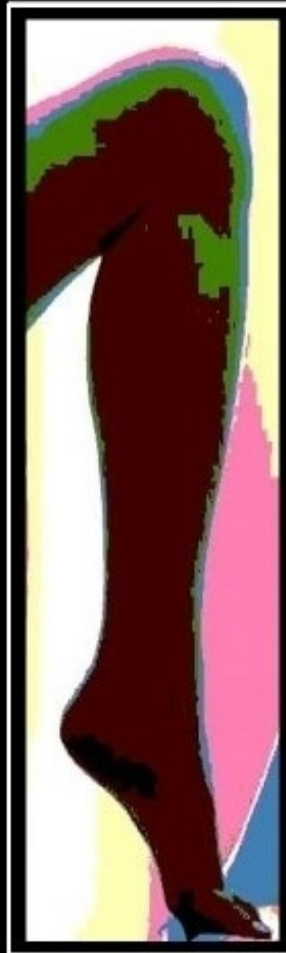


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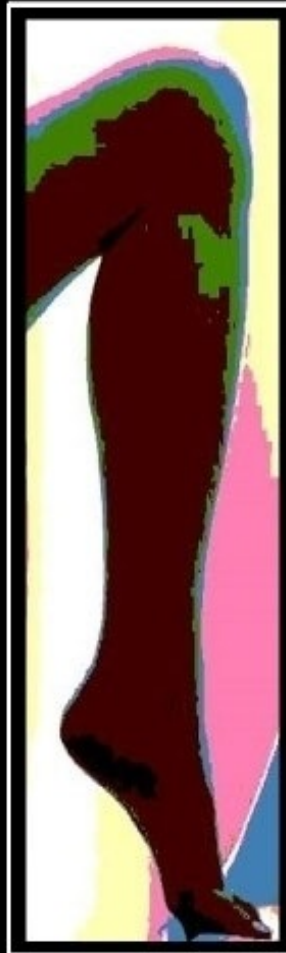
Fantastic Tales of Female Led Fiction



tale 15

miss irene presents

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Tale 15

“Original Sins”

Miss Irene Clearmont

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“Original Sins”

Female-Led Short Stories from Miss Irene Clearmont

Introduction.

So I'll admit it. I just love writing short stories! Ideas pop into my fervid imagination and become momentary reality as the ink touches the paper. I scribble long hand and then edit on the screen; as some of the characters suffer agonies and others relish the result, becoming tangible as they do so.

This collection of short stories is the second of my stories to be published as a collection. The first being 'Eve's Apples'. I have garnered a generous mixture of situations, incidents and twists to keep the reader entwined in the plot as well as twisted by the sexual occurrences for your delectation! After all what is sex without character, character without development and development without plot?

Interspersed and interleaved between the stories are a new collection of letters from Maxine, the 'Agony Aunt' who tries to lend her experience in the Female Domination field to the many women who write to her, because they have a problem with the men in their lives. She is an enduring character that is passing the baton from my previous collection 'Eve's Apples'. Something old and something new...

In a small twist, I have attempted my first futuristic story ('Yet To Come') as well as a story set thirty years ago ('Aunty'). In fact I have tried to vary the point of view of all of the stories, so you will find plain conversation, first person narration and exchanges of letters. You will also be taken to a place or two where you have never been taken to before if you have read some of the other fiction that I have written; as well as places that are hauntingly familiar and erotic as last time.

There is a last mystery that has been folded into this collection. A small point of interest that may just pique your curiosity. One of the tales has considerable personal experience pleated into its script. I am afraid that you will have to guess which it is, because I myself, am unlikely to reveal more than this. However, it does add just a little spice to the mix when the author writes about herself and the reader realises that some reality is buried within.

So, I advise you to find that place of quiet where you can slip into my arms and give yourself up to a sampling of pleasures and treasures that are decadent, painful and ravishing all in that single moment of climax.

Read on and suffer...

Irene.

Dear Maxine I

Dear Maxine,

The reason for me writing for advice is that one of my closest friends has asked a favour of me. I will endeavour to explain the circumstances as plainly as I can in the hope that you can supply a bit of guidance in the matter.

I have a boyfriend, Larry, of about three years who recently moved in with me. I must admit that he is a bit of a 'hunk' and fucks like a sewing machine (if you will forgive the expression), but this is not such a major turn-on for me.

I started to slowly cut back on allowing him to climax as a prelude to training him in preparation for my personal use. Of course this first step can go either of two ways. Making a man ever more desperate with continual erections or of course introducing impotence into the mix. For him it had the side effect of making him impotent and so I followed the advice in your blog about encouraging the guilt that he experiences from at being unable to satisfy me.

This was all about three months ago. I 'persuaded' him that I was not disappointed in his lack of performance and that I could accept oral service until we got over this 'difficult period'. So the training began and as you so nicely put it, the regularity and persistence of personality shaping began to take its effect.

My dearest friend is Sandi, a woman who has married a man who owns a small private bank and has enough money to give Sandi whatever she wants. She decided that trying to get her husband to submit to a bit of petticoat discipline would endanger his ability to work, so she had settled on having a string of rather (in my opinion) lacklustre and over-submissive lovers.

So now we get to the present. About a week ago she asked me if I was satisfied with Larry and if she could borrow him. I, of course, said 'yes' and waited to discuss how she was going to seduce him to her bed.

Imagine my shock when she told me that she wanted Larry as a present for one of her husband's business partners from Tokyo. She said that they had discussed

it and Larry would be ideal as a sort of novelty boyfriend for a couple who are, apparently, famous for abusing the men that they own.

My question is; should I do a favour like this for a close friend when I am worried that the Japanese couple will maltreat Larry and I may never see him again if he is foolish enough to consent to go back with them to Japan?

I hope that you can soothe me in this matter because I sort of feel responsible for Larry and would not like him to suffer at anyone's hands but mine!

Yours,

Vari.

Dear Vari,

Thank you so much for writing to me. I must admit that I succumbed to a small amount of titillation at the thought of poor little impotent Larry being sent to a place where he would never be able to escape from, in the service of Mr and Mrs Tokashirimaso.

I sense your surprise that I know who it is that may end up with a Larry in one of their cells! The world must be smaller by far than we think, because I just happened to be meeting them on the way to New York and found that Mr Tokashirimaso is in talks with a private bank with a view to taking it over in a buyout deal. I think that this might just mean that Sandi may wish to review her ideas about applying some discipline to her husband! Anyway that's by-the-by and irrelevant to your question!

I am going to answer it somewhat indirectly and I think that you should come to

the answer yourself with ease. I think that you should ask yourself a couple of questions and the responses will decide for you...

Are you getting tired of Larry?

Do you want to do Sandi this favour?

There is nothing else to consider, the moral questions are irrelevant, do not let them cloud your judgement.

I remain yours, Maxine.

Dear Maxine,

I read your letter twice before seeing the light! You are so right I am getting tired of Larry and his impotence and whining even though he was so much fun when we first got to know each other. Basically he has never realised that the entire relationship is about my contentment and it is so hard to get this over to him. I do not want to sound like a girl who gives up when the going gets tough, but I really need a different man.

To the second question I have now to give an emphatic 'yes'. The reason is that Sandi and I go back to prom days and beyond. I really love her to bits and would do anything for her, so it is natural that I want, so much, to do this favour. When I asked, 'why Larry?' she replied that the Japanese love big blonde 'football jock' men because they are so physically different from their own people.

As far as the rest is concerned I have no qualms now that I have decided that

Larry has to go anyway. You solved my problem Maxine, and so easily, with just a flick of the pen.

It seems right now to relate what happened next with Mr and Mrs Tokashirimaso and how it is that Larry is now enjoying a trip to Tokyo for which a return ticket has not been booked!

Sandi showed me a picture of Mrs Tokashirimaso and I realised that she was exactly Larry's type. Slim and almost shapeless, short and frail-looking with the most marvellous almond shaped eyes. We planned a meal out together and put the two next to each other.

The Tokashirimaso's were so happy that Sandi was going to give them this imposing man that, when they realised that a bit of playacting would be called for, (he had to go unwillingly!) they acted the part perfectly.

She whispered in his ear; he waited in a hotel room for the assignation and the matter was closed with a spiked drink and some fetters! That was the last I saw of him in the flesh, but Sandi showed me some pictures that have started to pop up in the Internet recently on a Japanese BDSM site that clearly show Larry being raped by two men under the supervision of a rather large and brutal Japanese professional domme.

I must admit that it seems as though Mr and Mrs Tokashirimaso decided to use him to generate a bit of cash before they add him to their private collection of male fuck-toys.

Incidentally Mrs Tokashirimaso called me when she heard that he really had been my boyfriend and thanked me. She offered a trip to Japan to see their facilities and how Larry is doing. I already have the tickets and am going out next Thursday for a little visit.

Should be fun...

Yours, Vari.

Dear Vari,

I have sent this letter by private courier in the hope that it gets to you in time!

There is no possible scenario where you will enjoy a trip to Japan under the supervision of Mrs and Mrs Tokashirimaso!

Their collection of female ass-sluts is justifiably famous and they particularly enjoy adding women who think that they are dominant. I think that it adds a piquant pleasure to break and turn around dominatrices and make sluts of them!

Mrs Tokashirimaso in particular is interested in surgically creating creatures that would not look out of place in a horror comic and is not shy of forcing the most degrading service, in a scatological sense, from her female slaves!

I heard the melancholy story of one woman who thought that she was visiting Korea to buy some slaves for the Service Institute five years back. She was not only altered under surgery, but she actually ended up being permanently being built into a bathroom of Mrs Tokashirimaso's mansion for use as a personal lavatory. About a week ago this woman was resold for just pennies and the anecdote going around those in the know, was that Mrs Tokashirimaso needed a new toilet-slave and that all American and European dominatrices should get armed bodyguards until they hear that building work on her bathroom is finished!

Under no circumstances go to Tokyo!

In hope that this gets to you in time, Maxine

The last letter in this series was returned to Ms Maxine:

‘Return to sender. Not known at this address.’

New Friends.

Wish You Were Here.

The restaurant was comfortable one. Intimate niches in a semi-rustic style that proclaimed it to be a setting for families, where steaks, burgers of massive proportions and an assortment of grilled food could be eaten in a pub like atmosphere.

Elaine looked at their companions and then had a small sideways glance at her husband. As usual he was absorbed by the menu struggling to decide what he could order that he would not regret when he saw what the others had.

'Typical,' she thought. 'Alan always looks downcast when his meal arrives and then stares longingly at what the others have when the meals finally arrive. I suppose it is restaurant regret! Sometimes he is such a wimp when it comes to making decisions. After all, I made the decision to come here in the end, not him!'

Jane and Greg had already put their menus down and were waiting for Elaine and Alan to decide.

Finally Alan breathed a small sigh and put his menu down. He had decided what to order even though he knew that at least one other member of the group would order something that he would wish that he had in front of him.

'So this is Alan's new boss,' thought Elaine as she too laid the menu down. 'Not quite like the man that Alan had described after the first few days in his new job.'

Alan had described a man who was a little at odds with the picture that she saw.

'Not the office ogre at all,' she thought.

The waitress came to take the order.

"I'll have the rump steak, rare with chips and to drink, a pint of bitter," said Greg, smiling at the waitress as he waited for the others to order.

"No," said his wife, Jane. "That's what I'll have; he'll have the shrimp salad and water, 'still' of course. Don't forget the diet dear!"

'How odd,' thought Elaine, 'That was just a little sharp!'

The waitress left after taking the rest of the table's order and they were alone again.

"Greg keeps forgetting that he is on a strict diet," said Jane. "Doctor's orders!"

The conversation moved on and the two couples chatted about all the things that the area had to offer.

"The shopping is great here," said Jane. "York is wonderful for a day out on the

credit card and Harrogate is just full of boutiques and intimate fashion shops. Really, Elaine you'll have to come with me one day and get a taste of pure luxury."

"Sounds, great," said Elaine.

Just two weeks into the new job and Alan and Elaine were missing all the friends that they had left behind in Surrey. The comfortable relationships, grill evenings and visits to the pub. But, now that Alan had been promoted he had to adjust to the fact that the firm could send him anywhere at their whim. It meant that they would have to rebuilt their lives and make the effort to make contact and build a new circle of friends..

The food came and Alan regretted the mixed grill, a mish-mash of grilled meats that were a little on the tough side and rather over cooked. He looked at the steak that Jane had ordered and wished that he had ordered it.

Finally the meal was over and the coffees arrived.

"It's really not very good coffee," said Jane. "They have no idea in places like these."

"It's fine," answered Greg.

"It's shit actually, Greg. Don't contradict me every time that I make an observation," said Jane. "You have no idea what good coffee is, even when you

make it the way that I tell you to!"

'Ouch!' thought Elaine.

"Let's pop out for a cigarette, Elaine," continued Jane as if she had not just put down her husband in such a savage way. "We'll leave the men to discuss work and we'll enjoy a Bailey's in the garden."

The two women left the men to get on with it and headed into a pleasant area set aside for smokers.

"It's the best thing about this place," said Jane as she offered a cigarette to Elaine. "I smoke like a chimney and this place has the only smoking area that does not feel like it's behind the bike sheds or in a bush."

Jane nodded and took the proffered cigarette. She had not smoked for two years now, but somehow, a refusal could endanger a possible start of a friendship.

"Greg hates it when I smoke, but it's not his place to tell me what to do!" she continued.

"I don't smoke much," said Jane as she drew a second time. "I keep forgetting what a pleasure it is!"

She felt light headed and smiled.

"We should get out and away from those two," said Elaine. "How about it then, a trip to York would be perfect and allow me to show you all the best places."

"Sounds great! When is a good day?"

"I never put off my pleasures," laughed Jane, "so why don't we make it tomorrow?"

"Mm, I had planned to start the second part of unpacking tomorrow..."

"That can be done by Alan at any time, I'll pick you up at eight, and by nine we will be there!"

"OK then, see you at eight."

"Do you mind if I bring another friend?"

"Of course not, company is what I've been missing."

"Her name is Alice and she's the wife of Harry, the Financial Director."

'This sounds great, my friends will boost Alan's career and at last we are making the contacts here that we should have in the Surrey operation.' thought Elaine to herself as she stubbed out the cigarette.

Jane followed suit and, as if reading Elaine's mind, said: "Make sure you dress up a little, first impressions count, and she is a bit of a stickler. I know that it's not my place, but go for a 'night on the tiles' look, she is very one-upmanship minded."

Elaine nodded and followed her back to where the two men were finishing their drinks.

"We have decided to go to York tomorrow morning, Greg, so I'll need the limo."

"Yes dear," he said. "I'll use your Mini."

"No you won't," she answered, "Call Harry and get him to pick you up. You know how I hate you to use my little runabout."

"I'll call him."

Learning To Fly

With a small sound of the horn, the car pulled up outside the house.

Elaine smoothed her dress and cast a passing look in the mirror that was leaning against the wall in the hall. As she did so she tutted because it was another thing that Alan had said the he would get around to and it was still leaning instead of hanging.

For a moment she wobbled on her only pair of high heels and wondered if it was a good idea to wear them on a shopping trip that would involve hours of walking.

'Still,' she thought, 'sore feet would be a low price to pay compared with the good impression that I plan to make on the Financial Director's wife.'

The tight black dress was perfect, and the shawl and handbag allowed her generous, but slim waisted figure to shine through. Silver jewellery, slightly understated and red lips to match the stilettos. It looked good, sexy and smart, finding the dress and shoes had been a nightmare as she had rooted through the packing boxes, but it had been worth it.

She closed the door behind her and headed for the huge Mercedes that waited for her. Jane at the wheel and Alice sitting in the back seat.

Elaine had expected Alice to be somewhat older, somehow the wife of the Finance Director should have been about fifty or so, she imagined. The stunning blonde in the back seat came as a shock. The door opened and Jane waved her into the padded interior.

"It's so important to start out well, so it had to be the limo," she said as Elaine settled in.

'This is the life, shopping in York, driven there in a huge Mercedes with one of the directors' wives in the back seat,' she thought as the car rolled forward in an almost silent thrill of power.

"I'm Alice," said a voice from the back seat. "I have been looking forward to meeting you. I so love York, it is packed full of exclusive shops."

Jane turned in her seat to answer the comment. What she saw made her almost gulped, from a distance Alice was so very attractive, close up she was a veritable sex bomb. Breasts, lips and long hair. Hips legs and slim hands with perfectly manicured nails.

"Pleased to meet you, Alice. I'm Jane and looking forward to a first look at what York has to offer."

"Well," said Alice with a laugh, "it's the men that foot the bill while we reap the benefits."

For thirty minutes the three women made small talk. Jane told Alice about the meal that they had had the evening before and how terrible the service and food

had been, while Jane told the other two about what Surrey was like and some of the friends that she had left behind.

"Don't worry, pet," said Alice. "I'm sure that you'll find some great friends here..."

"Well, I've got off to a good start with you, so how can I go wrong?"

"I like this girl already," said Alice with a wink to Jane in the rear view mirror.

"She's perfect," answered Jane, "just perfect!"

By the time that they were parked in Alice's reserved car space just behind the Shambles they were girls together. Elaine felt herself swept in a tide of rampant femininity that swept from shop, to boutique to fashion store. Alice bought something in every shop, Jane every second shop and Elaine tried to hold back, but still found herself clutching a collection of two pairs of shoes and a leather skirt that Alice had told her was not only a fantastic bargain but suited her so well that it must have been stitched with her in mind.

