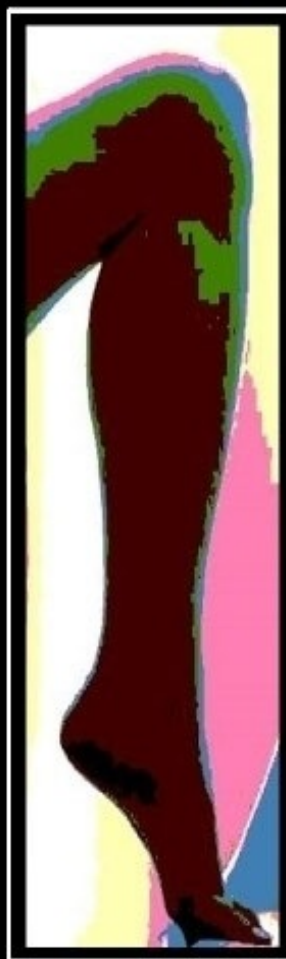


miss irene presents

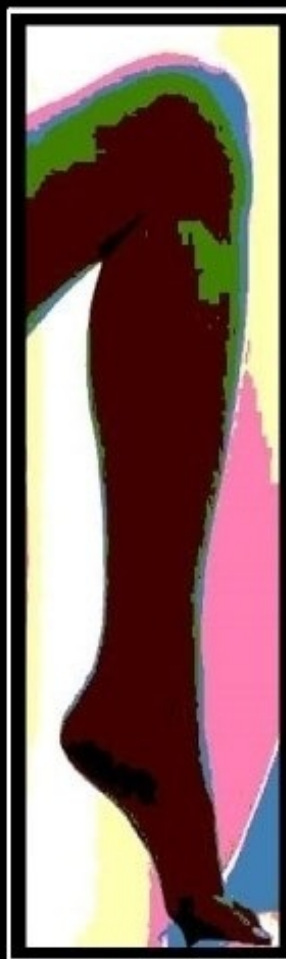
Fantastic Tales of Female Led Fiction



tale 13

miss irene presents

Fantastic Tales of Female Led Fiction



tale 13

Miss Irene Presents

Fantastic Tales of Female Led Fiction

Tale 13

“Queen Aunt”

“Three Times Three”

Miss Irene Clearmont

Copyright © 2019. All rights reserved

This adaptation may not be reproduced without prior written permission from the publisher.

All rights reserved

© 2019 Miss Irene Clearmont

The right of Miss Irene Clearmont to be identified as author and adapter of this work has been asserted in accordance with section 77 of the copyright, designs and patents act 1988. This book is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

For author information contact:

Miss Irene Clearmont

www.MissIreneClearmont.com

Email Comments: Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com

“Queen Aunt”

By

Miss Irene Clearmont

A Nineteen-Seventies Femdom Tale

The feeling was one of pent emotion, a need for release, a need to come, elation and anticipation at what was to come. Edward slid his hand into the brown paper bag and slid the first magazine into view. A copy of Penthouse, heavy and glossy it came into view. A beauty in a black shiny dress, flaunting herself, making Edward's cock spring to attention. His trembling hands opened the pages and he found himself gazing at the cover model posing in a luxurious bedroom, exhibiting herself... it was almost as if she were there...

Edward's hands fumbled with the top of his pyjamas and freed himself to stand tall under the sheets. Now he was faced with a dilemma, every time he attended to that straining cock, the magazine threatened to slip from his knees, every time that he turned a page, his cock cried out for attention. He fumbled the magazine in his hands and dropped it to the floor with a curse. The folded tissues on the bedside table fluttered to the carpet and he reached down to collect them. As his hand collected the tissues and the magazine the bedroom door opened and Edward heard his Aunt's voice.

"Breakfast will be in ten minutes," she said as she looked at the young man who was half on the bed and half off it in his panic and she chuckled. "Beans on toast..."

Edward pushed the copy of Penthouse under the bed and pulled up the tissues to blow his nose into them, pulling up the coverlet and breathing a sigh of relief that she had not opened the door a minute later.

"I'll be down," he muttered in her direction.

The door closed. Edward's heart pounded in his ears, he had been so close to being caught, so very close! Now his proud prick was shrivelled between his legs and all the arousal in his mind had been swept away by the close call. He tossed the tissues to the floor and slipped out of the bed. The important thing was, he decided, that he had not been caught in flagrante. His Aunty Hannah had been so close to seeing his morning wank.

Edward slipped the magazine back into the bag and buried it deep in the open suitcase that lay on the floor. By the time that he was dressed and heading downstairs his heartbeat had returned to normal. He could hear her in the kitchen, the rattle of cutlery and the noise that the toaster made as it sprang to attention.

"So, what's the plan for today?" she asked as he entered the kitchen.
"Tomorrow's the big day..."

"I thought that I'd go into the city centre," he replied as he took a seat at the huge kitchen table. "You know, look around a bit and see what's what."

"Mm," said Hannah as she buttered the toast and poured on the beans.
"Museums and the tourist traps?"

"Yeah, that sort of thing."

Edward thanked Hannah as she slid the plate in front of him and turned to pour the tea.

“The open-day is tomorrow,” said Hannah unnecessarily. “All prepared?”

“I have everything ready,” said Edward. “Brunel Uni is not my first choice, but I have to be ready in case my marks are not very good.”

“Oxford would be better...”

“Yeah, but I need three A’s and that’s just to get into their entrance exam.”

Aunt Hannah sat down to join Edward and watched him eating. Her older sister had arranged the week in London for her son to visit his second choice of university. In his cheesecloth shirt and faded jeans, he already looked the part of a typical sociology student. In a year, he would be joining the limp protests against the apartheid in South Africa or some other nonsense, in ten he would be a civil servant, married with children, in twenty years he would be so middle class it would hurt. She sighed and smiled at the thought of the guilt on his face as she had caught him playing with himself.

“You can do it, of course,” she said reassuringly. “And, if you fail, then you can stay here and save a packet on the halls of residence.”

“Thanks,” said Edward. “Fingers crossed...”

‘Fingers crossed that I’ll get the place at Oxford and not have to stay with Aunty Hannah’, he thought to himself.

“So, what are you going to do with your free day?”

“A couple of museums and then into the West End,” he replied.

“Sounds good. Be back at six and I’ll cook something nice.”

Edward nodded.

The bookshop that was not really a bookshop was dingy and had a temporary look. Wobbly rotating stands laden with pornography while the walls were stacked with second hand books that were never even glanced at by its patrons. Edward felt self-conscious as the man behind the counter by the door watched him flick through the titles of the magazines. Now that he had been in the shop alone for a couple of minutes there was an indefinable pressure to buy something and not just walk out of the shop.

“Looking for something special?” asked the man. “The good stuff is all under the counter.”

Edward muttered and shook his head. Every magazine was marked with a price of five pounds on the cellophane that covered it. He had wandered Soho for three hours and this was just the second shop that he had dared to enter. The covers of the magazines screamed at him to buy them and he imagined the unseen contents and moved a little to hide his arousal.

“All the homo stuff is on the back wall,” said the man in a bored voice. “If that’s what you’re looking for!”

Edward mumbled again and looked at the magazine in his hands. ‘Shaven Havens’ proclaimed the title and the cover was just an indication of the delights inside.

“Two for seven quid,” said the shop owner. “I’ll do you a special deal...”

Edward pulled another from the rack and felt a surge of excitement. The photo on ‘Mature Housewife Contacts’ was a sexy woman in her forties posing on a double bed. Stiletto heels, stockings and little else. He made up his mind and went to the counter.

“Ten pounds,” said the man.

“Seven?”

“That’s for next time,” smiled the man as he took the two magazines and slipped them into a thin bag. “A tenner...”

Edward paid the outstretched hand and hurried from the shop with the bag clutched in his hand. He consoled himself that he had managed to get something special for his ten pounds and headed down the busy street. It felt as though everyone passing knew what he had in the bag as he rolled it up and stuck it

awkwardly into his jacket pocket.

He wandered along the busy streets with thoughts of the magazines in his mind. Fifty pounds was all he had brought to London for the four days and he had spent fifteen already on tickets and the porn that he now had in his pocket. A sense of self-reproach filled him as he thought of the way that he had spent the money that his mother had given him.

Edward visited two other sex shops. Each was easier than the last. He found that he was able to leave with just a small mute shake of the head after examining the magazines and video cassettes that they offered, enjoying the lurid photos and suggestive covers without adding to the two that he had in his pocket.

On the tube train, back to Auntie Hannah's he sat rigid, one hand on the hard-rolled glossy magazines in his pocket while he stared at the advertisements lining the inside of the train. He almost felt a sense of achievement at his adventure in Soho and realised that Brunel University might be a good choice if he could do this every day! By the time that he was opening the front door of the house, the thought of going to Oxford was not nearly as attractive as it had been just twenty-four hours ago!

They sat watching television after the meal. A game show, the news and then a documentary. It seemed to Edward that his Aunt had an unquenchable thirst for tea, three cups in a couple of hours before he saw that it was ten o'clock and commented that it would be a good idea to get an early night before the interview the next day.

Hannah just nodded and wished him goodnight and Edward slipped upstairs to his room with the thoughts of the porn in his suitcase uppermost in his mind. Four magazines, the two that he had brought plus the other two...

In his room, he stood looking at the open suitcase and then to the door, recalling the way that she had entered his room without even as a knock of warning. Better not to be caught out, he decided and turned the key in the door. His hand fumbled in under his clothes and brought out the bag that was still in a roll. The first one out of the bag was 'Shaven Havens' and he carefully took off the cellophane wrapper and straightened it out. Already his cock was swelling in anticipation, looking forward to attention as Edward prepared by sitting on the edge of the bed with the first open page ready.

His eyes took in the slut that stood with her legs open and he almost came immediately as his hand touched himself gently. Page by page he took in the parade of woman who brazenly displayed themselves for his delectation. This was not like the Penthouse-style magazines, no pretence of intellectual entertainment, no glossy posing in dessous, no carefully arranged sets. It was just pure porn, open to intense scrutiny with each page turn a revelation in female anatomy.

Virgin Edward, the timid young man who was just discovering sex at the age of eighteen, was entranced. His hand played and thrust, his eyes feasted on the pure, unembellished porn and he knew that he had to have more! On the tenth turn of a page, when he saw the young woman holding her ankles high and opening wide, he came with a rush, splattering the pages, casting come on his thighs and jeans and feeling a rush the like of which he had never experienced before.

The aftershock of the climax left his hands shaking, wet with his come and he dropped the magazine to the floor. Edward sat gasping for breath for a minute or two and then cleaned up the mess as well as he could, the starchy scent of his

own come filling his nostrils. At last he pushed the magazine back into the bag and pulled out the second.

In his mind, he had promised himself to save it for a later time, but the temptation was just too much. Once the cover was off, he opened the magazine to find that it was exactly what had been proclaimed on the cover. Small black and white photos with paragraphs of text that needed to be deciphered. Each was an advert, each a woman who had a contact number and a list of their interests. Edward tried to decipher the contents, but much of it defeated him, creating an interesting mysterious list that went far beyond his experience.

‘BJ’ was obvious, but ‘WS’ was less obvious. Edward tried to imagine what the acronyms represented, but his imagination failed him, so he slowly turned the pages and took in the small photos that accompanied each advert. As he scanned the pages he realised that each advert fell into one of two categories. The ones where the picture was of an attractive woman who seemed to have no problem adding a phone number to her listing and the others where the photo was not explicit and there were almost no acronyms to decipher. The professionals and the amateurs, he decided. Edward flicked the pages and realised that the magazine was not really what he had been looking for at all. What he wanted were pages of glossy photos, what this offered was interesting, but about as exciting as the small-ads in the local paper.

A sense of disappointment filled him. The magazine had cost him all of five pounds and there was no content at all of interest. The centre pages were filled with small type that explained how to contact a chosen ‘housewife’ and then came ever more adverts interspersed with full pages for sex toys and potions that promised to speed or delay a man as he desired.

Idly, Edward read a few of the adverts and decided that he would never take the risk of writing a letter addressed to the women who were looking for a partner. The professionals would all cost too much and the rest were mostly unattractive

as compared to his fantasies of the young sexy women in all his other magazines. He glanced at the clock and realised that it was after eleven o'clock and went to put the magazine back in his suitcase.

As he did so, one of the grainy pictures at the bottom of a page caught his eye. He read the text and then inspected the picture again, there was no mistake. The woman in the photo seemed to be his Aunty Hannah! Even if he had doubted the face, the dress that she wore was the one that she had been in yesterday and the kitchen cupboards in the background matched perfectly.

Mature sexy domme housewife. Looking for a young sub slave. ATM. B&D. PM. RR. No fees, only genuine subs need apply.

Edward puzzled at the acronyms. None of them made any sense to him and the words 'subs' and 'domme' he tried to guess, but his ingenuity failed him. 'Domme' was perhaps that she had her own house, like 'domicile' and 'sub' perhaps from 'suburban' or even 'subtle'! A small thrill ran through him and he carefully tore out the advert and tucked it into the pocket of his jeans. Suddenly, it seemed as if Aunty Hannah was revealed as something more than just the aunt who continually drank tea and barged into his room without so much as a by-your-leave!

As he went to sleep, Edward wondered if she had had any replies to her advert and tried to imagine her welcoming some young man into the house and fucking him while they did all the things that were listed by the mysterious groups of letters that were her desires.

The next morning, Edward put on a suit and tried to put all thought of Aunty Hannah's advert out of his mind as he ate his beans on toast and left the house to her words of 'good luck'. By the time that he arrived at the campus he had

succeeded, the interview and tour around the facility taking his mind from his aunt's private needs.

As Edward looked around the lecture theatres, inspected a list of the courses, interviewed with a senior lecturer and then looked through the list of books that he would need; his aunt cleaned his room. She tutted at the messy bedspread, opened the windows and fetched the vacuum cleaner, tutting at the way that her nephew had not even bothered to unpack his suitcase. She heaved the suitcase onto the bed and started to put the clothes into the drawers of the sideboard. It was clear that Edward was a typical young man, untidy and careless. What he needed was a little structure in his life and she decided that if he got the place in Brunel she would soon have him in order.

At the bottom of the suitcase, under two pairs of jeans and some T shirts she found the bags. With a small smile, she peeped inside the first at the cover of 'Penthouse' before she came to the second and felt a sudden shock that made her shiver. Her hands opened the magazine that she knew that she had advertised in just a year before and the torn page left her with a strange emotion. Half panic, half excitement. Thrill and apprehension as she paused before carefully repacking the suitcase to the way that it had been before. Hannah emptied the drawers back into the case, messed up the bed sheets again and retreated knowing that her nephew must never know that she had discovered his secret.

