

miss irene presents

tale 12



**Fantastic Tales
of
Female Led
Fiction**

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“Return to Innocence”

Miss Irene Clearmont

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For author information contact:

Miss Irene Clearmont

www.MissIreneClearmont.com

Email Comments: Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com

“Return to Innocence”

By

Miss Irene Clearmont

Part One

Initiation

Chapter 1

First Social

It was the spam mail that had taken Daniel to the website. A hesitation and then a single click that had opened up an opportunity that he had latched on to and followed up to find that the whole thing was just a little strange, but diverting! The pictures of possible partners on the website had varied from the beautiful to what seemed to be fusty housewives, but the choice was his. He had completed the basic form, undemanding and simple to become a member and wondered if it was all some sort of obscure scam.

He had almost been surprised by the invitation to a get-together and, after some hesitation, Daniel put on a suit and went to the rather plain pub where the Club was meeting, apparently for the first time.

‘Ridiculous! This whole exercise is so ridiculous!’ he thought to himself as he hid behind his drink and surveyed all the others who had gathered here for the same reason. Instead of his usual pint of pale-ale, a fluted glass with a cocktail that tasted sweet and sickly. Already he was lying and he had not even spoken a word.

Two days ago the registration for the ‘Divorced Club’ had seemed like a good idea. After all he fitted the basic requirements! Divorced, bored, frustrated and in need of a partner. It had been as if the mail had been tailored for him personally. Now, that the reality of the club was revealed in all its sad glory, it seemed a preposterous way to find a partner.

Sign up on-line and turn up to one of their ‘socials’, chat and meet and then listen to the guest speaker. Somehow he had imagined a subtle setting, designed for romance, a place where attractive middle-aged women and men could meet

in genial surroundings. Instead, here he was... sitting in a pub on the Edgware Road with a cocktail and no idea who was part of the club and who was not.

Daniel considered leaving his cocktail on the beer-splashed table and walking out, but somehow that was admitting defeat too easily. A year after the bitter divorce, a year after losing his two daughters and the house to his artful wife he had still not got any closer to finding that special woman that he so desperately needed. Visitation cut to a day a week, and endless struggles with the support agency over payments... He sipped at the sickly-sweet fluid in his glass and checked his watch. In five minutes, it would all begin and then there would be no escape. Those around him were also sitting without exchanging a word to their neighbours, huddled over their drinks and waiting for the event to begin. Mostly men with more than a leavening of the fairer sex, they all had that desperate look in their eyes that signified hopelessness.

“Ladies and gentlemen...”

The speaker whose voice rose above the slight background hum of conversation was a tall woman who stood by the bar and rapped her glass with a spoon to get attention.

“This is the first ‘social’ of the Divorce Club. A place where those that have been through the stress and fury of parting from wives and husbands can mix with others who have the same difficulties and share their experiences to benefit us all.”

Daniel found himself wondering if the woman who spoke was herself divorced. She was certainly attractive, no doubt about it! Tall, six feet or more, a full figure and the sort of polished rounded features that promised agreeable sex.

“Everyone here is a divorcee, a person who has broken the chains of marriage, but finds that being single was not what they had hoped for,” she continued. “I myself have been single for a year now and started this little club just a month ago. In that time fifty have signed up as founding members.”

There was a little polite clapping that caused Daniel to survey the room. The balance of male and female was not as stark as he had first imagined. Perhaps the balance was even. Most were in their forties with a scattering of younger and older people, most of whom were well turned out if not actually ‘well to do’.

“What happens tonight is that I shall collect a few more intimate details from you, we shall here the speaker that I have managed to find...”

Her hand indicated a young man by her side that looked a little embarrassed at being mentioned and then she continued.

“Barry, here, is a former Relate councillor, those of you who are a little older would say that he’s a marriage guidance councillor. Anyway, he has a few things to say, not more than twenty minutes really and then we’ll be ready to arrange the next meeting where we all get to know each other a little better.”

The woman coughed theatrically and introduced herself.

“My name is Samantha. Divorced a year and a half ago, seeking a partner. I decided to start this little group to help myself of course!”

There was a little laughter from the audience at the sally.

“The idea is that the club will always have as many women as there are men, a perfect balance in fact. Every member will be vetted carefully, but there is no intention of attempting with match you off against each other. This is something that you will have to do on your own, but what you have here is a perfect group to meet, a group that have the same goals as you do. To socialise, to break back into the idea that being single is OK, but that there are plenty of people who have the same interests as you. You have all filled in the on-line questionnaire of course, but now what happens is that I am going to bore down to the nitty gritty of what it is you are and what it is that you want...”

Samantha lifted a pile of papers in her hand and waved them.

“I want you all to take one of these and fill it in as honestly as you can. In order to protect your privacy, no names. Just the membership number at the top and then a few ticks against the questions. This is just between us!”

She passed the pile of papers to the small group on the table nearest to the bar and then sat down as the questionnaires were passed around all those in the pub. Barry sat looking uncomfortable on the stool by her side and sipped his beer as a chatter arose in the pub and some people pulled out their phones to confirm their membership numbers.

Daniel took one of the papers passed to him and looked it over. The top line was for his number, number 034, the rest was a closely typed mass of two columns of multiple choice questions. A still came over the pub as Daniel started to fill in the form. The first column was for answers about himself, the second for those

of the partner that he sought. There was obviously no risk here, no matter what was asked. After all, the only information that Samantha's database held so far was an email address and a few basic questions about physical attributes.

He glanced over at the man who sat next to him who was already pondering the second batch of questions with a puzzled expression and got to work on his own answers.

'Do you feel that your work is more important than your social life?'

There were three possible answers. 'Yes', 'Perhaps' and 'No'. Daniel ticked the second and then ticked the same for a potential partner in the second column by the question.

The whole of the top section of questions were of a similar nature. Were his hobbies important? How much time was devoted to family? So far, nothing all that startling.

Samantha's voice called out; "Be truthful, after all, matches made in heaven are based on honesty!"

Daniel found himself nodding agreement and quickly completed the first section. That took him to the second paragraph. Now the questions were a little more personal. 'Is sex important for a marriage? How do you feel about a partner who is sexually experienced?' These ten questions were also easy to answer truthfully, so he ticked off the boxes rapidly and almost without having to think.

Near the door a man stood up from his table and turned to leave the pub.

“Every question has to be answered,” said Samantha. “If you feel upset or unable to complete the questionnaire then by all means you are free to go!”

Daniel stopped for a moment and watched the door swing closed. Foolish to run really, he decided. There was nothing else to do tonight anyway except sit in front of the goggle-box. Around him, there were a few exclamations of surprise and he headed into the third section of the questionnaire.

Now the questions were even more pointed. It seemed as if sexual compatibility was the main aim of this exercise.

‘Have you ever cheated on your ex-partner while married?’ it started and he ticked the ‘Yes’ box with a twinge of guilt. It was true, that had been the reason for his divorce! This batch of questions examined his sex life with a thoroughness that he found almost threatening. They started easy and became more difficult to answer. Not because he did not know what to tick, more that there was a wall of awkwardness that had to be broken down before the pen in his hand could move.

‘Are you prepared to try something sexually-new with a partner at their request?’ that made him hesitate, but he ticked the ‘Yes’ box eventually and moved down the rest of the section with increasing trepidation. Several more people, all male, left the pub, taking their questionnaires with them as they did so, but Daniel did not find an urge to leave. In fact, as the questionnaire continued, he realised that answering these questions was revealing something to himself that was important for his own understanding of himself.

‘Would you describe your partner’s sexual needs as more important than your own?’ He completed the final question in the group with a ‘Maybe’ and then crossed out the tick and hesitantly put a tick in the ‘Yes’ box. Daniel drew a breath and looked around. There were about twenty or thirty people left in the pub now, ten down from the start. Only men had walked out, leaving many more women than men in the room. Clearly this was just a little close to the knuckle for some people, but a hopeful sign for the future. There could not be many divorcee clubs that had such a favourable ratio for Daniel!

Just one more paragraph of questions to go. Daniel returned to the paper and hesitated over the first question. So far he had mirrored most of his answers for himself in the second column. After all his need was for a partner who had the same preferences as him. Now he was unsure...

‘What would you rate as the most erotic?’

Now there were four answers to choose from. ‘Nudity’, ‘Leather’, ‘Shoes’ and ‘Nylon’. He thought and his pen hovered over ‘Nudity’ before ticking the ‘Nylon’ box. After all, stockings and dessous... he thought as he moved on. All of the rest of the remaining questions were similar and he managed to complete them with at least a semblance of honesty. Sexual toys, dressing up, role playing and porn all had a question and there were several others too that probed his sexuality with a ruthless efficiency. At last he was finished and scanned the paper with an objective eye. He had expected questions about hobbies, attitudes to children, work and smoking, but that was scarcely touched upon at all. The whole thing was a probe of his inner secrets and it gave him a feeling that left a pit in his stomach.

‘Still,’ he thought. ‘Let’s face it, maybe there are hidden questions that reveal all of that stuff between the lines.’

Samantha came around and collected the papers, separating the men from the women in left and right hands as she did so.

“Good,” she said to the group as she passed around. “That is the vetting process completed; what happens next is that Barry will say a few words and then we’ll all go home!”

A conversational buzz started and then a man asked a question from the back. “I don’t understand! Haven’t we all come here to meet potential partners?”

Samantha turned and raised her head as she spoke. “Of course you have. I shall cast my eye over these,” she waved the completed questionnaires in her hand, “and in a week, we shall all meet up again when I am sure that all of the members of our little club are suitable.”

Samantha retreated to her bar stool and Barry stood. The little speech that he delivered seemed pale by comparison to the questionnaire that had just been completed. Daniel found that he missed much of it as he weighed up the various women present and evaluated them according to a sliding scale that matched his fantasies. Several of the women, including Samantha, came well up in his ratings, others were either too old, had unattractive figures or seemed the sort of women who would turn out to be a bitch to their partner. For instance, one of the women on his table; fifty years old, quite attractive, who seemed to be always looking down her nose and then scolded the woman to her right for not giving her enough room to fill in the questionnaire. She would be standing with a rolling pin at the door for sure!

Barry’s voice droned on and Daniel watched the reactions of the watchers rather than listening to the lecture. Most of the women were smiling, many of the men seemed to be cringing at the way that Barry seemed to blame most dysfunctional

relationships on the husband. At last the droning voice ceased and Samantha took the stage again.

“In the next day or two, all of you should check the website for the next meeting. One or two of you will find that your log-in no longer works. This will be because I have decided that you do not fit the purpose of the group, which is to bring new relationships into being, relationships that will not only last, but also be sexually fulfilling for all partners. If your log-in no longer works, then put this exercise down to experience and find other ways of meeting your dream partner.”

She sat down and some of the men and women in the room stood to leave.

The whole purpose of the club seemed to be to create sexual partnerships... Daniel realised that he was in the right place!

“Don’t forget, check the website. Anyone who does not log in in the next week is out of the club!” she called.

Daniel decided not to finish his drink, but ordered the pint that he thirsted for. After all, there had, after all, been no need to pose with that syrupy cocktail and now he all he had to do was just find out if he had passed the test in the next week.

It was not long before he was virtually the only man in the pub. Ten or so women clustered around Samantha and Barry at the bar, the rest sat alone and then left when their glass was empty. Samantha stood and nodded with a smile to Barry. The questionnaires were still in her hands as she headed for the lavatory,

Daniel's gaze following her every move. As she passed a bin by the door, her left hand dropped all of the papers into it. Daniel frowned and then realised that she had taken his with her right. Instinctively, he looked down at his empty pint glass as Samantha looked back and she disappeared through the door.

It seemed that it would be the men that were judged, the women had a free ride.

Chapter 2

Second Social

Every day for the next two days, Daniel logged into the 'Divorce Club' website to find that nothing had changed. At least he was still in the running! On the third day he found that he had to change his password and then a new site opened before his eyes. The rather staid graphics with loving couples by the seaside had gone, to be replaced with a slick presentation that had clearly been composed by an expert.

Now there were semi-clad men and women and a chat room that, so far, had little in the way of comment. Going by the avatars chosen by the members, most of the chat room activity was female. Further questionnaires could be completed, but Daniel decided that it would be clever to wait a meeting or two, before he further added to the delicate information that he had already given.

On the home-page of the site was the date and place of the next meet. It seemed that this time the idea of a pub had been abandoned and it was in a restaurant a few miles from the edge of London. The menu was also on the page and Daniel could see that a meal would not be cheap there.

Things were looking up and he was glad that he had waded through the rather off-putting start to his adventure. Hopefully the 'social' would be well attended, well organised and lead to meeting a few of the women that he had seen, in a more romantic and intimate setting.

Tuesday came and Daniel felt a rising sense of optimism about the whole undertaking. Maybe it was the recent, rather acid conversation with his ex-wife or perhaps it was the fact that he had finally started to move on.

Daniel parked his car ten minutes from the restaurant. Somehow he still had a lingering doubt about being identified. At any rate his battered Renault was not exactly a showpiece and unlikely to add to his kudos! The walk in the evening air cheered him up, and the fact that the carpark of the restaurant was full of expensive cars seemed a confirmation of his instinct. Outside the door was a sign that marked the restaurant as closed except to the club and a waitress took his number and ticked him off on her list. Inside the restaurant was a sprawling bar where twenty guests mingled with glasses in their hands. Daniel realised that the balance had tipped even more in his favour if the group was anything to go by. There were thirty women and just around ten men, not counting Barry, who stood by Samantha's side and watched the group without taking part in any of the conversation.

He nodded to the guests and answered 'thirty-four' when one of the women asked him his membership number. Daniel found himself in conversation with a woman of around sixty who was decked in an outrageously low cut dress for her age. The rather overbearing woman was on the stout side, not at all the sort of woman that was Daniel's fantasy date.

"What are you looking for?" was her opening gambit.

"My mother!" answered Daniel flippantly.

A strange look crossed her heavily made-up face, but her reply took the quip in her stride.

"Every boy needs a mother," she said with a grin. "I should have been more exact. What I meant really was, do you think that a great age difference between

partners is a hindrance?”

“Personality is more important,” answered Daniel carefully. “Of course an age difference can lead to problems in a long-term relationship...”

“Good answer, number thirty-four. On the other hand, relationships develop over time and both partners eventually come to match, in time. I think that I like you!”

Daniel tried to imagine himself with a woman tens of years older than himself and immediately dismissed the idea. Young and smooth was what he wanted... Women always liked the idea of commitment, it would sound much better if he talked as if a long-term relationship was what he was looking for!

“Too much difference could be a problem after a few years,” he ventured cautiously.

“Experience is important, though,” said the large woman with a sly smile. “Just think of all of the things that an older woman would do to hold onto a much younger man!”

“Er, I suppose so,” he replied as he tried to imagine what this woman was hinting at.

“See, there is so much that I would want to do for the right man,” she continued. “If he had the balls for it!”

“Ah, that’s good,” said Daniel dubiously.

The woman to his left, around thirty and very attractive would have made a better conversationalist than a woman who was really older than his mother, but there seemed no way to draw her into the conversation even though she was standing alone.

“I am looking for a man who really knows how to spoil and please a woman,” continued the older woman. “By the way I am member number five and I believe that we have been seated next to each other for the meal.”

He took in the mass of gold that she wore, her bearing and the way that she spoke with a well-educated accent and wondered why a woman who seemed so aristocratic was at a partnership club in the first place.

Daniel must have allowed a slight discontentment to cross his features and wished that he had ticked the ‘age’ question a week ago with a ‘no’. This was his own fault, he realised. At forty-four he imagined an older woman to be around thirty or forty and not nearly at retirement age.

“Don’t worry, my dear,” said Five. “This is just the first real ‘social’ of the club. I’m sure that we’ll get along just fine! I may be fifty-eight years old, but my outlook is so much younger!”

“What do you do?” asked Daniel as he tried to make conversation.

“Oh, retired actually. Not that I’ve ever had to have a job! So, what do you do?”

“Journalist,” said Daniel. “Actually, mostly opinion pieces rather than out and about.”

“Oh, it must be nice to write and be an opinion maker. I don’t read the papers, well, not any more...”

The conversation stopped as Samantha rapped on a glass at the bar and made an announcement.

“Everyone is here now,” she pronounced. “Take your seats and enjoy the meal. Now then, there are a few rules... Each man has a special duty. At every course they will change places with another man until after five courses, you will all have met each other, or at least had the chance. Just remember the numbers of the people who you feel empathy with, because you can enter them into the website and the next time I shall attempt to arrange the seating that way.”

Daniel felt a sense of relief. It seemed that he would not be sitting next to Five the whole night. As they took their places at the tables, Daniel found himself on a table with an older man who seemed to answer every question with a monosyllable and four women of varying age and attractiveness. Taking advantage of the shy man at the table he chatted with all of the women, including Five and started to enjoy the experience. He noted the women’s numbers and made a mental list. On this table was just one ‘stand out’ woman. Around thirty, dressed informally, she was number twenty and, though not attractive in a conventional sense, she was so eye-catching that he could not help but make her a possible choice for the next time.

He kissed each woman on the cheek as he left after the opening course. When he bent over Five he felt her other hand momentarily on his thigh. It slipped up to cup him and then the moment was over. Without doubt she had an interest in him, even though he was not attracted to her.

Table by table, course by course, Daniel moved around the tables judging and assessing the women. There was something exciting about the whole exercise. Perhaps it was the fact that it seemed that the women had to bid for the men rather than the other way around. Also, there was so much variation between them as well as a great deal in common.

Age varied from number Twelve at around twenty-five years and Five who was the oldest present. Physical type varied tremendously from the rather overweight Fifteen to the almost tiny Sixteen. Daniel decided that Twenty and Sixteen were the most attractive. Five was the woman who had stood by him in the bar. Sixteen was petite and so fair haired that her braided locks were almost white. Also, the hints of the tattoos at her bare shoulders hinted at more under the tight dress.

What all of these women seemed to have in common was that they were all well-off. In fact, one or two, if their comments could be taken at face value of course, were really wealthy. Way beyond his modest means.

Of course, Daniel realised, they were judging him at the same time. He wondered how Samantha would match them up for the next meeting. It would say something about how he had performed!

At the end of the meal, Samantha stood to make a few comments about how pleased she was that it had all gone so well and looked forward to the next meeting in a week's time.

“We will be meeting in a hotel! That means that a few of those who want to move a little faster can get to know each other in more intimate surroundings. Also, a few newbies may be joining us for the first time. In the main, men, because they seem to have a bit of an unfair advantage at the moment. Still, Ladies, you’ll just have to work a little harder!”

There was a little laughter at the comment and Daniel felt a hand on his behind. He looked back to see a smiling Five at the next table taking advantage of the short reach to the man that she felt was for her. His look caused her to blow him a kiss and he smiled back. If Five had been twenty years younger he would have had her on his mental list of numbers, he had something for rich women after all, but now all he felt was relief that he had not had to sit with her the whole meal.

“Now then, I want you to pay close attention. Listed as questionnaire number three on the website you all have a little homework! Complete the questions, honestly of course, because all those that do not, will lose their log-in and no longer be members of the club. I think that we have moved far enough to whisper a few more details of likes and dislikes. Also, there is a small payment to make. Even though I have founded this group as a hobby of mine, I have to pay for the website somehow and the costs are not negligible. Don’t worry, the fee is not hundreds of pounds, just a fiver a month to offset my costs because I do not intend to make a business of this little adventure in match-making!”

Daniel found himself nodding in agreement. It was unfair that Samantha should bear the entire costs of the club. He wondered if he should write a little article about the adventure so far. The regular readers of The Guardian column would love the tale, that was for sure. Perhaps in a few weeks’ time?

The ‘social’ broke up. A few drifted to the bar, most wandered to the car park where Daniel found that nearly all of the expensive cars belonged to the women

and most of the small cars to the men. He was glad that he had hidden his Renault. It would have been the most dilapidated in the carpark. As he went, he managed to avoid Five and headed for his car with half an erection in his pants. Twenty and Sixteen had been a revelation.

A day later, Daniel logged into the website and found the questionnaire that Samantha had insisted upon. First he used his credit card to pay the five pounds' fee and then he was able to open the form and see what the next hurdle was.

The questions were deeply personal and seemed obsessed with sex. With the images of Sixteen and Twenty in his mind, he ticked the boxes off one by one before coming to a link that was marked 'click here'. He clicked on the link and nothing happened, so he clicked again. There was no reaction, so he decided that he would have to speak to Samantha about it. Finished with the duties that he had been given, he surfed the site to see what else he might have missed. His search came to a gallery which he opened to see photos of the dinner taken as a group. They had been taken when he was on the second table and he moved the mouse pointer over the pictures. Each was tagged with a membership number and Daniel was glad that a log-in was required to see the photos. He clicked on number Five and his browser opened another page that showed the older woman sitting in a luxurious living room. She sat in a tight dress that showed the size of her endless cleavage. Cross-legged with white stiletto heels on her feet and her stocking tops showing and a smile that seemed to be satisfaction. Behind her stood a young maid, the sofa blocking the view from waist down. There was no doubt that, had the maid been the subject of the photo, Daniel might well have chosen her!

A sudden thought assailed him and he went back to the group photo to click on his own picture. It too opened a page, but to his relief the only thing that was shown was his membership number and his age. Nothing that would allow him to be searched out. His next clicks took him to his two chosen favourites. Both were revealed in luxurious settings. Sixteen posed in the open door of her BMW with her legs extended, heels resting on the concrete with a pout on her lips. Her

white hair draping down an arrogant smile twitching on her lips.

Twenty's photo was far more revealing. Poised on the edge of a huge four-poster bed with her bare legs wide, Daniel could just make out the cleft between her thighs in the shadows. Her hands cupped her exposed breasts, thumbs and forefingers pinching her erect nipples. Her head was back, mouth open and the tip of her tongue licked her black lips as she cast her eyes at the camera lens.

Daniel found himself entranced. The woman was like a dream come true. Sexual, full figured and sexy as hell. The fact that he had actually met her and had a possible chance to match up with her turned him on to the limits of his mind. She was both exotic and tempting. A society belle and a porno star all in one! There was clearly only one solution to the problem of the cock that sprung and pushed inside his jeans and he dashed to his kitchenette to run back to the tempting screen as if the revelation might fade with a tissue in his hand.

Cock in hand, he slowly wanked to the vision. A luxurious and slow pleasure that ended with him coming into the tissue with tremendous spurts. As he came it almost seemed as if she licked her lips and opened wider for him as he longed to bury his face between her thighs and taste her before fucking her to a slow climax as she moaned under him.

Daniel closed the computer down and wondered how it was that the women had been persuaded to pose so provocatively, but the men had not even been required to supply a photo. It was almost as if the club was for the benefit of men rather than the women who were members. The balance of numbers between male and female seemed another clue, but Daniel just could not work it out!

Chapter 3

Third Social

Another call from his ex!

For months, she had not called, now it was once a week. Daniel did not tell her about the club, it was none of her business... she could read the article that he was going to write with the rest of them! He kept the conversation to everyday things and rang off with a sigh of relief. She had hinted that she had a lover, but he just did not care.

Who and what she screwed was her business.

What he did was his.

Angela was of no interest at all!

His thoughts turned to the next meeting of the club. Every day he had opened the photo of Twenty twice and pleased his desperate cock to internalised visions of fucking her. Making her his own, gratifying her to the point where she wanted him all of the time. Twenty dropped from his thoughts as he focused on his obsession as he flicked through the personal pictures of all of the women in the club. Many of the poses were provocative, Twenty was the only one that had revealed so much. On the website, he marked five women, but it was Twenty that filled his thoughts. He wondered how he could find out more, but a picture search on Google brought nothing and he could not even begin to guess at some detail that might reveal who she really was.

If he wanted her, then he would just have to make sure that she knew about it and chose him. He looked at the other men and decided that he was possibly the youngest and best looking, all he had to do was leverage his advantage and impress her.

The days dragged so slowly, Daniel's thoughts filled with his obsession, until at last it was Tuesday evening and he was dressed in his new suit and ready to win the woman that filled his thoughts.

The venue was a small country hotel just south of London. Ivy clad and twee, almost. Romantic certainly. Daniel jumped out of his hire car almost half an hour before the agreed time. Good to be early to hope to meet the women who had filled a full box of tissues in the last week!

The inside of the hotel was all old wood and brass. A small restaurant ready and marked with cards. Since the object of his desire had not yet arrived, Daniel made a tour of the tables with his gin in hand and looked at the cards. He found Twenty's number on his own table and felt a surge of elation. She was facing him, Sixteen was on one side and Five on the other, seated next to the woman that he longed to fuck.

The half hour seemed to last an age. Women arrived, the blonde Sixteen and Five standing chatting at the bar while he half-hid, waiting for the entry of Twenty with baited breath. Samantha arrived with Barry in tow and Daniel wondered if they were partners. It seemed a little strange that she had a partner and Barry seemed so withdrawn and badly matched to the tall woman who was the mistress of ceremonies. Certainly hen-pecked, decided Daniel. Just as they were called to the meal, Twenty arrived and Daniel stepped forward to find himself swept to his place on the table without a chance to get better acquainted.

“Hi,” started Samantha. “This is the girls’ night! The idea is that the women present can choose a partner and let’s see if there’s any chemistry present. Also, to help the girls get acquainted with their chosen men better each of you has a file with your selections shown in better detail. The men have had the chance to see their choices on the website, now it’s your turn.”

The women at the tables picked up their envelopes and opened them. Daniel wondered what would be revealed and hoped and prayed that Twenty would open hers to see more about him. He felt his face blush a little as he watched Twenty open her envelope and peep inside. Daniel looked around and realised that now there was just one man on each table, even though the same women were present as a week ago. Clearly, several men had been rejected or else had pulled out because of the intimate quiz. All the better, he decided.

“Each of you has chosen just one man that is of interest, whereas the men have been allowed more than one choice,” said Samantha. “Each of you has to place the card in the envelope in front of you for all to see and then we can start the meal.”