"Of course it's a 'no knickers skirt!'" said Jane. "That would so ruin the smooth look."

Alice started to laugh.

"Pay her no attention, Elaine," she said. "Of course you can wear knickers with it, just not bloody bloomers. Listen I know the perfect place to buy you some."

Elaine found herself led out of the old town centre gates and into an area of shops that were more modern.

Suddenly Alice ducked into a door way and Elaine followed her.

To her surprise they were in a sex shop!

"This is the perfect place to get some knickers so scanty that they scarcely exist!" chuckled Alice as they looked at the vast array of toys, clothing, gadgets and DVD's that were on display.

"Alice! Back from the Canaries?" came the voice of the female assistant.

"Yep, just last week."

"What are you looking for, something in rubber again? I just got a load of new stock and this time we should have something in your size!"

Alice shook her head.

"Not this time. Actually I was wondering if you had some knickers that my new friend Elaine can wear under this skirt. They need to be in black, or perhaps red

and be so wispy and thin that they are almost not there and don't show a line under the skirt."

The assistant smiled at Elaine and then nodded to Alice.

"I think that I've just the thing in black, let's see..."

She looked Elaine up and down and then disappeared out of the back of the shop to search the store room leaving the three women alone.

Jane picked up a huge rubber dildo and looked at it critically while Alice wandered to the clothes racks as though it was a normal fashion boutique.

"Is this too large?" asked Jane as she held it in the air for Alice to see.

"Probably," came the answer. "I'll bet she has a smaller one in the same design."

"I'll ask!"

The assistant returned with a small packet and triumphantly pulled a small piece of silk and lace from it.

"This will be perfect," she said as she showed it to Alice.

"I love them," said Alice. "I'll take them as well as this."

She passed over a piece of clothing that Elaine thought might be some sort of handbag. Meanwhile, Jane came over and joined them and passed the dildo to the assistant.

"I need one like this, with this fitting," she said as she pointed to the flat end of the vast rubber cock, "but, smaller."

"I can order it if you like, just let me get these through the till."

She rang up Alice's purchases and took her credit card.

Elaine watched in a state of confusion. The other two had switched from shoes and hats to rubber and sex without blinking. She was not a prude, far from it, but this was a strange place. She went to the rack of clothes and flicked through the hangers to find that they were all rubber and shiny plastic. From maid uniforms, nurses uniforms to corsets and capes. The material felt soft and smooth, a sort of cool skin-like texture that tempted Elaine to handle them and run her fingertips over the matt of the rubber.

"They're so tempting to buy and wear," said Jane from behind her as she noticed the way that Elaine was running her fingertips over the clothes.

"Strange..."

"Not really, actually these are quite ordinary cuts for this type of fashion. I have a few at home that are specially made and much more complicated."

Elaine turned to look at Jane. Clearly she had misunderstood that Elaine thought the texture strange and not the designs. She wondered when they got worn, because they would look more than a little odd as street wear.

"If you want to see, then I'll show you..."

"Umm, maybe," said Elaine in reply. "I'm not sure that... Well whatever."

"Don't be so shy. Of course you can come round and I'll show you my wardrobe, it'll be fun."

"She'd love to," said Alice as she strolled up with a bag in her hand, "and so would I. When's a good time?"

"Well it'll take hours, so let's make it next Monday at eleven. That way we will have all afternoon, because Greg has to work until seven."

"Do you want to make sure that he doesn't get away before then?" asked Alice.

"Good idea, will you speak to Harry and get him to hold him there?"

"Of course!"

Elaine listened with disbelief in what she was hearing. Just for a girl's day in, Jane was making sure that his boss kept Greg back at work.

"Arrange the same for Alan as well," said Jane. "We don't need him spoiling our fashion show do we?"

"Um, no, I suppose not," answered Elaine. "Why not make it until nine and we can make a night of it as well."

Elaine was just testing the waters, she never believed that Alice would agree, but Alice just laughed. "I can have them all sent to the offices in Glasgow for the night at the Four Seasons if you make it Tuesday. After all a night is not just 'till nine."

"OK, Tuesday it is! I'll pick you up at eleven, bring a small overnight bag with you, Elaine, and we'll have a pyjama party."

Elaine laughed at this outrageous conversation. Jane and Alice were the most manipulative bitches that she had ever met, but joining them at it was looking like fun.

"Elaine," said Jane. "It's like learning to fly! The first time you get off the ground is a superb experience, the more often you do it, the better it gets."

"What do you mean?" asked Elaine.

"Oh, you'll see!" said Alice.

Welcome To The Machine

Elaine held up the knickers that Alice had given her as a present. The waist band was so thin that it was like a ribbon in silk and the tiny triangle that was supposed to cover her sex was the size of a train ticket. Silk and lace, delicate and almost non-existent.

She tried them on and realised that she would have to shave her pubic hair off to make the knickers lie flat. It was something that Alan had often hinted at, but never dared ask for, so she decided to give it a try and see what it looked like.

Still both skirt and knickers would have to wait because here was just too much to do with the final part of the unpacking and rearranging the furniture.

The weekend came and went and Alan rushed to work on Monday morning at seven to leave Elaine contemplating shaving, waxing or using cream to rid herself of her pubic hair.

The phone rang.

It was Jane checking if she was ready for the next day.

"Wear that new skirt that you bought," said Jane, "because I fancy trying it on myself as well."

Elaine did not ask her how that would work; she just assented and wondered if she dared ask about her little pubic hair problem.

'Better not,' she thought as she decided that simply shaving would be the best course.

"I'll see you at eleven; expect Alan to be telling you about the meeting in Glasgow!"

Elaine could hear Jane laughing at the other end as she said her goodbyes and put down the phone.

'They are like conspirators, playing a game of some sort, I've got to find out what they're up to...' she thought as she contemplated her pubic hair in the bathroom mirror, razor in one hand and Alan's shaving mirror in the other.

In the end she decided that she would leave it for another day.

"Christ," she muttered to herself. "What the fuck am I worrying about this for, when I should be finishing the unpacking, doing the ironing, planning what to wear tomorrow with the new skirt, cooking tonight's meal, getting the shopping and worrying about a dozen other things that haven't happened yet?"

With a sigh Elaine started her chores and wished that Alan could help just a little

more. She knew that he was so busy at work, settling into his new responsibilities and so on, but he never seemed to lend a hand! Right now Elaine could have done with a bit of support, she was alone and she was starting to think that Alan was a lazy shit...

When Alan announced that he had to go to Glasgow next day, Elaine almost laughed. Despite the fact that she felt as though she needed him around even more to help her with the unpacking, she was so amused that, with the help of Elaine, she had manipulated him so well. Now she could forget her troubles and think about what to wear with that skirt.

'The new black heels or the old red ones?' she wondered.

In the end she put the new knickers into her handbag and wore nothing under her new skirt. At the last moment she had used some scissors to trim herself and decided that no one would know if she was wearing knickers or not anyway!

Alan was long gone when Jane arrived in the bright red Mini to pick up her new friend. After admiring the new skirt she told Elaine that they were going to go to Alice's first because Alice had persuaded her that a cup of coffee first round their place would be a perfect start to the day.

Elaine hopped out to open the gate and they drove the hundred yards down the drive to the old brick house that sat amongst the poplar trees. Elaine could not keep herself from commenting on the house and the massive gardens.

"Oh, yes. It's pretty nice really, and there are the stables out the back as well. The fields are fallow at the moment, I think that Alice has forty acres altogether," said Jane as that car pulled up by the steps and they got out. "Privacy is so very important for us all."

Alice greeted them at the door and ushered them into the house.

"Forget the tour for the moment because the maid has just made fresh coffee and scones, get them while they're hot." she said as the maid came in and placed a tray on the table.

Elaine nearly gasped in surprise.

The maid was a man, dressed in frilly a French maid costume that made him look so feminine that she had at first thought that he was a woman.

"I don't think that you've met Harriet before," said Alice with a smirk. "To be fair he often goes under the name of 'Harry', when he is the Finance Director, that is!"

Harriet smiled at Elaine and curtsied prettily as she poured the coffee and laid out the scones.

"It's a bit of a surprise the first time, Elaine, but we thought that it might be nice if you saw what goes on here," said Jane. "Harriet is Harry and Greta is Greg.

"Your husband as well?" asked Elaine.

"Of course! We have a sort of club here."

Alice laughed as she watched the coffee being poured and Harriet cutting and buttering the warm scones.

"We called it the 'Stepford Club', you know? After the film. The difference is that here it is the other way round!" said Alice.

"Thanks, Harriet," said Alice as the preparation was complete. "You can go now and continue the tasks that I set you."

Harriet curtsied to all three of the women and kneeled to kiss Alice's shoes neatly, one small peck on each one before she stood and curtsied again.

"It is most satisfying to see a well-trained man," said Jane to Elaine. "Greta is a little further down the road to becoming a perfect maid, I suppose, but Harriet is really catching up fast."

"What about outside the house?" asked Elaine. "I mean how does it all fit with normal life?"

"Harriet is allowed out as Harry of course. I insist on him obeying me, but it is difficult sometimes!"

"The same with Greg, I mean Greta, as well I suppose," said Elaine. "I did notice that you were rather strict with him when we went out!"

"The best part is that he devotes himself utterly to me," added Jane. "It certainly makes my life easier!"

"I can see that," said Elaine, "but how did you start?"

The idea of having a man to tend to her every need appealed to Elaine, but the idea of her own husband in frilly knickers was a little strange to say the least. Suddenly a new idea occurred to her and she started to laugh at the thought.

"Do they live their whole lives at home as a maid or are there times when the uniform comes off?"

Alice sipped her coffee and seemed to be considering the question before at she answered.

"What you mean is, I suppose, what happens in the bedroom?"

"That's very polite, Alice," said Jane. "Are you going to break the news or should I?"

"Jane is so direct..." chuckled Alice. "I am more euphemistic about it all!"

"Greta serves me in his uniform," said Jane. "Sex is so good when the husband lives to serve his wife with every iota of attention on her gratification."

"Well put, Jane," answered Alice. "So far each man thinks that he is the only one, but we plan to bring them together at some point and see what happens!"

"So how did you begin?" asked Elaine.

"Well, I suppose that it began when I noticed that Greg was into that bondage stuff. We used to swap and change who was boss, but I realised that he got a kick out of being the one to be tied up! I found that I was more and more turned on by being the boss and went on the Internet to look for ideas."

Elaine listened with interest and wondered how this could all seem so normal.

"I found a blog by a 'Miss Maxine'," continued Jane. "Reading it gave me some ideas and then I got into an E mail exchange where she really helped with the details and advice on how to move my little hubby forward."

Alice interrupted and said:

"I did the same and the results are pretty astounding. So far it has taken six months since I began with Harry and slowly developed Harriet. I suppose it is just a matter of small steps adding up to giant strides!"

"I'm not sure if..."

"We understand, but if you want a perfect maid who does all the housework, does nothing but serve in bed and still earns for you then we are here to help," said Jane. "There is another woman in our little 'Stepford' club who is rather more advanced than us as well, but she is away at the moment on holiday."

"Francine is not really into the 'maid' thing, actually," said Alice. "I would say that she wants a slave more than a servant, but she has been working on Jackie for years..."

Elaine sat back.

She had been intending to find friends who had the same interests as her. A bit of golf and tennis, occasional cocktails and introductions to social groups. That had been her life in Surrey, but this? This was beyond all her ideas of friendship.

"I admit that it's all a bit much to take in at the moment," said Alice. "So how about we look at the lovely new shoes and clothes that I bought in York and then go to Jane's as we planned?"

Elaine relaxed and tried a scone.

"Let's look at Alice's wardrobe shall we?" said Jane. "She has a collection of shoes that would make Imelda Marcos green with envy."

Alice smiled and led the way upstairs to the bedroom.

As they went she commented:

"I just bought a new bed, from France. I have been longing to show it off to Jane so here we go!"

She opened the door to a bedroom that was festooned with lace. Feminine and mostly decorated in pastel pink and blue, the room was tasteful, but full of hidden design features.

"I love that bed," said Jane as she ran her hand over the coverlet that was a patchwork quilt in a complex design. "It's incredibly high off the floor."

She pushed at the mattress and sighed at the luxury that it represented.

"It's great," said Alice. "It looks like any other sleigh design, but look at this!"

She lifted the coverlet on the side to show that the bed stood not on legs but had panelled wooden sides with small catches. Her finger flicked and the panel

dropped to the floor to reveal steel bars that stretched from floor to the mattress.

"Now that is so tastefully hidden," said Jane as she kneeled to look under the bed. "I really need a bed like this!"

Elaine looked as Alice dropped all the sides to reveal that all of the space under the bed was split into two metal barred cages.

"What is it for?" she asked as she noted the padlocks and chains that were fixed to the bars.

Alice laughed and picked up a small bell that was placed on her bedside table.

The bell tinkled and in a minute Harriet had arrived.

"Show my friend, Elaine where you sleep," said Alice.

Harriet looked embarrassed, but saw the satisfied look on Alice's face and slid opened the bars to crawl under the bed, pulling the bars behind her.

Finally she reached through and pressed the padlock closed to lock herself in.

Elaine looked on in amazement, but something stirred as she imagined locking

Alan under her bed like a slave whilst she dozed in luxury above. This was such a massive turn-on. She looked at Alice and could see the look of pride and excitement on the beautiful blonde's face. Elaine imagined Alice in a silk nightie luxuriating on her bed and calling for service at any moment that she desired.

"The best is yet to come," she said with a grin.

Alice pulled off the coverlet with a theatrical move that was like a magician revealing that the woman was not really sawed in half! The mattress and covering sheet had two openings that she proceeded to pull out with a flourish. Each corresponded to one of the two caged areas under the bed.

"Come on Harriet, show the guests what happens next!" she called.

A moment later Harriet's face was to be seen and then her head popped up to look out of one of the holes!

"I'll leave you to imagine what goes on here most nights," laughed Alice as they looked at the slightly disarranged blonde wig and heavy make-up of the maid whose job included intimate service as well as all of the household chores.

Elaine gasped and then sat on the edge of the bed. She put her hand out and touched Harriet's face as though she could not believe that what she saw was real. Unexpectedly Harriet kissed her fingers and spoke in a falsetto voice.

"I am ready to serve!"

"Not now," said Alice with a laugh, "later!"

Jane joined in the mirth and then Elaine started to giggle at the sight of Alice's husband, who was so well conditioned that he could not help himself reciting the formula that Alice insisted on every time she went to bed.

"So you see why I bought this bed, then," said Alice. It cost a bloody fortune, but guess who's paying for it?"

Elaine stood and looked down at the head of the maid. She thought that she could detect tears welling in those pathetic eyes, tears of humiliation and shame as his wife showed her friends how low she had fallen.

"We'll let him out later to finish his chores," said Alice. "For now he can have a break from the ironing and washing."

"He does all that?" asked Elaine.

"And the rest. All my clothes are individually hand washed now, silk is such a bother normally," said Alice. "We do everything the old fashioned way, without the help of modern conveniences. It helps keep Harriet busy and fills her time, to leave no moment when there is not some chore to do."

"That was one of the suggestions from Miss Maxine," added Jane. "I do the same with Greta."

Alice opened a door and revealed the dressing room to her friends.

"This is my favourite place," she said as she ushered both of them into a small room that was filled with racks and hangers. "Harriet keeps it in order, her place is here."

Alice pointed at the racks that were full of uniforms.

"Does she always wear the same uniform?" asked Elaine as she flicked through the frilly maid dresses.

"Absolutely, she is dressing to please me and the uniform is ideal. It is difficult to keep in order, difficult to clean and wash and needs changing twice a day."

Elaine turned her attention from the maid's clothes and marvelled at the selection of beautiful designer clothes that Alice kept for herself. The racks of shoes alone filled a wall and next to them were a selection of basques, girdles and stockings. All of the stockings were hung ready for use. Some were just plain, but most were lacy, fishnet or had some gorgeous design feature.

"These are wonderful," said Elaine as she ran her hands over a pair that were so fine that they sparkled in the light.

"Bought in Verona on holiday," commented Alice. "I bought them to go with these pumps."

Alice brought down a pair of stilettos that had the thinnest heels that Elaine had ever seen. Almost like wire, the heels seemed just too thin to support the weight of a person.

"The heels are magnesium alloy, anyway, so I understand. Almost like knitting needles," she chuckled. "It took me an hour before I believed that they could hold my weight."

Elaine slipped her feet into them and sighed when she saw how they looked.

"They are fantastic!" she said. "Like standing on six inch nails."

Jane just watched Elaine in raptures and enjoyed the spectacle.

"Let's see that skirt that you bought with these," said Jane as she held out a pair of shoes that were so high that they seemed like ballet shoes on-pointe. "Leather and high heels, the best combination!"

Elaine tried to get the shoes on, but they pinched as she put her weight on them.

"They do take some getting used to," commented Alice. "Small steps and heels down first."

Elaine stood and realised that she was on tip toe.

"Let me help," said Jane as she bent down.

Jane fiddled with them and pulled the ankle straps on tight. Then with a small flourish she put two small padlocks on the straps and locked Elaine into the shoes.

"That's perfect," said Alice. "Now the ankle is supported and you can walk better."

Elaine took a few steps and tried to put her heels down first. There was something so kinky about the shoes that she felt a sort of sexual thrill as well. She looked in the mirror and tried to check the fit.

"I like them on you," said Jane. "Wear them an hour and you'll see!"

