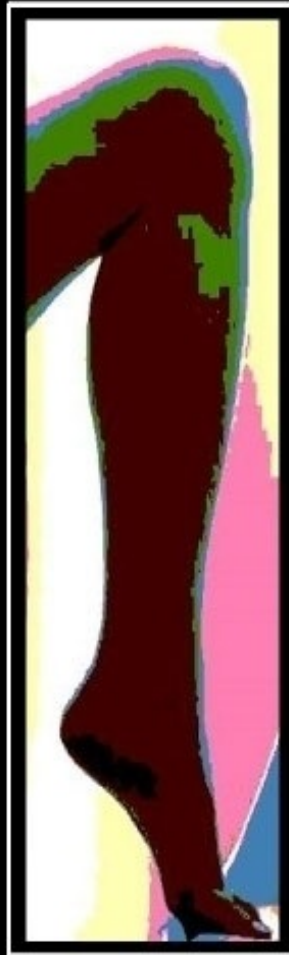


# miss irene presents

Fantastic Tales  
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Female Led  
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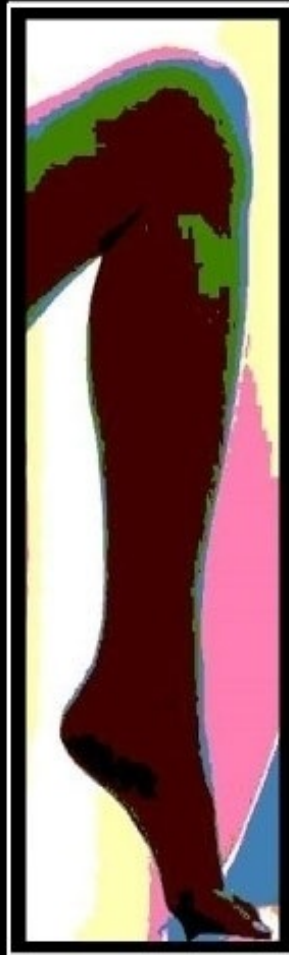


tale 5



# **miss irene presents**

**Fantastic Tales  
of  
Female Led  
Fiction**



**tale 5**

**Miss Irene Presents**

***Fantastic Tales of Female-Led Fiction***

## ***Tale 5***

***“Tales of Ordinary Cruelty”***

**Miss Irene Clearmont**

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**Email Comments: [comments@femdomcave.com](mailto:comments@femdomcave.com)**

## **Irene Says:**

*Principles are for fools and men. As I said, principles are for fools.*

*Men say:*

*BDSM is for consenting adults. What on earth is the matter with you? Where is the balance in this relationship? Where is the respect for another's needs? Who do you think that you are? Do you really think that you has the right to tell me what to do? Make me come! Here is the safe word? Why don't you do what I want you to do to me? Respect my limits! STOP, that whip is spiked, the spurs hurt, the restraints are too tight, please don't brand me, it is too big for my ass, why is he here, he'll choke me, please not in my mouth, don't come in my mouth... Please let me serve! Please fuck me, please let me... please...*

*Frankie Says:*

*Are we living in a land where sex and horror are the new gods?*

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## **Introduction**

This is a collection of tales that all feature a non-consensual side of female domination. For those of you who imagine that there must be limits set, power exchanged, boundaries to be respected, safe-words to be decided and balances to be achieved; then remember that this is all about the imagination.

Sex and horror have long been complimentary partners. In these tales the women are truly to be feared. They are avaricious, controlling and of course dominant. It is possible to be fascinated with women like these despite their immorality, in fact I consider that it is impossible not to be seduced by them...

These are tales of that other place, the place where you are the victim.

Love,

Alan Chant

## **Passing Through**

Graham's house was like a library in one way and not at all similar in another. It was full of books; that made it comparable! That they were all in complete disorder; that was the difference. Was Graham a collector or a reader, a cataloguer, a collector or a librarian? More the first than the second and the fourth far more than the third. He husbanded his income and spent it on only the barest necessities and books until at last the house was full and he had to extend into the roof-space and the garage.

His obsession took over his life. How could he have time to read and search for more books if he was wasting time looking for female companionship?

He could not!

So he travelled to Hay-on-Wye every few months, he thumbed the second hand bookshops in the seaside towns of the east coast and he travelled hundreds of miles when he heard that churches and charities were selling second hand books.

Graham had started collecting books when he was sixteen. At eighteen he had come into the annuity paid for by his father's 'death in service' insurance fund and from then on in, he had never looked back. Each room of the house was dedicated to an interest that was reflected by the books in the room.

One room for anything to do with railways, especially steam and the great building works of Isambard Kingdom Brunel. A second room and a third as well as the garage was filled with books about the Second World War. From each and every angle, books published before the war, during the war and after the war. What Graham did not know about the Second World War would have fitted on a postage stamp. This interest of his, the nineteen-thirties and forties led to a curious spin off. A secret hidey-hole room filled with books that Graham regarded as a daring, but incomplete corpus of erotica.

He had started with a book that featured large ladies of the Weimar Republic beating their men with unfeasibly long canes. That had led to other books. Victorian and Edwardian novels, German collections of strange fetishes, French books by Montorgueil and Anais Nin and American sexual comics of the fifties. As he completed each section he sought more gaps to fill until at last he could spend hours slowly masturbating over pictures by Willie and Jim and reading the novels that had been hidden under bookshop counters in the sixties.

Graham had everything, an income, a hobby that was totally absorbing and of course a full sex life, even if it was just a love affair with his right hand.

While reading a louche travel guide to London printed in the nineteen sixties, Graham suddenly realised that there was another source of books that he had never really considered. So he caught the train from Peterborough to London with the internally declared intention of exploring London, specifically Charing Cross Road. Once there he decided that his first stop had to be Foyles. On the whole, Graham despised new books, but here was a chance to visit what might be the largest bookshop in the world. He found the shop a block from the spot where his guide book said it should be and then entered to find it a faceless mass of overpriced paperbacks all topped off by a twee café, a department with greetings cards and other plastic rubbish with an orderliness that had nothing to do with Graham's ideas of a bookshop. Five minutes later he was in the shop on the other side of the road.



Dusty, ill kept, shelves high to the ceiling, way beyond the point where they could be reached. The shop had a staff who neither cared about attending to clients or for that matter about the books. Perfect! Graham found that he was in dreamland, a place where the hours would slip through his fingers like the sand through an hour glass until the bell rang and he would be tipped onto the street.

It took a full day just to encompass the majesty of that green windowed shop. Just to absorb the groupings and find the areas that would interest him and then start, spine by spine, investigating the individual books with enormous care. In a day he had found just five worthy of purchase, towards the end of the second day there were fifty books piled by the cash out desk that would find their way into Graham's collection.

Realising that he was perhaps going to overstress his finances, Graham decided that only one more day would be allowed in Charing Cross Road, then he would head home with his treasures and lie low for a month until his stipend appeared in his bank account.

On the evening, when the shop closed he headed into the maze of small streets behind Foyles and lamented that some of the old bookshops that had adorned this area had faded not just from the street fronts, but from memory. He wandered around looking through the sixties guide book that detailed the area and stood on the pavement where in times gone by he could have materially added to his erotica book shelf. One by one he crossed off the sites until at last, Graham found himself standing before what was perhaps the last second hand bookshop in Soho that also sold erotica.

There was no name, the streetlight opposite was flickering and the door and window of the shop were adorned with the simple message, 'Open'. Graham pushed and found himself in a place that had been overlooked by the passing years, a true throwback to the seventies and sixties. On the walls were shelves

laden with paperbacks. Westerns by Lois D'Amour, Sci-Fi by Isaac Asimov and romance by Catherine Cookson. These books had been there since the day that the shop opened, because in the centre of the shop were the pages that the buyers really wanted to turn. Deep racks with magazines with raunchy titles. Shallower racks with books, spine up, that had been illegal at the time of going to press.

Graham looked behind the counter and saw a middle-aged woman in attendance.

"Can I help you sir?" she asked.

"Graham shook his head, "Just looking," he said as he headed for the central section.

"I have books that are a little spicier as well, but they are not on display," she said as he idly flicked through the magazines.

Magazines were of no real interest to Graham, so he switched to the spines of the paperbacks that presented themselves. Titles like 'Bangkok, City of Lust', 'The Girl Who Could Not Stop', 'Whipgirl' and 'Manhunter'. Most were already in his collection, but Graham managed to find three or four books that might be interesting.

Finally he approached the counter.

The woman was more attractive than he had first realised. Perhaps 'attractive' was not the word he was looking for and Graham decided that 'interesting' was a

better choice. She towered over him with her six foot height. Her face was not plain, but neither was it pretty. Rather she had strong features and could only be described as handsome. Then there were her breasts! Graham had never seen the like. They stuck out like the huge cones and were colossal beyond anything that he had ever seen outside his erotica collection. Lastly, when she stepped from behind the counter he realised that her hips were broad but that her shapely legs narrowed down sharply to tiny ankles and feet.

He passed her the books that he had chosen.

“I have a copy of the first English translation of ‘A Man-Maid in Berlin’ with drawings by Steffi,” she said. “It was printed in the late forties, but it’s as close as you can get if you can’t read German!”

As she spoke she pulled the book from under the counter. She handled it with almost reverential care and was clearly relieved when Graham did the same.

“It’s beautiful,” he murmured as he flicked through the pages.

“A hundred and twenty pounds if you want it,” she said as she took it back.

“Tempting,” he replied. “I haven’t got that one.”

“Collector?” she asked with a wink.

“I suppose so...”

Graham was so used to living without contact with the rest of the human race that he was a little taken aback by this rather striking woman. Then a strange thought entered his mind, suddenly he felt that he knew her somehow! Deja-vu? He could not be sure.

Book by book she entered in the prices until at last she announced the total.

“That’ll be twenty three fifty,” she announced. “If you want the other book, you can have it for a hundred... it’s a steal at that price.”

Now Graham had recalled his Deja-vu. He remembered one of the German collections of drawings that he hid in his erotica collections. ‘Hilda’ the book was called. German books were always subtitled and he had translated this one on the Internet as ‘The triumph of the big woman’. There was no doubt! That strong face, the figure and even the clothes with a tight funnel skirt and the soaring heels on such slender ankles. This woman was a double of the Hilda from the drawings.

“OK, I’ll take it,” he said finally as he went over budget for the whole trip to London.

“Ah, you cannot resist,” she laughed.

He thought he heard a trace of a German accent in her voice, but could not quite

be sure.

“Are you German?” he asked on impulse.

“A long time ago... Listen, I’m closing up soon, do you fancy meeting up for a coffee,” she asked.

“Erm, well why not?”

“Good, there’s a small café around the corner, ‘Billies’, meet me there in half an hour and we can continue our little chat.”

Graham paid her and left the shop with a strange pensive feeling in his breast. He felt a peculiar attraction to her and yet didn’t even know her name. Was it the resemblance to the drawings? Perhaps. Her age? Well she was years older than him, forty he guessed, but sort of indeterminate at the same time. As he walked around Soho, he peeked into the bag of books and tried to decide if he was really going to meet her. In the end he decided that it would be interesting and anyway there was little else to do but head back for his rather shoddy hotel in Wood Green.

He found the café and surveyed the empty tables. Where to sit? There in the corner. He ordered a tea and started to leaf through his new purchases. As usual they were a mixture of bold statements on the covers and pathetic prose inside that was only just lifted from turgid by being so aggressively sexual and fetishistic. Storylines in these novels tended to move away from plot and into sexual action in just a couple of pages. Fodder for the right wrist!

Graham sipped his coffee and then noticed that the woman from the bookshop was just entering the café. She waved her slim hand to order a coffee and then came to sit opposite Graham. As she did so he noticed that outside of the shop the resemblance to the drawings was, if anything, even stronger. Her hips were broad and her stomach flat, her legs were long but so narrow at the ankle. Her delicate feet were slipped into stilettos that were so high that her foot was almost vertical. The long fur coat that she wore hung from her wide shoulders added to her figure. It simply emphasised her slim neck and the curls that tumbled around her face.

“Found the place then?” she asked. “I half thought that you wouldn’t turn up.”

“I was considering it,” he admitted, “I suppose I am a little shy!”

She ignored his comments and asked: “Are the novels any good then?”

Nervously he laughed.

“Depends on what you think is ‘good’, he replied.

“OK then, racy, exciting, sexy or perhaps titillating.”

“I suppose that they’re all of that, but actually the quality of prose is poor, the print rubs off and there is never a proper ending to the story,” he said.

“What about the translation then, how’s that?”

He laughed: “I dared not get it out of the bag in the café...”

“Well then, I’ll give you my opinion, for what it’s worth. The text is badly translated, but even in the original German it was ponderous, the drawings are by ‘Steffi’, a second grade artist with an occasionally brilliant imagination. For its type it’s quite good, in comparison to the best it is stilted and underwhelming.”

“Well I suppose there are better,” he mumbled.

“Don’t get me wrong, it’s well worth the hundred, it’s just that I would place it in the second rank.”

“There are a few missing from my collection,” said Graham.

“Like what?”

“Oh, mostly first impressions and editions of the main works. Even for a completist like me they are too expensive.”

“I do have some doublets in my collection,” she said. “But, they are not in the

shop, I keep them at home. One day soon you'll have to arrange to come to the shop and I'll make sure that you can flick through them. On the other hand, they might be just a little expensive for you if you are on a budget!"

Her slim hand picked up the cup with delicacy and she sipped her coffee.

"I don't plan to come back to London for a while," said Graham. "But, when I do, I'll give you a call."

The woman sat back and looked at him for a few moments and then leaned forward.

"I suppose you could come back to my place now, if you like!"

"To look at your etchings?" asked Graham with a clumsy attempt at humour.

"That and more," she smiled.

There was one thing that bothered Graham. He was going to a woman's apartment and did not even know her name. How could he ask now? He pondered the conundrum when it seemed that she anticipated him and extended a hand.

"I'm Hilda by the way, and you are?"



“Graham.”

“Well, now that we know each other’s names, I’ll show you my collection and of course offer you a coffee and a bite to eat.”

It turned out that Hilda’s apartment was just ten minutes from the café. A doorway with hand written labels for a ‘new model’ called Cindy and a rusted bell that had been painted over a dozen times. The door opened onto a decrepit stairway that was so steep it was almost vertical. The carpet was worn to the weft, most of the bronze carpet-rails were bent and covered with verdigris. At the top of the stairs were just two doors. One was labelled ‘Cindy’ the other was a modern door with a metal face and three locks.

“One can never be too careful,” laughed Hilda. “Cindy’s clients are probably not the sort to hesitate if they thought that my door was insecure!”

Graham nodded and watched Hilda open the door to reveal an apartment that was both larger and more tasteful than he had expected. A corridor lined with books opened into a large living room with elegant furniture and a large fireplace.

“Follow me,” she said as she led him through the living room into a kitchen.  
“Tea or coffee?”

“Tea please,” he said.

“This is my little hidey-hole in Soho,” she said as she made a pot of tea. “A special home from home that allows me to indulge myself.”

“What, collecting books?”

“That’s part of it,” she said as she poured. “Erotica, books, items that fit with the erotica and a side interest in the mystic world that underlies this one.”

“Oh. What do you mean?” he asked.

“There is another world in close conjunction to this one,” said Hilda. “An overlap of reason and substance that is formed by our imaginations. I connect to this other place with ritual and by other means... sorry, I must be boring you, Graham.”

“Let me show you my etchings!”

He smiled and followed her to the front door. There she slid a bookshelf on silent hinges and revealed a small bedroom that was also lined with books. Only the fireplace that dominated one wall broke the shelves. Graham stepped into the room and suddenly he had nothing but respect for Hilda. She had as many books as him, but they were organised, labelled, ordered and perfectly displayed. What was more, every volume that he could see at a glance was erotica. Some were bound in leather, others were just paperbacks, but all were in perfect condition. There was the occasional gap and Graham realised that these were landing places for books that were not yet in the collection.

“This is my whole collection,” she said with pride. “Take a look, are there many that you haven’t got?”

His eyes roved the shelves and he replied, “Most of them, well at least in the first editions like these. This collection must have cost a fortune to assemble as well as endless patience.”

“The bookshop helps,” she laughed. “Men bring in books for return that are worth so much more than the couple of pounds that I pay. Also I am in contact with a few other collectors, like yourself for instance. Then of course, there is patience and travel...”

Graham pulled a first edition of Montorgueil’s ‘Four Tuesdays’ from the shelf and delicately flicked through the pages.

“First edition in Britain for that translation, the illustrations are probably better than the French original. Price? Well I bought it a good few years ago for three hundred and eighty German Reich-marks, but of course that was before the Euro.”

Unseen by the preoccupied Graham, Hilda moved to the fireplace and stood leaning on the mantelpiece with her hands. She looked in the mirror and spread her legs a little until the split in her skirt at the back parted a little to show the sheer nylons and the darker rings of the stocking tops.

Graham looked up from the book and slipped it back into the space on the shelf.

This collection was everything that he wished for. It was almost complete, just a few spaces had been left by Hilda to slip in the last acquisitions and complete the library. He turned to find her standing posed with a long trailing whip in her delicate hand.

“I like a little fantasy,” she said.

Her German accent seemed to thicken as she spoke until every “S” became a zed. The whip in her hand twitched a little and Graham felt a lump in his throat and a recognition of a scene that he had wanked to a thousand times. His face flushed and his knees trembled. This was his first experience of sex that involved a partner other than his right hand and the lump gathering in his trousers was just too powerful to be ignored.

“There’s a good boy, Graham. Just undress for me and I will show you how to please me.”

He could not ignore her, he could not run away, he was hypnotised by her pose. His hands moved of their own volition and he undressed as he was ordered.

“You have been a naughty boy, Graham. Tell me what you have done that needs to be punished!”

He stuttered and coughed and then bent a little at the waist as if that would hide his erection.

“I saw your picture,” he mumbled.

“Pardon,” she said, “I want to hear every word of your transgressions. Strip and then tell me how you are going to atone for your errors.”

“I saw your picture, you know in the book and I did stuff...”

“What picture?”

“The drawing of you, Hilda, in the book. I wanked over it, I played with myself for hours, I couldn’t help myself...”

Hilda turned. There was no emotion to be seen on her face, or perhaps just a little satisfaction.

“How are you going to atone?”

Graham looked at the slender whip wand in her hand and then at her feet and slowly lowered to his knees.

“Three strokes of the cane and then you can reward me for punishing you. Bend over!”

He slipped to all fours and did not have to wait long for the first cut of the wand. It whistled through the air and contacted the cheeks of his ass like a stiff wire.

Graham cried out and heard her shush him to silence.

“If you make a sound then the stroke has to be repeated,” she said. “You still have three left.”

The next swipe of the cane bit deeper, but Graham managed to hold his breath and make no sound. When he looked between his arms he could see her perfect tiny feet in those arched stilettos and longed to kiss them.

Another blow came as a shock, but he bit his lip as he felt a trickle of blood wend its way down his thigh. She had cut him deep with the wild stroke of the willow and somehow he knew that each blow would be harder than the one before.

“Very good, Graham, soon we will test how hard your cock is, just one more little swish of the cane to suffer and then you can apologise properly for daring to wank over me. Then I shall show you how you will spend your life giving pleasure to me.”

The last blow was like a white hot streak over the flesh of his thighs. It bit like a razor and rent the skin in a haze of drops of his red blood. He reared onto his knees and managed by some means to stifle the scream that was locked in his breast.

“That was easy. Next time it will be a real thrashing! Since you have done so well, now comes the part when you start to satisfy me!”

She walked around him as he dropped back to all fours. On the soft carpet her heels sunk into the pile making no noise. Finally those ankles and shoes were before him and he knew what she wanted.

“Just little chaste kisses, Graham. I do not want you slobbering and licking. Dry pecks to show contrition and ownership!”

His lips brushed the patent leather and he kissed as if it would be enough to release him from her spell. After a minute he felt her lean over him and the tip of the lash traced the bitter cuts that still scored his flesh. He dared not look up, this was a ritual that had to be completed and he was spellbound by her strength and need.

Her hand came down and lifted his chin. A finger guided him to sit upright until at last he knelt before Hilda with his face staring up at the ceiling. Her hand retreated and the wand fell to the floor. At the edge of his vision he could sense movement and then heard the rustle as her skirt slipped to the ground.

He so wanted to look, but did not dare.

She stepped forward and over him, she looked down and smiled as her thighs parted and her half shaved pussy slipped over his mouth with a slick movement. His head was pushed back so that he stared up her body as her pussy devoured him with lust. She felt his lips, his tongue, she felt his head trapped between her thighs and knew that he knew what had to be done.

“First the front and then the back,” she whispered. “Make it last, Graham, or the leather will cut you to ribbons before I am finished with you.”

He heard the sound of her voice, he knew what he had to do and instinctively what the punishment for failure would be. The actual words were beyond his hearing. He probed, he massaged and he licked and teased. He felt the massive thighs ripple with climax, he felt them clench, grip and then release. A small river of her excitement spilled over his face and mingled with the blood of his cuts as Graham brought his picture-perfect woman to climax after climax.

Finally she gripped him between her thighs and pressed down to seal his lips with hers as a warm stream erupted from her and drained down his throat.

Hilda sighed and released him with a small pull at his hair.

“Very good, little boy...”

Her foot lifted a little and then pressed against his straining cock. The heel grazed the tip, it cut down the length of him and then the sole pressed his erection into the narrow instep of the stiletto. So narrow that it gripped him tight as the foot rose and fell to bring him to the point of coming.

“If you come, then you will lick it off my shoes,” she announced when she judged the moment right. “Do you want to come now?”



“Oh yes, please, Hilda, yes please!”

The foot lifted and fell just three times and then he spilled his come over the spiked heel, the patent leather and the leather sole of her boot.

“Now keep your promise...”

Graham gasped and then bent to his new task. He licked her shoe clean, he kissed away every drop and then dried and polished the leather with his lips. Finally he slipped his lips over the spike and sucked as he allowed it to slip from his mouth.

“Good, now get dressed and listen to me. You are mine, Graham. You will serve me for ever and whenever you are in London you may call me and ask if I will consent to be pleased by you!”

Graham slowly dressed and admired the wide hips, the delicate slit and the strong thighs as he did so. He knew that he could not easily resist her now, but he did not feel himself so consumed that he would ever need to return. It had been a pleasure, but it had also been an overdose that would last him forever. On the other hand it would be interesting to find out what her conditions were!

“Every time that you visit you will bring me a book to add to my collection, every time that you visit you will receive one more cut of the cane before I am pleased. You will be chaste, a man who lives only for me, a man who runs when I beckon, and is silent when he is beaten. I will be your key-holder and you will wear this for me...”

She held out her hand to reveal the strange contraption of polished steel that would contain his prick, lock him away and keep him chaste while he was away from Hilda. A curved tube to contain him, a ring that would clasp his balls and lock him into her grip and a thin tube that would slide into his cock as a final assurance that his prick was forever captive.

He took it from her and nodded. Once fitted on, this would be difficult to remove and uncomfortable should he get an erection. A maximum security prison for his sexuality! Gone would be all the private moments spent with his collection, this would make him her property.

“I shall fetch a lock now,” she said. “If you ever undo this without my permission, I will punish you in ways that you cannot possibly imagine. Wait!”

Hilda slipped from the room and Graham realised that this was his very last chance to escape her clutches. He pulled his trousers up and grabbed the bag of books that he had bought in her store. Looking around the shelves he made a decision and pulled three volumes from the shelves to slip them into the bag.

All three of them the originals of ‘Hilda’ that he had so often wanked to.

Then he sought the exit, but he had neglected to notice how the secret door opened and fumbled around for a catch. Finally the door opened to reveal Hilda standing blocking the exit with a small padlock on her palm.

“Now you can put it on for me,” she said.

“Erm,” replied Graham.

Hilda cast a glance around the room and frowned. She looked down at the bag in his hand and held out her hand.

“Do you think that you can leave? Are you stealing from me?” she asked as he passed the bag to her with a crestfallen face. “You are! Thief...”

“I’m sorry, but I have to go. I shouldn’t have taken the books, but I won’t be your slave, I won’t wear that tube and I will stay in control of my life.”

Hilda looked down on him and rested a hand on his shoulder.

“The alternative is so much worse,” she said. “Either submit or I shall do something to you that will last forever...”