He held his breath and watched her slender hands as she pulled the card from the envelope and flipped it to reveal her choice. Daniel almost bounded from his chair in alarm as he realised that the picture on the card was his.

Naked, with his streaming cock in his hand, a stupid grin on his face, with his apartment in the background. His face flushed red and then he glanced around to see that every woman on his table had the same card. There was the picture, taking up half of the card, his name and address in bold with tiny writing underneath like a list.

Each table was the same. The man at the table revealed with cock in hand, the

questionnaire details and addresses shown clearly. Two of the men gasped, one shouted a curse, the others sat in shock like Daniel.

“Welcome to the Club,” laughed Samantha as she took in the laughter of the women present and the corresponding shock of all of her victims.

One of the men stood up as if to leave, the silent one who had been partnered with Daniel the week before.

“Any man that wants to go will find that leaving is no easy thing. I have your credit card details, simply tons of naughty pictures of your little cocks coming all over the screens of your computers and in one case even more! You leave at your peril, because I have traced you all and can make your lives a living hell! So please sit down and appreciate that each of you is surrounded by a gaggle of women that want to use and abuse you for the rest of your lives! What could possibly be better than that?”

Daniel felt himself short of breath. His heart pounded until he could hear it thunder in his ears and he knew that he had fallen deep into the trap that had opened without a murmur.

“Good,” said Samantha as she realised that not a single one of her victims was going to walk out of her little entertainment. She had picked well; they were all docile. “We’ll all enjoy our meal and then I shall reveal the rules of the game...”

Daniel was still in a haze as the soup arrived. In every direction was a card, each of these women had selected him and each had the means to blackmail him so thoroughly that he had no escape. He sipped at the soup and almost retched as

the women at his table made small talk. Inconsequential comments about their lives that seemed out of place against the backdrop of the terrible photo that adorned their places. The second course came and went and a singing in Daniel's ears seemed the warning of a heart attack that never came. He just sat like a dummy and ate out of reflex, gagging at every bite. The meal had no taste, the wine seemed flat. The women smiled and glanced at him with predatory eyes and he knew that he was trapped.

His job, his address and the answers to all the kinky questions were on each card. Worst of all, the photo that had been caught just as the come spurted from his cock. A smear of white against the ruby red of the end of his little cock, the tissue poised in the other hand, waiting to be filled. As the dessert arrived, he managed to tune into the conversation and realised that he was trapped and they loved the feeling of power over him.

The meal was over. The men slumped in their chairs, the women animated and laughing in pleasure at the discomfiture of their victims. The ring of spoon on glass filled the room and the conversation died as all turned to listen to the woman that had arranged everything for her rich friends.

“Ladies! There are rules, we have to decide how this little game is going to be played out.”

General female laughter filled the room at this and Samantha allowed it to die away before she continued.

“Each of you has already made a first bid. The lowest bids go first.”

Daniel listened and struggled to understand what was going on. Gradually her words made sense and he realised that he was the subject of an auction.

“Every man here has been handpicked by Barry to match a profile that suggests submissiveness. Each of you will be allowed a day of possession before the final auction takes place. The winners of the auction will find that ownership of their new man-pet will be most rewarding. The decision is yours... Of course, if you do not win the auction, a new ‘Divorce Club’ will be convened in a month and you will get another chance to choose from a suitable selection of new prospective servants.”

One of the men stood and made to walk for the door.

“Mr Henry Childsworth, sub-cashier at Flensworth City Bank,” announced Samantha with a small smirk. “Lives at thirty Moorcock Grove. A tiny three-inch cock, able to come just one time in three tries last week. He loves oral sex, hopes to find a woman who loves anal and has been a naughty boy with other men several times in his youth...”

The litany stopped Henry in his tracks and he stood indecisively before slowly moving to sit down.

“Henry finally came when he fucked himself with his fat pink vibrator, he was a very naughty boy on film and we have nearly three hours of him trying to come to show anyone who might be interested.”

Henry slumped on the table and started to cry.

“Well done Henry, you have three wonderful women to attend to in the next week before the auction comes around. All you have to do is impress your special choice enough to bid highest for you and you will have achieved what you signed up for!”

Samantha laughed and patted Barry on his head as she spoke.

“Good, we know where we stand now! Each of the men will receive a mail from each of the women presently seated at their table. Any attempt to avoid, delay, miss the appointment will result in the publication of their details on public web sites. Immediately! I shall then inform their friends, colleagues and relatives where to find the material and they can retire from the auction.”

Daniel looked at the superior smirk on Five’s face and felt a choking sensation.

“If any of the women are inclined, there are three rooms available for play or you can wait for a more suitable moment in the luxury of a place of your choosing. Otherwise, you will all get a mail and fit the day of possession into your busy schedules.”

A hand closed on Daniel’s knee.

Five pouted at him and Daniel shuddered at the contact.

“So wait for the mails, and don’t miss a step!”

The speech was over and Samantha sat down while a lively chatter filled the room. On the next table a severely dressed older woman took Henry's hand and said, "I like a man who has to be kept in line..." with a grin.

Henry stood unwillingly and she led him to the reception desk of the hotel with a haughty look at the rest of the women present.

"I want you!"

The whisper came from Five and Daniel looked into her eyes as she pouted.

"I bid the most, so I get you last of all," said Five with a smile. "If you are a good boy for me, then I'll buy you and take you home to keep and play with every day."

"I can't do this," said Daniel. "Please, I just can't."

"But you will," said Twenty with a twitch of the lips. "You would be perfect for me; I need a little captive lover for my villa in Spain..."

Daniel felt his cock stiffen at Twenty's words and looked around the table. There were only three of them... how bad could it be?

Sixteen just sat and smiled.

Part Two

Three Visits

Interlude

Angela held the phone propped in place with her shoulder as she sipped her coffee.

“Hi Sam, how’s it going?”

“Couldn’t be better! I’ve sent you the photos, what did you think?”

Angela laughed and put down her coffee.

“Perfect, I just cried with laughter, the tears were streaming down my face when I saw the second film!”

“Wait until you see what’s coming up in the next week.”

“Can’t wait. Hey, you must be making a fortune from this club.”

“Enough I suppose. Actually, I have so many women that want into it that I think that I’ll have to expand... The problem is finding the men, there are almost too many women on the list to give them all a chance to join the auctions.”

“Well, keep me up to speed, darling. I am so looking forward to seeing you tonight.”

“Me too. Be on time!”

A brief hesitation at the order.

“As always, love you!”

“Love you too.”

Chapter 4

Four Squared

Daniel felt a buzz in his pocket and pulled the phone from his pocket. He glanced at the screen and saw the notification that a mail had arrived. Around him the pedestrians parted as he opened the mail and felt a sudden pit in his stomach. The message was simple. An address, a date and a time. No more! Not even an indication which one of the three women who had sat on his table at the social required him to meet them. It couldn't be Five, she had said that she would be last...

The idea of writing a piece on the rather unusual dating site for his column had long since been consigned to the dustbin. What had started as a hesitant test of his ability to find a partner had become a nightmare from which there seemed to be no escape. Daniel slipped the phone into his pocket and stood reflecting on how he could escape from the situation. There had to be a way out of it! Payment seemed out of the question. They were not blackmailing him for money; it was more as if this was some devilish game Samantha and the others were playing with him for kicks.

A thought occurred.

Perhaps it was all much less threatening than he imagined. After all, the idea that there was some sort of auction where he could be 'sold' just made no sense at all. No, it had to be like that... They would play their game out and then move on to other prey for their games. Just a group of sexually frustrated bitches that wanted to make their victims squirm and then move on to other victims.

The thought comforted Daniel; that he had deduced the course of events somehow put him in some sort of control. What he had to do was play along

with the game, enjoy the moment and then find an angle that would allow him to erase the photos and film.

He looked again at the mail. The meeting was set for tomorrow afternoon and the address would allow him to find out which of the three women was expecting his presence. What he needed was leverage, some sort of counter that would allow him to push back at them hard enough.

There were three of them. The thought of Five frightened him, Sixteen was one of the two that he had picked and the idea of spending a night with Twenty caused his cock to stiffen. It would be worth it all just to fuck her just once. He hoped that it would be her first...

He left the car parked half a mile from the address. This part of Wembley in London was a vast estate of houses that reeked of middle class self-satisfaction. Gardens tended, BMWs parked outside, neat streets and clipped hedges. The long walk did not help calm his nerves, it just brought him closer. Daniel glanced at his watch and paused to straighten the camera that he had fixed to his jacket. The plan was simple. He would make sure that he also had a recording of what happened and use it to force that bitch, Samantha, to trade blackmail. All he had to do was make sure that he got the jacket into position. The lens of the tiny camera was almost invisible, hiding in a badge pinned to the leather lapel. It was the gift of one of his investigative reporter friends who had assured him that the camera could record for ten hours and even in almost darkness.

The address in the mail led him to a cul-de-sac. A garden large enough for mature trees, a small Mercedes parked on the gravelled drive, the very picture of suburban success. By now his heart was beating like a hammer and he straightened his jacket and drew a breath before heading up the driveway to find out what was in store for him.

There was no bell, so Daniel knocked on the door and waited. A glance at his watch showing that his timing was perfect. The door opened and he was shocked that a middle-aged maid in uniform stood waiting for him to respond.

“Er, I’m Daniel, I was supposed to be here at four,” he said lamely.

The maid did not answer, but opened the door wider and stepped aside to allow him to enter. Daniel stepped into the hall and saw a tall, short-haired woman standing at the top of the stairs looking down at him.

“Show him into the lounge, Elsie,” said the woman to the maid. “Mistress’ll be down in a moment...”

“Julianne,” said the maid to the woman at the top of the stairs. “Tell her that the guest has arrived.”

This was not at all what Daniel had been expecting. He had hoped for Twenty to greet him in a negligee and not a stranger. The maid led him into the lounge, a room that was so normal that Daniel almost stood at a loss between the sofa and armchairs.

“Your jacket?” said the maid.

“Er, I’m fine,” he replied.

The maid stood by the door stock still with her hand extended and Daniel reluctantly took off the leather jacket and passed it over. He watched her go back

into the hall and hang it on a hook by the door. He could see the badge on the lapel. Somehow he would have to get it back in his hands without exciting suspicion. He realised that fixing it on the jacket had been a silly move.

For a minute, he was alone in the room and moved to inspect the photos perched on an old-fashioned chest of drawers. The woman that he had seen at the top of the stairs posed next to the petite Sixteen.

Through the open door, Sixteen entered the room. A few days ago, she had been casually dressed, tight jeans and T shirt. The Sixteen that stepped into his sight was quite a different creature. A pencil skirt, a tight tube to her knees. Slick maroon stilettos with needle sharp heels, a short cane in her hand that tapped on her thigh with an impatient rhythm.

She ignored the smiling maid and slowly walked around Daniel, making him turn to face her as she circled him in a leisurely fashion.

“Strip!” she said.

He found it almost comic. She barely came to his shoulder even in the high heels. A tiny, adorable creature that spoke that single word in a high voice that was almost that of a child.

“I said, ‘strip’,” she said in a hard tone. “You will learn that I do not like to have to repeat myself. Take off your clothes and Elsie will dispose of them. I want to see what I am thinking of buying!”

Daniel glanced at the maid, but she had not moved and just stood smiling at him as he hesitatingly started to slip off his T shirt. Sixteen just tapped the point of the cane on her shoes as his hands slipped to his belt. When his clothes eventually lay in a heap on the floor she pointed at them with the bamboo rod.

“Dispose of them, Elsie and call Julianne down, she should be dressed now.”

Half erect, Daniel stood nervously desperately wanting to cup his hands over himself but not daring to incite the tiny woman who inspected him.

“This won’t do,” she said looking at his swelling cock. “Put these on.”

Her hand drew a pair of handcuffs from the waist of her skirt and offered them dangling on one finger. Daniel played with them for a moment and closed one loop onto his right wrist.

“Not in front, behind,” said Sixteen.

Daniel put his wrists behind his back and fumbled with them before the second clasp clicked closed.

“Good, that’s the first lesson. Obey at the first command. You are here for me to assess your suitability for use, nothing else and don’t you forget it.”

Daniel heard a sound behind him and turned his head to see the other woman

enter the room. In the ten minutes that had passed since his entry to the house, Julianne had changed from the long dress that she had been wearing when Daniel had seen her on the stairs. Now she was in pink, white stockings and pink stilettos, a flouncy short dress that pushed her breasts into rounded hills.

Daniel felt the point of the cane prodded his thigh and Daniel cried out.

“Stand still, boy!” said Sixteen sharply. “Julie, sort this out for me and bring him upstairs...”

The rough end of the cane stabbed at Daniel’s cock and then Sixteen turned on her heel and walked from the room. Daniel stood stock still, now his erection had swollen to full size. Four inches of straining flesh that twitched against his groin.

Julianne came into view. A plaited wig covered her hair, bright pink lips and rosy cheeks making her look like a rag doll. She pressed close to him, the lace on her dress scratching at his naked skin and he felt a hand slide and grasp his erection with a firm grip.

“Mistress wants you emptied,” she lisped as she kissed his lips. “Then she can play with us both!”

Daniel felt his mind swirl with craving as the hand played with his cock and closed around his balls. Even the smiling maid who stood watching no longer perturbed him and he surrendered to the touch. If this was the reality of the game, then he would play along and make the most of it!

The kiss to his lips slid to the point of his chin and became a long tongue that traced a line from neck to torso. He gasped as lips closed on a nipple and sharp teeth bit him playfully as Julianne sank to her knees and squeezed his rigid cock with her hand. The sensation was ecstasy. Daniel found himself lost in the moment and then looked down to see her gleaming pink lips open and form to swallow him whole. Now the hands were kneading his hanging balls and he could hear a singing in his ears as the warmth of her mouth slid over him in a single movement that placed her lips at the very root of his prick. He could feel her tongue massaging him, the sensitive tip of him pressing into her throat and cried out with the reaction of her hand squeezing his balls and playing with them, scratching and teasing.

Angela had always refused to do this, his ex-wife fastidious and apathetic when it came to Daniel's fantasies. She only ever climaxed under her own fingers, complaining that his little cock could not satisfy her need. This was everything that he had ever dreamed of! Suction pulling at him, endless stimulation and a slow movement of her head moving her lips over his shaft. He could not resist and felt the surge inside that signalled his climax.

Daniel closed his eyes and moaned in bliss, feeling every stroke, every draw at him and then cried out as at last, come pumped from the tip of his cock into the mouth that surrounded him. The hands urged every drop from him, squeezing him dry as Julianne's tongue massaged the tip of him, making him whimper with every lick.

He looked down.

Her face was turned upward to him, a smile of satisfaction on her lips, a drop of come trickling from the corner of her mouth and he could not help but smile back and slowly exhale. His cock was smeared with come and pink lip-gloss as

the stiffness faded.

“Oh, that’s nice,” said Elsie.

Suddenly the reality of the moment came to Daniel. The maid loomed in his vision and patted the pink fellatrix on the head before reaching to grip Daniel’s flaccid cock and hanging balls.

“Now that you’re drained...”

He tried to step back from the upturned face and maid’s presence, but the grip on his balls kept him in place as the maid held up a metal device and then slipped it over his cock to click a ring behind his balls.

“There, that’s better isn’t it?” said Elsie. “On it goes like that...”

“What the hell,” exclaimed Daniel as he looked down to see that his limp cock had been enclosed in a curved barred cage that held it tightly.

“Can’t have you having any ideas,” laughed the maid. “You’ve had your little moment, now the mistress can play with you!”

Already, Daniel could feel himself expanding into the cage. Somehow the shock was becoming stimulation, but the bars of the cage limited his growth when his cock bulged through the bars in its attempt to swell.

“Perfect, now comes the final touch,” said Elsie. “Don’t move, I don’t want to damage your sweet little prick!”

Daniel looked at the short piece of metal in her fingers that she held for his examination before she grasped the caged cock and held it firmly. He tried to step back, but there was no escape as she lined up the metal in her hand and slowly pushed it into the weeping eye of the tip of him.

He flinched and gasped as it entered. The feeling was intense, half excitement and the other half fear as the rod pushed home and Elsie turned it to screw it into the tiny hole at the end of the restraint. A small spanner tightened the rod in position and she looked into Daniel’s eyes with a grin.

“There, that wasn’t so bad, was it?”

Daniel shook his head and looked down. Now, there was no chance to slip from the steel cage, it was firmly gripped at both ends of his prick.

“If mistress buys you, you will be wearing one of these this all of the time,” said Elsie. “Now then, there is just one more thing before you are ready...”

The maid moved around Daniel, patting his ass as she took a position behind him and clasped her hand in the hair at the back of his head.

“Just a sweet little kiss!”

Julianne slowly stood. The drop of come had trickled to hand extended from her chin, her lips pouting with a film of white where they closed. Daniel tried to stagger back from her closing face, but the hand that pulled at his hair held him and Julianne's hands moved to circle his hips and dig her nails into the cheeks of his ass.

"No, no way..." cried Daniel as he tried to step back.

Elsie's other hand pushed between his thighs suddenly and before he could close them, it gripped his balls and pulled savagely, making Daniel gasp as the pink lips moved ever closer to his own.

"There's no need to be shy," whispered Elsie into Daniel's ear. "It's just a little kiss. Don't dare spill a drop!"

Sticky lips touched his, pressed hard and parted a little. He could taste the come that flowed from her pout, the faintly salty-sweet hint that masked the scent of her lip-gloss and then his mouth was full of the slime that he had pumped into the pink framed mouth. It seemed an endless flow, had he really spurted so much come into her?

"That tastes good, doesn't it?" asked the insistent whisper in his ear. "Drink it all up and swallow. You can't possibly think that a woman would want to keep that filth in her mouth or cunt, could you?"

The kiss broke. A smiling Julianne filled his vision and her hand came up to stroke his throat.

“I am only allowed to drink from mistress,” lisped Julianne; the word ‘mistress’ almost being a stuttered hiss.

Her finger picked up the ooze from her cheek and extended to Daniel’s lips.

“All of it,” said Julianne.

He clamped his lips closed and Julianne slapped him sharply with her other hand. The clap of her palm on his cheek and the force of the blow filled his mind with shock and as he opened his mouth to cry out the slimy finger slipped in while the other hand poised and threatened another savage blow.

“Suck it all off, bitch!” said Elsie into his ear. “Then you can thank her.”

Daniel closed his lips as the finger withdrew, tasting more of himself as the palm that threatened filled his vision.

“Thank-you,” he stuttered and a smile curved Julianne’s pink glossy lips, threads of come strung between them.

“Good boy,” said Elsie from behind him.

The grips on balls and hair slipped away and Daniel felt a hand grasp his handcuffs and lift his arms high. He was forced to bend forward and Elsie marched him from the room to the hallway with Julianne in tow. As he passed

his hanging jacket he realised that the whole episode must have been recorded through the open doorway and he hoped that it was enough to use.

He climbed the stairs and was guided through an open door into a bedroom where a huge bed filled the room. On the bed lay Sixteen. Relaxed and still dressed in her tight skirt she watched Daniel with a sly smile and a satisfied nod at the steel cage that held his cock tight.

“Well done, Elsie,” she said as she uncurled slowly to lower her feet to the floor. “Has he been a good boy?”

Elsie nodded and then pushed Daniel to fall on the bed face down beside her mistress. His mind was in confusion, a terrible mixture of fright and anticipation. ‘What was this woman going to do to him now?’ he wondered as he felt a slim hand pat his ass almost affectionately before Sixteen stood and brushed her long white hair with her hand.

“Get him ready for us,” said Sixteen’s voice. “I need a shower and I want him prepared to perform...”

Daniel heard footsteps on the carpet and the opening and closing of a door and then other movement in the room that could only be sinister. He dared to move his head to one side and caught a glimpse of Julianne bending over a chest at the foot of the bed before a savage blow of a cane made him cry out in shock.

“Stay still, bitch. Move a muscle again and I will thrash you until you scream!”

Elsie's voice had a hardness that caused Daniel to freeze in position after he had turned his face back to be buried in the soft silk sheets.

"That's better, now then, let's get you ready for Mistress."

He felt hands grasp his feet and allowed them to part his legs wide. Something was buckled around each ankle and then Elsie seemed to be clicking something into place. Daniel realised that she had fitted a bar that would not allow his legs to close and a tide of anxiety caused him to panic and try to close his thighs against the restraint.

A single swift cut of the cane caused him to start weeping and slump into the softness of the bed that was the only comfort. He felt his tears wet the sheet below him as Elsie extended the bar between his ankles to force his legs so wide that it strained the muscles of his thighs.

"Here, I'll help," said Elsie's voice, but Daniel could not see what it was that the two women were doing.

Whatever it was, it boded no good for him, but at least he was allowed to relax his muscles to accommodate the restraint between his ankles. The silence was broken by occasional sounds, but it seemed that the restraint was the only preparation that they had decided on for their victim. He could feel his cock filling the cage and the rod that held him in position making him uncomfortable, so he risked a little movement of his hips to relieve the pressure of his body. It seemed that Elsie had not noticed the adjustment and Daniel felt a small surge of satisfaction.

The fear returned in full force as he heard the door open and Sixteen's voice; "Mm, that's a good girl, I just love your little cock! Well-made men are so conceited, the weaklings are just needy."

Elsie's hand gripped the hair on Daniel's head and pulled.

His neck curved and now he could see a small scene being played out. It seemed an almost nightmare vision. The girlish figure of a naked Sixteen stroking the head of Julianne that was pressed to her thighs as she knelt before her mistress. A slender hand patted the tight hood that covered the head, stroking it and enjoying the slick feel of the latex. At the urging of her mistress' hand the head turned to face the bed and the smooth black featureless face gazed at Daniel with a rearing stiff cock where those pink lips were smoothed over. Every vein a ridge, the proud head and wide shaft of that cock nodded with every movement of Julianne's head.

"Who is my little girl going to fuck," laughed Sixteen as her hand slowly ran the length of the shaft. "Is it going to be me or the pathetic man we have on the bed?"

"Oh God, please," whispered Daniel as he realised that the instrument in her caressing hand was at least a foot in length.

"I think he wants it badly," laughed Elsie as she allowed his head to fall from her grip. "He needs a good reaming..."

"Mm, I guess that I could oblige," said Sixteen as she stepped back a little to reveal her dripping slit to Daniel's frightened gaze. "On the other hand, I think

that what this little cock needs is a little lubrication first!”

Her laugh was echoed by the maid and Sixteen patted the head of her blinded female tool and slipped her hand to stroke herself between her thighs.

“God, this is so good.”

The petite woman reached down and found the short leash that hung from Julianne’s steel collar. Sixteen led her blinded pet to the bed and stooped to lean down to Daniel.

“You think that I am wicked, don’t you Daniel?”

Daniel nodded slightly and laughter filled her high-pitched voice.

“In a week you will be begging to be bought by me! What I want is just the tip of the iceberg compared to the other three women who want to own you.”

Daniel was confused. As far as he knew there were just three women who expected him to serve them. Sixteen, the beautiful Twenty and the awful Five. Who was the fourth women? His thoughts slipped to Samantha and he shivered. Surely the woman who had organised this abuse would be by far the worst of them all?

“Julie, let’s be having you,” said Sixteen as she pulled on the leash.

The blind Julianne had to be guided by Elsie until she was lying on the bed with her head almost touching Daniel's. She was face-up, the hard-black cock rearing straight upwards. Daniel caught a glimpse of the slick hood and wondered what it was like to be enclosed to helplessness while being played with by a sadistic bitch like Sixteen. She was totally passive, allowing herself to be arranged by the maid as Mistress demanded. Legs wide, arms by her side, motionless and ready for the petite woman to move astride on all fours.

"It's so hard and big..."

Daniel could not see what was happening, but he felt legs cross his shoulders and the shuffling as Mistress slipped into position.

"Elsie, you can do it now," said the high-pitched voice breathlessly.

A hand touched his rear. Fingers moved through the crack of his ass and a cool touch swept the length of his cleft. Daniel started in surprise and then cried out as something pressed against the tightly clenched bud of his ass hole. For a moment, it was just a steadily increasing pressure and then something hard and round was pressed into him with a jerk.

"What the..." was his cry as the object inside his ass came under tension and a hand grasped his hair and pulled his head as far up as it would go.

Now his sight was focussed upward, bent in a curve. All he could see was the rounded smooth ass of Sixteen opened wide by slim hands. The pouting hole of

her ass before his lips, the dripping cunt poised over the tip of Julianne's rubber cock. Elsie's hands grasped his hair and knotted something into it and the strain of his curvature pulled at the object that was embedded in his ass.

A sigh of pleasure, but not Daniel's.

The tight smooth ass slipped slowly towards his face as Sixteen impaled herself. The lips of her pussy clasping the veined shaft, honey dripping the length of it, racing the tightly parted lips to the base. As Mistress lowered, the parted cheeks of her ass were pulled wide and Daniel's panicked cries were stilled by the bud of her perfect hole pressing against his lips and nose.

"Perfect," breathed the voice from far above. "Fuck me!"

Daniel struggled for air and was relieved as the ass moved slowly up and then down to impale cock deep into cunt.

"Fuck her," said Elsie's voice from behind. "Eat her, make her yours."

The soft flesh relaxed at his lips and he kissed her gently causing a moan to come from far above, but it seemed that the maid was not satisfied with his efforts as she slapped his exposed balls sharply with the palm of her hand to urge him to serve.

Daniel pushed his tongue deep. The reaction was a shudder of bliss that pulled the tip of his tongue out of contact, but then Sixteen pushed back and he was

once again probing her as he gasped for breath.

Sweat from Sixteen and his own brow caused his eyes to smart, the taste of her filled his mouth and the sound of her swallowing the giant rubber cock filled his hearing. The hand that slapped him between his thighs urged him to more effort, pressing deep and tasting her, teasing and fucking the hole that had to be pleased.

“Oh, fuck,” cried the woman whose ass had become Daniel’s whole world. “Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck... make me come...”