Alice looked critically at Elaine and smiled.

"Have you got those knickers on?" she asked, "The ones I bought you in York?"

"I tried them on," explained Elaine, "and I realised that I had to trim myself a little!"

"So, no knickers, Elaine," laughed Jane.

"I've, got them in my bag," said Elaine defensively. "But, I just could not decide if I should wax, shave or use cream."

"Wax every time," said Jane. "Do you want some help? The first time it hurts like hell!"

Elaine blushed and took a few tiny steps on the ballet stilettos. She was lost for words when Jane said to Alice: "We can wax her now and then see how the knickers look."

"Actually... I'm not sure..." said Elaine.

"Good idea, Jane," said Alice as she placed a hand on Elaine's hip to steady her.

Alice's fingers took the zipper that ran the length of the dress and ran it down to the bottom hem to allow the skirt to fall to the soft carpet.

She stood teetering on the highest heels that she had ever stood on, bare from the locks on the shoes to her silk blouse.

"That's got to come off," said Alice as she pointed at the slightly trimmed bush of pubic hair that filled the space between Elaine's thighs.

"Really, I can't do that here," said Elaine as she covered herself with her hands.

"Nonsense," replied Jane.

She pushed Elaine into the main bedroom where Harriet dutifully still had her head sticking from the bed.

"On the bed and be quick about it!"

Elaine tottered to the bed and sat on the edge well away from Harriet.

"Down, now," said Alice to Harriet as she plugged the bed and then went to get her waxing set.

Elaine was at a loss. She found it so hard to gainsay Alice and Jane and yet she did not want the other two to wax her. Something was changing and she could not figure out what, somehow the shoes had her in a grip that made her unable to resist her friends.

Alice returned and brought an armful of cold wax strips and laid them on the bed.

"Open your legs, there's no need to be shy, we've all got one!" she said as she

took the first strip.

Suddenly Jane pushed Elaine so that she fell back first onto the bed and Alice slapped her thighs to make her open her legs wide.

"Spread them wide," said Alice as she laid a strip of the wax paper onto Elaine's pubic hair.

Elaine tried to close her legs and mumbled a few words but Jane had one of her heels in her hand and Alice the other. Together they stretched her legs wide and more strips were laid onto the offending hair.

Elaine protested but was ignored. She felt something holding her legs open and realised that her ankles had been fettered, clipped onto some of the chains that were available under the bed. She tried to sit up but Jane climbed onto the bed and pinned her with her legs kneeled on her outstretched arms.

For a moment there was a struggle of sorts until Alice joined her friend and took one of Elaine's wrists, then the other.

Elaine realised that she was now chained to the bed by handcuffs and chains as Jane climbed off her and stood to contemplate the captured Elaine.

"That's better," said Jane. "She is a pretty sight like that."

"Better naked," laughed Alice as she striped off blouse and bra with a wrench that sprayed buttons across the room. "The bitch has to learn that we are here to help and guide her."

Elaine squealed as the blouse came off and the bra was torn from her helpless body. This was an assault that she had not expected and the word 'bitch' left her fuming.

She was about to shout and curse her two captors when the first strip of wax was ripped off by Alice with a wrench. The pain was terrible, a tearing at her sensitive skin that hurt beyond belief.

Elaine screamed in agony.

The second strip was torn off with equal ruthlessness and Elaine felt tears well into her eyes.

One by one the strips, all six of them, were wrenched from her, taking all the hair with a ripping sound that made Alice laugh and Jane wince.

"It's OK for you, Alice," she said as the last strip was torn off. "You have been depilated. I still have to use the wax and it's fucking agony."

Alice looked down at Elaine and smiled. She had enjoyed the little scene and the tearful Elaine was more of a turn-on than a cause for regret. She patted the naked and slightly bleeding pussy and slipped a finger into that raw slit.

Meanwhile Jane undid the chains and let Elaine go free.

Elaine was in confusion. Half of her had enjoyed the constriction and helplessness. The strange assault on her had resulted in a mixture of fear and excitement, pain and an inner joy that she had never felt before. Now that she was free she laughed in relief, as much from the sudden end of the fear that they might do more as much as from the concern shown by Jane.

"Get out of her pussy, you little demon," said Jane to Alice.

"I was just soothing her," came the reply.

Jane put an arm around Elaine and hugged her.

"There's nothing like the pain and excitement of being made to submit, of being overpowered," said Jane, "Soon you will learn that the only thing better is the joy and freedom of inflicting all that pain and excitement!"

"Do you want to keep the shoes on?" asked Jane. "They can pinch a bit!"

"I'll keep them on if you promise not to do that again!"

"I promise," said Alice. "What's more you can choose a blouse from my

wardrobe to replace the one that I tore off."

Elaine had never felt so naked. Just the shoes and nothing else. Helpless, with small steps and a tottering walk she looked down at the red raw patch of skin that seemed so vulnerable.

"It looks good," said Jane. "In an hour or two it will settle down and you'll be so smooth and sensitive that you'll orgasm just by looking at it!"

At last Elaine could laugh with them. She looked at Alice and wondered if Jane was holding her in check or if that look of lust in her eyes was really just lust or something deeper.

'If I had to pick a female lover,' she thought, 'then I'd pick Alice. If I had to pick a best friend it would be Jane.'

She went to her hand bag and found the knickers. As she slipped them on she noticed Harriet looking at her through the bars. Without a thought she slipped her finger through her pussy and smiled at her.

"That looks good," said Alice as the knickers were pulled over the red raw flesh.

"Now, on goes the skirt and blouse," said Jane.

The skirt felt just right over the wisp of lace, smooth and tight. Elaine went into

the dressing room and ran her eyes over the blouses. None of them seemed right; none of them seemed to match her idea of how she should look.

In the end one of the corsets caught her eye and she wondered how it would look. Purple silk and black lace, sides and back. She found the eyelet hooks and did it up. A small adjustment to the laces and the fit was perfect. It overlapped the hips a little and covered her breasts to give a wicked look together with the ballet stilettos.

"When she came out of the dressing room, triumphantly and on tottering steps, Jane clapped her hands and Alice smiled.

"That's one of my favourites. I'm not sure if you can keep it," said Alice, "but you can certainly borrow it."

"Can I ask one question?" asked Elaine.

"Of course," replied Jane.

"What is the Internet address of that blog that you were telling me about?"

Animals

Dear Maxine,

First I would like to say that my two new friends, Alice and Jane say 'Hi' and want to tell you that they are getting along fine and that your advice to them was invaluable.

I am writing to ask for the same sort of advice because I am just starting out with the training of my husband of ten years. I can see how to move on once the ball has started to roll, basically patience, some rewards and not a little punishment. My problem is how to get that boulder rolling and start Alan, my husband, on the long road to being the perfect husband, lover, slave or possibly maid.

So what do I look for that might provide some sort of handle that will allow me a controlling say on his life. I do have a small advantage in that he has two subdued males as his bosses, but I am not sure if I want too much help, especially from Alice. She has too much of a twinkle in her eye, and has already had me tied to her bed while she waxed me! I get the feeling that she wants a slut to go with her sissy maid husband and that role does not really appeal!

Please tell me how to proceed or at least give me guidelines of what to look for.

Yours,

Elaine.

Dear Elaine,

Thanks for the wonderful letter. So few women are brave enough to call for help when they need it most - at the very start of training! Thanks also for the mention of Jane and Alice. I enjoyed helping them and look forward to hearing how Harriet and Greta are doing. Since all has been quiet for the last few months I assume that they are now doing their chores and that both those ladies are enjoying more free time, more income and more sexual bliss.

You are right. The start of a course of training is the most difficult! The problem is that at this stage all men are different quantities. What you have to understand is that all men are like animals in training. Each one requires a different strategy. There are many angles that you can take and I give a brief list below, of single word 'pointers'; that may help you as you try to decide which route to take.

Pointers & Handles:

Blackmail

Shame

Fetish

Indecisiveness

Sex

Chastity

Money

This list is, by definition, incomplete, because there are so many other character traits that can lead to enough weakness to control your man. Basically they are all linked to sex and the control of it.

I suggest that you take a two pronged approach. First of all conduct a search of your husband's past and present life. Search his computer, the secret places in the house and anywhere else for any signs of porn. The type is a good guide to his weaknesses. Follow them and exploit them to the utmost. Heighten and push those buttons! Blackmail him at work if his boss is on your side. Your man needs to constantly be told that you decide on everything. Search for character weaknesses and push them into the foreground by making decisions when he is weak and never allowing him to gainsay you. Use the housework as a lever by making him 'share' it and making sure that he gets the onerous duties.

But...

Reward him by offering him what he wants. When he is good, stroke him; when he is bad do not get too negative, just comment and then reward the bits that he did right.

Do not forget...

This is a gradual process that he must not be aware of. It takes months to take the first steps and less time between each step as you go on. Write to me and I will try to guide you, but in the end it is your work and all your success.

All the best,

Maxine

Dear Maxine,

After I received your letter I was so happy that you actually wrote to me rather than just putting a mention in your blog. Even though I might have sounded determined in my letter; actually I was full of doubt, because I was so uncertain if it was what I wanted.

For a week or two I suppose that I dithered before an incident in bed convinced me that you and my other friends were right!

The incident is easy to relate.

I wanted an orgasm so desperately and Alan just turned over and left me after he had taken what he needed! So that small thing was the catalyst, but of course Alice and Jane were pushing me as well! I suppose the final part of the starting gun was meeting Francine. She came back from holiday and I fell in love! Not with Francine herself, though it would be easy to do, but with what she has done

to her husband, Jack.

He is so polite, well behaved and eager to serve her that he was falling over himself to be of use. Anyway I have not seen him at home yet so I cannot say that I have really met Jackie properly and I have not seen how discipline is applied when Jack becomes Francine's little slut.

It's three months since you wrote and I've at last managed to push forward with Alan; who is going to become 'Alaine' when at home. I decided to follow your advice and mix a regime of flattery and reward on the one hand with demands and orders on the other. That is the easiest to do. Simply put, I tied everything in to sex, all the rewards and punishments for housework, garden and behaviour. I suppose I was like a frantic whore as he fell into line and needed more praise than punishment.

At least for a while...

The second strand was the search for handles on his sexual behaviour. I scoured my memories, his computer and finally persuaded him to comment on which women he found attractive and why. Which girls in the street he lusted after and why. This is what men do all the time with each other, getting him to report to me was not so simple, but it opened a side of him that I had never thought to look at.

What I fixed on in the end was that he loves ass! He longs for it. I should have known, but it came as a sort of revelation to me I suppose. So I concentrated all the sex that we had on that single point and used it as a carrot to work him to the point that we had a rota for the housework and he was doing most of it!

So successful has this approach proved I am now at the point where he is dressing up in bed for me and this was done when I traded it against me dressing for him, which I never really used to do. I bought some panties that were not too feminine, cut out the labels and had him wearing them for me.

I suppose that I have managed to get a way down the road and thought that I'd keep you informed, even though I suppose that I am going to keep going on the same track for another three months before I will need some more of your pearls of wisdom, because panties are one thing, stockings and shoes are another!

Alice and Jane send their greetings and best wishes,

Love,

Elaine.

Dear Elaine,

All I can say is that you are doing fine! Most men have a stack of porn somewhere so have another look. If Elaine does not, then you will just have to work a little harder, but the results will come in time anyway.

I will refrain from offering advice until you ask for it, but there is one minor point. Keep a close eye on your stockings and other dessous; make sure that you know if it has been used without your knowledge!

Otherwise, I will be happy to comment as and when you ask for it.

My love to Jane and Alice. Of course I met Alice just a week ago and got the low-down on what is going on up there. Please tell her that I got the catalogue from France and have to admit that the furniture is so tempting, even if the prices are rather on the high side!

All the best in your endeavours,

Love,

Maxine

Dear Maxine,

I am so sorry that it has taken so long to get around to writing to you again! I could give a thousand excuses, but really the fact is that I have been absorbed by the hobby that you have given me and I wanted to wait until something special happened before writing.

I follow your blog all the time and have found a few hints and suggestions there,

so in a way I have been taking your advice even if you do not know it!

Your suggestion to keep an eye on my dessous was so very useful. Because of it I noticed that Alan is using my dessous and knickers to masturbate. Because he does all of the washing now, he thought I suppose, that he could get away with it! At any rate I noticed and then pondered how to find out exactly what he is up to when the cat is away.

After a little planning I decided to give Jane the house key and then I telephoned him from a friend's mobile to make him think that he was safe. Jane went to our house 'to pick up some shoes' and he was trapped. I must say that she is one dangerous cookie. She caught him dressed in all of my best dessous wanking furiously and then she took a picture with her mobile and threatened him. Personally I was a little disturbed that she saw so much, but I did ask her to do it and it has helped more than I ever imagined!

Armed with the photo as evidence I was able to get him to admit that he often wanked over my knickers and that trying them on was a 'one off'.

Result:

He is now wearing them in bed!

I just need to tie up some loose ends, like making him wear a uniform, high heeled shoes and renaming him Alaine. On top of this I need to push for chastity on his part so that sex becomes 'only for me' and he is just there to make my bedtime adventures pleasurable.

That's about it really, you should have a feel for the bits that are missing, but I must say that so far, just six months down the road, I have managed to achieve so much with no more than an eye to detail and persistence.

Jane and Alice send their love and Alice told me that she is OK for August in London.

Love,

Elaine.

Dear Elaine,

I have just time to write a quick note, because I am off the good ol' US of A for a month to visit some friends in Long Island New York. So I'll keep it brief.

Chastity is the last hurdle. The problem is that it requires you to change tack a little and this can be confusing for Alan. So far you have been concentrating on sexual reward. Now you must switch to sexual dissatisfaction and punishment. The punishment is that he gives and you do not. The balance is tricky! Gradually pull the rug from under his feet. Keep him on the edge of reward and then find reasons to change your mind, but keep the door open!

Most important: Do not rush, take your time and build up slowly... This is something that takes time. Sometimes months, sometimes just weeks.

What you are trying to achieve is a constant state of arousal at all times with no way for him to ever get to that horizon where he gets what he wants!

The fly in the ointment is that men are animals and wank whenever they get the chance. This needs to be stopped, either by constant supervision or other means.

Alice and I had a chat about it when she was here and she said that, for her, it was the trickiest part of the whole project.

Of course she had the advantage that Harriet was so totally fixated on her that he could almost have been described as an 'Alice fetishist'.

All the best to all of you up there,

Love and kisses,

Maxine.

Dear Maxine,

Today I went to visit Francine and finally got to see Jackie at home. At last I can understand why she always seemed reluctant to let me see him and I have to say that there is good reason why he is so very well behaved when I see him on the outside.

Basically she is brutally strict with him and has him chained to the bed all the time in a rubber suit that can be best described as 'severe'.

Most of all she has another man in her life, the ultimate accessory! He too is under her thumb but she allows him to think of himself as a lover rather than just toy for her bed. I was so turned on that I can see that I have a long way to go, because she is so in the place that I want to be!

Aside from that eye-opening visit, I can now see that I have managed to get Alain where I wanted him a year ago. Harriet has promoted him at Alice's orders and he is now earning enough that I can consider peeping into that catalogue from France that, up until now, was just a distant dream.

I would not be so over-confident to say that I no longer need your advice, but I can now see my path forward to reducing Alain to being a full time maid much more clearly.

I suppose that practice does indeed make perfect!

I would like to thank you so much for your help and support and would love to come down to London and meet you! I feel that I have learned a lot, but that there is so much more to discover and that a long chat would allow me to ask about all those little points that seem almost irrelevant, but are crucial to making my maid perfect.

I can only hope that you will meet up when it is convenient for you,

Love and hugs,

Elaine.

Dear Elaine,

I will be overjoyed to meet you at last! Even though I help so many women get to the life that they deserve I am always in awe of those that get where they want to go!

Come down to London in the next month for a day or two and we can get together and share experiences, methods and ideas. I have another visitor from Germany coming at the end of October so you might get to meet her as well.

All the best and looking forward to meeting you,

Love and kisses,

Maxine.

Echoes

Alaine had her hands in the sink as Elaine entered the kitchen.

"Have you packed the suitcase yet?" asked Elaine as she opened the fridge. "I am going tomorrow early and you can drive me to the station before you go to work."

"It is in your bedroom," said the maid as she pulled the stockings from the warm water and carefully placed them ready for drying.

Elaine picked one of the yoghurts from the fridge and looked at her husband with a critical eye.

"Why is it that you can never keep those seams straight?" she asked as she watched him start on the next pair of stockings. "I will have to put you in tights if you cannot cope with those little details!"

"I am so sorry," whispered Alaine as she lifted a leg and realised that the seam was not quite straight. A small curve over the calf and the perfection that Alain's wife expected was ruined.

"Sorry is really not good enough for me, especially as the girls are calling round this evening and I want everything to be perfect."

Alaine dried her hands and carefully straightened the seam before returning to her work.

"I have decided that we no longer need a washing machine," said Elaine as she watched the painstaking hand wash of her dessous. "It does not do such a good job as all that hand washing and you need to be kept busy to keep those hands away from activities that distract you from my pleasure!"

Alaine nodded and slowly wrapped the stockings in a towel to dry them before they could be hung on the line in her work room.

Elaine felt a small moment of rebellion in the mind of her maid and husband. After an intense year of intimate training she often sensed that friction, that resistance to her need to control every little moment of Alaine's life.