Hannah retreated to her bedroom and sat on the small chair before her make-up table. She stared at the woman in the mirror and brushed back a curl carefully. Her nephew had discovered her dirty little secret and she had discovered his... the problem now was, what to do about it?

It had been six months since his visit and Edward had forgotten how to get to his Aunt's house. He had been so sure that he would not need a map and now he looked at the rows of neat semi-detached houses and was forced to ask the way three times before he found the house with the weeping willow in the garden.

His mother had given him her spare key, but he knocked on the door and waited for Aunty Hannah to open. In his wallet was the well-worn torn-out advert from the magazine, in his hand a suitcase and a bag of books. His exam results had been nowhere near good enough for Oxford, but passable for Brunel, his revision marred by thoughts of the Aunt who had placed a contact ad in a porn magazine.

The door opened and Aunt Hannah waved him into the house.

"You are later than I expected," she said. "Was the train late?"

"No, I sort of got lost and had to ask the way."

"Well, you're here now," she said. "I've given you the back bedroom."

Edward followed Hannah upstairs and into the bedroom.

"I put in a place that you can study," she said as she pointed at the small desk in the corner as Edward dropped his bags on the floor. "I'll make a tea and then we can have a little chat about your stay here..."

Edward looked around the small room. Nothing had changed since his last visit except the desk. Aunt Hannah had disappeared back downstairs and he surveyed

the room that would be his home for the next three years. The box of tissues on the bedside cabinet made him smile and he sat on the edge of the bed and pulled out his wallet. Tucked inside was the worn advertisement that he had torn for the magazine six months ago. He carefully unfolded it and inspected the photo.

It made more sense now, he had some of the deciphered some of the acronyms and felt a small surge of excitement at the revelations that had been revealed. Aunt Hannah was a naughty girl and ever so kinky. 'Domme' and 'B&D' had yielded to his researches. Dominant and Bondage and Discipline... the others had been more difficult. Maybe he would discover what they meant by practical experience?

The thought caused the ghost of an erection to lift his jeans and he resisted the urge to test the box of tissues. In his imagination, the forty-five-year-old Aunt had turned from becoming a stiff maiden aunt to a desperate sex object! Of course, she was too old, that was a given, but it would be interesting to see what happened... His fevered mind imagined him blackmailing her. The last six months had been spent imagining the consequences of that strategy with an endless series of tissues in his left hand while his eyes took in the small photo in his wallet.

Hidden at the bottom of his suitcase were all the magazines that he had collected over the years. Edward pulled the lower draw out of the chest of drawers and slipped them into the space beneath before going downstairs to the kitchen.

Aunt Hannah stood by the kettle waiting for it to boil and Edward could not help but imagine what she would be like, were she naked. She was tall, taller than him, with long shapely legs and Edward imagined that she was wearing stockings like all the pictures in Penthouse. Low heels, but elegant, and a woollen dress that covered her from neck to knees. The dress followed every curve, broad hips, largish breasts and a rounded belly. Edward watched her move and felt almost like a predator gauging prey, assessing her in a new way that was

based on the porn that had been his staple diet for the last year. Yes, she was Aunty Hannah, the divorced mature woman who worked for some fashion company as a designer. The woman who had appeared at Christmases when he was a child and always drank more than her sister approved of. But, the revelation of the advert had changed her image in Edward's mind and his pulse raced in sympathy with his thoughts.

"Three years is a long time," she said as she put a cup on the table, "and I am not used to having someone else here all the time. That means that there are a few simple rules that need to be followed so that we get along..."

Edward sat at the table and watched her pour the second cup without comment. The picture he had in his head of a 'Domme' was almost Victorian. A cane in one hand as she bent some unfortunate victim over her knees. The thought unsettled him a little, now that he was actually in her presence there was a difference. It was not as though he could just pull the advert out of his wallet and tell her what his fantasy was!

"We both need out privacy," she said. "I have my life and you have yours..."

"That's fine," said Edward. "I'll stay out of your hair."

"Good. Otherwise, I expect you to keep the house neat and tidy, I do not want to live in a student slum, so we'll arrange a little rota to keep it like that. Next, meals..."

Edward nodded.

“I cook an evening meal at six sharp, so you have to tell me when you’ll be here to eat. That leaves just one other thing...”

“What’s that?” asked Edward, unable to take his eyes from her breasts.

“You can bring back whoever you like, but no overnight stays in my house! If you want to fuck, then you’ll just have to do it elsewhere!”

At the word ‘fuck’ Edward almost started and sputtered into his tea.

“Er, I don’t have a girlfriend at the moment,” he spluttered.

“What you get up to doesn’t interest me,” said Edward’s Aunt. “Just don’t bring it to my house! Your mother told me that you’re a good boy, so make sure that I can say the same!”

In Edward’s head, the vision of the Victorian Aunt came back to the fore and he wondered about the men who had answered her advert. His limited experience left a great many possibilities to the side but the idea of being over her knees was giving him an erection that was thankfully hidden under the table.

“So, what are your plans?” she asked.

“Tomorrow I meet my tutors,” he said, “then I’ll know...”

Edward had imagined that somehow, in the first few days there would be a situation where he could triumphantly pull the tatter of paper from his wallet and find the other, secret, side of his Aunt. Weeks went by. He settled into his courses and lectures and she went to work every day and reappeared at six. It seemed to Edward that his fantasies were just dust in the wind. Once a week his duty was to tidy the house while she was out and every second evening or so, he told her that he would be there at the evening meal and sat down to chops or meatloaf. His fantasies faded and he found solace in the hidden cache of porn under the bottom drawer.

Occasionally, when she was out of the house, he tested her bedroom door, but it was always locked and he wondered what she was hiding. The room became an obsession and he even went so far as to try to pick the lock, but then it occurred to him that he would never be able to re-lock it and she would know that Edward had been in her room. Once a week or so, Edward wandered around Soho and added to his collection and every night he pulled one or another of the magazines out.

Edward had imagined that his Aunt would have a stream of men passing through the house, but her life seemed solitary in the extreme. Occasionally she mentioned other people, friends and colleagues, but of the woman who had placed the advert in a contact magazine, there was no sign. He started to doubt that it was Aunt Hannah in the advert, had he made a mistake?

There was no way to tell and he found that it was a rarity now that he pulled the torn-out contact-ad from his wallet and used to fuel his vivid imagination.

One day, two months after he had moved in, Edward walked past Aunt Hannah's bedroom and tested the door as he always did. The check had become habit, the handle always locked in position. This time it yielded suddenly in his hand and Edward realised that at last, his aunt had forgotten to lock the door.

For a moment, he hesitated, there was no doubt that his intrusion was a breach of trust. Slowly he turned the handle and pushed. The door opened and he found that he was looking into her bedroom. Somehow, he had imagined that there would be something extraordinary in the room, but as he stood at the opening all he saw was a huge four-poster bed, normal furniture and a scattering of rugs on the floor. He tiptoed into the room and peeped out of the window before moving around and looking for anything that could confirm Hannah as the depraved woman that was in on the contact advertisement. The room was almost obsessively tidy and he pulled a couple of drawers open to find clothes neatly folded in each one and a jewellery box full of ear rings, bangles and necklaces.

His reaction was one of disappointment as he rifled through a few of the drawers to find nothing abnormal at all. Edward retreated from the bedroom, closed the door and stood in the hallway with a puzzled feeling before a thought came to him that there was a way that he could easily prove if his aunt was the woman who had placed the advert. Somehow, it had never occurred to him! If he answered the advert, then his letter would be forwarded on, and he was in a perfect position to check the post because it always came after Hannah had left the house. He was starting to doubt that Aunt Hannah was actually the woman that he had fixated on for the last months. If his letters were sent on from the magazine, the proof would be final...

The only problem was... that he only had the tattered advert and no idea of the

address to answer the personal ad! Sex shop by sex shop, Edward went from one end of Soho to the other. Hours later, he returned to Aunty Hannah's house with a brown paper bag to inspect the magazine that he had found in a small shop behind Tottenham Court Road.

Every day, Edward checked the post. Any letter that he sent had to have been placed into a new envelope for his aunt, but each day that passed brought no envelope that could possibly be from the contact magazine. For four weeks Edward waited, but without result. It seemed as if his entire fantasy was just that, just a fantasy.

He had given already given up hope when a letter arrived for him, the address scrawled in an untidy hand. For a moment, he hesitated, this was not what he had been expecting! Where was the letter that he had sent Aunty Hannah? As his forefinger slid to open the letter, Edward felt almost weak with anticipation. If the woman whose advert he had answered was not Aunt Hannah... what then?

Edward opened the envelope, he found that it contained the letter that he himself had posted. A black and white polaroid photo had been inserted that made Edward's hands shake. Taken from close-up, the photo showed the hems of stockings on thighs, knickers stretched over a pussy that could just be made out under the lace. He turned the photo in his hand and rifled through the torn envelope, but there was no clue as to the sender. No contact details, nothing that gave a clue as to the sender. Just the photo, the sexy photo...

With his heart beating, Edward went up to his room and reached for his box of tissues.

Edward wrote again and posted the letter.

For a week, he wanked over that photo, his magazines remaining with their pages unturned. It had become an obsession, that enigmatic reply to his letter. He spent hours consumed by the photo and finally decided that there was no way that his Aunt could be the person who had sent it to him.

When the reply finally came, it was in the form of a small box. Carefully wrapped and then inserted into a large envelope from the magazine with his name in that familiar scrawl. His trembling hands untied the cord to find a small box. In his room, he opened the box, peeped inside and then withdrew a delicate pair of feminine knickers. As he held them up, a small note fluttered from the lace and he read the message.

‘Wear these for me all the time!’

Edward’s mind was spinning. This was not at all the reply that he had expected. He had hoped for contact details, some place and time where he would meet the woman whose explicit photo was perpetually in his brain. Now she had sent him a pair of her knickers and an instruction.

In the privacy of his bedroom, Edward undressed and hesitatingly tried on the silky knickers. His cock swelled like it had never swelled before, making it difficult to put them on, but the thought that ‘she’ had worn them made the five thrusts of his hand enough to spurt into the tissue in his left hand.

He read the note again and felt a shudder. It would be interesting to follow her demand, but the thought of it made him nervous. Carefully he placed the black

wisp of silk with his stash of porn and pushed the drawer back into place. Tonight, he would return and try them on again, but there was no way that he would wear them all of the time.

He sat down at his desk and composed another letter to his mysterious partner. This time he did not ask for a way of contacting her, far better to allow her to decide the right moment, he decided.

When the letter was sketched out to his satisfaction, Edward wrote a final copy neatly and slipped it into the envelope for posting. There was something so enticing about the strange relationship that he was building. He almost did not want to meet her, he just wanted to see how the next part of his adventure panned out.

Every day was like a torment!

Waiting for the next missive became an obsession. He waited in the hallway for the post to arrive day after day. Each day brought bills, letters from his parents and a host of leaflets, but no reply to his correspondence. At last, two weeks after he had started expecting his reply, a letter arrived with that familiar scrawl on the envelope.

It was another box.

Edward felt his belly turn with the pent-up anticipation and ran up to his room to open the envelope. His hands shook, rattling the contents, telling him that this time it was not another pair of knickers, but something hard that clattered in the package as he unwrapped it.

The same string held the wrapping of the small box in the envelope and Edward imagined the hands that had knotted the cord. He opened the box and felt a shock as his hand lifted an old-fashioned razor from it. Metal and heavy, he looked at it puzzled before he looked back into the box to find another instruction inside.

‘Use this!’ was written on the paper.

Edward held up the safety razor and inspected it, wondering at the meaning of the instructions. There was no way that the woman who had sent it could know if he was clean shaven or not... he put it down on the desk and inspected the note again as if it could tell him more, but there was nothing else.

‘What did she mean?’ he wondered.

This was so strange, first the knickers and then a razor. What was going through his mysterious correspondent’s mind? His eyes turned down to the pile of magazines that were exposed and he saw the top one and suddenly knew what was expected of him. ‘Shaven Havens’. The photo of the girl on the front, naked to her very skin and the title of the magazine were enough to understand this latest instruction.

Edward looked again at the razor. There was something stimulating in following

these kinky instructions and he could not help but follow them. It would be interesting to see how the silk knickers felt after he had shaved himself...

Two days later, another letter arrived for Edward.

Two days in which he discovered that once shaven, he had to keep on shaving to avoid the prickling feeling between his legs. He also discovered that the soft almost ephemeral feel of silk on bare skin made every touch of finger or palm on his straining cock a delight. There was something so enticing about being so bare between his legs, something erotically feminine and sensual that all he could think about was what he had done at her command.

Edward discovered something else as well. Something that was unforeseen and unexpected. Simply put, the only thing that did not irritate his shaven balls and cock was that pair of knickers. For the first time he put them on, pulled his jeans over them and went to his lectures with a hard on so powerful that he could scarcely sit still while the lecturer droned on about the forces that created crime and antisocial behaviour. When the lecture was over, Edward could not help himself. He slipped to the toilets and relieved the throbbing erection in just three strokes.

This time there was no box.

A fat envelope, padded with its contents that he tore open with impatient fingers. The envelope was tough and it took a minute to tear away the covering to get to the contents. For a moment, Edward thought that it was another pair of knickers,

but when he pulled the soft nylon from the packet he realised that it was a pair of stockings.

The seams were clenched with elastic, the colour a bronze-brown with thick seams running the length of them to the carefully tailored feet. As usual, there was a small note and Edward managed to catch it before it fluttered to the floor.

‘Mine!’ was all the note said.

A small ladder in the stockings betrayed the fact that they had already been worn. Edward held them up, he could sense a trace of feminine scent on them and knew that he could not resist the lure. It was only after he had filled a tissue that a thought occurred to him. It was so tempting an impulse that he could not resist and he pulled the stockings on to find that whoever the mysterious woman was, she had long legs because they fitted perfectly, ending just on his thighs.

Of course, the hair on his legs was a problem, but then, he had a razor at hand...

Edward wrote a reply.