She fell forward on to all fours. Face buried in Julianne’s melting pussy as the hooded head began to thrust in deep strokes and the cheeks of her ass parted wide to allow her slave to lick and kiss her pouting ass.

He felt the shudders, the uncontrollable twitches as Sixteen came. Daniel realised that he was just a fraction of the climax, the like of which he, a mere man, could never have. A storm of bliss that filled every sense, every mental desire that a woman could have. Three servants laboured for Sixteen’s pleasure, every action intended for her gratification. She wept, she moaned, she cried out and screamed as, finally, every last inch of the dildo rammed home and the servile lips of her slave sucked at her in desperation to satisfy her need.

The ass moved back, it pressed hard to his lips. It cut off his air, controlled him and made his lungs desperate for relief. Sixteen slid slowly from the black cock, allowed it to slip free with a small sucking sound and rested after her pleasure. She could feel the lips and tongue still soothing her and knew that she had found a perfect servant for her ravening ass.

She had to have him, teach him to be obsessed by her, tutor him to spend his waking hours serving and longing to be embedded deep in the crack of her. Elsie would train him perfectly between the cheeks of her own ass, teach him how to use his lips and tongue to clean and pleasure her until he was ready for the final guidance which would plunge him into a female hell from which he would never escape.

He was worth the bid, she should raise it in the actual auction.

Sixteen slipped from the touch of the man who served. The thought in her head bringing her to a new state of excitement as she pictured how easy it would be to make this man learn to gratify her even as she relieved herself. A new wetness dripped from her delicate cunt-lips. Once he was trained to perfection there were so many possibilities to reduce him to nothing more than a vessel for her needs. The cane and whip would break him, and he would become a degraded animal for her use.

“Elsie, he’s all yours now and you know what I need done to him. Don’t let me down. By nine I have to be in the City centre so I have to get moving...”

The sudden change from lust to matter-of-fact conversation jarred Daniel to open his eyes and see Sixteen slither over the passive Julianne to pause and look down at the man who she was assessing. The price would be quite high, she decided. Daniel was fit and quite good looking, an almost girlish face which always tempted the older women who were likely to bid. Then of course there was possibly another bidder who had a personal interest in him. On the negative side, he did not seem to be all that highly sexed. Of course, strict chastity and constant training would sort that out... he would be an impeccable slave for her ass-hole!

“I’ll be back by two.”

“Ma’am,” said Elsie. “I have already selected an outfit for you...”

“Just a shower and I’m off.”

Daniel moved his head a little to follow the almost naked nymph’s retreat to the bathroom. As he moved he could feel the intruder in his rear tug at him as the chain between head and ass pulled. His shoulders ached from being behind his back, but worse than this was the swelling that was contained by the steel cage at his groin.

“We’ll have a little fun later,” whispered Elsie into his ear confidentially, “but for now, be good.”

He felt her lift from the bed behind him. She moved into view and helped Julianne stand and led the sightless woman from the room to leave Daniel alone with his fearful thoughts.

For a few moments, he saw Sixteen.

Ignoring his presence, she drifted back into the room and dressed in jeans and a leather jacket, brushing her long white hair and applying a little lipstick and a dab or two of perfume. Daniel did not dare make a sound, even to beg her to loosen the chain between the hook and his head. It was as if he was just a piece

of furniture in the room that had no use at the moment.

As she left the room she switched out the lights and Daniel was left alone in the darkness. There was no way for him to get comfortable, his back recurved up, the bracelets of the cuffs bit into his wrists and every movement seemed to tighten them until he felt pins and needles in his hands. He tried to relax a little and let the chain take the strain, but the pull where the steel hook was embedded in him caused twinge that forced him to strain to relieve the tension.

The events of the last hours filled him with a subtle terror. From thinking that he could somehow gain the upper hand he was now starting to realise that the trap that he had fallen into was not merely a prank on the part of the women involved. They were not looking for love and partnership, they wanted depraved gratification.

The door to the bedroom opened with a click and light flooded the room making Daniel blink. Half praying for her return, now that Elsie was back he felt an icy clutch at his belly.

“Missed me?” she asked.

He could not see her and braced himself, but that did not stop him flinching when her hand slid down his thigh and fondled his caged cock. She slid her long nails lengthwise through the bars, scratching the swollen tip of his cock and then fondled his balls in her palm.

“I’ll bet that you’re ready for a little more play,” she said as her fingers closed around him to press her nails into the delicate flesh at the root of his balls.

Daniel grunted. He could feel the imminence of his erection and bit his lip as the steel cage bit into his swelling cock. The agony was compounded by her idle play and he moaned with discomfort. The rod buried inside the length of him caused twinges, a reminder of the control that he had fallen under.

“That’s good, because Mistress wants me to show you all of the benefits of being hers.”

The hands between his thighs started to fiddle with the cage. When he felt the click of the lock he sighed with relief as she slipped off the cage, carefully pulling the steel rod from the tip. The hands lifted and then returned to slowly massage his cock with slow movements.

“If you come before I allow it, then the cage goes back on,” said Elsie. “What happens now is that we are going to have a little session so that there is something to remember you by.”

The hands left him and he heard Elsie moving around and then a zipper being opened. The relief of the restraint coming off left him almost with a feeling of euphoria. Hopefully she would at least release him from the terrible chain that held his body in a straining arc. The sounds of metal on metal, a few clicks filled him trepidation. Elsie walked around the bed until she was facing him and he saw the huge camera in her hand. An almost phallic lens that she was fiddling with and the upright block of the flash.

“It’s all very well having a few pictures of you wanking off,” she smiled. “But, better is something more intimate, something that shows you properly to advantage...”

Her attention turned to the lens again and then she took a few shots of Daniel on the bed from all angles, blinding him with the flash as she did so.

“Just a few test shots and then Julianne will be here to help us for the serious ones.”

“This won’t work,” said Daniel as he watched her pointing the lens at him and rattling of a few more shots.

“What won’t work?”

“The blackmail...”

“Why ever not?”

“Because I will get over it,” said Daniel between gritted teeth. “I’ll lose my job, I’ll have a lot of explaining to do, but in the end I’ll live through it!”

“That’s nice,” smiled Elsie. “I’m sure that you’re right about that, if you had the strength of character that you obviously think that you have. It will be interesting to see. Now then, I have a job to do and so do you. After that we shall see who comes out on top!”

Seemingly satisfied with the test shots that she had taken, Elsie moved from sight.

“Take the photos and let me go,” said Daniel in a firm voice. “Let’s get it over with.”

He tried to inject a bored tone into his voice as if he did not care what Elsie did to him, but even to his ears he sounded querulous and timid.

Daniel heard fresh footsteps and Elsie said, “Good, now that you’re here, let’s get started. First of all, a few nice shots of you and then something a little more intimate.”

He could hear the sounds of the shutter clicking. Elsie spoke a few instructions and seemed satisfied with the results before her tall helper moved into Daniel’s sight. Dressed in her pink skirt and white stockings, she wore no top and her rounded breasts quivered with every step. There was a smile on her face as she looked down at Daniel and then slowly climbed on to the bed as the click of the shutter filled the room.

“Nice and slow,” said Elsie, “I want to capture every moment...”

Daniel looked up at Julianne’s pouting lips and found himself imagining them slipping over his cock. There was no doubt that she was attractive and the outfit added to the intensity of the moment.

“Open slowly, nice and slowly,” muttered Elsie as she slipped into her role as the director of the scene. “I want to see your hands exposing your cunt and then opening wide...”

Obediently, Julianne lifted the hem of her skirt and slowly spread her thighs. Daniel felt his pulse quicken as he first glimpsed the thick lips of her slit. The bulging thighs that spread as the hem slid up to reveal her sex in all of its glory. The hands moved to slide into the creases of her thighs and then pressed while the shutter of the camera clicked, catching Daniel's face as he stared at the sight that was revealed.

The folds of her pussy stretched, a tiny clitoris pressing from its cover. Clear honey dripped from her, a single drop suspended for a moment until at last the inner lips parted to reveal depths that Daniel could not help himself from longing to enter.

"That's perfect, dear," said Elsie as she captured every moment. "Now it's time for your reward!"

Julianne bent forward, her breasts touching Daniel's brow for a moment and then she slipped her knees forward and opened her legs wider before unhurriedly leaning back until she was lying with his lips just inches from her streaming pussy.

"Your turn," said Elsie as she moved a little to the side.

It was clear to Daniel what was required and he could not really help himself from straining to close that final inch and then extending his lips to plant a light kiss on the tiny bump of the clitoris. Julianne moaned and her thighs opened a fraction more, moving her closer to Daniel while the camera responded with a clattering series of signals and the flash burned out suddenly making Daniel screw his eyes closed just as his tongue slowly licked from the smooth skin of Julianne's mons to slip into the furrows of her sex.

“Take your time, this is Julianne’s first climax for months and we don’t want to miss a single moment.”

Daniel kissed, he licked and he tasted the sweet perfumed drops of her on his lips. The camera clicked away, but he found himself in a place where Elsie did not exist, where the cuffs and chains were gone and he was just a man trying to please a lover who so desperately needed his attentions.

Moans and groans, small curses and whines came from far away as Julianne lost herself in abandoned bliss, the months of waiting rewarded at last with intense bliss that caused her thighs and breasts to flush with the force of the climax.

“Good, good, well done,” said Elsie as she rounded off the first shoot with a few more photos taken from a few paces back. “Now we just have a few more to do and then we can finish up.”

Julianne looked as if she could happily lie another hour with Daniel between her thighs, but she obediently sat up and climbed from the bed to stand trembling waiting for her orders. Elsie put down the camera on the bed and took Julianne’s hands to position her again. This time she arranged her model to kneel with her back to Daniel, patting his head encouragingly as she did so.

“You’re doing well for me, Daniel,” she said using his name for the first time. “You know what I expect, so don’t disappoint me!”

Elsie put a hand on Julianne’s back and pushed her onto all-fours. He found

himself watching the crack of her ass pass his eyes as Elsie moved her model's hands to the cheeks of her ass. Daniel knew what was coming but gulped when he realised that a gold jewelled plug was embedded deep into the delicate hole that nestled between the smooth hills of the rounded ass.

"Pretty, isn't it?" asked Elsie as she took up the camera and started the next series of photos. "All you have to do is worship her ass and we are done."

Daniel could see the parted lips of the smooth pussy below, the tender stretched skin with the pink jewel embedded and struggled to reach it with the tip of his tongue.

"Try harder," urged Elsie. "Show me that you love it!"

He struggled to reach and the lens of the camera intruded close above to catch the moment of contact. Julianne's skin was dripping with sweat, the taste was salt, the slick taste of her excitement. His lips kissed as he struggled to reach the open slit of her pussy below, but the pull inside him was too much and Elsie started to chuckle at his efforts.

"No pussy, not now, dear. Just a last few shots to go."

Her hand reached between lips and gem to slowly pull the plug from Julianne. It slipped out easily, a conical gold stem that fell into her palm easily as Julianne moaned at the intimate contact.

“I want to see you fuck her, nice and slow, deep and completely,” said Elsie as she slapped the rounded ass cheeks to cause it to move back a little towards Daniel’s face.

Sixteen’s ass had been tight and virgin, the sphincter tight and taut. Julianne’s was slack and used, as if a thousand cocks had penetrated it and abused its loose aperture. It pouted like her lips, ready for easy penetration, relaxed and exploited. Daniel hesitated, but the camera shutter clicked and he knew that there was no escape. His lips parted and closed on the soft flesh, slipping his tongue into the moaning woman, realising that there was no resistance to his penetration.

“Fuck her,” came the order and he pushed deep. “Let me see every thrust!”

The shutter clacked tens of times as he obeyed. Lips touching soft skin at every lunge until at last Elsie seemed satisfied with his performance.

“Good boy,” said Elsie as she patted him on the head. “Now then, I just have to finish up and we are done.”

The hands that held the cheeks wide disappeared from his sight and Julianne climbed from the bed with a regretful sigh to bow and touch her toes whilst Elsie replaced the ornamental plug in its proper place.

Both women left the room and Daniel had to move a little to relieve the pressure on his engorged cock. He could hear movement through the open door, a short burst of laughter and then feet climbed the stairs and Elsie was back in the room.

“I’m going to release you now,” she said. “Don’t do anything silly and then you can go.”

He felt hands on the back of his head and suddenly slumped forward as the tension of the chain was released. He lay in the agony of cramps as the middle-aged women released the shackles on his legs and carefully removed the hook from his rear.

“I was told to give you a little message, my dear,” said Elsie as she watched him slowly sit to find the neatly folded pile of clothes at his side.

Daniel nodded and slowly stretched his back and arms, inspecting the raw circles at his wrists.

“In the next few days you will be at the call of the next bidder. The penalty for missing an appointment is immediate, there are no warnings or excuses accepted. Be there...”

“I may,” said Daniel defiantly.

“As you like,” laughed Elsie. “If it were me, I would also pretend that I could refuse to go along with being blackmailed, but then, I would never be so stupid to fall victim in the first place!”

Daniel stood and pulled on his jacket. The button on the lapel was still in place.

Hopefully it had something to help him from those moment in the lounge at the start.

Probably not, he decided.

“The photos?” he asked.

“Already uploaded, my dear! Don’t get any ideas that you can do anything about it. My advice is; hope that my mistress bids for you like she did for Julianne! You can do so much worse than to be her plaything!”

Daniel went to the door to find Julianne once again dressed in the long dress that she had worn as he had arrived. There was a strange normality, Elsie in her starched uniform, Julianne a housewife. He shrugged and descended into the hallway of the house, the two women following.

Every muscle ached, his cock was swollen with need and the walk to the car was like a dream. Daniel had survived the first encounter, two more to go.

Two more chances to find a way to escape what was clearly more than a casual game.

All he had to do was to find a way to break free...

Sixteen slid the photos one-by-one across the screen of her slate. Perfect for blackmail, perfect for Samantha to get her claws into her latest victim, but was the little slut worth bidding on? Perhaps he was just a little too easy...

Elsie had had her doubts and she was a sure guide to her Mistress' needs. The little man-slut would break at the first severe caning, that was for sure and then she would have to sell him on. Sixteen needed so much more... A man that would fight at every indignity, resist and be punished, to be as fresh as a virgin when he was next used. This man was just too accommodating, allowing himself to be abused without ever fighting to resist.

She swept her long white hair back and flashed through the rest of the photos. He was not what she wanted at all; a passive fuck-toy that allowed himself to be exploited without any battle at all.

Another possibility came to Sixteen as she considered buying him for Elsie. The thought was interesting; her maid could do with a slave to torment whenever she felt the urge. It would allow her maid's sadism to flower and bloom in directions that would be certainly interesting; harden her and make her ever more malicious... It would bind her closer to her mistress, that was certain.

Perhaps Daniel might make the perfect gift?

If the price was low enough of course!

Interlude

Daniel ran the software on his PC and found three viruses and a bootloader program. With a feeling of satisfaction, he watched the computer eliminate the means by which Samantha had managed to film him from his own webcam so easily. Closing the stable door after the horse had long since bolted, of course.

The small green tick that showed that the interlopers were eliminated gave him a small satisfaction at least. His PC was once more his own! Now to see what recording was on the tiny memory card from his hidden camera.

He opened the directory and found a whole host of photos and not the film that he had expected. One click and he realised that whatever had been recorded was now lost, replaced by a selection of the hundreds of photos that had been taken by Elsie.

Not a single one showed any face but his, not a single one showed the restraints and abuse, they were all close-ups of his face servicing pussy and ass in incredibly high resolution.

Daniel felt the knot of the nightmare that was swallowing him in his stomach and sat staring at the screen. The fear in his mind did not stop his little cock from bulging his jeans, it was the only part of him that seemed to want more abuse!

Daniel had spent the whole time searching the Internet for clues. Who was Samantha? What was Sixteen's name? What clues were on the club website and what reports of blackmail like his had surfaced in the last year?

Answers there were none, at least none that satisfied Daniel.

The next two days created a nervous wreck. Colleagues asked if he was ill, eMails went unanswered, a call from his father ignored as Daniel lived in constant anxiety. When the eMail finally appeared with a buzz of his mobile phone it was almost with a sense of relief that it had arrived and Daniel managed to arrange a day off from the office.

Chapter 5

Duodecimal

This time there was no chance to park the car and walk to the assignation. He would have had to park in a country lane and it would have been too conspicuous. He rolled into the drive and pulled in next to a red Jaguar and sat a moment looking at the vast bungalow that sat in a neat garden. There were no other houses around, just trees that rustled in the breeze.

As Daniel walked to the door he heard the round of running feet to find himself confronted by two large dogs that stopped threateningly and growled at every move. He stood nervously motionless for a long minute before the door opened and Twenty beckoned him into the house.

“Don’t mind them,” she said and the two dogs sat down to allow Daniel to approach.

Twenty was dressed in tight jeans and heels with a tight knitted top that smoothly covered every contour. It would not have mattered what she wore, decided Daniel; the tall woman would have looked great in tatty dungarees and an old raincoat. She beckoned him into the house with her hand. This was the woman that he lusted after, the one that he had firmly underlined on his list to Samantha. Taller than him by a head, statuesque figure and a welcoming smile on her lips. After his experience with Sixteen, this was normality and he started to hope that her needs would be less abusive.

“Follow me,” she said, and led him through to the vast living room of the house.

He watched her perfect ass move in the tight jeans, admired the narrow waist and his mind went back to the explicit photo that she had displayed on the website. A trace of her perfume drifted behind her and he could almost feel the warmth of her skin.

“Take a seat while I get the maid to make us both a cup of tea,” she said waving to an armchair. “Later perhaps something stronger?”

Daniel nodded and sat. It was like a dream, he decided. A cup of tea and nothing more, how did this woman fit in with women like Sixteen and Five whose object seemed to possess a slave to serve their depravity?

“So you found the place OK?” she asked.

“Er, GPS, I suppose. It’s very nice here...”

“I suppose so,” she replied. “Bit far from London for me, but my ex gave it to me and it serves its purpose...”

Daniel watched a young woman in a summer dress appear with a tray and guessed that this must be the maid. So different from Elsie, no uniform, no make-up and low ballet pumps with no hint of sexual service. He took the offered cup and saucer and allowed the maid to pour a little milk. The maid drifted from the room and closed the door behind her.

“I am baffled,” said Daniel at last, because it seemed that Twenty expected him

to start the conversation.

“And why is that, then?”

Daniel blushed and looked down at the cup of tea in his hand.

“Well, I was expecting...”

A broad smile fluttered on her lips for a moment and she chuckled.

“This is the second appointment?”

Daniel nodded in reply.

She sighed and sipped before adding more; “You have been blackmailed and you wonder what I am going to demand of you? Is that it?”

“It’s a nightmare,” admitted Daniel at last. “Awful...”

“Of course it is, my dear! Cruel and self-indulgent women who revel in physical punishment and pleasure, but then that’s who we are and I am no different from the rest... in my own way!”

Daniel felt his heart sink. His eyes could not help but gauge her breasts, follow the thighs to the tight place where his imagination allowed him to see the cleft that lay under the denim. She was so attractive, he decided. What vices would she reveal? His hand slipped to the hidden camera on the waistband of his trousers where his little cock was taking an interest in his thoughts.

“You are wondering when I shall order you to pleasure me,” she smiled. “If you will be able to take the abuse and what it is that I want from the man that I bid for?”

Daniel nodded slowly and she responded with a laugh.

“You really don’t understand what this is all about, do you?”

“I suppose not, but I was sort of hoping that you would be the one!”

“Of course you did, my dear! Every man does... But, I think that the man that I buy should perform because that’s what he wants to do, not because I fetter him to the bed and fuck him.”

“I see!”

“I don’t think that you do,” said Twenty, “but, let’s leave that for a moment and discuss what is going to happen in the next hour or two. I need to see if you are what I want for my little villa in Spain to keep myself and my many friends amused.”

“I don’t understand.”

Twenty finished her tea and set the porcelain cup delicately on its saucer.

“The man that I choose will join the others already there and be there to divert whomsoever I choose. He will learn to be obedient and always ready to serve as ordered. He will be trained to please and have no other duties than to satisfy my guests as demanded.”

Daniel opened his mouth to speak, but Twenty waved him to silence as she continued.

“The rules are quite strict, failure to perform is punished most severely at my discretion, good behaviour is rewarded with little indulgences.”

It seemed that she was now going to allow Daniel to speak and he said;
“Trained?”

“Don’t worry your silly head about the details, just focus on the here and now. What you are here for is to prove to me that you are worth bidding for, the rest is of no concern. That’s for the future...”

Daniel looked into her eyes and a shiver took him that he managed to hide from her piercing gaze.

“How do I prove that, then?”

“Just do what you think is best and I will be the judge. It’s as simple as that, Daniel.”

Daniel reflected on her words and decided that he needed to take a risk. His hands went to the waistband of his jeans and unclipped the small button that was recording the whole conversation. For a moment he rolled it in his fingers and then put it carefully on the table.

“That was a good start,” said Twenty. “So far you are doing well!”

“You knew about it?”

“Of course, don’t you think that we talk to each other? Samantha tells us everything and we tell her everything...”

“Then you know what happened four nights’ ago?”

“Of course. I know everything about you.”

Somehow Daniel was reassured by the confident woman that sat opposite him. She was so different from Sixteen and her awful maid and he wondered what

was expected of him. What could he do to please her, what could he do to make her satisfied? Daniel started to realise that he was really hoping that she would own him! Thoughts of evading the blackmail and breaking free were submerged as if his perspective was altering to understand that there was no escape.

“I am waiting!” she said, breaking into his thoughts.

Daniel slipped from the softness of the armchair to his knees, watching Twenty’s reaction as he did so. It seemed the right thing to do and he hoped for some sort of hint from her that would show him what she might be impressed by. A small smile played on Twenty’s lips and he knew that his guess had been right. This exquisite woman wanted him to serve her intuitively and make her the centre of his world. All he had to do was to follow her unspoken orders!

She looked down as he reached for her foot and lifted it. His hands slipped over the smooth leather and down the heel before he lifted it and planted a small kiss on the metal point of the toe. Twenty’s reaction was to slide back on the sofa and spread her arms to lift them behind her head and rest back as Daniel slipped off the shoe and massaged her foot.

“Mm,” she said as his lips touched the tips of her toes one by one and kissed them.

Daniel shuddered with anticipation as he cradled the delicate foot and brushed the top with his lips. Small kisses on the ankle, moving to the taut Achilles tendons and then the edge of the heel. He discovered that the task that he had set himself totally absorbed him. It was almost as if mental calculation was banished and instinct took its place. The foot was the object of his desire, it had to be cosseted and teased and he concentrated on massage and small kisses as he lifted it slowly and teased the sole with his tongue.

Her reaction was a sigh of utter relaxation and he spent ten minutes varying between firm massage and teasing with his lips at her feet before it seemed right to pleasure the other foot and make the service perfect. Daniel replaced the shoe carefully by slipping it on to her foot and carefully allowed it to rest on his knee.

“The heels,” she murmured as he reached for the other foot. “You love my heels!”

Daniel looked up. Twenty’s eyes were lightly closed, her rounded breasts rising and falling with the deep rhythm of her breathing, while her lips were parted slightly.

He took the second shoe in his hands and lifted it. Obviously, she had been wearing them outside the house, but he lifted the sharp spike to his lips and slowly slipped it into his mouth. Twenty moaned again and now he could see that she was enjoying watching him slide his lips over the patent leather of the shoes, cleaning and attending to them with the required devotion.

Daniel lifted the foot high and lapped at the rough sole, cleaning the dirt from her shoes. When the purple leather was finally clean, he attended to the first shoe before slipping off the second and showering the slim foot with kisses and tickles of his lips. Like the former naked foot, he attended to heel and sole, almost regretting that he had not taken care to lick every speck from the first. As he worked he wondered if he should go back to it and decided that it would not be proper. The mistake had been made and he had learned from it!

She lay back and enjoyed his attentions until at last both of her feet rested in his lap. Daniel could feel the pressure of the spiked heels on the hard cock that had

swollen in his jeans. The pressure of them digging into him was an intense experience that almost made him gasp as Twenty rewarded him by stretching her legs with an insouciant gesture that pressed so hard on his trapped cock.

The legs stretched, pressing harder with heels and soles, before retreating and pulling from his lap to rest on the carpet. Daniel almost sighed with regret as they moved and followed them to the floor to crouch on knees and elbows to plant a small kiss on the top of each one. He stayed down, his lips pressed against the leather hoping that she would give him a sign of what she required from him. He dared not move from her feet, it was almost an imposture to move from ankles to calves.

“Very good, Daniel. You are both restrained and eager, that is a good start. You may resume your place! I have to arrange something and will be around half an hour... You will wait for me.”

Daniel looked up as she stood. The columns of her long legs seemed to stretch to infinity, fusing with a tight crease that suggested her sex, allowing him to see her naked breasts shadowed under her loose top.

“May I stay?”

“Of course, dear. So, I shall expect you to be exactly like this when I return.”

One of her feet moved a little and he dropped his head to kiss the shoe before it pulled away and she left the room. Daniel kept his gaze fixed on the place where it had been and wished that he had been allowed to kiss the other shoe before she left.

The silence was intense. Daniel crouched on the floor, his forehead resting on the soft carpet as he relaxed and felt his erection fade. Somehow the last half an hour had been more intense than he could have believed possible, a gift that Twenty had bestowed upon him, a moment of intimacy that had been so absorbing that it had passed all too quickly. He wondered what it would be like to serve her endlessly, be forever at her beck and call to make her pleased with him, making her realise that he was all that she needed to serve her as she deserved.

The daydream took him completely and the photo from the website slipped into his mind again, revealing every intimate detail. The lips of her perfect pussy parted, the cleft that was shadowed behind thighs, the full breasts and narrow waist, nylon clad legs and delicate stilettos that so needed to be worshipped. He was woken from the dream by the soft sound of walking in the room and tried to see without moving in the least.