“You cannot stop me, Hilda, I refuse!”

“You will lose everything...”

Even though she was bigger than Graham, even though she was certainly stronger than him, the high shoes and narrow doorway allowed him to shoulder her from his path as he headed out of her apartment. Graham opened the front

door and looked down the steep stairs.

“This is your last chance,” she called from behind him.

He ignored the call and took the two long strides to the top of the stairs and then it happened.

The world suddenly telescoped, the stairwell grew and became a cliff face, the bare carpet swelled and the exposed warp and weft became huge strands like ship’s cord. Graham looked back to see the doorway to Hilda’s flat towering like the apse of a cathedral and Hilda herself became a giantess of a hundred metres. Graham was caught naked in the rumpled mass of clothes that had fallen from him. He tried to reach the top stair of the staircase, but it was too far, she simply reached down and plucked him from the carpet and tossed him in the air.

He flew so high, he tumbled in the wind and then he fell into her palm face down as she caught him and took him back into her home. Her finger and thumb gripped his waist and she dropped Graham casually into a tall vase.

She stood and admired him in his glass prison for a few minutes before she disappeared for a few minutes more, finally returning with a single leather bound book.

Naked in the vase he watched Hilda absorbed in reading the book. Every now and again she marked her place with a ribbon and read on. All the while she ignored the tiny three inch little Graham who sobbed and wailed in a high pitched squeak as he tried to climb from the simple prison she had dropped him into. He was not even large enough to rock the vase and so in the end he lay and

stared up the funnel of the vase with a hopeless squeak.

She read on.

Outside the street lights went out. Dawn raised a weary head and the clouds promised rain.

Inside, Graham slept as Hilda stripped to enact the ritual.

First she selected books from her library, placing her choices at the top of the pile. Then she took the book that was hung with ribbons and placed it on top of the heap. Finally she lit a candle and poured the wax until she had completed a design on the cover of the book. The ritual was almost complete.

Almost...

She reconsidered and smiled, it was her world that he was about to enter and she had already decided his fate.

Graham woke to hear the low singing and stared through the glass at Hilda standing over a pile of books while her hand slowly brought her to climax to allow the fall of a single drop of liquid to snuff out the small candle.

She looked over at him and smiled.

Naked she was a goddess, a sexual divinity with a yawning cunt that glistened with excitement. Only the shoes remained of her dress. Her breasts hung deep and begged to be cherished and her thighs were strong and ready to close around a captive lover.

Hilda extended a hand and plucked Graham from the vase by his waist and held him for a moment before her sex. Her clitoris was like a pillow to him, the matrix of her sex was like a wall that enclosed a pit of infinite depth and the whole was flushed pink with excitement that was highlighted by the oils that seeped and spilled along her upper thighs.

For a moment he believed that she would force him into that tunnel, but instead the hand moved and dropped him onto the surface of the pile of books. The wax that crusted the surface was hard to the touch of his feet and the guttered candle stood like a pillar before him. He heard her voice and then a laugh that throbbed through his frame as he looked up at her and pleaded with tears in his eyes.

She spoke, but the sound was distorted, the room seemed to shimmer with streaks of golden light that streamed towards him and then pierced his frame. Those rays transported him to an alternate place where the features of the room dimmed and faded, the sunlight split into motes of bursting flame and the towering figure of Hilda became a dark shadow filled with smoky essence of power.

Goddess, witch, necromancer, sorceress, mage.

Graham looked down and saw his feet sink into the cover of the book. The wax lapped around his thighs and he slipped like a blade into the book without

breaking its surface. The world grew dark as his head was swallowed and suddenly he was in a different realm, a place where letters and words streamed past him in furious flight. A place where triangles and diagrams grazed his flesh as he fell.

The fall slowed.

Dim light from below beckoned as he fell towards it and he knew that this was not a dream, it was a portal to a place that Hilda had spoken of when they had first met. The light beckoned, but the fall was as slow as honey dripping. Every page that he fell through seemed to take a lifetime, every word in her book swirled and passed him slowly. He tried to reach out, but the letters slipped between his fingers like smoke.

Diagrams passed, hand writing and notes, all were just smoke, all just slipped through him or around him and did not brake the onward fall. Like a leaf he drifted, like a leaf he had to land on the bottom sometime, or at least that is what he told himself. He drifted through the book and fell ever downward, it seemed like days of tumbling a page at a time as he plummeted. It was more than a dream or a restless sleep. There was no need for sustenance, an endless drop into forever or never. Graham did not realise his danger or what was ahead, he just savoured the sensation and slid from page to page.

Days, hours, minutes and seconds drifted by, or at least that was the perception that Graham had of his slow plummet. Finally the last page was gone and he slipped through the lower cover of the book and into the next book on the pile that Hilda had assembled.

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Graham descended like a drifting feather. He fell and he felt the warm air pass him, but suddenly he was there and the man who had been curled at her knee faded to leave Graham to face the punishment that Kwok Lei-Lei had decided that he should suffer.

The fur was soft and warm. Before he opened his eyes, Graham felt as though he had at last woken from his dream of confusion to find himself at home, in comfort and waking from a deep sleep.

Graham saw the leather skirt and the shapely knee so he raised his eyes to look up to see the slim figure of Lei-Lei smiling down on him as she raised the whip.

The tip of the whip caught him on the thigh. It cut the flesh like butter and Graham cried out in agony.

“Will you or won’t you?”

Lei-Lei gave no clue as to the correct answer, the answer that would presumably stop the pain as the next slash of the thongs wrapped around his inner thigh and punished his taut balls with a terrible sting. He looked up at the stern Chinese woman for a clue and saw that she was raising the whip again.

He had to guess, he had to stop the pain...

“I will, please, I will do whatever you want!”



“Good,” said Lei-Lei, “though I am just a little disappointed that you gave in so easily when you promised me that you would never surrender!”

He opened his mouth to ask the slim Chinese girl what it was that he had assented to, but she just used the moment to stopper him with a hollow gag. Graham’s question came as a gurgle and then he saw the man who had been silently watching from behind slowly open his trousers. The cock that he tenderly took from the shadows was almost throbbing with need, and the man gasped as he slowly forced it between Graham’s lips and then pulled back a little.

“I’ll come too fast...” gasped the man as he pulled free.

“Fuck his face,” said Lei-Lei. “He just wants to drink your come, so fuck him.”

Graham felt the bite of the whip again and then he tumbled from the scene as come splattered his face and the man rammed his gushing cock into Graham’s mouth with a groan of lust.

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Far above the limits of the tableau, Helga slipped her fingers into her gaping pussy and massaged herself to climax. Her fingers slipped through the swollen lips of her gaping cunt and then dragged at her clitoris as she opened and closed the book to make the scene skip and jump to reveal Graham’s humiliation. She

saw him forced, she saw his mouth wedged open and then she saw the man's crudely drawn prick spew come that splattered Graham's face as the cock was once more forced between his lips.

Lei-Lei reached down for Graham's prick and played with it a little.

"Is the taste of his come exiting for you?" she laughed as she felt him stiffen.

Hilda closed the book.

He would fall a page at a time. Each scene was just a pause, so she knew that in a few hours Graham would be in one of the pictures that she most found thrilling in the whole book. Every time that he climaxed he would drop to the next scene until at last he would come to the place that she had decided that he would be imprisoned forever.

She went for a coffee and tasted her sweet scented fingers.

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Graham dropped into darkness with needles planted deep in the cheeks of his behind. He had been forced to fuck her tightly clenched thighs as she jabbed him with needles and at last made him climax with a scream. Now he was heading for the next scene and he dreaded to know which it was.

How many times had Graham masturbated to these scenes, how many times had he imagined that he was one of those in the drawings? Now that he was, he sobbed as he realised that Hilda was going to make him suffer all of them before he finally dropped from the back cover of the book.

The drop was like sleep. It renewed him a little, it allowed the needles to fall from his flesh, though the agony of their piercing was still there.

Suddenly there was a flicker and he knew that he had arrived at the next page. Graham understood what was happening, he knew that he was experiencing each and every picture in a collection of the pictures of Montorgueil, all of them.

Hilda watched from above as the maid settled and then she reopened the book to find her helpless victim trapped under a woman who was enjoying every struggle of her victim.

The naked ass pressed on his face heavily while a high heeled stiletto crushed his balls. The heel that mashed his balls and then ground into him was pure agony, the rounded ass that moved back and forth over his face was sweating as it pushed his lips into a soft pussy and then the maid relieved herself as she climaxed.

A stream filled Graham's mouth.

He coughed and choked while the foot ground his balls into the floor. From the point of view of a reader, Hilda just opened her mouth and suddenly realised what the maid was forcing Graham to do. She had never realised that the man under the maid was being used as a toilet, she had always assumed that the maid

was simply extracting oral service!

Graham screamed and wept as the high heeled shoe slowly destroyed his balls. He could still feel the pin jabs in his ass from his last encounter and he realised that he would carry the wounds of each page on to the next. That realisation triggered another feeling and he strained up to look past the misty edges of the room and he saw movement, he saw Hilda's face and he saw her lips purse, open and then yawn as she climaxed to him being destroyed by her fantasy.

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Graham fell through picture after picture. Occasionally the scene was a respite, sometimes it was just a fuck that he could manage or perhaps even enjoy. Sometimes he sensed that Hilda was frotting to his predicament, sometimes all he could see when he strained to look up was a deep darkness that showed him that the book was closed.

The scene was so familiar, such a turn on for Graham when he was the one turning the pages of the book, but now it was a nightmare that he dreaded because he was starting to understand how the magic that trapped him in the book worked. If he climaxed he would drop onwards, if he did not then he would suffer the scene until he did.

Dressed in stockings and heels he was suspended by the pins in his nipples. With his wrists chained to his stiff cock and the man pulling at him he knew that he could never come unless he could persuade the woman who was paddling him from behind to reach through his thighs and play with his bruised and battered cock.

Graham looked into the mask of his tormentor and then down to his cock and he knew that this man would make him perform and make him suffer as he did so. The leash bit into his cock and the ropes pulled at his nipples while the woman spanked him with the paddle and counted every stroke. Then the rope went slack and Graham was forced to his knees and the cock pushed into his screaming mouth.

“Fuck him,” encouraged the woman as her hands reached for that bleeding prick and massaged it to hardness. “Fuck his throat and make him yours...”

Graham found that the cock was choking him, his vision started to grow blurry while the female hand gripped his balls and then pulled savagely at them. He gagged as the cock finally pushed into his throat, it forced an entrance and then pushed deeper to the accompanying groans of the man.

Finally, at the brink of fading to unconsciousness, the woman stroked Graham's cock and he climaxed with a rush and a desperate thrashing of his body as the prick in his throat blocked the air that he needed to live.

It saved him, that small stroke to his straining and aching cock. He came with a rush and suddenly he was travelling the void between the pictures.

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Graham prayed that the Montorgueil collection was at last over. It was possible, the last illustration that he had experienced had been the last in the pirated collection that he also owned. ‘The Sadism of Women’ was the title, but now he was passing through a darkness, a brown and grey cloying darkness that seemed

to last for hours.

Graham still felt the size of that prick that had forced his throat open and almost choked him. Just at the thought of that prick raping his face made him gasp for breath. His cock was sadly bleeding and ravaged by all the pins, darts and heels that had forced him to climax, the cheeks of his ass were worse. They bled and ached and would take days to recover.

Soon he would fall from the book and find himself as a miniature manikin on Hilda's table, he thought. He would beg her to restore him and offer her anything that she wanted. He would find all the missing books in her collection, beg borrow and steal them, Graham would do whatever penance that she ordered.

He would be her slave, kiss her ass and clean every fold of her magnificent body, he would serve as the man who kissed her feet in the morning and kissed them again at night as he made her life one of ease and indolence.

Graham feel through the cover of the book and crossed into the next.

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Graham had not anticipated that she would force him from one book of sadism to the next and he hoped that this one was not the illustrated version of Comte De Sade's Days of Sodom!

The cover of the new book was considerable drop.

The frontispiece was a rose and then he arrived at the first scene. He felt nothing more than the greatest relief that Hilda had given him a short holiday in the fantasies of Namio Harukawa. A world of over-large women who were served by small men who sucked, licked and drank their way through the naked pussies of those colossal Japanese bitches.

Graham found that he was staring up the rounded body of the most magnificent woman whom he had ever seen. As she spoke in Japanese on the phone, his job was to make her climax a dozen times and then allow her to massage her magnificent body against his puny frame.

He licked and kissed and was rewarded with a gush of juices that made his face slide through her pussy as she purred like a cat and rubbed herself against his face for ever more passionate orgasms. Finally she had finished with the phone and allowed it to drop. She muttered something in Japanese and then he felt her ease her bladder into his gaping mouth.

He gulped her waters down and fancied that she tasted slightly of rose water.

Then she stood and looked down at him before speaking and then thrashing his face with a series of brutal slaps that made his thoughts ring. At last she seemed finished and hitched the leash around his neck to a hook before heading out of the room.

Graham looked up.

Though he could not see her face beyond a slight haze beyond his world he knew that Hilda was extracting yet more climaxes and lustily enjoying his predicament. Then Graham suddenly realised that for the first time he was actually on his own in one of the book drawings. He thought about the erotic drawings of Namio Harukawa and realised that it was rare for one to show a man actually climaxing.

Perhaps that meant that he would always have to wank to move to the next scene?

His hands were chained and pulled high, his collar also. He stood on tiptoes and struggled to look down at himself. Finally the Japanese beauty re-entered the room and unhooked her slave from the wall. A few words in Japanese and then she inspected him with a small smile. A mechanical device in her hand was shown to him with an explanation in Japanese.

Then she bent down and he heard a click and a mechanical grinding sound. Next came a sharp twinge in his balls that quickly subsided. She stood and slapped his face again before leaving him to contemplate what she had done.

Graham looked down and saw his limp cock hanging over balls that were slowly turning blue! A tight band circled his balls, cutting off their contact to his body. While he watched he was being castrated by that tight band! His flaccid cock sprang from his groin, a large cock, a proud cock and perhaps even a cock that could fuck a woman like the Japanese woman who was about to use him as her toilet.

But, it was not a cock that would ever stiffen again.



No balls would hang under that prick when she returned! There would be just a smooth area, a continuum between cock and asshole, a slight scar where the balls had been before being amputated by the woman who now had him forever.

Graham would never come again, never spurt his come and escape this powerful woman. A woman who was not satisfied with a man until he was busy swallowing her wastes and she was whipping him to jelly with that steel-cored whip that she was about to return with.

Hilda left the page open to freeze the terror on Graham's face as her hand slipped to her boiling pussy and the swollen clitoris that demanded just a negligible touch.

## **The Angels Of the North**

### **An Ill-Considered Fuck**

I met my first and last girlfriend when I was just eighteen.

I was a fresh faced young man who had just started his first job and recently moved out to set up house in a bedsit in that most romantic of towns, Stockton on Tees! I met her in a night club accompanying her rowdy friends who were celebrating a hen night on the town. Dressed as schoolgirls, all stocking tops and short skirts, they had a crowd of drunken male admirers who all wanted to give the bride a last taste of hard cock before she plighted her troth to the groom.

The bride-to-be was the most daringly kitted out. No bra under that tight blouse, no knickers under the skirt that finished just as the stocking tops covered her thighs and her red heels were so high that she wobbled on the platforms and took tiny helpless steps that made her hips sway. All this topped by a pink wig with plaits that ended in red bows. Her friends encouraged each other to flirt and perform dares while the men that were attracted paid for their drinks in the hope that they could separate at least one bird from the flock.

I hovered around the edge of this tempting revelry whilst the two work mates that I was with chatted up one schoolgirl after another and offered cheap cocktails as entrees to cock tales. Even though I could feel my own prick stir as I surveyed the whole group, it was the bride-to-be that tempted me! Her tits were almost bursting out of that thin blouse. I was sure that I caught a glimpse of a

Brazilian shaven pussy that winked at me every time the hem of her skirt lifted an inch and those full lips opened as if they were about to slip over the bulging head of my prick...

Of all the people who clustered at that bar, I was the least drunk, so I waited patiently until my moment had come. I bought a cocktail with fruit and umbrellas and slid in next to the bride-to-be to slip my arm around her at waist height and push the cocktail into her willing hand. Under my hand I could feel the thin cloth of the short tartan skirt and the warm firm skin that was exposed between waist and blouse.

As I made my move, one of the other girls was surrounded by shouts of glee as she succumbed to the moment and flipped up the hem of her skirt to the call of a drunken dare. All I saw was a flash of diminutive buttocks with crude tattoos, the cleft of her ass and the gaunt thighs that stretched to the ragged tops of her fishnet stockings. For a moment the exhibitionistic girl was surrounded by a crowd with searching hands and I slipped my hand down under the hem of the bride-to-be's skirt.

I have to admit that I half expected a slap from her, but instead she pressed onto my hand and did not flinch when I allowed myself to slither my fingers under that hem and glide up her thigh. She almost had her back to me and craned her neck to kiss me as a finger touched the lips of her pussy. Smooth as a shop-window marionette, she was. A soft triangle of cleft skin that almost opened at my touch to allow the slick interior to swallow my questing finger. The kiss from her lips on mine was perfect and then she twisted to lay her lips by my ears.

“Fuck me now, I need it...”

My cock sprung to attention. It needed to get into that smooth cunt so badly! All

of the others were still mobbing the drunken skank who flashed her pussy to them so all I needed was to escape with this bride-slut to a dark corner and fuck her.

“Let’s get out of here...” I whispered.

“Got a car?”

“Yes!”

“Perfect...”

I slipped out first. In a moment I was on the cold street under the neon fumbling for my car keys. She followed a moment later and we ran to my car hand in hand. The click of her heels, the panting breaths and then the clunk as the car opened and she pushed me into the rear seat. I tumbled in backwards and she followed me in, astride, open legged, parted to take me in.

It took her a moment to free my cock from my pants and slide until I was pointing up, a mere inch from that delicious cunt. I thrust up, and she arched away.

“You’ll have to try harder than that,” she moaned.

Her hand slipped down and parted those lips and then she slid down me in a

single motion that took me in to the root. In the confine of the car it was difficult to get purchase, but somehow she managed to slide up and down me, all the while fingering herself to one small climax after another. Finally I came with a rush and she yelled with release.

I groaned as she leaned over me and kissed me, my cock still inside her, my hands still cupping those perfect tits.

“I love a man who knows how to fuck,” she said. “My boyfriend knows how to fuck... Wait until he fucks you!”

For a moment I did not take it in and then I saw movement outside in the darkness. The car door was flung open and she climbed out with a saucy smile. A man and an older woman stood by my car. He, young, with a smart suit and a baseball bat balanced in his hands, she dolled up in a fur coat with a pair of hand cuffs dangling from one finger.

“Tricia, what the fuck are you doing?” said the older woman to the girl I had just fucked. “You are getting married in two days and here you are fucking some kid who is still wet behind the ears. Randall is not going to be pleased!”

“Randall?” I asked, “Randall Flannigan?”

“Of course,” said the older woman. “He’s going to break every fucking bone in your body if he finds out that you screwed his fiancée, some of them twice...”

Randall Flannigan!

A shiver ran down my spine. A legend in written in maimed enemies. He owned four night clubs, several bars and the boxing studio on Newport Road. Everyone knew of Randy, the man who got three years for a gang fight that broke windows down most of the High Street and put four men in hospital for months. Randy, the man who supposedly started an insurance fire that burned down his club and the hospice next door. Randy, the man who was behind the disappearance of more than one local drugs gang leader.

This was the man whose girl I had fucked.

There was a single ray of hope... she had used the words 'if he finds out'!

Tricia started to laugh when she saw the fear on my face.

"He'll fucking castrate you and make you eat it," she laughed. "But, there are worse things that could happen. You could end up with this dried up old cunt..."

"You ungrateful bitch, Tricia," said the woman in the fur coat. "I am looking after you, anything could have happened when you went for a fuck with this twat. Go back to the party and I'll deal with it."

"Just because you are Randy's sister does not give you the right..."

“Yes it does, now run along darling and leave this to me!”

Tricia licked the tip of her finger in a provocative gesture and walked back up the road, leaving me and the other two standing by my car.

“I didn’t know who she was,” I said.

“Randy won’t be interested in your excuses,” she replied. “Even though he knows what she’s like!”

Her eyes dropped and I realised that my cock was still hanging out of my trousers.

“What are you going to do with me?” I asked.

The man with the baseball bat ignored my question and said his first words, “I can dispose of him!”

My knees almost gave when I heard those words.

“Maybe later,” she said. “I think that I have a use for him. I think that he will fit in nicely... In fact, I think he will be perfect and no one will miss the little wanker. Cuff him, put him in his own car. Take him to the farm, I’ll be along tomorrow afternoon and decide what to do with this reckless boy.”

The man held out his hand and I surrendered the keys to my car. As he bundled me in the back seat I looked back to see the woman slide her ringed hand into the fur and open her legs a little. It seemed that Randy's sister had found something to get excited over.

He drove my car with a brutal grinding of gears. It was if he was deliberately trying to destroy it, but I dared not speak a word. Twice he stopped for a moment at junctions and I considered jumping out and making a run for it, but each time I grasped the door handle and then the car lurched into motion again and the moment had passed. The cuffs bit into my wrists and reminded me that it was already too late. I consoled myself with the thought that there was no way that I could escape anyhow because the car itself would lead them back to me in a matter of minutes.

From the faceless estates at the back of town, he drove into the stark countryside. Hedgerows passed, small villages and isolated farms until at last, with a final crunch of gears the car came to rest in the gravelled yard of a group of shadowy buildings.

During the whole trip he had not uttered a word, so it almost came as a shock when he spoke: "Get out, this is the end of the line!"

I stepped into the drizzle and looked around. Only one building had lights in the windows, the others were all in darkness. A burnt out and wrecked car rusted at one end of the yard and a jumble of building rubbish adorned the other. I wondered why I had been brought here and then realised that there could be a dozen bodies buried at this farm and no one would be any the wiser.



The driver stepped out of my car hefting his baseball bat and nonchalantly began to demolish my car. Headlamps exploded, windows were shattered and panels were beaten in with a studied violence that was clearly a warning as to my possible fate. In just a few minutes my car had become a wreck resembling the other car that corroded just yards away. The final touch was the skilled way he torched the car and watched it burn.

“You won’t be needing it, not now,” he commented as the flames roared upward. “Follow me!”

With the heat of the fire on my face I followed him to one of the darkened blocks. He pulled a bunch of keys from his pocket and fumbled in the flickering light before unlocking the cuffs and then a door that revealed a barred gate that was the last thing before utter darkness.

“In!”

I stepped up to the door and he pushed me sprawling through the door. First the clang as the barred gate shut, then the outer door slammed and I was alone in the blackness of a cell. Bare stone flags, rough brick walls, an iron barred gate and a total blackness that emphasised the cold and damp.

I started to cry.

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I woke from my stupor to see slight cracks of light around the edge of the door of my cold damp cell. It was enough to see that the cell had no exit, no furniture and not even a bucket to piss into. For an hour I held out before I finally had to empty my bladder. Picking a corner of the cell I ridded myself of all the previous night's booze. Within a few seconds my nostrils filled with the sour smell of my own piss and I sat in the opposite corner as close to the door as possible to get what little fresh air moved into the cell.

Scenarios passed through my head.

I would dig my own grave and then be bludgeoned into it. They would beat me black and blue and then Randy would arrive for the accounting. I would be tossed into the River Tees with a cement block chained to me or thrown to dogs that would tear me limb from limb as Randy watched the man who had had the insolence to fuck his bride-to-be screaming for pity.

As I shivered in the cold I sobbed again and realised that jumping from the car had been my best chance. Now there was no hope for me at all. All I could manage was to wait for whatever they had prepared for me and hope that it would be quick.

The sound of dogs barking came into the cell. They barked for an hour or so and then quietened down at last.

Soon I was thirsty. I heard a car engine and the sounds of distant voices and hoped that I would be rescued, then I cursed myself for being so weak and helpless. I stood to relieve the cramp of sitting on the cold floor and then sat again and waited. Soon I would have to use the other corner again and the cell would become even ghastlier.

Finally there were voices again and the rattle of a key in a lock.