He carefully edited it before making the usual neat copy, trying to keep the trembling from his hand as he thanked her and announced that he would dare to wear the latest gift for the whole day. Satisfied with his letter, he posted it into the box at the end of the road and walked to the tube station with the feel of the

stockings under his jeans making him feel elated. This was all so kinky and exciting! He sat on the seat in the train with a feeling of apprehension that somehow all the others travelling with him knew what was under his clothes. His mind started to wonder if any others had secrets like his and the whole day was spent in anxiety and enjoyment as he felt the tight elastic on his thighs, the smooth silk that slithered over his balls and the loose feel of sheer nylon of his shaved legs.

That evening, at dinner, Edward sat with Aunt Hannah and smiled to himself at his bravery.

If she knew what he was up to, she would be amazed!

But, of course, there was no way that she could know and the thought made him glad that there was a table top between his lap and her eyes.

After all, the erection that filled his pants was plain to see...

Each week another letter arrived and Edward faithfully replied.

More dessous for him to wear, replacements for the stockings that were laddered, a pair of silk bloomers that felt cool and comforting on his thighs, a garter belt that meant that he did not have to wear hold-ups but could enjoy the soft nylon of the several pairs of stockings that arrived in a package.

Every day, Edward took a bath and carefully shaved before getting dressed in the latest underwear that arrived. Every day he threw a pair of his old pants into the washing basket in the bathroom without wearing them to deceive his aunt. Every day he found that he had to take himself in hand more often. The pile of magazines lay unused under the drawer to be matched by the new obsession of stockings, silk lacy knickers and garter belts that were neatly folded next to them. On top of the pile was the polaroid photo that had replaced every single piece of porn that he owned.

At the arrival of every parcel or note, Edward faithfully wrote a reply. Each time he wondered if he would ever meet the woman who teased him so, but no hint of such an encounter was ever hinted at. No longer did Edward haunt the sex shops in Soho, there was no need! Every moment of his waking life was ensconced in nylon and lace; every sleep was haunted by visions of a woman that he had never even met or even seen at a distance. He learned to live with a constantly stiff cock, every moment consumed by the thought that somehow others could sense the clothes that lay under his street attire.

Four pairs of nylons, five pairs of soft knickers and bloomers, two garter belts and a slim gold ankle chain that he wore constantly. Edward washed them all by hand when he was alone, folded them carefully and even tried to repair the runs that soon appeared in each pair. It was a month after the eighth letter from his secret mistress that Edward finally got up the courage to buy a pair of stockings for himself. He flushed red at the counter as he presented them and hid them in with his books as he travelled home to Aunt Hannah's house with a guilty pleasure that brought new sensations of guilt and anticipation.

When he arrived home, he found that a huge envelope was waiting for him on the hall table, the address written in that familiar hand.

“It came for you this afternoon,” said his Aunt appeared from the kitchen. “Now come on in, I have dinner ready...”

Edward brought the package into the kitchen and laid it to one side as Hannah laid the table.

“Aren’t you going to open it?” she asked.

“Er, later,” said Edward, blushing furiously.

“A magazine?”

Edward nodded and sat down as his aunt started filling the plates.

“Well, if you don’t want to show me, then that’s OK,” she chuckled. “Just make sure that you don’t have anything sent here that could be a problem!”

“Oh, it’s nothing like that,” said Edward. “Probably just the University magazine...”

His aunt nodded and started to eat, while Edward cast a sideward glance at the package wondering what had been sent this time. At last the meal was over and Edward gritted his teeth and helped Hannah with the washing up. In the corner of his vision was the fat envelope and he longed to grab it and head to the privacy of his bedroom.

He picked up the letter casually and headed for his room with slow steps. From the kitchen, he could hear the clatter of the dishes as his aunt put them away. The letter was a magazine, of that there was no doubt, it hung heavy in his sweaty hands as he breathed a sigh of relief and sat on the floor with his back blocking the door.

Edward's fingers opened the outer envelope to find the original package inside. He held his breath and pulled the magazine from its covering and took in the cover. A line drawing of a woman with a curling whip took up the cover and the outer edge was in black and white squares that made the whole production of the periodical seem almost crude. The title was in huge black letters, 'Madames' and his trembling hands opened it to find that this was no Playboy or Penthouse.

The photos, such as they were, were grainy and had titles like 'Mistress Mona' and such-like. The text was small and badly typeset. He flicked the pages and then shook the magazine to release any note that came from his mysterious mistress, but there was none. With a small sense of disappointment, he flicked through the pages. A 'letters' page, a grouping of photos of an overweight mature woman wearing a corset in the centre pages and line drawings, some of which were quite crude while others were actually erotic. The whole magazine seemed almost amateur compared to the ones that he normally bought and something of a disappointment.

On the last page, he noticed blue handwritten ink and read the latest missive from his unknown mistress.

'This is all that is allowed!'

He pondered for a moment and looked at the several inches of magazines that made up his porn stash. How could she think that this rag could replace all of

that? Edward opened the copy of 'Madames' at the first page to be confronted by an editorial under the heading 'Mistress Candida writes'.

He started to read.

An hour later, Edward had read the whole magazine. It was like nothing that he had ever seen before. Strange stories about men who served women and women who played with their men. It brought a whole new perspective to the young man that took it all in and he started to realise what exactly was meant by the word 'Domme' in the advertisement. This was an outlandish world of fantasy and almost believable immorality, but when he finally laid the magazine to one side, he realised that the four filled tissues on the carpet showed that he was falling under its spell.

The next day, on the way to the college, Edward dumped his entire stash of porn in a bin far away from Aunty Hannah's house. For the first time in weeks he wandered through Soho on the look-out for more copies of 'Madames'. By the time that he left the West End of London he had three more copies in a bag and best of all, he now knew where to find a shop that was filled with walls full of the magazine that had been chosen for him.

Just behind Foyles, in Greek Street, was a shop that he had never visited before. Now it was clearly the only destination that he needed. It would take a few visits to build up his collection.

There was no help for it.

The semester was at an end and Edward wrote to his unseen mistress that she should not send anything to him until he wrote to her again in September. A whole sport's bag full of copies of 'Madames' and all the dessous that had become his everyday wear hung heavily. He guarded it on the train, never daring to let it out of his sight until at last he had returned to his parents' house and was safely back in his own room.

The next few weeks seemed like torture.

Edward dared not wear all the stockings and knickers for fear of detection. His copies of 'Madames' lay hidden in a sealed package under the wardrobe and Edward tried to live the next few weeks without being tempted to enter his fantasy world. Half way through the six weeks before his return to London for the second year at Brunel, Edward struggled with his thoughts and addictions.

He discovered that when he met up with his old friends and their tales of the girls that they had found at university held no interest. He lied that he had a girlfriend, lied that he was no longer a virgin, lied about the spliffs that he had smoked and the concerts that he had been to. Edward lied and lied and was glad that at last he was on the train back to his Aunt's house.

Now, there was just one overwhelming fear!

What if his pen-pal mistress had sent something and his aunt had opened it? The thought obsessed him the whole way to London, it stalked his mind through the suburban streets until he arrived at the house marked by the weeping willow and it filled him with fear as he unlocked the door and entered.

The house was empty and Edward headed for his room in a hurry. He pulled out the drawer and hid everything from the sport's bag before heading for the bathroom. Life could begin once more, fully shaved he could once again be at the beck and call of his strange lover.

The shower was exquisite, the razor swept away six weeks of hair and once again he was the totally naked good little boy that was required before he wrote the letter that was fully written in his mind.

The letter that would place him once more in her power.

Edward opened the magazine. The quality of the text was as before. The pathetic art work on the pages and the unattractive models in their boots and unappealing poses stared back at Edward, but somehow the pause in his fixation had caused a dislocation in his mind. He sucked in the stories, the letters and the captioned cartoons with new eyes that squeezed every drop of questioning from his mind and every drop of semen from his cock.

As Edward slipped the stockings on, tucked his balls into the lace of his knickers, he knew that he had come home.

A letter!

Not a package, not a box, no magazine.

This time, it was a letter with his name in that scrawling handwriting. It had been two weeks since he had written his announcement of arrival and the wait had been excruciating.

Edward opened the letter and found a small note. A single question that announced that the relationship, that had so far been distant and one-sided, was about to take another turn.

‘Are you ready to obey?’

Edward sat back against the door of his bedroom and held the slip in his hand. This was the first time that there had been a question. His hand trembled as he reread the letter. The first time that a reply had been demanded. Of course, there was just one possible reply and it took moments for Edward to write it. He somehow knew that if he denied this, that it would all be over. Since that first letter he had hoped for something like this. Now that it had arrived to his hand he felt a dread of what might happen next.

As he posted the single word reply through the maw of the post box he felt sheer trepidation. A pit in his stomach. For a year, Edward had been a willing puppet on her string, but it had been at a remote distance. Somehow safe and secure. Now he knew that they would meet and the whole relationship would change.

It was only a week before the letter arrived. Edward dared not open it. It lay on the top of his stockings for two days before he finally got up the courage to read it. Sitting in bed, wearing just her knickers and the laddered first pair of stockings, his nervous fingers tore open the envelope to see what reply had arrived for him.

The letter unfolded in his hands and he scanned the three words trying to make sense of them.

‘Truth or dare?’

Edward had expected an address. A time, a place where she would see him. The three words on the paper were nothing more than a challenge that he thought that he understood. ‘Truth’ meant meeting her, ‘dare’ some punishment for trying to avoid that moment. He pondered what ‘dare’ she might impose, but he knew that if he did not follow her instructions, he would lose her. On the other hand, he almost did not want to meet the woman who teased him. The fantasy would be replaced by reality and he was fearful that the sheer pleasure of remote obedience would be lost to be replaced by... something else that he would regret! The unknown woman who was now sending her orders had placed him in a quandary. A longing and terror of the consequences mixed in equal parts.

For two days, Edward hesitated.

He wrote two letters. One with each possible answer and went to the familiar post box to post one of them. The address on each had been printed using one of the college computer printers so that he could not tell them apart. Edward had decided to put his fate in the hands of providence. Which reply was which he had no idea. He stood at the post box and looked at the two letters.

Finally, after a pause of five minutes, one slipped through the slot and the other he tore up without reading and tossed the paper shreds into the waste bin by the post box.

All he had to do now was wait for the reply.

In the next week, Edward felt a thrilling tension like never before. Every pull of the stocking-tops on his thighs under his jeans seemed more exciting than the last. There was something so provocative about what he had done by leaving the decision to chance. All he could do now was wait for the next contact.

The letter that arrived almost made him sick with anxiety.

What did it hold?

This time he could not wait. Edward opened the letter on the train into the city centre. He peeped inside to see a note and bent the envelope to read it without letting the people on either side see what he was reading.

‘Thursday at Midnight, be ready.’

Edward read the note again. Thursday? Which Thursday? Tomorrow or the week after or the week after that? Where should he be and what was meant by ‘ready’? All day at his lectures and then the session with the tutor his mind went over the possibilities. Clearly, he had sent the ‘truth’ note to her and this was her reply. How would she contact him? After all, all letters were through the intermediary of the magazine, just as he did not know who or where she was, neither did she!

Just one thing they both knew about each other... both were in London. The postmarks had betrayed that clearly. Otherwise, nothing!

Edward thought about 'ready'. At least that was clear...

The next evening, at eleven O'clock, Edward slipped off his jeans and T shirt and stood indecisive. Midnight... There was an hour to go. He peeped out between the curtains as if he expected an arrival and realised that Hannah would not be at all happy if someone turned up at midnight to visit him...

The hour passed so slowly.

He read a couple of well-worn copies of 'Madames' to pass the time, but with great self-control he did not allow his hands even near his rigid cock. He sat on the bed and flicked through them, taking in the drawings and his favourite letters and reading again a short story that was spread through several issues. His eyes slid to the small bedside clock again and again until at last, at five minutes to midnight, he put the magazines back into their hiding place and closed the drawer.

The red second-hand on the clock transfixed him. It clicked the last two minutes away until only ten seconds remained.

Edward sat mesmerized as the had moved.

At exactly midnight he sat in total stillness and wondered what was supposed to happen.

The key from the lock fell to the carpet and the scrape of another key in the lock shattered the stillness. The handle turned and the door opened with a slow sweep.

Edward felt all his blood rush to his cheeks.

He tried to move, but somehow, he was hypnotised as he saw his aunt standing in the open doorway. The knitted dress, the high heels and the bamboo cane flexing in both hands. Her expression was severe, her lips pressed to a single line of bright red lipstick.

She took a step into the room and closed the door behind her softly before turning to face Edward again, his face red, his hands trembling as the revelation took him making his mouth gape and a sudden realisation overwhelm his senses. For months, he had believed that his mystery woman was at a distance and suddenly it was his Aunt after all who had controlled him from the shadows.

The cane in her hand pointed at the floor by her feet.

“Kneel,” she said in a flat tone.

Suddenly self-conscious in his stockings with his rigid cock pushing through the leg of the lacy knickers, Edward found that he could not move. If it had not been for the cane in her hand, he would not have taken her for his unseen mistress. Now he realised that she had been playing with him for a whole year. Writing letters, playing with him like a pet, enjoying her deception and moving him to a place where she could take him in hand.

“Kneel!”

The order was clear and Edward had no option but to obey. He slid from the bed and knelt at her feet, not daring to look up at her.

“That’s a good boy,” she said.

There was the hint of a smile on her lips as she walked around him, inspecting him and tapping the end of the bamboo cane on the carpet as she did so.

“So, a surprise for my faithful little pen-pal?” she asked.

Edward nodded and kept his gaze fixed on her shoes. His cock stood from his lap, a strange partner to the silken knickers and the stockings on his thighs.

“I did not know... know that it was you!”

“Of course, you didn’t, but you obeyed anyway, dear!” she replied.

Edward looked up at his Aunt, her sly smile showing that she understood every thought in his mind. Now that she had revealed herself, he put the pieces together in a rush of realisation. Of course, she had used a post-box for her address to the contact magazine. How could he ever be so naïve to think that his letters to her would arrive at her house? A blush of embarrassment spread over his face and he hung his head.

“Before we can begin,” she continued, “we need to sort out a few things first. After that you will find out what happens if you disobey me and then you will find out what it is that I demand of all of my followers.”

Aunt Hannah bent down.

Edward could see the seams on her stockings over her rounded calves. The high heels that pressed into the soft carpet and the base of the cane close by. Her hand pulled out the drawer to reveal what was hidden beneath.

“You will put these in the drawers, ready for use from now on. There are a few other things that you will also put with them to make the collection complete. From now on, you will be dressed as I order, for my personal pleasure. I like my little boys to be dressed the way that I like!”