The steps walked around him, broken by the clink of the porcelain being placed on a tray and Daniel realised that it was the maid in the room and not the mistress of the house. He felt a small blush warm his face with embarrassment and then felt a small surge of envy that the maid had more importance in Twenty's life than his meagre presence.

Slow steps, and then from the corner of his eyes he could see the low ballet pumps of the maid standing by his downturned face. Daniel's response was instinctive. He turned his face and planted a small kiss on the toe of each foot. A small chuckle came from far above and the maid continued on her way, leaving the room to once again become the place where Daniel waited for the object of his adoration to return.

Once again he slipped into his daydream and found himself starting to hope that

Twenty would bid high for him. The terrible night of abuse had faded to leave acceptance and hope! Then his thought turned to Five. The wealthy older woman who had groped and leered at him at the last meeting. A woman who always got what she wanted. He knew that that visit was yet to come and the thought scared him. What would a woman like that need from the man that she bought? Instinctively he knew that it would be extreme, he had been intimidated by her remarks and somehow knew that she was the richest of all the woman who he had to serve. That meant that the best plan would be to make sure that she did not want to own him, leaving Twenty to win the auction.

It did not occur to Daniel that the very acceptance of this plan signified an acknowledgement that he could not ever escape whatever fate Samantha organised for him.

The door clicked open and Daniel knew that she had returned. He longed to give in to his impulse to look up at her, but knew that everything had to be at her instigation. So far he had not made a mistake, all he had to do was make this evening complete for her and then everything would be perfect no matter what happened. He would bid for her, as sure as she for him.

“You may look,” said the amused voice of Twenty.

Daniel turned his head a slight turn and dared to fix his eyes on the woman who stood to display herself for the man who was starting to become her slave. The heels that she wore were so high that her foot arched as it plunged into the shoe. The black tracery of netted stockings on her long legs hung whilst the flimsy nylon of a long gown fell to the floor. His eyes dared lift higher to see bare thighs, taut smooth shin that curved inward to the naked triangle of the slit. Above, the corset that pulled in her already narrow waist, breasts half covered by the gown. Her smiling face above that seemed to Daniel to show satisfaction with his sharply indrawn breath.

“It seemed perfect for you to see me once again like this,” she said with a small gesture of her legs that bent a knee to make her long legs seem even more striking.

Daniel’s daydream was turning to reality! Twenty was wearing exactly the same clothes as she had worn for the photo on her website. The difference now being that he could appreciate her in the flesh and not have to guess at the grace with which she moved. Her perfume and the soft smell of her skin filled his senses.

“I think a small tippie is in order,” she said and the maid arrived and placed a glass on the sideboard before pouring foaming champagne into the tall flute.

Daniel’s eyes feasted on her body as she moved. She turned to take the glass and inspected it for a moment before her lips parted and she sipped. Everything about her was pure grace. Then, he felt that his gaze was too ardent and turned his face back to the carpet while she stood and looked down at him.

“I would have been more pleased if you had undressed for me,” she said at last as she sat on the armchair that he had occupied. “You will have to learn to anticipate a little...”

He felt her rest the spikes of her heels on his back as she relaxed in the armchair and sipped at her glass.

“A slight demerit, I suppose,” she continued. “Never mind...”

Daniel felt a sense of loss at disappointing her and hoped that she would put it down to his inexperience at reading her thoughts.

Twenty sat on a chair behind him, resting her feet on his back and Daniel heard the click of a lighter as she lit a cigarette. He caught a whiff of the sweet smoke, not daring to turn his head to look at her, wondering what thoughts were in her mind.

“There is no escape you know.”

Daniel imagined the smile on her face as she spoke and a shiver of anticipation took him. He longed to slip from his crouched position and undress for her, but he dared not stir while she sat at ease.

“I know,” he answered.

“It will be so good for you to know that you belong to someone completely,” she said. “No cares, no need to worry about anything except their intimate needs. Allow your owner to decide everything for you...”

Daniel swallowed, he could feel his erection press and had to move a little to relieve the pressure.

“A kind of unconditional love...” she muttered.

Twenty's comments seemed to need a response and Daniel tried to say what he thought that she wanted to hear.

“For you...”

She laughed and he felt her heels dig into his back.

“That has yet to be decided, Daniel! What I need is a man who is prepared to leave everything behind in order to serve me, a man who gives everything in his life to make me satisfied. Are you that man? A willing slave?”

Daniel nodded and felt her heels lift from his back.

“Show me...”

His trembling hands went unbidden to his belt. He could feel a lump of apprehension in his throat and knew that he just had to please her, the alternatives were too terrible to imagine. Twenty would save him from a future that was terrifying. Sixteen's sadism and whatever Five had in store. What Twenty offered was so tempting.

“That's a good boy...”

Daniel undressed. Still crouching and not courageous enough to look back to see her reaction. The smell of the smoke, her spread legs with a stiletto to either side of his thighs, he slowly undressed for her as his heart thumped with need. Staying bent over, it was a struggle to undress for her, but at last he was crouched between her calves, his face pressing down into the soft carpet.

“Mm, you might be satisfactory,” she said as she felt something hard between his knees, pressing outward.

Daniel shuffled and opened his legs at the pressure of her feet and felt one of her shoes slide up the inside of his thigh until it touched his hanging balls, making his throbbing prick swell to press against his belly.

“Stay nice and still, darling. I think that it’s time for a little reward...”

A gasp that almost became a squeal hissed from Daniel’s lips. The shoe that teased his hanging balls lifted and moved while her other shoe came to rest on the small of his back with the heel in the first parting of his ass.

“Do you need me to fuck you?” came her soft voice with just a hint of a chuckle.

Daniel exhaled moved slightly backwards. A sign that Twenty seemed to interpret as an affirmative answer. He felt the sole of her shoe on his back slide until the heel was pressed on the clenched bud of his ass. It felt hard and jagged, but her other foot moved to press his cock hard and slid its toe to the tip.

He squealed as she entered him, Daniel could not help himself. The heel pushed slowly home as he relaxed and allowed her to take him as she slowly twisted her other shoe and filled his mind with promise.

“Just relax, my little virgin, just let me fuck you nice and slowly with my spikes and let’s see if you are ready to be mine!”

It was inside him. Penetrating and pinning him as she swayed her shoe to roll his little cock gently and press his balls upward against the warm smooth skin of her foot. Emotion filled him full of a desperate need to show her that he was hers. The sweet smell of smoke filled his nostrils and Daniel surrendered to Twenty’s sure understanding of what he craved.

“Are you ready? Is this what you want?”

Daniel lifted his face from the carpet and grunted assent, his breath rasping, a desperate shivering in his crouched body. The heel inside him slipped in and out in a parody of lovemaking while she pressed with her other foot to tease him.

It stopped.

The glorious feeling subsided as the heel slipped from him, and her other shoe allowed the pressure to fade.

“Before you are allowed to come for me, you have to show me that you deserve that special reward.”

Daniel realised that he was now allowed to face her. He moved slowly to his knees facing away from her and looked down to see her shoes resting by his thighs. A shuffle and he turned around to face, bowing his head, still not daring to look into Twenty's eyes. From the corner of his eyes he could see her slim hand, the cigarette smoke curling upwards, the smooth stockings and the haze of black nylon that flowed around her.

The hand lifted and he followed it to her lips as she pulled at the cigarette. The lips pursed and a thin cloud issued from her lips which then formed a smile as Twenty slowly lay back and slipped her hands between her thighs with a small sigh.

Daniel's eyes swept over her body. The half covered perfect breasts, the parted smooth thighs, the fingers that slowly parted her naked lips to reveal the wetness within. Twenty groaned, a finger lifted and planted itself on the delicate clitoris that swelled and gently massaged it. Her whole body relaxed, seeming to dip into the soft cushions of the sofa as her eyes closed and she abandoned herself into a dream of pleasure. Daniel's hands hung by his side as he kneeled and watched with excitement. It was clear that he was not permitted to touch the beautiful woman who was pleasuring herself, but it was enough just to be there as the pure sensuality of her every movement filled his senses.

Twenty's first climax sent small shudders of gratification through her, but it was just a prelude to what was to come. Daniel shivered in sympathy with the swaying of her breasts. Her eyes opened for a few moments and then closed again as she headed towards a second orgasm.

A slight touch of her shoe on his calf woke him from his reverie and he instinctively reached down and touched the smooth leather. This was the shoe that had brought him so close to coming for her, now it seemed so right to repay the debt and show his devotion. His hands closed on the nylon of her ankle and slowly lifted the foot, a small groan showing that this stunning woman assented

to his touch.

He lifted slowly, stroking the shapely calf with his hand and then bent to kiss the point of her toe. A metal enclosure in gold that his lips brushed to feel the cold of its touch. Daniel's eyes cast upward from the stiletto to see Twenty in an abandonment of perfect passion. He kissed toe and sole as her fingers slipped through her wet pussy in ever more frantic manipulation. He did not dare touch the nylon clad flesh with his lips, it seemed too intimate; instead, Daniel raised the foot higher still and slipped the jagged heel between his lips.

Twenty cried out and suddenly relaxed into the sofa with a sigh. She lifted her hand to her lips and a swirl of smoke fanned towards him as he reluctantly laid her foot to the carpet, knowing that she would want it so.

"Mm, that was so good, darling," she breathed. "I think that you have deserved a small reward..."

Daniel looked down at the streaming lips of her pussy and she laughed.

"That will never be yours," she said.

The foot that he had just released lifted and planted its sole on the hardness of his cock, lifting it and pressing it hard into his groin.

"This is your reward, dear. Something to remember that devotion is all I need from you, nothing more and certainly never less!"

Daniel gasped as the foot pinning his cock to his skin moved down a little and brought the sharp heel to spike into his balls.

“Now you know my debauched little secret,” she breathed in a haze of smoke from her lips. “I want a man-servant who bows to my feet, devotes himself to endless adoration of heels and leather. Who longs to be fucked by my spikes and crawls at my beckoning finger. A man who longs to serve my shoes like a slave and will do anything for me to be permitted to worship at my feet.”

The other leg lifted, it raised to be caught in his hands and Daniel knew what she required. He was to come with her heel in his lips and no other way. His fingers closed on the ankle, lifted the sole to his lips and she responded by twisting her other foot to massage his cock and spike his balls.

His confused mind was pinned to her obsession by the agony of the rough spike that scored the tender flesh of his balls while the sole that rubbed at him pushed his cock to spill. Slow pulses of come greased the contact, bringing ever more to trickle forth. Climax had never been like this, a slow milking that squeezed him dry as his lips fucked the spiked heel in his hands.

“Good boy.”

Her whispered words filled his mind with satisfaction. He had pleased her and the thought that she was contented with him was all he aspired to.

“Now, there is just one thing left to do to prove that you are the one...”

Daniel withdrew his lips from the hard point of her heel and set the foot down before taking the other foot in his hand and raising it to his lips. Sixteen had forced him to drink the come that dribbled from her cunt, now he willingly performed the same abasement for Twenty as his lips pursed to clean the stiletto that filled his vision.

“Slowly, nice and gently, my little shoe-bitch!”

Her hands moved to slip between her thighs and his devoted cleaning of her heels was accompanied by an orgasm that seemed to Daniel to be stronger and deeper than the two before. When he placed her foot again on the carpet, it was licked clean of every hint of the defiling sticky come that he had pumped onto it.

Twenty lit another cigarette, enjoying her post orgasmic haze as she relaxed and relished the sight of the kneeling man between her thighs. Her thoughts turned to the idea of bidding for him. A month or two of service at her feet would possibly create the perfect man for her needs. There was just one small problem!

Daniel was so poorly endowed. His little four-inch cock was sensitive and so ready to be trained to coming against the soles of her feet, but it was not the thick meaty cock that she loved to torment. Perhaps it could be done, a little modification could be possible?

Twenty sighed and gathered herself to stand over the man who was insufficient for her fantasies. The mind was perfect, easily manipulated and tormented to her needs, what she really needed was so much more. A virile, well-muscled man who would be a slave to her spikes. Daniel seemed more of a sissy who would willingly serve, but never be the slave that she desired.

Her friend would appreciate him...

Interlude

Samantha flicked the surface of her mobile phone and inspected the progress of the latest pictures to be sent by prospective buyers. Carefully angling the phone to keep it from the casual inspection of the others on the train, she mentally tallied the latest crop.

Four men, all in her grip. Business was going well and the bidding would be higher, now that this was the third batch and the women that were bidding had started to understand the possibilities opening before them. Daniel's face, his lips pursed as he pleasured the ass with his tongue was swept aside as she started on the next batch of photos. This was Michael, a man who himself had spent his life using women. Forcing them to serve his huge cock as he used his position to abuse them. Now the boot was on the other foot!

Literally!

The first collection of his blackmail photos showed him at the foot of a stout woman who was using the savage crop in her hand to teach him to lace her thigh-high boots with proper care.

Samantha's fingers flicked through the endless collection as the overweight man learned what it was to be in the hands of a woman who delighted in abusing him in ways that he had never dreamed of. The next series of pictures with him chained on a bench while he was reamed from behind showed the anguish in his face as he was fucked.

So many men, such wicked women!

Samantha felt a small surge of intimate excitement as she reached the end of the series of photos. Business was a pleasure, but her own life was so much more exquisite! In half an hour, she would be in her own little play-room with her sissified maid acting as helper while Samantha enjoyed her lover with him in attendance. Barry had been her conquest, a man who had moved from the status of admirer to that of a subdued slut as Samantha had discovered the pleasures of her true cravings. Having others crawl while they awaited her orders.

She slipped the phone into her hand-bag and stretched out her long legs. Turning her obsessions and passions into a business had filled her with satisfaction. All those women who wanted that thrill came to her, all she had to do was to find the victims.

A job so easy that she wondered how no one else had ever thought of the idea!

Chapter 6

Five

Daniel woke from his reverie and a sense of dread filled him. Now there was just a last visit to make and this time there was a difference to the past two occasions; this time he knew who would demand his presence and he was truly worried. Sixteen had been distant and sadistic, Twenty had coaxed him to serve her, the last one on the list of those who wanted to abuse him was Five. The older woman who had whispered in his ear, the woman for whom he had no attraction at all.

He shuddered at the thought of her and wondered what he would do if she was the one who bought him? He considered the possibility and decided that he would rather be blackmailed, allow the terrible porn-photos to be distributed than to find himself in the claws of a woman who was old enough to be his grand-mother. A strategy came to him and he realised that perhaps he had the power to guide the outcome of the auction.

The idea that he could escape this nightmare altogether was pressed into the back of his mind as he decided that he would make sure that Five passed him over. All he had to do was resist every move she made, show her that he was not what she was looking for. In his mind, Daniel was sure that Twenty would be the one! The feel of the sole of her shoes was still fresh on his tongue...

His thoughts quelled his panic and he looked again at the mail that called him to Five's service. Once again, just an address and a time. Of course, there was a way to slip from the grasping hands that reached for him. All he had to do was miss the appointment and he would be free!

It just did not occur to him that if Twenty bought him, that he would lose

everything that the blackmail would take anyway. That every move in the game ensured that he was destroyed. Daniel had been so swept along by the past week that rationality had escaped his mind. That check-mate loomed.

Sixteen's house in London had been large, Twenty's huge country house spoke of real wealth. Five's mail led Daniel to a place of quite a higher order of magnitude of affluence. In the centre of the City of London, just off Strand was an exclusive area where Regency houses stood in a curved row. Some were adorned with the brass plates of companies, others had long since been divided to create huge apartments for wealthy foreigners. The steps that he stood at now led to a huge door to a house that was still complete in all of its former glory.

A pillared portico, a polished brass knocker that was the only feature on the black door. Daniel looked at his phone again and noted the numbers of the neighbouring houses to convince himself that he stood before the correct house. If Five owned this place, then she was wealthy beyond anything that Daniel could imagine.

For a moment, his panicked heart beating heavily in his chest, Daniel hesitated. Now it was that a path of escape came to him. Finally, he realised that he could walk away. Wander back to Strand and leave this bad dream behind him. Face up to the blackmail and hope to overcome the odium of the past week's photos of him performing depraved acts for malevolent women. His hesitation resolved into defiance and Daniel started to turn on his heel to walk into a future where once again he was in command of his own destiny.

At that moment, the door to the mansion opened and a pretty woman stood in the opening to make a beckoning motion with her hand.

“You are expected,” she said.

Daniel turned to face her and in that moment he was lost! Dressed in tight lycra, her large breasts straining to swell into the deep cut top, he hesitated and turned to face her.

“Daniel?”

He nodded and she opened the door a little wider. All he had to do was endure the next few hours... that little thought sealed his fate. He mounted the first step and the young woman smiled at him and beckoned.

The atrium of the huge house was dark. Oil paintings in gold frames, elegant furniture and a sweeping stairway to levels unseen. The door closed behind him and Daniel suddenly had the urge to brush past the woman and run for the normality of the street. Panic. He turned to face her and stepped forward to push at her and his hand reached for the door.

A moment later, Daniel lay on the hard marble floor, one of the young woman's feet on his neck. It had taken just a second to allow his arm to slip under hers and then a hand on his neck overbalanced him as his body's own weight threw him to her feet in a sliding transfer of momentum.

“Tsk, ts,” she said as she looked down at him with a smile. “That's not a good start at all!”

“Please, I want to go,” he whined as she bent over him.

“No you don’t,” she replied.

She leaned over him and slapped his face sharply and then in her hands was a wide steel ring that she snapped around his neck.

“There is no going back!”

The young woman extended a hand to Daniel and he reached out to grasp it. With a savage tug, he pulled down at her and for a moment she seemed about to overbalance, but she twisted and suddenly he was on his chest with an arm held high up his back.

“That’s naughty,” she laughed as he felt something click to his wrist and a sharp pull at the collar that ringed his neck. “The other arm please...”

Daniel could feel her knee in the small of his back as the hand that held his wrist let go. He tried to thrash with that arm, but now it was clear that she had fettered it to his collar and it moved no more than an inch or two.

“The other one!”

Daniel rolled, catching her unawares for a moment, unbalancing the woman, so that she stepped back, dangling a pair of cuffs from her hand.

“Let me out of this,” shouted Daniel as he struggled to stand, one hand on the floor, his knees gaining traction beneath him.

The answer was a laugh as he kicked his free arm and he fell heavily to the floor. Once again, her weight was on him and Daniel sprawled kicking to the floor. It took her just a few moments of frantic struggle to grasp his free wrist and pull it tight behind his back to be fettered with the other one.

“On your feet,” she scolded. “One move and I’ll use this!”

Daniel looked up at her and saw a razor-sharp knife held casually in her hand. That threat was enough to cause all the fight to dissipate. He rolled on to his front and felt a hand pull at him, helping him to his feet. His arms pulled at the shackles and he realised that even should he overcome her, turning the polished knob of the front door was beyond him.

The young woman stood clear of any kick that he could make and clicked the switch-blade closed before slipping it into her pocket.

“Madame is waiting for you,” said the woman as she pulled her tight black costume back into order. “If you have any sense at all, you’ll be polite and respectful to a woman who might own you in the near future.”

Daniel scowled as the woman who had overcome him pointed to a wide door by the curving stairway. He was determined to fight every step of the way, there

was no way that he was going to make himself an attractive proposition. They would have to force him all the way.

A hand in his back pushed and he was prompted into forward motion. The young woman opened the door and Daniel saw into a room that matched the impressive hallway of the house. Gilt furniture and plush carpeting. Long hanging curtains and in the centre of the room a grouping of plush chairs and sofas gathered around a glass topped table. Two maids stood motionless and expressionless in corners of the room and Daniel could see that three of the chairs with their backs to him were occupied.

He stepped into the room and saw three women sitting, each turning her face towards him with slight smirking smiles on their faces as she approached. Five sat, her impressive bulk in a tight satin dress that followed every contour of her form. Her shapely legs were stretched out with the heels of her impossibly high stilettos resting on the rug. Samantha was the second to curve her neck to look as one of her victims entered the room. She raised a hand and sipped at the long cigarillo in her manicured fingers. The last woman to turn her head gave Daniel a terrible sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach as he recognised his ex-wife, Angela! His mouth opened in shock as a small push from a hand on his back caused him to stumble forward.

“Hello, darling,” said Angela with a chuckle. “Surprise, surprise!”

“What are you doing here?” asked Daniel, still in shock. “How...”

Samantha started to laugh, the smoke blowing in a cloud as she did so. Five had a severe expression on her face and leaned back without a word.

“Angela wanted to see you one last time, before the auction,” said Samantha, “and I thought that this would be an ideal opportunity.”

“Samantha was just showing me what a good little boy you’ve been,” said Angela. “You fell into her little trap so much more easily than I would have ever had thought. Pathetically easily actually...”

Daniel felt tears fill his eyes and begged his ex-wife for compassion.

“Please, Angela, please tell them to let me go,” he pleaded. “Tell them that’s it all a hoax and let me go. I promise...”

“What do you promise?” asked Samantha. “What have you got that Angela would ever want now that she’s got me to love her like you never could?”

The words ended his flood of pathetic words suddenly and Daniel dissolved into a flood of weeping as Samantha and his ex-wife started to laugh.

“Get him ready for use,” said Five in a hard tone to the young woman who stood behind the snivelling husband. “I’ll be up in half an hour...”

Daniel felt a click at his collar as the leash was snapped into place and a tug that led him from the room with a stumbling gait.

“Are you sure that you want to see your ex-husband again?” said Five with a wan smile. “It might be disturbing for you.”

“I’ve already seen everything,” said Angela with a small laugh. “I just want to see what devilry you’re up to!”

Five nodded slightly and took her glass from the table. Her foot extended underneath the heavy slab of glass and came to rest on the naked figure who supported it. A tip of her shoes moved a little from side to side and caught the heavy ring set in a nipple to set it swinging from side to side.

Angela watched the hanging breasts ripple with that touch and felt a small surge of panic. ‘What would it be like to be under this awful woman’s control?’ she thought as she reached for her own glass. There was something terrifying about the thought even though it came with a prickle of excitement between her thighs. Sam had warned her that she would see sights that would make her nervous, but she had never imagined anything like this amazing plush hell-on-earth. A place where silent maids stood at their mistress’ beck and call with frozen obedience. Five hardly uttered a word, allowing Samantha to comment with excited words about the slaves that served her client’s needs with a small frown.

“We shall just take a peek and then allow you to decide if he is worth bidding for,” said Samantha.

“I’m not very impressed so far,” said Five as her toe twitched again before reaching low with ringed fingers to fondle the breast that hung swaying under the table.

Angela watched as Five's fingers played with the heavy ring, pulling it a little and then allowing it to swing slowly by her foot. From her position at the head of the table, she could see hanging balls and rigid cock between plump and smooth thighs. There was something so wrong about the strange creature that was trapped under the glass. Male and female in one, a travesty created merely to be an exquisite piece of furniture to rest a glass upon. Angela was tempted to slide her own foot a little further and tease that straining smooth cock swaying between the legs of the table, but dared not upset her hostess.

"I am looking for another maid," said Five. "I have just sold four of them on and need to re-stock. I thought that this would be an amusing way to find one and anyway, I owe Samantha a little favour that I could repay by supporting her new business and help it grow."

"Having you support me has brought so much business my way," said Samantha. "I can only thank you for spreading the word..."

"It's nothing," said the older woman. "We need some home-grown suppliers in this country, I cannot hop over to New York every time that I need another maid!"

Samantha nodded and smiled.

"Well, I hope that you bid for this one," she said, "it will be nice to know that he's in such good hands!"

Angela shifted a little in her chair and hoped that the owner of the house did not notice the fascination with which she stared at the smooth thighs by her feet. She shivered as she realised that Samantha, her lover, was actually an intimate part of this frightening world of pain and submission.

“We’ll see. I quite like the idea of testing before buying...” said Five.

“That’s the idea of it,” said Samantha enthusiastically.

Five glanced up at the clock and nodded.

“Time to go,” she said. “He’ll be ready to view by now and then I can enjoy finding out if he’s suitable.”

She stood slowly and placed her glass on the table.

Angela stubbed out her cigarillo and they followed the large woman from the room.

Daniel was terrified, but he had long since passed the point where that terror could be converted into action. Just the sight of the naked woman under the glass table should have been enough, but the last half hour had been worse.

Stumbling, he had been led up the stairs to a room where he was passed into the care of a middle-aged woman who tapped a savage looking quirt in her hands. She was not like Elsie, Sixteen's helper. Somehow this was all so much more serious.

The young woman who had him in charge, passed the leash to the older woman's hand before stripping him naked with her razor-sharp blade. His clothes fell in tatters until he was standing amidst their tattered remains before the older woman tapped his rear with the leather crop and he was attended to by the other two silent maids that jumped at her bidding.

The clothes they dressed him in were more than alarming. A skin of translucent latex that had to be stretched and zipped closed as it was pulled on. It gripped him tightly from toes to the collar at his neck, covering his fettered arms and smoothing his body to a slick translucent surface.

"This gives the right effect..." said the younger woman.

Satisfied with the effect, the mature supervisor then ran her hands over him and smoothed out wrinkles and creases to perfection before the next stage began. A mask was pulled over his head. Daniel saw the mass of curly golden locks and caught a glimpse of the new face that would be his, as the mask was in the hands of the maid, before it was stretched and pulled taut over his features with a single practiced motion. He stared from the mask as the two maids laid out the rest of the clothes on the bed and he knew that the nightmare was just beginning.

Every addition brought further disbelief, now he knew that Five was the most depraved of all of the three women that had the possibility to own him.

At last it seemed that the woman who had been assigned to prepare him was finally satisfied with her work and she positioned his tottering form in the centre of the room ready for the inspection of her mistress and her two guests. When the door opened, Daniel felt the warmth of a blush spread through him and sagged in humiliation as the three women entered the room to appreciate his helplessness.

“Oh God,” said Angela. “That’s so fucking kinky!”

“Well, I like it,” said Samantha as they closed on the extraordinary figure that stood, head hanging for their inspection. “He makes a perfect little dolly.”

Five walked slowly around the figure and the middle-aged woman who had effected the transformation.