The outer door swung open and I blinked in the light. Through the bars of my cell I could see two women. One was Randall's sister, the woman who had worn the fur coat last night and the other was an older woman who stood just behind.

"He's going to be more trouble than he's worth, Sarah," said the older woman.

Sarah looked incongruous in the overgrown yard. A fake tan, and a revealing dress that showed the tops of her stockings and peep-toed high heels. Gold rings covered her fingers and her hair was arranged with every curl in place. The other woman was wearing tight leggings that showed every contour of her legs and pussy and a neon green top that stretched over her huge silicone breasts revealing where her too-small bra cut into her ample flesh.

"He's perfect, mum, just what you always wanted! A toy boy of your very own..."

"I'm not like you, Sarah. I don't want some wet-behind-the-ears slave. Anyway, what if Randy finds out what he did?" asked Sarah's mother.

"Well he won't will he?"

"OK then, let's have some fun..."

Sarah looked into my cell and then turned up her nose at the smell that wafted from the open doorway.

“Strip and toss all your clothes out here,” said Sarah.

“It’s too cold!” I whined. “Please, let me go.”

For a moment she looked at me and then back to her mother.

“We’ll train him like one of the dogs,” she said with a smile. “Punishment until he does what he’s told, punishment when he does what he’s told! When he’s ready he’ll be as obedient as a puppy.”

Sarah turned away and walked across the yard while her mother looked at me in disdain.

“I’m Randy’s mother, Pauline. If I get just one refusal from you I’ll have you castrated,” she said in a cold voice. “A second one and I’ll throw you to the dogs to play with.”

“Please,” I whined. “I promise...”

The gush of cold water hit me hard. It took my breath away and soaked me

through in a matter of seconds. Sarah laughed as she played the torrent over me from the hose in her hand, paying special attention to my crotch and face.

“Strip!” she ordered.

With freezing cold water streaming and splashing over me I stripped as quickly as possible. Water splashed and gushed until a river ran from the cell and I shuddered from the cold as I tossed my soaked clothing through the bars.

“I thought that you said that he had a big cock!” said Sarah’s mother.

“I think that the fear has shrivelled it away...”

Sarah continued to play the water over me until at last she tired of the entertainment.

“Now we’ll see what he has learned,” laughed Sarah.

She stepped to the bars and lifted one foot through a gap in the bars.

“Clean the shit off my shoes!” she ordered.

Naked and shivering, I kneeled on the rough flagstones and bent to the task. The

water that she had been standing in had rinsed much of the mud from her shoes, my lips and tongue did the rest. Starting at the open toes, I carefully cleaned her toes and the parts of her stiletto that I could reach. My lips brushed the wet leather and my tongue searched between her toes to clean her moist skin. Sarah looked down triumphantly.

“See how easy it is, mum. Once he’s trained properly the fun can start.”

“You’re not suggesting that I allow him to fuck me are you, Sarah?”

“Of course not, but imagine how nice it will be to have a man at your beck and call. He will do all those things that are such a chore.”

“What, like a maid?”

“If you like, but I’m sure that you’ll think of plenty to keep him busy.”

Sarah’s foot pulled back and she reached between the bars and patted my head.

“Be a good boy and we’ll give you some nice clothes to wear,” laughed Sarah.

The older woman looked down a little dubiously.

“I’m sure that it will be more trouble than it’s worth! I really wanted a nice young girl to play with...”

“Well if he doesn’t train up properly, just throw him to the Pit-bulls or I’ll have him! We’ll get you one of Randy’s whores trained up instead.”

I dared to look up, but the two women were already walking away from my cage.

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The next week was a terrible time for me. I thought that Sarah was a bitch, but if that was so, then Pauline, her mother, was a sadist. She had me chained, wrist to wrist and knee to knee so that all I could do was crawl and then I was fed with the dogs when they were released into the yard for exercise. I was so scared that she would leave me unattended with them that I pissed myself to her laughter, but it seemed that that was not the plan.

I fed from the dogs’ bowls and drank from their dishes before being caned and pushed back into my bare cell. I dared not look up at Pauline’s face, but saw her legs walk across the yard in high heels and those tight leggings. Each day I cleaned her shoes with my tongue and prayed that the threats that she made would not come about, but I knew that she could do whatever she wanted with me and that so far my obedience was all that kept her from doing terrible things to me. I cried every night for hours and curled up to take the weight off my sore knees. My fear overwhelmed me and even when I slept I dreamed of Pauline and the bamboo cane that she flayed me with.

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A red sports car pulled into the yard.

Through the bars of my cell I could see that Tricia was the driver. She stepped out of the car and was greeted by Pauline at the door. I remembered Tricia's delicious pussy, the smooth softness, the flat belly and the way that she had slipped onto my hard cock and then squeezed me dry.

Tricia and the mother of her new husband stood chatting. I saw Pauline point to my doorway and I knew that they were discussing me. Pauline said something and Tricia laughed before she turned and carefully stepped over the puddles and mud in the yard to stand at the barred doorway.

"I think that you should castrate him," said Tricia in a serious tone. "I would! Randy gets so mad when he thinks of all the men that I had before I ever met him, if he finds out about this little shit, then I think that Randy might even have him put down. It would be so romantic if the last pussy he had before he was snipped was mine! No, I reckon, if Randy ever finds out that this little shit was in my knickers he will kill the fucker!"

"How will he ever find out unless you tell him?" asked Pauline.

"Oh, it may slip out," giggled Tricia. "I can get so absent minded!"

"Sarah suggested that he might make a nice maid," said Pauline. "What do you



think of that?”

“You mean all in lace and taffeta? He’d look fucking terrible!”

“I suppose you’re right, Tricia. Still, I can’t leave him in this cell forever, so what the fuck do I do with him?”

“Oh just get rid of him, he’s not worth the effort,” said Tricia.

I felt a chill, but I dared not utter a word because I had not been ordered to speak. I dared not break that rule.

“I suppose you’re right,” said Pauline. “I’ll offer him to Sarah and if she doesn’t want him, I’ll have him disposed of.”

I prayed that Sarah would want me...

“You’re too soft hearted, Pauline. It’s for his own good, he’ll just be miserable and it’s so cruel to keep him if you have no proper use for him. Most men are just animals and should be treated like that. If they are sick or of no use then put them down, it’s the most humane thing to do. Then you can move on and find a nice girl to instruct as a French maid. Someone that you can train to make your nights a pleasure and pamper you from the tips of your toes upward. I can imagine that a woman knows much better how to pleasure a woman, especially if she does not have to concentrate on her own insatiable pleasure and can devote herself properly to her owner.”

“Did you have anyone in mind?” asked Pauline. “Randy will find me a nice slut-maid I’m sure, but he has no concept of a woman’s needs, especially his mother’s. He thinks that I gave up sex the moment that he was conceived! Men are so fucking conceited. I have my needs, I’m not some fucking chaste sort of Mother Teresa!”

“Well, Pauline, there is a slut that would be ideal for you and it would sure suit me if she disappeared. I’ve known her since school and she is always hanging around. Anyway, I’ve noticed that Randy seems to have an eye for her and that she has started to flirt like crazy every time that he’s in the room!”

The two women turned and walked away from my cage chatting as they did so.

“He’s not important anyway,” said Tricia. “Yesterday I bought a great pair of shoes, platforms a foot high and in leopard skin, they are a perfect match for that handbag I got from YSL...”

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Six more months I spent in that cell.

Every day that passed became more terrible and yet better! Over the months, Pauline no longer even turned up to look at me, just the brutal woman who tended to the dogs. The woman that I came to think of as ‘my keeper’. I knew that my existence hung on a thread and decided that I had to submit to every humiliation.

My keeper allowed the dogs to dominate me and I was always last able to get to the bowls and food. Worse still she amused herself by playing with me and making me come as she whispered her terrifying fantasies in my ear. The cruellest was that every time she played with me, the erections came faster and the climax came quicker as I started to respond to her desires and allowed them into my own fantasies.

My keeper used a cane, making sure that she inflicted her wrath on a different area every day. Then she started to train me to please her while she administered continuous punishments. She occupied a small apartment on the farm. Under her bedroom was a windowless cellar where she had prepared a room especially adapted to use me.

There I was dragged by a collar and leash, on all fours, and made to serve to please.

Sometimes it was just polishing shoes and boots, whips and crops and ironing her clothes until they were creased and folded like new. At other times she used me with her own rubber cock, a huge simulacrum of a rampant prick in red latex that would be forced into me by hard thrusts of her hips until the vibrator in the root finally gave her the screaming climax that was her aim.

At other times the same red prick would be attached to a mask on my face and I would have to fuck her slowly until at last, after hours of stimulation, she would come and come and come in a shuddering climax that seemed to last for ever as the red cock plunged and ploughed her deep cunt with steady strokes.

In all of this time I did not even learn her name!

The few times that Pauline passed by the farm she seemed disinterested in me. She stopped and looked at me through the bars and she noted that I waited to show my devotion to her feet, but she never even passed her heavenly foot through the bars for me to adore. Still, she seemed satisfied that I was behaving, because she did not give the order to have me disposed of.

Nightly, I thanked her in my prayers for being so caring!

As the spring passed to summer, the sun warmed my cell and the cold winds blew rarely. The woman who looked after me placed a bucket and sleep-basket in my cell and I was at last able to feel comfortable in my cell. She laughed at the way that I got a massive erection every time that she stopped by the bars of my cell and trained me to roll over to show it off so that she could extend a booted foot through the bars to force me to spurt for her as the heel gouged the length of my cock.

One bright summer's day I was inspected by the vet. She actually came to look after the dogs and make sure that the fight-training was going well. This vet was a young woman with large glasses and a stern look about her. She chatted with my keeper for a while before inspecting me and then spent the whole time nodding agreement.

As the cage was opened, the vet said, "I don't want to do some procedure that has not been approved by the owner. It's all very well you telling me that Pauline had OK'ed it, but I need to be sure. So... should I give Pauline or Sarah a call to confirm?"

"By all means, either will approve."

“Good, then let’s take a look at it, shall we?” said the vet. “I do the occasional bit of work on this type of animal, so there should be no difficulty.”

“Open your mouth,” said my keeper. “Show the vet... tongue out.”

I lifted my head and looked up. The tight jodhpurs, the high kitten-heeled boots and the close-fitting leather jacket. From above this she looked down at me, a slight smile of concentration on her face as she looked in my mouth and down my throat. She was stern, but pretty. Pink lips, a straight nose and high arched brows. At last she was finished and her gloved hand released my chin and she patted me on the head.

“Fine, I’ll give you a call in a week and we’ll arrange a date and time. Now let’s look at the other end...”

I rolled over and presented my erection for inspection.

“Well, there’s nothing wrong in that department,” laughed the vet. “I’ll bet that...”

I felt her booted foot roughly tread my cock and slide up and down. I yelped with discomfort as the kitten heel on her boot caught my balls and then I responded and came in a gush as I looked up at her thin smile and realised that this was the first woman that had treated me with any sympathy at all in months. The pain she had given me was not intended, of that I was sure, the climax simply a reward for good behaviour.

I think that I could feel an emotion that was akin to devotion welling inside me.

“Excellent, you have done such a good job on him,” said the vet as she watched my spurting prick. “I think that you have to go easy on fucking him though, look here...”

Her boot touched my ass for a moment as she indicated.

“Use a smaller diameter for a week or two and then slowly build back up to full size. It is easy to get overly eager and progress too fast. Unless of course,” she mused, “you want him incontinent. If you do, then carry on as you are. Perhaps a quart regular enema might help as well, it will allow the bowel to expand and take any object that you want to use.”

“Thanks,” said my keeper as she shut the cage door. “I’ll await your call and then we’ll arrange everything...”

As the two women walked away I heard my keeper mention Sarah, but in what context I could not be sure. Just hearing her name gave me an erection despite the fact that I had climaxed just a few minutes before. I knew better than to wank for myself, the camera in the corner of my cell was unblinking!

So I curled in my basket and just stared at my throbbing cock until at last the hard-on slowly dissipated and I was able to doze with a light heart.

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By the time that the vet arrived again, I had completely forgotten her earlier visit. The only change had been that my keeper used a smaller cock to fuck me when she made love to me. I started to feel better as the cramps and soreness in my ass slowly receded and I was able more to appreciate the pleasures of being violated.

As a reward for a week without a single fault, I was allowed a blanket in my basket and a day without being caned even a single stroke. I was so proud and determined that I would eventually be able to manage a week of perfection that I tried ever harder to please the woman who kept the keys to my cell.

A Land-Rover pulled up in the yard and the wonderful vet stepped out. My keeper strolled out of the dog's kennels and greeted her with a smile. The vet was dressed for riding with those figure-hugging tan jodhpurs, riding boots and a tight red jacket, she looked so delicious that my erection had started before they both even looked my way.

From a distance I could not hear their words, but after a few moments they both smiled and looked in my direction. I rolled over on my back to proudly show them both how grateful I was for the attention and the vet actually smiled at me and gave me a little wink.

I felt as if every moment of my life was at last justified and my heart swelled with gratitude!

The vet got her bag and came to join my keeper at the gate.

“We’ll do it here. In his basket,” said the vet with a smile. “It’s quite a quick procedure after all.”

My keeper opened the gate and I waited for a reward for my behaviour. My prick was rigid like steel and awaited just a gloved hand or the sole of a boot to be drained, but that was not going to happen. I yelped in expectation and my keeper frowned in disapproval.

“That’s exactly the problem,” she said with a thin lipped smile.

“I have done this a dozen times,” said the vet. “This is one problem that I can make go away with just a few minute’s work.”

Suddenly the vet had a syringe in her gloved hand. It came in a swift arc and the last thing that I remembered was her plunging it into my arm and saying, “Just a small snip is all it takes...”

When I awoke it was dark. As usual the cell was so pitch black that nothing could be discerned except perhaps the slight line where the edge of the door showed a little moonlight through the cracks. I felt something on my face and moved my hands to inspect it. It was a mask, a smooth covering that had just a single inlet, a tube for my mouth. I wondered why it had been fitted and quickly realised that the straps that held the mask in place had been closed with small padlocks to ensure that I could not remove it.

I could hear the whistling of my breath through the tube and then felt the



soreness in my throat. It was as if I had had a cold or perhaps inflamed tonsils, except that the tube from my mask appeared to be part of the soreness. It passed into my lungs and swelled the throat as it passed through. Though I was sore, it did not hurt and it was clear that it was the vet's work that had placed it there.

With the reassuring thought that my divine deity, the adorable vet, had put the mask on me for a good reason I curled up again and managed to drop into a sleep where I dreamed that the vet had slipped off her boot to reveal her bare foot. Slowly she had rubbed it the length of my straining cock until I gushed on her foot and she had cried in delight as she pulled her boots back on with my come still gathering between her long toes.

The next morning my keeper arrived and inspected me.

"Mm, she said, half to herself. "It has to stay on two days and in that time you are not allowed to eat or drink."

I looked up at her and realised that she was just repeating what the vet had said. I was so glad that the vet was powerful enough to give orders to my keeper. It filled me with faith in her powers until I wondered if she was even higher than Pauline, Tricia or perhaps even Sarah. This set of a train of thought in which I tried to decide what the ranking of the various women in my life really was. In the end I decided that Tricia had to be the highest, closely followed by the vet. Next came Sarah and Pauline and finally, at the bottom but still way over my head, was my keeper followed of course by the dogs.

By the time that the mask was unlocked and put away, I was so thirsty that I was almost desperate. My keeper realised it and chained me to the wall by my collar because she was worried that I was so parched that I might try to drain my own piss into the tube from my mask. I had considered that, but I knew that the tube

went into my lungs and would never have tried to drink like that.

When the mask came off, it was strange to feel the tube being withdrawn, but the soreness was gone from my throat. A clean bowl of water was put down for me and I drank it all before it was taken away. When I was finished I looked up at my keeper and made the small yelp that was always my way of showing that I was ready to serve her.

All that came out of my mouth was a small sigh. I tried again. And again. I tried to speak and I tried to cry, but every single sound came out as a slight hiss, a rush of air that held no meaning.

“That’s better, silence is golden,” said my keeper with a laugh. “Now let’s try and see if it has really worked properly.”

I noticed the cane in her hand and realised that what my keeper had wanted most was for her to be able to cane me without a sound issuing from my lips. The caning was brutal as if my keeper could not quite believe that there was no way that I could cry out or even moan, but the vet had done a perfect job.

I was totally mute.

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In the time that I was in training with my keeper, I remember one other occasion that stands out in particular. This happened perhaps a month after the visit by the

vet and was perhaps the signal that my training had reached a conclusion and soon I would pass to other things.

I was chained in my cell as a punishment for some small offence. That meant that a chain had been attached to the ring in the centre of the cell's ceiling and to a ring that clasped my balls. The length finely set to keep me in a standing position on my tip toes holding onto the wall to support myself. This position ensured that I was staring at the wall and could not turn to look when the noise of a car came to my ears.

I knew it was not the vet, because it was not the rough engine sound of the Land-Rover, and the slam of the closing car door was not loud enough for a jeep. A while later I heard Tricia talking to my keeper and felt so ashamed that she had picked a time to come when I was being punished.

"He's still here I see," said Tricia's voice. "When are you getting rid of him?"

"Probably next week," said my keeper. "Sarah said that she'd call me when she was ready and that should be Thursday."

"You had him silenced, I heard!"

"Yes, quite cheap to do really and so practical. We do it to the dogs that make too much noise and I thought to myself, why not?"

The sound of their voices was directly outside my cell and I heard the familiar

sound of the keys being used and the door opening.

“Our snitch tells us that we are getting a visit from the police next week,” said Tricia. “They are looking for the dogs, but we can’t let them find this, can we?”

“Where should I shift him?”

“Randy told me to move a couple of Alsations and sheep dogs into the kennels and make sure all the equipment is packed away. He’s going to send a van over to move the Pit-Bulls to Sarah’s farm in the Pennines. You can put him in the load as well and Sarah can deal with the details from then on in.”

A hand touched the cheek of my ass and then the chain from the ceiling was slackened so that I was able to rest on my heels.

“He’s doing well,” said Tricia with a laugh. “Who’d have thought that a little midnight fuck could lead to something like this? It wasn’t even all that good a fuck, I just did it to annoy Sarah really. At least I think that’s why...”

I looked around to see that Tricia was looking even more attractive than before. Money and good taste had combined to create the perfect woman. A long leather coat hung open to reveal a simple tight red dress that was drawn over a perfect figure. It was clear that Tricia was working out and had had work done on her already superb breasts. Her gloved hand moved to grasp my erection and close into a tight fist.

“Are you going to come for me?” asked Tricia.

I nodded as I felt her hand slowly move towards my balls. I knew that just a stroke or two would have me spraying come to her order.

“Good, pass me the cane...”

The hand released my cock and the first blow of the cane struck hard making me thrust hard into the brick wall in reaction.

“Ten strokes to come, darling,” she laughed. “Fuck the wall and show me how obedient you are... come for me, show me how much you love me, fucker, or I’ll have those balls sliced off right here and now!”

Every stroke of that cane sticks in my memory as I fucked the wall. My hips moved up and down, rubbing me against those hard bricks as the cane gave me blow after blow. I came on the seventh. My breath heaved from my throat as I gasped for oxygen, but despite the fact that my tender cock was scratched and battered, the streak of come up the wall reached almost to my own height.

“Very good, now lick it all up. We can’t have you messing up your nice clean room can we?”

I obeyed and braced myself for another blow of the cane, but it seemed that Tricia had had her fun. She just watched for a few seconds and then said, “Make sure you get all of it lapped up.”

My keeper pulled my punishment chain tight again and as she did so, Tricia commented: “Keep him on tip toes, it will be good training for what’s coming. Sarah’s right, men are only good for one thing and that’s to amuse women. Make sure that you beat him hard every day and keep him in chastity from now on. I want that last climax to be a special memory of what it is like to come when a woman demands.”

The keys rattled as the barred gate closed.

“Randy just bought me one of those new open topped Jaguars,” said Tricia as their footsteps retreated. “It’s bright red and so perfect to drive....”

I could not hear the words any more, just the sound of their voices.

A short sweet laugh from Tricia and the crunch of her heels in the yard.

## **Serving Sarah**

Sarah’s farm was not really a farm at all. Rather, it was a secluded mansion in a small village just by Hardknott Pass. It was the place where she could play in complete seclusion. The place where she could indulge every whim as her criminal brother gave her the means and money to spoil herself in every way.

The Pit-Bulls were unloaded first and then my crate was unpacked under Sarah’s supervision and carried into a bare cell. The cell was such a change from the

outdoor kennel and the fact that there was a caged cot with a real mattress and a steel-bowled toilet in the room gave me a moment of elation.

I stood to attention by the cot as Sarah and a young woman entered the room to inspect me.

“This is Jennie,” said Sarah. “She is responsible for your training now and I expect you to listen carefully to her instructions and carry them out. I have given her orders that bad behaviour and refusals must be punished severely and expect that you only ever need to be told once what your lessons are. In my house I do not forgive mistakes. This means that the punishments are final and the rules are strict. Do not disappoint me, because I wish to show Tricia that you can be trained rather than just castrated and fucked until you expire. I have a small wager with her that I would be very disappointed to lose. I have declared that you have a little useful service in you before you are disposed of, she is sure that you could never be trained to a high standard of obedience.”

Sarah paused and smiled at Jennie.

“Is this clear?”

I nodded.

“I never lose bets, make sure that you do not fail me. Good! I often have little get-togethers here and I need a maid to serve the guests. You will learn from Jennie how to be that perfect pretty servant. When there is nothing organised you will be given enough tasks to fill your time properly. Anything that Jennie tells you to do, no matter what, is like an order from me. You are now her

responsibility as well as her property, so make sure that you serve her well.”

Jennie’s right hand was gloved in lace and from her wrist dangled a switch from a loop. Her eyes dropped when Sarah looked her in the eye and it was clear that she too was caught under Sarah’s influence.

“Jennie is learning how to run my household the way that I want it, I expect you to obey every word...”

With that last comment, Sarah turned on her heel and stalked out of the room. Her shapely legs moved gracefully as she walked, the movement almost hypnotised me. I was brought back to my senses as the thin switch in Jennie’s hand brought me back with a sharp reminder on my thigh.

“Mistress Sarah means every word. Make sure that you do not disappoint her, her she has the power to make your life easy as a maid or make it a hell of pain and degradation as one of the man-pigs on her punishment farm. So... stay alert, obey my orders and follow me,” said Jennie in a sharp tone.

She turned and I followed her out of the cell. As she let me down a narrow corridor I could not help but enjoy the sight of her walking. A slight sway of the hips, the straightness of the seams on her stockings, the high arch of the stilettos on her feet and the contour of her calves.

“Mistress Sarah has ordered me to prepare you for service,” she said as she walked. “You will learn comportment, decorous conduct, a feminine demeanour, correct posture and deportment. This will need an effort on your part, though I can see that you are perhaps suitable material. When this preparation is



complete, you will serve as maid whenever Mistress decides that she needs you.”

She stopped by a door and turned to face me.

“I have prepared a room for you. This is where you will wait at all times if you are not required or being trained...”

She opened the door and led me into my new room.

The first thing that registered was the colour. Everything was bright pink, lacy and feminine. The bed was a cage with low bars and then a gated top that flipped back against the wall. Pictures of dolls hung on the walls and the walls themselves were papered in a fancy pink and white pattern of flowers and lace.

“All of this,” he hand described an arc, “is to ensure that you always have the correct mind-set and understand the fundamental fact that you are going to become a feminised and cute maid whose duties are to be elegant and adorable at all times. Now then, first we have to attend to the basics,” said Jennie.

She opened a cupboard door to reveal a whole rail of pink frilly dresses and petticoats that crowded the space. With the tips of her gloved fingers brushing the lace and ruffles, she ran her gloved hand along the dresses before finally selecting one and bringing it out. Satisfied that she had the right one she held it in front of me and commented.

“Perfect, though we have plenty of work to do before you are allowed to wear it.

We will start the training with deportment and carriage, but first we need to clean you up and have a nice little chat about your duties, what is expected of you and what the punishments are for disobedience.”

I was dazed by the treatment. Jennie was so kind, so strong and so straightforward that I felt myself starting to feel fondness for her. I promised myself that I would never upset her by being disobedient or difficult because it was so clear that she was trying to help me. Jennie stripped off every hair from my body. From the tip of my toes to the top of my head I was smooth and silky after she had finished.