Aunt Hannah straightened and moved to stand before her victim. A hand came from on high and lifted his face to look up at her. Edward saw the tight dress over her breasts and then looked into her eyes and she smiled.

“You really are such a naughty boy. Porn and wanking, that’s not allowed from now on! Instead you will be a good boy for me and keep me satisfied. If you are

well-behaved there will be small rewards for you, that I shall decide. Every night you will have a little extra homework and then I may decide that I need you to attend to me. If I ever catch you wanking I shall use this most severely!”

The cane jumped in her hand and thwacked the bed with a smack.

“Do you understand?”

“Yes, Aunt Hannah.”

“Well, what are you waiting for?”

The cane hit the coverlet again and Edward crawled to move the copies of ‘Madames’ and his stockings and knickers into the drawers.

“Nice and neat,” she said as she stood over him. “The rest will be given to you tomorrow.”

“You wrote all the letters?”

Somehow, Edward needed a final confirmation and her answer was a sharp laugh as she put her feet wide apart, stretching the dress over her thighs and belly.

“All of them! Stand up and let me inspect you,” she said.

Edward climbed to his feet and stood self-consciously as his Aunt walked around him.

“The seams are not straight, we need to get a nice pair of shoes and a corset would not go amiss, my dear. You have a bit of a figure and we must make the most of it...”

Her hand dropped and grasped his thrusting cock. It was the first time that Edward had ever been touched by a woman and his cock erupted and spurted come over her hand and wrist.

“My, my, you are so eager...”

“Yes Aunty. Please, I can’t help it...”

“Of course, you can’t,” she chuckled. “Don’t worry, we’ll soon have that nice fat cock trained and ready as my plaything!”

Aunt Hannah wiped her hand on Edward’s stockings with a small gesture and put a damp finger under his chin to lift his face to look into hers.

“Now you will learn what happens if I am displeased with you,” she said slowly, as if to a child. “Two strokes of the cane and then off to bed.”

Her finger moved and she sat on the bed and pointed at her thighs.

“Over you go, little nephew and don’t make a fuss of it. You need to know what happens if you are naughty.”

Edward felt her waiting and awkwardly managed to drape himself over her knees. He felt her hands on his almost naked ass, smoothing the knickers and then probing a little and Edward squirmed at the touch.

“There is a lot for you to learn,” came her voice from above. “Every inch needs to be smooth and shaved like a little girl and that includes here!”

Edward’s aunt’s finger pressed into the cleft of his ass and he squirmed again until a firm hand slapped at the cheek of his ass.

“Now then, take your punishment like a good boy...”

The first stroke was sudden and stung. Edward yelped and almost slid from her knees, but a hand reached around his waist and held him in position.

“That’s good, now then, properly!”

The second cut of the cane was much harder. It crossed the backs of his legs and Edward squealed in pain. For a moment, his feet left the floor and then he could feel the sharp throbbing and the gentle touch of her fingers on the welts.

“From now on, five strokes for disobedience, that’s the rule. Don’t test me, you really don’t want to make me angry!”

Edward felt her hand on his ass again. It reached between his thighs and the fingers closed on his smooth balls making him gasp. He dared not move, her grip held him in position while her other hand dropped the cane and slapped at the inside of his thighs.

“Open wide, little boy,” she said and he tried to relax.

“That’s good, now let’s see if you have enough stamina to show how much your Aunty Hannah turns you on!”

With one hand on his balls, the other took Edward’s flaccid cock under control and slowly massaged it. Edward opened his thighs at her touch and felt a stiffening. Her hand massaged him, it ran the length from tip to root and slowly pulled his cock to point back between his thighs.

“This is the way that you are allowed to come,” she said with a small laugh. “Over my knees after a caning with your thighs open like the little slut that you are going to be for me.”

Edward groaned. The grip on his balls tightened and a conflicting discomfort and gratification caused him to spread his legs for his Aunt’s attentions. Her hand moved up the length of him and then swept back in sudden jerks. It lifted his cock while the fingers that explored and tormented his balls pressed ever

tighter making Edward cry out in distress.

“That’s right! Auntie will make you cry as you come for her,” said Aunt Hannah’s voice. “No pleasure without a little discomfort, that’s the rule in Auntie Hannah’s house!”

A few more strokes and Edward almost wept with the conflict inside him. This was so different from his own self-administered pleasures. The hands controlled him, made him wince and thrust down with his hips; caused tears to come to his eyes as a mounting climax was administered with impassionate precision. Now his cock was so swollen and tender that every stroke was almost a torture. Pulled so tight, stretched to his limit, the strong hand bit its nails into the shaft and he shrieked as he erupted and spurted in rush after rush as the hands on his balls squeezed every drop from him.

“Well done,” she said. “Now you know about the punishments and pleasures that I decide on for you. All you have to do is to learn what I need from you!”

Her hand slapped his sore ass and she eased him from her knee.

“Take a shower and then off to bed. Tomorrow I shall begin to train you how your auntie can be satisfied. If you do well at your lessons then perhaps, just perhaps, I may allow you a little pleasure to balance out your good behaviour!”

Edward almost fell to his knees from Aunt Hannah’s lap. He crawled a moment feeling the come drip from his thighs as his trembling legs straightened and he kneeled with panting gasps at her feet.

“What do you say?”

“Thank you, Aunty.”

Edward woke in his bed and stared at the ceiling. There was an ache in his thighs, the dull throb of the cane on his behind and thighs informed him that last night had not been a dream. He slipped from the bed to find that stockings and knickers had been laid out for him and he opened the top drawer of the chest of drawers to find that it was full of items that he had never seen before.

His hands lifted a corset from the top of the pile and held it up. Elastic material with clips dangling for stockings, Edward shook his head and tried to imagine doing up the double row of hooks and how it would feel.

He closed the drawer and opened his door carefully.

Everything was quiet in the house and he crept downstairs listening for his Aunt. The stockings on his legs felt almost strange. For months, he had been wearing them but suddenly the pull of them, the slithering between his thighs was so very intense. His hands closed over his cock and he peeped into the kitchen. A pepper mill stood on the table and an envelope was propped up against it with Edward's name written in block capitals.

His hands opened the note and he read, 'Be here at six.'

He stood, suddenly aware of his clothing. Never before had he been out of his room dressed only in Aunt Hannah's stockings and the sensation was so strange. He looked down at the stalk that stood between his thighs and longed to rush back to his room to relieve himself, but his Auntie's words came back and he decided that it would be best to obey.

Somehow, Aunt would know.

He was in her world now and the tension and thrill of it was starting to tempt him. Those hard hands that had brutally milked every drop from him as he lay over her knee. The nail marks that still scored the tender skin, it was all so real and Edward dared not test that cane again on his rear.

Edward remembered her words last night and decided that when he took his shower he would do the thorough job of shaving that she had demanded. By the time that he left the house, the student was starting to think about what might happen tonight. The thought excited and repelled and he realised that he was actually scared of what she would do to him.

The day passed.

Two lectures, one at midday, the other in the afternoon. Edward's thoughts were full of that corset in the drawer and the intense feeling as he had climaxed as never before. At last he had not been alone when it happened and he could not deny that the feeling had been amazing. Out of his control, this was what real sex felt like!

He opened the front door of the house and stepped into the hallway to find that Aunt Hannah was waiting for him. Once again, she wore the knitted dress, but this time there was clearly no bra underneath. No stockings on her bare legs and red heels on her feet. In her hands was the cane, flexing as she spoke.

“When you come into my house, you will immediately get undressed, get showered and then present yourself for my instructions. You will be home by seven every night without fail and never fail to wear stockings and knickers when you go out.”

“Aunty Hannah?”

A smile crossed her face.

“Please...”

His words failed him and the plea turned to a mumble.

“Speak up, boy!”

“Can we do again what happened last night? Please.”

“Perhaps! Let’s see how well you learn and then we’ll see!”

“Thank you, Aunty Hannah.”

“Off you pop. Get ready for me and put on what you find laid out on the bed. When you are ready, I expect you to present yourself in down here and then we’ll see if we can mix a little reward with the tasks that I have in mind.”

“Thank you, Aunty Hannah.”

He mumbled the thanks and hurried up the stairs with his heart in his mouth. When he had arrived over a year ago, his Aunt had seemed to be a plain mature woman who was something of a spinster, now she was almost the very embodiment of sex, a lure to Edward’s fevered mind that made him shiver with a craving. He would do anything to see her naked, to touch her skin, to be allowed to serve her.

Everything had changed.

The shower was a matter of moments; he had already carefully shaved himself in the morning and the blade swept easily over his skin under the rushing water. He wrapped himself in a large bath-towel and it was only on the way to his bedroom that he realised that there was no point at all to the towel! On his bed were laid out the clothes that his Aunt had chosen for him. New stockings, fishnets in bronze, and the corset that he had found in the top drawer that morning.

The corset proved to be even trickier than he had anticipated, until he realised that the best way to put it on was to face it backwards, do up the two rows of

hooks, tuck in the overlap under the hooks and pull it around until the hooks were at the back. It clenched him tight, a feeling of secure tightness that gave him a thrill. He checked under the stockings and it was then that he realised that his Aunt had forgotten to put out a pair of knickers. Edward was half way to the chest of drawers when he suddenly realised that she might not have forgotten and stood indecisive before returning to the bed and sitting down to pull on the stockings.

They were seamless, just tubes of wide mesh that had the effect of deceiving the eye to make his legs look soft and curvy. It took a few moments of struggle to pull down the corset low enough for the clasps to engage the top of the stockings, but after that it was easy to attach the twelve clasps and stand. He worked the corset a little lower as the stockings were stretched too much and then stood in front of the mirror to see the effect. He did look a little odd, he had to admit. A peculiar feminine-masculine look that was neither one nor the other.

As Edward headed down the stairs to the kitchen he swallowed in anticipation, his cheeks flushed red and suddenly a shyness overcame him that caused him to pause in the hallway. He pretended to himself that he was adjusting the stocking tops, but really, he was nervous to face his Aunt.

“Are you ready?” came her voice from the kitchen and he gulped and then opened the door to walk into the kitchen.

As he stepped forward he suddenly realised that Aunt Hannah was not alone in the room! There were two other women who stood with glasses of sherry in their hands and Edward suddenly moved his hands to cover his massive erection and turn to run.

“Don’t be shy, little boy,” said one of the women with a laugh, but through her

chuckle Aunt Hannah's voice cut like a knife.

"In here now, boy! Let's see how you look!"

Edward hesitated at the doorway and then turned slowly to find that all three were laughing at his embarrassment with his Aunt laughing the loudest.

"What a sweet little boy your nephew is," said the woman who had already spoken. "He seems a little shy, though!"

"Hands up above the waistline," ordered Edward's Aunt.

Reluctantly, he lifted his hands and his cock dropped and wobbled. It was so stiff that it almost hurt him, a flush shading all his skin from the top of the corset to his face.

"Ooh, what a nice thick cock for your Aunty," said the second woman as she cast a sly sideways glance at Hannah. "I'll bet that she's longing to slide her fingers the length of it!"

"This is Tracy," said Aunt Hannah as she introduced the woman who had just spoken. "She can be a little crude, but you'll get used to it. I think that you've already met Aunty Judith!"

Edward had not seen his youngest Aunt for years, the black sheep of the three sisters and almost young enough to be a sister.

“Well, I think that Edward looks like a really cute little slut,” she giggled. “I’d never have imagined that he was a girly little transvestite! Sis will not be amused when we tell her.”

“Don’t worry, darling,” said Aunt Hannah. “There’s no reason to tell your mum if you are a good little boy for us.”

“I really think that we should tell her,” said Judith maliciously. “Mummy’s little boy all dressed up and ready to be fucked like a girly. I’ll bet that Edward’s girlfriend would love to see him like this.”

“This little boy hasn’t got a girlfriend, has he?” Hannah directed the question at Edward with a laugh. “Maybe he’s looking for a nice man to take his virginity!”

Edward shook his head and stared at the floor. Despite the fun and humiliation his cock stood rigid from under the corset. His hands were clenched behind his back and tears welled in his eyes as Tracy joined in the fun.

“Sweet nineteen and never been fucked! Hannah, he’s so perfect for us...”

“Maybe he can’t come at all like a man,” said Judith. “What a little pervert... in Auntie’s stolen stockings! What he needs is a lesson in discipline to teach him not to go rooting through the wash-basket sniffing all the knickers!”

“You’re right, I think that it’s time that this little girly is properly punished,” said

Aunt Hannah in a serious tone. “Standing there with his little pee-pee all stiff and wanting to be touched. What do you think girls?”

“The cane,” said Aunt Judith. “Two strokes over my knee and then that little performance you promised us, Hannah. This is so much fun!”

Edward could feel his knees almost give way. A tear splashed from his cheek and he was almost at the point of bursting into tears with the humiliation. He longed to be able to turn and run up the stairs to his room, lock himself in and hide from the three women who were taking so much pleasure in making him cry.

“I’ll go and get her, she’s ready!” said Aunt Hannah as she stood. “I think that it’s time that he lost his virginity and I know just the girl to take it!”

All three women started to laugh uproariously.

‘Another one,’ thought Edward desperately, ‘How many of them are there?’

Hannah left the room leaving him alone with Tracy and Aunty Judith. He could almost feel his heartbeat in his ears with the terror as Tracy stood and stepped over to him.

“Come on now, dear,” she said. “It’s not that bad, soon you’ll show us what you can do to please a woman and then if you’re a good little girly maybe you can tell us what you are going to do to stop your Aunty here telling your Mummy what a degenerate little pervert you are!”

“Please, please, Aunty Judith, don’t tell her...” begged Edward.

“We’ll see...”

Her hand lifted his face to look into her eyes and she licked her lips as she savoured Edward’s horror with a small grin.

“You see, you know Aunty Hannah’s little secret, don’t you? We don’t want you blurting it out do we, because it’s our little dirty secret! So, what’s the best way to make sure that you keep your lips sealed?”

“I promise that I won’t tell...” blurted Edward. “Really, I won’t. I haven’t told anyone at all about the advert!”

“That’s a good boy,” whispered Aunty Judith. “But, how can we know that you’ll never tell anyone?”

“I don’t know,” answered Edward, the tears rolling down his cheeks. “Please, I can promise, really I would never say a word.”

He felt a hand on his cock, brushing it lightly as it slipped underneath and cupped his balls in a fierce grip.

“Can we trust you?”

In the background, Tracy started to giggle and then said, “I don’t think that he can be trusted. I mean, look at the little tranny, how can he manage to keep his mouth shut?”