“If we take him on, then there’s a lot of work to do,” she said as she brushed the pink frills with her fingertips, “what’s your opinion, Lucy?” she asked of the mature woman in charge.

Lucy tapped the sissified Daniel with the end of her crop on his hips and shrugged.

“He’s nothing special,” she said, “a pretty face, needs slimming down a little here...” She tapped Daniel’s waist with her crop and then raised it under his chin to lift the face. “I think that he’d be fine, as long as we use him to replace one of the backroom dollies. Maybe.”

Angela took three steps forward and inspected her former husband. Every inch of him was covered in waxy translucent latex, giving him the pale look of an artificial dolly. From the high heels that he tottered in to the curls on his head she would not have recognised him if she had not known who he was. Tears dripped from under the curving long lashes, over the pink circles on his cheeks and his lips were swollen by the tightness of the body suit that lapped over them into his mouth making his rosy lips swell in a vulnerable pout. The lacy pink dress was a final touch that just seemed to make him so helpless with his arms trapped behind his back. Pink satin, white layers of lace and a huge bow tied around his waist set off by the lurid green fishnet stockings that covered his legs to the shiny lime ankle boots.

“I hope that she buys you,” said Angela. “Just the thought of you trapped like this is making me come!”

Samantha slipped her hand into Angela’s and clasped it tight.

“It gets better,” she whispered in Angela’s ear. “If he ends up here, then he’ll be fully transformed!”

Angela leaned forward and kissed Daniel on the lips. He felt her touch through the tight skin of latex and then a hand that reached under the frills and lace of his dress to play with his exposed balls and stiffening cock.

“I think he likes this,” exclaimed Angela. “His little cocky getting all hard...”

She wondered at her own excitement, was this what she wanted for him?

Five grunted and lifted the dress to see the hand that cupped Daniel's balls and ran a manicured nail the length of his erection.

"Not much at all there," said the older woman with a hint of amusement. "He won't miss it!"

Angela looked at the older woman and felt a shudder run through her. The gesture had been so casual and the remark nonchalant, was this woman really going to geld him? She turned to Samantha with a horrified expression.

"She just means that Daniel'll serve in chastity!" said Samantha with a small laugh. "He'll be fitted with a restraint like Barry's to make sure that he's a good little sissy all the time."

"Oh, that's good," said Angela with a small sigh. "That'll be nice for him..."

Five's hand slowly massaged the stiffness of Daniel's cock until it raised to point up his smooth belly before suddenly slapping it, making him cry out with distress before continuing with teasing with the points of her nails.

"What price is he at?" asked Angela.

Samantha nodded and took a sly look at the woman who she hoped would bid for the stricken sissy.

“It’s sealed bids,” she said. “Next week is the auction and we’ll have to see what it brings...”

Five looked up from playing with the responsive little erection and smiled.

“I’ll have to think about it,” she said. “The best sissies go for several hundred thousand now, but he’s just average I think. Of course, that can change. I don’t need him for front-of-house and my own personal pleasure, so a few tens of thousands, I suppose. I normally leave that sort of thing to Lucy here, she knows what we need to complete the compliment of servants here and I let her have a free hand.”

A smug look came over Lucy’s face and she ran through a checklist of points as if valuing a piece of furniture at auction.

“Quite pretty, that’s on the ‘plus’ side. I prefer that all of the maids here look presentable. Figure-wise, the right diet and exercise will round him off quite nicely with a minimum of bother. Of course, he seems strongly heterosexual despite his early experiences... also something that I like in a maid. It means that the training will be a pleasure.”

As Lucy spoke she emphasised the points one by one with the tip of the crop in her hand.

“Usually I prefer them a lot younger, eighteen, nineteen is the best age, feminisation of a man in his twenties always gives a less satisfactory result. I

like a strong sexual drive to work with and he is rather lacking in that department. That's rather a big negative, I suppose, but we have ways of awakening the slut in most men, so it just depends. If he were being prepared as a pleasure dolly, then I would say that he has a long way to go, but he might be ideal to attend to the other maids... It's just a case of bringing out the servile dolly that lurks in his mind."

Angela listened to Lucy's words, but did not really take them in. She just watched the alternative slaps and teasing of Five's stubby fingers as she played with her prey.

"I wonder what Daniel wants?" said Angela as she saw a small drop of precum emerge from the tip of his cock.

"Ask him," said Samantha with a laugh.

Angela looked into Daniel's tear-filled eyes. The eyelashes fluttered, his mouth was open in startled surprise and she could see him tremble, though if it was because of the hand between his thighs or pure fear she could not decide.

"Please..." came a falsetto whine from the parted lips.

"I'll take that as a wish to live here," said Five.

Her thumb moved to slowly rub the bulging tip of the cock, her fingertips pressed hard at the base of his cock. Suddenly the hand pulled back, keeping the

hem of lace high and they watched as the little organ jerked upward and began to leak, dripping to the floor as Samantha began to laugh.

“I think that that is a ‘yes’ as well,” she said between chuckles. “I think that he really wants to be a little sissy-doll! Maybe there is something special here?”

Angela watched the cock pump its come. A few dribbles, a thin slime that hung from the tip before the gold ringed fingers started to play with it again in lazy touches of the fingertips interspersed by sharp slaps.

“So, what do you think?” asked Five of Lucy as she once again brought the diminutive cock to its full four inches. “It this what you need?”

“Maybe! We have thirty sissy-maids here that all need milking several times a month to keep them docile and I was just thinking that we need a sissy dedicated to service them properly. On the other hand, I would not want to pay all that much for a menial, the budget is quite tight really...”

Five slipped her hand between the trembling sissy’s thighs and explored before returning to the jerking cock and slapping it before continuing the milking.

“Since I want to help Sam build up her business, I think that we can go the extra mile,” she said. “I think that we’ll put in a suitable bid and see what happens.”

Lucy nodded and smiled.

Daniel’s head swirled with a clash of emotions. The hand that played with him,

teased and aroused him caused him to have to restrain thrusts of his thighs into that mischievous palm. The conversation that filled him with dread and his ex-wife participating in his humiliation caused a fear that manifested itself as an almost-need to be physically sick. What was she doing with Samantha? His thighs trembled, making it difficult to balance on the high platform stilettos that had been tightly laced to his feet and the pull of his arms almost dislocated his shoulders causing an ache that spread down his back. The thought of Twenty and her gentle games filled his mind as he prayed that she would bid for him, Sixteen's harsh depravity being just a faded memory.

Once again he could feel the surge that came before ejaculation. The subtle fingertips that were pressing against the base of him controlled the flow. Only with Five's permission would he be allowed to come again! The need was desperate, but he dared not beg for it because any word he spoke might be punished with denial. A quick slap at him served to slow the mounting tidal wave of climax before the fingers began their work again to force him to the brink.

"Can I bid for him, Sam?" asked Angela.

"Of course," said Samantha. "But, do you really want him? You can't keep him at home because of the girls and I'm not sure if I want another sissy in the house."

"I suppose not," said Angela reluctantly. "You're probably right, he would need constant supervision anyway."

Daniel heard the words and a skein of hope sprang in his mind to be crushed by Samantha's reply. The words begging her to take him almost slipped from his lips as the playful fingers pulled away and another dribble of mess slowly oozed from his cock.

“Well, I think that we’re done here,” said Five as she allowed the hem of the dress to drop. “Put him on the horse for a few hours and remember to tell me how he does, Lucy. Then he can be released and we’ll see if he is invited back. It’s up to you!”

“Madame,” replied the overseer as Five stepped to the door and left without looking back, followed by Samantha and Angela.

Angela glanced at the maids that stood to attention with fresh eyes. Some might be female, but she suspected that most had entered like Daniel to find that they became something else at Five’s wishes. It was more than a little frightening, the ease with which the secret of this house was kept and Angela started to wonder how many other well-heeled people had slaves as their playthings. Quite a few if Samantha’s growing business was anything to go by!

For a moment, it seemed as though they were going to be invited back into the room where the glass table was such a strong statement of their rich host’s immorality, but Samantha had obviously decided to leave and Angela felt a small stirring of disappointment that she could not see the furniture in the lounge again. She had decided to tease a little and now it was too late!

“We have to be going,” said Samantha with a slightly regretful tone.

Five pursed her lips and then shrugged. Her eyes were hooded and the smile that crossed her lips seemed insincere. Angela leaned forward and embraced the woman lightly before planting a small kiss on her cheek. Under her hands she could feel the rolls of skin held tight by black satin and the press of the huge soft breasts on her own.

“I had a little amusement planned,” said the older woman.

“Maybe another time,” said Samantha. “If you buy at the auction then I am sure that Angela here will be back to see how her ex is doing!”

Five smiled and pecked Samantha on the cheek.

“All the more reason to buy him,” said Five with a smirk. “You are a she-devil, Samantha Harrington!”

Samantha smiled and took Angela’s hand.

“I know what you’re thinking,” said Samantha and pulled Angela to the door where the young woman who had subdued Angela’s husband opened the door to the normality of the outside world.

“What?” asked Angela, but her question was lost as she found herself in the street.

“What was that all about?” asked Angela again as they walked to the parked car.

Samantha stopped and embraced her lover, planting a kiss on her lips before breaking and looking into her eyes.

“You didn’t notice?”

“Notice what?” asked Angela, holding Samantha at arms’ length.

“She was watching you the whole time. I think that she was wondering if I was going to sell you to her. The woman is insatiable!”

They started to walk in silence along the row of huge houses to come at last to Strand. Angela cast the occasional look at Samantha, but she did not return the glances until they were at the entrance of the underground car park.

“But, you wouldn’t?” asked Angela at last, continuing as if there had not been five minutes’ break in the conversation.

“No, but...”

“But what?”

Samantha turned to her lover and smiled a wicked smile. Her hands cupped Angela’s breasts and teased the stiff nipples through the silk of her dress.

“But, don’t ever think that you can leave me,” said Samantha.

Samantha walked on a step or two, leaving Angela almost sinking to the ground as her knees threatened to give way.

“Oh God, you wouldn’t? I love you and you love me!”

Samantha turned to stand with her slim hands on her hips and started to laugh.

“Then just make sure that it stays that way, darling!”

Lucy led her quivering charge to a room where endless pieces of furniture and fittings proclaimed that this was a punishment room for those in her charge. The smell of leather and bees-waxed wood filled the chamber. Rows of crows, arranged neatly in rows adorned one wall, cages stood in a row on the other and the frightened faces of three slaves peeped fearfully from between the bars.

Daniel looked around in panic, but tottering on his heels and with his arms fettered behind his back he could only follow the tug of his leash as she looped it to a hook on a crossbar that hung from chains from the ceiling.

“I’ll be back in a moment,” said Lucy as she left him standing. “Then we can begin...”

Daniel looked around and suddenly felt his full bladder and the weakness in his legs. He had seen pictures of places like this on the Internet. Each item in the room promised exquisite torment. The two crosses on the walls that could be rotated on their axes. The glass cabinets, one filled with rows of spurred stiletto shoes, the other with row upon row of rubber plugs and cocks that were arranged neatly in rows awaiting holes to fill. Hooks at various heights ran along the walls, each with chains and manacles dangling and two doors hung slightly open to reveal fantastic costumes hanging sorted by colour. He stepped and felt the tug of the tied leash and then stared at the three faces that were watching him.

A middle-aged woman, or at least she seemed to be female, next to her, two young men pressed their faces to the bars and watched him silently. All three were naked, but only the woman was not free to roam her cage freely with tight chains, wires and tubes that clustered in the shadows to emerge before entering the back of a computer that was switched on to show some sort of program running. Daniel felt panic fill his mind, this was far from the soft instruction of Twenty and far more frightening, even than the hard punishment of Sixteen. This was a place where people disappeared into; to never again see a normal everyday life, to be kept in the shadows as the playthings of sadists.

As he watched the woman who was fettered in her cage started to moan and writhe. A humming, whirring sound filled the room. Low and rhythmic, it hummed and purred in a rising crescendo of low throbbing. Her breath came in small gasps and then turned to cries that slipped from her open lips before she climaxed with a clinking of chains and a screech that seemed to come from another faraway place. For a few moments, she was still and then her eyes opened and her tongue licked her lips, gasping for breath before at last she was still once more.

Behind Daniel, the door opened and Lucy stepped into the room. The savage crop of her office was still in her hand, tapping slightly against her thighs as she strolled to her victim.

“Three hours should do it, I think,” she said. “Let’s see if you are suitable...”

The rasp of a chain and the bar by Daniel was dropped down. Lucy seemed satisfied that the height was correct and then went to the glass cabinet and picked up several items before returning. She started to fix one of them to the bar. Lucy placed a tiny glass bottle on the floor for later and rolled a slim vibrator in her hands. It was the first to be fitted, a slim cock, long and flexible it swayed back and forth on the surface of the bar while she attached a wire and ran it to the computer.

“This is just a little test,” she said as she typed on the keyboard and nodded as the vibrator sprang to life and began to throb. “I just need to see if you respond well to training!”

Daniel watched her arrange the other two items on the bar without fixing them and his knees started to give way.

“Oh, oh, he started. “I’ll do anything for you, but please...”

“Dear me,” said Lucy. “I don’t remember giving you permission to speak!”

She lifted one of the gadgets from the bar and held it for him to see. Daniel saw the pink translucent cock in her hand, the straps that dangled down and started to cry.

“In it goes,” said Lucy as if talking to a small child. “Can’t have you making all

that noise, can we?”

One hand gripped the back of his head, the other proffered the gag to his lips.

“Open wide, sissy. It’s time to suck cock!”

The hand waited a moment or two and then pushed home, and Daniel felt his mouth being filled by the soft jelly of the gag.

“That’s better, darling. Now, on you hop!”

The bar was at the level of his knees and she guided his cramped feet to stand astride of it. The vibrator had stopped and Lucy fiddled with it to make sure that it was firmly fixed in place before she moved to Daniel’s front and fitted the third item to his limp cock.

A rattle of the chains and the bar slowly raised.

Lucy stopped and carefully positioned the vibrator between the cheeks of Daniel’s ass before slowly raising the bar to force the slim cock inside him.

“Now then, all we have to do is set it up,” she said cheerily.

As she fiddled with the computer again, moving the mouse and selecting from the menus the humming in the cage started again and the shackled woman started to moan as another climax was forced upon her restrained body.

“Now to synchronise it properly and off we go... Nearly done!”

She paid a last visit to her latest victim, pulled the bar up a little between his thighs and then clipped a wire to the article that clasped his balls and cock in a tight grip.

Daniel looked at her through tear filled eyes, balancing on the moving bar, feeling the pressure of the vibrator inside him as she patted his head and laughed.

“If mistress buys you, then you’ll be spending some of your time here,” said Lucy. “I have so many slaves that need milking, so a special cage will be in order for my little come-slut.”

The door closed behind her and Daniel moved a little to try to ease the discomfort of the object that filled him. It was as slim as a finger, but long and flexible and he could feel it press inside, rubbing and moving with each slight repositioning of his feet.

For ten minutes or so, he stood, watching the three other caged victims and wishing that he were simply locked in a cage like the two young men. Three hours she had said, it seemed like a lifetime. He had just managed to learn how to position himself and relax, placing most of his weight on the bar with his feet just steadying him, when the humming sound from the cage started and the

pitiful cries of the occupant signalled another climax.

In his own rear, he felt the vibrator come to life. It seemed to swell, fucking him slowly, reaching some tender point that was alarming in its intimacy. Something gripped his cock as it slowly swelled, teasing and throbbing, massaging and rubbing and he knew that he could not control himself. Even the fear and distress of his discomfort was overcome as the machine reacted to every signal of its sensors and forced a dribble from his sore prick. The cries of orgasm from the woman in the cage filled his ears and then he could hear his own rasping breath. He bit on the soft gag, his thighs quivered and then at the point where he was about to come, the machine stopped suddenly, to leave just a few drops of come leaking from the tip of his cock into the small glass bottle that lay between his thighs.

Three hours!

Lucy looked in every now and again, but Daniel was oblivious to her presence. The computer milked him systematically and thoroughly time after time, each event bleeding just a few more drops into the bottle always ensuring that there was more to do. The cries from the cage heralded each event, but Daniel was oblivious to the pitiful sounds. He just reacted to the reverberations of the machine that tormented him and proclaimed his own exquisite hell in grunts through the gag.

The final humiliation was when Lucy returned with the woman that had overcome him all those hours ago. They undressed him as he shook with the trauma and then dressed him in a maid's dress before he found himself back in the hallway, being handed his car keys and wallet.

"One final touch," laughed Lucy as she produced a lipstick and touched up his lips to shiny pink.

“Pervert,” chuckled the other woman.

“No, she’s a slut...” said Lucy. “Maybe she’ll pick up a nice generous man on the way home!”

In three inch heels that almost seemed easy to walk in after the fetish stilettos that had been on his feet for all that time, Daniel left the house to find that it was night. The street was empty. In the distance a clock chimed and he staggered from Five’s residence to suffer the indignity of catching the night bus home dressed as a sissy.

Part Three

Chosen

Interlude

The pub was full again. A mixture of twenty men and thirty women gathered for the ritual of the first 'social'. In the midst was Samantha, making her announcements in a friendly voice as she surveyed the men who were all licking their lips at the prospect of finding a sexy mate.

"Looks like a good crop," said Samantha to the woman who sat beside her on the barstool. "A few younger ones that will go down very nicely if they last the course to the third social."

Angela nodded vaguely. This was the first time that her lover had brought her along to see how her business worked and it depressed her as she realised that there were so many women who wanted to own a man. Months ago, when she had first slept with Samantha, it had all seemed like a game. To send her husband a mail had seemed just a prank to amuse her lover, now she could see a darker side. A yawning trap that was making Samantha a wealthy woman.

"I think that I'm going to branch out," said Samantha with a grin. "There must be plenty of nice round-assed bitches ready to be found a mistress!"

Angela could see the grin twisting Samantha's face and felt that she had to nod. Her lover's hand was on her thigh and she could feel a grip that was more than just physical. The filigree collar that she now wore proclaimed her own status as belonging to Samantha even though she hid it beneath a roll-necked sweater and was still allowed some freedom to live a normal life.

“I’ll think about it,” said Samantha as she rose to collect the questionnaires from the hands of the foolish men who gazed at the collection of avid women who were all becoming moist from the thought of owning them.

She closed the meeting with a few words and watched as the men filed from the bar, each one filled with the hope of finding a perfect partner. The women stayed and Samantha announced that the next auction was opening that night.

“Make a bid for the one that you want,” she said. “Anyone that does not buy is of course entitled to bid in the next rounds!”

A busy chatter arose from the women and Angela realised that word was spreading, there were a few new faces that had been persuaded by their friends. Of course, the fact that Five had been participating had also brought more than a little interest.

Samantha was the first to leave, trailing Angela behind her as she led the way.

“Let’s see what happens to your ex,” she said as they walked down the street.
“What do you reckon?”

It was curious, thought Angela as she held Samantha’s hand. One moment she was just a toy to be used, the next Samantha behaved as if they were friends.

“Er, I think that Five will buy him,” she said.

“That’s what I think as well. I know it! Anyway, the bids are in by midnight and we’ll see.”

Silence dropped again between them until they were standing in the almost empty car park, Samantha’s BMW one of the few cars still occupying a space.

“I’m not very happy with you at all,” said Samantha.

Angela tried to smile, but it came out as more of a lop-sided grimace.

“Why’s that?”

Angela wondered if she dared confront the woman who stood beside her and decided that this was not the time.

“Because, you act as though you don’t like being around me anymore!”

“I love you, Samantha, I really do.”

The words from Angela’s lips sounded empty and without emotion, even to her own ears.

“I love you too, but if there is no passion there, then you’re no more value than

Barry. I want a true partner, one who knows what I want them to do and keeps me happy!”

Angela shuddered as she thought of the awful photos of her smiling face covered in come, the film of her climaxing as she was fucked by a vibrator and the chain that always hung from her collar to the bed and she felt a pit develop in her stomach. How could Samantha think that Angela could enjoy being directed around their bed like a porno star? A lover had become an owner and Angela was being pulled ever deeper into Samantha’s developing fetish for complete control.

Angela managed a more devoted tone with the next ‘I love you’ and Samantha seemed satisfied by the quality of her commitment. Inside the car, as Samantha drove slowly to the exit, the conversation continued on a new subject.

“If she buys Daniel, then we’ll pop along to see what she is doing to him,” said Samantha. “That’ll be a lark!”

Angela smiled and slipped a hand to Samantha’s knee to squeeze it lightly. It seemed that Samantha was satisfied by the small intimate touch and she opened her legs slightly for more.

“She’s a bit of a devil,” said Samantha as she felt Angela’s fingers slip between her thighs and stroke her streaming pussy. “I suppose that for the moment, I need to stay on her good side...”

Angela stroked the slick skin and slipped a finger through the familiar damp warmth to feel her lover shudder. ‘The woman that she knew as ‘Five’ was more than ‘a bit of a devil’ thought Angela. She was a frightening demoness! If Samantha was not careful or displeased her there would be hell to pay.

*“Mm, that’s nice,” groaned Samantha as the car pulled from the car park.
“You’re so good for me, if you’re a good girl I’ll let you come tonight... I
promise.”*

*Angela sighed under her breath. The steel enclosure that ensured that she did not
stray from Samantha could only be unlocked with her lover’s key. In a mere
week, she had been gathered in and brought to heel like all those men that
Samantha had tricked. Ever since the visit to that awful house, ever since Angela
had intimated that her lover had gone too far.*

“Would you like that?”

“Please...”

Chapter 7

Auction

Still three days to go, thought Daniel as he sat in front of his laptop and stared at the screen.

In three days, the auction would take place and his fate would be sealed. He tried to console himself that he would be bought by Twenty, but deep down he knew that Five would be the one to own him. Somewhere in London there were three others that were all thinking the same thoughts. Whether to submit and become a plaything, a sexual toy for the personal pleasure of those wealthy women who found submission and slavery a turn-on, or to disappear, shed their ruined lives and start anew...

Of the four, two had already surrendered and were just awaiting the auctions that would sell them to the highest bidder. On other and Daniel were coming to the decision that they would run. Gather what they could of their lives and slip into anonymity to start again without ever having to fear opening their emails.

Daniel stood up and made his decision.

He had a couple of days to liquidate his assets. The house, bank accounts and all the everyday paraphernalia of normal life. Then he would slip out of London, cross to the continent and spend a couple of months travelling. The more that he thought about it, the more that Daniel realised that he had been terribly tricked, that he had not seen the wood for all of the trees. The fear of blackmail had overwhelmed his thoughts, but really all it was were pictures that would cause family and friends to abandon him. Of course, the job writing opinion articles for the newspapers would go, but he could easily start again if he wanted! All he had to do was vanish for a while and he would be home free. The sale of the house

would net a couple of hundred thousand and he would have all the time in the world to rebuild his life.

He wandered to the bedroom and pulled a suitcase out from under the bed. Tomorrow, he would pack a few clothes, book a ferry crossing and disappear.

Another thought came to his fevered brain and he started to consider another option. With his news contacts, he could expose them all! The criminal women who bought into the idea of owning slaves as well as his ex-wife and her lover who ran the whole thing. On Twitter, on the Internet, he would expose the whole racket! Suddenly the pictures of his downfall would be Pulitzer prize material. He would be the victim that exposed how the rich used their wealth to have households full of trafficked sex-slaves. Daniel would become a hero... He just had to use the next couple of days wisely and he would turn the whole thing around!

Daniel slept soundly, drifting off to the thoughts that swirled in his head and the opening phrases of the article that he would write.

As Daniel slept, Samantha sat in front of the glowing screen of her laptop and flicked through the results of the auction. Most of the outcomes were as she had imagined. The value of the bids was up on the last round as ever more wealthy women pushed up the prices.

Crouching between Samantha's thighs, Angela softly licked at the gaping cunt of her mistress, bringing a sweet contentment to the woman who stroked her head

idly as her pet soothed her. The tip of a tongue on her clitoris brought another shudder to her thighs and she looked down at the woman who served her so exquisitely.

“Oh, that’s good, darling,” whispered Samantha. “You are such a good little pet to me…”

Angela moved her hands to cup the breasts of the naked women who sat over her and played with the stiff nipples idly before slipping her tongue deep into the bottomless well that needed to be gratified.

“The auction is almost over,” said Samantha in a dreamy voice. “In five minutes the last bids will be in and then we can see if there is a bid from Five that overtops the fifty thousand that Sixteen has offered for him. It seems that they are waiting for the last moment!”

Angela felt the thighs that closed around her face shudder in a minor orgasm and lapped at the slick flesh with slow strokes.

“OK, I’ll send the mail now,” murmured Samantha.

It almost seemed that the click on the mouse button that sent the mail was more provocative than the collared woman who pleased her. Samantha climaxed with a small cry and relaxed in the chair to allow more soothing strokes of Angela’s lips.

“What mail?” asked Angela looking up.

Samantha looked down at the upturned face and slipped a finger between the parted lips as they spoke. She did not seem annoyed that the attention to the lips of her pussy had ended, rather she was happy to answer the question that her pet had posed.

“Simple really,” sighed Samantha. “I owe a little favour, so I have informed my best customer of the price that she has to bid to buy your ex-husband.”

“Won’t that upset the other bidders?” said Angela.

“They’ll never know. Anyway, I owe her so much that this is just a small repayment for her help.”

“What help?” asked Angela, looking up at Samantha’s smug expression.

Samantha opened her legs wider and put her hands on the top of Angela’s head before pushing her down to bring her another climax. She felt a swelling affection for the woman who knew how to please her, but perhaps it would be better not to let her into the secrets of her business. If she knew too much she became a danger and that could not be allowed to happen.

“Oh, nothing really, just a few loose ends...”

Angela took a deep breath as she was pushed down to between the wide-open thighs. As she kissed the soft folds between pussy and ass she felt Samantha sigh and slide slowly down. The thighs lifted and hooked over armrests and Angela could almost feel her owner looking down at her, appreciating every touch.