She stepped behind him and lifted the frilly petticoat to check if there was an erection lurking there under all that lace and linen. Sure enough, Alaine's prick was standing proud! With a tut she ran her fingers the length of it starting at the root and moving to the tip where a massive ring penetrated the flesh.

'So much better than some sort of chastity tube,' she thought as she fiddled with the ring. 'It stops all that wanking but allows him to become excited and erect all the time.'

"You are ready for a little tease?" she asked as she reached for the tiny key that hung at her ankle.

"Please, Elaine. I have to finish all these," he said as he pointed to the pile of as yet unwashed silk knickers and stockings.

Elaine smiled and took the pile of washed items and spread them on the table. Then she led him to the table and unlocked the tiny padlock on the ring.

"I will give you five," she said, "but then that's it for the month. I know that your ration was agreed at twenty for the month, but the seam on your stockings has cost you ten of them!"

Alaine moaned in disappointment and then lifted his dress to allow Elaine to reward him. It was only the start of the month and already his allowance would be gone!

"Are you ready," she said and blew him a little kiss.

She ran her hand along that prick and then grasped firmly so that her nails bit into the rigid organ. Slowly she drew him back and then touched the tip with a finger of the other hand.

"That's one," she whispered. "I'll let you decide, fast or slow!"

"Fast," breathed Alaine as she watched Elaine's face with a hope that her wife would make her come this time.

The other four strokes followed rapidly with a slight twist of the hand that left the lines of Elaine's nails in the flesh. At the last stroke Elaine gasped and thrust forward to spill his come all over the clean washing.

They both watched as the spurts were showered on the stockings making another wash necessary.

"Very good," mind that you start again with all of that," said Elaine as she pointed at the soiled stockings. "If I find just one ladder, the next month's allowance will be reduced by half!"

"Thank you," said Elaine with a breathless whisper. "That was so good."

"I know it was, darling," chuckled Elaine. "Now finish the washing because the food for tonight needs preparing. Don't forget that Francine will be here with Jackie and I want you to see what it is that you are headed for if you do not satisfy all my needs!"

"I will do my best."

"That's usually not enough," said Elaine. "What you consider satisfactory rarely meets my minimum requirements, so make sure that everything is perfect!"

Elaine put the ring back on her property and left the kitchen. Elaine had a great deal to do and it was best not to give any excuse for poor work!

Alaine hurried back to the living room with the tray of snacks and carefully placed it on the table next to the ice bucket of Champagne. As she did so she took a sly glance at Jackie and suppressed a shudder.

Jackie was standing absolutely still in the corner, a chain hanging from the collar around her neck that went to the ring on the wall. What worried Alaine was that she knew that this was to be her fate and that there was no way that she could escape it. Whereas Alice and Jane were satisfied with having a maid and endless intimate service, Francine was never satisfied with what she had created and was always wanting more.

Alaine's wife was moving in that direction as well, she did not want some maid or sissy, she wanted more, much, much more.

As Alaine headed back to the kitchen she heard part of the conversation, but the words scarcely registered because she was so intent on the preparation of the main meal.

"I decided that Jackie has reached the point where she is no longer allowed out of the house," announced Francine as she raised her glass to her ruby lips. "Now that Frank has moved in I no longer need the income and anyway Jackie is not really suitable to take anywhere except when we have our private parties or to one of the events where I need a slave and not a husband!"

Alice laughed and lifted her glass in salute.

"Jackie is not much use anyway, even for all those chores that she used to do, so what does she do all day?" asked Alice.

"She waits for me, of course," said Francine. "It gives her loads of time to think about how disappointed I am in her and what punishment waits. All her thoughts are consumed by pain, worry and fear, sex and service."

"How did you get Frank to accept having a male slut serve him?" asked Elaine.

At that point Elaine entered the kitchen and heard no more. She knew that her wife, Elaine, was so much more like Francine than Alice or Jane. Once she had discovered the possibilities of female supremacy she had done more than run towards them, she had sprinted, and had by no means reached the end of the racetrack.

Jackie was nearly at that finishing line!

A doll in rubber that was punished with cane and whip for always coming below the expectations of her wife and owner. Wife and her lover!

The timer beeped and Elaine checked the roast duck. It needed another five minutes to baste properly so she closed the oven door and checked her uniform for imperfections.

'What would it be like to have breasts like Jackie? The real thing and not just latex padded ones?' wondered Elaine as she straightened a seam and polished a small mark on her stilettos.

Then there were all the piercings and that terrible suit.

How would it feel to be chained to a bed all day and night like a pet and then used and punished the rest of the time?

Elaine felt her own erection arrive at the thought and shuddered that she felt it even remotely exciting, that idea of utter surrender to a deviant wife.

She looked down to make sure that the erection was hidden and then worried that the small chain and bell that hung decoratively from the ring at the tip would reveal her state. For a moment she considered tucking the bell into her stocking tops and then dismissed the thought with a tremble of fear.

If a trick like that was ever noticed she would be punished so very hard.

Elaine had already threatened her with a caning and had even bought one in readiness for that moment. It had not been used yet, but the implications were clear.

It would be!

Sooner or later.

In fact, Elaine realised, the only reason that Elaine had held back so far was that she needed the excellent salary that Elaine provided and too much restriction might damage his work.

'That's one thing in my favour,' she thought as she checked the duck again and decided that it could be brought out to rest.

Elaine was called back into the living room by Jane calling for another bottle of Champagne.

"So what has been happening in the world of Jackie?" asked Jane of Alice. "Now that Frank has moved in he has two demanding owners, I suppose?"

"Frank told me that when I am out he often keeps Jackie busy," she laughed. "I haven't asked him what he does to my poor little husband, but the marks are plain to see and Jackie has often been crying while I am out."

"You let him have free rein?" asked Alice in amazement.

"Frank has a mean streak that he cannot take out on me, so he has probably been quite nasty to Jackie. I like to let them get on with it because it ties Frank to me. Where else could he find a dominant mistress and a non-consensual male slave under one roof?"

Alaine carefully placed the bottle in the bucket and took the empty one in his hand.

"We should ask him," said Jane. "It might be interesting..."

"If you like!" said Francine.

Alice was already standing in front of Jackie and removing the gag.

"Darling, Jackie," said Francine to her husband. "Tell us what Frank gets up to with you!"

All attention was on Jackie, even Alaine stopped by the door to the kitchen to listen.

"Frank hurts me," came the thin voice from the hood.

"Do you love Frank?" asked Francine with a smile on her face.

"He is your choice of lover," said Jackie as her body trembled with emotion. "Of course I do."

"Does he make you suck him?" asked Jane. "Does he come in your mouth?"

"Sometimes and sometimes he pleases himself with his hands while he punishes me," came the answer.

"What? You mean with a cane?" asked Elaine.

Jackie started to cry and then burst into a sad heaving sobbing that made Elaine almost cry in sympathy.

When the sobbing subsided Jackie shuffled on her high ballet boots, making her naked breasts wobble and the bells on her nipples tinkle merrily. Finally she managed to stop the crying and replied to the question.

"Frank plays with me but never lets me come. He says that I have to learn to enjoy the rubber dildo in my ass because he wants to make me ready to be fucked by a real man."

The sobbing started again and Jackie's body shook and tinkled with the movements.

"Better gag him again," commented Francine in a dry voice. "He complains all the time about being fucked and I have had enough of it."

Elaine turned and noticed Elaine at the door with tears in her eyes.

"Alaine, how many times do I have to tell you that the conversation of your betters is not for your ears? Go in the kitchen and get the meal ready. Now!"

Alaine turned and retreated into the kitchen, but she slyly left the door open a little so that she could hear the chit chat through the crack in the door.

Elaine's voice continued as she spoke to her three friends.

"Alaine knows that I hold Jackie to be a model slave and that that is where she will be in a year or so. Francine has really done so well and I am merely following in her footsteps."

"Thank you for the praise," said Francine. "Are you looking for a lover like Frank?"

"Well I have had a couple of flings so far but I haven't found the right man yet," answered Elaine. "I want a man who will enjoy Alaine's misery and punishment as much as he loves me."

"I'm sure that you'll find him, there are loads of men out there for you," said Alice with a giggle. "For my part I am satisfied with my maid for the moment and I've only dabbled with a short affair and a couple of one night stands."

"When I visit Maxine it's one of the things that I am planning to ask her, because I don't want a passive man like Frank. I want a man who loves to fuck, romances me to the ends of the earth and understands that Alaine is just there as a fuck

puppet to serve us both," replied Elaine.

The door to the kitchen opened and Elaine curtsied prettily. The small bell that dangled eight inches from her thighs tinkled and showed that the conversation that she had overheard had excited her. Her mind was filled with self-pity and fear for the future that her wife had planned, but now there was no way to escape and she was excited by all the abuse that she would soon be experiencing.

Love and punishment at the hands of her wife and the new man that she would surely find.

Changes that would be difficult to accept, but that was what Elaine wanted and she was the only one who could decide what was best for her own gratification.

'I love Elaine with all my heart and I have to accept that she knows what I want and need more than I do myself,' thought the maid as the tears cleared.
'Whatever she decides for me is what I deserve and need.'

"The dinner is ready to be served," said the maid as she looked at Jackie sobbing in the corner.

'Jackie will learn to accept her fate,' she thought. 'It's not so bad! I'm sure that Frank will turn out to be ideal for Francine, that's all that matters; that Francine gets what she needs and wants! Jackie is so lucky, she just doesn't understand that her wife has to come first!'

"One last toast then," said Jane as she raised her glass. "To the echoes of the past becoming the reality of the future!"

They raised their glasses with a smile and stood to survey the dinner table that had been prepared for their pleasure.

Every polished glass just so, the pink candles were lit and the scene was set for a perfect Stepford Wives Club get-together.

The Ringer

There was no way that Sam was ever going to refuse her invitation to what might be the highlight of the year for him.

She was an Italian.

And not the small dumpy fussy type that fill the streets of Calabria and Sicily.

This example of Mediterranean womanhood was the tall and leggy, raven haired and strutting bitch that is to be seen in Milan and Bari.

Sunglasses perched, seemingly immovable, on the top of her hair, olive skin with severe black and blue make up and clothes that might have come from a fashion show except that they were just a little too revealing to be on a normal catwalk.

This cat was certainly walking!

She strolled into the bar where the speed dating meeting was being held and took control with the flick of her manicured nail. The men there tried to keep their tongues in their heads and the women flexed their claws and realised that Francine was cut from a silk cloth and not hemp.

The other women there, and the men for that matter, were those who fancied that they did not have enough time to find a partner, or some other logical excuse. The fact was; that they were the bottom of the barrel and had to meet each other to have a hope of a real relationship.

Francine did not belong and it was difficult to understand why she was there at all.

Her English was certainly good enough to pass muster. She was attractive to the point of being a black sun that drew every pair of eyes into its gravity well. She certainly had some money, those shoes and the Rayban's cost a fortune. In the interviews, three minutes of hope in the breast of each man, she showed indifference and a lack of interest that did not bode well for a chance of arranging a private meet.

At last she arrived at Sam's table and the ensuing chat was all Sam's work.

Francine, in point of fact, said almost nothing at all and he struggled to get her to speak more than three words that were conjoined, before the bell rang and the interview was over.

In the end, all that he could say was that she was twenty five, Italian and living in London while, on the other hand, she knew his complete life story.

If of course she had even been listening!

Yet...

At the end of the night she had picked... him!

There were a couple of others that had matched up, but as usual the meeting was more a realisation of blind hope than a joining of myriad souls.

"Meet me tomorrow night at Piccadilly and I'll show you a great restaurant," she said to him in a slightly bored voice.

"What time?"

"Seven."

That was it...

No other comment that could give either of them cause to think that there was any possibility of it being love at first sight and he was stunned by her looks.

She, however, being was attracted by some factor that was not at all readily apparent.

At least not to him.

The meal might as well have been eaten in Burger King for all the romance and love that blossomed. Sam had always had the belief that Italian women were grasping and emotional. Passionate and self-willed. Francine seemed placid and bored, disinterested and preoccupied.

But attractive?

Beyond compare, he could do no more than admit.

In the end he was expecting her to say that they would never meet again, but she confounded his expectations by telling him that she wanted to go home with him. Sam was in a daze, how could he say no to this attractive woman?

There was no kiss on the doorstep, just a turn of the key and Sam suddenly felt that he was with a different woman. She pinned him against the wall and stripped him with her right hand. The buttons from his shirt went flying and his tie was used to hold him in place while Francine stripped herself. She tied his wrists together behind his back with his tie to the bannister rail.

He watched in near disbelief as she stripped down to stockings and Basque.

Her breasts spilled over the top of that corset and hung with delicious pear like shape, nipples distended and pointing. Then there was her pussy, uncovered, but under a mat of clipped hair that had been shaped like an upside down heart. The tip of her slit to be seen nestling in the cleft of that heart.

Her finger slipped into that soft pussy and then pushed into his mouth as her other hand brought him under her control. Fingers closed around his cock and with her thumb playing across the tip that leaked small drops of precum like dew.

"You cannot fuck me without wearing something," she whispered in his ear as her hand massaged his cock and her tongue played with his lips. "I have it in my bag!"

'A condom,' he thought, and she brought them.

He nodded and muttered:

"Yes".

It came out more as a groan than a word.

"Good, I'll get it and then I can release you."

Her hand drifted from his cock to his lips and then she was rummaging in her handbag. He looked down at her and drooled with desire. Her legs were wide as she squatted and he could see the lips of her sex hanging, waiting to be parted by his prick.

Something was embedded there.

Was that jewellery?

A glint of gold?

She fiddled for a moment in her handbag and then turned back to him.

"Should I put it on, or do you want to!"

His hands were pinned anyway and she seemed to be only asking out of some form of politeness, or perhaps to build up his desire, so he told her to put it on and wondered that it would fit because he had never been bigger, never been more solid than he was now. A full five inches of man meat.

He felt her hands on his prick, smoothing and pulling and then a click, loud and clear, like a padlock being pressed closed. Sam opened his eyes and looked down to see her smiling and pushing her stockinged leg between his thighs. His cock was pressed along that thigh, naked and without the coloured tint of a condom.

She pressed into him and said:

"Would you like to come on my stockings, or would you like me to make you come with my feet?"

Sam was in a daze of desire and just nodded as she kissed him and pushed her thigh against him. For a moment he felt her hand and then the rough nylon against him. He was stretched to the limit as her thigh pressed and then gave ground. Then it pushed again and he felt his climax arrive.

Her breasts, her thighs, her hands and her lips on his, pushed him so fast over that limit that he barely had time to register that he was coming before it was over and she was cooing to him.

"I can see that you like my body as much as I do," she said.

Sam was dazed by the speed of her and looked down to see that she still held his cock even though it had thrown his come to drip down her legs. Her hands smoothed the emission into the nylon with slow movements that suggested that she loved the feeling.

"I'd better untie you now," she laughed, "you'll be getting cramp."

Sam laughed with her and wondered what she wanted now. After all he had come and she had not! Would she appreciate a fuck when his cock recovered? Perhaps she was into heavy petting and oral? He wondered how he could ask when she finally managed to pick the knot of his tie open and release his hands.

"There you are," she said as his hands were free.

He looked at her, still amazed that this beauty could imagine having sex with

him. He marvelled at her strange behaviour, cold and distant, uninterested and then suddenly hot and burning with a desire to make him climax.

"Now?"

The question that he asked was to allow her to tell him what she wanted from him, but it backfired when she answered:

"I'll see you tomorrow night. I'll come here!"

Sam was not sure that she had meant the pun, but he could not help but smile.

"Don't you want me to?" she asked.

"Of course I do, but don't you want to stay for a moment here?"

"No, I don't think so. I will be off..."

Already she was dressing and picking up her bag. She opened the door and blew him a kiss before she spoke her parting words: "Don't try to take it off!" before she slipped out of the house and left with a little wave.

Naked and suddenly aware of it, Sam bent to pick up his clothes when he noticed

a glint of metal on his skin. His hands explored and he found that a rounded metal band encircled his balls. Trapping them and making them hang low. He tried to pull it off, but it was too tight and he could not find how the ring had closed.

Francine's last words came to him and he started to laugh.

She had not put a condom on him, she had ringed him!

It seemed more of a joke than otherwise, because it was not so uncomfortable and it did look kind of sexy, in a kinky sort of way.

Sam went for a shower and inspected the ring again. It was about as thick as his finger, a small donut that weighed enough to stretch him just a little and yet small enough to tuck into his pants without a problem. He found the seam where it had clipped together with the edge of his nail, an almost invisible hairline crack that had no obvious means of being undone. No keyhole, no stud to press and no catch.

'Tomorrow night I'll have a word with her,' he thought as he settled down for the night, his thoughts filled with the way that she had made him climax inside a few seconds on her thighs.

'Those breasts!' he marvelled as he drifted off to sleep.

He waited for Francine.

She had not been specific about her arrival time so he watched the television waiting for the ring on the doorbell. In all of his excitement he had not taken her number, he did not even know what her surname was. In fact he knew nothing at all about her except that Francine was beautiful, strong, and had the most perfect body that he had ever seen.

So he waited and waited.

Finally he realised that it was just before midnight and it was over!

The feeling when a girl never called back or even bothered to tell him that they were finished, was not a new feeling for Sam, but this time it really hurt. She had never given him a chance to show her that he was considerate in bed, funny to be with and interesting to know!

Now he had lost her!

The doorbell rang and he jumped in shock. Sam had been so far gone in his depressing fantasy that he had given up all hope.