“This is a little routine that needs doing once a day,” she said. “You must learn how to do it all by yourself, because I cannot always be here for you. When you are dry, then I’ll show you how to prepare yourself for the day’s work. This is a routine that you will have to do every day as well, so pay good attention and learn fast.”

She towelled me down and inspected me carefully.

“Good, no problems. Now, you have to understand that Miss Sarah does not like this sort of thing...”

Her hand smoothed over my swelling cock.

“She wants to see your little willy, but she does not want to be reminded that you are a grown man. She wants it small and neat, feminine, primed and powdered. Also she does not like chastity tubes, rings, piercings and tattoos. That means that you will have to learn self-control.

Jennie smiled and wrapped her hand around my swelling cock.

“If you are caught indulging yourself, in other words wanking... the punishment will be castration! There is no second chance, no leniency and no punishment for the sake of it here. Miss Sarah is quite strict in that regard and will have you neutered if she thinks that you have cheated on her. Of course occasionally, perhaps every six months or so, you will be milked to relieve stress.”

Jennie pulled my cock back and blew me a small kiss.

“Now, we understand that men cannot easily control their little willies. Sometimes it is just a fact that they swell and stick out for attention all by themselves. What I cannot abide is when there is no effort to control this vulgarity. In order for little willy here,” she stroked my cock, “to understand that he is at all times to be presentable, small, feminine and undemanding, there will be a small penalty that will be applied until the erections go away and you can grow only when it is specifically required.”

By now I was hard as a rock, my cock stood proudly out and her hand stroked it gently as she spoke.

Suddenly, her other hand used the cane on the cheeks of my ass and the hand that had provoked me suddenly slapped my balls with a hard swipe. Tears welled in my eyes.

“I know. You think that can't help it, but actually you can, because from now on,

every time that you are erect you will be punished until it goes away. You can control it, I know that you can. It is a myth that men have no power over their cocks because I have trained loads of them in discipline and self-control.”

I nodded and tried to think of something that was going to make me lose the erection, but the attention and her monologue provoked my cock to stay hard. She slapped me again and laughed.

“I know that it’s not easy, but you can do this for me. Let’s see that cock shrink and behave itself...”

It took five slaps and a thorough caning for me to lose the erection.

“I know, I know, but you’ll thank me for the lessons because it will be a lot less distracting when you are serving when you do not have to think about that little girl’s willy of yours. I expect that in a couple of weeks we will be able to start trying to provoke it without success and from there on in you will find that no matter what games we play, you will be able to suppress the erections and stay decent for your betters.”

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The next lesson that Jennie had to teach me was deportment.

I had to learn how to hold myself, how to walk and most of all how to perform every service with grace and precision. The first lesson was dressing myself and

undressing in a way that was elegant and effortless.

Every movement and inflection was dealt with one at a time. For instance, when I picked up a shoe from the floor to present it for approval I had first to perform a flutter of a curtsy that lowered me from the waist. The next move was to pick up the shoe with both hands and lift it with the toe towards my Mistress. Then a small kiss was permitted on the tip of the heel followed by a curtsy that finished with the shoe being presented at the correct height and position.

Another set of rules to learn was that I had to greet each person in the correct manner. Jennie got a small curtsy. Since, in the first week, I was naked all of the time I just was trained to move my hands as if flicking the hem of my dress. For any guest and Mistress Sarah, I had to bob and then kneel with my face on the floor.

“If you are in luck you may be asked to kiss her feet. In this case, a single small peck on the point of the toe is required,” said Jennie as I practiced. “Every move must be smooth and without mistake,” she continued. “Not forgetting to keep your hands tucked in or behind your back with nails uppermost.”

The first week was so difficult.

Every order resulted in a swelling of my badly behaved cock and so was punished with slaps and the occasional cut of the thin cane that Miss Jennie always had dangling from her wrist.

“You must get it under control,” she said. “Mistress Sarah is offended by anything other than a well presented and smooth little willy. If she sees you

getting any stimulation she will be so much more severe than I am. By the time that we start on presentation, clothes and perfect conduct you must have this element of your training complete.”

It was so difficult because I was starting to find Jennie so alluring! It seemed that she dressed provocatively to tempt me and teach me that I had to ignore any erotic impulses and concentrate on presentation. Finally I was became able to subdue my impulse to become hard and was rewarded with small touches of her hands that seemed almost casual and accidental, but that were actually the next level of my training.

My time in the cell was fading in my memory and I realised that there was such a feeling of satisfaction to be had from Jennie’s praise that I worked ever harder to satisfy her by being perfect. I imagined in my head that the day that I managed a faultless performance, that she would take me in her arms and kiss me with happiness, but the day that it came was simply the signal that the next phase of my training could be started!

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Dress was the next part of the learning process.

Jennie finally retrieved the beautiful frilly pink dress that she had showed me that first day and slipped it over my head.

Her hands pulled the lace and the frills into proper order so that the hem of the dress stuck level from my hips and exposed my soft little cock. She primped and fiddled and muttered under her breath before she decided the alterations that

would be needed for it to fit perfectly. From the narrow waist that bulged a little with my stomach, it gave room for large breasts and a frilly edged peep-hole where the cleavage would have been. This closed and finished in a lacy ruff that covered my neck to my chin and long sleeves that finished in loops that pulled the ends of the sleeves over the backs of my hands.

“For the moment you will wear latex breasts and a corset under the dress,” she finally announced. “It may be that Mistress Sarah would prefer the real thing, in fact I think that she has already decided, but that is none of your business. When you are not simply doing chores you will wear a wig that I shall select as well as an appealing mask, otherwise there will be makeup to make sure that you are presentable. Now then...”

Jennie stood and studied me in my dress and smiled.

“What is needed are a few accessories to set the whole thing off...”

She selected some items and proceeded to dress me as she spoke.

“Stockings... White with small pink bows and touches of lace. They must go to just a few inches above the knee and be tied just so.”

She tied the bows at the top and then straightened the adorable little bows that traced a line down the backs of my legs.

“That’s perfect, now we need gloves, because after all it would be so outrageous

if you were required to do some personal service that required touching and your naked skin touched one of your superiors.”

The gloves were silky rubber and had small holes to allow my fingertips to peek from the ends.

“We’ll do your nails later, for now it’s just to see what sizes you need and make adjustments,” she said. “Now for a finishing touch...”

Deftly her hands tied two small ribbons in bows. One was around my quivering balls and had a small bell dangling from it as a final elegant touch. The other tied tight around the uncircumcised cock. I had to really struggle to stop the touches of the ribbon and her fingertips exciting me and was rewarded with a small smile as she regarded the resulting effect.

“Perfect, now all we have to do is to do a mask fitting and then I’ll show you how to do all the makeup that is required.”

It turned out that I had to wait until the next few days to learn how to apply my makeup. At first I had to apply the look to Jennie’s sweet face until she was satisfied that I had learned how all the complicated brushes and applicators could be used. Then I had to learn how to attach false eyelashes and paint my nails to become flawless talons that would be the final touch when I fluttered my fingers with elegant flickers.

The makeup was so difficult. My hands shook, the long nails that had been added to my own hindered every touch. Blending the colours smoothly took days to master. Finally the nails were painted in a scarlet with the little finger on



each hand being shimmering gold.

“You will strip and repaint your nails every day,” she told me. “The colour will always be this red, it is Mistress’ favourite. The application will always be perfect with a smooth surface that looks like glass. This means that the nails will make the perfect counterpoint for the gloves that you will wear. Lashes must be long, luxurious and flicker as you blink. I think that you should make sure that you blink twice every few seconds and learn to do it habitually.”

The final stage was the fitting of the mask.

“When you are required to serve Mistress or her friends you must wear this mask,” said Jennie as she rolled it over my face. “The mask is always plain and requires makeup, just like your face would. You will be told if you are required to wear the eyeless mask, in which case I will do all of the makeup and preparation. Otherwise you will be expected to present a perfectly turned out face as instructed.”

I felt strange with the mask on and waited without movement until she had rolled it under the ruff of my dress.

“There are three looks that you will learn. The first is ‘plain’. If you are required to present this look it is probably because you will be expected to serve Mistress Sarah in a social situation. A soiree, afternoon tea or perhaps as a background ornament for her visual enjoyment. We have already covered that, so let’s look at the other two styles that you will have to learn.”

Jennie paused and took up the blusher brushes and showed me a bright red

blusher that I had not used before.

“‘Dolly’ is the next style. We will cover that today and tomorrow and then I will show you the ‘slut’ style. You will either be told which style to use or you will have to decide for yourself! It’s quite easy really. If you are going to be used by a man, then ‘slut’ is perfect! Long eyelashes, bright red and black lips, blue eyeshadow, heavy foundation and then strong colours that emphasise the mouth to tempt the man who is lucky enough to be offered you as entertainment. If it is mixed company or just a woman who is using you as a toy then ‘Dolly’ is the correct look. Pale blues and pinks, red lips and pink circles of blusher on the cheeks. Much of the time, at any rate if Mistress Sarah wants you to serve her personally, the eyeless mask will be used because you do not have the privilege to see her unclothed.”

She paused and passed me the brush.

“Bear in mind that you may have to do this when you are cuffed ready for use, so we shall cuff you and then begin...”

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So far I had been nearly two months in Jennie’s care.

Day by day I had learned to control my every move until I found that even when I was alone, even when in my cage-cot, I moved with smooth actions, and elegant flicks all the time. Every day I learned to clean and dust meticulously, prepare simple snacks and drinks and carry the trays and dishes in an elegant way. Every morning I had to get out of my cot when the bell indicated that it was

unbolted and then prepare for the day.

This meant that at five I woke and showered before dressing, applying makeup and nail polish for two hours before Jennie arrived to unlock my door. At first I thought that half an hour would be enough time to do all this, but I soon found that failure to apply the eight coats of nail varnish and iron every pleat and frill in my dress resulted in severe punishment that soon changed my ways.

“It does not matter how much time it takes to be perfect,” said Jennie as she caned me for tying the bell to my willy and the plain ribbon to my balls. “All that matters is that you are ready for use when Mistress decides and that you are perfect in every way. Attention to detail, attention to detail, that’s all it is!”

Of all the dressing and preparing, the shoes were the most difficult. When in normal service or for male use I had to wear bright pink stilettos that then locked around my ankles with straps and laces. They were so difficult to walk in decorously and so hard on the feet, but then Jennie showed me that there was worse to come.

“These are the dolly shoes that you will wear when you are serving Mistress Sarah or her friends,” she said as she held up the shoes that were to become an excruciating experience.

They looked like stilettos, but they were so high that though the shoe looked as if it were normal, inside my foot pointed down to the ground so that the heels could be seven inches of stainless-steel spike. Worse still, they gripped the foot so hard that I was cramped and the chains that joined them by the ankles were so short that only tiny steps were possible.

Wearing them was agony, but I bore it with self-control and realised that they distracted me from having to resist erections of my still rebellious cock. At the end of the two months Jennie announced that she considered me ready for service.

“There is still much to learn,” said my teacher, “but you are now ready. I shall be helping, guiding and teaching you, but you are now a maid who is ready to be used. Concentrate and you will be fine, I shall be so disappointed if Mistress Sarah or one of her guests is dissatisfied and then wastes all of our work by having you gelded, so do not let me down!”

She smiled and touched my bare thigh with the end of her crop.

“Tomorrow night, Mistress Sarah has a small soirée that you will attend. I shall help you prepare and then you can show them all that she has the most obedient and submissive sluts working to please her every whim!”

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I was trembling when I awoke the next day.

I had not seen another person apart from Jennie the whole two months since I was given to Mistress Sarah. I applied my makeup and nails, slipped on the uniform that I had just spent an hour preparing in every detail and then, before the mirror, I devoted half an hour attending to all the small details as I had been trained. I did not need the corset anymore because Jennie had changed my diet and had ordered me to exercise gently to reduce down to the twenty inch waist that was required. I did notice that it seemed as though I was growing small

breasts now, but I still used the inserts to give me the feminine curves that were required.

Jennie arrived at nine and inspected me with a critical eye.

“This bow is not straight,” she commented, “and the lips are not full enough. I will use a little Botox to make them luscious and tempting and then you can reapply the lipstick.”

The whole of the rest of the day was one of pensive worry. I dusted the dining rooms and the attached leisure room before I was called in by Jennie to start the preparation for my service. First of all I readied the new dress that I was being given as a present. It was in a pale baby pink with so many pleats of lace and frill that I laboured for two hours to get it perfect. After the dress was ready, I had to shower and shave.

I have to admit that this routine was my favourite. I could relax under the hot water and allow it to wash all my fears away. Then came I shaved. With creamy foam and deliberate care, I removed every single hair so that when I had finished I was smooth under the palm of my hand no matter which direction it caressed my skin.

There was another reason why the shower was so exciting and delicious. In the shower I was permitted to become hard and exited without punishment. I knew that the unblinking eye of the camera was checked to make sure that I did not pleasure myself, but just the stiffness was a pleasure that almost stopped my breath.

After the shower I dressed and then stood awaiting the arrival of Jennie. When she arrived, she smiled approvingly and then told me that tonight I would be wearing the mask with the eyes covered.

I must have looked frightened because she said; “We shall be turning you into the perfect helpless dolly-doll for her guests to use. All you have to do is to obey every command with grace and restrained eagerness and you will be loved by all. Listen carefully for commands, remember what I taught you and act submissively as you have been taught.”

With my wrists chained behind my back with gold wires and my ankles restricted by the ballet stilettos, I stood motionless as the mask was rolled over my face. It took Jennie an hour or more to finish my face and all of the other details.

As she worked she described the effects and I could picture it in my mind. The white base followed by a pale pink foundation. Brushed perfect circles of pink blusher on my cheeks and wide open shocked blue eyes with long blonde lashes. Luscious bloated lips that were bright red with black edges and then all of this topped off with a wig with two plaits of yellow wool that would make me seem the perfect play-dolly.

Finally, Jennie said that she was satisfied and that just two hours remained before my expected arrival. I stood in the darkness of the mask and waited. A stray thought gave me an erection, but a sharp stroke of the cane on the backs of my thighs soon reduced it to nothing.

“Make that the last one,” said Jennie as she settled the ruffled edge of my skirt. “You will be under minute scrutiny the whole time because Tricia will be there!”

Suddenly a chill filled me and I realised that my whole future hung on this night.

My feet were numb and my legs almost cramped when I was led into the room where Mistress Sarah and her guests had just eaten. I could hear the clink as the cutlery and plates were collected and the occasional slurp as whiskey and Cognac were sipped as the guests chatted inconsequentially with each other. I stood still where Jennie let go of me and feared that I was swaying as I tried to stand rigid.

“Ah, so this is the moment of truth,” laughed a female voice.

I recognised Tricia and made an extra effort to stand as still as possible. I could hear my own heartbeat in my ears and was glad that I could not see them all and betray the fear in my eyes.

“He has been prepared for just a couple of months by Jennie, my new governess responsible for training,” said Mistress Sarah’s voice smoothly. “I think that it is clear that I win my bet...”

“Ah, Sarah,” said Tricia. “I think that is a little premature! First we need to test her obedience and then we can declare a winner.”

“What do you suggest?”

“A caning to ensure that there are no cries, perhaps?”

“You forget that I had this one silenced,” replied Mistress Sarah.

“Oh yes, of course. How silly of me to forget! Well I think that we should allow two tests. One that I decide upon and one for you to name. If the maid performs well then you win and I shall give you that little Chinese slave of mine that you are lusting after. If I win then we have to decide what I want...”

“Well, I shall think about it for a few minutes, perhaps you’d like another Brandy?”

I heard the chink of the glass on the bottle as the Brandy was served and listened to the chatter that arose now that Tricia and Mistress Sarah had discussed their bet. They discussed the dog fighting and then were side tracked by Tricia who described her shopping trip to New York and all the fun that she had had there.

I heard the voices of men and other women as well, but I could not make out their identities except that perhaps the woman who occasionally just spoke was Pauline. Finally the conversation turned back to me and Mistress Sarah told her audience what she had decided she would offer if she lost the bet.

“It’s obvious, I’ll give you this nice little dolly-doll. I’ll bet you will get at least a little fun from breaking him!” said Mistress Sarah.

“Oh, that’s a bit cheap, Sarah, giving me a failed slave. Still, OK then, I’ll take him and then just dispose of him! I would be so boring to play with him and anyway, Randy wouldn’t be too pleased if I kept him. What’s more it would tidy



up an episode that I regret, just a little anyway!”

I thought of that night in the car and suddenly I realised that the picture of me fucking that soft cunt was giving me a hard on. I took control of my thoughts and managed to suppress it just before it could be noticed that I was stiffening.

“I have decided that my test of obedience will be teaching him a new trick,” said Mistress Sarah. “He has not had any training in giving sexual pleasure, so I think that this will be a display of obedience...”

I heard giggles and the scraping of chairs and then I was ordered to kiss Mistress Sarah’s shoes.

I kneeled carefully and gracefully and bent my head to the floor to kiss. The leather was smooth and warm and I realised that this was the first time since arriving that I was about to serve my real owner. I kissed several times before I was pulled by my plait to a kneeling position with my mouth open and head back as ordered. I struggled to contain my excitement as I thought that Mistress Sarah was going to straddle me and allow me to pleasure her.

Suddenly something was pushed into my mouth and I realised that it was a real man’s cock. The hardness and size of a man who was an equal of the women who owned me. A man who was using my throat as a hole for his pleasure. After the shock and a small moment of revulsion, I forced myself to please this man. I closed my lips around his cock and slid myself forward down the length of it to take it deep and brush his balls with my swollen lips.

“Oh, he likes it,” laughed Tricia. “I think that he’s a natural, do you think that he

can come for us with a cock in his throat?”

“Is that your challenge?” asked Mistress Sarah.

“Oh, what the fuck! Why not? It will be nice to see if you have made him into a willing cock-sucker!”

As the cock slipped in and out of my lips, I heard the order whispered in my ear.

“Now come for me!”

Climaxing meant getting a hard-on. It was the first implicit permission for over two months. I imagined Tricia’s naked and soft cunt, I imagined my cock pressing home and her breath rattling in my ears. I imagined being under her and serving her pussy, I imagined that the cock that I was sucking was my own!

I felt the ribbon spring free and a delicious hardness crept into my thighs. I could feel myself stiffen larger than ever before. It is true that I was nothing compared to the man who was fucking my face and using my plaits to time his strokes, but I was straining to make contact with something and it was Tricia that supplied it.

Maybe she really did not want to win and gave me a task that was too easy. Perhaps she just was curious to see if I could come at a touch and that inquisitiveness was worth losing the bet for. At any rate, I felt something had press against me and then realised that the spike heel of her shoes was gouging my cock and scratching my flesh.

The contact, the pain and the need exploded all at once and I shoved that cock hard down into my face and then pulled free to allow the man to splash come down my throat as he pumped and drained himself into me with a groan. At the same time I climaxed as I pressed against the gouging heel and felt my cock spurted a few drops of come onto the leather sole of the shoe that was my lover.

“Look at that!” laughed Tricia. “He is a born cock sucker, did you see how he knew that Brian was coming and made sure that we all got to see him swallow? On the other hand he hasn’t got much in his own teeny little balls!”

“Oh, that’s the hormones,” said Mistress Sarah. “It’s just while we make sure that he gets a few feminine curves. Then we’ll operate and give him some nice tits. I must admit though, I wasn’t sure that he was going to come!”

“The final word has to go to Brian... Was he any good?” asked Sarah.

“I have had better blow jobs,” he laughed. “He’ll get better when you use him in that glory hole and he gets plenty of practice, but on the whole I would rate him as ‘enthusiastic amateur’!”

“Well, it’s the ‘enthusiastic’ that I am happy about,” laughed Sarah. “I think that we have spent as much time on this as we need to. I shall warn Jennie that the Chinese girl is arriving and we can count this little game as completed. By the way, Tricia... do you really want this maid neutered? If you do, I will arrange it if you like?”

“Sarah,” replied Tricia. “Now that I’ve watched him suck cock, he is already emasculated. Do what you want...”

I could feel the slow drip-drip of come on my face and a small cold spot on my thigh where my own come was trickling on my naked skin. I could still feel the gouge of the heel, the ruthless scraping of rough edged steel and I knew that I had passed the first test.

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I have been serving Mistress Sarah for three years now.

It has never been easy, never been without an element of fear and never been straightforward, but I know that I am her favourite and that is enough to fill me with pride that I have not just escaped the castrator’s cord on my balls. I have developed into a perfect dolly-maid for a Mistress who is definitely one of the strictest and most demanding. Three times now I have been permitted to satisfy Mistress Sarah with my lips. That is proof enough that she is pleased with me, it is reward enough for me. It has to be, because I have been permitted to climax and come only twice more since that party.

Once as I finally proved that I could come to the rhythm of the cane stroking me as I kissed her naked feet. The other time was when I was given the most savage wank as a friend of Randy’s used me as a fuck-hole.

I have been warned about my erections in the shower and now realise how close I was to being disposed of. Now I have another difficulty that plagues me. The breasts that now fill my dress are so sensitive. The slightest play or contact of

my nipples can threaten me with a hard-on.

The problem is, the piercing that is planned tomorrow!

I will become even more sensitive, just the rub of my dress, the rustle of lace and the stiffness of the frills will make me rise under the hem of my dress and finally make my little cock dribble with come.

I know that I cannot do anything about it, but that Chinese bitch has planned it all this way! She was the one that suggested the piercings, despite Mistress Sarah being against that sort of thing. I know that she wants me out of her way, reduced to a eunuch, lopped off and neutered.

I know that she is a woman, my superior and whatever she wants, in the end, she will get it!

## **Female Principal**

*Dear Principal Silvia Hougham,*

*Recently I had the good fortune to encounter a good friend of mine, Mrs Catherine Woodleigh-Chesterton. I am sure that you will know her as the mother of a pupil of yours who has now matriculated from your fine educational establishment. She informed me of the speciality of your Academy and I must say that I am very impressed by the results.*

*Roger is both tractable, obedient and eminently ready for his marriage to the demanding young woman that his mother has selected for him.*

*On other side of the coin, I find myself in something of a quandary! The reason for this is because my husband is most wilful and self-absorbed. After my meeting with Mrs Woodleigh-Chesterton, it occurred to me that it may be possible for you to be of assistance with matters of discipline and tractability that need the type of correction that only an Academy of your category could supply.*

*As he is a little old to become a student, I had the notion that it would be possible for you to hire him as a part of the teaching staff and guide him over the course of the next year or two. I realise fees that are charged for this type of education are high, but I would have no hesitation in paying any sum that you felt reasonable for the work.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Mrs Ida Edwards*

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Dear Mrs Edwards,

Thank you very much for you letter enquiring about the possibility of us finding a post for your husband. I have spoken to Mrs Catherine Woodleigh-Chesterton and she informed me that George is now twenty seven and is thus a little old to be inducted as a pupil in the Academy.

The Academy takes between ten and fifteen pupils per year and prepares young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty two for exceptional devotional service to the women that they are to be married to.

You will understand that there is a sizable difference of attitude between our female staff and our male pupils. There are matters of punishment and discipline that would be difficult to apply to your husband in the role of teacher.

I must therefore regret to inform you that an arrangement of this type is not possible and that I suggest that you enrol your husband in an Academy that is more suitable for the rigorous training of more mature husbands.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs Silvia Hougham

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*Dear Principal Silvia Hougham,*

*Thank you for your letter of the 15th of April concerning the possible appointment of my husband as a lecturer at your Academy. I comprehend the problems that you covered in your reply and I must admit that I am fully in accordance with their reasoning. I therefore suggest that you enrol him as a pupil for the next three semesters.*

*You mention that his age might be rather above the average for the intake, but I humbly suggest that this is not a great hurdle to overcome.*

*I would be grateful if you would send me the application forms to complete and I shall forward them by return with all of the fees that are usual in a case of this nature.*

Yours sincerely,



*Mrs Ida Edwards*

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Dear Mrs Edwards,

I regret to inform you that it will not be possible to accept your husband for a place in the Academy. This is due partly to the fact that we are oversubscribed and partly to the problem with his being above the set age of intake. Men who are over the age of twenty five have different educational needs and we do not wish to change our curriculum to expedite this.