The feeling was exquisite, a face slick with the juice of her last climax was finding its way down to a place that it had never been before. Better to overcome these stupid inhibitions that would just upset the new owner than Samantha had in mind for her lover.

Angela felt the pressure and instinctively resisted, lapping at the flesh avidly as she hoped that it would be enough, but nothing was enough for the woman on the chair. Her thighs opened wide, her ass spread and the lips moved to the lower hole to entice her to come again. The first touch was tentative, the second probe a delight.

“Oh, I love that,” gasped Samantha as she slipped her fingers through the wide-open lips of her pussy. “Fuck me, bitch!”

The feeling was overpowering, it had all been so easy. As her pet nibbled and licked at her ass, fingers ploughed the sensitive matrix of her cunt and Samantha found herself slipping to a place where waves of bliss overcame her every thought.

“Oh, that’s so good, don’t stop!”

A small chime sounded from the laptop as the final bid of the night came in and opened on the screen. Just a number, but a number that meant that the deal was

done.

Samantha came, her whole body slid in the chair as the slick juices from her pussy greased her ass on the leather. Angela's face buried deep, probing and serving so sweetly as whole new vistas opened into the future.

At last the final trembling was over and hands lifted Angela's face to stare up at a face that had filled with a triumphant expression. Samantha looked down and felt a small twinge of regret. It would be such a shame to end the training that had really only just begun, but now everything had changed and it was time to sweep the pieces away and start a new game.

"I have a business partner at last," said Samantha breathlessly.

As soon as she said the words Samantha regretted the words that had come from her lips. The post orgasmic haze, the victorious emotion had combined to allow her intentions to slip.

"Not that awful woman...Five?"

Samantha nodded and could not help laughing at the horror on her pet's face. Now that she knew, there was no point in dissembling.

"Five? Lady Edith Prestwick! She has agreed to a partnership that solves all of the problems that I have had!"

Angela shuddered at the expression on Samantha's face and sat back slowly. Samantha did not seem to notice the slight change of expression, but continued with a satisfied laugh.

"The problem has always been rounding them all up when the auction is done. It was Edith that suggested that we hold the auctions early and then she will take the goods and distribute them without any fuss or bother."

"She'll eat you alive," said Angela, who then bit her lip at her words.

"No she won't," chuckled Samantha gleefully. "I have a film that I took on our last visit and she can't possibly escape the hold that I have on her."

Angela looked up at her owner and shuddered. Dame Edith whatever-her-name-was would swallow Samantha whole. How could Samantha ever believe that she could blackmail a woman who had a whole house full of slaves?

"Clever," said Angela in a muted tone. "Does she know?"

Samantha looked down and patted her pet on the head.

"Of course she does and that's why she bought Daniel. She needs to keep me sweet and now she's a partner."

Angela looked down to see the stiletto heels that dangled from slim feet and tried

not to descend into a funk of fear. She imagined being trapped under the glass table in that lounge while Edith reached down and...

“Tomorrow, they will all be with their new owners, including Daniel. Edith told me that she might want him for her personal use after all. She needs a sissy-slave to sweeten her nights. That’s when we’ll pop by...”

“Tomorrow?”

“That’s right, my dear. Now then, I just have to check that all of the transfers are in the bank and then we can head for a little playtime. Since you’ve been such a good little girl, I think that you deserve something special. I haven’t forgotten that I promised you a teeny-tiny climax, darling.”

A key on a slim chain dangled from Samantha’s hand and Angela could not help herself feeling just a little eager to follow her owner.

Interlude

Michael was taken like this:

Michael hailed the Uber ride in Enfield from his mobile phone. The driver grunted as his ride mentioned Victoria Station in the heart of London and then sat back to watch the city streets. The driver did not seem talkative as the houses and shops fled by and he relaxed knowing that he was at last out of this nightmare. His mind shunned the terrible memories of the three nights and the terrible strain of being trapped, relaxing instead with the thought that a few weeks in Wales would be enough to straighten out the effects of the blackmail.

The car turned and headed through endless rows of houses, taking a short cut that would save the traffic around Wood Green. Michael patted the small case by his side and wondered how the others were doing. The other men that had fallen into a nightmare of blackmail and perverted sex. Maybe he was the only one that had the balls to face it out? he thought.

When the car stopped after a sharp turn, Michael realised that he was amongst high rise blocks and rows of garages. He leaned forward to speak to the driver, but the man braked hard and pulled in at the end of the cul-de-sac. Suddenly there were two men and a woman by the doors of the car and he realised that the moment of his attempt to escape had passed him by.

The vast young woman who had bought him would enjoy every moment with her newly gelded slut.

Even his name would blow on the wind!

Daniel was taken like this:

Daniel visited his bank and then popped into a travel agent to book his ferry. With the ticket in his hand, he headed back to his apartment feeling free at last. The last couple of weeks had been a nightmare, at last he was his own man, ready to turn the tables on the awfulness of the women that had abused him.

As he passed the entrance to the block where he lived, he noticed a parked-up ambulance where the driver sat munching on a sandwich. He shook his head at the sight and headed up the stairs to his door on the first floor. Everything was ready. The suitcase packed, the bank account closed, the ticket in his hand and his ideas about his assault on the blackmailer's ready to be put into prose.

He opened the door and entered the flat, picking up his car keys as he went. Daniel opened the bedroom door and stopped in his tracks. A young woman sat on the bed, the same young woman who had overpowered him in Five's atrium. The suitcase was open and she was typing on his laptop as she looked up.

Daniel slammed the door closed as he turned to be confronted by a man who was almost as wide as the doorway. The man stood smiling with folded arms as Daniel considered his chances of bowling him over. The door opened behind him and he heard a familiar female voice.

"Going somewhere?"

“Er, yes, actually,” said Daniel as he backed into the small kitchen with the woman following.

She reached forward and took the ferry ticket from his nerveless hand.

“Well, before you can catch the ferry, there’s someone that wants to have a word with you.”

“Please, God, please I won’t say a word...”

As he spoke he heard the front door of his apartment open and close and the click of stilettos behind the huge man who almost filled the doorway.

“About what? What –won’t you say?” asked the woman.

The ticket dropped from her hand to arc to the floor and Daniel stooped to retrieve it.

“I don’t think that you’ll need that where you’re going,” said the woman as Daniel took a glance from the window of the kitchen as if considering throwing himself through it.

“You could jump,” laughed the woman, but then you’d really need the ambulance!”

Her hand moved slightly and he jumped defensively. Now he could see the needle and tube of a syringe in her fingers and a woman in the hallway dressed in the uniform of nurse.

“Come on, I haven’t got all day,” said the woman as she lifted the syringe to make a small fountain of drops issue from the needle. “Just let it happen, you know that you want to belong to her!”

She took a step forward and then suddenly Daniel slumped. His knees gave way and he sank down mumbling pleas as the young woman jabbed him in the arm and watched him sink to the tiles of the kitchen.

The last thing that he felt was being lifted onto the stretcher as he was carried from his apartment with a sexy nurse in tow.

Chapter 8

Awakening

Daniel awoke, or at least he felt that he woke, but perhaps it was just a continuation of his nightmare. He had dreamed of the women that had tormented him, a dark incubus where he was running, but standing still. Escaping, but running into their arms. He was naked, they were dressed in hard black that hugged their every curve. They took him and tormented him...

He opened his eyes and blackness filled them, he moved his arms but they were chained by his side. Cramps shot through his feet, his legs too were held, pinioned without an inch of movement possible. He could turn his head, but it was the only progress allowed him. Sweat trickled from Daniel, the sweat of terror as he remembered his capture.

If only he had run sooner... if only, if only!

The thought filled his head and then a total pessimism filled him. On the train, on the ferry, at home, he would have fallen, now he understood that his optimism had been misplaced. It had been inevitable. They would never have let him escape their grip, money and power had ensured that there was no evading his fate!

Daniel cried into the tight hood that masked him. Self-pity and terror mingled into a single whole that sent coughing shudders through his frame. Finally, the storm passed and his thought started to clear. He realised that he was fettered in a crouch, knees pulled under him, arms held tightly by his side. A submissive position that somehow filled him with more dread.

His legs and feet became numb with the tight position and his breathing rasped in his ears, the only sound apart from the time that he grunted and ground his teeth.

He had been sold!

Daniel voided in his fear. Piss dribbled inside the suit, worse came moments later.

Like an animal or a piece of furniture. Now he was in a nightmare that would have no end. In the utter blackness of the hood, he could see the smiling face of the girl who had stuck the needle in his arm, the amused face of his ex-wife and that evil woman that had sold him. Worst of all, he saw Five's hard face in his imagination. The huge woman that had seemed nothing more than a frustrated spinster until he had been invited to her house of horrors.

Daniel slipped into a dark slumber of apathy, awoke and then slipped off again until he was woken by a muffled sound of voices that were the first sign of the ordeal to come. The smell that assailed him sent him into a retching fit.

He heard a clink, a muffled click and then felt movement as he was pulled from his cage. Suddenly pins-and-needles assailed his thighs and legs and he cried out with the agony of the cramps in his feet.

The sharp tear of a zipper by his ear and the hood was pulled roughly from his head. Daniel blinked his eyes and looked up to see Lucy's smiling face above.

“Back again,” she said with a small laugh.

Daniel’s face crumpled into tears again and a hard hand slapped his face to make him blink away his tears and quell his hysteria.

“The training starts here,” said Lucy as she started to unzip Daniel from the tight rubber bag that contained him. “God, but you stink! I’ll tell you once and just once. You have been bought and sold, pretty cheaply if I say so myself. I decide your fate, so complete obedience is recommended. First of all, we’ll get you all cleaned up and ready, because in a couple of hours you have a visitor. After that the real training begins and we start to get you into shape!”

Daniel collapsed on the floor, as Lucy pulled the bag away. He was back in the room with the cages, the punishment bar hauled high over his stricken body.

Lucy looked down with distaste at Daniel and prodded him with the point of her boot.

“Get up,” she ordered.

He staggered to his feet, his hands held by his side by a broad belt that encircled his waist. Lucy held her fingers pinching her nose and pointed to a door by the cages.

“Let’s get you cleaned up. You smell of shit and piss, not the ideal perfume for one of my sissies.”

“Please, I’m so hungry,” whined Daniel as he stumbled across the cold tiled floor.

“That comes later,” snorted Lucy as she followed him through the door into a small bathroom. “First, I want you all primped and ready for viewing, then comes something to eat and you can start to learn the proper responses to orders by heart.”

She turned on the shower and stood back whilst he headed under the cold water that poured over him, washing away the results of his terror whilst he had been in the transport bag. Lucy plied a long-handled brush and then dragged him to the tall mirror that virtually filled one wall.

“First lesson,” she said.

Daniel cried out as his collar administered a sharp shock. He fell to his knees and started to weep again. A reaction that was suddenly quelled by the slap to his face.

“No matter where you are, no matter what you are doing, you are under my complete control,” said Lucy in a hard tone. “I can administer a jolt at any level. That was five of twenty, so be a good little sissy, nice and obedient and we’ll get along just fine!”

Her tone was that of a school teacher admonishing a small child and Daniel stood to feel the middle-aged woman releasing his hands and the belt.

“Now that you understand, let’s have you cleaned and shaved!”

She passed him soap and a razor and then indicated that he should stand under the water.

“Shave everything from the nose down,” she ordered. “This will be a twice daily routine that is done without fail. If you need to shit or piss, then these are the times of the day that it is permitted by me. You have ten minutes to finish while I get a maid to clear up your mess and bring your uniform, so make sure that you come out smooth and dry, ready to be prepped.”

Daniel watched her leave the bathroom. Her heels clicked on the tiles, the sway of her hips almost exaggerated as she walked. It was the first time that he had seen her without the savage crop that was usually in her hand. He turned to the toilet and decided that there was no urgency before he slipped under the comforting flow of water and started to shave.

By the time that he tentatively opened the door to the punishment room, the smell and the suit that had enclosed him had gone. Lucy stood with two maids who stood motionless by her as if rooted to the floor.

“Good! About time,” said Lucy. “Now then, you will have two uniforms. Both of them are your responsibility. One for special occasions, the other your daily uniform. This one will be yours until you attain the attractive shape that I have in mind for you. After that you will be given a lovely feminine uniform that will be measure to fit exactly.”

She turned to the pretty young maid.

“Dress her and full make-up. Lady Edith is coming for an inspection with a guest shortly, so make sure that she’s perfect.” Lucy looked the naked Daniel up and down and then smiled. “Or at least as perfect as is possible for such a slovenly slut. Use pink all the way...”

Lucy nodded and then moved to sit in the small armchair in the corner of the room to watch the proceedings with a smile, her familiar crop laid on her knee as she crossed her legs and settled down.

Daniel looked at the folded bundle of clothes in the maid’s hands and stood motionless whilst they started to change a man into a perfect sissy.

It began with the makeup and ended with the shoes. The two maids fussed around their charge as he stood listless while they worked. The nightmare that Daniel had feared was becoming real and he no longer had any fight left. All he could think of was pleasing the woman who sat reclining, toying with the remote control that could give so much agony.

Lucy stood at last, to inspect the man who stood between the two maids who had prepared Daniel for her. She tapped the crop against her thigh as she walked around her latest charge and decided that she had misjudged Daniel, the result was far better than she could have hoped for. Promising, in fact! The rounded face took the make-up well, the pink eyeshadow and blusher bringing out a soft look that looked feminine and girlish and just a little attention to the lips would round and puff them up to a pout. Her attention turned to the pink dress and she smoothed it with her hand to make it fall correctly. It was perhaps a little too long of course, hanging half way down the smooth thighs, just to the point where the stocking tops showed their lower seams.

Easy to correct that, she thought as she moved to the back and pulled the built in corset nice and tight. The waist would narrow, diet and exercise would see to that, making the hips round-out nicely and her ass thrust out properly. Lucy moved slowly to the front and inspected the empty front of the dress. Another minor problem she decided, but a pert pair of breasts would soon sort that out. She stood back and admired the whole. Good shapely legs that looked perfect in the candy white and pink-ringed stockings and already the platform heels looked right.

“Very good, girls,” she said. “Well done, now all she needs is a few restraints, a little padding and she is ready for viewing. I have decided that she will be all in pink, so finish up and then wait for my return.”

Daniel opened his eyes wide, necessary to lift the long feathered lashes that the two maids had added. For a moment, he caught Lucy’s eyes. They held him fast and a small smile flickered on her lips before he looked down at the floor with a total loss of courage. Suddenly, Lucy was calling him ‘she’, a deliberate change of her manner that held significance. ‘Was this what I have become now?’ he wondered. A pretty dolly to dress up and play with?

He watched Lucy leave the room with a peculiar emotion. Fear of her, certainly. But, also a sort of affection that he could not evaluate. Somehow she was becoming a woman for whom he felt a childish reverence, a strict mother, a mature maiden aunt, who would look after him and steer him to become dependent...

The door closed and it was a signal for the two maids to follow the orders that had been passed by Lucy. They tittered in an almost childish way as they laid out the final trimmings that would complete the feminised Daniel. In the full length mirror he could see the change that they had wrought and Daniel marvelled at

the person that was reflected in his sight.

What he saw was a shy, prettified dolly. The reflection stood with toes pointing slightly inward making her look timid and juvenile, but innocent she was not. All that was needed was a giant pink striped lollypop and she could be a fourteen-year-old naughty girly.

Making small comments and asides as they worked, the two maids changed the innocent immature girl into a sexual daydream. The touches were small, but significant. Pink ankle cuffs that joined one foot to the other. With just a few inches of slack, pink chains that somehow transformed the immature Barbie into a helpless instrument for others' pleasure. The same was applied behind Daniel's back. The reflection in the mirror took on another guise. That of an adornment for degenerate use, an offering to Cupid.

The last caused Daniel to look down and see what the slim hands were doing. Somehow it seemed better to see reality rather than the strange world behind the surface of the mirror. One pair of hands lifted the hem of his dress, the other pair slipped a piece of nylon stocking over his flaccid cock before using it to slip him into a small curved tube that fitted so tightly that he winced as they slipped it on. A simple tug at the nylon and the head of his prick peeped forth and he was trapped. Now his cock was just a pink, finger-width protrusion with the swelling tip poking from the end.

"Ooh, what a pretty little clit," said one of the maids with a high laugh as she tickled the end of it with her fingertip before tying a white bow over the pink tube with a flourish.

The other maid laughed with her companion and then added a tight collar to the hanging balls and then passing a small bolt and lock behind to attach it to the

tube. Daniel's fingers moved to explore and were knocked away with a casual touch of the hands.

"No touching, dolly!" said one of the maids. "Oh dear, we've forgotten the nails..."

The other maid put her hand over her mouth in feminine shock and the two of them twittered in alarm.

"Mistress didn't notice, quick quickly, we have to do them quick..."

One of the maids undid the chain that was between Daniel's wrists while the other hurried to fetch a selection of nail polishes.

"No, no," said the first. "We have to do it properly or it will be noticed!"

"It'll never dry in time!"

"If we use the undercoat and then just the glaze, it will. It just takes a few minutes..."

Each maid took a hand and started work on the nails, rubbing them and then applying the adhesive before carefully positioning long talons that added an inch to the length of Daniel's fingers.

“I’ll do the colour, you use the hair dryer,” said the first maid with a panicked tone.

Daniel looked down as his hands felt the warmth of the hot air. The nails were almost grey. They hooked down like claws, ending in points. As soon as the second maid moved to the other hand with the dryer, the first started to add colour. The pink was startling in colour, a lurid almost florescent colour that glowed.

Once again the hair dryer was used to set the colour before the glaze was carefully added. Small sparkles glittered in the light with each movement. Gold and peacock colours that shimmered and added depth.

The whole activity had taken just a few minutes as the maids worked carefully and expertly at speed. A final breath of hot air and then an admonishment not to allow the nails to touch anything.

“Keep your fingers spread, there’s a good girl,” said one of the maids as she clicked the chain into place with Daniel’s hands behind his back.

At last it seemed that they were satisfied with their work and both tittered in relief.

“She’s so pretty,” said one as she lifted the hem of the dress, “and just look at that pretty little clitty between her legs!”

Daniel blushed and almost felt pride with the slut that looked back from the mirror. Good enough to eat! The two maids cleared away all the mess that they had created in moments and moved to flounce the dress and lace, pull the stockings a little unnecessarily and then move the latex padding that substituted for breasts before standing back to admire their work.

“She’s so appealing,” said the first, supressing a chuckle with the palm of her hand over her bee-stung lips. “Madame will be pleased!”

The other just blushed and then started a female voice was heard from behind the door and the handle started to turn. Quickly, both took up positions, arms behind backs, one foot forward and a knee flexed slightly.

“We have guests,” said Lucy’s voice as she entered the room.

Standing behind her was a young woman that Daniel recognised as the one that had opened the front door of the house all that time ago.

“Oh, that’s perfect,” said Lucy as she made a final inspection.

Her hand moved and she pinched Daniel’s bottom, making the dolly squeal to her laughter.

“You two, back to quarters,” said Lucy to the two blushing maids. “Quickly now!”

The two maids slipped from the room while Lucy patted Daniel’s rear.

“I like what I see,” said the other woman.

“Well, you keep your hands off her, Madelaine. This one is for me!”

Madelaine smiled and blew a small kiss to Lucy.

“Sooner or later she’ll be in my bed!”

Lucy started to laugh and said, “You just can’t resist, can you?”

“Not when they look like this! In a few months, she’ll be perfect for me!”

Madelaine’s fingers brushed over the dress where the padding swelled at Daniel’s chest and pouted a kiss to him.

“Come on, let’s present dolly...” said Lucy.

The stairs were difficult for Daniel. The high platforms and the chain between ankles hindered progress, but Lucy’s hand on a shoulder helped balance and at last the three of them were in the atrium of Lady Edith Prestwick’s enormous mansion.

Daniel wondered who the guests were. Heart in mouth, Daniel stood straight and

the door opened to the huge lounge where four women sat around the glass table and sipped at sherry glasses. Behind stood Lucy and Madelaine, the only way was forward.

Interlude

“You have to come,” said Samantha to Angela. “It will be such fun to see the shock on your ex’s face.”

Angela sat on the edge of the bed and shook her head.

“Please, Sam, I really don’t want to!”

Samantha sighed, Angela was really becoming so tiresome. Where was all the enthusiasm for a bit of fun? Of course, the bitch was such a turn on, but really! How could she not see that this was Samantha’s moment of glory? How could she not want to take part when Samantha made it so clear that staying behind was not an option?

“I insist!” said Samantha. “I really don’t want to have to give orders to you, but you have no choice! It’s what I want and therefore it’s what you do!”

The mask was off, Angela decided. Here it was, plain as day, she was being ordered and not ‘persuaded’. The visit to Lady Edith Prestwick’s house was a trap, she could feel it from the first, but the pressure to obey was too much to resist.

Angela sighed, “What do I wear?”

Suddenly the mood lifted and Samantha became her playful self again. It was as though the confrontation had not happened and Angela was just the illicit lover who spent lazy afternoons in bed amusing her partner.

“Something sexy, of course. The question is, dark-sexy or all frills and lace?”

“No frills,” said Angela, trying to lift her tone to the casual. “The whole house is full of femininity, how about something a little more ‘whiplash’?”

“I’m not sure,” answered Samantha. “I was thinking of the candy-green and the shoes with the bows...”

“I’ll think about it,” said Angela. “Now then, you don’t need my help so let’s get ready and be off! We only have a couple of hours before we have to be there.”

Samantha nodded dubiously. It would be better if Angela appealed to the girlish tastes of Edith. It would make the whole duplicity so much more sweet. Still, at least her witless lover was coming along without needing to be threatened too much.

“OK, as you like,” she said as she turned to her own wardrobe.

Angela had already left the room.

They approached the door of the mansion, a mismatched pair. Angela in tight jeans, soaring plum stilettos and a leather top that did duty as a corset. Samantha in frilly light blue, striped stockings and a bow that hung behind of the back of her delicate dress. It seemed to Samantha that she had been tricked in some way! She should be the strict and simple dominatrix; Angela should be the fuckable dolly. Instead she felt foolish now and wished that she had had the nerve to put on that lovely latex pencil skirt with the thigh high boots.

Never mind, she thought. Let's see who becomes the little sex toy and who establishes her role as partner to the formidable Lady Edith Prestwick. Clearly, she was in charge, Angela was just the sacrifice on the altar to riches and power.

Chapter 9

Partnership

The heads of the women turned and Daniel blushed. Daniel's new owner sat in her customary black satin, legs crossed with seams perfect on her calves. By her side was Angela, looking stunning in black and facing was Samantha, now a haze of blue lace and curls. The fourth was Twenty. The woman that he had lusted after, the woman whose shoes he had kissed, the woman that he had longed to serve and please.

"Dolly," announced Lucy. "Of course she hasn't got her new name yet, but I always to take my time... Daniella has a ring to it, but maybe that's just a little too close to the past."

Angela's hand moved to cover her shocked mouth. The transformation was so extreme that she almost looked past the pink mass of frills to see if Daniel was standing behind the candy dolly that hung her head. She looked into her ex-husband's eyes and could see nothing except the vacuous stare of a slut. It seemed that the clothes made the man!

"Mm, very good, Lucy," said Lady Edith Prestwick with a small dismissive wave of the hand. "I like it! Madelaine, if you would stay please..."

Lucy bowed slightly and turned to leave. As she went she gave a small encouraging pat to Daniel's rear and whispered.

"Whatever they want! Don't disappoint me."

The door closed and she was gone. Suddenly, Daniel felt as though he was alone. He had not realised how much he might need Lucy's support to perfectly obey the women who now ruled his life.

"Introductions... This is Madelaine," said Lady Edith Prestwick. "She deals with everything necessary to guard the lifestyle that I have chosen for myself. Her past is just a little hazy, even to myself..." She laughed and then continued. "I trust her skills and judgement utterly of course."

Lady Edith Prestwick turned to Samantha; "This is Samantha, recently a partner of sorts. She has some interesting and clever ideas about finding suitable servants..."

Samantha felt almost slighted as the older woman gave her resume. Off-hand and disrespectful, 'Clever' indeed!

"Her friend, Angela. The former wife of Dolly here..."

Angela nodded and looked over at the last of the four women who were sitting. She had seen Twenty at the 'socials' and admired her from afar, but now, close up, she was almost overwhelming in her perfection.

"My good friend, Rebecca," said Lady Edith Prestwick with a small wave at Twenty. "She expressed a desire to see Dolly again and has been a great help in the last week or so and I am always looking forward to a visit."

Lady Edith Prestwick nodded to a maid who poured the glasses full and laid a new one on the glass for Madelaine.

“Take a seat, Maddy, Sherry?”

“Yes Ma’am,” said Madelaine as she sat opposite her employer.

Madelaine could sense a tenseness in Lady Edith Prestwick’s pose and wondered what was required of her. She had never been treated as a social equal, even in private and suddenly wished that she had dressed and prepared herself for this meeting. Still, Lady Edith Prestwick was often unfathomable and what would happen would happen.

“Dolly, dear,” said Lady Edith Prestwick. “If you please. I think that your ex-wife would like to see you up close...”

Small steps, thought Daniel as feet moved. Daniel came to stand at the table and looked down to see the naked figure of the supporting slave under the thick glass. Carefully, Daniel mimicked the pose of the maids who had dressed him. One foot forward, that knee slightly curved and a hanging head that made deference clear.

“Oh, Edith,” said Rebecca. “What a change! I am impressed!”

Daniel blushed and felt suddenly pleased that she approved.

Lady Edith Prestwick looked smug and sipped at her glass before speaking.

“I haven’t quite decided on a role in my household yet. Originally, I thought that she would be ideal to service the other menials, but even I have to admit that Lucy has outshone herself and produced something that could be very special! I have an idea of how to use him... something special for myself and a few chosen friends.”