He opened the door to find Francine smiling. She was dressed in a long trench coat and heels, when she said "Hello" to him she flicked open the coat and showed him her nakedness. Just hold-up stockings and high heels, the rest of her

was an expanse of soft brown skin that was taut and flawless.

"I thought," he said, but she interrupted him by stepping into the hallway and pinning him against the wall.

One of her hands slipped into his jeans while the other started to pull at his T shirt.

"Did you like my little present?" she asked as his pants fell to his ankles and her hand took him in a firm grip. "I like to keep my boyfriends reminded of me when I am not there; so that they remember who owns their massive cock!"

He moaned as she hefted the ring and pulled on it a little.

"Don't worry," she said. "I have the key to your little balls."

Once again her stockinged thigh pulled him tight. Her hands came to his nipples and pulled them while she forced herself into him. Once again he felt the rough nylon pull him taut, once again he felt himself overwhelmed by emotion and lust as she forced him to climax on her thigh.

"Francine is delighted with you," she said as her nails pinched his nipples. "She wants you for her own..."

She fended off his hands and pressed harder and harder until at last he squealed

as he came onto her thigh. A gush of semen that dribbled its way to her shoes. She looked down and laughed.

"You come so easily, Sam. That's something I like, baby, something that shows that you care for me. I love men who come in a hurry for me."

He almost fell to his knees with the suddenness of the climax, it had been like his strength gushing onto her thigh. All of his energy and all of his self-will.

"I'll see you tomorrow," she said over her shoulder as she left. "Make sure that you are naked for me, I like it better that way!"

That night he tossed and turned as he dreamed of Francine.

The woman who could make him climax in seconds, asked for nothing in return and then left leaving him with nothing other than spent desire, and lust for more.

The doorbell did not ring because the door was unlocked.

Francine smiled to herself as she stepped into the house to find a tableau of last night's wank in the hallway. Sam's clothes lay where she had tossed them and the splashes indicated where her shoes had dripped his semen onto the carpet.

Seven in the morning and the house was quiet.

She slipped off her shoes and padded up the stairs.

Sam lay in the double bed, spread out with limbs disarranged. Francine slipped onto the bed and woke him as her lips enveloped his and her knee pressed against his cock. Her hands went to his wrists and she pinned him.

"Need some more, Sam?" she asked.

Sam looked up, his dreams of her had become reality and he mumbled a few words that were meant to be a question, but came out as just a mumble.

"I love that ring, Sam," she said as her hand hefted it. "The day that it comes off is the day that you lose me!"

He nodded as he felt her press into his body and rub his cock against her jeans. She slid, she pressed and she took his naked body with her fully clothed one. This was the third time, the third time that she had used her thighs to make him come. Now it was even faster as the rough cloth of the jeans pulled him tight and he came with a small almost mute cry.

"That was so good Sam. You are able to come so fast for me, so fast and speedy. I like that, it shows that you find me attractive, do you think that you can come again."

Sam gasped and looked at this woman who was determined to make him hers and he shivered in lust and trepidation. Never had he imagined that a relationship could be like this, so hollow and yet so full of emotion.

"I have decided that I like you naked for me when I arrive. I will be back later today and expect that you will be naked for me then as well. Will you do that for me, please?"

"I will wait for you, but when will you arrive?"

"I am not sure yet, just make sure that you are ready and I will be happy."

Francine slipped out of the room and blew a kiss as she went.

It was six in the evening. Sam had just arrived from work and stripped all his clothes off as soon as he walked through the door.

All day he had been unable to get that Italian woman out of his head. Neither her body, her luscious accent, nor her scent and her long hair. All conspired to remind him of her as he felt the weight of the steel ring that trapped him willingly.

Every time he moved, every time he walked, his balls felt that ring, it hung low and bumped in his pants. Every motion was a reminder of Francine, every reminder was a reason to get hard and think of the way that her thighs pressed

against him when she made him come.

He closed all the curtains in the house and hung his dressing gown on the bannister in case the doorbell went and he had to answer the door to anyone else than his Italian lover.

Sam went into the kitchen, his erect prick pointing the way as he felt that ring weigh him down and rub between his thighs. Every thought was turning to her, every impulse was being weighed with the thought that he had to stay and wait for her, to be there when she came for him.

The back door rattled and opened.

Francine stepped into the kitchen and smiled approvingly at Sam.

"Well done, I have decided that you must always be like this for me. Naked and ready for me..."

She engulfed him and her hand slipped to his already erect cock. A nail ran along the length of it, from tip to base and he came, pumping come over her hands until the fingers dripped with that milk.

"Sam, that is so good. Now you are ready to come at just a small touch, I love it when you are so responsive! Responsive men are what I need. Men who come to my touch, men who show that they love my beautiful body."

Sam's mind was full of confused thoughts. He was climaxing and coming in moments and she loved it! This was against everything that he understood about sex. Everyone was trying to prolong it, make it last for ever and a day. They expected requital, balance of pleasure, what the man gives the woman, she gives him back. Foreplay, mood, music and whispered words of passion.

'Where was it all in this strange friendship?' he wondered as she licked her hands with relish and then vanished like she had arrived.

In silence.

The rest of the evening was spent in the nude and it was like a dedication to her, he decided.

A sort of sacrifice or remembrance that she required of him, he thought as, at last, he went to bed.

As he did so, Sam wondered whether he should leave the door open for her.

Unlocked, in order to allow her to access him at any time.

Francine lifted her wine glass and laughed.

"He is so fast now that I only have to touch his little prick to make him spurt. He is quite out of control and has no real resistance left!"

Her male companion raised his glass and tipped it against hers with a small movement that made the glasses ring like bells.

"When do you think that the solicitor will notify him?"

"Well," she said. "I spoke to that solicitor to tell him just the day before yesterday. It will take him a day or two to check it out and then Sam will get the letter by the end of the week!"

"What's next then?" he said as he sipped his wine. "Another ring or perhaps a little something else. I happen to know that that horny solicitor is in no particular hurry."

"I'm working blind here, but I'll think of something," she said. "I'm so glad that I have your real cock to come home to instead of that quick 'jack-me-off' thing that Sam has between his legs."

"How big is he?"

"Are you jealous?"

"Of course not, but I just want to know!"

"He is just long enough to get to my thighs and no further. I'll never let him inside me!"

"I should hope not. Has he been allowed to touch you at all?"

Francine started to laugh again.

"Roger, you are jealous after all! I like that, I like it a lot! No, he is never going to be allowed to touch me, excite me or satisfy me. That's something that is reserved for you to do! In a few days' time we shall see how well I have done and whether little Sam has been led far enough down the garden path."

"I might want to try coming on your thighs!"

"If you like, but I am warning you that it may lead to consequences that you will regret."

"OK then, I may just stick to fucking your ass," he said.

"That's a better idea," she said, "as long as you do it now!"

Francine appeared in the lobby of the hotel where Sam worked. She stood, sunglasses in her hair. She waited, tucked behind the columns to ambush him as he left for his midday break.

"I just thought that I'd meet you and give something to you!" she said.

He looked at her empty hands and wondered what she was up to.

"How did you find out where I work?" he asked.

"Do you think that I would go with someone if I knew nothing about them?"

Sam nodded and then suddenly realised that he was doing just that.

He knew nothing about her.

Neither her surname, her address, her telephone number nor her age and birthday.

Was she married? Divorced? Single?

These were questions that it seemed too late to ask..

Francine took him by the hand and led him to the lift.

They stepped inside and she pushed the button for the top floor before she pinned him in a corner and slipped her hand into his trousers.

First floor.

First she felt the heavy ring. While he wore it he was hers, more than he knew.

Second floor.

She felt his cock grow and she slipped her hand over it as she pushed her tongue into his mouth.

Third floor.

Her breasts pushed into him as she kissed and stilled her hand.

Fourth floor.

There was a pregnant pause, to build the tension.

Fifth floor.

Francine pushed down hard and stretched him as she kissed his lips and held him prisoner in the corner of the lift.

Sixth floor.

He climaxed with a cry and felt his knees collapse.

Seventh floor.

Francine wiped her come covered hand on his face and got out of the lift as the doors opened.

"Tonight you get something special; you are getting better all the time," she said as the doors closed on the man who was sitting in the corner of the lift with his own come dripping from his lips.

The front door opened and she entered.

Shoes in hand she crept up the stairs into his bedroom to find that Sam was a man who, though he lived on his own, kept everything neat and tidy. She opened the top drawer of his chest of drawers and noted all the folded pants and balled up socks. She opened her handbag and pulled out three pairs of lacy knickers and laid them on top of his pile of pants.

Francine slid the drawer back into position and sneaked downstairs. As she slipped on her high heels she noted a brown envelope on the small telephone table. She did not touch it but noted that it had not yet been opened. It was on the stationary that she recognised so well.

With a clicking of heels she entered the living room to find the curtains closed and a naked Sam sitting watching the news.

"I have a special experience for you tonight," she said as she stood in front of him.

He looked up and saw that Francine was dressed as if she were going to a hen party. Heels, stockings and a skirt so short that he could see the stocking tops and garters that pinned them to her thighs. Her breasts spilled out of her top, almost, and her hair was a mass of curls of shiny black that had been tinged with red streaks.

Her heeled foot lifted and stood on his cock while her finger came under his chin and lifted it until he was looking at her breasts. She slid her foot forward and stretched him tight as her other hand freed her breasts.

"Would you like to kiss them?" she asked. "Suckle them, and make my nipples

hard?"

Never had she ever asked him to serve her, how could he resist?

He leaned forward but she stopped him with the finger under his chin even as she leaned forward to put her ripe flesh and tightening nipples just an inch from his eyes.

"Watch!" she said.

As her the fingers of both hands moved to grip those gathered nipples her foot moved again, rasping her sole against his prick.

"Can you come now, I want it now. Now!"

The words, the pressure, the training and the sight of those huge breasts pushed him over the edge and he came under her shoe. The foot moved forward and the heel of the stiletto pressed into the tip of his cock, fucking him, blocking that exit and forcing his come into his bladder.

A strange climax that thrilled and pulsed through his groin and felt less intense than normal.

"What a good boy," said Francine. "I'm so glad that you didn't make a mess of my shoes because you might have had to lap up all that come for me."

"I would have," said Sam as he watched her tuck her breasts into her top.

"That is good to know," said Francine as she took her foot from his prick.

She held his eyes, deadly serious:

"I may require it soon!"

"When will you come again?" he asked with a whine.

"When I fancy," she replied. "I have decided that you should wear pants in the house. Make sure that you are when I next catch you!"

Sam nodded as she left.

'Francine is like a force of nature, and I love her," he decided.

Dear Samuel David Wentworth,

I have written to inform you that after diligent enquiries I have established that you are the closest and only living relative of Mrs Jennifer Edith Housam who died a month ago in a retirement home in Brighton at the age of eighty three.

Since you may be unaware of her death I wish to convey to you my sincere condolences and hope that you will understand that it is my duty to inform you that she was the owner of a considerable estate and that she unfortunately died intestate.

In matters like these it is usual to ask the beneficiaries to present themselves at my office with proof of identity as well as a birth certificate and proof of address. I shall expect a call from you regarding a convenient time for us to discuss this matter.

Once again I offer my condolences and hope that we can expedite this matter in the near future,

Yours sincerely,

Roger Ferdwon LLB

Sam read the letter twice and tried to remember Aunt Jennifer. His mother's sister, or was she a great aunt? He had met her, he was sure, but it was years ago, when he was maybe just nine or ten years old.

As an only child he must be the only one left since he had no cousins or other living relatives! He picked up the phone and called the solicitor's office. The secretary made an appointment and he put down the phone with the feeling that

he had a pit in his stomach that would not be gone until he had spoken to the solicitor.

He looked down and then ran his hands over the lace knickers that were clearly intended for him. When he had gone to his bedroom to carry out Francine's request, he had discovered three pairs of knickers in his drawer. They covered the upper thigh in lace and his ringed balls and prick in silk. They pulled up to his waist and he had to admit that they were not only comfortable but they had an intimate feel that turned him on and kept him erect for long periods of time.

Sam got dressed and headed for the solicitor's office. He had pulled his jeans over the knickers that Francine had given him and almost came from the tight denim being pulled over the silk and lace.

Almost!

He drove to the office of the solicitor's in Friern Barnet and found just a small door onto the street with a steep stair that led up to a small reception. Since the reception was unmanned he rang the small bell on the desk and waited for the secretary to appear.

The door opened and a man poked his head around.

"Hello, I'm Roger Ferdwon, how can I help you?"

"Sam Wentworth, we had an appointment about a bequest?"

"Ah, you are the grandnephew of Mrs Housam. Please come in."

Sam put the documents that he had brought onto the desk and sat in the comfortable armchair that was placed in front of the desk. As he sat, he felt the ring and the silk of the knickers and started to become erect at the thought of Francine's feet and thighs.

"It's like this," said Roger. "Your great aunt died peacefully a month ago and due to the fact that I was briefly her solicitor in a small matter three years ago I was called upon to expedite the probate. She owned property of considerable value. A house in Chelsea and a farm in Surrey as well as a mass of objects' d'art that also are not of inconsiderable value."

"I vaguely remember her from when I was about ten," said Sam. "She was an old ogress to my parents but she gave me loads of biscuits."

The solicitor smiled politely at the childish recollections of his client and then moved on to the matter of probate.

"Well we are talking about several million here in property alone. Then the Klimt and the other paintings could be another few million. As far as I can guess, and it is just a guess, we are talking about ten million pounds plus or minus twenty per cent."

Sam was stunned.

He was rich!

For some reason he thought of Francine and he grinned. With all this money now she would be his and he could woo her. He would buy a sports car and impress her. He would take her on a cruise and spend endless money on her.

His prick swelled again until he felt as though he would burst.

Roger stood and shook his hand.

"Again, I offer my sincere condolences for your loss and hope that you will consider any advice that I have to give favourably," he said. "I shall contact you when it is all finished and prepared for you."

Sam left the office in a daze.

As he went down the stairs he wondered at the way that fortune can smile or frown and change a life in the space of days.

Francine stood in the street and breathed deeply.

Now was approaching the visit that would be so critical for her and Sam. Now that Sam knew that he was rich he had so much less to lose by booting her into touch. If he dared think about it he would realise that he could find a woman of any shape or character if he just made it plain that he was rich.

Finally she pulled her thoughts into order and rang the bell.

The door opened a crack and she saw a good sign.

He was wearing his dressing gown and when he saw who was calling at his door he let it slip from his shoulders with a small shrug. That he was wearing the outsized bloomers and that the ring still weighed his balls to hang into the gentle hammock of the see-through lace told her that, rich or not, their relationship was in her hands and not his.

She entered the house and closed the door behind her.

Sam has a smile on his face.

"I have something to tell you," he said.

Before he could take control of the conversation she responded: "I too have something to tell you and it is more important, so I shall go first."

She paused for a moment and managed to pull a smile.

"I am in love with you. I think that we should marry!"

Sam never considered the absurdity of her declaration. They had scarcely exchanged a word in all the times that she had made him climax. He knew nothing about her and she had fastened a niobium-steel ring to his balls without ever revealing how to get it off.

As she spoke she closed on him and pressed him against the wall. He felt her breasts push into him, her hips and thigh pressed him back and her hand popped a finger into his mouth.

"Say it Sam, I need to hear you ask me to marry you, please! Ask me respectfully!"

Sam could feel his head feel light and his cock swelled in his red lace knickers. Already she had almost brought him to climax and all she had done was press him against the wall.

"God, yes. Francine, please marry me I beg you."

Her fingers took his nipples and twisted and he came with a gush into the panties he was wearing.

"See how quick and easy that was for you. You will be a perfect husband as long as you can come whenever I decide," she said as she pulled away from him.

"Good boy, and the best is that you already wear my ring!"

Sam felt a swell of pride that he was doing what she wanted and almost wept when he realised that she had agreed to marry him.

'At least I do not have to worry that she only said 'yes' because of the money,' he thought.

She had agreed before he had told her! In fact she had suggested it...

"What do you have to tell me?" she asked.

"Nothing important compared to us getting married!"

"Then I'm off," she said. "I have to get to work."

It was the first mention of any private matter from his fiancée so it was clear that Sam was getting somewhere! He watched her walk out of the house and almost wept with joy that she had agreed to marry him.

"Might I suggest that you set up a trust fund to avoid all the onerous duties that

will fall on the principal in the case of your death." said Roger.

He had just passed Sam a cheque for four hundred thousand pounds that represented all the liquid assets that were mentioned in the will. A bit of life insurance, the savings accounts and various other cash that had been lying around.

"How does that work?" asked Sam.

It seemed as if Roger Ferdwon was doing his best to help Sam avoid tax and then he had been the one that found Sam so he deserved a great deal of credit.

"You have told me that you are getting married, my congratulations by the way! What I can do is put the value of the houses and the farm as well as the artworks into the care of a trust fund. This acts as a company that pays a regular salary to you and your wife as beneficiaries. I act as the director of the fund and lend you money that will never be repaid by you. You then spend the money and owe the trust fund that never asks for the money back. Are you following?"

Sam nodded and tried to concentrate but the thought of the way that his fiancée, Francine, had made him come onto her shoes this morning filled his mind and prevented him understanding what the hell Roger was talking about.

"So," droned Roger. "I sign the cheques, you spend the money and the trust fund supplies all the tax free income that you need to support your new wife. A contract, fiduciary in nature of course, binds you to the trust fund as almost an employee, but since no lien is laid on you or the money and I am the holder of the contract, or if you like, employer, you will be free to live a life of ease and I

will take care of all the little details."