I can recommend a number of educational facilities that would be pleased to assist with the program that you intend for your husband, but I am afraid that my Academy cannot, at the moment, satisfy your request.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs Silvia Hougham

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*Dear Principal Silvia Hougham,*

*I must admit that I was somewhat disappointed by my request for training for my husband being refused. This led to me contacting a very close friend of mine, Mrs Penelope Grantham-Leicester QC who is a senior member of the board of Governesses of the Academy which you presently are Principal. To my relief, Mrs Grantham-Leicester has informed me that there is in fact a place for my husband at the Academy and that I can expect that he will be inducted for the next educational year. Further to this, Mrs Grantham-Leicester also informed me that she was sure that you would extend every effort to ensure that my husband was prepared to a high standard.*

*I would like to extend my regards and I hope that I have not inadvertently caused you any problems with my request.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Mrs Ida Edwards*

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Dear Mrs Edwards,

Of course we shall honour the courtesy extended by Mrs Grantham-Leicester and shall be pleased to induct your husband at the start of the school year. I would suggest, however, that we indulge ourselves in a little subterfuge and suggest that he is hired to a post at the school. Of course, after the arrival of the other pupils he will be inducted and become a student.

Please ensure that your husband applies for a post at the Academy so that I can move forward with his induction in a seamless manner. I also understand from Mrs Grantham-Leicester that you wish to enrol your husband in a course that would perhaps alter his taste in members of the female sex and tend him more towards satisfying male superiors. Please inform me of any special requirement in this area as the training for this type of discipline will have to be inculcated from the beginning.

I should like to take this opportunity to inform you that the Academy is taking female pupils for the first time. The female students will be learning how to apply discipline and maintain the obedience that the Academy instils in its male graduates. This will mean that your husband will have close contact with the female members of staff as you already understand, but the female pupils will also be encouraged to hone their skills. The Academy has recently added various new elements to its rather traditional curriculum and intends to forge a leading path as one of the most advanced male training academies, naturally with the most subservient graduates.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs Silvia Hougham

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*Dear Principal Silvia Hougham,*

*Thank you very much for your letter of acceptance of my husband at the Academy. Naturally, I hesitated to mention details of requirements until my*

*husband had been accepted by the Academy. I have noticed on the enclosed application forms the various course-options and areas of special interest that pupils are able to study and of course have completed these in the light of my current friendship with a certain male acquaintance who may also be interested in my husband's progress at your establishment.*

*I look forward to or further communication on this matter and am sure that despite my husband being slightly older than the average pupil, he will be a model pupil and a credit to both yourself and the Academy.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Mrs Ida Edwards*

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Dear Mrs Edwards,

I am pleased to inform you that your husband arrived safely yesterday and has now been inducted into the school.

As agreed we have enrolled him in the following three induction classes:

■

Obedience Base Level Commands and comportment.

■

Gratification(Female)Base LevelOral

■

Gratification(Male)Base LevelOral and Anal

■

When the induction semester is complete he will be moved on to other courses as decided by his class Mistress, Miss Frida Von Heddingdorf who is now in charge of all aspects of his education.

I should like to take this opportunity of informing you that there will be a guardian-teacher meeting on the 13th November where it will be possible for the guardians of our pupils to meet and dine with the woman who are training them. I would advise the attendance of all concerned as decisions as to additional courses are the responsibility of the class Mistresses, but the input of guardians is appreciated.

Yours sincerely,

Principal Silvia Hougham

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*Dear Principal Silvia Hougham,*

*Thank you for your kind invitation. Due to the isolation of the Academy in the highlands of Scotland, I was wondering if you could suggest a hotel or other establishment that could give overnight accommodation for myself and my male companion.*

*We shall of course attend the meetings and are looking forward to meeting yourself, Miss Frida Von Heddingdorf and all of the other female teachers who are doing such sterling work.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Mrs Ida Edwards*

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Dear Mrs Edwards,

It was such a pleasure meeting you and your companion for the guardian-teacher meetings that we routinely hold in November of every year. Of course your husband has fitted into the routine of the Academy so very well over the last few months and has proved himself to be generally obedient and a fast learner in most of the courses that he has been enrolled in.

Of course you will be aware, after discussing the matter with Miss Frida Von Heddingdorf, his class teacher, that George is being a little difficult in the matter of:

Gratification (Male) - Base Level - Oral and Anal

It is of course a little regretful that he is resisting this basic training, but his class teacher feels that in matter of a few months he will be broken to the oral aspects of the course. She is of the opinion that the anal aspects are enforceable by the application of coercion and was grateful that you also feel that she has your support for this approach.

George will now be moved into the intermediate classes in all but male gratification where he will be used by the female pupils who need a subject for their anal rape projects. I suspect that this will prompt a speedy improvement.

As agreed we have enrolled him in the following three classes as well as the special course that we mentioned for remedial punishments:

■

Obedience Intermediate Level Commands and comportment.

■

Gratification(Female)Intermediate LevelOral

■

Gratification(Male)Base LevelOral and Anal

■

PunishmentRemedial LevelRestriction and Chastity

■

Yours sincerely,

Mrs Silvia Hougham

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*Dear Principal Silvia Hougham,*

*It was such a pleasure to meet you and all the other marvellous lecturers at the Academy. I must also thank you for giving us lodging in the Academy itself, it was delightful to experience the service of the third year pupils and imagine that my husband will be at that high level after his sojourn at the Academy!*

*Miss Frida Von Heddingdorf was a most imposing and attractive teacher and I am sure that George is proud to have her as his class teacher. I agree with any measures that you may wish to take in order to impress upon George that his studies are both necessary and unavoidable. I hope that by the next time that we come to visit you, that my companion will be able to enjoy some of the benefits of George's education.*

*That brings me to a point that I discussed with Miss Frida Von Heddingdorf in considerable detail. She suggested that most men benefit extraordinarily from feminisation. I must say that I had not considered this option when I first enrolled George in your Academy. I wonder if it might be possible to discuss this option for the next years' schooling because it certainly seems attractive from an obedience point of view.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Mrs Ida Edwards*

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Dear Mrs Edwards,

Thank you for your kind letter. You will be glad to hear that the remedial punishment courses and the attentions of our female pupils seem to be having an effect on your husband and he is now moving along better in the other areas of the male gratification course that he was having such a problem with.

You are of course correct in thinking that the feminisation of a man is of considerable value in training and maintaining discipline.

We shall discuss this in detail at the end of the school year as feminisation courses are planned as full-year courses.

Might I suggest that there are two effects of feminisation that may be advantageous or perhaps detrimental depending on your outlook?

Feminisation is always applied with strict chastity. This has the practical outcome that your husband would not be permitted to break this routine even in the interterm period when he returns to your home between school years.

The second possible ramification is that it is not a reversible process and we often notice that feminised males often become ever more prone to become difficult to discipline unless a man is present!

You should think about these possible problems and then decide courses for next year in conjunction with Miss Frida Von Heddingdorf.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs Silvia Hougham

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Dear Guardians,

The year is coming to an end already and we are starting to make preparations for the return of our pupils for the inter-year break. As you know we ask you all to take account of the education that these men are undergoing and follow the suggestions that are tailored to your particular pupil's needs.

I should point out that the next year starts on the 2nd September, a little later than usual. We can arrange to pick up pupils from their homes at the usual cost of packaging and transport. Please have all your educational requirement forms completed by next week so that we can plan the next year's courses.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs Silvia Hougham

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Dear Mrs Edwards,

This is the yearly report on the progress of George Edwards in the following courses:

Obedience Base Level Commands and comportment.

■

George passed this course with flying colours. Though the commands and lessons are fairly undemanding there is no doubt that he shows promise.

Gratification(Female)Base LevelOral

As above, he has learned his preparation and did quite well at satisfaction and worship. This is a well-deserved pass.

Obedience Intermediate Level Commands and comportment.

After his pass at the base level he is progressing well. He now has thirty commands under his belt and will be passing to the advanced level next year.

Gratification(Female)Intermediate LevelOral

Without a doubt and even after a slow start, George is a star. He has mastered all the techniques for clitoral stimulation and is more than ready for the advanced courses and the new Anal-Oral course that we are bring in next year. I am sure that he will be eager to show you what he has learned in the summer break.

Gratification(Male)Base LevelOral and Anal

This is George's weak subject. He resisted anal intrusion until he was used by the female students as a special project for forced anal penetration. Training on the oral aspects are in a little difficulty. We are considering using male students to train this area of competence, but at the moment we use simulation. Perhaps the proposed feminisation will help in this area in the next year.

PunishmentRemedial LevelRestriction and Chastity

This course was introduced to apply pressure to George after his problems with Male Gratification. It will be continued for at least another year in order to impress the seriousness of defiance to being instructed.

## General Comments

George shows great heterosexual tendencies and little interest in other sexual directions. There is no doubt that this can be overcome and that he will be an ideal candidate for chastity and feminisation in the next year if that direction is still likely.

He responds well to being coerced. There are some signs that he also has some interest in fetish materials. I recommend the strengthening of fetish behaviour as a method of control and have decided that he will be enrolled in at least one suitable course in his second year.

Yours sincerely,

Miss Frida Von Heddingdorf

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*Dear Principal Silvia Hougham,*

*I must say that I am very impressed with George! He has been both eager and proficient. I have of course followed the list of suggestions. Chastity has been imposed for the whole holiday, I did not attempt any contact between George and my current lover and of course no mention was made of the critical next year's education.*

*I enclose a cheque for the entirety of next year's fees from my lover and have included the price of having George packaged and transported direct to the school. I shall certainly arrive to discuss the details of next year with Miss Frida Von Heddingdorf and am presently researching the pros and cons of feminisation in detail!*

*I wish you well and hope to meet you again around the beginning of September.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Mrs Ida Edwards*

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Dear Mrs Edwards,

Thank you very much for the personal attention that you paid to George's education and upbringing. I must admit that it is a shame that there are so many women who think of the Academy as a place for their men, to keep them out of the way! George will receive extra attention this year from me and will surely move forward. After our little discussion, I have settled on the courses for the next year and I am sure that you will approve.

■

Obedience Advanced Level Commands and comportment.

■

Gratification(Female)Advanced LevelOral and Oral-Anal

■

Gratification(Male)Intermediate LevelOral and Anal

■

PunishmentRemedial LevelRestriction and Chastity

■

FeminisationBase LevelClothes and comportment

■

Nylon FetishBase LevelStockings

■

Shoe WorshipBase LevelFeet and Heels

■

The other discussion we had was the direction of his fetishes. I know that you have an interest in latex, but his mentality is more in the direction of nylon. Shoe fetishism is a classic support for the punishment regime that is going to be imposed if he does not respond to our work on the gratification – male courses.

I so look forward to your next visit in November when we can discuss the various adjustments that will inevitably be made in George's courses as well as a few other matters.

Yours sincerely,

Miss Frida Von Heddingdorf

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*Dear Miss Heddingdorf,*

*I shall of course see you in November and am looking forward very much to it. If you would perhaps like to meet a day early in order to go for an evening meal then I would be most gratified.*

*Love,*

*Ida*

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Dear Guardians,

The year is coming to an end already and we are planning our guardian-teacher meetings for the 15th November.

For those of you with pupils who have just started this is a critical meeting, for the rest of you it is a chance to reacquaint yourself with the teachers and discuss the courses and the general progress of their men.

I look forward to seeing you all,

Yours sincerely,

Mrs Silvia Hougham

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*Dear Frida,*

*I was so glad to get your letter. Can I suggest that we meet at around 18:00 in the Sun Inn on the 13th. I will be flying up this year and cannot arrive any earlier. I shall be alone this year as Henry has to go to Italy for a board meeting.*

*Love,*

*Ida*

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Mrs Edwards,

I am writing to you because it has come to my attention that you are having a relationship with one of the Academy lecturers! I realise that in matters as intimate as the education of a man who is a son, a husband or possibly a lover, that emotions can go astray. However, it is not permissible for this conflict of interest to continue!

I hope that you understand that I have already spoken to Miss Frida Von Heddingdorf in this regard and I expect her to break off the relationship with you. In these circumstances it is normal for us to ensure that contact between Miss Frida Von Heddingdorf and your husband is immediately suspended and that another teacher is assigned to his care.

The teacher assigned to care for your husband is Mistress Pwei Kwok. She will be contacting you and attending to all questions of education and discipline.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs Silvia Hougham

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To: Mrs Edwards,

CC: Principal, Mrs Silvia Hougham

Dear Mrs Edwards,

I am writing to inform you that I am unable as of now to contact you further in any capacity, either private or regarding the Academy. I sincerely regret the relations that we indulged in and would like to state for the record that it will not happen again.

The Principal of the Academy has informed me that I will have to undergo a period of personal service to herself. I will do my best to prove to her that I am fully suitable for the job that she hired me for.

I would also like to thank her for allowing me to strive to better myself and thus maintain my relationship with the Academy.

Yours sincerely,

Miss Frida Von Heddingdorf

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Dear Mrs Edwards,

I am writing to you to inform you that I have been appointed the class teacher for your husband. I would also like to apprise you that contact between us will be strictly kept on the level of professional contact and will only be regarding your husband.

As far as I can see, from the records that I have in my hand, George is rather weak in a number of subjects. I shall be concentrating on his improvement and am a strong believer in both corporal punishment and forced violation coercion. As far as I am concerned, improvement is only weeks away!

If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to write.

Yours sincerely,

Mistress Pwei Kwok

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*Dear Principal Silvia Hougham and Mistress Pwei Kwok,*

*I write to say how impressed I was with the progress that George has made under your care this year. I know that it must have confused him when his teacher suddenly was changed and I must apologise for my dalliance with Frida Von Heddingdorf.*

*This break was so different from last year. This time George seemed so much more tractable, so much more obedient and I have to include the comments of my lover who says that George will be a wonderful toy to play with. In fact George could just not do enough to show me that he is advancing on all fronts.*

*In particular I love the interest that he shows in my shoes and the adorable way that he cannot help himself sneaking away and dressing up in all of my clothes!*

*Of course we maintained the chastity regime and monitored the cage that you*



*fitted him with as well as the implant that monitors erectile function and climax events.*

*I assumed that his being anally violated by my male lover is not a problem, though we did notice that he was close to ejaculation when this was in progress. Luckily he failed to climax and from that point on all anal sex was closely monitored and kept at a high pain level.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Mrs Ida Edwards*

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Dear Guardian,

As you all know, maintaining and operating the Academy is expensive! Those who have been using us for a number of years will remember that two years ago we held an auction of three items that were very well received.

Once again we find ourselves with three items to auction for your delectation. Two are males whose guardians failed to pay for their education. Both are doing well with their studies and are ready to be owned by strict women who enjoy well trained and broken men. The other item is a female whom you may have known as former teacher at the Academy, Frida Von Heddingdorf. Frida is progressing well under my personal wing and would be ideal for a woman who needs a meek attendant for her intimate ablutions. She is already broken to the whip as well as anal training so the winning bidder will enjoy a woman who is both unusually sensitive to being violated as well as an ideal intimate restroom slave.

Bidding is on our website, as usual and final bids will be accepted at midnight on the 14th October in units of £10,000.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs Silvia Hougham

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Dear Mrs Edwards,

After our short meeting last month I have decided that George is now ready to complete his education in the Academy and be prepared for a servile life in the real world. This means that I have tailored the courses and preparatory work to match the final desired outcome. I have taken your particular needs into account as well as the fact that you have recently purchased a female intimate slave from us.

■

Obedience Advanced Level Marionette.

■

Gratification(Female)Advanced LevelEndless Climax

■

Gratification(Male)Advanced LevelOral and Anal

■

PunishmentRemedial LevelRestriction and Chastity

■

FeminisationAdvanced LevelMakeup, Intimate and Body alteration

■

Nylon FetishAdvanced LevelIntimate Climax Trigger

■

Shoe WorshipAdvanced LevelIntimate Climax Trigger

George will be a model sex toy who will have the knowledge and skills to please the most demanding of men and women. I am sure that you and anyone else who is permitted to use him will appreciate the pleasure that he has been trained to give. In the last months, since I have been placed in charge of him, George has become suitably servile and responds well to severe punishment and is now ready for any alterations that you wish to implement.

I have included the scale of costs in a separate enclosure, however, this is a list of the alterations that you should consider as providing benefits that will ensure that George is perfect for use. I would suggest that you give permission for a piercing that will allow you to lock a chastity and anti-masturbatory device in position. I would also recommend that George is tagged and implanted to allow you to monitor his position as well as various medical indicators that will prevent self-abuse, erectile initiation as well as allowing you to punish more effectively. Lastly you should know that in concert with a private New York clinic we can offer other, more extreme work that should be considered especially if you wish to add investment value for eventual resale.

We also have a special introductory offer from one of our sponsors, Chastity Microsystems.

They are offering courses in using their system as well as a course of programming in CANE, the programming language that places the management of punishment in the hands of your computer.

There will also be an exhibition of their equipment and control systems.

Yours sincerely,

Mistress Pwei Kwok

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*Dear Principal Silvia Hougham and Mistress Pwei Kwok,*

*I would like to thank you for all the work and advice that you have given me over the last three years concerning my husband, George. Now that he has finally arrived in his specially made cage-cot we are reaping the benefits of the marvellous training that you provided. Since I have decided to divorce him and marry the man who I have been living with for the last few years, the legal advice that you provided in order to strip him of all assets has been a bonus that I did not anticipate. What is more, my husband-to-be is very impressed with the obedience that George shows when he is ordered to serve and gratify men, especially considering how homophobic and totally heterosexual he was when he started his education.*

*I have decided that extreme alterations can wait, as far as George is concerned. On the other hand I wonder if it would be possible to make a few alterations to Frida to make her more suitable as a bed toy. I must admit that I find her a handful, perhaps because of her past as a woman who was in the superior position. I would like to discuss the removal of arms and enlargement of breasts in order to create an ideal plaything for long nights of play in my especially created love bed.*

*Once again, I should like to thank you and show some appreciation of your help over the years, so I and my husband-to-be would like to make a donation to the Academy. Perhaps you need a new wing or maybe there is equipment that you need to purchase. We have several million at our disposal for the bequest and look forward to hearing from you as well as closer association in the years to come.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Mrs Ida Edwards*

## Mummy's Boy.

I used to be a philanderer, a lover boy and a one-night-stander.

Now there is just one woman for me. The woman who has become my whole world, the woman who keeps me safe from the others. The woman whom I love...

Actually, I love all women.

All shapes, ages, all races, all sizes and all persuasions.

Some would say that I am indiscriminating; I would prefer to say that they are all beautiful, all attractive in their own special ways and that the man who does not appreciate this fact is blind.

Perfection is what the appraiser decides and not some distant ideal that can only be reached by a few.

Perfection is what all women are to me.

I fuck them all...

Of course my broad tastes have led me to a few places that were precarious, perhaps even risky, but in the end I have always managed to slip between the sheets and out of the room! This time it was different.

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Kirsty was number hundred!

My hundredth fuck.

From the first stumble-fumblings behind the bike sheds at school to the Facebook 'friends' who did more than just click 'like' on my pages. Some lasted a week, others just a few minutes. One woman actually lasted two months, a record for a serial aficionado of women like myself!

Kirsty and I had traded pictures and then moved into that zone that is a sort of on-line affair where each seems to dare the other to push the boundaries of good taste. Kirsty sent me pictures of herself that progressively showed an ever more tempting vista of her naked flesh.

Most men would have not been inclined to tempt and then meet a woman who was so imposing, so very large, but I am always game for a hearty fuck and Kirsty was certainly more than just moving in that direction. So, we played out little game for a week or three and it finally came to the point when she risked

giving me a place to meet her and I decided that even driving a couple of hundred miles was well worth the fun and games.

So, I drove up to Newcastle on the Sunday evening and arrived with the usual feeling of anticipation of meeting a new challenger. The thrill never goes away, it is fresh every time.

The bar that she had arranged to meet was not a pub or café, it had blacked out windows and a large tattooed bouncer in front of the door. It looked to be more clip-joint than bar, but then it is the woman that counts and not the surroundings in which you meet that really matter.

I nodded at the bouncer as I entered and he looked me up and down as though he was assessing my fighting skills in a single glance.

The place was dark. I mean really gloomy, a few coloured lights over the bar and on the ceiling gave the black painted walls and leather seating a gloomy worn look. It was eight, there were already quite a few people in the bar and most of the booths were taken. I was pretty sure that I would recognise Kirsty when I saw her, so we had not decided on the red carnation or a copy of The Times.

I could not see her so went to the bar and ordered a whiskey soda to be getting along with. The miserable atmosphere in the bar seemed to have affected all of the customers. Dressed in black, leather and reds they seemed a very mixed bunch. Not just the under-thirties, but plenty of people who were quite a bit older.

I leaned back on the bar and searched the crowd. Kirsty had said eight, so she



must be here unless she was either late or had decided not to show. At last I spotted her. Seated alone in a booth looking at me, assessing me. So I picked up my drink and headed over to meet her. She was a large as the photos had showed, rounded and with more curves than most women.

“Hi there,” I said. “Kirsty?”

“Yeah,” she replied.

“Well, I’m certainly glad that I came all this way to meet you.”

I don’t go in for chat-up lines, they don’t work and anyway it makes a man sound like a vodka advert, in other words an idiot. It seemed that Kirsty was not much a fan of conversation either.

“Sit here...”

She patted the seat at the back of the booth and I slid in to where her hand still rested. I noticed that the drink that she had on the table was a pint of brown ale and thought to myself that this girl was one of large appetites. Hopefully in bed as well.

Sitting next to her gave me a little pause for thought. She was not large, outsize or big, she was huge. It looked as though the hundredth fuck would be a memorable one!

As soon as I sat, her arm came over my shoulder. I felt the weight and the strength of her and snuggled a little closer. It is occasionally nice to meet a woman who is not interested in polite conversation. A woman who likes to get down to basics with a directness that is refreshing.

Kirsty was that woman.

The booth was dark and in shadow as well, the lights were dim and already a few couples were smooching, so when she pulled me in to her, I just surrendered to her force. Her arm tightened and I found myself buried between the largest breasts that I had ever experienced. Soft, deep and beyond massive, my face was buried. She was warm and her dress was cut low so I was swallowed. This was certainly the quickest that a first contact had resulted in sex play.

“My sister and mother will be along soon,” she said as she lifted her pint and drank, “and I want to find out all about you before they get here.”

The pint was replaced and the free hand turned my face to hers. Her lips pouted and I surrendered to that kiss. A ferocious assault on my face that explored the inside of my mouth and closed all breath from the outside world. It was like being buried as she pulled me closer and sucked at me while her free hand explored my thighs.

There it found that my cock was responding. She did not stroke, fondle or caress it, this was not foreplay. She just squeezed it with her hand and held me in an ever tightening grip.

She was so very strong, and I found myself buried in that luscious body, not that

I was complaining of course. Face deep in the valley between her breasts while her hand discovered what I had between my legs.

“We are going to have some fun,” she said. “When Betty and Lana get here we’ll move on to my place for a few drinks.”

“With your mother and sister?” I asked.

She giggled, “They love to party and you are invited too.”

It would not have been the first time that I found myself in bed with more than one woman, but if they were all like Kirsty then it suddenly sounded threatening rather than entertaining. One large woman is fine, I can burrow down with the best of them, but two or three was not really my scene.

“I think...” I started.

“Don’t think, just do,” she broke in.

As she spoke her free hand burrowed into my jeans and closed around my prick and balls.

“Let’s see what you’ve got,” she said as she pulled me close again.

It was like being overwhelmed by a tidal wave and I started to panic. A grope, some kissing, a bit of playful touching up, that was fine, but when her hand closed on my cock and the fingernails scratched my balls I started to really try to escape her grip.

Her reaction was to close her hand on my balls and give them what she obviously regarded as a playful squeeze.

“You’re not going anywhere, lover,” she said. “At least not until sis and mum get here.”

I stopped struggling and looked up at her face. She wore a mass of white make-up and her almost black lips pouted down at me. Her breasts were slick with sweat and her long braids draped over my upturned face.

“Please,” I said. “I would love to go home with you, love it! But, I have never met your sister and mother, I’m not sure if...”

“Petal, you don’t have to worry about anything, all you have to do is three times the work!”