Edward looked at Tracy and then at the floor. The hand between his thighs gripped tighter and he winced and shifted slightly to avoid squealing.

“Answer the lady,” ordered Aunt Judith.

“I would never tell; I would do anything to prove that I would keep my promise.”

Nails scratched the tender skin behind his balls and Edward cringed and tried to smile reassuringly.

“Oh, do you think that that is good enough, Tracy?”

“We’ll just have to hope,” laughed the other woman. “Perhaps if sissy here had his own little secret that only we knew, perhaps that would help?”

“My thoughts exactly,” said Aunt Judith. “That’s what we’re going to do!”

Edward heard his Aunt Hannah enter the room. He longed to look around to see

whom she was bringing in with her, but he dared not move with the claws that were gripping his balls. Aunt Judith and Tracy started to laugh and Hannah's voice joined in.

"What a sweet little girl," said Tracy. "How lucky our little tranny is, to lose his virginity to such a willing slut!"

Aunty Judith pulled her hand from his balls and Edward looked around. His Aunt Hannah stood legs apart with a cane bending in her hands and on the floor lay the girl that the three witches had found for him.

Inflated fully, a gross PVC dolly with a startled open-mouthed expression. A three-dimensional form that barely mimicked the shape of a female. Her arms and legs jutted at awkward angles, her eyes always open.

Edward looked in his Auntie's eyes and she stared back with a harsh expression. His vision slipped down between her feet at the inert form that awaited him and he could feel his cock shrivel with shame and degradation. The cane bent in her hands and her words chilled him.

"From now on, you are going to keep your new girlfriend satisfied three times a day," she said. "If you are a good boy, then perhaps you'll be allowed to dress her up nicely! Now look smart, she's waiting for her first fuck."

Edward knelt. He looked up at the Aunts that stood over him, the chuckles of the three women rattling in his ears. His prick had wilted and he desperately wanted to take it in his hand, but knew that the cane in his Aunt's hand was just waiting for such a misstep. He knew that there was no way that he was hard

enough and he started to sob.

“That’s so sweet,” said Aunty Judith. “I think that he loves her...”

The warm soft vinyl under him gave and Edward could feel the blow-up doll being squashed by his weight. He tried to line himself up, but he had lost his firmness and could not find the tight opening between the doll’s thighs. The point of the cane touched his back and ran the length of his spine. All he could see was that surprised mouth and the deep hole that filled the doll’s head.

“I think that sissy needs a little help,” laughed Tracy. “Suddenly he’s gone all shy!”

The feet on either side of Edward and his PVC lover stepped back a little and the cane swept down onto the cheeks of his ass making him jump and shriek.

“Give her a little kiss,” said Aunt Judith, her laughter almost making her words impossible to understand. “Foreplay, that’s the way to do it!”

Edward kissed the doll’s face on the lips and almost gagged. The smell of the plastic was almost like soap, it filled his senses and he knew that he could never get hard enough to perform for the women who tormented him.

A touch.

A hand was brushing over the cheeks of his ass. A finger ran the length of the cleft lightly and touched his balls. Then it moved back, slowly sinking into him until it reached his back. Another hand, strong and firm slapped one cheek and then moved to that cleft. Fingers probed and slipped deep. The edge of a nail touched the clenched the bump of his ass-hole while fingers held him open and Edward realised that the stimulus was bringing back his erection. He could feel the stiffening, trapped between the thighs of his vinyl lover.

“Sissies like being fucked,” said Tracy’s voice from far away.

The finger pushed slowly into him and Edward gasped. He had never even imagined something like this. It probed deep inside him and a hand reached between his thighs and took his stiffening prick in hand to guide it to the dry lips of the doll’s cunt. Edward could not help himself, he pushed home to feel a strange grip on him from the doll. It seemed as if his weight was making her tighter and every thrust just tightened the doll’s grip on him as she slid home while the finger in his ass moved and drove him to thrust harder.

“Tell her you love her!”

Aunt Hannah’s words seemed to come from on high. Edward moved his lips, but no sound came. He had to come, he had to fuck. The urge was so intense that his hips moved ever more rapidly up and down as the finger withdrew and the cane swept down to punish him for his gratification.

No pleasure without pain...

Those had been Aunt Hannah’s words to him, her promise to make him suffer

for every moment of relief. As he thrust, as Edward fucked, the cane was plied with ever increasing severity. Each stroke another welt, another scarlet line on thighs and buttocks. Each stroke another thrust into the doll as Edward sweated and did his best to please her.

“I can’t hear you!”

His mind whirled, he was on the very cusp of climax, the doll’s lips seemed to move in silent spoken words before his staring eyes, moving in sympathy as he crushed her with his weight.

“I love you,” he yelped as the cane crossed his thighs with a stinging stroke. His cock thrust home and he came. A flood of pent-up need released as the women who had him in their claws laughed and revelled in their control.

There was one last stroke of the cane.

Almost an afterthought as his thighs clenched with the shudders of post-orgasmic stress. It swished down and punctuated the loss of his virginity with a final full-stop, causing him to scream a thin scream of agony.

Edward lay there.

He slumped on the doll who squirmed under him, his cock slowly shrivelling from her sopping cunt. Her expression was still one of shock and helpless willingness to fuck. Her eyes open and bright blue, her cheeks rose-pink, soft plastic that was warm to the touch. In the background, Edward could hear the chuckles and chatter of his two Aunts and their intimate friend.

He lifted his thighs and looked back at them.

The cane had been carelessly tossed on the table. The bulky form of a Polaroid camera close by and the three malevolent women who inspected their trove of photos and tried to decide which picture was most suitable for the words that they had chosen for his advert in the contact magazine.

Domme seeking G/B Dom partner. Her sissy trans slave needs rigorous supervision! AS. ATM. BDSM. PM. RR. No fees, only genuine lifestyle doms need apply.

Aunty Hannah was looking for a new partner...

The End

“Three Times Three”

By

Miss Irene Clearmont

Waxings and Wanings

Your Author

This short tale is a conceit, from a writer who knows no safe words, for there are none in her vocabulary. It is dedicated to all those who have stuck with me through thick and thin. Those that bought my writings. Those that have read and enjoyed them and those that pretend to understand them, for the author herself, certainly does not...

- Irene

Selene

Selene's average albedo is 0.12

No one has ever set foot on Selene.

No one ever will.

Ever...

She orbits no one, she has all the gravity.

She remains inviolate, distant, untouchable...

You will understand by the end and come back to this...

Opening Introductions

*The moon is high,
in indigo sky,
To lover's lust and lovers' sigh.
Untouchable is she,
no reasoning why,
There is no man,
with whom she'd fly.*

Miss Irene Clearmont

Stanza One

Interview with a Slut

“I see that you have some experience as a receptionist,” said James Carmann QC with a small smile. “After college, three years receptionist at an ophthalmic surgery and then six months in a jewellery shop. Mm. Tell me a little about yourself and what you think that you can bring to the job that the other candidates cannot?”

He sat back in his chair and put his fingertips together. Natalie smiled nervously and started her little speech. Despite her youth there was something more mature about the girl.

“I am customer focussed, friendly and able to deal with difficult clients,” she said. “I know that my typing is a little slow and that I have never did achieve much in school, but I believe that I have a lot to give... I have this as well...”

Natalie placed a small folder on the desk with a smile and he picked it up and flicked through the photos.

“My ambition is to become a model,” she said. “Lingerie, dessous and jewellery are a sort of specialisation...”

“That’s very good,” he said with a small smile as he looked at the revealing photos and then back to the primly dressed young woman he was interviewing.

“Of course, many of the candidates for this job are far better qualified and experienced than you and it would require something special... We are looking for a person who goes that extra mile, who realises that a job like this is not just sitting behind a desk and greeting our clients; in other words, a person who has the company’s best interests at heart and can display skills that are, perhaps, not appropriately listed on a curriculum.”

As he spoke, Natalie nodded vacantly and James leaned forward to emphasise his point. Nathalie was one of three candidates for the job. By far and away the most attractive, by far the most poorly-qualified. James took in the wide eyes, the pert nose, the slim neck and the impressive rounded breasts that he could not easily pull his eyes from.

“Some qualifications are, shall we say, innate. Natural abilities that come to the fore when it is necessary to go that bit further! Of course, the post is just part time at the moment, three late afternoons a week...”

“Ooh,” said Nathalie almost with a slight lisp. “I like the sound of that!”

“As senior partner, I decide who is taken on,” said James. “That means that you must impress me, here and now! What can you show me that will convince me?”

It seemed that at last, Nathalie was starting to understand what he was hinting at and she smiled brightly and unbuttoned the top button of her top. The effect of that one button being loosened caused a cascade, as all of the buttons below then popped open and the glory of her large breasts were to be seen, nipples hazed by the silky lace, they seemed to swell and James knew that he was hooked.

“Is that enough, or is the competition even stronger?”

James could feel a rising need. The girl was like a living Barbie-doll, all curves and swellings, toned and tanned. Brash makeup, all pinks and apricots. Lips pouting as she fumbled to close the buttons.

“The competition is very keen so far,” he lied and he could feel his tone grow hoarse as he contemplated the mindless girl struggling to do up her top even as her hands pushed those delicious breasts upward.

“This is nice desk,” said Nathalie in a complete switch of subject as if the huge desk was at all important. “Would I get a desk like this one?”

James started to chuckle, but the sound stopped abruptly as he felt the heel of her stiletto run the course of his calf.

“It could be such a good hiding place!” she lisped.

He gasped as the heel reached his ankle, lifted and then came to rest on the edge of his seat, the sole of her shoe pressing forward between his thighs to push at his growing erection.

“Hiding place?” he croaked.

Interviews rarely moved this quickly.

James, selecting suitable candidates for his lust, firing each when they became stale or threatened his marriage or were simply becoming a bore. Nathalie was turning the pages of his script at a furious pace, often it took well over a week and a few threats to reach this point!

Her smile disappeared below the lip of the desk and she was gone. Hands opening his knees and her body between his thighs. There was a pause and the delicate bra was placed on the far side of the desk by a fumbling manicured hand coming from below and he heard her voice from under the desk, laced with a coquettish girlish tone.

“Breasts or lips?”

James looked down to his lap for the first time to see her fluttering eyelashes, the full lips and the plump hanging breasts that now hid her knees.

“Lips,” he said and almost immediately regretted the choice and then he was glad.

“My favourite...”

Nathalie’s hands slowly undid his pants and long fingers slid into the gap to grasp his erection and press down the material of his trousers. She smiled and then looked down at the small thing in her hands and cooed.

“I have a bit of a thing for smaller men,” she said. “and, they have a bit of a thing for me...”

Her lips opened, her eyes looked up at him and she slipped over him, taking him into the wetness as her tongue lapped the length of him.

“Oh, fuck,” breathed James. “Jesus Christ, you are so good...”

Her face lifted and his cock slid from her lips.

“Am I getting the job?” she asked. “tell me if you need more experience from me...”

“Mm,” was all that he could say as the face buried itself in his crotch again, swallowing him whole. Massaging and sucking as he started to feel himself fall.

Her hands flat on his thighs, her lips on the root of him, the lacy bra on the desk, the sounds of her draining him, the smooth neck and back that rippled and James knew that he had found the candidate who exactly fitted his requirements.

“Are you ready to come, Sir?” she asked before she swallowed him yet again.

“Oh, fuck yes...”

The small point of no return, the coursing of blood in his head, the blonde on her knees with her eyes open and his balls gave their best... their all.

A moment later, Nathalie was sitting in front of the desk again. Her tongue was licking a small drop of creamy come from her lips and James Carmann was signing the employment contract.

This time, she had no problem closing her top.

Interview with a Courtesan

Pale creamy brick, Georgian and four storeys tall.

A curved row of houses, each with a portico, shallow steps to the door as if time had stood still and a carriage and four would, at any moment, clatter to a halt and liveried coachmen would open the door of the carriage. Now, black limousines were parked where the coaches had pulled to, the houses were embassies or offices and only a few still were occupied as residences.

They had secrets, those houses between Mayfair and Park Lane. Legations with consuls that had become rich upon the backs of the poverty-stricken lands that they purported to represent. Dictatorships that declaimed in the language of democracy and freedom, but oppressed like petty tyrants. Occasional residences of men who professed emphatic religious beliefs that they contradicted in secluded casinos and brothels, when out of the public eye. Another address, a discreet place where clients surrendered themselves to debauched pastimes, yet another a so-private bank that concealed client's incomes as well as it hid its own purpose to the street.

Omar Abdullah Qum entered the street from the bustle of Grosvenor Square and strolled past the familiar Georgian houses. To a detached onlooker he would have looked like a Middle-Eastern tourist who had wandered from the shops and emporiums of Regent Street in error. Jeans and a worn leather jacket, scuffed trainers and a camera slung at his neck. Today he was alone, the bodyguards and minders, chauffeurs and hangers-on discarded, and left far behind as he sought that which was his oh-so private pleasure.

Unselfconsciously, he stepped the five broad steps to the door and pressed the

bell. Subtle, but on this house, there was no brass sign proclaiming the-not-so-subtle subtle business that was transacted within. The net curtains prevented any peek at the interiors, it looked as if it were one of the few on the row that were actually private residences. In a way it was, those that inhabited the house possibly lived here, but also, they entertained their paying guests...

Perhaps more than private.

The door opened, and Omar stepped into the hallway. Now he could see the pretty domestic that stood almost out of sight in the shadows and a rising sense of need rose in him that always materialised when that faint fragrance of rose-attar reached his nostrils. The door closed, leaving the hallway in shadows and the maid silently turned and led him up the stairway. The click of her heels on the stone, the bouquet that filled his senses, the perfectly straight seams of stockings with a small hint at each step of the creamy thighs. This was what he paid for, this is what made the fantasy perfect. The seamless delusion of perfection that made his fantasy whole.

At the top of the stairs, a balustrade swept with a view of the antechamber of the house, the maid leading Omar ever deeper into the only place in the world where the realities of his life were ignored, the arms-deals and deceits were of no importance and the power that he revelled in were naught and just dust at her feet. The maid beckoned him with a crooked finger, the small mask over her face like porcelain.

Omar had never seen the faces of the women who drifted like dreams, masked and inviolate, they were the rulers in this small haven of femininity. The maid could be the mistress of the house, the mistress the maid, Omar would never know. The feminine mystery all part of the experience.

He answered to the gloved beckoning finger and entered the hallows.