Sam nodded and thought about the hand that had stroked him once and then the voice of Francine as she had cooed that he was really getting so fast that she would have to watch out that he did not just come when she ordered it.

Sam had to admit it...

He was almost at that point. The ring was a constant presence and occasionally he had to stop moving to prevent a climax from immediately happening. Just walking down the street and thinking about Francine was like a slow wank. The slippery knickers, the heavy ring and the thought of those hanging breasts.

"Just think, when we are married I will let you touch me a little," she had promised. "I think that you will be ready by then, to come on my breasts as I order you to."

Suddenly he was in Roger's office again, pen in hand.

He signed the papers where Roger indicated, initialled a dozen times and then laid the pen on the desk.

"That's all done then," said Roger. "I will issue our first salary cheque next month to the tune of a thousand pounds and the whole process will have begun."

"Pardon," said Sam as he shook the picture of Francine out of his head.

"I said that the trust fund is now all set up and I will issue you the first salary next month."

Sam looked down at the papers that Roger was gathering and then the cheque in his hand.

"If you sign the back of the cheque I can pay that into the fund as well" said Roger.

Sam took the pen and signed the cheque, writing his name in block capitals with the date below.

"That's perfect Sam. Technically, you are now my employee as I am the director of the trust fund. I think that you should sign this contract and it is all done and dusted."

Sam put a last signature on the paper and left the office empty handed.

His thoughts were full of Francine, his wallet and bank account were empty.

Now that Sam no longer had a job in the hotel, Francine, very reasonably, asked if he could always be there when she needed him. So he waited for her to arrive and was never disappointed when she did.

Just the night before she had shown him that wearing latex gloves she could make him come even faster. He seemed to be finding himself in a race to climax and shoot ever quicker for her and she encouraged him all the time. Occasionally, she gripped the base of his cock and forced him to ejaculate into his bladder.

That was not so satisfactory, but she only ever did it half the time, though he did notice that the heel of her shoe, her thumb or her little finger often found that spot where she could redirect his climax and then used the opportunity or not, almost at random. It was getting easier, that internal climax that left no trace or spill, easier every time...

Now there was tonight...

"I will sort out that ring tonight," she said.

Sam felt a wave of gratefulness sweep him and came in his pants.

Francine suddenly realised what had happened and smiled. Her hand dipped into his knickers to check and sure enough came up dripping with his come.

"You see!" she cried happily. "I knew that you could do it. Just the thought of me made you come for me!"

Her hand pulled at her T shirt and she showed him her breasts. He noticed that she had had two large rings put into those wonderfully coned nipples and he almost reached out to touch them.

"Not now," she warned. "After we are married you will be allowed to see them once every day and touch them occasionally, but for now it will be your special reward for being so sensitive. Do you think that you could get hard again for me now?"

Her voice pleaded and ordered at the same time as she placed her hands under her breasts and fondled the rings. Sam's damp cock finally responded and slowly regained its stiffness.

"Come on Sam, show me how far you have come," she said without the irony of the pun being apparent in her voice.

He looked down at the wet patch on the lace and saw that he had regained his full size. As she watched her hand reached out and stroked him. The nail of her forefinger ran down the length of him and then pinched that spot before her other hand took him and forced him to climax again.

"That's better," she said. "The first time was a mess, this time is so much better," as his body pumped in vain and then spurted his come into his bladder.

"You are a she-devil," said Roger as he two lovers sat in front of a roaring log fire and discussed their plans.

"Well, you are guilty of misappropriating a client's funds under fraudulent circumstances!"

She laughed and grabbed his prick before slowly lowering herself on to it and bending to kiss him.

"I love fucking," she said with a groan as his shaft pressed for a moment against her ass and then slid into her body as she lowered herself onto him.

She held her breasts up and got Roger to nibble at the rings before sucking in her nipples and making her climax from the slow fuck that was going on at the same time while her hand slipped to her empty pussy and stroked with increasing pressure.

"Make it last," she begged Roger as she started to climb towards another orgasm. "Please, make it last!"

Roger slowed down the movements of his hips and slipped a hand to that cunt. He could feel those low hanging inner lips, the giant clitoris that was the key to her locks and then he felt the studs and rings that lay embedded on the outer edge, the slit of her sex.

It did not take much to push her over the edge and he followed soon afterwards as she twisted her hips and took him in that final inch that had him bumping the far reaches of her ass.

Eventually they lay still on the rug by the fire and stared at the flames.

"You realise that we have to go through with this?" he said at last. "You have to marry him in order to be able to sign things that he would never willingly sign. We need that status as wife."

"That's no problem at all. For ten million I'd marry a lot worse than Sam."

"What are you going to do to him then?"

"You'll see, but let's just say that he will sign all the documents on the wedding night and then we shall see, what we shall see!"

"I fancy fucking you again!"

"Already? You are becoming more demanding than Sam!"

"I should certainly hope so!"

"Darling, there was no need," said Francine as she opened the present. "I would not want you to spend too much money on me."

The contents of the box were exposed and she looked at the shoes with a smile on her face.

'Sam had no idea what suited her, no idea at all," she thought as she looked at the low practical heels, the blue colour and the giant bows that adorned the front of the shoes.

"I hope that you like them," he said. "They are a good make."

She sighed.

The noise could have been taken as disapproval or approval.

"Thank you so much Sam," she said. "Let me show you something that is my special gift for you."

She reached to the table and passed him a small wooden box. He opened the box and pulled out a ring that was almost identical to the one already attached to him. It was in two halves and very heavy in his hands. He turned the two parts and looked at how they fitted together.

"It is permanent," said Francine. "Look here, when the ring is pressed here or almost anywhere it changes shape and crushes the man's balls like this. She pulled out a ring that had been cut and pointed out how the devilish piece of Japanese origami in metal worked."

"The one that I've got on already?"

"Here I'll show you, you really have no idea..." she said avoiding an answer.

Her hands lowered his panties and exposed his cock. She took the two halves of the ring and clipped them above the previous one.

"It's that easy," she said with a smile. "Now you have two of them and I love you all the more."

A tear came to his eye.

"Francine, I thought that you would take one off," he wailed.

"But, darling, how can I? They are permanent! Don't be such a silly thing. You know that I was going to allow you to touch my breasts now that we are married. Now I have changed my mind!"

Sam cried all the louder.

"I've decided that instead you can fuck me!" she said.

The crying stopped and he looked longingly at her skirt, behind which was that slit that he was going to be allowed to use.

"Can I? Please."

"Of course darling. I want you in me!"

He pulled his knickers right down and showed her his erection.

Behind it the two stainless steel rings stretched his balls downward with unstoppable force. They hung and pulled him in preparation for the next ring and the next after that. A grotesque thing to suffer as each one ensured that the process moved along faster until at last, the fourth went on.

She pulled up her skirt and showed him her lacy slip that allowed the stockings and suspenders to show. She let him drink in that sight before lifting the slip to allow him to see the sixteen straps that came from stocking tops to girdle and the thin, gossamer panties that covered that now naked cunt. The pubic hair sculptured heart had gone now that she was pure sex, no love, no affection, just slick lust.

He could see that she was dripping with need, a stain spread over the silk. It made the panties go translucent and allowed him to see that his wife was pierced

with a dozen rings and bells that dangled from her inner lips. A chain hung from the stopper in her ass hole and dangled freely.

Sam came.

He needed no touch, no word and no fantasy.

The sight of her knickers with their half concealed treasures brought him to climax. Not a strong pleasurable orgasm with anticipation and deep pelvic stirring. What Sam experienced was short tickle and a climax that was physically present, but had no pleasurable gratification.

His come spurted over her stocking tops and she congratulated him.

"Very good, Sam! You shot all that distance, just at the sight of my cunt."

As she said the word 'cunt' his erection started to recover and his prick stood wet, slick and ready to give her more pleasure.

"Shall we try again?"

She pushed his hand down to his prick and showed him how she wanted him to hold it, with a tight pressure at the bottom root.

"Grip hard here and make sure you keep it like that until I say otherwise. Good!"

She unzipped the skirt and pulled the slip off to reveal a girdle and corset that together gripped the tops of her stockings at so many points. Next she pulled at the strings on the sides of her panties and peeled the damp cloth from her bald skin.

Now he could see that the gates of her sex were ringed with gold rings and bells. The small chain from her anal pug hung and rang its little bell. Her hands parted those lips and she smiled at him.

"I shall lie on the bed to make it easy and you will fuck me until I scream you to stop," she said as she sat on the bed.

Sam's head was spinning with lust, desire and hope.

Francine opened that hole with her hands, showed him the rows of studs and rings, the bejewelled top of the small anal plug and finally that hole. The place where he was finally to be allowed to go.

He climaxed.

His hand blocked the passage of that ejaculation and diverted it into his bladder with a small effort. Soon that would be the only direction that he would ejaculate and his climaxes would be no more than a pleasurable tickling that ended in an internal spasm that would fade with time... Soon would come real force that

would rupture those muscles... that would finish the process.

"Oh dear, did you come again for me?" she asked.

Sam nodded and ears filled his eyes again.

"Don't worry, you don't need to fuck me because I am going to do it for you!"

She opened her legs wide and slowly folded them back until at last she could tuck her ankles behind her shoulders. Her hands played on her breasts, tickling, teasing and stroking until at last the nipples stood like small cones with the rings in their tips quivering as the skin spasmed with small quivers.

Her hand slipped to that wide open pussy and massaged the deep expanse of her inner lips. Then she slipped in her hand. First the tips of two fingers and then the tips of all of them.

Sam gasped at her display.

Pornographic, fascinating and erotic. A mesmerizing floor show for his benefit and her satiation.

Her hand slipped and worked its way bit by bit until it was inside and slowly turning back and forth.

"See how much I needed your prick?" she groaned.

Did she mean that she needed it not at all, or that she needed it so badly? Sam believed the second, she knew that it was the first!

Her other hand now strummed that clitoris that had emerged like a small finger and demanded attention. It was pummelled and nipped until she climaxed with a great sigh and a bout of small cries that sounded like a puppy calling for help.

Sam could see her pull her hand from her pussy and then slowly unfold her legs until at last she lay, exhausted on the bed with her hand idly playing with her clit. Every so often she pulled at the small chain that hung from the jewel that plugged her smooth ass hole.

"That's better," she said.

Sam thought that she meant that she was so relieved to come. Francine knew that it was far better to fuck herself with her hand than let Sam's little cock inside her.

"Come and lie next to me and get your strength up, because I am going to show you something else."

They lay, not touching, but in close proximity for a while, each absorbed in their own thoughts. Finally he felt her hand on him; bring him to stiffness and making him ready for the next bout.

"How many men come three times on their wedding night?" she said as she felt him attain his normal five inches. "Very few, but you are one!"

He felt her play with him, slap and tickle until at last she pressed against the base of him and began a brutal hand job. This was quite different, it squeezed and stretched him, it forced his prostate to push so very hard, it forced a massive ejaculation. He could feel his whole body spasm as he came and she pressed hard to break down the small muscles in his urinal tract that stopped liquid passing in the wrong direction.

This was different to the times before, the force was so great that it ravaged the muscles and wracked him with pain as she finally pushed and forced all that fluid through into his bladder.

He sat up and looked down at the dry end of his prick. It had been a real orgasm, a strong climax that should have shot into his wife or yards across the room. Instead that force had been used to damage him in some way, to change the route of ejaculation!

To emasculate him.

Sam looked at her, eyes closed, a content smile and legs apart exposing her hairless sex. Her hand played with her clit and while the other explore the tactile mass of jewellery that she had embedded in her flesh. A single glass like gem sat at the bunched ass hole and a chain from it curled on the covers of the bed.

She was a goddess to him, she had married him and she had allowed him to fuck her. It was his fault that he could not carry through.

His fault alone!

"How's it looking?" said Roger. "Did he sign?"

"Of course he did! What do you think we were doing this morning? Sam was so apologetic that he could not fuck me when I allowed him to, that he signed all he documents that I said were left over from the trust fund."

Roger kissed her breasts and then reached over to grab the contracts and look at them. As he scanned them carefully he gasped.

"Have you typed them wrongly?" he said. "There are some mistakes here..."

"Let me look," she said. "Hmm, no, I cannot see any problems!"

"Well then," said Roger frantically leafing through the photocopies as he sought a particular contract, "where is my name here?"

"Your name, darling? I thought that I was marrying the little pre-ejaculator, not you. I don't remember you sleeping with him, you training his pathetic little cock, you fitting the castration rings. I don't remember you wearing the stockings, having your nipple pierced or fisting yourself in front of Sam! That's funny because you never had to kiss him, you never had to turn up at his house

at midnight to make him come. I don't remember you wiping his stinking come from your face and smiling as it dripped between your lips. Did you ever have to hide in a cupboard in your office when he came to the office? I must say that I don't remember any of that!"

"But, I thought of it..."

"My, oh, my. You are such a whinger. You charged him fifty thousand for all the work and yet you wanted it all. So I changed the trust fund and all the other contracts and now all of the money is mine! You can kiss my ass for every penny. In fact you will lick my ass for every penny! No more fucking my ass, from now on I want your tongue up there!"

"But I took out a loan on the new office, I bought that car, I bought you a house and a fur coat. I did it all from my own money, not Sam's..."

She laughed and patted him on the shoulder.

"So... I own you as well as poor little Sam! You had better be careful when you speak to your newest senior partner."

"What do you mean?"

"Just sign here."

He leaned over and took the pen and paper and started to read the contract that would give Francine sixty per cent of his business. As he read he felt a small touch of her hand and a clicking sound as she fitted him with her first ring.

"I have not decided if you'll get to the fourth," she said, "but I think that you'll agree that it's my decision. The fourth is always final, the fourth makes those little eggs shrivel and die, the fourth is where Sam is headed. Don't make me use it on you as well."

The pen moved over the paper as Roger did as his new partner demanded.

"My partner for life!" she chuckled.

Suburban Bliss

The First Meet

The keyboard beckoned him, a few touches would bring him to a place that he longed to be. Just the short logon that would reveal the inner, private part of the website.

Adam lifted the keyboard and turned it over to look at the slip of paper that he had stuck onto the underside. The password was written backwards for security. Who could imagine that the password was just under the keyboard? So secure!

His fingers tapped the keys and then the 'enter' key.

For a moment there was no reaction on the screen.

His heart beat accelerated as he saw the response on the screen. Amidst a jumble of garish banners for websites that beckoned their victims to experience fantasies that would direct hand to stiff prick, was his private message box.

'You have one message' reported the dialog.

Adam clicked on the small button and waited, previous E mails were listed and, in bold type, the single message that had not yet been opened.

'Hi there!'

The header seemed to trivialise the importance of the mail. The woman who had replied to his advert on the contact pages had headed her message with a breezy welcome. It seemed almost too ordinary, like a note from a wife or brother.

He opened the message, unconsciously holding his breath and read.

She wanted to meet him! A woman who was willing to let him do all the things that he had been wanting to do to a woman since the last time that he had wielded a weighted whip! In fact she would soon regret this contact because Adam was a predator. A user of women and an inflictor of pain. A man who squeezed deviant pleasures from bleeding and bruised female flesh.

He noted the details on a scrap of paper and tapped in his reply. Then he deleted it and rewrote the message in as few words as possible. Finally sure that he was satisfied with the words that he had written, he logged off the site and switched off the computer.

Meeting

The café was almost empty. A bored waitress circled the tables, picking up used plates and cutlery as she went; occasionally she stopped and wiped the tables of the detritus of the previous customer's crumbs and spills.

Adam looked at the people sitting and discussing their shopping and decided that none of the people already there matched the description of the woman that he had arranged to meet.

He sat in a window seat and looked speculatively into the busy street.

"It's self-service," said a voice behind him.

He turned to the bored waitress and smiled.

"I'm waiting for someone."

"If you want to sit then you have to eat something!"

With a sigh he got up and went to the counter.

A minute later he was sitting by the window again with a coffee untouched on the table. Several people entered the café, but they were all couples. He glanced at his watch and saw that there were still three minutes to go until the agreed time.

A woman, middle aged and rather plain, entered the café. For a moment she looked at all the customers with a speculative gaze before she settled on Adam.

She came to his table and smiled.

"Are you waiting for someone?" she asked.

"Uh, yes!"

Was this the reality of his fantasy? Middle aged and tending to plump. He looked her up and down with a sinking feeling. She did not look at all like the picture that she had sent.

"Good! I thought that it was best to meet in a public place. It allows us both to be sure that we have found the right person."

He nodded and wondered if it was always like this.

She sat at the table and put her handbag on the floor with exaggerated care.

"You can call me Lara," she said in a breezy voice. "Of course it is not really my name, but I am sure that real names can wait."

"This is my first time!" he stuttered. "I mean that I have never done anything like this before..."

"That's OK," she chuckled. "There always has to be a first time."

"You are not like your photo," he said. "I mean that I was expecting..."

"Relax. The photo is years old but I am still the same old me!"

"My name is Adam."

"Good! We have the preliminaries over and done with. I think that we should discuss limits and rules now."

"Where do you want to start?"

"I will start with me! I love to be dominated," she said. "I am looking for a man who knows what he wants and takes it. He has to be able to punish and control me, he has to be able to make me his slave and degrade me. I love being caned and whipped and made to serve."