She started to laugh when she saw the fear on my face.

“Listen, pet, what you see is what you get. And then some more;” she said. “Drink up and have another, mine’s a Brown.”

I tipped the whiskey down and started to rise to go to the bar. Slowly she relaxed her hand and pulled it free.

“Make sure you come back!”

I stood and looked down at her. She had the largest breasts that I have ever seen and a tight black dress that followed every rolling curve of her body. Silver necklace and rings on her wrists and plump hands with such long crimson nails. Silver rings on every stout finger and a tattoo that ran up her arm. It was one of those tribal patterns that look like a crown of thorns. Kirsty was nothing if not impressive. Riding her would be a pleasure, but I really was not sure about making it a family affair!

I went to the bar and ordered the drinks. Looking back over my shoulder I saw her sitting there in the alcove, finishing her pint and decided that perhaps the trip had been in vain. There was no real reason to stay. I watched her and when she tipped the glass up I slid for the exit. In the darkness of the bar I dodged a couple of people and then saw that I had headed in the wrong direction, in front of me was the entrance to the toilets rather than the front door to the bar.

I turned to find three woman blocking my way.

One of them was Kirsty, the other two were just as huge. Her mother, a woman of perhaps fifty and her massive sister. Both were dressed in short skirts and high heels, stocking tops showing under the hems.

“This is my mum, Betty,” she said, “and this is my sis Lara.”

I nodded to them and wondered if I was going to be able to get past them to make a run for it. Betty was huge, every inch of her skin was tattooed with names and roughly drawn pictures while Lara had three piercings in her lips, rows of studs in her ears and wore so much pink make-up that she almost glowed in the dark.

“This is Eric,” said Kirsty with a leer, “We met on the Internet and he wants to fuck! Let’s head back to the flat.”

Betty looked at me with a sneer and Lara posed like she was a diva.

“Not fuckin’ much is he?” said Betty. “He’ll last five minutes before we need a refill!”

I stepped around them, or at least I tried to, but it was no good. Lara blocked me and Kirsty sandwiched me from behind.

“I think that this is a mistake?”

“How can you tell, petal?” asked Lara.

“It’s not going to work,” I added.

“Oh, don’t worry about that, love,” said Betty. “We’ll make it work.”

Suddenly I noticed that we were the centre of a group of people who were watching with smiles on their faces. I was hedged in and the smiles were less friendly than amused.

“Looks like the terrible trio has found a little fuck,” commented one of the girls. “Give him one from me, Lara.”

“You want to come to the party?” asked Lara, but the other girl shook her head.

“There won’t be owt left over,” she said.

This comment caused raucous laughter in the crowd and a plethora of comments that basically made me shake with fright. There was no escape here. The whole crowd and the three women marched me to the bar where Betty announced that I was buying a round for everyone in the bar. At this there was a cheer and the orders flew thick and fast. The bill was three hundred pounds, the most that I had paid since a bottle of champagne at the Savoy in London.

I paid with my credit card and there was general amusement. As I went to put the card away Lara snatched it from my hand and passed it to the barman.

“The number is five, six, eight, nine,” she announced. “Make sure that everyone has a few more rounds.”

I went to snatch the card back but a punch to my back threw me of balance and I slid to the floor.

“Be polite,” said Betty as she looked down at me. “We’re all friends here and a promise is a promise. You promised to fuck Kirsty and that means that you get all of us as well.”

Her foot lifted and she placed it on my chest to pin me down.

“You’re coming with us,” she said, “so let’s not get fucking difficult!”

I looked up those massive legs and realized that I could see her pussy. A vast valley of indeterminate depth that was almost hidden between the folds of her thighs and crotch. The flesh of her thighs rolled over the tops of her stocking tops and her face looked down over the balcony of those quivering breasts.

For a moment I was really scared that she would put all her weight on me. In fact there were a couple of suggestions from the laughing audience that she should sit on me. Instead Lara arrived with my drink. She held it over me, four feet up and she slowly poured it out over me. It soaked my jeans and thighs and finally three cubes of ice fell to nestle just under my balls.

“Get up,” said Kirsty.

Almost reluctantly the foot lifted from my chest and I staggered to my feet.



“Please let me go,” I begged.

I could feel the whisky running down my legs as a huge patch spread over my crotch. The answer to my question was another buffet, this time from Kirsty.

“I’d do whatever they say,” said a woman’s voice from the audience.  
“Everything!”

There was more merriment from the crowd as Lara and Kirsty locked arms with me and led me to the exit with Betty’s hand holding my shirt collar so tight that I almost couldn’t breathe.

“I can’t wait to fuck him,” said Lara. “I’m gagging for some decent cock!”

“I don’t think that he’ll be up to much,” commented Betty as I found myself being pushed into the back of a small van.

My head hit the wall behind the driver’s seat and Betty climbed in with me.

“Don’t knacker him while we’re going home,” laughed Kirsty as she and Lara got into the front seats.

“I always get first taste,” said Betty. “I’ll leave something for you. Promise!”

“Yeah, right,” laughed Lara as the van pulled away. “Sloppy fucking seconds!”

It might seem bizarre to you that I had allowed myself to be kidnapped and thrown in a van by three women, but I can assure you that Betty was no pushover. In fact, though it pains me to admit it she was physically much stronger than I was and in the back of that van she easily dealt with me by punching me in the stomach and winding me before she began to strip off my clothes.

I struggled, of course I did and I managed to get in a blow to her belly, but I might as well not have bothered! She just fell on me and ripped off my shirt. The buttons did not give one by one... they simply burst and the buttons went ping-pong off against the insides of the van as she ripped the rest away leaving just the cuffs on my arms. Then she lowered her face to mine and licked her lips.

“Either you let me have my way or I’ll fuck you here and now.”

With that weight on me she turned and sat astride me facing down and wrenched my jeans off with such force that the zipper burst and she bruised my thighs as the legs came off with the shoes. The final indignity was when she cried out and ripped off my pants with a final violent pull that left me naked and defenceless.

One might not think it, but I was turned on despite my fear. I am not small, neither have I anything to be modest about because when I am at full size I just top nine inches. My cock sprung free of the tattered pants and I felt her grip me with one hand and pull me back to full size. My hips bucked, but her weight was far too much to lift her, even with my full strength as she started to do something to me.

I felt her hands tight on me and something tight close around the base of my cock as I struggled to get free. The blows to her broad back, she ignored. My cries of fury were ignored and then I felt her tighten whatever it was on my cock with a savage pull.

“One more shout, just one more fucking thump and I’ll rip your fucking eggs off, fuck face,” she yelled and I realized that with that grip on my cock I had to lie still and allow her to finish whatever it was that she was doing to me.

I heard a click and a pain in my balls and stifled a cry in sheer fear of her. Betty knew that she could tear me apart and what is more, she knew that I knew that she could do it.

“There, that’s better,” she said. “Can’t have you running away, can we?”

“What have you done?” I asked.

“Just a little precaution, my little stud puppet, just a precaution.”

She twisted back to look down at my face and held something up for me to see. A small key on a chain that she dangled in front of my eyes.

“Be nice to us for a day or two and we’ll sell you the key,” she laughed.

Now it was not just a night. It seemed that I was trapped for a ‘day or two’!

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She played with me the whole way to their den. She rubbed me, kissed me and slapped me when it looked as if I was enjoying it at all. The constriction on my balls cut deep, not pain, but sheer discomfort and she slapped my thighs, massaged my prick, squeezed my balls and roamed her hands all over my naked body.

I writhed and she enjoyed every last second of my discomfort.

Finally, the van stopped and then parked. The doors opened and the other two women stood holding the doors open while Betty climbed off me and showed her daughters a leash that was wound around her wrist.

“Little puppy is coming upstairs,” she said as she pulled at the leather leash.

I felt a tug on my balls and cried out as I was forced into the cold night air, naked.

“Ooh, he’s nice and big,” said Lara with a leer. “I can’t wait to play with this new one.”

“He’s mine first” asserted Betty as they led me to the door of a block of flats that loomed high into the night. “Age before beauty!”

The door of the block was wedged open with an old shoe and I was led with the leash on my balls, stumbling with naked feet. I looked down to see that a short tube had been closed with a padlock on me, it forced my balls to stretch, smooth, shiny and vulnerable between my thighs. The leash hung from a ring that was held by the padlock.

The lift arrived with a ferocious squeak and a woman stepped out and looked at our small group with a leer.

“If you want to sell him when you’ve finished with him, then let me know,” she said as she admired my rigid cock.

“He might not be worth much by then,” laughed Kirsty, “but make us an offer and he’s yours!”

The lift doors closed and we were on our way. It groaned with the weight of the four of us and rattled all the way up to the twenty fifth floor. The doors opened onto a bare hallway with metal faced doors. Occasional bags of rubbish were piled up and some broken glass lay on the floors. It all matched the vulgar graffiti that had been scratched and sprayed on every vertical surface.

With the leash on me being pulled by Betty I hopped and stumbled to avoid the glass with my bare feet until we reached the last door in the corridor. Lara opened it to reveal a flat that had possibly last been decorated in the sixties. Huge patterned wallpaper and curtains, horrible cheap furniture and chipped Formica on every surface. I felt a thwack of a hand on my behind and was let into sitting room with huge PVC covered sofas that nearly filled the room.

“I’ll get some drinks,” said Lara.

She disappeared into another room and I heard the chinking of bottles and glasses. The other two walked around me and made comments that indicated that they seemed satisfied with the man that they had captured.

“He’s a bit scrawny, but he’ll do,” said Betty as she held my cock and pulled it straight.

She was about my height, but so broad that she dwarfed me as she walked around.

“What I want now is that first fuck!” she said and pushed me backwards. I stumbled only a step before Kirsty blocked my path.

Kirsty grabbed my wrists and twisted my arms up my back while Betty stepped in close and pressed against me. It was like being the meat in a sandwich as my wrists were twisted up my back until the backs of my hands touched and Betty kissed me with an insistent tongue. I tried to turn my head. An automatic action that resulted in a ferocious pain in my balls as she jerked the leash.

“Little man, you never say no to us. Ever!” whispered Kirsty in my ear. “Just let us fuck you, while you’re still fresh meat, then if you are a good boy we’ll see you right. Mum can get very cross very quickly and if you want to keep your balls, then you’d better learn fast.”

Lara came in with two drinks in her hands and went back for the other two. Each glass was almost full of what seemed to be vodka. When she came back the second time she held one of the glasses to my lips.

“You’re forgetting something darling,” said Betty as she kept the tension of the leash taut.

“No, here it is,” laughed Lara as she slapped my face so hard that I cried out.

As my mouth opened she pushed her fingers into my mouth and then pushed the glass against my lips. I felt the pill go down and coughed as the vodka followed it, burning down my throat as it followed whatever it was that she had given me.

I coughed and doubled up, but with my arms behind my back and Betty directly in front of me I was brought to heel and stood straight again when the leash began to pull.

The glass was put to my lips again and Lara said, “Drink!”

I drank. There was no option as I felt my wrists pulled ever higher until I thought that Kirsty would dislocate my shoulders. I stood on tip toes, I stretched and retched, the pain in my balls was a throbbing and all I could hear was laughter.

Lara took my leash and gave it another little jerk as Betty knocked back her drink in one smooth motion and then began to strip. A parody of burlesque. A

revealing of the rolls of her enormous body. Those breasts that hung almost to her waist when the bra was off. The stomach that cascaded to almost hide her sex, the massive legs that were powerful enough to support that huge body.

“Now, just a moment,” said Betty as she disappeared behind me.

“I hope that you are ready?” asked Lara of me.

Of all of the three, she was the smoothest, the most attractive. She too was a big woman. Her face would have been attractive if she had allowed it to be, but she leered and curled her lip as she pulled me tight.

When the hand cuffs were snapped on by Betty I knew that I had no chance of escape, no way of ever slipping though the fingers of these women. There was finality about the two metallic clicks that ensured my obedience more than being stripped in the van, even more than the leash and the clasp on my balls.

Something irrevocable broke inside of me.

I think that it was hope that fled when they clicked those cuffs on my wrists.

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I was tossed down on the smooth cold of a sofa with a casual gesture that somehow displayed the total contempt that they had for me.



Naked, Betty bent over me, her huge breasts hanging like overripe fruit over my face as her hand took my prick and held it tight and upright. I looked up and saw her smile, a grin of triumph and then she climbed onto my hips. Her pillar-like legs quivered to either side. Her pussy almost invisible in the folds of flesh that rolled over her like Atlantic rollers and then she swallowed me, sinking onto my rigid cock. I heard a small titter and looked around to see that the other two were stripping off their clothes. Lara, a smooth shiny giant of a girl whose fingers were parting the slit of her sex while Kirsty slumped on the other sofa with her legs wide, a drink in her hand.

“Climb on,” said Betty with a laugh to her daughter. “I’ll bet that he’s longing for the taste of you.”

“He’ll get more than just a taste,” said Lara.

My last sight was Kirsty lighting a cigarette, drink in hand, as she prepared to enjoy the show of her younger sister and her mother using me as a plaything for their own amusement.

Lara climbed onto my face and the light was blotted out by twenty stones of femininity. A gaping ass, a cavernous pussy held wide for my lips and thighs that threatened to crush me.

Before my world was confined to Lara’s ass, Betty said, “I want to feel your cock moving in my cunt,” and that was it. Rivers of liquid excitement sealed my lips to that mass of soft pussy as Lara bore down.

I worked hard, how I worked for them.

Thighs bucking to please the mother while the daughter suffocated me in the chasm between her thighs. Betty was not tight, I ploughed through her and scarcely touched the sides. Far above me in another world I heard Lara cry out as I found the tiny stub of her clit buried under a fallen pavilion of soft tissue that covered it.

My tongue tip wormed its way in and tickled her, my lips pursed and I sucked in a hope to satisfy while my hips felt as though they would break from the strain of taking Betty's weight.

My cock was so hard, so strong, so thick that it finally filled Betty and she too started to scream with a paroxysm of passion. But, the lack of breath, the effort of lifting against that weight and the fear of them slowed me until I could not buck for the woman who was expecting so much more effort on my part.

I felt an experimental tug at the leash on my balls and almost screamed in pain as I bucked up in reaction. Lara moved slightly to find a position where I could be of more use to her and I managed to catch a gasp of air before I was buried deep in her cunt. Hands sought my nipples and twisted them savagely and I climaxed...

I could not stop the gush into Betty, my nipples have always been the key to manipulating me, somehow they trigger me to come like a train and the women that have discovered this have always found me more responsive to their needs.

I did not become flaccid, no droop, after this ejaculation for this little captive

lover. The pill that had been rammed down my throat had ensured that I would be still usable! I must have slowed in my efforts for a few moments because the tug at my balls indicated that much, much more was expected. I lifted with the discomfort and obviously satisfied Betty with the reaction because from then on she used the leash to persuade me to greater effort until she too came.

Last was Lara, she slid over me like a ship on a launch causeway. From her ass hole to the front of that cunt, I was swept by her soaked body until she too climaxed and then slumped on me with the fulfilment of a first orgasm. Her ass lifted a little and I was able to breathe and see a little.

Huge rounded cheeks, stretched by her doubling over, I was gazing up a valley that seemed to follow the curve of the globe. A small tight ass hole that puckered twitched as if it had a life of its own. Trickle of sweat that ran to gather in the crack and run to my gasping mouth.

“It’s my turn now,” said Kirsty. “You’ve had your fun and now I’ll have mine. I’m going to make him my boy-bitch.”

Betty climbed from my cock. Come drizzled down her thighs and when Lara finally rose from me I was able to see Kirsty. She had her legs so substantial that her sex was spread wide like an open book. In one hand was her drink, the other a hand rolled cigarette between those stubby fingers that filled the room with the perfume of charred dope. Sweet and sickly, vaguely like basil burning combined with syrup and the sweet sour smell of bile.

“Pass me the lead,” she said to her mother.

I struggled between those thighs. Hands cuffed between my thighs, I was covered in sweat slime and come as I bent to perform for the woman who proved to be the cruellest of the three. My cock was wood-hard, my balls were red raw and bruised from the locked ring to which the lash was locked. Tears streamed from my eyes as I bent to my task.

A hand grabbed my hair from behind and I was pushed face first into that streaming pussy. It swallowed me, dissolved me and drowned me as I was shoved deep. Above my head I could hear Kirsty gasping as she climaxed for the first time.

A gush of piss came from her pussy as she did so and sudden pressure from behind forced me to drink from her.

“Drink it all bitch, Kirsty likes to piss when she comes,” cried Lara.

I was wrenched from that pussy and then hauled to find myself kneeling at the shrine of Kirsty. My cock pointed straight at that tunnel and the two women behind me would ensure exertion on my part. Kirsty had a small smile on her face as I felt a spiked heel on my ass and I was plunging my cock into her.

“Come on, bitch, fuck me and make me scream,” said Kirsty.

She sipped her drink and took a deep drag at the cigarette as I tried to excite her, make her react with my plunging prick, but she just smiled and her tongue licked her lips in anticipation of her coming game at my expense.

A kick to my balls from behind made me thrust deep, pushing harder than before and with a violence that made her whole body shudder with the impact. I saw it like slow motion, the cigarette coming towards my chest. The burnt end, the glowing tip, the rough paper, the heat that sizzled the hairs on my chest.

And then it contacted me.

An agony so intense that I screamed and tried to pull back from her, to escape this terrible touch. I lurched back, but the leash that rested in her hand was the limit and a sudden savage pain in my ass made me plunge back into her.

Betty now had a bamboo cane and had hit me a terrible blow that made me once more lurch into her daughter. I know that I screamed, I know that I cried and sobbed. I could not help it. I became an animal between suffering and agony.

Kirsty was such a sadist.

Her mother, her slut of a sister, Lana, needed and loved to force, to rape and to coerce men for the kicks. Kirsty was sadist pure. She wanted a fuck in which her partner was in terrible agony the whole time. She wanted every move to be pain, discomfort and torment until she came with a scream and swept her huge arm in a wide circle to crash the back of her hand into the side of my face.

For every stroke I had a burn from her on my chest and a bleeding cut on my ass. As I lay curled on the floor at her feet I saw that she had marked me with a heart shape in cigarette burns. Crude, inaccurate and ironic, she had branded me as her property.

A kick had me lying looking up at her standing over me.

“When I’ve finished with you, fucker, you’ll have my name written on your face,” she said.

She bent over me and spat down at my face.

“Lick it up and thank me,” she laughed. “I’ll have you begging for pain when I have finished with you, then I’ll sell you to some fucking queer-boy or pervert who likes a bit of snuff action and a nice big cock.”

She stooped down and rolled the lit cigarette in her hands. I was sobbing so much that I could not speak as she took a drag and breathed the sweet sickly smoke over me. Then she held the cigarette in front of her face before finally stubbing it out on my nipple.

I fainted with the agony, I bucked in the air and thrust and then blacked out with the agony and terror of the woman who I had foolishly arranged to date

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I awoke.

To the touch of a heel.

My body ached. I smelled of old sex, old sweat and come. I could feel a rough carpet under me and opened my eyes to see a wall of shiny white arching over me.

“Wake up you lazy sod,” said Lara. “You’ve a living to earn!”

I looked up at her smiling face and realised that my arms were now cuffed around the bowl of the toilet. She was seated there looking down at me on the floor and bending to reach for my hair.

“Please, Lara, please help me...”

“The little shit is tired of us already,” she said. “Well, forget it, cunt, when our lass has finished with you won’t even fetch the price of a box of fags, though I heard that you might end up belonging to one!”

She laughed at her little joke and pulled my face up to the level of the seat with an ease that spoke of her strength. There I found that my new duty was to clean these monstrous women with my mouth when I was not serving them with my cock.

She rode my upturned face and made me lap at her from the small drip at the front to the last drop of sweat that hung like a dew drop from the pucker of her ass. Then she dropped my head to the floor where I banged it on the base of the

toilet.

A savage kick to my balls between my legs was my punishment for inadequate service.

“Kirsty is out, when she comes back; she said that she was going to bring a nice big rubber dick to shaft you with. She likes to split her little boys wide open and watch them bleed.”

I sobbed in fright, not knowing if Lara meant that Kirsty would arrive with a man in tow or perhaps a huge dildo.

The sole of Lara’s platforms threatened to crush my balls.

“Betty’d sell you for a rock of crack, Kirsty needs a few bottles of Vodka, but I’m more of a sentimental type. I like to feel your fucking, fright, all of that fear.”

I heard the click and realised that she was taking pictures of me with her phone.

“These’ll look great for Picturefap,” she said. “I get so many visitors to my page that you just wouldn’t fucking believe it. They love my ass, I have eight hundred fucking followers...”

I looked into the lens and knew that I was already losing my value. One day, two



days at most and they would want rid of me, by then I would be a liability, the scene of a crime that they wanted to avoid being linked with.

I slumped and pulled at the fetters that bound me. Secure!

I watched her leave and realised that here, far in the stratosphere of a forgotten block occupied by crack-heads, alcoholics, cheap whores and drug dealers I would never be found.

Never...

I would disappear like human garbage until I was sold to a dealer in fuck meat, a producer of snuff movies, a queer sadist who needed his personal full time bitch. I would be searched for, but never found.

My car would be burned out after the wheels were stolen.

The audience in the club would deny that they had seen me and then wank in the corner at the thought of my fate.

The trail would go cold while the cigarette burns charred and scarred my skin in the idle patterns of lust and drunken pleasure that Kirsty dreamed up.

I might not even last until I had healed from that caning that had left blood seeping from the cheeks of my ass.

Tears filled my eyes and I looked around.

There was nothing that could help me escape being a toilet slave until Kirsty next needed a screaming lover. I saw the metal tube around my balls and the leash. The padlock and the way that my balls were already blue with bruises.

I managed to kneel and I was now looking into the toilet bowl.

Streaks of brown, a yellow water line and a smell that was overpowering. This was the prediction of my own fate. This was how well I would be cared for in this place.

I realised that my long arms might just allow the bowl to pass around and I pushed until the only thing holding me was the plastic pipe at the back of the cistern.

Feverishly I unscrewed the nylon fittings and I was free!

Naked, bruised, locked into a flat with at least one frighteningly powerful woman. Miles from my car, but the first part had been achieved.

I knew that if this failed they would disable me to keep me for their little games. It was not unimaginable that Kirsty would nail me down in a passion that would leave both more than stigmata and less than a whole man.

I heard Lara on the phone.

“Listen, I’m longing for a shit after that curry, if you take too long I’ll get to use the fucker first. Christ, I need to drop a log!””

There was some answered that could not be heard.

“I don’t fucking care about the fact that your fucking shite taffy-dealer hasn’t turned up. Get over here when you promised and we’ll do it together, otherwise you’ll miss it the first time. It’s always ace when the new cunt realises that the only thing that he’ll ever fucking get is shit...”

She stood in the doorway of the kitchen. Dressed in her short skirt and a stretchy top that allowed every contour to show. I tip toed past her and slipped into the hall way.

The door opened and I crept, naked, out of the flat.

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One lift was not working. The door was jammed open and it took me a moment to realise that the panel of controls had been ripped out to leave a mass of wires that filled the hole like spaghetti.

I pressed the button on the other lift and looked around for another way out of the place. The lift seemed to take so long, so I tried opening the door onto the fire escape stairs. It was jammed, so I wrenched at the handle, which came off in my hands to leave the door wedged firmly closed.

Finally the lift doors opened and I stepped in and pressed the ground floor button. As the door creaked closed I saw Lara step into the hallway and start to rush for the lift.

Then she was gone.

I shivered with the cold as the small metal box headed down. I needed to clothe myself. My cock still stood and the leash hung from the ring around my balls. Bruises and cuts covered me and the small rings of cigarette burns spelled 'K' for Kirsty on my chest.

Finally the lift door opened and I stepped out.

I found that I was not alone. A tall, rather plain woman stood leaning on the wall observing me with a smile.

"Y'all right love?" she asked between drags on her cigarette.

"Please help me," I begged. "I need clothes, I've been raped!"

“Raped?” said the woman as she looked down at my rigid cock. “Looks like you enjoyed it you fucking pervert!”

The woman glanced out of the broken doors of the block and I followed her gaze. Walking towards the doors was Kirsty. At that moment the lift doors closed and I knew that Lara would arrive in a couple of minutes.

