street in broad daylight.”

There was a slight pause before Gerda continued.

“There were two of them in the van, a woman and a man, both White Angels. They cuffed me to the wooden panels in the van as it worked its way out of the city and headed north. I know that it was north because we went over the river.

They took me to an isolated farm and chained me up in a barn. I tried threatening them and tried to talk them out of it, but they never said a word in reply. I lay in the barn for a day before a car pulled up and there was Steve and a middle aged woman who I did not recognise.

She seemed to be in charge and Steve deferred to her in everything. He seemed pleased to be able to pass me off as a threat that he had eliminated, but she really burst his bubble!

‘Steve, you are a total fucking incompetent,’ she said in a strong New York accent as she looked at the laptop and realised how easily I had stumbled on his little secret.

‘Yes, you saved the day, but only because you dropped us in the shit in the first place! You are so totally incompetent...’

Steve looked crestfallen and said: ‘Irene, I apologise but...’

That’s how I know her name, ‘Irene’.

She was about one hundred and fifty pounds and was dressed like a million dollars and maybe fifty, fifty five. Not once had I seen an ‘Irene’ on any list from the White Angel case and I was even allowed to see the FBI case notes. I know that I’d remember because I have an Aunt called Irene and I always thought that the name was so old fashioned and pretty cute.

Anyway she dressed him down and threatened him like a mother scolds a small child before ordering him to kneel in the dust that covered the floor of the barn. I think that he thought that she was going to kill him. I would not have put it past her to pull a pistol from her suit pocket and blow his fucking head off.

She seemed so intense, but she just turned to me.

‘What are we going to do with you now?’ she asked and looked me over like a farmer checks out his cattle.

A small signal and the two silent women who had kidnapped me came and stripped me naked in several savage pulls on my clothes.

‘Not bad at all,’ said Irene. ‘Worth a few tens of thousands to the right man, no doubt. Mmm, nice tits and long legs, she would be ideal material. There are some women who would just love to own a piece of ass like you. On the other hand you are going to cost us much more if you manage to speak to the wrong person, so you’ll just have to be disposed of.’

I felt a chill go through my body and my knees gave way.

‘Please,’ I said. ‘I promise...’

‘You promise what, dear?’ she asked. ‘That you’ll be a good girl?’

She looked down at Steve grovelling in the dust and moved her foot slightly forward.

I’ll never forget it, what happened next, because Steve bent and kissed her feet, dust and all! Like a little puppy, the man who I had been thinking about marrying, kissed her foot until she withdrew the shoe and looked up to smile at me.

It was a triumphant smile.

‘Steve is a good boy, he will do as I tell him,’ she said. ‘Men who do as they are told get some rewards in my world. I have not decided what to do with him; but you can see that you mean nothing to him compared to his dread that I might wish to punish him. Isn’t that so Steven?’

‘I will do whatever you command, Irene,’ he mumbled as he looked up at her.

‘I know that you will, my dear, you are so useful at the moment that I may just decide to delay your punishment for all those mistakes. Fancy being so careless as to use my name in front of this bitch! Now I have to get rid of her! Be warned that if you make just one more error you will be disposed so very easily. I am so scrupulous in covering my tracks and you fuck it up like this!’

Irene turned back to me and smiled.

‘If it’s any consolation I am sorry that you cannot be of further use to me, I would love to spoil myself to a new pair of shoes with the money that you would make me, but as you can see I am surrounded by incompetent idiots and I sometimes just have to cut my losses.’

Steve and Irene left and I spent another day in the barn, chained to one of the posts. I have no doubt that when Irene said that I was to be disposed of she meant that they should dig a hole and bury me in the cornfields.

But, she was so right, she was surrounded by idiots and the couple that kidnapped me sold me to Florrie. Shit! I don’t think that I fetched more than a couple of grand, two weeks wages I was sold for.”

Gerda laughed almost hysterically at this attempt at black humour. Graham waited for her to continue. The pause after the laugh lasted so long that he was at the point of asking her to restart the story when of her own accord she did.

“Those bastards packed me into a crate and drove me here, to their little hideaway. The trip took ages and I was in agony even though they had packed me in foam to keep me from being able to make a noise. I had my hands tied right up my back and my knees against my chin. I pissed myself three times on the way and it rained and the water leaked over me. It was fucking freezing cold and then blazing hot.

Anyways, when we got here I found out what they had in mind because the girls raped me.

Their boyfriends stood and watched as Florrie, Suzi and Jerri had their fun.

The women are far, far worse than the boyfriends! The men just do as they are told and get the scraps thrown from the table. It is Florrie who runs this twisted bunch of bastards. I spent hours in her bed licking her cunt and ass raw while the other two took turns fucking me with a strap-on. She is insatiable and terrifyingly intense. Every time that I made a mistake she slapped me until I was bruised black and blue. By the end of that first night I was aching and battered.

When the girls had finished, the two boyfriends got me. It was almost a relief to be passed to those two male sadists. They fucked me and then introduced me to this cage. Every day I get taken out at night and get to serve Florrie.

She’s taken a shine to me and says that she is training me to be her ‘little pet slut’.”

Gerda hesitated and then continued.

“This gang is somehow connected to the remains of the White Angels. They sell drugs as well I suppose, but they seem to be kidnapping sex-slaves for Mexican brothels. I know what happens over there and I will do anything not to be sold over the border! Even if it means serving that bitch Florrie for years. Anything!”

FOUR

The Road To Hell

“What happens over the border then? In Mexico?” asked Graham.

“Brothels!” answered Gerda. “Of the worst kind.”

“I suppose that I am at little risk of being sent to a brothel,” commented Graham. “Not much call for men!”

The answer came out of the dark as a laugh. Irony and hysteria mixed in painful hilarity.

“You are such a naïve little shit aren’t you?” she asked rhetorically. “Do you think that the sort of brothels that I am talking about are some sort of New Orleans cat-house where gentlemen come to call to amuse themselves?”

Again she laughed.

“Most men and women do not survive longer than a few months! There are plenty of women who enjoy the services of some man who has to fuck and suck all night for hours at a time if he wants to escape the barbed whip. When the slaves are exhausted, when they are marked by the scars and bruises permanently, they become a last recreation for those who can afford to destroy people for the pleasure of it!”

Graham shivered as his mind’s eye pictured a place where such people paid to inflict pain and death on their victims. Were there really such places?

“What about the police?” he asked.

“The police are corrupted by people like Florrie and Irene. They all need the money to put their kids through college as much as the rest of us. The money that reaches their outstretched palms is earned by people like us.”

“Shit!” said Graham.

“That’s one of the little kinks that they indulge in as well!”

There was silence that was only broken as the woman who said that she had forgotten her name, wept in the confines of her cage.

There was nothing else to say except to repeat their names to each other.

Now that he was no longer distracted by Gerda, Graham felt every slight move that he made as lancing agony in his muscles.

He tugged at the rope but there was no give at all left and the cuffs bit into his wrists with the tension.

He could feel a welling up of hopelessness sweep his mind. This was no casual escapade of a careless gang, this was their living, there would be few chances to escape and if he weakened he would never escape. Already a girl had recaptured him and he had been unable to resist.

The door opened, the door at the top of the steps into the cellar. The pale light of evening spilled into the prison cellar. To Graham's light starved eyes it was enough to see Gerda crouched in her cage just two doors down from the woman who was still weeping softly despite the arrival of Florrie.

"Did you get to know each other then?" asked Florrie.

Graham looked at her and decided that Florrie was attractive despite the fact that he hated and feared her. Large breasts, wide hips and long legs that looked even longer when he looked up the stairs to see her framed in the pale light.

"My little ass licking slave pet can have a rest tonight, because I think that we should introduce my latest acquisition to the rest of his life. Tomorrow he gets to go on a little holiday up in Nebraska so tonight is all we have!"

One of the other girls came into the cellar and loosened the hook that kept Graham's arms up.

The shock of release after hours of being stretched was a relief that suddenly turned to sheer pain as the muscles of his arms and legs knotted in cramp of release. He fell to the floor, moaning and weeping with the distress. His legs twitched and his arms felt as though they had just been wrenched from their sockets.