Madelaine looked at her mistress and realised that perhaps Dolly would not find herself in Lucy or her bed in the near future! Lady Edith Prestwick often took a shine to one maid or another and reserved them for her use only as pampered pets. This was looking like one of those times.

“Cheap at the price,” said Samantha suddenly. “Just sixty thousand buys the perfect fetish puppet from me!”

The remark seemed crass in the extreme and Rebecca lifted her glass to hide her embarrassment. Money was never mentioned and the self-advertisement seemed so out of place. How had Lady Edith Prestwick come to take this uncouth woman as a partner?

Lady Edith Prestwick seemed to ignore the remark.

“It is a sad truth at the moment that I only seem to be able to find servants through my good offices in the United States and occasional ones from Germany,” she said. “Now that Samantha here is offering the same service here in

Britain, I just had to try it out. The British offer is so expensive!”

“I have more starting the process now and hope in the end to compete with the Americans,” said Samantha.

Even Angela could feel a wall of hostility between her lover and Lady Edith Prestwick. How could Samantha not sense it herself? Of course, a woman like Lady Edith Prestwick would not take well to being blackmailed, that was for sure!

“Partners?” asked Rebecca.

Lady Edith Prestwick went to speak, but Samantha interrupted and said, “Fifty-fifty actually. All I really needed was her contacts and now I can produce the goods on-stream!”

Rebecca hid her amusement at the use of the word ‘her’ for Lady Edith Prestwick and sipped her drink again. This was turning into the most amusing afternoon chat that she had been part of in a long time.

“He’s so pretty,” said Angela cautiously.

She was eager to steer Samantha from the clear danger of her comments. If she got into trouble, then Angela would go down with her. That much was clear.

“Your ex-husband is a ‘she’ now, dear... in every way,” said Lady Edith Prestwick. “Dolly!”

Her words were accompanied by a flick of the fingers and Daniel realised that he was being ordered to lift the hem of the skirt. So far he had scarcely listened to the conversation, he just watched Rebecca from the corner of his eye and basked in the fact that he was in the same room as the woman who was so perfect.

“Now that’s an improvement, I’m sure,” said Samantha as she giggled at the sight of his tiny cock trapped in the pink tube. “The bow, that’s perfect!”

Madelaine could see a scowl on Lady Edith Prestwick’s face for a moment, but her mistress held herself back with an effort and Madelaine was able to relax and enjoy the little show. Clearly it was coming to a climax, of that there could be no doubt.

Angela reached out and stroked the tiny organ. Her fingertips ran over the tip and she wondered how they had managed to get him into that tight tube. The whole effect was so feminine, even though a man was trapped in the attire of a girl.

“I like it,” said Angela, since a comment seemed to be called for. “Can Dolly come like this?”

“Of sorts, dear. Of sorts,” said Lady Edith Prestwick indulgently. “We don’t encourage it. They are released from chastity once or twice a month and milked to keep them nice and docile. This sort of arrangement,” she pointed at the little cock with a smile, “is reserved for those that have to be permanently kept in chastity for various reasons. This, of course, being the largest size restraint, there are five sizes smaller.”

Angela's hands stroked the tight held balls and weighed them before her hand retreated and stroked a smooth naked thigh.

"I almost wish that he'd been like this before... I don't think that I could have found the heart to separate from such a cute little dolly..."

Daniel dropped his dress as the hand retreated and looked at his wife with longing. How good it would have been if her words had come true? Now he was owned by the woman that he dared not look at and had no choices left in the world. Then there was Rebecca. He rolled the name in his mind and decided that it was perfect to match her beauty.

"So, now we come to the partnership," said Lady Edith Prestwick with a small sigh.

Samantha eagerly started to speak, but Lady Edith Prestwick cut her words off after the first and continued in a stern tone.

"I have been offered the partnership on the understanding that certain facts do not see the light of day!"

Madelaine gasped and then held her breath. Had Samantha really tried to blackmail her mistress? Rebecca just sat back in her armchair and realised why she was here. This was a statement on the part of Lady Edith Prestwick, a lesson that friendship and business went only so far. Angela looked at Samantha and realised that this was about to turn nasty. She held her breath and looked into

Lady Edith Prestwick's eyes, seeing only hard edged detestation.

"This will not do!" said Lady Edith Prestwick. "No one, but no one can decide what I do or don't do! I have decided that the partnership is dissolved, if it in fact ever existed and that this woman," she pointed at Samantha, "immediately disgorge all films, photos and other nonsense that she has to my hand..."

"I'm sorry, but..." started Samantha suddenly realising that she had far overstepped herself. She was about to continue with, 'I cannot get it now, I will give you it all...', but the words never came out.

Madelaine stood quickly and plumped herself in Samantha's lap, pressing her thumb under the raised chin. Samantha struggled for a moment and then flopped to unconsciousness while Madelaine checked her pulse and smiled. This was why she was here...

"Lucy?" asked Madelaine.

"Of course," said Lady Edith Prestwick. "Your job is to trace and destroy the evidence, Lucy's is to hold this silly woman until I decide what to do with her."

"I will need to interview her..." said Madelaine.

"You have a free hand," answered Lady Edith Prestwick with a small flutter of her fingers.

Rebecca smiled. She looked at Angela whose face registered pure terror. It amused Rebecca to soothe the stricken lover. The fear could almost be tasted and it was so sweet.

“Now you see what happens when fools push their grubby little hands into places that do not concern them! Your hands do not seem quite so inquisitive...”

“I’m sorry,” said Angela.

“Of course you are,” said Lady Edith Prestwick. “She embarrassed you and you are well rid of her.”

She raised a finger and wagged it at Angela.

“Take note though, take note, my dear! There are dangers implicit in annoying me and I expect utter compliance with my needs.”

Angela nodded and tried to sit straight. How could Samantha have ever thought that she could blackmail a woman like this? she wondered.

“I understand that you have two daughters,” said Rebecca as she stood from the lap of the stricken Samantha.

A sudden cold crept down Angela’s spine.

“Oh, that’s nice,” said Lady Edith Prestwick. “Two? How old are they?”

“Still young,” said Angela. “Both in school...”

“Well, we can do something about that. It is so important that young ladies grow up with the proper attitudes.”

“They are both good girls...”

“I’m sure that they are dear. But, is some rat-a-tat state school really the place for them to mix with the hoi-polloi?”

Lady Edith Prestwick turned to Rebecca and said, “darling, arrange it for me, the daughters of my friends get an appropriate education. I’ll arrange it with Lucy for the finances and you can find them a place in that nice girl’s school in Scotland.”

“It will be a pleasure,” said Rebecca with a smile.

Somehow her words had soothed the path of Angela from the friend of an enemy into a needy acquaintance who had to be helped. Perhaps it was just the moment of triumph that had to be leavened with mercy, or perhaps she had taken a shine to Angela?

“I have one question,” said Angela in a timid tone.

“For me?” asked Lady Edith Prestwick.

“Yes. Does it have to hold up the table night and day?”

Angela looked down at the glass table and the breasts that almost hung to the floor. She had not been able to avoid looking at Lady Edith Prestwick’s taste in furniture and wondered how many others in this house served as art.

Lady Edith Prestwick began to laugh. She slapped her thigh and smiled at Angela with a friendly grin.

“No one ever dares ask about this,” she said as her foot extended to make the breasts sway. “I like your bravado. This person is the last one that tried to blackmail me. He thought that what he knew was worth millions, I taught him that he is really just part of the furniture!”

“Can I?”

Angela slid her foot to rest with the point of her heel between the thighs and looked up at Lady Edith Prestwick with a pleading expression.

“Darling, you can do whatever you like!”

Angela's foot extended, her heel scored a trail on the erection and then she delivered a small kick to the hanging balls with a sudden motion. For a moment, the drinks on the table registered the impact with small ripples and a low grunt came from the downturned face under the glass.

"I'll invite you back again, dear," said Lady Edith Prestwick. "You're a woman after my own heart! Polite and inquisitive."

Part Three

Owned

Interlude

Samantha woke to stare at the bars of the cage. The room was half-lit. A gloomy assembly of items that resembled a medieval torture chamber. Clear in her sight were Lucy's shapely legs, stretching far above as the slave trainer stood and looked down at her very latest acquisition.

"You must have upset my mistress," she said. "She has given me a free hand to train you. I have finally decided what position you are going to have."

Samantha tried to speak, but the huge rubber cock in her mouth turned all of the words to a muffled noise.

"I have a position for a come-slut that you would be perfect for. You will be sucking all the slaves dry, keeping them in top condition. The rest of your time will be spent in this little cage while you reflect on the error of your ways."

Samantha begged with her eyes. She longed to be able to explain that she had been about to change her mind and give Lady Edith Prestwick everything, this was so unfair... How could the elderly bitch do this to her after all she had done?

Lucy raised an eyebrow and went to the computer that had now fully booted up. She clicked each device on and then returned to the cage.

"Tomorrow I shall have the pleasure of training you how to suck cock and pussy

the way that I want it to be done. For now, you can enjoy the attentions of your new home...”

As the door closed, leaving the room in a gloomy twilight, a humming sound started and a twitching in Samantha’s rear. At first pleasant, it became insistent until something that pierced her rear started to swell and inflict light shocks and trembling pulses of movement. Something pinched her nipples, and the collar that held her tight tightened so that she had to struggle for breath.

When the climax came it was like a flood that cleansed the mind of all rational thought. A tsunami of bliss that left her gasping for air as the second wave followed almost immediately. The third and fourth followed and Samantha’s mind started to skip and jump thoughts at random.

In a week, Samantha would no longer be the wilful conniving bitch that she had always been. A new Samantha would emerge, one that greedily opened her throat, a Samantha that learned to satisfy her mistress’ cunt and ass. She would do anything to return to the bliss of her cage, long to be lost in waves of orgasmic captivity, responsive only to a casual touch and the occasional guiding slash of the crop.

A Samantha who was perfect in every detail.

Chapter 10

Cindy

Daniella was motionless.

She had learned to only be noticed when she was required. She stood in the vast bedroom in a small recess tucked behind a curtain each night awaiting use, but for the last week, she had stood alone and the huge bed had remained empty of its occupant. Training had been soft and guiding, always with the clear understanding that total obedience was the only option.

Daniella could not know that Lady Edith Prestwick had been invited to a wedding in France and would be returning this very night to savour the delights of her new little lover. Despite the mistress of the house being away, life in the mansion continued on its steady and well-ordered course.

Back in the mansion, off Strand, training for Madame's new toy was initiated and she was prepared for the changes that would have to take place before she was entirely suitable for enjoyment. Small breasts, rounded hips and a few adjustments to make her pout and smile become girlish helplessness.

That was all in the future, though.

For now, Daniella was primped and preened, prepared each night with the little touches that made her ready, even though she stood all night waiting, learning to

be invisible. Now, once again she stood in her alcove. A padded rest allowed her to lean into the back of it without disturbing her carefully arranged clothes and she wondered if this would be another night of solitary thoughts.

She was learning fast, the signs had been there all along, but now the attentions of Lucy and the other jealous maids showed her the way. All that was required was perfect obedience, a willingness to be dressed and primped and a girlish deportment and high voice that would soon be inflicted upon her when the 'adjustments' were arranged.

Daniel had not disappeared.

Not yet.

He still lurked in the back of the thoughts of the pretty feminine plaything. Observing and watching, but helpless in a cage woven of the restraints of lipstick, manicure, dresses and shoes. How could he know that the bars of that cage in which his persona was trapped would gradually widen until at last the only thoughts that would occupy the space that had been his would be those of a dolly who cared only about pleasing the woman who owned her? Daniel was doomed, he just did not know it yet, Daniella was filling the space with pink and lace. Mindless obedience and empty space.

She moved her feet a little and leaned back. It would be a long night, but then, come the day, Daniella would be allowed to explore the exciting world of the new lipsticks and makeup foundations that she had been gifted by Lucy.

So deep in thoughts of that delicious peach-pink lipstick with the lip-gloss that tasted of lemon, that when the sound of the bedroom door opening came to her, Daniella almost started with surprise. She gathered herself and stood rigidly to

attention, making sure that her dress hung properly and that the straps of the stocking-clasps ran straight to the candy nylon on her smooth legs.

Sounds of someone moving came to Daniella's ears and she almost held her breath in anticipation. Would the curtain be whipped back for her to fall into the arms of her owner or would it open slowly to reveal a woman who sadistically punished her for her imperfections. Daniella wept a little as she realised that the omissions were not her fault! She could not grow breasts in a week or stop her little voice from breaking occasionally.

It was not her fault, but she would be punished.

So great was the tension in her, that Daniella began to weep. Tears rolled down her cheeks, making the blusher run, smearing the eyeshadow. She hiccupped with the crying as she tried to stifle the noise, but it slipped out anyway and with her hands chained together she could do nothing to try to repair the damage except to smear the makeup even more!

The curtain opened slowly.

With her previous thoughts in her empty head, Daniella shrunk from the aperture. She imagined Lady Edith Prestwick in smooth leather, a savage flail in her hand. Ready to shred her dolly as she used it mercilessly. She blubbered her tears and hung her head in shame. How had it all come to this on the first night? Everything was ruined, everything...

Now she was exposed, Daniella's downcast eyes saw the bedroom mules with their ostrich feathers covering the toes. She saw the lacy black stockings with the

inscription of the maker on their seams.

Then pink...

A delightful baby-doll nighty, edged in feather trimmings, half translucent to show the shadows of the contours below. Daniella lifted her eyes and they came to halt at the teddy bear that the long nailed hands held out to her. That made her look up at the smiling woman who was offering the toy.

Edith's face was thoughtful as she watched her new plaything gingerly take the toy from her hand. She mused at the tracks of the tears and the hesitating coughing breaths that signalled an end to the weeping and pursed her lips to blow a small kiss.

"Darling," said Edith. "I brought you a nice little present from France. I hope that she will keep you company when I am not able to be there for you. You can choose the name... make it a pretty one for me!"

Daniella looked gratefully at the woman that she feared and then down to the teddy bear. It wore a short pink skirt and a little flouncy cap on its head and it was the best thing that she had ever had!

"Thank you so much, Mummy," lisped Daniella as she hugged the bear. "I was so scared..."

Edith took a hand and pulled Daniella from her space. She was perfect.

Vulnerable, stifling those pure little sobs and pouting so prettily.

“I know that you are so scared of me,” said Edith with a chuckle. “That’s because I will have to punish every mistake that you make. It’s for your benefit, because you have to learn to be the perfect girly for your Mamma. You do understand, don’t you?”

Daniella nodded, though she did not understand why she might need to be punished. She would do everything, everything that her Mummy wanted her to do...

“Good girl, now let’s have a look at you,” said Edith with a smile.

She dropped her and walked around Daniella, praising every point and explaining how soon she would be made perfect for her Mamma.

“Pert little breasts, all that nasty hair smoothed out and perhaps, perhaps if you are a good girly-girl for Mamma you will get her name tattooed on your thigh and some nice jewellery to wear.”

Daniella felt proud that she was taking part in making herself perfect for Edith, her snuffling stopped and she hugged the teddy bear tightly in her arms.

“Mamma wants to sleep in the big bed now,” said Edith; “can you be a good girl and manage to stay nice and quiet for her to get some rest after a long, long journey?”

Daniella nodded shyly and watched Mamma kick off her mules and slip between

the covers.

“My little girl is only allowed in the bed when Mamma says she can,” explained the older woman as she pulled the sheets down a little and slowly pulled her huge breasts free of the covers.

“Please, oh please. Can I?” lisped Daniella as her eyes grew wide at the sight unfolding before her eyes.

“Mm, that would be nice. Nice and gentle, Mamma is very sensitive...”

Daniella bent down and slipped her open lips over the stiff nipple and suckled gently.

“That’s good... you are a good little girl...”

Edith moaned a little and moved as her pet suckled gently one nipple after the other. Slowly she slipped to sleep and it was that first deep breath that awoke Daniella to the fact that the woman who was now so good to her, was deep asleep.

For a moment, she pondered the bed. She could curl up at the foot of the bed, there was enough space... In the end, she decided that Mamma would want her back in her special place and slipped back into her niche, the teddy bear held tight in her trembling hands.

“Cindy,” muttered Daniella to herself. “That’s your name...” and she kissed her new friend gently between its legs.

Interlude

A deal with the devil, thought Angela to herself. An escape that put her on probation... She watched the train slowly slide from the station with her daughters on board and felt an emotion that was part elation, part anxiety. There would have been no way that she could have ever afforded a private education for Sally and Desiree like the one that Lady Edith Prestwick had offered, but then it had a price that bound Angela to an unspoken oath that could only be broken with dire consequences.

Perhaps, more than dire!

As she walked down the busy platform to the exit she stopped and looked back to see the long train slowly curve out of sight at the far end of the platform and she wondered what effect the Dundee McKinlock Girl's Academy would have on the two children that would spend so much time there. The school Internet site had promised a 'thorough old fashioned education that teaches independence and total self-awareness as well as a complete preparation for a world where woman will be the future leaders of society...'.

As the last carriage slipped from her sight, Angela realised that for the first time since her university days in Durham, she was totally alone. Not just alone and without a partner, alone with a secret that had to be kept. Alone and without her daughters, alone and independent. Of course, she had friends and family, but also the looming relationship with Lady Edith Prestwick that would have to be developed on her terms.

Tonight, she had been invited to a soirée in that forbidding mansion.

‘Just a gathering of close friends’ had been the words and she wondered why Lady Edith Prestwick had been taken with her. Not that Angela was uneducated and did not have a good job, it was just that she knew that she did not fit in that high society of wealth and influence. ‘Is this all a game?’ she wondered, ‘is that woman planning my future?’

Outside the station, in the rush of commuters and businessmen, Angela felt somehow totally free. It was like a rush of blood to the head, all she had to do was be herself, she decided. Relax and start to enjoy herself. Not a thought entered her head about Samantha and Daniel, they were the past and had to deal with their own problems.

All she had to worry about was, what to wear, how to make a good impression and find a niche in Lady Edith Prestwick’s well-heeled and pampered existence that guaranteed her future.

Meanwhile, Madelaine searched out and discovered all of the foolish blackmail film on the Internet using information that Lucy took great pleasure in obtaining and passing to her. The loose ends were all tied, the t’s crossed and the i’s dotted.

Chapter 11

Return to Innocence

Daniella was so sweet, there was no doubt about it!

The clothes, the slimmed-down adolescent body and the outer observable shell. A small curtsy, one foot before the other as she lifted her cute short skirt and bent her knees. Daniella clutched her toys and fluttered her eyelashes. But, deep inside, caged but not extinguished; Daniel still resided in Daniella's mind, somewhere! Lady Edith Prestwick could feel it! The occasional hesitation, the furtive sideward looks, the almost suppressed testing of fetters and leashes; all of these were signs that Daniel might just escape from his mental bonds and come to occupy the little girl that Daniella had become.

Lady Edith Prestwick had seen it before. As the thoughts of the girl were moulded and reformed there was an unwelcome opening for a return of the adult man that had been in residence. What the owner of Daniella aimed for was nothing less than the snuffing out of Daniel, until all that remained was just the little girl who would depend on her, be emotionally helpless unless Lady Edith Prestwick was there to care for her.

A few days passed before Lady Edith Prestwick decided how she would achieve her intention to finally create the perfect dolly for her amusement and it was Cindy that provided the key!

Everything depended on punishment and reward. The punishments, never too harsh, never enough to provoke the surfacing of Daniel. Humiliation, withdrawal of tenderness, were the main armaments in Lady Edith Prestwick's arsenal. More important were the rewards. From a small smile to slow milking on her stockings, Daniella was guided constantly to the place where her Mama wanted

her to be.

Carefully chosen words and constant care, Lady Edith Prestwick eased her victim slowly to realise that every part of her life was cared for with patient watchfulness. Bringing up a child to adolescence and finally adulthood in reverse. Instead of reward and punishment being aimed at developing independence, it was all turned around to create utter dependence.

Daniella's mind slipped bit by bit along the chosen road, Daniel never being allowed any finger-hold or opportunity to escape his ever-increasing isolation. Day by day, the moments where Daniel was allowed to surface were cut back. Punishments were inflicted on Cindy while Daniella tearfully trembled with her inability to stop them. Rewards were given to Daniella and made her sometimes so happy that she was almost ecstatic. Never allowed to speak except in her lisping tone, never needing to ask for anything; Daniella lived in a cotton-wool-world of living for her Mama.

There was no one else, but Mama.

She snuggled into the bed at night, Lady Edith Prestwick allowing her to gently suckle breasts and pussy while Daniella hoped that Cindy would not be punished for her mistakes. It was so terrible that the frilly-clad bear had to suffer for her, when poor little Cindy was not the bad girl. The guilt and shame when she finally held her toy overwhelmed her as she whispered her admission of guilt and tried to help Cindy understand that Mama loved her too.

Lady Edith Prestwick found that her self-control was tested to the limit. Never before had she held back so much, never before had she taken care that every word of praise and every punishment was so finely judged; but as the weeks passed she realised that Daniella was regressing and the small moments of

Daniel's influence had almost faded. Lady Edith Prestwick never allowed any other to even see her new little girl, she knew that she had to be the perfect Mama. She had to be the meaning of everything in her dolly's new life.

When the point arrived after a month that Daniella's budding breasts were certain, Lady Edith Prestwick realised that the hormones that Daniella was taking seemed to be having an effect on Daniella's rare moments of defiance. The diet was having an effect on her body, the patient cosseting, helping the mind on its way to incomprehension. As the waist narrowed and hips flared a little with puppy-fat, the words from Daniella's lips became meeker and naïve as Lady Edith Prestwick always spoke to her like a toddler.

When was Daniel finally snuffed out like a candle that had burned to a stub?

Was it the very last time that Daniella was rewarded by being allowed to seep a few drops of sticky come from her little clitty? Was it the moment when Cindy was rewarded with a frilly new dress or was it the first time that Mama allowed her little girl to sleep the whole night at her feet without being placed in her niche with Cindy in her arms? Lady Edith Prestwick was Mama, Daniella her little girl and Daniel was finally purged as he suffocated in vapid thoughts of devotion and adoration for Mama and love for Cindy that filled her empty mind.

Lady Edith Prestwick sensed that the battle was finally won, guidance was no longer needed, that Daniella's every emotion was totally transparent and she felt a sense of satisfaction with her success. It had not been easy, but the rewards had been worth the effort. From now on, Daniella could only slip ever deeper into the frilly-sissy world that she inhabited with Mama. Rewarded with sweets and a smile, punishments receding to become delightful moments after which a sobbing little girl could be comforted in the arms and between the thighs of the woman that was everything to her puppet.

Two months of effort and exertion had created something so sweet, so naïve that Lady Edith Prestwick just had to show someone else the perfection of her approach. Daniella needed to discover that she was there for the pleasure of Mama's chosen friends and that from now on Mama would decide who was allowed to play with her for their delight.

Interlude

In the punishment room, the first week of Samantha's initiation began. Inside a couple of days, she had become so sensitive that the computer only had to initiate each climax for the total loss of control to be effectuated. On the third day after the training began, Samantha learned how to milk a cock of all of its contents without allowing the owner to climax. A useful skill for her new life as the inferior slave that Lady Edith Prestwick required.

'Better to keep a personal eye on the former self-proclaimed partner that I have acquired,' thought Lady Edith Prestwick as she enjoyed the tears that welled in Samantha's eyes and rolled down the tight latex mask that was her new face.

It was important to make sure that Samantha realised that Lady Edith Prestwick would never allow her to forget her attempt to blackmail her new owner. That learning to be the slave that her betters wanted was the only thing that mattered in a world where the pleasure of others was the only use that she had.

The night that Samantha did not arrive back home; Barry was not at all alarmed. Samantha was perfectly capable of disappearing for days at a time with one or another of her lovers or just a man that she had met in a bar. By the time that two days had passed, he started to miss her and by the end of the week he considered registering her as missing.

That he never did was simply because in his mind he was terrified that somehow

the police would find that he was wearing a chastity device and accuse him of her disappearance.

It was a month before he sensed that Samantha would never return. He sat alone, bereft and helpless unable to open the post with his Mistress' name on the front. Thus he missed the foreclosure on the house, the mounting bills and all of the other things that Samantha had organised.

Barry had his freedom, his full independence, but he could no longer make any decisions for himself, but without Samantha he was less than nothing...

In a small hotel that offered a superb selection of nouvelle-cuisine combined with Italian flair, a gathering of hopeful men and avaricious women met and discovered that the club had been dissolved without so much as a 'by your leave'. Most left, a few sat and ate, but Samantha and her timid helper did not appear to direct the event. The site on the Internet, the mailing addresses, the private accounts and all the other paraphernalia of the club slipped out of sight, Samantha's message box on her mobile filled to overflowing and finally, would take no more messages.

In her dark niche, Daniella stood and clutched Cindy to her with desperate love and hope in her heart.

Chapter 12

Playing

'Lady Edith Prestwick invites you to a salon gathering to enjoy the company of her friends and acquaintances. RSVP.'

The florid type face, the thick textured card and the gold riffled edge of the card were exquisite. Angela turned it in her hand as if it could tell her more by close inspection. Of course, she had been invited to several soirées in the last six months. At first she had thought that every one of Lady Edith Prestwick's events would feature her hidden obsessions, but soon she had learned that life for the wealthy woman was lived on two distinct levels. On the surface, a gracious and cultured woman who mixed with the rich and famous, all charitable institutions and elegant parties. Underneath, an undercurrent of wicked passions that were kept hidden by blackmail and threats.

Angela found that she was invited into to both of those worlds. Garden parties and salon recitals, charity balls and society gatherings, that held a fascination that was intense and potent. Just a select few belonged to both sides of Lady Edith Prestwick's life, Angela was one of them now. Twice now she had been invited to appreciate the darker side of the woman's interests and each time it had been an almost surreal experience that she had revelled in. Both times, the invitation had been edged in gold and the wording had been the same.