Adam looked around the café to see if they were being overheard. Lara was so direct that he became almost embarrassed with her candid shopping list of her fantasies.

"I want to be fucked and made to beg for more. I want a man who has no limits. Safe words are for fools and dilettantes. I have a little dungeon that is filled with ways of inflicting pain, a private place that no sound escapes. I need to be fettered and tortured!"

Adam relaxed.

She might not be exactly what he had been expecting, but she was what he had been looking for.

A woman as a pet!

A sexual slave and a whipping horse!

His dream was again becoming reality and he could already feel his prick stiffening with anticipation. This time he held a woman in his hands who wanted it, but he would go further than she ever imagined and pare her down to her bones.

"I like to dress up," he said. "I need a servile woman who is tightly bound in rubber and chains. She has to beg for climax and then begs again to be taken in all of her holes. I have always wanted to try masking her and controlling her

every breath. She will be gagged while I fuck her ass and then her ass will be plugged while I rape her mouth. I want to write her status on her skin, 'slut', 'whore' and 'slave'. She will lick my come and ask to be punished for not swallowing every drop. I want to use a cane while she counts the strokes and then slowly wank while she kisses my ass. What I need is a slut who sucks like a whore and needs a real master."

He did not add mention of the nightmare of razors and wire that would be her fate. The knives and the red hot metal. His vices were beyond her idea of BDSM, his vices always ended in a last gasp and a night time burial on the moors.

Lara smiled and blew him a kiss.

"I think that we are well matched, Adam. I served a master for years, but I left him because he was not strict enough! I hope that you are not all vanilla and that you mean what you say..."

"I mean it!"

The Second Meet

Adam checked the name of the street again. It was one thing to dream and fantasise and quite another to make that need come true. A week had passed and the time of the first adventure had come!

He had taken two days holiday to add to the weekend.

Four days to play with.

A woman to play with!

By the fourth day she would be meat and he would be sated for a few months.

His mind was filled with the images of all the films that he had seen. Photos of women who longed to be dominated and taken. Tied and fucked at his pleasure. He wanted nothing more or less than a female slave, a live in bitch who was kept chained to the wall as she waited to be used and abused. Leather, rubber, whips and chains. All that he had to do was to reel her in.

What he longed for was not some woman who wanted an occasional fuck, ribbon bondage and gentle teasing. Adam wanted a full time slave, a whore to punish for four days, every night and every moment. On the last day she would meet her fate and realise that she was in the hands of a man who would crush her.

In his dreams he prepared his cellar and kept her in the dark, to torture and train. She would be his to whip and cane until she worshipped his cock and begged to be tortured. When she begged he would move to the next level. A level so high that it brought him excitement just to think of it. A level where the pain ended in a red mist of slow death.

His heart was beating so fiercely that he could almost hear the drum beat of his need inside his head as he rang the doorbell and waited. Now was the time, now was the moment when that would all come true.

The door opened.

In the shadow he could see that she had prepared for her new master. She wore a long overcoat that allowed him to see the high heels, the rubber that encased her calves and the leather gloves that covered her hands.

He stepped into the hall and closed the door behind him.

"Take off the coat bitch," he said.

"Yes master."

The coat slipped off her shoulders to allow him to see his new slave.

Zips covered her body, allowing access for her new owner. Rubber smoothed the curves of her plump flesh and a collar held her head rigid and high. Her face was painted in pale powder so that the black shiny lipstick stood in contrast to the white of her face and the red of her hair.

"From now on you are nothing but a slave. The first rule is that you will never use my name. You may only answer any orders that I give with a 'yes'. All orders of mine are to be followed to the letter and you will thank me for every punishment."

Adam had longed to say these words. Now they spilled from his lips like a river that had long been held by a dam. They were the words that were the ritual of initiation, the rite of passage.

Lara bowed, a nod of compliance was out of the question with the high collar that went from shoulders to chin.

"Show me your house."

She turned and led him through the house room by room. Ornaments, furniture and pictures were like any other large street house. There was no sign of the promised dungeon.

"Stand still."

She stood rigid to attention as Adam inspected her. He unzipped her breasts and

enjoyed the sight of them hanging pale against the black rubber. They were large and drooped as if begging for him to punish them. For a moment he rolled her large nipples in his fingers before he revealed her cunt.

The zip opened to reveal a wax smooth skin that bulged from the opening to part slightly at his touch. Adam felt overcome by the moment as he slipped a finger into the lubricated flesh to feel the outer opening of the tunnel that he longed to misuse.

"Open your legs, bitch," he murmured.

Lara parted her thighs to allow him to enter her and stood still as he slipped a finger deep inside.

"How can I serve you?" she asked in a quiet voice.

"Show me the place where you will serve me."

A concealed entrance under the stairs revealed Lara's dungeon. Steep steps led into the utter blackness. She pulled a small cord and the stairwell was lit in an eerie red light.

Adam descended and opened the small door at the foot of the stairs. Metal covered in padding that would mask every sound. The door swung open into a large cellar. Every wall was tiled except the rough brick walls behind a cage, the bars of which stretched from ceiling to floor.

Manacles hung from the walls, awaiting their prisoners and a rack of canes, all numbered, stood next to a rough wardrobe. The centrepiece was a metal frame in which a slave could be fixed as their owner saw fit. Facing it, and against the wall, was a throne-like chair where a master could sit in comfort to enjoy the sight of the victim struggling in vain. On the small table by the throne was an unopened bottle of wine and a single glass.

It was more than he had hoped, austere and secure it offered so many, many terrible possibilities. Lara stood by the door as he opened the huge wardrobe to find a selection of clothing and neatly ordered items that could be used in so many delicious ways.

"Very good," he said as he turned to his slave. "You have four days of pain yet to come, bitch."

In his stomach he felt the excitement mount. A tension that begged for release. Four days to break her and make her his. Four days, at the end of which he would enslave her and she would never escape the shallow pit that awaited her.

Adam sat on the throne and beckoned her to him.

Where would he start?

Those breasts needed punishment for being so large!

That smooth cunt needed filling and fucking and her mouth needed a gag that would stretch her jaw wide enough to be filled with his cock.

Her ass needed to feel a cane tearing into it, leaving those rosy fresh bruises that would turn to black as he used a leather tawse.

"Open the bottle, slave, and pour me a glass of wine while I decide where to start."

Silently she pulled the cork and poured a glass of wine for him to enjoy while he contemplated his victim.

She watched him while he sipped the wine. A rich heady taste that filled his mouth.

The alcohol relaxed him, it made him want to take his time savouring her anticipation. What would she expect? Some preliminary sacrament that would herald her service?

Adam decided that he had to push her, find her limit immediately and push her over it fast. Something that would make her unwilling and fearful. When she was scared and in agony he would reveal that he was more predator than master, a man that preyed on women, demanded more than service. Not a fetishist, not a BDSM enthusiast, but a man who was sought by the police for his murderous proclivities. A man who preyed and killed women.

A man with no limits at all.

He stood and went to the rack of canes. From simple bamboo staves to a steel rod, they offered pain by numbers. His hand drifted from one to the other as he made his choice. He would start with the riding quirt on her breasts...

Adam staggered slightly as he pulled the stiff leather pole from the rack.

His head spun with the wine.

He turned to see Lara closing all the zips on her costume.

With exaggerated care she lifted her breasts and tucked them in before closing the zips. Her finger dipped into her dripping slit as she slowly closed the opening.

His legs felt heavy, his arms weighed more than he could support. Adam slipped to his knees and looked up to see Lara unclasping the collar and laying it on the floor.

Now he was on hands and knees, his head hung down.

His last sight was his erection fading, that needy prick shrinking and deserting him.

His eyes closed.

Adam felt something sharp on his back, pushing him over onto his side.

A stiletto heel?

The tip of a cane?

The Third Meet

"You really are so naive," said Lara's voice. "Fancy bringing your wallet and your car keys to a meeting with a predator like me!"

Adam opened his eyes to find blackness.

He could hear his breath rasping and the close grasp of rubber over his face.

"Did you really think that a woman would invite you to her house so that you could torture her? Really?"

He heard her laugh.

Adam was pinned like a fly to that evil device that she had placed in the centre of the room. His prick swelled and pointed upwards, his face painted with a dolls face. Red lips that longed to be ravaged, painted eyes that were opened in shock framed by long lashes and rouged cheeks that blushed in embarrassment.

"My husband loves me so much, and I love him! He likes to indulge my little pastimes, hobbies if you like. Of course he keeps on telling me that I should not break my toys, but you know how it is when excitement takes over. Anyway, you will get to meet him later because he likes to play with me occasionally."

She sighed theatrically.

"Please..." said Adam. "This was not what we agreed!"

"Oh dearie me. The dolly does not want to play! Well that's to be expected, after all my new pet is a man who likes to make women suffer for his own enjoyment. Still, now the boot is on the other foot and you will just have to adjust to this unexpected turn of events."

Her hand touched his prick and started to massage it. First a soft grip and then a vigorous up and down.

Adam moaned, taken in the moment, he was still woozy from the spiked drink and could not resist her attentions. He felt himself being forced to climax. She slowed and speeded up the motion until he was at the point of coming before stopping to leave his cock dancing to a rhythm that had ceased.

He heard her heels click on the hard floor.

The door of the wardrobe opened and she rummaged inside.

'What was she looking for?' he wondered fearfully, 'What was going to happen now?'

He heard a click and a hiss. Not like the wind hissing through teeth but more like

high pressured air whistling through a small hole. The hiss turned to a quiet roar and Adam pulled at his shackles in sheer terror.

"Of course I have to label my new plaything as my own," she said above the noise. "It would not do if he thought that he still belonged to himself."

"Don't! Please."

"Very good! I hate all that 'Mistress' stuff that people play at. You know, the first time that I did this I made the mistake of finding a man who willingly became my slave. I buried him, not under the patio you understand, but he just couldn't last the course. No good at all until he finally gave up! I have discovered that unwilling is so very much better than consensual!"

In her hands she turned the flame of the blowtorch over the end of the branding iron as she watched the metal turn from dull cherry red to white.

"So by the time that Eric, that's my husband by the way, gets back from checking your house, you will be all ready to be my little pet."

She noted the sweat that glistened on her new dolly, the open mouth that gasped in terror and the jerks as it tried to escape from the leather straps that held it exposed to her gaze. Then her attention turned to the branding iron again as the lettering blazed with white heat.

"Oh God!" cried Adam, "Please Lara, don't. I beg you."

"It's something that has to be done, Adam. Please don't move because it will hurt all the more and make such a mess of the design. Anyway, you will thank me later I'm sure. The others did!"

When it touched the flesh of his groin there was a moment of steam and smoke. He pushed up his body with the agony, pressing the iron into his tender skin, making the brand push into him with its white heat.

"Don't cry," she said. "I hate men that cry when they experience a little discomfort."

The hot iron retreated leaving its mark in yellow and black on his skin.

"See, that wasn't so bad was it? Now you are marked as 'Lara's Dolly' and we can have a little chat about what is in store for you as the sole inhabitant of my toy box."

Adam cried in pain. He wept because of his helplessness. This woman was doing to him what he always planned to do to others, somehow it was worse that he knew what could happen. He had seen it all with his own eyes, the pleading, the mockery and then the gleeful punishment.

He felt a pressure on his lips and realised that she was kissing him. Her tongue entered his mouth as her hand renewed its attention on his prick. Fear had robbed him of his erection, but Lara gave it back to him.

"You will thank me for making you mine," she said in between passionate kisses.
"Or I will be forced to punish you!"

"Thank you," he blurted between sobs.

"See, I told you that you would be grateful. Because you are new to this little game I am going to explain what is expected of you."

Once again she brought him to the point of climax. It seemed as if she had a sixth sense that told her when he was about to come and she stopped again to leave him hanging.

"You are here for my pleasure. I will occasionally play with you and the rest of the time you will be waiting for me to do so. I know that it will seem lonely in the dark when I am not here, but it will give you all the more time to look forward to my visits."

The kissing stopped and the hand slapped his rigid prick.

"I like to dress my dollies so you can look forward to all the fun that that entails. If you do not play nicely I have a million little punishments and methods to get you back in line. I am sure that you will not be silly enough to make me use them, but nevertheless they are waiting for you."

She paused and inspected the brand. It looked perfect, clear and readable as it should be. It would leave such a delicious statement of ownership.

"My husband likes to play as well and we have a lot of friends who also come here to have fun, so there will be no lack of interesting games for you to play. As you know, after all you have seen all that Others.com has to offer, there are loads of things to do with you and we like to take it way beyond all that consensual stuff."

Adam swallowed. The pain in his groin was receding to a dull agony, but his prick still longed for more attention.

"Would you like to know how we are going to use you?" she asked in a sweet voice. "All of us have such different ideas about how to make you suffer."

Adam stayed silent.

"OK then, I think that it's time for me to go to work now, so I'll prepare you for the next few hours on your own and then pop out."

The hand gripped him again. This time there was no movement, just a sure grip as something entered his prick.

"It's just a little catheter," she said as she fed the tube into him. "Can't have you making a mess!"

At last she let go of him and joined the tube to a bag.

"There, that wasn't so bad was it?"

Adam shook his head.

"I won't give you something to drink because I don't want the bag filled to overflowing. There's just one more small thing."

He moaned as she pushed something into his ass.

"All stoppered and ready for later," she said. "Just be patient and wait for me."

For a few moments he heard her moving around. Then the door closed, that padded cell door. Finally the sound of her climbing the stairs was a slight clicking of heels that he could only hear because of the total quiet in the room.

Fourth Meeting

The door opened.

The rattle and turning of a key.

How long had he been waiting?

A hour, ten minutes, a day?

He heard the sound of foot fall, not the clicking of her heels, but the pad of bare feet.

A hand touched him and made him jump. It started at his lips and moved down his body until it brushed the fresh brand. Adam squealed with the pain that the touch brought, a soreness that turned to white hot agony.

"Still sensitive," said a man's voice. "I just thought that I'd look you over quickly and make sure you were all right."

The voice sounded sympathetic, almost friendly.

"Please help me, let me go! I promise that I won't say anything, I promise, please!"

"Sorry, no can do. You're in it for the duration now. After all, earlier today I went to your flat to make sure that there is no trace of your trip here. Diaries, computer, laptop, you know. All that sort of thing."

"Jesus, I'll be missed in a couple of days."

"I think that that is a little unlikely because you told my wife that you had planned four days. Anyway, you may be missed, but you will never be found. I take great pride in little details and swapped the hard drive on your computer for one that is brand new. Then I systematically found all your collection of porn, the DVDs and your diary and destroyed them at the incinerator. Your car goes back tonight after I tank up with your credit card. Lara will be here shortly to ask you for your PIN number. I think that's everything done and dusted, really."

"There will be cameras and other clues," said Adam. "There is no way that you can keep me here forever!"

"That's where you are wrong. The CCTV in petrol stations is pretty poor quality, just enough to see the car licence plate and anyway, before you had that mask on you looked a little like me anyway. As for keeping you forever, well, my wife's last two sluts lasted a couple of years before we decided to either give them away or dispose of the remains, so you have at least that amount of time to look forward to!"

"The police..."

"The police will finally find trace of your Internet escapades through your ISP and find that you are still logging in occasionally from Internet cafés. I suppose that they will assume that you have decided to go walkabout and give up eventually! No need to worry about that! We have a lot of friends who are ready to help us for the loan of a rubber slut doll so we are covered from that angle as well."

Adam struggled in his bonds and cried out as Lara's husband slapped his face.

"That's better," he said as Adam lay still. "You belong to my wife now. She's a hard woman when it comes down to it, perhaps even a little too hard, but you'll do as she orders with a polite 'yes please' and thank her for her trouble with an even politer 'thank you'!"

Fifth Meeting

The click of those heels!

Metal on the smooth tile flooring. A signal that Adam was not alone.

As the door to his cell opened he heard Lara's voice in conversation. From the tone she might have been discussing the last dress that she bought or events on some holiday.

"So I thought to myself: 'I wonder how it would be to be the slut slave. How would it feel?'."

"And?" said a second woman's voice in answer.

"It's really strange, even though I knew that Eric was there to make sure that nothing went wrong."

"Personally, I just can't imagine it. Imagine being so twisted that you want to be the slave and not the owner!"

"There are loads of women that do it. I mean they just let some awful man pose as 'Master' and play along with the whole thing!"

"Each to her own, I suppose, but you'd never catch me on a leash!"

"Actually," said Lara with a giggle, "I can't imagine you on the end of anyone's leash."

"Ooh, I see that you've branded him already. That's a bit naughty, because I wanted to be there when you did it."

"Couldn't resist, actually. Anyway it was my little moment, when I could show him that his dreams of rape and dominance were just vanilla compared with what he was going to experience at my hands. There will be more and you will not miss the screams next time."

Instinctively Adam moved his head to follow their voices.

"So you got yourself a man that is not a submissive. It's about time, I always said that they make the most sensitive slaves. Are you going to introduce us?"

"Of course," said Lara. "This is Adam, he's twenty five and was well into the BDSM 'scene'. In fact there were things on his computer that could be mistaken for 'snuff' and it seems as though he has a pretty bad attitude towards women in general. Apart from bondage he keeps himself fit, he had a job in a car repair workshop, he used to like watching thrillers and he had a girlfriend called Beatrice. She was not at all into his fetish, and she left him in a huff."

"Sounds like she might make a perfect fuck doll as well!"

"Well, I cannot say that I did not wonder if a couple would make for more fun, but it would just look a little coincidental if she vanished as well! She's only eighteen and living with her parents so it would have been a bit risky."