"Fucking get up, you slut," cried the girl who had released him.

She aimed a kick at his prone body, making him struggle to his hands and knees even though every move was agony. He crawled to the bottom of the steps. Gradually feeling was coming back to his legs, they felt like lead, numb and heavy.

Graham felt another kick, this time clearly aimed at his balls hanging between his thighs. The blow was a flash of pain in his thighs as it missed the intended target and impacted the muscles of his thighs.

The girl walked to the bottom stair and picked up the loop of rope that ran through the cuffs.

"Come on bitch," she said as she started to drag him up the stairs by the rope. "You've got some ass lickin' to do so get the fuck up here!"

Half stumbling and half crawling he followed her painful lead. Once again the cuffs cut into his now bleeding wrists, the pain was excruciating but at least the cramps and spasms from his long suspension were starting to fade.

Four girls waited at the top of the stairs. Florrie stepped up and slapped him across the face with the back of her hand before she spoke: “You’d better learn what the fuck you are expected to do, fucker. On your knees bitch!”

Graham fell to his knees and hung his head. This was a nightmare come true, naked, kneeling in the dust whilst these girls treated him as a slave.

‘I am a slave!’ thought Graham in sudden realisation that this was not a nightmare, it was reality. ‘Nothing but a piece of meat for their amusement.’

Florrie passed Lizzie a bottle of beer and drank from her own with relish. Her boot moved forward to catch the chain between the handcuffs to the ground with the arch of her heel.

“Want a beer?” she asked Graham, “Because you sure look thirsty.”

Graham tried not to look at her, he did not want to provoke her to do more than she already had planned for him. He felt a fear of these women fill his psyche as they laughed at his distress. At the same time he felt an erection springing up where none had been before. The humiliation was exciting him deeply while the terror he felt clouded his mind.

“What are we going to do with this little piggy?” laughed a voice behind him.

“To start with he has to become just that, a little piggy for our amusement. Then I think that we will find out which little piggy comes to market!”

There was general laughter at this crude sally and Flossie kicked him in the ribs.

“Get the piggy shackles,” said Flossie.

“Get on all fours cunt!” she ordered as one of the girls arrived with a mass of shackles joined by thin steel cable. “We have to make you comfortable first!”

The four girls quickly fitted Graham with the shackles leaving him on all fours but balancing on elbows and knees as his wrists were bound to his shoulders and his ankles to his thighs.

All the while Flossie directed the operation and mocked her victim: “Get used to it you little shit, because this is how you get shipped by the ‘Slaver’s Chapter’ when we ship you to Nebraska in a crate ready for your training as a fuck pig.”

Graham lost his self-control in his panic in the extremity of his distress and released his bowels.

“Lookit that,” howled one of the girls in laughter. “He ain’t gonna need no training, he already shits himself like a pig!”

Suddenly he felt hands hold his head and a hood was slipped over his head.

Loose at first the laces were savagely pulled tight and it moulded to his features leaving mouth accessible but the rest of his head and neck gripped by supple leather.

Once again the laces were pulled until he felt choked by the result. He gasped for air in his dread.

He tried to crawl away from his tormentress', but a swift blow to his naked ass brought him to heel.

"Stay still, we have not finished with you," came Flossie's voice, muffled by the thick leather. "No pig of ours runs away from the slaughter!"

A sudden hissing, a splashing and he was hosed down. Freezing cold water doused him. It entered the lacing-eyelets of his hood and drenched his skin. Graham gasped and almost collapsed, but somehow he realised that it would invite more vicious torment if he dared collapse or evade the girls.

He gasped at the cold that crawled over him like a wave of ice and he felt his powerful erection fade as they directed the hose at every inch of his body with efficient cruelty. By the time that they had finished he was quivering from the cold as well as the sheer fear of being so helpless.

He tried to gulp some of the water, he opened his mouth to catch some of the spray directed at him.

"Oh, no, no, no!" said Florrie. "Nothing to drink yet, we want you nice and thirsty!"

The jet of water moved from his face and another kick to his ribs showed him that Florrie was attentive to every move that he made.

Finally it was over and he was dripping in the cold air of the dusk that was settling over the hills.

Graham heard a giggling, a surreptitious mirth that boded ill.

In his blind and constricted state he waited for the next humiliation, the next cruelty that these girls were going to inflict on their new pet.

In his ear he heard a whisper, Florrie: "Ever been fucked? Are you a virgin?"

Graham nodded and then shook his head as the realisation of the meaning of her words struck him. Instinctively he tried, irrationally, to run from his tormenters.

"Run piggy run!" cried one of the other girls and then "Sooeey, sooeey, piggy, piggy!"

His face ran into a wall and he was showered with blows and kicks before he felt the feeling that he had dreaded. The pressure that forced its way between the cheeks of his ass. The firm grip on his neck that stopped him moving. A hand on his prick that slowly milked him with a firm grasp. The pressure increased and something pressed against the clenched flower of his ass hole.

The hand on his prick gave him back his hard on.

The pressure forced the object into his ass.

Slowly, and with irresistible force, Florrie penetrated him, fucked him, screwed his ass as the skilled hand that controlled his prick stopped and slapped his balls.

“Make sure that he doesn’t come,” laughed Florrie as she finally rammed the dildo home. “Now that’s better!”

“The hand on his prick resumed its motion and then he felt something clasp the very root of his rampant cock. A click, a grim final snap of steel and the ring was fitted.

“Now that he has a nice little tail and his little dickie shows proper respect, we can start the party,” laughed Florrie.

Graham could hear the sounds of the girls clinking crates of beer. He heard dragging and then felt the radiated heat of a grill. He smelt the grilling meat and the general bustle of the girls preparing their grill. He began to drool at the smell of that meat, the thought of the beer the sizzle of the sausages.

While all this preparation was going on Graham moved towards the comforting heat of the barbecue where the cold of the water dried on his skin.

“Does piggy want something to eat?” asked Florrie. “Maybe a cool beer or a sizzling sausage?”

He nodded and opened his mouth in hope.

A man’s voice started to laugh as strong hands gripped his head. Something touched his lips and he opened wide in hope of food. Suddenly something was forced into his mouth. Not soft but slightly yielding, the object filled his mouth, forcing his jaw wide.

A gag!

Florrie commented as she pushed the rubber tube between his teeth, “That’s better, piggy, we don’t want you biting the sausage!”

Bill’s voice came from nearby: “I’m not sure if it’s sizzling yet though!”

There was general merriment and someone slapped the cheeks of his ass. Graham stumbled forward and felt something enter his mouth.

Bill sighed in anticipation and pushed his firm prick into the hole that needed to be filled in the mask that covered the face of their new fuck toy.

Graham felt his mouth being filled, the prick choked him as it hit the back of his throat. He tried to bite but the ring-gag gave no ground. The grip on his head moved him up and down the prick in a gross simulation of fucking. He could feel the soft tip of the prick course his tongue to the back of his throat.

He could feel the rim of that tip and the veins that stood proud as it swelled to fill his mouth and begin to course back and forth in a terrible simulation of consensual sex.

“Sausage seems to suit him!” laughed Florrie as she enjoyed Bill’s rape of her new toy.

Bill grunted in reply and fucked the slave with violent pushes of his hips. The pace quickened and Graham wept as he was forced to perform for Bills’s pleasure. The cock blocked his air as it slid into his throat deeper each time, allowing only the occasional gasp of precious air.

A blow struck Graham on the side of his head and Bill urged him to suck and use his tongue properly.

“Come on bitch,” he shouted, “I can’t feel you trying!”

At last there was an end to the degradation as Bill climaxed with a cry of triumph. Slimy come greased the orifice of the fuck pig as the girls cried encouragement and slapped Graham’s ass with a shower of blows.

The cock pulled out slowly as Bill savoured even the ticklish sensitivity as he withdrew his prick.

A taste like salty soap filled Graham’s senses as a plug was pressed home and all that emission was trapped in his mouth. He swallowed, he could not help himself.

“So now that he’s fed, we can eat a little as well!” came Florrie’s voice.