A room with shadows. A bedroom where sleep was never entertained, but dreams were lived in this world of sorrows. The door closed and Omar smiled at his conceits. This was what his riches bought and he was such a dilettante. On the inside of the door was no handle, permission to leave was entirely at the mercy of his mistress. The bed, with discrete fetters, the wardrobe a cell where a man could pay in solitary for his minor misdeeds. The wooden chest that was both a whipping stool and confinement for those who disobeyed, the changing room where a man could be chained at the feet of the woman who selected her costume.

For years, Omar had frequented this house, this room and the women that were paid to play. Carefully, he stripped and folded his clothes, placing them out of sight in the small chest that hid the costumes of the real world from this one. Naked, he was impressive, toned and sculptured, masculine and strong. His breathing moved from shallow to deep, his manhood swelling and his excitement rising.

This is what he paid for in gold. This deep moment when he transformed from Omar Abdullah Qum, the man at the centre of a web of violence to become the man who would serve a bright silver goddess who held the reins of power, here in her domain.

The door opened and Omar gasped...

...as he always did.

Femininity, sexuality and allure. In matt black, a costume that moulded to every curve of her body. Covering every inch of skin, an integument that fitted so perfectly that not even a crease was to be seen as she moved. Only her eyes and the very tips of her fingers uncovered. A long ponytail of platinum white-blonde

hair flowing from the opening in the hood, trailing like electrum over her shoulders.

Her hips and narrow waist, a dangling bell between her thighs that tinkled as it swayed with each step. From the smooth triangle stood a fearsome instrument of violation. Her feet arched in tightly laced boots, the only adornment breaking the blackness of her body, a tiny gold key that hung from her wrist as she trailed the long whip behind her to snake on the thick carpet.

The goddess' eyes inspected him, devouring every naked inch, from his strong-jawed face to the locked gold ring between his thighs. The hand with the whip twitched, causing a smooth wave to ripple the length of the braided leather and Omar fell to his knees and bent his face to the floor. Now the pointed toes of her boots came into his view, presented themselves at his lips for the greeting that was expected.

He felt nails drag on his back and Omar shivered with yearning. Every order, every service demanded was silent, a small movement of the hand, the kiss of that whip, a hand that would run a sharp nail the length of him, the movement of a boot. His eyes took in the needle-like spurs that formed a serried row of agony from heel to the very tips of her spikes and he knew that today he would be ridden like a mare, fucked like a whore and forced to come in a fountain across the patent leather that stretched over her feet.

The boot moved with its owner, turning on the point of a heel to present the savage spurs that would be blessed by his lips before they tore at the flesh of his flanks. A symbol of acceptance that was required, each tool of her superiority being blessed before ruthlessly being used to make him implore for her to take him.

Force a fountain of gratification.

The tail of the whip pulled through his vision, pulling Omar to follow to the place that she had decided would be suitable for his punishment. Ofttimes the bed, occasionally the rings set in the walls, this time the padded chest where he would be whipped with languid strokes.

Omar crawled at her feet, not daring to look up at the woman that owned him so easily. Paid but no servant. He mounted the chest, with arms dangling and thighs parting, his erect cock pressed against the hard wood. Only one restraint was needed to hold him helpless for his silver mistress. A thin chain that locked to the broad ring that circled his balls. It sufficed to pin him to the place where the punishment would begin, prevent him slipping from her grasp...

He felt the length of the whip draw over his back and thighs in a slow prelude. The points of her nails on his hard erection, the small sound of the bell as she enjoyed the tension and lengthened the interval between surrender and that agony to come. He saw her legs and ankles, the knees parting as she squatted and gently took the bell in her fingers. The chain tightened, an opening became visible below the hard-black cock at her groin. The flesh swelled forth, taut and smooth, the single mark of recognition revealed. No larger than the touch of a fingertip, the symbol that was his entire focus. From a pack of cards, a spade symbol in black that perched over the opening of that heavenly slit. Wet with her touch, marking the limit of the opening that he had never been permitted to serve.

She stood, he craned to keep her glistening skin in view, but the touch of a hand pressed upon the back of his head and only her boots were to be seen. A focus as the first stroke of the whip took his breath away and the punishment began.

Omar cried in anguish and then the braided whip cracked again.

Soon the spurs would urge him ever further into her world.

He would be mounted and taken like a bitch.

And then, he would lick her boots...

Beg her to punish him forever.

Interview with a Consort

“Not now darling, I’m just getting ready... Get your hands off me and go away, I’m in no mood to get frisky!”

The husband retreated from her seated figure and stared longingly at the woman who was deeply preoccupied with plucking her eyebrows. Her long fingers used the tweezers with small sharp movements, her nails almost as long as the metal that clicked between them. Every little thing was perfect, carefully groomed and primped to perfection. At thirty, Selene had lost much of her youth, but, in its place, had arrived a flawlessness that no immature woman could possibly have emulated.

“Just get Emily to do your tie and wait for me in the hall...”

Frederic looked one last longing time at his wife and picked up a tie.

“Not that one, dear, the red one! You know how I hate blue and it would so clash with my dress...”

His hand dropped the blue tie, his favourite, and picked up the red one that she had already prepared for him.

“Get the car out ready when you are dressed and wait in the hall. I will be along in just a few moments to make sure that everything is in order.”

With a last look at his wife, now attending to her eyeliner, Frederic slipped from the room to search for Emily.

He found her in the kitchen and mutely held out the red tie.

“One moment,” she said as she washed flour and fat from her hands and moved behind him.

That was his life, he thought. If he wasn’t waiting for Selene, he was waiting for some other woman. Her strong hands lifted his collar and tied the red silk with a flourish, pulling the wings tight and centring the knot.

“There, you look perfect,” said Emily as she moved around to check on her work. “Now run along and get the car out, I have to get Ma’am’s fur stole from the cloakroom.”

Frederic ran along.

Rolling the huge Mercedes parallel to the steps and then stepping back into the hall to wait for Selene. For a moment, he considered smoking a small cigar outside while he waited, but he knew that it would just invite a disdainful look from Selene.

As always, she arrived in state. Stepping down the wide steps as if arriving to receive an Oscar. The deep red-black shimmers of the sheath that ran from low décolletage to her ankles, the outrageously high heels, the perfectly matched

small purse on her shoulder and the long arms enveloped in tight smooth gloves with finger tips emerging to show the perfect manicure.

Selene reached the bottom of the staircase and waited as Emily added the thick black stole to her shoulders and adjusted it to drape just so. At last, she smiled as she caught sight of herself in the mirror by the door.

“All of the men will be so jealous of you,” she said with a smile.

There was no doubt that she was correct, but Selene was referring to herself

Selene would be crowded by all those rich men who wished that they had wives who were even half as attractive as her. If they only knew the truth, they would not be so eager... Selene was untouchable, perfect and so very distant. Once a year, perhaps, Frederic was permitted to touch her silver flawlessness, sully her with his sweaty desperation...

He opened the door and Selene sailed past, the stirring air of her passing carrying the perfume of her past his nostrils, leaving behind a rigidity that matched her inflexibility.

Her favourite, attar of white roses... it filled the car as they rode.

Her foot extended, the shapely leg. The heel kissed the red carpet and Selene slid, fluid and desirable, just a few steps as her husband tossed the keys to the valet. She did not offer an arm or a hand to him, he found himself a pace behind

as she passed the doorman as if floating and then, they were inside the milling crowd.

As Suez parted before Moshe, Selene carried all before her.

Those at this élite event were peacocks displaying both their wealth and compassion for all to see. Cash and hearts on their sleeves, proving their social status and benevolence at the yearly charity ball.

If Selene had been fascinating and faultless before, now she was desirable and perfect. Frederic trailed in her wake, noticing the lustful stares from the men and green envy from the women. She kissed without touching, leaving her lipstick unsullied. Greeted even those that she only knew by sight, feeling her way to the very centre of the multitude, greeting with small nods and acknowledgements until she slid into the knot of men and women who were the heart of her world.

Bankers and traders, politicians, movers and shakers. Many with no real well-defined source of wealth. A few words here and a few there, as if to prove that her mind matched her body, words that were paid attention-to seriously while the men with their near-perfect companions secretly speculated on her charms and stripped her in their imaginations.

Frederic added his own few words and comments, but they were passed over as of no import and he became silent and reached for her hand. Selene shook him off with a small disdainful glance, leaving him in her shadow, while she made love to her attentive following. Inside he boiled with indignation, but his face bore a smile, as they made their way to the table marked with their names.

Three couples, as close to the podium as was possible, each couple representative of the entire room. To the left of Frederic, a handsome Arabic man and his wife fashionably swathed in silk. To the right a European with his pretty, but dumpy wife in a mass of jewellery and make-up. By Frederic's side, Selene, the wife who treated him as a door opener, a fashion accessory and a passport to the events that she revelled in.

The speeches began, the endless ego-stroking of those with everything who deigned to throw a few coppers to the less fortunate they disdained and despised.

Frederic sat and watched the occupiers of the seats at the table rather than the various luminaries that took their places at the podium in tedious succession. He imagined their stories, indulged his fantasies of their companions and suddenly realised that he was jealous.

Selene the perfect, Selene the empress of femininity and cold sexual desire, Selene the woman so out of his reach! Selene the flawless wife. She was all these things and more but, most of all she was Selene the untouchable.

Selene the unreachable, Selene the queen of lost hope, Queen of tears, Mistress of inaccessibility, Selene the wife who had Frederic in the palm of her hand. Selene who doled out sex as a miser donates to the unfortunate.

Frederic knew that the only thing keeping her by his side, was that prenup, the three sheets of paper that would leave her on the street. If he divorced her, and he never would, then she would get millions, if she divorced him, then there was nothing for her. Nothing at all.

A delicate trap indeed for both. The winner was the one that managed to hold out beyond the stamina of the other.

It was Frederic that was at the point of cracking... but Selene just had to be in complete control.

Always.

Intermediate Elaborations

Safe Sex

On Friday, by the afternoon, the office always ground to a halt, staff leaving early, as soon as they completed their tasks, as the barristers and legal clerks headed for their weekend homes. All apart from a last one-or-two who might spend the weekend in the empty office researching or preparing their briefs for Monday.

Nathalie idled at her computer, ignoring the others that chatted the afternoon away. While she read, she practiced the signature of a man who had died years before. The illegible scribble of a man who had signed a million documents or more in his life, a man that she had met just once.

She sat at the small desk tucked by James' door while he interviewed a client, guarding the door and smiling vacantly across the emptying office. Knowing smirks from the other office workers, and the way that they avoided her socially showed that they understood exactly the reason that the attractive woman had been hired. What her offices skills consisted of...

In a couple of months', she would be gone again and another large-breasted secretary would take her place. It did not seem that Nathalie took offense, she sat quietly, typing the one or two letters that were required and slipped into the senior partner's office occasionally and the others winked and made comments.

The frosted glass door opened and a couple emerged from the office and, without a word to each other, they strode through the office in a hurry as if they could not even bear to breathe the same air. James appeared and looked over his domain. He leaned on the frame of the door and shrugged before beckoning Nathalie inside.

Nathalie took the top page of her pad and dropped the sheet into the shredder by her desk.

“Nathalie, if you please...” said James.

She smiled up at him and slowly stood. Every movement of the girl seemed a provocation. The slow way she pulled her legs under the chair and stood, the way that she walked with a tip of the hips. Her straight carriage and fluttering eyelashes. As the door closed one of the middle--aged secretaries made a small ‘Pfaw’ sound that signified disdain and she pushed her breasts out in imitation of the frosty -blonde who was undoubtedly already closing her lips around a rigid cock.

“Mr and Mrs Prior will be returning on Monday to sign these,” said James, indicating a neat document bound with a red ribbon. “The final settlement.”

“Sir,” said Nathalie indifferently.

James looked at her and was struck by the contrast to Nathalie’s intelligence and her physical beauty. One was definitely lacking, the other made up for it in spades. He started to wonder if he would have to explain it in words of one syllable...

“I want you here on Monday morning first thing...”

She looked at the papers and then back to his face.

“I’m sorry, but Monday I have a booking at the tanning studio...”

James felt himself frustrated by her insouciance and pointed again at the papers. Now he spoke in slow tones as if Nathalie was a child.

“This is very important, Nathalie, because I won’t be here. All you have to do is to make sure that Mike is here to sign as witness after the Pierces sign and then place the file in my safe...”

“I really just can’t miss my appointment,” persisted Nathalie. “I have to purge the bikini line before my holiday! I thought that I was only supposed to work on Thursday and Friday...”

James nodded.

Nathalie was white as snow, no sign at all of a tan...

“I understand, but this is very important and I can’t just go giving access to my safe to anybody! Come in on Monday and you can take the rest of the week off...”

She looked at him as though calculating the deal and then smiled. The balance seemed in equilibrium.

“If you insist. But, if you’re not here on Monday, what will I do the rest of the day?”

“Go home,” he muttered.

“Oh, that’s nice, I suppose that I should thank you?”

She lowered to her knees and looked up at him with blinking eyes. Her hands raised to his crotch and started to unzip his pants, but he stopped her and, grasping her wrists pulled her standing.

“I have to show you how to open the safe...”

“No need, I’ll just put it all in my desk...”

“No, these need to be locked away,” he said. “On Monday, when Mike gives you the files, put the papers in the safe, and then go to your appointment. That’s all. I’ll be back on Wednesday from my long weekend and will sort the rest out...”

“With your wife?”

The only time that Nathalie ever became animated was when another woman was mentioned. Almost as if other women were the only thing that could bring her into the real world from her inverted universe of manicures, tanning studios,

fashion and beauty magazines.

“Of course, I promised her a jaunt on the yacht...”

“Oh, that’s nice,” she said unconvincingly.

Another strange thing with Nathalie, thought James to himself. This was the first bimbo that he had ever hired who seemed to have no ambition at all to supplant his wife. She sucked his cock as he slipped it between her breasts, mounted him with enthusiasm on his office chair and the occasional night in a hotel, pushed him to the point of sexual madness with her body, but ambitions of marrying him... there seemed to be none! If she were not so totally brainless, Nathalie would have been perfect, but even after just three weeks he was starting to realise that she could not even manage the most basic of tasks.

“Let me show you,” he said as he led her by the hand. “This is how to open it...”

Nathalie stood and watched as he punched in a number on the keypad and dragged a finger on the fingerprint sensor. The safe made a small sound, a beep and James swung the heavy door open to reveal tightly packed shelves piled with files.

“Put your finger here,” he muttered, taking her hand.