“Please, help me,” I begged.

“OK, I’ll fucking help you,” said the woman with a smile.

She pointed at a door at the back of the hallway and took a step towards me. I rushed the door and pulled on the handle with a spasm to feel the handle give and come away.

I looked back to see Kirsty coming into the entrance hall and the sound of the woman with the cigarette laughing.

“This one’s yours I think,” said the woman to Lara.

“How the fuck did he get out?”

“Beats me,” answered the woman, “but looks like he isn’t pleased to see you.”

Kirsty closed in and I turned to face her.

“Where the fuck do ya think you’re fucking going?” she said.

I swung my fettered arms at full length catching Kirsty full in the face with the handcuffs that were still fixed to my wrists. For a moment I thought that she would go down, but she just tottered and I managed to slip passed her and run for the door.

Suddenly I tripped and fell forward full length amongst the litter and empty cans on the floor. The woman with the cigarette pulled her leg in and started to laugh.

“Kirsty, you really need to get this one trained,” she laughed.

Kirsty towered over me. Her foot slammed down on the leash that she had fixed to me and then the lift door opened and Lara stepped into the hallway.

“He’s mine,” was all she said.

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“You need to learn a bit of respect,” shouted Kirsty.

The caning that she gave me was interspersed with expletives and orders. Each stroke left a cut until I was criss-crossed with red lines and sobbing for mercy in a heap on the floor of her living room. I could hear her voice, I could hear the words, but I could not make sense of them as I shook and shivered with anguish.

Each blow caused a wave of shuddering. A reflex that was almost too much to bear. It filled my senses with a need to please. A need to beg and a craving to obey, but the words of her orders seemed to be lost in my sobs.

Finally it stopped and I just cowered on the floor.

“Look up,” came the first order that I could understand.

Slowly I raised my face to see Lara sitting on the sofa with her legs wide apart. The massive gash of her cunt shone pink and wet from the fur of her pubic hair. A hissing noise started behind me and then it changed tone to a compact roar.

“Make her come, bitch,” came Kirsty’s voice from behind me. “Now!”

I tried to crawl, but my arms failed me and folded. The cane hissed through the air and cut my rear like a white hot rod.

“I told you...” said Kirsty.

Somehow I managed to shuffle forward until my lips were just an inch from

Lara's hole. I could see the juices running down the crack of her ass and I paused to take breath. All I could hear was Lara's laboured breathing and that infernal roar behind me

A sudden premonition came just before the pain. Was it a smell, a sound of Kirsty moving or was it a change of temperature? When it came it was agony beyond anything yet. A searing ordeal, a stench of burning flesh and I plunged into the quench of Lara's cunt with a sudden lunge.

Lara screamed in frenzy as she climaxed as she watched the man who had been brutally caned in foreplay being branded as he screamed into her pussy.

"Now you're our special slag," laughed Kirsty gleefully. "Branded like the fucking pig you are!"

The smell of burned flesh filled my senses for a moment and then the anguish of the branding iron caused me to pass out as Lara climaxed and closed her massive thighs to wrap me in her sex.

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I awoke to find myself tied to a table.

A dull pain filled my ass where the brand had marked me, but the ache in my arms and legs, the cramps from the position that I was forced into was almost worse. My arms were pulled high up my back by my wrists, my legs were tied



with my ankles on my thighs and a rope that had been tied to my hair pulled my head back so that I looked forwards and not down at the floor.

I could hear voices in the next room. It sounded like all three of my tormentress's and a man's voice that laughed occasionally and rose and fell in what could have been an argument.

"Come on you fucking wanker. It's a good deal!" laughed Betty's voice. "You get a fuck and we get a few grams of that shit..."

"Girls, I can get a fuck any time," said the man's voice. "I only sell for cash."

"Not like this..."

There was raucous female laughter and then I could hear the man's voice again.

"Give me a fucking blow job if you want, but no blow for blow," he cried. "I fucking told yer, cash for the stash, nowt else..."

"How about for free and let you fucking decide?" said Betty's voice.

"Here's fifty quid then, that's enough for five. The fuck's for free, you fucking tight cunt" cried Kirsty.

I could hear more laughter and then the door opened and all four of them crowded around me laughing and swearing.

“What’s this fucking trussed chicken then?” said the man’s voice. “You got another limp fucker already?”

“We used the last one until she broke,” said Betty, “so we thought a man might last a bit longer!”

“Well he looks knackered already...”

“Please...” I sobbed.

The answer was sudden and brutal. A hand slapped my bruised balls making me gasp with pain and then a slap on the face that was more like a clout.

“Shut the fuck up, pig, or I’ll fucking knock all your teeth down your fucking throat.” yelled Betty. “You are going to be nice to Lennie here and show him what you can do!”

Lenny laughed and looked down at me. I found that my eye level was just at his waist and had to strain to look up at him. A hand came down and slapped my face before Lennie asked, “So, Betty, what the fuck can your trussed up chicken do?”

“Whatever you want,” she replied. “Fuck his face or his ass, or maybe you’d like a hand job?”

“I’m not gonna fuck his ass and this one looks like he’ll bite, so a quick wank will do fine!” said Lennie. “That girl you had last time was much more fun to fuck with, her ass was so fucking tight.”

Kirsty and Lara started to giggle at Lennie, but Betty told them to ‘shut the fuck up’.

“It’s time to play,” said Betty as she bent down to the level of my face. “Now you’re gonna see what we use our fuck-pigs for!”

Her fingers fumbled at Lennie’s jeans and then slowly pulled down the zipper. As it rasped down I could see first a bulge and then his cock sprang into view. Thick and long it pointed at my face as Betty stroked it and massaged it to full rigidity. The purple head throbbed and veins stood to attention as her palm grasped Lennie’s organ and started to slowly work it in front of my face.

“You want some of that, fuck-pig?” she asked.

Then I gasped as Lara took my bruised cock and started to play with it. I could not believe how she managed to stiffen me. She pulled at my balls, stroked and kneaded me and then slowly started to do to me what her mother was doing to Lennie. A slow hand job that made me giddy as I watched Betty smile and play with Lennie’s cock.

“He’s getting hard, the little pervert. Our little fuck-pig likes fucking cock,” giggled Kirsty. “Look how he loves watching a cock being wanked off in front of him! I’ll bet he comes when Lenny shoots his load.”

Lennie gasped and leaned to grab Kirsty’s wrist.

“Come here bitch, let’s see those jugs,” he gasped as Betty’s other hand slipped under his cock and fumbled for his balls.

He suddenly pulled Kirsty’s T shirt up to reveal her fat belly and then her enormous tits hanging like ripe fruit with the vast brown nipples scrunched into excited hardness.

“You can feel me up if you come on our new bitch’s ugly mug,” she laughed as her hands cupped her breasts and held them for his inspection. “Come on Lenny, let’s see it lick up your come...”

Lennie just groaned and reached for her breasts. His hands squeezed the soft flesh and then his hips thrust into Betty’s hand to an inch from my lips. I shut my mouth firmly and then opened it to pant as Lara started to roughly wank me to a fast climax. I gasped and closed my eyes, I was so close, so very close to coming when Lara slapped my balls and speeded her clenched fist to push me to come.

“This little piggy is going to suck my ass next,” said Kirsty as she allowed Lennie to fondle her roughly.

I climaxed.

Big time!

I lost control to the brutal hand that pumped every drop from me.

My cock spurted and spurted as if there were no end while Betty aimed Lennie's cock at my lips and made him come with a small shriek.

“That's it Lenny, give him a come bath...”

As I tasted his come the hands on my cock slapped me a final time and then let me fall.

I closed my eyes, but the nightmare did not fade!

When I opened my eyes I saw that Betty's face was triumphant.

She was flushed and panting, it was as though she had climaxed just from the sight of Lennie spurting come on my lips!

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For hours I lay trussed on the table. There was no gag, nothing to stop me calling for help, nothing to stop me yelling and screaming, but who was going to save me in this nightmare crack-house?

No one!

My cock ached, my bruised balls stretched and my limbs grew numb with being bound so tightly. In the next room I could hear the three women laughing and drinking and I knew that it was just a matter of time before they returned to torment me.

I flexed my muscles.

I have always been proud of the fact that I work out. A tight ripped body, strong muscles and quick reflexes. None of that had any effect on the washing line that had been wound around me a hundred times. I could not move, I could just suffer cramp and feel as though my arms were being ripped from their sockets.

The place that Kirsty had branded me pulsed and ached, the stripes of the cane just gave a sore ache that spread from back to thighs.

There was no escape.

Finally I dozed and only awoke when Betty came into the room.

She switched on the light and walked around me as if to admire her new toy.

“I think that I’ll keep you,” she said finally. “I have so many games to play with you, so much to teach you. I’ll keep you in the nice tight cage that I had specially made for Elaine, our last little sex-slut. You can even have that dildo fucking your ass all day long like she did!”

I groaned and said, “Please, I’ll pay you anything you want to let me go.”

“How much is that?” she asked. “How much is ‘anything’?”

“I can give you twenty thousand pounds,” I lied. “I promise.”

Betty whistled and then said, “OK, it’s a deal. Twenty thousand and you can go.”

She held up my bank card before my eyes and turned it over.

“Just give me the PIN number and when I have the twenty thousand, then I’ll let you go!”

“The money is in a savings account and not that one,” I said. “I’ll go to the bank with you and...”

Betty lowered herself to put her face in front of mine.

“There is no money, pig! You are a liar. Just give me the PIN and the online banking codes for your accounts. Lennie already has your other card, by now he’ll have maxed it out.”

“I can’t remember the codes...”

She held up my house keys and jingled them.

“Address?”

“If I give you...” I started, but I did not finish the sentence because her left hand slapped me so hard that I heard a whine in my ears.

“Fucking address? This is not a fucking quiz show!”

I could feel a trickle of blood where one of the many rings that she wore had scratched me and knew that I would not be able to stop Betty tearing whatever she wanted from me.

I told her and as I did so I knew that I would never leave her power.



Betty would become my whole universe.

As if to confirm my realisation she sat back on her haunches and lit a cigarette. A curl of smoke drifted to my face and made me blink as she dragged on the cigarette until the end glowed like a small coal.

I saw her ringed fingers roll the cigarette and then it moved towards my face with an almost dreamlike motion.

“The PIN number?”

“Five, six, eight, nine.”

“That’s better, now. See how easy it is. I ask, you tell and then I show you how bad it is if you lie. You need to know how the rules go...”

She stood and walked out of my vision.

“If you lie, if you don’t obey, if you try to escape, if you are a naughty boy and of course if I feel like it, then this is what happens!”

I braced myself for the burn of the cigarette and flinched when her hand closed on my cock. But, instead of pain, Betty started to wank me. A slow steady pull

that brooked no opposition. The hand pulled and massaged. It found the rhythm that made me hard and then built that stroke to make me gasp with the power that she had over me.

“If you lie...”

I screamed as she slapped my bruised balls.

The rhythm of her other hand continued until I had stopped sobbing and then she spoke again.

“If you do not obey...”

The burn came like a dagger stuck into that small soft space between balls and ass. It seared me and made me squeal like a helpless pig. Flashes of light seemed to pass over my vision as I realised that Betty was simply telling me what the future held.

“If you try to escape...”

Her nails scratched the inside of my bruised thighs. They dragged and tore from groin to knee and then grated their way down the other leg. The agony was intense, but the hand that pulled at my cock did not waver. It worked at me and soothed my distress until I was so close to climax.

“If you are a naughty boy...”

I braced myself for the next punishment. When it came I gasped with shock as something pressed into my ass and violated me. Discomfort, not pain, but the humiliation was complete. Betty had proved that she could do what she wanted with me and that there was no way to resist her.

“I am going to love fucking you, making you my bitch-boy. I’m gonna fuck your ass until you beg to suck cock.”

Her hand twisted the intruder until I cried out.

“Fancy a real man coming down your throat yet?”

I groaned and could not bring myself to submit, but she just laughed...

“I’m gonna enjoy breaking you, bitch!”

I could feel her nails bite my cock, scoring lines with each hard pull of me, the pain and the pleasure keeping me on the edge of coming.

“And finally, if I feel like it...” she whispered.

The hand quickened until I was at the tipping point of climax.

And, then it stopped.

“You get nothing at all, just a dry wank that will leave you begging to do anything to get your fucking rocks off.”

The harsh hand pulled away from me, leaving my cock twitching and straining to find contact... she left me high and dry!

“You see, fuck-pig. You have to earn every stroke. Work to please me for every hand job. Beg for me to allow you to come. Pain and service will be continual, pleasure will only come when you please me so much that I forget to punish your ass.”

I was gasping like a goldfish out of its bowl. The pain and near pleasure had pushed me to a place where I just longed for her skilled hand to make me come for her no matter what the aftermath was.

“Please, please I’ll do anything...”

“I know you will, you’ll beg to be fucked at both ends...”

She slapped me and spat in my face before she continued.

“Kirsty and Lara are young and like little children. They just want to break you for the fun of it, make you serve until you are destroyed. If they could sell you for a twist of coke they would. I am going to teach them that there is so much more fun to be had, when every moment of pain and torture teaches our pathetic piggy to love the women who do this to him like pig would love his mother.”

Betty walked round to me and stood watching me cry. I felt the spit trickle to my lips and then the tears carried it between them.

Slowly she undressed until her massive body was naked and fully revealed. The rolls of fat hung, the thighs that were dimpled, the breasts drooped and the waist that sagged and hid her pussy.

“Are you ready to learn to please me?” she asked. “I need a lover who is always there for me!”

Her arm lifted her sagging breasts while her other hand slipped into her pussy. I could feel my hard-on swelling again and I knew that Betty was the only thing that would keep her ravenous daughters from snuffing me out like a candle. If I could keep her satisfied, show her that I was willing, just please her brutal whims, then she might keep me for herself.

“Time to show you how you can keep on my good side.”

Using her vast strength she flipped me on my back and left me helpless on the low table with my head on the edge. I could hear her breath rasping with that

effort and then she spread her legs and mounted me. Those vast thighs parted to show the dripping gash that opened to show a throbbing clitoris that pushed from the pink cunt. All of her weight was on my face as she ground down on to me, cutting off my breath, engulfing me with her sex. Betty swayed her hips using my face to massage her cunt as she savoured her dominance over the weakling that she was forcing into brutal slavery.

I gasped for breath, but she closed me from the air. I could feel my mind spin as she climaxed with a shudder. spurts of sour liquid filled my mouth as she released her bladder and gasped with release. Her fingers pulled at me, scratching my chest, cruelly pulling my nipples and then she gouged me with her nails to make me press ever deeper into her endless pussy.

It was over, at last. Her vast bulk lifted from me, sweat, lubrication and more dripped from my face as she bent down. I looked up at those vast hanging breasts and her smiling face and realised that I was hers now. Betty's toy boy, the thing that she would violate until it was no longer any fun to abuse. Her daughters would then destroy what was left and then trade me for the drugs that they craved.

She spat in my mouth and then started to get dressed.

"Kirsty and Lara want to play with you next," she said. "If you can give me a reason to look after you then I might just keep you for my own private use."

She pulled on her bra and tight top and then jiggled her breasts with both hands to fill it.

“Tell me what I want to hear...”

All I had to do was show her that I was hers... prove that I belonged only to her.

“I love you,” I sobbed and in my heart of hearts, I was sure that I really did.  
“Mummy.”

## Negative Consent

### First Abduction

Christine reread her profile and adjusted a word or two, added a comma and decided that she had got it just right. It was really just a variation on her previous posts on other sites, but it had to be perfect to attract the right person. She did feel a little anxious even though she was sure that she was always in control. Still this was not the first time, nor the second, but still it was always a thrill and tense moment when the plan was acted upon.

*I am an attractive mature widow who is looking for a partner who would love to serve, care for and worship me. I am demanding, strict, sexual and authoritarian and do not play frivolous games. You will be submissive, obedient and able to suffer in silence. There will be no compromises. You will gratify me 24/7 and be prepared to relinquish everything to live a life of complete submission in service of a woman who will control every single facet of your entire life.*

Perhaps it was because this was the single moment of contact that could link her to her victim or perhaps it was that the thrill started at this moment. She clicked the button to post the profile and felt a moment of elation. Mostly it was men that answered the call, twice it had been women. Christine hoped that it would be a woman, they were so different, such a challenge and almost always a greater risk.

Every two years the cycle repeated... and she had not been caught yet.



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Martin cast a look around him before he entered the café as if there was a chance that someone who knew him saw him meet the woman from the website. In reality there was no chance of that happening, but he could not help himself, possibly because this was the first time that he had actually carried through his fantasy of having an affair with a dominant woman.

The profile had been explicit, written by an educated woman and matched his fantasy almost exactly. The fact that his fantasy of serving a mature woman fulltime and his circumstances did not intersect had not occurred to him. He was married and tied into a large circle of social contacts. The fact that that hoping for a series of sexual sessions did not match the phrase ‘relinquish everything’ and neither did the fact that he had a demanding job and a taxing family.

‘Never mind all of that,’ he thought to himself. ‘She will have to bend to what I want as well!’

The café was not full and he cast his eyes over the seated patrons. First of all she had to be there on her own, secondly she would be wearing a black silk scarf. It was a moment before he saw the only woman who matched the description. Her hair was black in a short bob, her face was white with makeup and she looked to be around the sixty mark.

For a moment he considered walking out, she was just too old, but then on a whim he walked to the table and sat opposite her.

“The profile,” he said cautiously.

“It’s me...”

Her accent was upper class, her slight smile a sign that she was more at ease with this than him.

“Erm, I’m not sure where to begin,” he mumbled.

“First time?” she asked.

“It is actually...”

“Good, that’s a plus point,” she said. “I’ll get the ball rolling then. I am a life-style dominant, it is a partner who is fully submissive that I am looking for.”

“I think that I fit the bill,” he said. “I think that I have high limits and I am willing to try most things.”

“That’s good, but can you commit?”

“Of course... fully!”

She looked him up and down and considered carefully. His rather pathetic resume was clear as glass. She could see right through it. Here was a man that thought that he would save on professional dommes by finding amateurs who would fuck and tickle him for free. Safe-words, consensual, limits, respect and boundaries were what he would be discussing next. She noticed the slight indentation where the ring had been. Then would come a worry on his part that she might mark him and he had to go back to his wife and on and on and on.

Christine switched back on after her reverie and realised that she had missed the first part of his next sentence.

“... and of course that will mean that I cannot often stay all night!”

Christine sighed. He would have been so perfect, but he had too many contacts. There was something wrong, instinct told her. Something that was dangerous. Also, too many people would miss him, the outcry would be just vast for this cretin. Perhaps it would be fun to tease him? She thought about it and realised that she had not yet managed to organise her next ‘interview’. Perhaps it would be fun to tease?

“This evening?” she said while raising a brow. “Let’s call it a compatibility test!”

He was doubtful, that was for sure. Was it her age? Was there something else?

“OK...”

“I’ll meet you here at eight,” she said. “We’ll go on from there...”

Martin left the café with a raging erection despite his reservations. Christine was laughing inside, a trial run would be perfect.

At eight the café closed. The lights were switched off one by one and a bored waitress pulled down the steel shutters and locked up. Christine sat in her car and waited. She had said eight, that was the time, where was Martin? Didn’t he understand that he had to obey her to the letter? Not a minute early, not a minute late, just exactly as the second hand moved to eight. She felt a surge of anger pass, a wave of emotional lack of control that seemed to stem from inside her frame and spread as far as the very tips of her fingers.

Ten minutes late.

Martin stood a moment in uncertainty outside the shuttered café and looked around. Finally, after a minute, he noticed the car and Christine in it and headed over. She wound down the window.

“You’re late.” she said.

“I know, sorry about that,” he answered. “Got held up.”

‘Pathetic,’ she thought to herself.

Christine nodded and leaned over to allow him to climb into the passenger seat.

“You’ll have to put these on,” she said as he put on the seat belt.

Christine passed him a pair of glasses. They looked like sunglasses, but allowed no light at all to penetrate the lens.

“Whatever for?”

“Because for the moment, I do not know where you live and really who you are, and what’s more, I am the boss! Either you wear them or you go and wank yourself while you think what could have been.

“Don’t you trust me?”

“Don’t you trust me?” she asked back.

He slipped on the glasses and she patted him on the head.

“Simple caution, anyway look on it as the first order I give...”

She drove him around the Brookfield estate three times, out a little into the countryside towards Ayton and then headed back to Seamer where her house was. A route designed to be confusing for the blindfolded Martin. He sat quietly and tried to guess where she was taking him.

Martin had a good knowledge of the local streets and was able to follow for a while, turn by turn. She lost him in the countryside and he finally just settled back and enjoyed the mystery ride. There was no real problem, he already had her registration number in his head, and he could trace her through DVLC tomorrow if he needed to!

Finally they arrived. The car scrunched up a gravel drive

She opened the door and led him into her house.

A largish bungalow, well-appointed and richly furnished. Christine allowed Martin to take off the glasses and led him into the lounge. The curtains were closed, the light was dimmed and he looked around to see an ordinary room with small occasional tables and sofas. The erection in his pants subsided a little and he wondered how it would go on from here.

Presumably, she would lead him to her dungeon and then they would arrange all the safe words and that stuff. Then she would dress in vinyl or latex and he would strip. Then she would make him come and make him eat her aging cunt.

It was his first experience at this game, but he had no fears at all. As a policeman he was always in control, always on top of the game. This was just a little fun that his wife need never know about. A first trial, a first taste of kink that would

lead to bigger and better things. Just a bit of fun...

“Strip!” she ordered.

“Now? Here?” he asked.

“Here and now, I want to inspect my new slave...”

Martin stripped. He was a fine looking man, ripped and fit. He felt strange, this was a first time and the woman who was giving the orders was not what he would have normally regarded as attractive. Tall, with a fine figure she was at least thirty years older than him, dressed in tight jeans and high-heeled boots, she had a hard face that took him in like a cat sizes up a mouse. At last he was bare, his hard cock standing, his feet shuffling nervously as he watched her sit down in an armchair and look him up and down.

She smiled and reached down under the chair and pulled out a short cane and tapped the tip of it on the floor.

“Kneel!”

He got to his knees and looked up at her to find that she was presenting him with a pair of handcuffs.

“Put them on behind your back and then we’ll discuss my requirements.”

He took the heavy cuffs and weighed them in his hands. Once he put them on he was at her mercy, he decided. This was the moment when he had to decide whether to go through with his fantasy. He hesitated and then put on the cuffs as he had been ordered.

“Now then,” she said. “I always tell my new bitch what is expected of him. That way he does not have any excuse when he is punished.”

“Yes, Mistress!”

It seemed the right thing to say, the words that were on all the lips of the men in the videos that he had avidly watched on the Internet.

Christine stood and walked around him. Once or twice she touched him with the end of the cane and he flinched at the contact. He heard a mechanical whirring sound, the clink of metal behind him and then felt her hands on his fettered wrists. She walked back round to face him and seemed satisfied.

“You are trying, that’s good! I expect obedience, but I also know that training a man to my ways takes time. This means that there will be a learning process for you that begins now. First some questions and then you will begin your duties.”

He looked up at her and felt a sudden fear. Apprehension and a tautness that clenched the muscles in his belly and made his cock quiver with expectation. Now that he was at her mercy she suddenly seemed more attractive, stronger and fascinating.



Christine tapped the end of the cane on his cheek and asked, “Are you married?”

He looked up into her almost-black eyes and nodded.

“Answers out loud, I want to hear them...”

“Yes, Miss.”

“Good! I prefer married men, they are so much more obedient after a few years under the thumb of another woman. Next question, is this the first time you have ever been with a dominant woman?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Are you willing to be my slave?”

“Yes, Mistress...”

He heard a slight tutting sound and then she continued. “Do you choose to serve me, pleasure me and suffer for me?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“I prefer ‘Miss’, you will always call me by that title. Now then, we start with a safe word... What would be a good word for you?”

Martin had thought about this so many times and felt relieved that she seemed to be a woman who would respect his limits.

“Lucy, Miss.”

“Is that the name of your wife?” she asked.

“Yes Miss.”

“A good sign, but I’m sorry to inform you that in my world there are no safe words! There are no limits! I shall do what is necessary to break you to my service over the next few weeks and you will profit by the experience.”

“But...” he said in a sharp tone.