Graham found himself alone in a solitary black nightmare of humiliation as his tormenters started their barbecue. The taste of that come, the glowing of his ass, the penetrating object that strained his ass to the limit.

He could still almost feel the flesh that had used his mouth, the smooth firm cock that had filled him to choking.

It was clear that Bill did as he was told by Florrie as she directed him to pour the beer and turn the steaks and burgers on the grill. Graham just listened for signs that they were paying attention to him. He wondered if they were distracted enough to ignore him, but every now and again a hand pulled at his prick, slapped his raw ass or made sure that the dildo in his ass was firmly planted.

There was no escape.

The meal was over and the group chatted.

“Can I have another go?” asked Bill. “This little piggy needs roast beef!”

“No, he has had enough to eat, he’s going to get a drink later when we have all had enough beer and then he is going to find out that he loves being our little fuck piggy.

After that it's the cage for him. After all you have to transport him tomorrow so you need to get some sleep!"

"Please..."

"No! Go to fucking bed and get some sleep because this is girl-time, we are going to play with him and then we'll pack him all ready for us tomorrow."

Once again his head was gripped and someone fiddled with the plug in the gag. Graham tried to move and avoid the attention, but it was plainly hopeless to resist when a strong hand gripped his balls to make him stay still.

"We could castrate the fucker," suggested one female voice. "We've never done that before and it would be amusing to neuter our little pig."

"If we keep him for ourselves we will cut off his balls, but let's not ruin his dollar value just for a few minutes of fun," replied Florrie.

Graham almost collapsed with fear at the brutality of his tormentors, but then his attention was taken by the sound of zippers being opened.

For a few moments there were giggles and a raucous comment or two, it was the calm before the next act of vile torture to be inflicted.

There was a slight hiss, the sound of air or water.

Abruptly his mouth was filled with liquid forced into him through the tube inserted into the gag. A nausea overcame him as he gagged with the realisation that they were making him drink their piss. The taste filled his senses, it pushed into his throat and then he swallowed. The human urinal had a need for air that made him swallow the salty-bitter fluid that cascaded into his mouth.

It lasted for ever, that first drink.

The girl who was using him as a toilet slut, sighed in release as she relieved herself fully into the trussed form that could not help but swallow all that beer that her body had transformed.

"That's better, now there's room for more," she breathed.

"Of course there is, he's going to drink from all of us!"

"I meant that I'm ready for another beer or three now!"

There was a pause before Florrie availed herself of the facilities. The five bottles of beer that she had drunk were almost too much for Graham. He choked and spluttered as he tried to swallow and breathe. It seemed to him that she had a pungent taste that was particularly unpleasant.

“God, that was good!” said Florrie as she zipped up her jeans and passed the funnel to the next girl. “Where’s the beer? Let’s get another crate.”

Graham felt himself fill up, a desperate need to piss himself. He tried letting go. But the steel ring and his captured erection would not let him release himself. The purpose of the sequence of events was becoming clear. They were going to push him to his physical limit and beyond.

This was how they crushed their slaves.

Humiliation, helplessness, pain and frustrated sex. Forced to suck a cock, bound and trussed, Graham was being invaded inside and out. His mind rebelled but his body toed the line. That was all they wanted, the mental submission would come in the end and it would signify that the victim was no longer any real use.

What was the point of a slave that wanted to be enslaved? A fuck-pig resigned to his fate was no longer any use, where was the piquant fear and terror that was required?

At the point that a slave broke and became torpid and unmoved by rape and torture, he was consigned to make a last exit, a last profit as some customer paid for the ultimate experience of finally destroying the apathetic slave.

For now they would fill him with their water, wank him to near climax and cane him until he was dazed from it all. Finally he was put back in his cellar cage. The mask stayed on, the fetters were simply tightened and the ring on the base of his cock was exchanged for a tighter one.

Finally they rubbed him with massage cream that made his skin feel as though it was on fire.

Every inch, balls, prick, ass and face were slapped with the cream.

Finally he managed to release himself as the pain and terror overcame all restrictions. His bladder pushed and he discharged all of the recycled beer with a gush that soaked him with his own water.

Once again he was hosed down and then the door closed to block off the laughter and giggles that had accompanied his terror.

Nebraska awaited!

FIVE

STILL ON THE ROAD TO HELL

The pickup stopped moving with a lurch.

The crate in the back was tightly fixed and tied down, but it moved slightly causing discomfort to Graham who was buried deep in the foam that protected him.

The thick rubber that they had slipped into and then laced tight over his whole body, held him in its firm grip making all sensation fade as his numb limbs suffered from the fetters. The gag made his jaw ache, while the dildo that still resided in his ass had become a just a background soreness.

He could hear Bill and Florrie discussing something and then the sound of another voice, a man's voice.

"Fill her up," said Bill.

"Oil and water?" asked the voice.

"Yeah, check 'em both please," answered Florrie.

There was a clunk of metal as the gas dispenser connected with the truck followed by the gurgling of the petrol filling the tank.

"Got far to go?" asked the pump attendant.

"Arkansas," said Bill.

"Delivery, I suppose?"

"You could say that," said Florrie, "just meat."

"In a crate?"

"Just dogfood really! Some fucking spoiled pig!"

Graham tried to cry out but the gag made his call a whimper and the foam soaked up the sound.

"Well then, have a nice trip," said the attendant as he pulled the petrol dispenser and screwed on the cap.

There were other sounds as the hood was lifted and the oil and water checked. Finally utter stillness as Florrie and Bill went inside to pay and take a bite to eat.

The pickup drove at a steady fifty and soaked up the miles, hour by hour. The unwilling passenger became progressively more uncomfortable while the two in the front drank root beer and munched on sandwiches.

They refilled twice before finally coming to a halt in a vast yard that had two mobile homes parked around the field of dust. A few sorry trees overhung the two dilapidated caravans that had long since lost their charm and all of their wheels.

As Florrie and Bill climbed out they were greeted by a huge woman who strolled over to welcome them. She smiled at the crate on the back of the pickup and raised an eyebrow.

“How long have I got him for?” she asked of Florrie.

“Perhaps a week. Then we need him back.”

“That’s long enough,” said the fat woman. “The usual price though, even though it’s just half the time!”

“Five hundred, as usual,” confirmed Florrie. “Just break him down a little and teach him to obey every instruction! We don’t want ‘willing’, we want ‘scared’ this time because we have two special buyers lined up who are paying top dollar. Get Larry to sort out the usual bits and pieces and we’ll pick the result up on Monday next.”

“Good, Larry will cost an extra few hundred! What’s it to be?”

“I have christened him ‘piggy’, so let’s go with something like that... No more than three hundred for Larry, get him to be creative for the money!”

“Are you staying the night?”

Bill looked at Florrie and then answered: “Nah, we got some other stuff to do, so we’ll love ya and leave ya.”

“Better get the crate unloaded then!”

They levered the crate containing the hapless Graham off the pickup and slid it onto the ground with a bump.

“We’ll be back in a week to pick piggy up,” said Florrie with a laugh as she slapped the side of the crate. “Do the usual and don’t cause any permanent damage that would lower the value of the merchandise, Madison.”

The big woman, laughed with Florrie and said: “Nothing that can’t be put right!”

As the truck pulled out of the caravan park she turned to the crate and smiled to herself. It was always a special moment when the new victim came blinking into the sunshine. Singular and special for her, of course, because it would be the start of a week of hell for her prey. Madison would have done this for nothing, just for the intense pleasure of demolishing a vulnerable man.

‘But, being paid for her fun certainly greased the wheels and made it all so pleasurable!’ she thought to herself as she fetched the screwdriver to unfasten the crate.

It took her ten minutes to loosen the outer casing and fold back the wooden sides of the crate. The firm foam inner packing made Madison's heart beat faster. The moment was near when the poor victim of her primitive correctional facility would be revealed. She stood a moment to draw out the anticipation and then cut the duct tape and lowered the slabs of foam to reveal Graham.

Still tied ankle to thigh and wrist to shoulder, still wearing the tight mask and an intrusive gag he was a picture of helplessness that made Madison feel a tremble that went from thighs to the tip of her tongue. He was so ideal, muscular and fit, it would be a pleasure playing with him for a week, such an indulgence in deviance.