The girls had been just been sent to their second term at the academy, Angela's time was her own and she was determined to enjoy the experience to the full. She called in to the office and arranged a couple of days off and headed into town to select an outfit that would match the occasion. Something sexy and stark, she decided. Something that would show that she appreciated the honour of being part of Lady Edith Prestwick's close circle and that the secret was safe with her.

Angela wandered around the West End of London. Stopping off here and there, halting for coffees and enjoying the experience. A few of the boutiques that offered exclusive designer clothes and shoes as well as some of the seedier shops where the other customers seemed almost embarrassed to shop. Angela, on the other hand, pulled out dresses and skirts, tried on shoes and measured them against herself and enjoyed every moment.

Carrying a host of bags full of her discoveries, she headed for home on the tube, feeling a rising excitement at the evening's promise.

The look that she had decided upon would be perfect and she felt that she was ready for anything.

The taxi dropped Angela off in Strand. She told herself that she needed to walk a few steps in the uncomfortably high heels to get used to wearing them naturally and almost turned her ankle as she stepped out of the car.

A few early evening tourists wandered down past the closed shops and banks, late commuters hurried with their mobile phones in their hands. Through it all, Angela strutted with small steps and was glad that she had decided to walk the quarter of a mile to Lady Edith Prestwick's mansion.

The laces on the high shoes needed adjustment twice before they were comfortable and the pencil skirt was so tight that every step was just inches long,

something that Angela found took a little time to get used to. For a moment, she paused to admire herself in a plate glass shop window and was almost aroused by her own image.

Her hands settled the tight corset on her hips and she posed, as a man of a passing couple admired her while being tugged along by his partner with hurried steps. The black stilettos were six inch spikes with no platforms. Her feet curved gracefully under the criss-cross of the laces over the vintage stockings. The hem of the skirt was below the knee, with two small slits that showed a glimpse of thigh at every step. The waist was high, almost under her breasts, lifted high by the black satin corset. Bare shoulders and then a black lace collar that dropped a silver pendant to the crease of her décolletage.

Angela's hand tucked a loose strand of hair into the tight bun of her hair and she carefully inspected her makeup to make sure that the dark red lips were still glossy and inviting. For a moment, she was tempted to take a picture of her reflection, but that smacked too much of conceit! She settled the wide rimmed glasses on her face a little and decided that she had perfectly managed to catch the look of a sensual school mistress.

The cul-de-sac was empty of pedestrian traffic and the echo of her heels on the pavement was the only sound. She knew the mysteries of one house in the Regency row and wondered what other secrets were hidden by the high facades.

Her excitement was palpable, Angela could feel a warmth between her thighs where the stockings rubbed and the straps that held them tight pulled at each step. Since that last time with Samantha, Angela had not had a partner, the only relief was her own fingers and the delicious thoughts in her head. She imagined a strong man between her thighs, his cock teased by her heels as he brought her to waves of orgasm and wondered how she could ever find a man who would make the fantasy real.

The door was opened by Madelaine. As usual she was in jeans and a tight T shirt and Angela wondered to herself what sort of men she found attractive. The woman was an enigma and Angela realised that she did not even know if Madelaine would perhaps have a female partner. Still, it was always a relief to see her and Angela felt an affinity with the only woman in the house who was her own age.

One of Lady Edith Prestwick's maids stood to attention in a shadowed corner of the atrium. Angela recognised her and admired the perfection of the transformation. In every way, she looked a pretty girl, but Angela knew what lay under the hem of her dress and it was not a pussy!

"Hi," said Madelaine. "Fashionably late..."

"Not intentionally," replied Angela. "I just had to walk a few hundred yards in these new shoes to get used to them."

Madelaine looked down at the shoes and smiled.

"Too high for me," she commented, "but I just love the look you have created. The skirt, Armani?"

"Last years' collection actually."

"Love it! They're all in the lounge already," said Madelaine. "You're the last."

“Aren’t you going to be there?”

Madelaine laughed.

“Not tonight, dear!”

Angela’s face registered disappointment. In the past few months she had been glad not to be the only woman under thirty present and always felt nervous with all those older middle aged women whose craving for submission seemed insatiable. Occasionally they looked at her, she felt, as though she was just another pet in Lady Edith Prestwick’s collection and she had to admit that her status was not established yet beyond doubt.

“Please,” said Angela. “It is so much more fun when you are in the room...”

Madelaine smiled and reached to touch Angela’s cheek affectionately.

“Don’t be so stressed out, darling. They won’t eat you alive!”

The comment made Angela laugh and she blew a kiss to Madelaine before she turned for the door to the lounge.

“Anyway, I am not the only person here who you can count a friend,” continued Angela. “Samantha’s here and I’m sure that she’s longing to meet you!”

The smile on Madelaine's lips was almost devious as she pointed the way up the stairs. Angela shrugged and followed Lady Edith Prestwick's collaborator into the darkness. As they reached the top of the stairs a far door opened and a woman slipped into the corridor, adjusting her skirt with both hands she came into view.

"Come on, dear, you'll love this!" said Madelaine.

They passed the woman and Angela opened the door to find herself entering a huge bathroom. A Jacuzzi in the centre of the room on a plinth, large open areas with shower heads and the other amenities. Angel looked around puzzled and wandered into the room with a giggling Madelaine in tow.

"Take a look around, darling," said Madelaine as Angela stood puzzled. "This is, of course, Lady Edith Prestwick's personal bathroom, but she has opened it for her guests tonight..."

Angel walked around the gleaming fittings. Peeped into the vast tub and imagined being immersed in bubbles and jets of warm water. No doubt at all, this bathroom was the most luxurious that she had ever seen. There was something in this room that had Madelaine giggling with suppressed delight and Angela just could not see it.

"It's easy to find..."

There were no doors, no cupboards at all. No hiding place for whatever it was

that her companion found so amusing and Angela turned to face Madelaine with a look of irritability.

“I’ve looked everywhere,” she said.

Her words just caused Madelaine to crease over with hilarity and Angela felt as though she was missing something obvious.

“No you haven’t,” answered Madelaine. “You need to walk around a little!”

Angela strolled to the shower area. Gleaming chrome and pipes, shower heads at all angles and heights. She turned from them and walked four steps to the lavatory and lifted the lid. Nothing there either! Now, Angela was starting to feel humiliated and she took another three steps to the bidet and looked down.

The shock was almost like a physical blow. The bidet was porcelain, smooth with a single small shower head fitted, but what had been added made her gasp and put her hand over her open mouth.

“All night and every night!” laughed Madelaine. “A perfect place for her…”

Angela looked down and saw Samantha’s face embedded in the bottom of the bidet, the plug hole above her forehead, her open mouth gaping and her eyes staring at Angela with distress.

“Oh, poor Samantha!” said Angela.

“Don’t be silly, dear. It’s what she is good at, how could Lady Edith Prestwick deny her a chance to excel at last?”

Angel looked again and realised that a ring-gag was keeping the lips wide, ensuring that Samantha could not resist being used.

“The woman that was just in here?” asked Angela.

“Of course, all the guests will pop up at some point tonight to use her. Poetic justice, I should say!”

Angela reached down and stroked a cheek.

“It’s like a nightmare, I mean, so harsh...”

Madelaine started to laugh again.

“Depends on your point of view,” she said. “A nightmare for her is a delight for the rest of us. I think that the balance is more than even! Samantha should be grateful that she can be of some use to Lady Edith Prestwick for twelve hours a day. I’ll bet she looks forward to getting out of her cage and being allowed to see a little more of the world!”

“I’m not sure if I could use it...”

“As you like. Personally, I consider personal hygiene to be vital!”

Angela could not help smiling even though she had a pit in her stomach as she looked down at Samantha waiting to be used.

“Well, not right now,” said Angela.

“Just remember, darling, that she is waiting for you.”

Angela headed for the door with Madelaine following on behind.

“I’m going back to the party,” said Angela.

She looked back at the bidet, but the porcelain rim hid the face that was positioned for a user’s benefit. Madelaine smiled wickedly.

“You go on down then; I need to use the bathroom,” said Madelaine.

“I’ll catch you later.”

“If you want a lift home tonight?” said Madelaine with a smile.

Angela looked at the blank expression on her companion’s face. There was no doubt, the woman was making a pass. She imagined Madelaine using Samantha and realised that the woman had no limits. It might be interesting, terrifying even, but then wasn’t everything about Lady Edith Prestwick’s debauched world frightening?

Angela made up her mind, turned and said; “I’ll look forward to it.”

“We should get to know each other better...”

“Intimately?”

“Of course!”

The door closed and Angela shuddered. Half suppressed fear, half excitement. Perhaps later she too would need a little intimate hygiene?

The door to the lounge opened and Angela took in the familiar room. A few faces, she recognised, many she did not. In the centre of a group of three stood Lady Edith Prestwick who broke from the group to herd Angela to meet her two companions.

“I’d like you to meet Angela,” said Lady Edith Prestwick. “We met just six months ago and already I feel as though we have been friends for years.”

Angela blushed a little and nodded.

Friends!

The other two women extended hands and Angela found herself planting a small kiss on the cheek of the younger woman who was introduced as Veronica. The older one, similar in build to Lady Edith Prestwick was introduced as Irene and Angela shook her hand and kissed her lips.

“Some of my American friends,” said Lady Edith Prestwick to Angela. “Now then, you just have to meet Valerie...”

Angela found herself planted by the hostess in amongst a small group of women who clustered in a corner of the room. Mostly in their thirties, they admired her outfit and she started to enjoy the evening. A few hours slipped by in conversation while maids brought trays of champagne and delicate snacks. She felt herself relaxing in the talk that ranged over fashion and trends, Valerie herself letting slip that the house that she was renovating was being designed to rival Lady Edith Prestwick’s.

They moved to sit around the glass topped table and enjoyed teasing the trapped slave that dared not move with the heels of their stilettos. Eventually they managed to coax a few drops of precum from the stiff cock and laughed at the

shudders that made the glasses on the table clink.

It was after eleven that Lady Edith Prestwick joined the group. She draped her arm around Angela's shoulders and Angela could sense that she had had quite a few flutes of the champagne.

"Maybe, I have something special to show you," said Lady Edith Prestwick with a slight slur. "It will amuse you!" She turned to the rest of the group and continued; "Angela kindly donated her hubby to me..."

Angela smiled, embarrassed by the revelation that caused one or two of the others in the group to raise hands to mouths in amusement.

"Ex-husband, actually," she said. "But, I wouldn't say that I gave him to you..."

Lady Edith Prestwick laughed.

"It's been six months, aren't you at all curious to see what has become of poor little Daniel in my clutches?"

"Not half the man that he was, I'll bet, if I know Edith!" said Valerie.

"I suppose that I'm just a bit curious," said Angela. "Just a tiny little bit..."

She held up her hand and held thumb and forefinger half an inch apart.

“Well, I should not really do this,” said Lady Edith Prestwick, “but would you like to see my little creation?”

Angela could feel the strength of the hand that moved a little to slide over her breast. The woman’s presence was overpowering and she moved a little to the side.

“Why not?”

“That’s the spirit, I’ll take you up to see...”

“Daniella is the perfect little dolly,” said Lady Edith Prestwick. “Over the last six months she has learned to be a perfect sweetheart.”

Angela smiled and kissed the lips of the older woman lightly. This was why she had been invited, that was clear. Lady Edith Prestwick wanted the wife to admire what she had done and admiration was expected. What was the point of all of her artistry if there was no one to admire the result?

“Come along, let’s go see what Daniella is up to!”

“Daniella?”

“In the end it was the easiest...”

Lady Edith Prestwick steered Angela through the small groups in the lounge to the silence of the hallway.

“Daniella has become a bit of a project for me,” said the older woman as she led Angela up the stairs. “Usually all of my servants are trained by Lucy, but I decided that it would be interesting to try something a little different and create something very special for my own pleasure.”

Angela found the stairs difficult to climb as her skirt was so tight. As she ascended she tried to picture her ex as he had been and wondered what Lady Edith Prestwick had done to him. At the top of the stairs stood a maid to attention. Lady Edith Prestwick ignored her, but in passing, Angela decided that it would be strange to see if her ex-husband measured up to that carefully created perfection.

“Ready?” asked Lady Edith Prestwick.

“I suppose so!”

“Then, you’ll need this...”

Lady Edith Prestwick’s hand held out a pink lollipop, which Angela took with a puzzled smile.

“A lollipop?”

“You’ll see when we meet my little poppet,” laughed Lady Edith Prestwick.
“Tuck it away in your hand bag and give it to her at the right moment!”

By the bedroom door stood another maid who stepped forward to open it. The room was dark, but Angela could see the bed that filled almost all of the space. She had half expected to see Daniella in a cage, but the room seemed unoccupied.

“I’ll introduce you and then you have all the time that you want to enjoy the fruits of the last six months,” said Lady Edith Prestwick as she led Angela into the room. “You’ll love it...”

Curtains hung covering the walls, and Lady Edith Prestwick pointed at the bed.

“Take a seat and let’s see... I think that we need a little light,” she said as she switched on the lamp on the bedside table.

Angela sat on the bed. It was incredibly soft and she sank into the coverlet, placing a hand to each side and crossing her outstretched ankles. Lady Edith Prestwick took a step to one of the curtains and slowly pulled it to one side revealing a tall niche that was occupied by an extraordinarily pretty young girl.

‘Can this possibly be Daniel?’ was Angela’s first thought. There was almost no resemblance at all to the man that she had been married to. Her eyes took in the startling vision of a pubescent, almost adolescent girl who she would at first glance have taken to be seventeen years old. A baby-doll nighty in faint pink, on slender thongs, draping from the smooth shoulders. Under its draped net, Angela admired the pert breasts, pink nipples and sweet, they were perfect cones

that held the nightie to fall to her narrow waist where the pink ostrich feathered hem rippled with every breath. The belly was smooth, taut and flat, white skin curving between her legs where a tiny little cock hung, its two-inch length pink with some sort of narrow tube that shaped it in a slight curve.

Angela soaked in the sight, her eyes following from the broad hips over the bare thighs to just above the knee where candy striped stockings continued down to the elegant round tipped stilettos were planted on the floor.

“Isn’t she just perfect?” asked Lady Edith Prestwick.

“Amazing,” said Angela in a tone that indicated that she truly meant what she said. “I can’t believe what you have achieved.”

Lady Edith Prestwick put a finger under the chin of her creation and lifted the face with gentle pressure.

“Daniella, Mamma would like you to meet a very special friend,” she said in a sweet tone. “Mamma wants you to please her because Mamma is busy and has important things to do!”

The girl focussed her eyes on Angela and lisped, “Will she be kind to me?”

“Of course she will, she loves you too...”

Daniella looked at Angela and then looked down again and seemed on the point of crying.

“Can I have Cindy, pretty please?” she said.

Lady Edith Prestwick turned to Angela and said, “That’s her favourite teddy bear. She loves Cindy more than all the dolls in the world, isn’t that right?”

Daniella nodded slowly in agreement and then said, “Cindy is my best friend.”

The voice was high and soft, lisping slightly at the name of her toy.

“Angela,” asked Lady Edith Prestwick, “is she allowed Cindy?”

“If it makes her happy,” said Angela.

She could feel a lump in her throat, how had this been done? How had a normal man been reduced to become an adolescent girly? She could see Daniel in Daniella now, the eyes and the way that she stood were the only clues left of her ex-husband.

“First I want you to give us a little twirl and show Angela how pretty you are,” said Lady Edith Prestwick. “Then you can have Cindy and I will leave you two to get to know each other better.”

Daniella stepped forward shyly and performed a small gyration. Her knees bent, her feet danced on the carpet and the nightie swirled outward before she stopped and bashfully looked down at the floor. Lady Edith Prestwick touched a nipple fleetingly and opened the drawer of the bedside cabinet to pull a teddy bear forth and put it into Daniella's eager hands.

"There you go," she said as Daniella clutched the bear tight and smoothed the tiny frock straight with her manicured fingers.

With a last nod at Angela, Lady Edith Prestwick said, "Now you make sure that you're a good little girly for Mamma's special friend. I expect to hear how well you behaved and not any criticisms of your willingness like she did from Mr Grayson!"

Daniella nodded and looked at Angela hopefully. Somehow the new woman who she would be pleasing was familiar, but she could not quite place why.

The door closed and Angela was at a loss. The girly-girl stood clutching her toy, one foot turned in as she planted small kisses between the teddy bear's legs suggestively and then looked up at Angela and smiled coyly.

"I can feel that you will be nice to me," said Daniella. "Mr Grayson made me cry and he got all angry and upset that I made him happy too quickly, but I couldn't help it, Really I couldn't but Mamma told me that I was naughty..."

Tears gathered in Daniella's eyes and one dropped to her stockings to leave small

damp patch. Angela felt a curious mixture of guilt and anticipation and she patted Daniella on the knee sympathetically. She was curious about Daniella and asked her if she liked what she had become.

“I can see that you are a good little girl,” said Angela. “I am sure that you make a lot of people happy...”

Daniella looked at Angela with a small look of confusion and shuffled her feet.

“Mamma has a lot of special friends,” she said coyly. “I do my best to make them happy and most of them are nice to me and give me little presents...”

Angela started to laugh and patted her ex-husband again reassuringly.

“Don’t worry, dear, I have something nice for a very good little girl,” said Angela, understanding the lollipop in her bag at last.

“Mamma gives me the pink ones,” lisped Daniella, “I love the pink ones, they are the best because she gives them to me. But, I like green and blue as well...”

“So are the men nice to you as well as Mamma’s other friends?”

“Most of them, they love my little sissy pussy...”

Angela could feel a rising tide of stimulation that was more than she had felt in

months. Daniella had been so perfectly guided and was such a curious mixture of sweetness, innocence and temptation that it was difficult to not want to investigate how well she could serve. Lady Edith Prestwick had created something special and Angela was intrigued.

“Put Cindy down and show me how well you can pose for me,” said Angela, suddenly she regretted the tight skirt and corset. They would be so difficult to slip out of.

Daniella kissed her teddy one last time and propped her against a pillow to watch as she did her little twirl again and then shamelessly bent to touch her toes. The smooth cheeks of her ass were parted by her manicured hands allowing Angela to see the smooth pink clasped hole that she called her sissy pussy. She kept the pose for a minute and then turned to step up to Angela and raised her baby-doll nighty to expose her pert breasts.

From close-up, Angela could inspect the tiny cock and balls that hung between her legs. The purple tip of the miniature little cock swelled just a little to become a petite smooth button that tipped the pink tube that had been permanently been welded to the sissy. It finished, joined to the ring that encircled the tight little balls with a tiny padlock securing it. Angela remembered Daniel’s cock, four inches of manhood had been reduced to a sliver of its former already tiny size. She reached to touch and her ex-husband gasped and started to giggle.

“Ooh, ooh, I like that,” lisped Daniella. “That’s so nice, you are so kindly to me. I think that I love you already!”

“Do you love all Mamma’s special friends?” asked Angela.

“Of course I do, but some more than others.”

The words seemed to be spoken in confidence and Angela smiled as she played with the little cock. She was fascinated by it, it begged to be teased and played with. Her palm rubbed at the tip while her fingers reached the smooth skin at the root and stroked it gently.

Daniella stood absolutely still and looked down at Angela with a small pout, her thighs trembled and Angela smiled up at her. Her other hand slipped under the netting of pink and found the firm breasts to play with nipples and pinch a little. The result of the teasing was a slickness in Angela’s palm that oozed from the little opening with a slow seeping.

Angela looked at her palm, the thin dribble of come making a damp patch and she raised the hand to show Daniella.

“I’m so sorry,” whispered the pink lips. “I couldn’t help it...”

Daniella took Angela’s wrist in her hands. Angela could feel the smoothness of those hands as Daniella lapped the palm and looked for approval.

“Good girl, you understand...” said Angela breathlessly.

“I love you,” said Daniella and the tone sounded unconditional.

“I have to get undressed and then you can please me,” said Angela as she pulled at the laces of her corset.

“Can I help?”

“Perfect.”

Daniella watched as Angela stood and then kneeled at her feet, reaching up to pull down zippers and slowly unlace Angela from her clothing. The feeling was exquisite, soft hands slipped off the skirt, revealing the stockings and bare pussy that was moist with anticipation. The corset slipped down and Angela stepped off it while she felt those soft hands gently touch her legs. She looked down at the upturned face and patted Daniella before sitting on the edge of the bed again.

“I think that I need your kisses,” said Angela as her thighs opened wide and she lay back on the bed. “Nice and gently, I want this to last forever...”

A tentative touch on her calves, hands slid slowly up the length of her legs to give a tingling satisfaction before the first touch of the bee-stung lips touched her naked skin. The tip of a tongue slipped over smooth skin and then played around Angela’s throbbing lips. Daniella teased and tickled until at last the tip of the tongue slipped between swollen labia and into the warm wetness that was waiting.

Each touch was soft and gentle; each lick a pleasure and Angela sighed and relaxed. It had never been like this, having someone please her who gave no thought of their own satisfaction. Each touch delivered with care and intimate knowledge of the journey that was being taken. Angela opened her legs wider and felt a subtle change to the massage to her clitoris. First random licks and touches, they became firmer and more insistent, a lapping that drank at the well

of her cunt as Angela felt herself slip into a world where pure bliss was the only sensation.

The climax, when it came, was a slow bursting in her mind, a gradual slide into heaven as Daniella teased and drove her to the limits of sensuality. Gone was the need to clamp her legs together to resist the climax, gone was the need to do anything but suffer at the lips of her ex-husband. Fall ever further and further until she sighed with gratification, lost in a fugue of indulgence.

“Good girl, that was so good... come up here, I need a cuddle from you.”

Daniella slipped on to the bed by a limp and depleted Angela and played with her breasts with fingertips.

“I love these,” said Daniella, “so much nicer than mine...”

“Yours are nice too,” breathed Angela.

“Mamma says that I should always show them off, but hers are so much lovelier, the best in all the world. Sometimes she lets me play all night...”

“Mamma must be very proud,” said Angela.

Her hand slipped down Daniella’s back until it reached the rounded ass and slipped a finger down the valley between those firm buttocks. Daniella

responded by moving her legs and allowing the questing hand to reach the puckered pink of her sissy-pussy.

“You are the bestest of Mamma’s special friends...”

Daniella gasped as a finger slipped easily into her rear and she moved a little more to encourage the exploration. Angela pushed deep and moved her finger, feeling the response from the girl as gentle kisses on her nipples.

“Do you like it?”

“Forever and ever, forever and always,” breathed Daniella. “Please fuck me forever and ever. I will make you so happy that you will want to come back again and again and be my friend...”

Angela smiled and twisted her hand, pressing hard into Daniella while massaging the smooth skin between ass and balls. Daniella gasped and Angela felt a wetness on her thigh where Daniella’s little cock had been pressed.

“Oh, oh, oh,” wailed Daniella. “I was so naughty, please, I’m so sorry...”

“That was very naughty, darling, you have made a mess of my stockings...”

Angela pulled her hand free and offered it to Daniella’s lips to lap with her tongue.

“Make sure that you clean me properly,” said Angela, fascinated by her power over the helpless plaything in the bed. “Now, I don’t know if you deserve your present...”

Sobbing, Daniella lapped at the hand and then attended to the stockings that were soiled with a tiny patch of damp.

“Please, don’t tell Mamma,” wailed Daniella.

“If you are a good little girl, then perhaps this can be our little secret!”

“Oh, I will make you happy all night long.”

“Make sure that you do and then perhaps I will not tell your Mamma that you only think of yourself instead of making her special friends happy.”

Angela felt a surge of pleasure at the grip that she had established on Daniella and rolled over on to her belly. Her legs parted wide, and the lips on her thighs slowly moved to the opening cleft of Angela’s ass.

“I want it nice and slow...”

Angela felt soft hands touch her, felt the lips slide into the valley of her, touch the lips of her pussy and then slide to cover the pucker of her ass. The tongue lapped at the sensitive skin and then Daniella sighed in pleasure as she was permitted to tease and pleasure her Mamma’s special friend with a slow build up that she knew would make Angela forget that she had ever admonished her.

Angela patted Daniella on the head and reached into her handbag slowly, smiling at the tension in her ex-husband's face.

"This is for being a good girl," she said. "I might speak to Mamma about your naughtiness, but then I might not..."

"Please, can it be our secret?"

"Mm. Mamma knows everything and keeping secrets is wicked when all she wants is for you to be a pretty dolly and love her. I think that I have to tell Mamma, I am her friend!"

Daniella looked doubtful and then nodded slowly.

"I was naughty, but I just couldn't help it..." There was a slight pause and then she said, "Please tell her that I couldn't help it. Please, I won't do it again, I promise."

"If it happens again I will be very angry with you," said Angela.

Daniella's eyes went to her favourite toy sitting on the pillows of the huge bed.

Tears filled her eyes and she started to sob forlornly.

“Mamma said that she would take Cindy away if I was naughty. Please, please, I just can’t live without my best friend in all the world. I just want to be good, I really do.”

Angela felt a small twinge of guilt and reached to stroke the tiny cock gently and then the tight balls that bobbed below.

“OK, because you are so sad, I will promise not to tell Mamma this time. But, you have to make a promise to me too.”

Angela’s hand pulled the lollipop from her bag and offered it to Daniella.

“Ooh, ooh, pink. My favourite colour over everything,” said Daniella. “Please, please, please, can I have it now?”

Angela smiled and nodded.

“I have to go now, but, I am sure to come back and we can play some more,” said Angela. “Now then, you have to go back in your place and I have to leave. Be a good girl!”

Daniella reached her hand out and touched one of Angela’s breasts through her corset.

“Do you have to go? I want to please you forever and ever.”

Angela looked the sissy up and down, revelling in the helplessness of the pleasure-dolly.

Daniella had not even recognised to whom she had been married to for years; she had become so totally a creature of the moment, a giver of pleasure and comfort and no thought stayed in her head for more than a few instants.

Lady Edith Prestwick had created the perfect sissy-pet.

A helpless creature that lived to please an immoral Mamma and her special friends.

Abuse and defenceless love had become one.

Daniel no longer even existed.

Pure pleasure.

Finis