Somehow the hand ended up slipping into the top of his pants and he gasped as fingers grasped him. Her body pressed against his and her lips pouted to meet

his.

“Wherever you want...” she breathed.

It took a monumental effort for him to pull her hand free and hold the finger on the reader and she seemed genuinely disappointed that he wanted her to program the safe and not his obviously needy prick.

“A number as well,” he muttered. “1234...”

Best to give the emptyheaded bitch an easy number... Anyway, on Wednesday he would take her off the system again.

“1234,” she repeated as though struggling to learn.

James took her through opening the safe and pointed to the small space at the top of the pile of papers inside.

“Put the file there,” he said as he swung the door closed again and heard the click of the safe closing. “It’s very important that you close the safe properly. Then you can go to your appointment...”

“It’s all very complicated,” breathed Nathalie. “Numbers and switches, it’s not really what I am good at, at all.”

She slipped to her knees and her hands burrowed into his pants. In a moment, she had freed his manhood and was cooing at it swelling to show the sensitive tip poking from her palm where her tongue lapped a moment before looking up. James' face was contorted with his struggle to resist, his eyes took in the rounded breasts, the plump lips and the smile that was about to become his pleasure hole.

“Stop, Nathalie...” he breathed, but his will and need balanced on the cusp and a first dribble of precum was already being lapped by willing lips.

“Your cute little cocky needs emptying,” she said slowly and her hand retreated as lips closed around him. “I can do that...”

“Fuck,” he breathed, and all that he could do was surrender to the wetness and suction that pulled him into her face.

A female voice outside the office door.

James jumped away from the kneeling woman and had just managed to pull his zipper high as the door to the office opened and a short overweight woman stormed in.

“Like this?” asked Nathalie, switching from bitch to secretary in an instant.

Kneeling by the safe, she ran her finger over the sensor and punched in her code.

The safe clicked and the door swung open. Nathalie looked up at her boss and licked a dribble of come from her lower lip.

“Er, perfect,” said James as he looked up to see his wife standing watching.

“I have been waiting in reception ten minutes,” she said. “The flight is in three hours...”

“I just had to finish off here,” said James. He turned back to the kneeling bimbo and said, “Now close it...”

She shut the safe door and it clicked and whirred.

“Is that right, James?”

“Everything is perfect,” he said to her. “Now remember. The Priors sign with Mike as witness, then you place the file in the safe and that’s it...”

James’ wife stood with her hands on her hips looking down at the vision of sexuality that smiled serenely back at her and made a small sound in her throat.

“Now, we have to leave now!” she insisted.

As if to prove her possession of James, his wife linked him and dragged him towards the door.

“Straight to the airport, the luggage is in the limo...”

The door closed and Nathalie slowly stood. She wandered to the door and opened it. The office was empty but for a single woman sitting at her desk and a man with a trolley who was piling papers on his cart for shredding. With a little wiggle of the hips, she sat back at her desk and started filing her nails.

Half an hour later, the office was empty. One of the reception-security passed through and latched at the blonde at the desk who seemed to be idly surfing the Internet before passed on to the rest of his hourly round.

On the screen, documents appeared and disappeared. The standard formats of agreements and contracts. Nathalie seemed to have cast off her inattentive mood and flicked through them to find the one that she was looking for. A touch of the mouse and the printer behind her spat out the document onto letterheaded paper and she gathered it and flicked the pages to check that it was complete.

Document in hand, Nathalie entered James' office and opened the safe with a few touches and started to search. It seemed that the vast stack of documents was sorted to a simple order. Oldest at the bottom, each bundle bound with a coloured ribbon that denoted a year.

“Seventeen, sixteen, fifteen...” she counted under her breath as the years flicked by.

Reaching ten, she carefully pulled the bundle free and held her breath. Either they were here or in the depository in the basement. She could only hope that they were here, because the depository would be difficult to search. To gain entry to... She remembered a blue cover on the document that she sought and pulled all three blue folders out carefully, making sure that order was maintained.

It was the second...

A blue bound folder with just ten pieces of paper. She opened it and felt her heart clap with recognition. The prenup, the jackpot! It was then that she realised a problem. The newly printed papers in her hand had the new letterhead, the contents of the folder had the old-style logo. A serious problem, but one that she had already anticipated.

It had to be perfect.

The office was still empty, the security guard would not return for forty minutes. Rapidly she matched the letterheads to the various small bundles of papers in her desk drawer before settling on a match. Once again, she printed the papers and folded the other copy to place it in her voluminous handbag.

Back in James' office she switched the new copies to the blue cover and initialled all the sheets before ending with a flourish at the bottom. Then she worked her way through the sheets again, this time with her well-practiced copy of her pathetic husband's signature. Last touch was the witness.

Instead of copying his mark, she added the squiggle of a lawyer who had died three years before. The only real risk, but it ensured that he could not be called in to verify his penmanship. James and her husband would not remember who had been called in to witness the document...

Reassembling the stack for two-thousand and ten, she carefully put the safe back into order and breathed a sigh as the safe clicked closed. She locked the office, rooted through her drawers to make sure that no personal items remained and then dusted it down carefully with tissues that she then ran through the shredder.

Satisfied that everything was in order, Nathalie slipped from the office into the steep stairwell of the fire escape and took off her shoes. She padded down the ten stories, going down, but her mood was on the up and up. At last she was at the bottom where two doors presented themselves. One past security, the other with a simple push bar to the street.

With shoes back on, she pulled her hair back and tied it in place before slipping on the baseball cap folded in her purse. Then she reached up to a small metal box just over the door. Nathalie could just about reach with her heels on and she lifted the lid and pulled the green wire carefully from its clip. When she slipped from the building, into the alley at the back of the offices, all that the outside camera saw was a woman in black, face covered, carefully looking away who strolled out of view.

The recording feed was most unfortunately, now disconnected.

Unsafe Sex

Omar felt the warmth of her foot through the leather.

The slight indentations between the toes where his lips pressed, the stiffness of the surface giving a little to allow that intimate awareness. Something treasured, something that she was giving without realising it. A small secret knowledge that somehow gave him just a little power over the situation. The foot moved slightly, urging him to attend to it as she demanded and he kept his eyes down to avoid another stroke of the long cane in her hand.

He was just an animal at her feet, a pet that she played with and trained for her amusement, as though the vast sums that he paid her were of no consequence. Just the three of them. The mistress, the pet and the maid who stood now by the door. Two of the occupants of the bedroom were masked, Omar would never know who they were, he was gagged, but recognisably Omar, even though his jaws were held wide and his body was criss-crossed by tight straps and the purple welts of his beating.

Mistress almost never spoke, she just required. A small tap on his rear, caused Omar to move slowly across the floor. Crawling on elbows and knees, his hands and feet fettered to shoulders and thighs. Helpless and ungainly, truly at the mercy of the goddess who owned him even though he had bought her.

There was no safe word, no limits to any scene. The limits were set by the latex deity whom he served. The only boundary was the joint knowledge that he might not return to the anonymous house in Mayfair. When he had finally arrived at where his mistress required, he found that he was looking up at the golden throne that she had installed for this moment. Plush velvet seat, lion's paws for

feet and a high back that would frame the user from below. Omar saw her ankles pass his face and she sat on the throne in state, looking down at him with a small smile. Omar looked up and felt a dribble of drool leave his lips to drip from his chin.

The scene was so powerful that he forgot that he had paid for this, that he was the client and she the servitor. Instead he marvelled at her body, the long legs emphasised by smooth latex, the knitted and knotted laces of her boots, the small bell that hung from the chain that fell over the edge of her throne and the rounded breasts that overhung her thighs.

He marvelled at the intense need in him.

Her hair was black, black as pitch. It flowed from the suit in a mist over her shoulders and suddenly Omar wondered if this was the same woman as last time! She had been blonde, almost to whiteness... The mask of her face, matte and smooth seemed the same. Her build and the intimacy with which she controlled him were all the same, but a doubt filled him and suddenly he was thrown from the fantasy by his thoughts.

Mistress opened herself for him.

The same small tattoo, the same delicious sex that parted at the opening. The same hands that stroked herself and the same red lips that opened slightly to emit a slow sigh of satisfaction. She was the same, but different! This time, there was something altered in her mien. A subtle contentment that had not been there last week and Omar started to wonder at his sensitivity to her mood.

The cane in her hand was a birch rod, stripped of bark to whiteness. Six feet of almost-whip with a red-stained tattered tip that spoke of the punishment that he endured so far. It dipped and then speeded, laying a stroke along the length of his back, causing him to jump a little just as he felt hands behind him. Parting the cheeks of his ass and the slight murmur of someone behind him, pressing at his raised feet and parting him as if to...

Omar gurgled, another drip of drool strung from chin to floor and something hard started to enter him from behind. It pressed against him, adding pressure as it found its mark. Fingers held his ringed balls and played with them, before closing to a grip that would not allow him to escape being fucked.

Violated by the maid...

He looked hopelessly at mistress on her throne.

She had opened her thighs and leaned towards him and her lips seemed to curve into a wry smile. Her hands took the bell and shook it before pulling just a little to force the zipper up between her legs. He watched as flesh was exposed, from the tattoo to her belly. A smooth hairless skin that was the most Omar had ever seen of her.

“This is the penultimate time...”

It was not the first time that the willing slave had ever heard his mistress' voice. But, it was a rare moment that she deigned to speak to her slave. She had a low voice that entranced him. He so wanted to speak, to beg to serve that perfect cunt, but all that emerged was a gurgle as the maid behind him pressed home and

the tip of the rod in mistress' hand touched his lower back.

“Good boy,” she said with a small laugh. “The time has come for you to be used... fucked. I will fuck you, bitch, you just don't know it yet!”

The hand lifted, the long arc of the willow with it, and Omar gasped as he was pierced. Never before had another directly taken part in their games, everything was different. He could feel his cock strain and jerk, rubbing on his belly as it reached full extent. The hand slowly crept over naked skin and parted that delicious hole, to show that it was as wet as his drooling mouth.

Teased and played.

Now he could feel the maid's thighs pressing him hard. Fully inside him, she moved a little to fuck him slowly. A cadence of thighs and gasping as the sweet spot was found and Omar made a small sound that could have been the whining of a puppy, but from the mouth of a man who was imprisoned by the fantasy. He watched mistress, she filled his vision and he knew that he was her slave forever...

A mounting pressure inside. He could not resist, this was the deepest the fantasy had ever been. Not because of the violation, not because he was fettered like an animal. Not because she was in complete control, but because there was a feeling of intimacy and connection that had never been extant before.

Mistress came with a sigh. A gentle climax that welled from within her perfection and had little to do with the fingers that strummed at her clitoris. She leaned forward to watch as her helpless slave gasped and shuddered in the throes

of his own surrender. Fucked by the maid who had found that location deep inside that triggered release that was unaccompanied by climax.

His prick jerked up and down at each stroke, his gasping mouth wider than the ring that held it open. The rocking of his bound body, muscles flexing and wracking as he was forced to drain.

“The penultimate...” she repeated to him as though to a child as her finger reached down to follow his chin. “The last is by far and away the best fuck of all!”

Omar’s mind was amazed by her words. How could she do this to him? How could she bring this to an end? Just when it was bearing low sweet fruit? How much would he have to pay to be her only slave? Twice what he was paying, ten times?

The waters broke, the hard cock of the maid pressed home one last time and then slowly withdrew, but it was too late to prevent the deluge. The flood of come that drained from his cock to the floor as sensation was replaced by a void.

It seemed that mistress was satisfied and she flicked her wrist to disconnect her maid from her client. The touch of willow on a shoulder and a retreat. Omar felt himself seal closed and then the dribble of come that welled from his ass and dripped warm down his thighs.

He saw her hands lower and then felt their touch as the gag was stripped from his face. Still panting with the aftermath of being taken from behind he looked up and saw that mistress was covering herself. Pulling at the tiny bell, the ripe, slick flesh became a smooth rounded surface of latex where just a hint of her form was implied by the path of the teeth of the zipper.

“Next time is the last,” she said. “If...”

Omar managed to speak.

“The last? Please, please, mistress...”

She placed a finger on her lips to signal him to silence.

“I have decided. When I decide it is the end, then it is the end...”

He moved his lips, but knew better than to speak.

“That’s good! Next time I think that you will be rewarded with something that you have never been permitted to experience,” she said in that sweet voice.

“Perhaps!”

Omar could feel the come trickle on his thighs as though it was the only contact on his skin. As though the resting willow wand on his back were not there. As though the straps that bound him tight did not exist, as though the ache in his limbs did not exist.

“Then there is this...”

Her hand extended and the tiny gold key hung from its chain.

“It is yours forever,” said Omar. “I never want to be released!”

“How sweet, but in the end, every man must part from his mother’s arms. Even you!”

He looked down and swayed a little to kiss the toes of her boots.

“What do I have to do?”

“There is nothing that you can do, it is at the end. Another will be here, another who will take you in hand and teach you respect. Train you to give yourself...”

Omar’s eyes filled with tears and mistress reached down to pat his head.

“Such sweet sorrow,” she whispered. “That I shall say good night till it be morrow.”

“I can never change your mind?” he asked hopelessly.

You can never change my mind,” she smiled. “But you can make the last assignation perfect for me. Then the key will be passed and you will belong to

another!”

Her hand plucked a small envelope from the side of the chair and passed it to his mouth. His lips closed on it and he looked up as a tear bled down his cheek.

Mistress unfolded like a flower. A black rose that swelled and became a standing vision in black. She patted Omar on the top of his head and slowly walked from the room.

An hour later, Omar Abdullah Qum, purveyor of death and destruction, sat in the small café and opened the envelope with care. Inside was a single slip of paper where a cursive hand had inscribed an instruction.

James Carmann QC must pay in blood for his crimes.

James Carmann QC sullied what he could never have.

James Carmann QC despoiled what was not owned by him.

He folded the paper, the thrice-written name indelibly inscribed in his mind. This was the condition, the payment that his goddess required. All he could think of was her promise, her offer of that final reward.

Omar slowly tore the envelope and paper into small shreds. Smaller and smaller until the confetti of the message was cupped in his hands. He lifted the bun of the burger and sprinkled the contents of his hand over the sauce and pickles before tucking into the best meal that he had eaten in years.

James Carmann QC was a dead man walking...

Surprise Sex

Selene moved like mercury flowing on an imperceptible slope.

Each step an allure, each sway of the hips a temptation, each swing of her hand the grace of a cat. Dressed, she was framed perfection, naked she was the very mind and intention of the artist.