She slapped his naked rear and saw that she had woken him from deep sleep. Somehow her little victim had fallen asleep from fear and exhaustion and was just coming around to find the new abyss that waited for him in the shape of a woman who just loved malicious sex.

He started and she noted with approval that, even though his bonds were tight, he had not suffered from a cut-off blood supply in his limbs. Of the thirty or so victims of Florrie's Hell's Angels she had had to dispose of two because they were damaged by over severe packing on the day's journey to her caravan.

"OK, slut, let's get moving," she said as she slapped his rear again. "We need to take a good look at you and figure out how much punishment you can stand."

In his confusion, Graham moved a step back and then stopped.

"Not a good start, that's already earned you a thrashing with the cane, so let's be having you!"

Graham could hear her muffled voice and shook in trepidation of this new female voice. It sounded not just severe, but authoritative and threatening. He stumbled forward blindly on his folded limbs and moved a few steps.

A sharp slap on his rear guided him to the left and Madison herded her new chattel into her rather dilapidated caravan. As she guided him she spoke to him in a threatening voice.

"I will not be giving you any rules, piggy. You will just have to learn as you go along! Everything you do that displeases me earns you ten strokes of the cane and every sign of rebellion earns you double. There is no escape, or chance of rescue here so just serve me and be a good little piggy!"

She opened the door and watched Graham struggle into her caravan up the single step. As he did so she selected a cane from the three that stood in an old vase by the door.

"The punishment starts here for moving backwards."

She undid the Velcro fastening that held the gag in place and pulled the soft silicone stopper from between his jaws. Graham gurgled as his mouth was freed from the obstruction that had pushed a prick shaped plastic form into his mouth.

She plied the cane before he could speak out and had given him the second vicious blow to his ass before he had even managed to cry out from the first.

Graham was in a nightmare world of darkness and sensation. Blinded by the hood, every perception was doubled in intensity, every contact and impression filled his bewildered mind. Each blow of the cane was a line of fire that caused him to see brush strokes of red fire in his head.

Madison painted his ass with pain, she laid the blows without regard or artistry, simply making sure the maximum effort went into each swing.

The first caning was always the hardest! Of course the slave had longer to recover, but the main object was to teach her piggy that retribution was savage, indiscriminate and almost random. Fear and terror were the object lesson of the first hour!

The purple welts, like blood vast blisters, that were smeared on his pale flesh swelled and made small ridges on his skin as he howled in agony. Finally she was finished and her new slave stood trembling and weeping softly.

“I hope that you are a polite little fuck-piggy,” she said as she wondered at his endurance. Most of them collapsed at this first thrashing and only got up when the next ten strokes arrived to persuade them that a caning was to be taken on all fours and not lying on the floor.

The choked sobbing quietened and Graham spoke to this terrible angel of pain.

“Thank you, Miss!”

“Thank you, Madison!” she answered. “My name, make sure that you use my name. You on the other hand have lost yours! You are now just ‘piggy’ or ‘fuck pig’ or perhaps ‘suck pig’. It all depends on whether you suck cunt or are blowing a cock.”

She gave him two more blows of the cane across his back and watched him almost fall down with the shock.

“Thank you, Madison,” he mumbled as he bit back a sob that threatened to choke him.

Madison grimaced and thought of her instructions.

She was not to break this one, but to just make him ready for his new owners! It was a new concept for Madison and she wondered if it would be as satisfying as making a man cringe and obey without question or limit.

She reached down and unlaced the hood. It was another one of the special moments that she so enjoyed. Most of the men that she had trained for Florrie reacted with revulsion when they saw that the woman who had been placed in charge of them was not some gorgeous dominatrix, but a twenty stone tyrant who offered no visual titillation to go with the intense sexual service that was expected of them. More than expected, it was squeezed from them by brutal force!

Graham looked up at his tormenter and she saw the look of shock. She held the cane for him to see his own blood marking its length and smiled to see him try not to weep.

“I have some special things that you are going to do, piggy.”

“Yes, Madison,” he said.

“That was not a question and required no answering back.”

The cane moved with lighting speed to leave another welt on his back before he could realise that it was a mistake to speak out of turn.

Now the tears rolled freely down his cheeks and dripped to the floor. There was no reserve of self-control to draw from; it had all been exhausted in a matter of ten minutes. Graham was unable to help himself or imagine what he had done to deserve falling into the hands of this evil ogress of a woman who did not give orders, She expected him to read her mind and learn through sheer agony what her rules were.

“Time for us to see how well you can please me,” she said. “I would not like to think that you have all the fun!”

Her hand slapped his ass and Graham jumped forward as if he had an electric shock. Her flat hand on those welts was worse than the cane itself!

“Onto the fucking bed, piggy and I’ll teach you how to clean ass and lick cunt!”

SIX

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN

Madison lay in a contented slumber. Her exhausted trainee lay between her legs in the darkness of his own nightmare. His beaten body ached from the strain of performing from a deep sense of fear and he could get no sleep himself.

He relived the last hour of service and shuddered beside himself.

Just three days ago he had been sitting on the side of his road to contentment. A man at peace with himself; travelling the Midwest of the United States of America. He had been looking forward to the simple pleasures of seeing the mountains that embrace Denver. Climbing the rocky paths to the summits of those foothills and watching the eagles soar in majestic arches that embraced the sky.

That was three days ago, before Florrie, Bill and the rest of the Hell's Angels. That was before Madison and her inexhaustible needs. The need to inflict pain. The need to create fear and the need to extract the last ichor of suffering from his body.

Worse still was the future!

What would happen after the week of 'training' here?

He dreaded to think...

He had been taken between her thighs and forced to give her orgasm after orgasm. His tongue, his lips and his face had been buried in that monumental slit that seemed to swallow him with ease. The columns of those massive thighs had closed to trap him and make him gasp for breath. Then they had opened wide to reveal a dark tunnel that needed filling.

That had been his job too, plugging that oversize tunnel of love. His cock had been fitted with a rubber shape that enlarged him to monstrous proportions and he had fucked her to the timing of the thrashing of a cane.

Always the cane on his previous wounds.

There was no question of him being allowed to come. The tight ring and the rubber sleeve on his prick saw to that. Graham was just a machine to satisfy this crude and monstrous ogress.

Finally she had tired and lay back to enjoy a delightful half hour while he had delved between her thighs and the cheeks of that colossal ass. He had lapped the trickle of fluid that seeped from her satisfied cunt, the soapy liquid that was the result of her extreme pleasure.

That had been followed by more of her water to drink as he saved her having to get up from the soiled bed and perform her ablutions. Finally she had drifted off and he had been left to contemplate just how far he had fallen.

Inside he was still the Graham that had been eager to see the eagles. The Graham that had left his girlfriend to savour the joys of being on the road. He was still the person that liked to read thriller novels and listen to heavy rock. That Graham had not gone, he had just been submerged in a dark dream of fear and loathing that had to have an end.

Madison stirred in her sleep and her legs opened wide to allow him to see the woman that he was now obliged to serve. He could see legs that were as thick as his waist and a vast mound of flesh beyond that was just the foothills of those substantial breasts that hung slackly over her torso. The cavern of her cunt yawned and hung slack. Over that black space hung the finger long clitoris that moved slightly to her heartbeat.

Unsheathed like a small prick it hung from its hood and throbbed.

Everything about Madison was large and her appetites were no exception.

Finally he managed to drift into a semi coma, a slumber that was always on the edge of awareness, a sleep that was barely an escape from the terrible world that was his waking nightmare.

Madison heaved herself from the bed and gave her little piggy a slap on the rear. He had things to do and she was looking forward to making him do them.

The soles of his feet and his hands showed her that he needed release for a while from the metal fetters that constricted him.

As soon as he had recovered he would be bound again in the way that she liked best and the games could continue.

The cuts and bruises on his body showed where Graham had been beaten in a savage enjoyment of agony by Madison. One or two of the stripes showed yellow and black, the rest were still livid purple welts that invited more attention.