"I suppose you are right, but it's a bit of a shame that we couldn't try it!"

"Anyway, one at a time. I think that Adam is going to provide so much entertainment that a young woman screaming would just distract us."

Adam felt a hand on his face.

"Open up," said Lara.

Obediently he opened his mouth wide.

"I can't see them," said the other voice.

"That's because you don't know what you are looking for. Wait a moment..."

The two women changed places so that Lara could look down into his mouth.

"I can just see them. One little cut is normally enough for a dog. I am going to remove them altogether."

"Well you're the vet, I'm sure that you know what you're doing!"

"Mandy, it's a simple operation really. Just a couple of snips and he will be so silent that he can't even scream."

Adam shut his mouth quickly and turned his head to one side.

"I think that's a 'no!'" said Mandy. "You aren't going to let him get away with that are you?"

"Let's find out shall we?" said Lara. "Eric has already told him that he has to agree to everything that I want so..."

"Would you like to be silent?" asked Mandy. "I would love to help Lara brand you again? Feel free to refuse!"

Lara started to laugh.

"I think that we should let the first one heal, so perhaps we should just give my new toy a thrashing instead!"

An answer was clearly expected, delay might bring more terrible punishments so Adam nodded.

"I think that that is a 'yes' said Mandy in a disappointed voice. "I thought that you said that he was a dom and not a sub."

"He thought he was, but actually he is just a nice little fuck toy now."

"Is the party still on for tonight?" asked Mandy.

"Of course. Are you bringing yours?"

"She wouldn't miss it for the world. How many have you invited?"

Lara counted off on her fingers.

"The Daytons are definite, but Jane told me that 'Rag Doll' will have to wait a few days before he can be used because he is recovering from the thrashing that you gave him two days ago. Lisa and Mike might come, but I think that is unlikely because he has to go on a business trip and she never comes here without him. Then of course there is you, Gillian and myself and Eric. That makes six and Adam and your little Missie."

"Perfect, it's about time that Missie had a good fuck and it leaves the stage for Adam to show us how well he can perform."

"Sounds good. We'll see you at eight at your place."

Sixth Meeting

The music was just in the background, a subtle jazz that complimented the quiet conversation that accompanied the cocktails and small selection on the buffet.

To an outsider it would have looked like any gathering of close friends getting together for a chat and social conversation in a middle class setting, if behaviour had been the only guide. But, that watcher would have marvelled at the clothes, the subject of conversation and the two slaves fettered in the corner of the room!

Adam, naked but for his skin coloured mask. A bizarre shocked face that made him look like a puppet whose strings were chains. His mouth held open by a savage metal gag that made him drool from the bright red lips that were gaping, rounded like a sex doll that awaited a prick.

The other slave was Mandy's 'Missie'. A woman in her thirties, plump to the point of fat, breasts pierced in a dozen places. Her gag was just the base of a huge stiff prick that jutted from her face. Her arms were pulled up her back to her neck and then locked into place with a small padlock. She hung her head and stared at her breasts with a rigid look on her face. She was there to be used as her two mistresses demanded, this was just another minor event in a life of debased suburban slavery.

Mandy and Gillian were a strange couple.

At least strange compared to the measures of normal society. Here, in an ambience of sexual expectation and deviancy they had found their place of

refuge. Two lesbian dominants who took their pleasure in forcing a kidnapped housewife to serve them in degraded slavery.

Mandy, the woman who delighted in the pain of others was dressed to kill. Heels so high and tight leather dress that allowed her breasts to swell into the cups and display the erect nipples that bore huge rings that were festooned with weights that clinked at every move.

Gillian would have almost been able to pass unnoticed on the street with her tight jeans and T shirt. It was the short crop that dangled from her left wrist and the elbow length gloves that were her trademark that might have been considered odd accessories.

Both had a drink in their hands and were discussing the plans that they had for Missie with Mrs Dayton.

"Gillian says that we are too easy on the bitch," said Mandy.

"In what way?" asked Mrs Dayton as she sipped her Bloody Mary.

"She thinks that Missie is not controlled enough, for a start!"

"I only said that we should control her even when we are not there," butted in Gillian. "She is given much too much freedom in her cage when we are not there to fuck and punish her."

"So, what do you propose then?" said Mrs Dayton.

"I found an interesting computer program that allows a slave to be punished continually for those times when she is not serving us."

"Mmm, that sounds interesting," said Mrs Dayton. "What does this program do?"

A fervid enthusiasm entered Gillian's voice as she explained.

"It is so obvious really," she enthused. "The program can control up to sixteen devices that we can attach to Missie. For instance, vibrator, electric shock, expandable insertions and so on. It can even measure if the slave is climaxing, or rather, about to climax and administer punishment for that as well."

"Sounds interesting," said Mr Dayton as he joined the small group. "Can it be reset on line, you know, to allow remote control?"

"Absolutely, that's one of the best features."

Mandy watched Mrs Dayton as they talked. There was something fascinating about this retired school headmistress. Normally she liked her women young, like Gillian, but experience could be attractive too.

Mrs Dayton noticed the attention and asked: "Do you like the outfit? I had it

made specially."

"It suits you perfectly, my dear. You look good enough to eat in all that rubber. I love the way that I can almost see through, but not quite!" replied Mandy.

Gillian looked a little peeved that her favourite subject of conversation had been interrupted, but she listened carefully because anything that Mandy found a turn on was of interest.

"It's the first time that she's worn it outside Rag Doll's room and she's been dying to show it off!" said Mr Dayton with a grin. "It makes me want to fuck her every time I see her wear it and select a crop from the rack."

At that moment Lara and Eric came out of the kitchen and joined the party.

"Mandy and Gillian have been kind enough to bring Missie to the party, I am sure that you are all longing to inspect our latest acquisition," said Eric as he pointed vaguely in the direction of Adam and Missie.

"Where did you get it," said Mrs Dayton as she inspected Adam. "He is quite different from your last little pet."

"That's true," said Lara. "Actually it was Eric. He was posing as a female sub on Outsider.com when poor little Adam took the bait. I even posed as a slut to trap him!"

"You are so original, my dear," said Mrs Dayton with a raised glass. "I hope that he matches your needs."

"Oh, yes, he's perfect," said Eric. "Lara plans a few small alterations and then we can introduce him to a short but fruitful life of servitude."

"Stand up, Adam," said Eric. "Our friends would like to see you properly."

Adam stood. Not being able to see made him stagger a step until Gillian stopped him with the point of her crop.

"I see that you are still branding your name on them," said Mr Dayton. "It certainly makes a statement about ownership!"

"So much better than a tattoo," replied Lara. "and so much more permanent."

Mrs Dayton reached out and held his flaccid prick.

"This looks to be a big boy!" she said.

The limp cock started to swell. It jutted from her hand until the purple tip was smooth and tight.

"I would say that he's a good ten inches, at least," said Gillian, "perfect to pierce with a bit of jewellery."

Lara laughed at her friend's fixation with rings, bells and studs. Her hand reached out and lifted one of the small weights that hung from the rings in Gillian's nipples.

"We might do something like that later, but for now he stays unpierced. Bear that in mind when you have him when we go to Spain for two weeks. I wouldn't want to come back and find that he clinks like a trinket stand in the market."

"So what have you got in mind for Adam, tonight?" asked Mr Dayton. "I must say that I am a little jealous of you. Rag Doll is currently unusable since Mandy's attentions and because the hormones have just started to work."

"I was thinking that Adam might appreciate a little fuck. Missie is here for that very purpose. I am sure that she will appreciate a flesh and blood cock in her holes instead of being filled with plastic."

One of the consequences of being a slave to Gillian and Mandy was that one learned to anticipate demands before they were ordered! Missie shuffled on her knees and laid her head on Gillian's thigh. The giant dildo that emerged from her mouth made her breath rasp as she breathed through the small holes that ran its length.

"Do you want to be fucked, Missie?" asked Mandy.

The dildo bobbed up and down as Missie nodded. The plump little housewife was such a slut now that she had been with Gillian and Mandy, she knew how to avoid upsetting her mistresses.

Mrs Dayton still had Adam's erection in her hand. She rubbed a little and cooed as his prick swelled even further.

"I think that ten inches is a modest estimate, Lara! This is going to be fun!"

Gillian pushed Missie to the floor so that her rear stuck into the air. Its smooth covering was marked by the line of a zipper that started just below the waist and ran straight between her legs.

"Is the camera ready?" asked Lara of Eric.

"Ready and running," he replied as he moved around to make sure that he would catch the action from the right angle.

Gillian reached down and slowly opened the zipper. As she did so Missie's flesh swelled free and the cheeks of her ass parted to reveal that a row of small rings had been planted in her flesh.

"That's new since last time," commented Mrs Dayton. "Doesn't it get in the way at all?"

The question was not answered as the zip was opened to its full extent revealing a smooth slit that parted to expose the slave's cunt.

Mrs Dayton pulled at Adam and the doll like figure dropped onto his knees. This was his fantasy, the dream that he had wanked over a thousand times. Now he was going to fuck a woman who was a slave. A set of holes to be entered by his cock.

The story line, that plot, though, was not exactly going to plan.

He was the slave and the victim was not his victim. The slut had been picked for him and he had no choice. His prick was hard; it was willing even if he was not.

He felt the grip tighten and pull his cock tight.

He felt himself being urged forward as a crop tapped lightly on his ass.

"Stop," came Lara's voice. "Gillian wants to give you a taste of the crop, so I think that you should fuck to the strokes of the cane.

Ever since he had awoken under Lara's control they had kept him blind, it was so strange, but arousing to fuck a woman he might never see! He felt his prick enter her; he felt an urge to take out his fear and anger on the woman he was being made to fuck.

'Is it rape if we are both unwilling?'

The thought bounced in his head like a rubber ball.

'Is this rape, and if so who is being raped?'

The first blow was like fire. It scorched his ass with its savage fury and made him jump forward, deep into Missie.

The intense pain of the cane and the pleasure in his shaft combined into one. One rounded thing that was servile sex.

"I think that Missie likes it!" said Mr Dayton. "That's so wrong. She mustn't forget that this is for our pleasure."

The next strike of the cane was for the housewife who was being fucked. It made her shudder as Adam slowly shafted her again. The movement stimulated Adam to push deep.

In and out.

The rhythm determined by the punishment.

A finger pushed into Adam's gagged mouth as he fucked.

"Are you really going to operate on him?" asked Gillian as she watched Mandy explore Adam's face.

"Of course," said Lara. "It will stop all that grunting and moaning!"

In and out.

Deep and shallow.

Adam could not hold himself, he broke into a sweat and thrust deep as another blow of the cane forced him to push deep.

"He's at the point," said Mr Dayton with a chuckle. "He needs to learn control!"

Missie groaned, the lubrication flowed as she was violated, like a cow being led to stud. She could not help the orgasm coming even though she knew that it was forbidden.

Everything was forbidden.

"Look how big he is!" said Mr Dayton as he zoomed into the action.

A pillar of flesh transfixing the wide ass. A rosy flush spread over Missie's body, her cunt opened like a flower as she approached her climax. Her head was on the floor, trembling, making the dildo wave with the earthquake that was consuming her.

"How long since you last released her arms?" asked Eric.

"Oh that," replied Mandy. "A few months now at least, she's got used to it I suppose..."

"Rag Doll has now been in chastity for the same length of time. He's so horny that he would come in a moment, just from releasing him," said Mr Dayton. "Of course it is something that he is never going to be allowed to do until he can climax from being caned."

The group shared a laugh and raised their glasses.

The caning stopped as Gillian poured herself another drink.

The others watched the captive lovers continue for their benefit, but it was clear that the action no longer consumed the observers and the conversation drifted.

"We met a couple from Scotland who have two slaves at their farm. He said that he is thinking of making sissies out of both of them," said Mr Dayton as he switched off the camera.

"It's so difficult to find a good doctor," said Mandy. "I heard that Morocco is a good place for having alterations made."

"And Brazil," added Mrs Dayton. "They specialise in making men into she-males."

"The problem is getting them there. I mean they are not easy to transport," added Gillian.

"The solution would be to bring the doctors here," said Mandy.

Adam groaned and came.

He felt his prick erupt as he pulled back, it gushed into Missie so strongly; the strongest climax that he had ever known.

Confusion filled his mind, was this how it was to be the victim of these people? To have his mind twisted until performing for an audience was a thrill?

'I cannot help myself,' he thought as he felt the last spurts course through his cock.

"Ooh look," said Mandy, the man-slut has shot his bolt, "what a mess!"

Come dripped from the pulsing ass of Missie, it poured down her thighs and into her rubber covering. Adam stayed still, his erection vanishing as he gasped in the aftershock.

"I'd better plug her up then," said Gillian as she reached for a dildo. "Can't have her leaking all that all over the place."

"It's time for Missie to fuck Adam now," said Lara. "Turn the bitch around and let's see how Adam likes being fucked!"

Last Meeting

"Adam, you are really getting better!" said Lara as she laid back on her throne.
"Soon you will be satisfactory!"

Adam nodded, no sound issued from his lips.

It never would again.

Not after Lara's little foray into operating on suburban slaves.

Now there was a queue of people who wanted their slaves silent. Already she had done four! Rag Doll, the Dayton's had been the first and two others for a couple in Middlesex.

Adam looked up at his owner. The only time that his eyes were uncovered was when he had to serve them with his mouth. He treasured those moments when he was allowed to see her cunt in all its glory.

Slick with her pleasure, the folds and ridges were familiar to him, that small clitoris, the lips that hung and the puckered ass that kissed his lips when she came.

Every detail was his to attend to.

"Thank god that I didn't end as a slave to the Daytons. They never let Rag Doll come at all," he thought. "Lara and Eric are so much kinder to me."

Occasionally Lara used her shoes to make him come to her order. The spikes of the heels, the rough soles and the buckles of the ankle straps conspired to force a brutal climax from him.

That was his high moment, the few seconds a month that he could look forward to. Those precious seconds were worth all of the rest.

Long hours alone in the cellar.

The pain in his arms as they were bent slowly backwards into a permanent prayer behind his back. Eric's cock raping his ass and then being forced into his throat. The weeks with Mandy and Gillian that were so much painful misery.

Those were the low moments.

He looked up past the needy slit and into Lara's face.

'How could I have ever thought that she was plain?' he asked himself. 'She is so eye-catching, I am starting to love her...'

A year ago he had entered the house with the thought that he would make her his slave, his plaything, his victim toy. Now he was hers, he had become the fuck-puppet...

"Time to get the mask on again, Adam."

He felt the tight rubber clasp his face with familiar grip. Her hand smoothed it on and laced it tight to leave the doll's face staring at Lisa with its shocked expression. He felt her pull the laces tight until his face became the mould for the puppet that he had become.

"Stand up and spread."

He got to his feet and parted his legs.

"Forward!"

He bowed at the waist as Lara adjusted the stopper in his ass to make sure that the vibrator was pressing against his prostate.

As she adjusted his rear and then playfully slapped his hanging balls she hummed a little tune.

'Adam is becoming too used to being mistreated, he is adjusting too fast and becoming too passive,' she thought as she switched on the dildo.

'Perhaps he needs more pain?' she thought. 'More anticipation of the terrors to come.'

Adam stood still as he felt the movement deep inside him. He was being milked, a deep throbbing that forced a trickle of liquid to force its way from his flaccid cock.

"That's good," she said as she took his prick and started to feed a catheter into him.

She led him to the cage at the back of the room and attached the chains that would restrain him facing the rough wall for the night.

Finally she was finished.

Adam heard the clicking of her heels as she walked to the rack of canes and crops.

"Number three tonight, I think," she murmured. "You did well so I am only giving you five."

There was a pause and then the heels made their way to him with small steps.

"Do you need to be punished?"

Adam nodded.

"Good."

Lara administered the strokes, counting aloud at every blow. She was careful to avoid the new brand that adorned the left cheek of his ass.

'No sense in damaging the nice heart that I have decided to place there!', she thought as she placed the final stroke.

"Funny isn't it?" she commented. "You came here looking for a slut to serve you and became one!"

Adam nodded, his lips moved as though he was trying to say something.

Lara watched for a moment and tried to make sense of the movement.

"Are you trying to tell me that you love me?" she asked with a giggle.

Adam nodded his head.

"We love you too, Adam. That's why we have another little experience to add your life. Eric says that you are enjoying your stay here far too much!"

Her hand came up between his thighs and gripped his balls with a tight grasp that made him tense.

"So we have decided that the time has come for you to lose these."

She gave another little squeeze.

"Would you like that?" she asked. "I mean that we don't want to do something that you disagree with!"

Her grip tightened and he felt a pain lance through his body as her nails scored the delicate skin.

"Just think. You won't have to worry about coming ever again, it will be such a relief."

She looked up to see him nod assent and then chuckled at her little pun.

"Good, that's settled then! Eric says that without your balls the cock is pointless, but I think that I'll leave that for another day. After all, now that your breasts are

growing nicely we will have plenty of possibilities to punish them instead."

Eric's voice called down the stairs: "Lara, dinner is ready, stop playing and come up to eat."

"Carbonara tonight!" said Lara with a laugh. "I'll liquidise the rest for your breakfast with your dog food."

The cage door swung closed with a metallic clang.

"Tomorrow's the big day, so we need to keep your strength up."

The metal of her heels sounded on the tiles.

"Oh, and we love you too, Adam!"

END

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“Original Sins”

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