Frederic could not see more than a shifting shadow moving by, but his imagination filled the gaps as he felt the silk sheets pulled aside and her body slip into the bed beside him. Selene did this to him, caused him to fantasise about what he should have possessed, humbled him to the point that he never dared ask. Caused him to dare to touch, a foolish dare that he never risked.

She would lie beside him in, venturing him to risk everything by presuming to touch and he would just lie and sweat as he imagined those few times when he had been permitted to sully her perfection.

He counted on his fingers the times and found that he did not have to use any finger twice. Eight years of marriage and five times! Three of those on the long nights after the wedding. Every man envied him, every man that he knew longed to possess Selene, but she was owned by no man. He could not even be sure that she owned herself...

The thought sent him into a rapture as he imagined Selene writhing on the sheets as her hands gave her the pleasure that he could not supply. Was not permitted to give...

“Darling,” she murmured in the dark.

“Mm.”

He did not even dare to speak any words, anything that would risk upsetting her. That was how much he was in thrall to his deity! He dared not even pray to her...

“I have something that we need to discuss...”

Ah, there it went, fluttering away. The hope of being allowed to touch and hold fled from his mind and all that remained were her wishes. Selene lived in a world where her wishes were always fulfilled. The wishes of others, mere needless dross. Tokens of her superiority.

‘And...’

He felt her touch him.

The very touch of her fingers was electric. A startling and hoped-for contact. The hand slithered down his body, touching chest and nipple, pausing at navel and then coming to rest just above the rising erection that was draining the blood from his brain.

“And... let’s make love first...”

Make love!

Fuck, join, shag, copulate, lay, couple, breed, screw!

Frederic dared to reach out and touch her. His fingers came to rest on her smooth breast and she did not turn away from him. Wriggle and complain or simply brush him off with a few words chosen to take away the lust for his perfect wife.

Selene consented.

Her hand recommenced its progress to close on the root of him and move a little as if suggestive of the possibilities. Frederic found himself in the midst of another calculation. Times that he had fucked her was five, times that she had consented to play a little, another five. That made ten times in all, each a moment of glory... Which was this?

How would the count reach eleven?

The hand cupped his balls and he felt her turn to face him. His own hand stroked and teased and Frederic bit his lip as he tried not to make any move that would suck the mood from his wife. He dared to move lower. Over the waxed skin, the smooth mound that was his ultimate goal.

But he took his time. Each single inch, a test of her accord.

He could feel her breath on his lips and he pursed, but she moved again and the kiss was not to be. The sex was to be impersonal, distant, a purging of instinct and not a joining of passion.

Her thigh slid over his, and then again. The weight of her on his body as she slowly sat upright and laughed. Her night-black hair tumbled over her shoulders.

“Don’t be so shy, Freddy, I want you inside me...”

He gasped.

The grip of her hand swelled him to contact. The sensitive tip of him rubbing on her swollen flesh and his mind became focussed on that contact. He could feel her weight, the bearing down and his hands reached to her breasts.

“No touching, Freddy...” as she brushed him away.

No touching! The contact between her thighs was all he could have hoped for as she slipped down the pole of his prick until the wide lips of her cunt pressed his groin. This was touching, both intimate and distant. A ride that could only end in one fashion as she giggled and he pressed upward.

“Are you in a hurry?” she laughed. “Poor little Freddy!”

All Frederic could manage was a groan as he climaxed. One stroke, one push into her and he had come! Spurted inside her body, filled her with his seed, while she sat above him and wriggled her hips.

Now she was dismounting.

No cries of pleasure from Selene, just a small sigh as if a duty had been done and that was enough for her. Just a little sigh of satisfaction at her power over him, the emphasis of her domination the only release that she craved.

He fell from her and his come slowly sluiced from her. Selene remained straddling her husband and leaned forward.

“Was it good for you?” she asked.

He nodded, but was not sure if she could even see his reaction in the dark.

“So, now for our little chat!”

“Selene?”

“I have decided that this is the last time we fuck!”

“The last time?” he repeated. “Last time! Why?”

“Because there are so many things that I want to do with my life and it is time for us to part!”

Suddenly, Frederic was wide awake. Complete attention to her words and tone at this sudden turn of events. The indicator in his head moved from ‘part’ to ‘divorce’. His eyes moved to where the tiny black tattoo hovered over that perfect cunt. Invisible in the dark, but ever present.

“You mean?”

“That’s right darling, I have already spoken about this to my attorney. This is the end of us, the end of our marriage... This fuck is where it all ends...”

“Another man?” he asked.

Selene laughed as if Frederic had spoken aloud the most amusing witticism and put her hand on his lips to close them. How she found them in the dark, he could not imagine, but the laughter came to a fluttering end and she answered his impertinent question.

“There are other men, but not in the way that you imagine,” she said. “I have never cheated on our contract, never betrayed your trust, but it is time to move on at last, and time for you too...”

“Oh,” said Frederic sarcastically. “This is for me?”

She laughed again at his misunderstanding.

“Everything is always for me...”

Frederic felt his willpower coming back. The hold that she had on him faded a little and his thoughts went to their marriage.

“Then I shall invoke the pre-nup...” he said in a hard tone. “You get nothing, nothing at all... that will really be the last fuck...”

Selene climbed from him and moved to stand by the bed.

“Don’t be so crude! Are you sure that you wish to do that? Cut me from you and leave me on the streets? Can you do that to me?”

“I can and I will.”

“I shall give you a small piece of valuable advice,” said the soft feminine voice from the dark. Her voice took on an edge of hardness that he had never heard

before.

“Don’t!”

“Fuck you...”

“No,” she replied. “Fuck you!”

Tying's of Threads

An Unfortunate Accident

James Carmann QC strolled into the office.

The three days on his small yacht in the Ionian Sea had been perfect. Or, at least it would have been perfect if his wife had not been present! But, she had been and so it had merely been a brief rest in the sun. He noted the empty desk by his door, before he remembered giving Nathalie the week off. By the time that she was at her desk again, she would have plenty of work to do to satisfy his cock!

He opened the door to find Mike sitting in his chair with a series of folders piled high.

“Hiya,” said Mike in the tone that always infuriated James with its trite bonhomie. “Here are the contracts from Mr and Mrs Pierce. I locked them in my office as Nathalie was not here on Monday...”

“Fuck,” said James as he took the papers and flicked through them.

“Oh yes, fuck! She probably forgot,” laughed Mike. “You hire the most outrageous secretaries!”

“Well, fuck you too...”

“The slut probably would have,” laughed Mike.

“I’ll sack her!”

“Sacked in the sack,” said Mike. “What a way to be terminated!”

James brushed the comments to one side and ushered his junior partner from the office. At least it had not all happened in front of the staff! He opened the safe and slid the papers to the top of the pile before erasing the access code and fingerprint for Nathalie.

There was no doubt, she was a liability!

HR would call her up, security would deny her access, accounts would round up her pay and Nathalie would be replaced. A red-head this time! Blondes were supposed to be more fun, but sometimes it got a little too much, even for James.

The next three hours saw him take calls, organise a meeting with a couple who wanted to divorce where he held the pre-nup and then to start the search for a new secretary. By two in the afternoon, James was ready for his business lunch. Some new client who seemed so secretive and unwilling to reveal himself, that he insisted on meeting his new QC in a nearby restaurant.

These rich idiots were so full of themselves.

Puffed up with conceit as though the world revolved around them!

James left the building and turned into the back streets of Kensington with a spring in his step. There would be no problem finding a new girl to slip his cock into, of that he was sure. He imagined hiring a girl who was a little less perfect, one who would be so grateful at getting the job... One who slid up and down his prick with perfect little gasps of appreciative pleasure. Girly and so tender...

Up ahead he could see the restaurant across the road.

He stepped off the kerb and the van came from nowhere...

An unmarked black van, three tons of hurling steel that left the imprint of a three-pointed star on its victim's chest as it easily rode over the lawyer, double wheels at the rear crushing the head that had had such lecherous thoughts.

It sped away and just ten minutes later was being crushed into a cube while the Albanian driver watched and then tapped his pocket where a bundle of hundred dollar notes were folded tight in a silver money clip.

A thousand for just a little bad driving.

Not even bad driving...

An Unfortunate Situation

Omar stood and inspected the row of Georgian houses as if for the first time.

For five years he had indulged himself in the house with the red door, now it was as if it were the first time. He had digested his promise, fulfilled to the letter as a man floated in the Adriatic to be found by a fishing boat from Corfu. All the ends were tied neatly except one!

This last visit... a special visit.

Omar Abdullah Qum had never been denied before and the feeling was not a comfortable one for the man who could have what he wanted. When he wanted and how he wanted. Even though he bowed and scraped. Was whipped and fucked, it was Omar Abdullah Qum that decided when it would happen and how much to pay. A hundred thousand Sterling a visit, three visits a month, five full years... he calculated the price and was satisfied with it. No price in money could ever be calculated for such perfection, such intimate agony.

Behind Omar sat a car in which his bodyguards and minders sat waiting for the signal. This would not be the last time, that much he had decided. The woman had a price and he had paid in blood. Now she would see that it was not about the money, not about the sex, but about the honour.

His honour!

No woman, no matter how perfect or divine could tell Omar that there was a last time! He strolled down the Georgian row to arrive at the red door. The car rolled behind at the pace that he walked and pulled into the kerb. Behind him, six men who would show his Goddess that she could fall so far that she would wake in a cage!

The aloof bitch!

He rang the bell and the door opened as it always did.

The six men forced their way into the darkness of the house and Omar Abdullah Qum followed them to close the door behind him. The old man that had opened the door looked shocked. Angry even, and he started to swear, only silenced when Omar pulled the slim Beretta from his suit and held it up under the man's chin.

Now, Omar saw that the hallway was empty.

It had always been empty, but now it was hollow. No furniture, only dark shadows where pictures had hung. Carpets stripped from the stairs and a few pieces of twine and packing in a heap in the corner. He turned to the old man, who cringed and started to whine.

“Keep him here,” said Omar as he took the stairs at a run.

Three at a time.

Four at a time.

He leapt up the stairs and wildly opened the first door that he came to. The room was bare. Just the net curtains on the windows and a rolled-up rug that had been abandoned. The next bedroom was the same, and the next after that.

Omar Abdullah Qum ran from room to room until at last he came to the room where his Goddess had had her sissy maid fuck him. The room where he had wept to lose her. He flung the door wide to find just the throne in the centre of the room. Standing alone in majesty, just the cathedra on which she had sat and taunted him with his weakness.

The small rug on which he had knelt...

Stuck casually between seat and armrest was a golden envelope.

Omar plucked it and saw that his name was written in flowing Arabic on the front. He ripped it open to find a small folded slip of paper. A tiny gold key dropped to the floor. With trembling hands, he opened it wide.

A lipstick kiss.

A perfect imprint in red that said all that he needed to know.

The kiss over the lines of a poem, or perhaps just half a stanza.

Of her nakedly worn magnificence

We forget cruelty and past betrayal,

Heedless of where the next bright bolt may fall.

Omar sat on the throne and put his head in his hands. How could he not have known that she would anticipate him? His mistress knew everything, even his thoughts...

He turned the note in his hands and balled it tight.

There was no hope left of finding her.

Sooner grasp the moon.

An Unfortunate Husband

Selene stretched by the pool.

Her light tan barely covered by the bikini that was merely three tiny triangles of delicate lace held by narrow straps. She held up one leg and admired the perfect line from the tip of her toe peeping from the high-heeled slipper to the sculptured thigh that creased so perfectly where the bikini met smooth waxed skin.

In just a day the tan would be entirely gone and she would be porcelain white and delicate as if the sun's rays had never touched her.

That was her gift, unsullied, clear perfection.

The sun was now at its height, thirty minutes a day were required for a touch of impermanent colour and that had now been achieved, so it was time for the shade. Shadow and a cool clear drink to balance the shimmering heat. She moved her hand, and the rather poor specimen that waited on her moved to open the shade and then retreat to a discrete distance.

Her servant.

Her pathetic slave!

Selene's hand was bare of the ring that had marked her association with her unfortunate husband.

Even the skin was now natural where that ring had formerly left a white circle of smoother skin.

The last indication of marriage, the last thing that Frederic had left behind.

Well, not quite the last... his suffering remained and that was her especial pleasure.

Selene.

Nathalie.

Mistress.

The three phases of the Mother Goddess in perfect harmony. Wife, slut and untouchable womanhood. Old, young and perfect, the fusion making a harmonious whole. The whole affair was done and ended, all the loose ends tied.

The abusive James was no more, the lethal Omar had been neatly evaded and her husband, well, he was a man without a real future at all. Not unless she permitted it and she never-ever would. No man had a future with Selene. Now that Frederic had been destroyed by the terms of their prenup, he was under her care. Chastity would be total, already was, the condition of her absent-minded custody and careless abuse.

The key was already lost in an absent lapse.

She looked across at the man who stood sweating in his rather feminine little uniform and lifted her glass in silent toast. She had warned him, a warning that he had ignored. She had told him again at the meeting with both their solicitor's present, that she would settle for half, but he had insisted and the prenup had then been revealed.

In all of its re-written glory.

An exact reversal of the terms that her husband had imposed on her years before. Purging every account and property of his name. A legal battle that was over in minutes as his advisors stared at the document and tried to make sense of her husband's total lunacy.

And all while he stood gaping and tried to remember the order of the names on the document.

His and hers exchanged exactly in his memory.

Her fingers slipped across her perfect tan and edged under the scrap of red that hid her liquid pussy. Enjoyed the plump lips, the little delicate folds and the swelling of a clitoris that could only yield to her own touch

Selene was more than content that Frederic had discovered her dark side. Her surge of silver hair swept over her shoulders now that the moon waxed once more.

Now at last she could live the life that she had always dreamed of. Unsullied by the immodest touch of some lover. No need to prostitute her perfection or serve as a fantasy for all of those men that longed to possess her.

Maybe, she would find a lover...

...but she doubted it.

None but herself was as flawless as she.

None could ever possibly satisfy her...

Men might serve.

They might even be permitted to touch.

But they would never violate her beauty with their corruption, no matter how they begged.

The man at her beck and call admired her from afar, as he always had.

It would never happen, what he wanted; for she was the moon.

*The moon rides low,
A crescent's show,
No lovers tremble in her glow,
A smiling witch,
A chastening bitch,
Goddess of pain, a heart of snow.*

Miss Irene Clearmont

Fin