She slapped his behind and was satisfied to see that he was waiting for her cues. He dared not make a mistake and was coming around to the idea that she was in control of every move, function and feeling that his body was allowed to experience. She led him to her narrow toilet and sat on the bowl while he watched her drain herself.

She could see the relief in his eyes that she was not using him as a toilet. 'There is time enough for that later. Having this fuck pig slurping hard to catch every drop of pee was going to be a daily treat for her,' she thought as she shuffled forward and opened her thighs to allow him to at least lick her clean and taste those pungent drops of piss.

"Suck," she commanded.

His lips pursed and slid over that clitoris. As he did so he tickled her with his tongue.

“Fuck it, piggy,” she moaned as his lips slid back and forth over her.

Lips and tongue, no touch of teeth, just a smooth shafting of that monstrous clit until she climaxed with a shudder of rolls of fat and thighs.

“I think that you and I will get along just fine,” she said and patted his head. “When Larry comes tomorrow we will have a day of rest because you will be busy.”

Madison grabbed his hair and twisted his face up to look at hers. Then she kissed him on the lips and pushed her tongue into his mouth. Her grip on his head tightened and she pulled her lips from his.

“Let’s try that again, fuck pig. Only this time a little enthusiasm...”

She slapped his face and once again stooped to rape his mouth with hers. Her questing tongue forced his jaws wide and her fingers nipped his nose so that he had to struggle for air. The kiss seemed to last for an hour to Graham.

She stood from the toilet seat and led him into the dust of the yard.

Graham looked around and could see that the two derelict caravans were in the middle of nowhere. A dirt track that was scarcely more than the wear of truck tires led into the distance.

Madison left him there in the yard. It was a clear statement of her power over him. The message was: ‘Where the fuck are you going on elbows and knees? How can you possibly escape?’

She returned with a length of chain and a collar.

“I have a few preparations to make for tomorrow so wait here for me!”

She fitted the collar and the chain and then released his other fetters.

Graham collapsed as life swept into his lower limbs and they weighed like smarting lead from thighs to shoulders. An ache of pins and needles that made him whimper, swept through his body as Madison slapped his face with the back of her hand.

“No fucking noise, bitch. I speak you listen. I piss and you drink, I demand and you serve me. Later, I might just show you what happens when I shit!”

Graham rolled in the dust and tried not to whimper as Madison snorted her indifference to his pain and stumped off to attend to her preparations.

Slowly the pain in his limbs subsided to a background throb of discomfort and Graham pulled on his chain. It was thin and loose, but it defied any attempt to break it. Madison had padlocked it to a post and the other end to the collar that she had padlocked to his neck. He was in the open, naked and helpless, yet he could not see any way to escape. The taste of her filled his mouth; the stench of fear filled his mind.

Madison glanced at him as she went into her home caravan and emerged with a box which she put in the other dilapidated mobile home. She showed no signs of concern that her victim was clearly visible to anyone who happened to pass. It was clear that no one ever passed this godforsaken place unless they intended to visit.

He heard her moving around in the mobile homes and tested the strength of his bonds once again. The post moved a little in the ground and he pulled at it with a will. Gathering the chain in his hands he pulled and then jumped away from the post.

His weight and the pull broke the post off with a dull snap and he was left lying in the dust with a five foot post that was joined to his neck by a chain! He stood and waited to see if Madison had heard the sound, but she was gone from sight.

He picked up the post and played with the idea that he might just attack her with it. He trembled with the shock of being free and did what his heart suggested, picked up the post and ran from the small trailer park, the post in his hands and the chain pulling in the dust.

Graham was a hundred yards from the awfulness of the trailers when Madison emerged with a revolver in her hands. She looked at the snapped post and scanned the flat dustbowl to see her quarry heading towards the hills at a jog.

Just north of the small town of North Platte a vast wild area of dust, scrub and broken terrain extends northwards. It is only cut by highway eighty three and a couple of minor roads. This was the area that Graham was fleeing into. Miles of rough country and uninhabited wasteland.

Madison watched him and decided that there was no way for her to catch him so she made a telephone call to Larry.

“He’s heading north, naked as the day he was born. That is if he was born collared and chained to a post.”

There was a short pause while Larry answered and Madison nodded agreement.

“OK then, I’ll wait here and you find him with your buddies.”

She put the phone down and stomped out of her caravan with angry steps. She had been too confident and so ready to humiliate him without considering all the consequences. Now he had escaped and was on the loose!

‘If Florrie ever gets wind of this I will be in real trouble,’ she thought as she entered the mobile home that she reserved as a sort of oubliette for the slaves that served her. ‘Larry will find the pig and bring him back!’

At the moment there was just slave seventy-three, a young woman that Madison had kidnapped in Fort Collins, Colorado when the stupid bitch had called Madison a fat bitch. Of course now the boot was on the other foot and slave seventy-three had six months of severe punishment behind her.

Decorated by Larry and his partner in crime, slave seventy-three now had the words 'fat bitch' scrawled all over every inch of her skin. Whenever Madison felt like it she enjoyed taunting her victim and working her over with slaps and kicks that left the formerly pretty girl in a state of pain and dread.

Occasionally she used slave seventy-three to serve her. All the while the girl had to say how attractive Madison was, how much she enjoyed serving her every intimate need. It was only right that she should spend the rest of her life regretting insulting her mistress and paying the price of that casual insult.

Madison opened the box and aimed a slap at the fettered bitch in a box.

"Get up now, bitch," she shouted as she grabbed at her long hair and pulled her out of the box that was her home for much of the time. "Time to please me, fuck bitch."

"Please Madison, please," said the frightened girl as she stood. "You are looking so pretty today, Madison, I just love your slim figure. Can I serve you, please? Please let me serve you, I will clean every inch of you with my tongue!"

"Listen, fuck puppet, I want you ready for me! Just shut the fuck up and do what I tell you!"

She slapped her slave with the back of her hand, a blow that made slave seventy-three reel. The last time had almost broken her nose, this blow brought tears to her eyes. She stood trembling while Madison tipped the contents of a large box on the floor. A tangled heap of chains, rubber and locks that Madison stirred with her foot.

SEVEN

FREEDOM ROAD

Graham staggered up the next hill to the skyline and hoped that he was now far enough away to pause for a moment. One thing was not in doubt, Madison was not able to follow him up to the top of this ridge, she was just not physically able to haul her bulk to this height!

He inspected the post and the metal ring that was padlocked to the chain that extended from his collar. He had to get rid of the post at least; it was just too much a burden to carry it.

Experimentally he bashed the end on a rock and was satisfied to see that he was going to be able to smash the wood and free himself of its dead weight.

It took just a few minutes before he could toss the post away and wind the chain into an easily carried loop. There was no way he could get rid of the ironmongery that circled his throat without tools. That would have to wait.

He simply had to get to a town and ask for help!

He scanned the horizon and saw no movement at all, but the clouds drifting. From this point he could no longer see the mobile home of Madison. He looked down at his feet and realised that they were bleeding with walking on the hard rock.

Graham shrugged and ignored the discomfort. After what he had been through, the beatings and humiliation, cut feet was the last of his problems.

He picked up his chains and headed into the next shallow valley, another ripple in the terrain that showed no signs of human activity in this barren part of Nebraska. It was clear that he was going to spend a night in the open so now he had to find running water.

If nothing else he had to get rid of the last traces of Madison that seemed to linger in his mouth. Rank and oily, salty and crude on the palate!

Slave seventy-three was trussed like she had never been tied before. Her body was sweating under the clear rubber suit that Madison had zipped over her. A gag kept her mouth open and ready for any intrusion that her owner decided might be interesting or piquant. Extreme high heels perched on the feet that were fastened to her thighs and the zipper on the suit were open to allow access as and when was needed.

“You remember Larry?” asked Madison rhetorically of slave seventy-three. “He has gone out to capture an escapee pig. When he returns I am going to lend you to him for a while as a thank-you and I want you ready at all times to be eager and dressed the way that he likes. Larry likes the kinky stuff so you should be perfect!”

She looked down at the slim girl who was on all fours before her and realised that her interest in slave seventy-three was fading. She normally preferred men; they were so much more vulnerable, with their little balls and pricks dangling and ready to punish. Now that she had had her revenge on this bitch she could be disposed of.

‘Perhaps Florrie will take her,’ she thought, ‘or maybe I’ll just have to dig a fucking hole!’

Better to give her away, digging a hole deep enough would be such a huge effort!

‘Finally, finally,’ thought Graham as he looked down the slope and saw the blacktop of a highway that crossed his path.

This was what he had been searching for!

The night had been a terrible experience, but considerably better than the previous night where he had been beaten and raped by Madison.

It had been so cold!

He sat in the mid-morning sun and watched for traffic. The occasional car crawled past and there were a few trucks as well. He wondered how it was going to work and what the reaction would be when he flagged down a car, naked and chained as he was!

He worked his way down the slope for an hour and then stood by the road. The last time that he had been hitchhiking it got him into this mess. This time it would get him out of the mess!

He waited by the road and held his arm out at the first passing truck. The driver stared at him and swerved to pass him by at high speed.

Graham watched the truck speed a way and cursed the driver under his breath. It almost made him miss the next car to come, a woman in a small saloon car.

He saw a look of shock on her face as she pulled to a halt with a slight squeal of tyres. For a moment he thought that she was going to drive off as he approached, but she rolled the window down and gave him a look that said, ‘What the hell are you doing in the middle of nowhere with a chain around your neck?’

“I have escaped, from a gang,” he said. “I need to get to the next town or sheriff’s office. Please!”

The ‘please’ came out almost as a whine and she hesitated before leaning back and unlocking the rear door. He stepped in and pulled the door closed.

“Where are we?”

“On the ninety two, heading for Saintsville,” she replied. “What happened?”

The way that she phrased the question almost sounded as though she did not really want to hear the answer.

“I have escaped a bunch of criminals,” was all he said about his nakedness, the criss cross of bruises and the chains. “I have to get to a sheriff as soon as possible!”

She did not look back but picked up her mobile phone and called a number that was displayed on the screen by touching it.

“Get me Lawrence,” she said, “now!”

There was a pause and she spoke to her passenger. “He’s the local deputy, because the Sherriff’s in ‘Platte. He...”

She cocked her head and listened and then said, “I’ve just picked up a man on the ninety two and he looks in a bad way, so I’m dropping him at the back of the office.”

Graham could not hear the reply, but she looked at the phone for a moment and then put it down beside her on the front passenger seat.

“He’s in the office, so I’ll drop you off there and you can speak to him. Nice guy, Lawrence, he’ll sort you out.”

“Thanks,” said Graham as he noted that she had said that she would drop him at the rear of the office.

‘Probably doesn’t want to be seen with me in the car,’ he thought as they passed the first buildings in the small town.

‘Saintsville, population one thousand three hundred. Cottonwood County’ was written on the sign they passed.

The car took a small lane and came to a halt next to a Sherriff’s black-and-white in the small car park.

Leaning on the car was a man in a brown sheriff uniform with a huge felt hat in his hand.

Graham climbed out of the car and the man gave him a quizzical look as the woman leaned out of her car and said, “This is the guy, he’s all yours...”

With that she drove off and the deputy opened the door into the small office.

“Come in, can’t let the folks here see naked men running around here,” commented the deputy as he waved Graham into the office.

The door closed and the deputy turned to face Graham.

“What in God’s name happened to you?” he asked.

Graham heaved a sigh of relief and told the deputy a short version of his story while the deputy found a blanket and threw it over Graham’s shoulders.

EIGHT

ROAD TO RECOVERY

“I have to get you to the police in North Platte,” said Lawrence with a grin at the man in the back seat. “I would take off the chains, but it would be better if they see you like this and not all cleaned up. Adds credibility to the crazy story you told me.”

Graham nodded and felt himself slipping to sleep. Even though Lawrence had given him a stiff cup of coffee and a bite to eat, the sheer lack of sleep last night made him drift in and out of slumber and half wakefulness.

Graham tried to answer the questions, about Florrie and Madison, but after ten minutes in the back seat of the car he slipped off to sleep as they sped through the almost arid landscape.

Graham dreamed...

It was almost the sum of his experiences since he met Gerda in Florrie’s cellar cage. A vague feeling of terror, a certainty as he dreamed that he was between those huge thighs. He could feel his pursed lips gently being fucked by that huge clitoris. He could see the cunt that threatened to swallow him getting larger as he heard Madison’s laughter at his helplessness.

The car rocked gently on the road and Graham woke with a start as the wheels struck potholes. For a moment he was dazed and then he recovered from the nightmare of falling into that cavern that he had serviced so intimately.

Graham sat up and looked out of the window.

The car was heading down a narrow track and bouncing on the potholes. In front of him he could see two dilapidated mobile homes that were propped up on bricks

The car came to a halt and Graham remembered what Madison had said ‘When Larry comes tomorrow we will have a day of rest because you will be busy.’

Larry, Lawrence!

Lawrence, Larry!

He felt a sick feeling in his belly as Larry looked back at him and smiled. He tried the door but it was locked. He moved forward to climb into the front and attack Larry, but Larry just said “I wouldn’t do that if I were you, stay quiet and enjoy the ride, piggy!”

Graham suddenly felt overwhelmed by the realisation that he had escaped and been recovered by that whale of a woman, Madison. How easily he had been recaptured! The thought of that gross woman made him leap forward to attack the smug man who was driving the car.

Larry used the stun gun with a casual movement of the arm that showed that he was no stranger to transporting dangerous people when he was alone in his car.

“Y’see what you made me do to you now,” laughed Larry as he pulled up by Madison’s mobile home. “Now you’re in no fit state to say ‘hello’ to the lovely Madison!”

“Please, please,” begged the man who was about to be delivered to a nightmare. “I’ll pay anything, I have to escape...”

“Sonny,” said Larry. “You ain’t got fuck all to offer me and Madison pays regular like, when I do jobs for her.”

Graham looked out of the car to see Madison with a woman on a leash. At least it looked like a woman, a pet woman, another victim.

“Mmm, like the look of that ho,” mumbled Larry as he admired the gift that Madison was offering. “Tight latex and all trussed up tight for me! See there’s no way that you gonna offer me something like that are you? I sure know who my friends are.”

He opened the door of the car and stepped out to meet Madison.

“That’s for me?” he asked as he pointed at the trussed and helpless slave seventy-three. “You sure know my little weaknesses!”

Madison laughed.

“I’m pretty fucking glad that you found this little piggy for me. I thought that I might have to explain to Florrie what happened to the first slave that I fucking lost!” she said as she pulled Graham out of the car by the chain that was still attached to his neck ring.

As Graham tried to walk she pulled the chain and then punched him in the face with brutal force.

“No more walking for you, piggy! From now on you get on fucking piggy all-fours and you stay there. There ain’t gonna be a second chance for you to walk.”

Larry was looked down at the woman that he had been offered as a reward for recapturing Graham and smiled.

“You and I gonna have a little chat about swallowing come,” he said as he led his new pet to the mobile home. “I might just fuck that nice round ass...”

Madison kicked Graham and dragged him in the dust with no regard for how fast he could move on his hands and knees. As she got to the door of her home she reached inside and pulled out a mask.

“From now on I can’t have you seeing or hearing so well, so put this on!”

That was too much for Graham. No matter how much he feared her, he was not going to willingly put on that mask. He quickly stood and tried to pull away.

Madison suddenly let go of the chain that she was using as a leash at just the moment that he pulled away. Graham stumbled and Madison was on him before he realised how she had tricked him.

A resounding buffet to the side of his head and he was reeling.

But, he was not out and he managed to recover his balance.

The second blow that she threw was a roundhouse punch that caught his jaw and threw him, dazed, to the ground. He lay prone and she stood over him and then dropped the mask on his motionless body.

“Fucking now!” she ordered. “Put it on slut!”

She sat on his chest and pinned him to the ground with her enormous bulk.

He looked up at her huge breasts that were just one of the rolls of fat that contoured her bulk. Her thighs opened and he could see the ragged hair of her pussy, the dark slit and the finger of that clitoris throbbing and waiting for the attention of his lips.

His trembling hands picked up the mask and tried to work out how it fitted. The zips described a face. One for each eye and on over the mouth.

They were already all closed and locked with miniature padlocks. A symbol of his helplessness!

On the back were laces, a complex pattern of eyelets and leather cords that would seal the mask onto his face like an evil second skin.

He pulled it on and was back in the darkness, claustrophobic and frightening. Strong hands pulled at the laces and the leather was stretched over his features to create a faceless fuck-doll of the man who was, for the second time, about to learn that Madison was a woman who got whatever she wanted.

Graham heard a door open and the steps of Larry on the hard dirt.

“Looks like you got your own fuck-doll there nicely under control,” came his voice. “When do I get to do the work on him?”

“Anytime you like,” came Madison’s answer. “He has to be ready for Florrie in three days, so the sooner the better! I don’t give a flying fuck if he’s bruised or not when you do it, so tomorrow would suit me.”

“Three hundred?”

“I’ll get you three hundred, don’t you fucking worry. Larry.”

“That bitch of yours is one good fuck.”

“I’m getting rid of the ho, so make the best of it!”

“What? You selling her to Florrie and all?”

“One way or another...”

“Shame really,” he said as he pulled up the zipper on his pants. “I like the shiny wrap and the heels. A real fucking bitch of a pro, and so totally fucking helpless. I’m gonna ass fuck her now and then a bit of oral tomorrow when I come back to do this little shit.”

He pointed at the prone Graham and laughed.

“I’ll bring all the stuff tomorrow and we’ll spend a bit of quality time together, him and me,” he said.

“Fine, I’ll see you then in the afternoon,” she replied.

Graham was trussed, naked and masked between the thighs of his teacher. His brief spell of freedom had just reinforced his will to escape. He had been so close, virtually free and clear!

He had to get away, he could not surrender to this battering of his psyche and intellect. He had to get back to the outside world and get back into control of his life.

He felt those massive thighs close around his head. He could not see the pale flesh, the ridges of fat and the gaping pussy, but nevertheless he had to serve it or the cane would descend on his flesh with terrible effect.

He pushed and felt a momentary resistance as the huge dildo attached to his mouth entered that cunt. Now he was fucking her with his face. His tongue could just slip out of the breathing hole and tickle her pussy; stroke that clitoris with the touch of a lover. It was what she preferred, to be filled and tickled as she lowered herself up to the hilt. She felt every ridge on the enormous rubber form that filled her to near capacity.

So much better than any man, so much more!

Her hands on the back of his head caused him a wave of relief because that meant that she had laid down her cane. Madison was concentrating on her own pleasure for now, punishment would surely follow.

She pulled his head up and down as she used him to bring her to her well-deserved climax.

NINE

THE ROAD TO PERDITION AND THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

It was not that Larry was a queer!

Oh no!

Not bent, pansy or gay...

No way!

There was no way that he would have either admitted to such a thing or imagined that others might think him so. Larry belonged to that small or large group of men and women for whom sex is not a matter of pleasure pure.

The pleasure, the gratification of sex is displaced by the power that comes from imposing their wishes onto a victim. It is that sense of supremacy that makes them climax as they bend another to their will.

Larry, Madison, Irene and Florrie were all members of that exclusive club that anyone can join, but so few manage to make reality. Madison organised his sexual adventures and Larry paid for them by submitting to her will. He had even fucked the twenty five stone woman once when she had attempted to blackmail him.

That little escapade had caused the present arrangement where he helped her with his position as Sherriff's deputy and she supplied some special trussed fuck meat. There was no way that he would allow her to get a handle on him like that, he had no intention of ending up as her little piggy. The cage next door to slave seventy-three was not his destiny!

Right now, though, what Larry was doing was certainly in the direction of a homoerotic experience. For four hours he had been earning a little extra cash from Madison by using his skill as tattoo artist to leave Graham in no doubt as to the position that he held in life.

"Piggy, fuck pig, and cock slut," had said Madison as she counted the phrases on her fat fingers. "I want it written from his face to the soles of his feet. I want it on his cock in capitals and on his lips in black. I have shaved his scalp so that you can treat every inch of his fucking pelt."

"Shit, Madison! It'll take fucking ages to do, I have all the stencils and the ink, but it is a long, long job. Jesus, Madison, it'll take a fucking week."

"Just do it freehand, I want him ready by tonight, because Florrie could arrive at any moment and I want the little fucker ready for her."

"OK, OK then. But, the three hundred ain't enough, 'specially since I got him back to you without a problem..."

Madison had grimaced and wondered if she could get away with four hundred, but Larry had had other ideas.

“I’ll tell you what, Madison. Let me have piggy and seventy-three for the day and I’ll settle for three hundred green.”

That was how it had been sorted.

Now Larry had his prick reaming the mouth of the man he was tattooing while the latex clad slave helped herself to his balls with her lips and tongue.

Larry’s hands shook as he worked and climaxed again. Each time, the fuck pig swallowed the come like a good little slave and Larry used his right hand to build his next erection. Through the window he occasionally saw Madison glancing in as he worked.

It might have bothered another man, but Larry was indulging his most basic fantasy. ‘Let the fat cow watch,’ he thought, ‘that way she’ll know what I want next time.’

Other people were there to serve him and he could take what he liked from them. He could feel another climax building. This was the third now, slower to arrive, less intense and created with more effort on the part of the two slaves, but nevertheless the third inside three hours...

He pushed into the ring gag of the prone man and looked down at the woman who had the job of attending to ass and balls. Her eyes were looking up, into his. They were empty of all emotion, but fear!

Fear was enough!

The journey back to the Florrie’s Hell’s Angel’s was a road trip of dread and fearful trepidation. Since being forced to put the hood on and being bound after his awful session with Larry, Graham had not been beaten, that would have damaged the healing tattoos. He had not seen what had been done to his skin and he had no idea what lay ahead except that somehow he knew that if he did not escape Florrie in the first few days he would never be able to get away.

He would be forever a slave slut to these perverse women.

So, that last day with Madison was one where she tortured him without using the cane. Four dry hours tied up in the sun followed by a long drink of her wastes. Then came the service that was pepped up by her use of Larry’s stun gun.

Finally, the packing and preparation in which he was once again bundled and rammed into the soft foam with every hole filled to prevent unwanted emissions. As she packed him into the crate, Madison could not help but enjoy his distress.

She played with his prick until he had achieved a strong erection and then she slowly masturbated him as she told him what might happen when he returned to Florrie's tender care. As he started to come she slowed the pace and told him stories of previous slaves who had passed through her hands.

Finally she told him of snuff movies, operations that made sex slaves so much more obedient or totally helpless. Private dungeons that slaves entered and never left. Playrooms of pain and suffering for the gratification of their rich owners.

As she whispered in his ear she watched and waited for the first tears to roll from under the mask. As they did so she forced him to climax to her tales of the future that he was going to experience as a victim.

It was one of her only moments of subtlety. Making the slave climax, in part stimulated by tales of the horrors that he would experience.

Finally, when he was in mental torment she closed the case and screwed the sides in place. It would be a few hours before Florrie was to arrive, so she decided to relax with seventy-three and enjoy a little massage and intimate luxury!

For Graham, the fuck piggy in the crate, the journey back to the Florrie's Hell's Angels' headquarters was much like the journey out. The difference was that Graham had finally realised that this was real.

It was his future, or at least what was left of it.

The noise of the truck covering its miles.

The stops to fill the car with gas, the painful bindings and fetters, the soreness of his skin. It was all part of a waking nightmare that was almost unendurable.

Finally it was over and the box was tipped off the back of the pickup with a shove. He heard a slap on the side of the crate, almost a friendly recognition that it contained a pre-packed slave.

Then nothing.

There was the sound of motorcycle engines revving and then some voices, mainly female that penetrated the wood and foam of the packing crate.

Finally the crate was tipped onto its side and pushed along the ground, presumably to clear the open area in front of the house. Graham just quietly wept into his mask as he realised that he was of so little importance that he was just a commercial commodity to these people, a fairly valuable product and nothing more.

TEN

THE END OF THE ROAD

Graham heard the car arrive. Just!

In the absolute still of the night he heard it over the small sounds of the insects and rustling of the wind. There was a crunch of gravel, slight but steady, that made a noise even though the engine had been turned off and the car had rolled the last hundred yards.

The doors of the limousine opened and two women and two men exited the car like ghosts. One woman stayed in the car and watched her followers prepare to dispose of a small problem at her behest.

It was not often that she happened to get to witness their work, usually she was too busy to be bothered with minor actions like this.

She smiled and watched them check their silenced pistols, a brief twist of silencer and a click as magazines were tested and safety catches were lowered. In the dark they faded around the house with almost no sound.

The woman in the car stretched her legs a little and rotated so that she could slide out of the car with ease. Her stiletto heels found footing in the dust and she stood and looked around the yard. All was quiet, a new moon would have hung in the sky, but small clouds covered it. From her smart jacket pocket she took slim silver case and lit a cigarette that she extracted with almost exaggerated care.

She heard a small sound from the house and smiled, this was the end of the affair at last. The last time that she allowed her people to become involved, implicated, in a total mess like this!

Motorcycle gangs, drugs and prostitution!

What were they all thinking?

‘It just remains to tie up the last loose ends and then go home to New York,’ she thought as she drew at the cigarette with real enjoyment.

There was something so satisfying about being in at the finish of course! First there had been the White Angels and the fact that they had connection to her organisation. All contact had been broken and cleaned up, including that stupid idiot Steven Houghtonstone from the prosecutor’s office in Topeka.

The idiot that had used her name in such an indiscrete fashion.

Well, Steve was no more, or at least he had been sold to a lovely Japanese couple, Mr and Mrs Tokashirimaso. That left the problem of the slave who should have been disposed of, but instead had been sold on to this pack of cut-rate rats.

Irene heard a couple of muffled shots from the house.

Like soft claps they signalled that her people were finally taking care of business with a measure of finality.

She tossed the butt of her cigarette in the dust and twisted the sole of her shoe on it just as a couple more shots spluttered in the house.

Irene held her hand up with fingers outstretched and admired the manicure. Simple red with a crusting of gold that made it look as though her nails had been partly gilded.

‘Now there is just that stupid bitch from the prosecutor’s office in Topeka to deal with and then the matter is closed, finally,’ she thought.

The door opened and Florrie was pushed into the yard by an unseen hand. Her hands were half up and clear of weapons; her body was naked and drenched in sweat.

“Very good,” said Irene with a smile. “I wonder if you could help me find someone? Actually someone in particular.”

The question was framed in an ironic tone of voice as if Irene were asking for directions from a passing stranger.

“Who the fuck are you, bitch?” answered Florrie.

“My name is none of your concern, Florence Hardcampe. You are here to answer my questions, that is enough for you to know.”

Florrie took a step forward as if threatening Irene and one of the women who had been in the car with their mistress stepped out of the doorway and placed the lips of a Beretta on her neck.

“I am looking for a young woman who was sold to you a month ago. I understand that you have her here on the premises? A certain Gerda Hartley?”

“What is it worth, to tell you where she is?”

A tired, bored look came over Irene’s face and she strolled to stand in front of the naked woman who was actually trying to bargain with her. Irene stretched out a hand and gently traced the shape of a breast with her nail. The hand slid down between Florrie’s thighs and parted her sex.

“I do not think that you understand what risk you are taking by annoying me with your stupid attempts to haggle with me. I can do things to you that you cannot imagine. I can reduce you to a boneless jelly that howls all night to beg to eat my shit if I care to.”

Irene pushed her finger up, deep into Florrie and smiled as if they were just shaking hands.

“I cannot hear you, Florence...”

“The chicken cellar, there,” said Florrie as she pointed at the door in the barn.

There were now six people in the yard, Florrie, Miss Irene Clearmont and all four of her assistants. Irene indicated with her free hand to one of the women, who went to the door and opened it.

For a moment she stood at the top of the stairs before she disappeared into the gloom. There was a small pause. Florrie stood on her tip-toes as Irene pushed deep into her. A small smile played on her lips as she enjoyed the discomfort that she was causing.

The woman reappeared in the door way and signalled to Irene by drawing a finger-tip over her throat.

“You see how easy that was, how painless... Now all we have to decide is; what to do with you, Miss Florence Hardcampe. What do you think?”

“Let me go of course,” said Florrie with a defiant shrug of the shoulders. “You got what you came for.”

“I suppose that true,” said Irene as she slowly withdrew her finger from Florrie.

The hand came up and the finger that had fucked her was held to Florrie’s lips. Knowing what was required, Florrie’s lips parted and she kissed the finger that had raped her.

“Excuse me, Miss,” said one of the men, “but what is in that?”

He pointed to the crate where Graham was stored for a sale that would now never happen.

“Open it!”

It was a work of moments to strip the case down to the foam interior and discover Graham curled up and entombed within.

“Who is he?”

Florrie answered the question immediately. She could feel the silencer pressing into her skull so she did not dissemble overly.

“I was on the point of selling him to that ‘Esclavo Servil’ brothel, you know near Buenaventura.”

“Isn’t that the place where they have that private little film studio?”

Florrie nodded cautiously, careful not to give the wrong impression to the woman who was holding a gun to her head.

“Well, Florence, it would seem that I am all done here apart from a few singular details. I suppose that I can offer you a choice. Of course it will be a little limited in scope. Either you can come with me and we find out what the future holds for you or; on the other hand you stay here with no future.”

“I’ll go with you,” said Florrie, guessing correctly that ‘no future’ meant just that!

ELEVEN

TERMINI

The road trip was at last at an end.

Graham stood and looked at the mirror at what Madison had had done to him. Larry had covered every inch with the words 'pig', 'fuck' and 'slut'. As Larry had done it he had enjoyed his victim's struggles to learn to suck cock.

Lips that wrapped tightly around the root of that large prick and then sucked and massaged to make it spew its pleasure into a servile mouth.

Graham shrugged, all of it meant nothing, and all of the terrible privations that he had suffered were of no account! Compared with Florrie's dashed expectations his own trials and tribulations were inconsequential.

Florrie had been sucked into the system of which she had been just an inconsequential cog. She found herself spat out as a white slave in Indonesia, just a servile foreigner who was there to satisfy her buyers. She would serve the rest of her days as a depository for the emissions of thirty men a night, who wanted to find out what it was like to fuck and rape a white woman.

Graham on the other hand, had engendered no risk for his new owners. He was picked up like a child picks up a tumbling pebble from the surf on the beach. Picked up and thrown back into the water with a casual cast.

The training and auction were almost like freedom to him. After the terrors of Madison and Florrie, the canings and the cages, the rapes and the chains were gone to be replaced by a strict regime of service that was occasionally rewarded by his mistress. Once a week he was allowed to have a quiet hour to masturbate as long as he had not disobeyed any orders or failed in his duties.

She was so considerate, so generous to him!

Occasionally his owner would actually sit in and enjoy watching him perform for her. She liked to see a slow and steady climax from him while he stared into her eyes and asked her permission.

"That's a good boy, come for me my little slutty piggy," she said as his prick erupted for her. "I love the tattoos, piggy, they suit you so well! Say 'thank you' to me for looking after you."

"Thank you," he replied.

The rest of the time he spent locked up, his prick in a narrow tube that allowed him no relief. Up at five in the morning to clean the villa and prepare for his owners to rise. He padded around the house in his tight uniform constantly under the supervision of the two women who ran the household. Washing, cleaning and tidying up constantly, there was no moment to think about what could or should have been.

Graham had long realised that a failure to please here would result in his being sold on. Finally, a lazy slave always ended in some brothel or film studio where his life could be measured in weeks.

So he served the master and mistress as well as the female supervisors with great care and attention. The supervisors had their nightly uses for the man who was lower in the order of seniority than the parrot whose cage he cleaned twice a day.

The road trip that had started in New York had ended so far away!

He had hoped to find freedom on the road, but he had lost free will on the way. He had lost everything that he had once held so dear, but he had gained purpose:

The single minded service that made his betters and owners glad that they had bought him.

He had become the perfect slave.

THE END