The cane moved with a swish and struck his back hard enough to cause Martin to gasp.

“I told you to use the title ‘Miss’. At the next failure to follow my command I shall give you three strokes of the cane. Further failures will result in severe punishment. Do you understand?”

“Yes Miss, but...”

“There are no ‘buts’ in my house. The only thing that you need is my orders.”

Martin felt the change in the tone of her voice and realised that this woman had already marked him. How would he explain it to Lucy? He started to struggle to his feet, but her booted foot came down hard on his naked thigh and the pointed heel gouged the skin. He looked up at her face and felt a grip of fear.

Christine smiled and reached into the pocket of her jeans to pull a small dongle into her hand. Her thumb pressed the button and Martin felt his wrists lift behind his back. The winch pulled the hook, the hook pulled the handcuffs, the handcuffs pulled his wrists and arms and suddenly he was leaning forward to take the strain while her heel ground into the soft flesh of his thigh.

“Three strokes for disobedience.”

Each stroke was like a line of fire on the raised cheeks of his ass. He cried out as she struck with hard but economical strokes that laid a pattern of three thin welts on his behind.

“Next time it will be five strokes. The time after it will be ten. Now, are you

ready to obey?”

“Yes Miss,” he gasped as her hand ruffled his hair.

“Now, where were we?”

He tried to look up and see her, but she had disappeared behind him. Suddenly his hair was gripped and a mask was pulled over his face. It covered the eyes, it exposed his mouth and finally zipped tight at the rear to enclose his head in a tight new leather skin that left him in darkness.

“That’s better. Now then let’s take a look...”

A cold sweat drenched his frame as Christine ruffled through his clothes.

“What have we here?” she said. “Martin Clearwater. Two credit cards, a driver’s licence and...”

There was a pause that filled him with dread.

“...a warrant card. Dear me! You are a Detective Inspector! I wonder if that changes anything. Maybe, maybe not...”

He heard footsteps and realised that she had left the room. It seemed an age before she finally returned. He could feel her presence standing before him and wondered what she was thinking.”

“I have decided that this is not a particularly good idea. Or perhaps it is a splendid one! At any rate I think that you are a man who just wants to play at being a good little boy in a ‘safe’ environment. That is not my game, I want true submission, so I think that this interrogation is as far as we go...”

He expected to feel her hands releasing the mask, but instead he felt the kiss of the cane on his behind again.

“I have decided. I am going to take you home and you can explain to Lucy what a bad boy you’ve been, or perhaps manage to conceal this little meeting and slide back into your comfort zone.”

“Please,” he whined.

“Please what?”

The cane cut him again, this time so much harder that he squealed and had to choke back a sob.

“Miss,” he gasped.

“Better. In fact it would be better if you did not say another word! I am somewhat riled and might do something ill-advised if you provoke me.”

Christine released the hook and watched him stand. Then, still cuffed, she pulled his T shirt over his head and marched him to the car. She had wanted to play a little, push a man over the edge and then release him, but a police officer was too risky a prospect. The search would be more than thorough, it would be fanatical and she could not risk it when she was intending to find another permanent slave in the next weeks.

‘No,’ she decided. ‘This was too risky, but it could have some advantage, perhaps.’

With the waist-down naked man in the car she drove a complicated route and at last arrived in the neat cul-de-sac where he lived. During the drive he did not speak, it was clear that he was in dread of her and she was not in the mood!

She leaned over and opened the door. Then off came the mask and she pushed the key of the handcuffs between his lips.

“If I ever see you again, I shall not be at all happy,” she said as she pushed him out of the car and threw the rest of his clothes behind him.

He did not react, he just sat in the road and watched her drive away. He was lucky to have escaped the mad woman and swore to himself that fantasy would remain fantasy from now on.

As she headed for home with a chuckle on her lips, Martin Clearwater struggled to step through the cuffs, unlock them and hastily get dressed.

All of his credit cards, all of his money and the warrant card were there in his wallet.

Only his car keys were missing and they could have fallen out anywhere. He could feel the heat from the welts on his ass and knew that despite the fear, or perhaps because of it, he would have something to wank over this evening.

With Lucy away at her mother's for two days, at least he would have a little time to recover!

## **Second Abduction**

Christine watched the van leave her driveway. The gates closed and she knew that at last she was ready. Just a month had passed since she had dumped D.I. Martin in front of his house dressed only in his T shirt and all her preparations were done. There was no longer a need to delay, the time had come.

The only thing that she lacked was the proper candidate. He had to be someone who was inexperienced. He had to be willing at least initially and he needed to be a man who would not be missed... too much. He had to be intelligent, fit and around thirty years and most of all he had to be a man she could keep forever.

She turned from the window and walked around the house with her mobile

phone in her hand. The app that was running showed as she walked from zone to zone and allowed her to pre-set each area to a timer as well as regulate the effects of that zone. Then there were the cameras and movement detectors, heat sensors and floor switches, each of which could be switched on, reset or adjusted to her requirements. Of course from her laptop she could adjust every detail, but there was no doubt that the app was practical. Every part of the electronic net was invisible, but to the devices that she had control over, a perfect invisible cage that would allow her to ensure complete commitment from her next project.

In the kitchen Christine opened the door to the cellar and descended the brightly lit well. Three doors, one was the new bedroom, the next was the punishment cell and the last the room for storing the items that she would be using as well as the central server and backup for the whole system.

She entered the third door and pulled up the office chair to attend to her account. Already she had six mails from hopefuls put to one side. None of them really seemed interesting, though the fifty year old woman who had taken the bait was a distinct possibility. A shame that Christine had not planned for two. It could have easily been done, she decided. On the other hand, she could always add to her collection later.

After twenty years of working for others, training and preparing servants and slaves for large sums of money, it was time to retire and what better way to ease her retirement than create a man (or woman) who would attend to her every need, pander to her senses and of course provide a hobby for the next ten or twenty years?

The screen sprung to life, the VPN tunnelling program sought a suitable server in Africa and she checked her profile. Three new mails were incoming and she waited impatiently for them to download. The first was a man of fifty who might have been interesting twenty years ago, the second was almost spam. A cheeky man who was posing as a woman. It was the third item that caught her eye.



*I need to serve. I am a thirtysomething professional seeking a temporary position as slave to a more mature woman. I have limits, but if you respect them then you will have an obedient and servile man at your beck and call.*

That was it. Short and sweet. A man who would be able to go missing for a while before he was missed, a man who would gradually break as his limits were explored and then passed. Another man who thought that he had a right to define the terms of engagement.

Christine answered the mail with the click of a button that showed that she might be interested to see if it would prompt more detail and then switched off the computer.

Things were looking up!

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A week later she went to meet her prospective mark.

The drive to Thirsk seemed to take an age. Christine had to take the back roads. She dodged the average speed cameras' and other equipment that monitored travel because there should be no evidence that would place her at the scene of the crime that she was contemplating. She found parking on a suburban street and headed for the department store café where she had arranged to meet him.

Taylor Cliveson passed the first test. Good looking, fit and seemingly well educated. Christine smiled when he earnestly discussed the importance of limits, the mutual respect that came from BDSM, the lack of abuse that was the normality when bondage was involved and the character building aspects of power exchanges. He seemed so totally into the 'new age' aspects of kinky sex. The esteem that sexual domination brought and how it broadened the intellect and sated the mind.

There was something so quaint about men and women who read psychological self-help books about BDSM. Called it 'power exchange' and discussed it earnestly in forums on the Internet. They worried about safety, hedged the risk with rules and then called it off when it got uncomfortable. Taylor seemed to be just such a man. What he had read in The Guardian comments columns had brought him to the conclusion that there was no real risk... everyone behaved responsibly... didn't they?

After a twenty minute conversation Christine started to wonder if a man like this could be broken and then she realised that the extra challenge might do her some good. Here was a man to which small-mindedness was a way of living.

"I agree with all that you are saying," she said to get it all over with. "Respect is so important between dominant and submissive and I am so glad that at last I have found a man who realises that. Respect and the appreciation of difference." Now Christine was starting to get ironic. "I think that we should perhaps meet up somewhere and then I will take you back to my place..."

Taylor looked a little crestfallen.

"Why not now?" he asked.

“Well I just thought that we should build up a little trust and get to know each other first!”

“If you agree with me on my points of philosophy about BDSM, then I already trust you,” said Taylor. “Let’s go back to yours, if you like, right now.”

It took ten minutes to get to the car. When Christine went to blindfold him, Taylor suddenly objected.

“If I trust you then you have to trust me,” he declared pompously.

“I do trust you, but this is the start of the scene,” she replied.

“Oh, well in that case, I consent!”

She drove back directly to her house. Taylor was going to spend a long time there, it did not matter if he knew where he was if he could not escape. She led him in and cuffed his wrists after making him undress. His cock was disappointingly small.

Finally, as usual, she switched on the camera and then settled down to ask some questions.

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Taylor was trussed in the punishment room and had had his first caning.

It seemed as though he was not inclined to experience any discomfort in his rather limited world of BDSM. When he started to scream and shout and then finally subsided to sobs, Christine almost wanted to laugh at his distress. She flayed him with five strokes of the cane that left a delicious criss-cross on his ass that would soon become raised welts in plum.

When she branded him he would really start to scream, she decided.

Christine relaxed in front of the television and raised a glass to herself. It was going to be so delectable, slowly rupturing Taylor's self-belief. Grind down that ego slowly until he belonged to her in the fullest sense. She had years ahead where he would learn to suffer and serve, Christine would apply all of her years of experience and create the ultimate servile man.

The national news broke into the film that she was watching and Christine headed for the kitchen to get herself another bottle of wine. By the time that she sat down, the local news was showing. Christine suddenly awoke from her daydreams when the announcer said, "...and police are now searching for Taylor Cliveson in the belief that he might be trying to leave the country."

"Mr Cliveson is believed to be sought by fraud squad officers in connection with fraud allegations that have surfaced in the last two days, however a spokesman for the police has refused to comment and declared that the allegations were premature and that Mr Cliveson was asked to contact the police only to help

them with their enquiries.” The newscaster continued.

A photo of Taylor appeared in the screen while the newscaster suggested that anyone seeing him should report the sighting to the police. Christine sat back and contemplated the news.

They were searching for Taylor because they thought that he had run away, the search would be thorough.

‘Damn,’ she thought, another bad choice!

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His body ached and he now hung slack in the chains because Taylor had long since become so weary of standing on tip-toes to try to relieve the stress on his wrists. Christine had gone against his express wishes, she had punished him and then laughed at him when he had begged for relief.

Taylor’s attempt to explain his safe-word, his special needs, his longing to be forced to climax, his whole philosophy of female domination; it had all been ignored and the woman had just caned him brutally and then left him hanging in his chains.

It was quite clear to him that she was so selfish. She was just doing the BDSM to gratify herself without taking the special needs and desires of the partner into consideration.

What on earth was the matter with her?

Where was the balance in this relationship?

Where was the respect for another's needs?

Who did she think that she was, did she really think that she was better and more important than him?

He heard footsteps outside the door of his cell and pulled himself a little straighter. Perhaps now that she had made him suffer so much, perhaps now she would listen to him? Either that or let him go. At any rate she would have to take out the gag that filled his mouth and threatened to break his jaw. The door opened and he could see her in silhouette. Broad hips, long legs, Christine's waist was slim and her hand was trailing a whip.

"We really have to have a talk," said Christine.

He expected her to remove the gag, but instead she flicked the whip in her hand, making the knotted end crack in the air.

"It seems that the police are searching for you..."

The arm lifted and Taylor felt almost hypnotised by the black line that curled from hand to the floor. The wrist raised, it turned and then suddenly the arm came down. The leather braid lifted and fell as a sine wave of sexual energy ran its length to the floor. The movement lifted the end and it flicked up at his thighs with a loud crack. A stinging agony caught the vulnerable inside of his thighs.

“You have been a naughty boy, Taylor. You have been stealing from people who now want their money back.”

Her hand reached almost far enough to release him from the gag and then it fell back to allow fingertips to brush her cleavage and then wander down to the naked pussy that parted as the fingers dipped into its wet matrix.

“Are you ready to tell me your little story?” she asked rhetorically. “No, I think not! I think that we have to play some games first, show you that my desires are your reality and that I can cause you agony whenever I please...”

Her lips parted and he watched the tip of her tongue circle.

When he had first seen her he had decided that she was too old to be the woman that he wanted to play with. He wanted youth, firm breasts, smooth skin and a taut face. She was soft and weathered, creased and yielding, but she was in control and that was a fascination that was irresistible.

She groaned as she was overcome by sheer lust and her fingers played inside her cunt. Her other hand held the whip and stroked it on her breasts as she climaxed in a haze of dominance that seized her mind and gave her that orgasmic feeling of omnipotence. This was how it should be, she thought as her fingers ploughed

her pussy and she trembled with release.

Christine's hand left her pussy and marked a trail of her own scent on the skin of her victim.

“You see, I have simple needs. I just want to orgasm again and again and I need you to punish to make that possible. I have my perfect role and you will have yours. Let me show you what I think of consensual female domination...”

The whip danced in his vision. It flickered in and out of focus and then it struck like a viper. It bit into him and left broken welts that criss-crossed his white skin in a pattern of laces that resembled the ones that tied her stilettos. Each blow wrung a sob from Taylor and a gasp of pleasure from the woman who fed from his agony.

At last her arm ached with the strain and she stopped to play with herself again at the sight of his distress. Some dominant women like subtle pressure, some desire service and humiliation. Christine just needed to control completely and the best way to achieve that was to cause enough agony to cause obedience become an animal-like necessity. An unthinking reaction to stimulation.

She left him draped in careless self-centred pity. Hung from his wrists his feet unable to support the weight of his body a maze of welts adding texture to the pale skin. Later she would take what she wanted from him, time was not a healer it was a dimension of fear.

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Christine travelled into the town centre and strolled from one shoe shop to the other. It was not that she needed shoes, they stood in rows in her house. She bought them because, to her, they were objects of art. Slender heels and high platforms. Graceful curves and delicate accessories. Each was the perfect expression of a woman's sexuality. Attractive, enticing and revealing with a spike that nailed the ground and a hard under-surface that crushed the male ego. Each time that she added a pair to her collection she added a small chore to her slave's day. Every pair was a small increment in his torment as he polished and dusted them, lovingly arranged them and then learned to love them and all that they stood for.

So, as Christine stood and looked at the display of savage heels she felt a warmth between her thighs. A delicate passion that lubricated her thoughts and thighs and added a frisson to buying and possessing those heels. She looked over the shop and noticed a young woman who was holding two hundred pounds worth of Loubertin's in her hand as if considering their possibilities.

"They're spicy," said Christine. "Perfect to shape the calves..."

The woman turned to see who was speaking to her and smiled.

"My husband likes this sort of thing and I am just trying to decide if he is worth it!"

Christine laughed and picked up the other shoe from the display.

“He’ll never be worth it,” she said. “But, the shoes are too tempting not to buy.”

The woman frowned for a moment and then smiled as if divining some hidden meaning in Christine’s words.

“Maybe in red, maybe in black? Which work best?”

“Red for sex, black for domination,” she said.

“Perhaps I should take both pairs and really push the boat out?” said the woman as she contemplated the display.

“Why not, but I’ll take black for myself...” laughed Christine as she picked up a black pair. “I love the way that the heel is just a spike that is like a nail and not sculptured.”

“OK then,” said the woman as she decided. “I’ll take the red and see if you are right.”

The two women stood by the till and paid for their shoes. A bridge had been established and it seemed unfitting to just part after sharing intimacies.

“Fancy a coffee?” said the woman.

“Why not?”

The coffee shop bustled with shoppers and the two women had to crowd into a corner to find a seat.

“I love them,” said Christine as she opened her bag. “Mind if I compare?”

“I’m Lucy,” she said as she passed a red stiletto and accepted a black one in exchange.

Christine started and then smiled as she remembered Martin, the man who she had let go.

“I’m Christine,” she replied. “Christine Hadley. Look! We both have bought the same size...”

“That’s a coincidence,” said Lucy. “Here let me try!”

Lucy extended a leg and slipped Christine’s shoe onto one foot and then slipped hers on the other.

“Red and black,” said Christine, “The perfect combination!”

“According to the book of Christine they signal sex and domination!”

“A perfect combination,” laughed Christine.

Once again she could feel herself becoming wet as she regarded the young woman who said the words without meaning them. Lucy stood for a moment and contemplated the effect of the two colours and smiled.

“How about a swap?”

“One for one or two for two?” asked Christine.

“One for one!”

“Deal,” said Christine.

They sipped their coffee and it was Lucy that broke the moment of silence.

“No rings? Not married?”

“I was, but it didn’t work out!” smiled Christine as she thought of her long lost husband.

He had been the first man that she had ever sold. The only regret was that she had not really known how to break a man all those years ago and had sold him to a woman who was nothing like hard enough to make him pay for all the affairs he had had, the one night stands and the prostitutes. He had been her first and the memory made her thin her lips at the thought of his betrayals. It had been a hard lesson for him and an enlightening one for her!

“Oh, I’m sorry!” said Lucy, misunderstanding the look on Christine’s face. “I didn’t mean to pry.”

“Don’t worry, I got rid of him years ago. So, are you married? At least you’re wearing a band.”

Lucy smiled and ran her hand over her legs until they reached the red shoe that nested on the right foot.

“Martin is a good man, but he’s a bit of a bore I suppose!”

“All men are, it’s up to us to make them lively!”

Christine’s heart skipped a beat. Was it really possible that she had Lucy Clearwater before her? The woman who had not noticed the welts on her husband’s back?

Lucy glanced at her watch and made a small signal.

“I have to go, but we should see each other again!”

“I would love to,” said Christine.

Her voice had become heavy with lust. This woman was what she had been thirty years ago, it was like glancing in a mirror and seeing the years peel away. There was something so piquant about getting to know her.

“Wait a sec, got your mobile?”

They exchanged an SMS and Christine registered the number.

“I’ll call you and you can pay me a visit up in Seamer,” said Christine. “I’ll show you my shoe collection and you can tell me how it went with those!”

“When would you be free?”

“Any day, call me or I’ll call you in the next few days...”

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Taylor slept, and then he awoke.

It was a fitful doze filled with grey fears and a weariness that came of suffering. He woke and felt every muscle in his body aching and protesting as he stood on tip toes to take the weight off his arms. A trickle wended its way from his soft prick and warmed his thigh as it splashed to the ground and he felt a moment of shame that he had lost control of himself.

This was not what he had imagined it would be like. Where was the indulgent dominatrix in her latex and leather who spanked and then forced him to climax as he kissed her shoes? Instead an old woman thrashed him with a laugh and then pressed something into him, raped him with a dildo while he sobbed and begged her for compassion. Where was the carefully set fantasy, hedged with consent and safe words that kept him on edge for hours until at last she laughed and released him? Instead she brought herself to one climax after the other as she enjoyed his distress. She mocked him and played with his body without his sanction and caused a welling tide of helplessness to invade his erotic daydreams.

Taylor felt such self-pity, such helplessness and it was not what he had imagined.

He heard steps and somehow a shadow of hope filled his mind, but it was Christine and her whip dangled from her wrist. She was dressed casually, tight jeans and a tight T shirt, the only hint of the dominatrix about her were the shoes, one red and one black. He pleaded with his eyes, the gag in his dry mouth stifled his prayers.

“Well, I think that you understand that I can do what I want with your sorry ass,” she said as she stood and regarded him with cool eyes. “Now you get a little breakfast and explain to me all about your little fraud. I am fascinated to know

what you stole and where all that money is!”

He looked down at the floor and then back up to her bright red lips.

“Are you uncomfortable?”

He nodded and a single tear ran down his cheek.

“That’s good, it is as good as it gets when you belong to me...”

Ten minutes later Taylor shivered as the cold water dripped off him and the shower that she had given him was over. The gag came off with a warning: “I expect you to speak only when I ask a question, I do not take kindly to pleading and whining, it always results in a thrashing and I am sure that you do not want that!”

It took her just five minutes to feed him. She spooned in the dog food and cold baked beans with a steady action and allowed him to sip water every minute to help it down. The taste was as heady as the smell, a vaguely meaty taste that was like decaying fish.

“There, well done. We want you nice and strong for my enjoyment,” she said as she scraped the last of the jelly up with the spoon and proffered it to his trembling lips. “Here’s a sip of water and then we can discuss your misdeeds.”



He drank slowly to wash away the flavour of the food, but the smell lingered and made him retch.

“If you are sick, then we shall start again,” she said seriously. “A nice cold shower and then another meal to enjoy.”

He held his stomach and waited.

“So tell me all about it?” she asked.

Taylor’s story flooded from his lips in a babble of self-justification and pity. How he had been cheated by his employer, how it was his right to help himself. How his fraud was a victimless crime that did no one any harm and finally how he had only good causes to spend his stolen money on.

Christine listened and asked the occasional question, but she soon realised that Taylor did not have a suitcase full of money or a Seychelles account stuffed and waiting to be drained. He was a man who had stolen and gambled, a man who had little more than the change in his pockets because the theft was always frittered away as soon as it was gained. Half a million pounds in two years and nothing to show for it, a weak man’s testament to impotence.

It was a shame, she decided. The police would search hard for Taylor and she would have risked all of that for nothing more than a puppet strung up in her basement, because it was clear that Taylor would never make a suitable domestic sex slave. He would be a man that broke and was then irretrievable afterwards.

It meant that all of her effort had been wasted and she would eventually have to dispose of him. For a while her mind roved over the problem and she sighed. There was no doubt about it, he had been a mistake. In the background, Taylor babbled on meaninglessly. Now he had moved from the sad tale of his fraud and was begging her for mercy.

Christine slapped his face brutally and then fitted the gag again. A feeling of depression filled her as she realised that this meant that she would have to make contact with her business partners again after she had believed that those days were done.

It was so difficult to find good submissives nowadays!

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In the cellar Taylor hung in the cellar and moaned in the darkness.

In the living-room above, Christine was entertaining her new friend.

“You should not have worn them out,” said Christine as she admired the shoes that adorned the feet of the woman who sat next to her with legs crossed to show them off. “I keep them for bed and only wear them on carpet.”

“You have a boyfriend then?”

“In a manner of speaking,” said Christine. “Let’s just say that he’s a casual lover.”

The sherry made Lucy a little brave. A flush filled her cheeks, it was rare that she drank except in the evening.

“A fuck-buddy?” said Lucy.

“I must admit that I don’t really like that expression,” said Christine. “Anyway it’s not really accurate.”

“Why’s that?”

Christine laughed and then leaned forward as if she was imparting a secret.

“Because there’s no way that I’d let his sorry prick inside me!”

She said it because it came into her head, but suddenly she was not sure that she had not overdone the crudity. She was attracted to Lucy Clearwater, but after years of saying what she wanted to... When Christine spoke, the tip of the whip was normally all the approval she needed.

Lucy blushed and then giggled.

“I just love the way that you’re so bold,” she said. “All my other friends are so inhibited and the worst of all is Martin. He is so stiff!”

Christine started to laugh and it took a moment before Lucy realised the pun. She blushed deeper and started to stutter.

“That’s not what I meant!”

“What, he’s not stiff?”

“Oh God, I just get myself in deeper with every word,” said Lucy. “I meant that I can never seem to get him to want to play in bed...”

Christine decided to let her new friend off the hook.

“Don’t tell me all your secrets now, there’ll be nothing left for next time!”

Lucy sipped her sherry to hide her confusion. This new friend of hers was not like her other friends. The wives of policemen who just complained all day that their husbands were never at home. Their worries that they were having affairs and the fears that they would get hurt or worse while working. Then there were her other friends. Most were so conscious of status. Where their house was and how much it cost. What car they were driving, how much their husbands were earning and where they had been on holiday.

Christine was different!

Older by far, knowledgeable and confident without being a show off. She was living in this large house, she had good taste and somehow she was charismatic in a compelling way. Lucy found that she wanted to know everything about Christine but was afraid to ask.

“Have some more sherry,” said Christine, “and then bring it along and I’ll show you my shoe collection.”

Christine led Lucy upstairs to her bedroom. A huge bed sat isolated in the middle of the floor. All the furniture was traditional dark wood, but it was plain and stylish in a subdued way and matched the Pre-Raphaelite prints that crowded the walls.

“This way,” said Christine as she led Lucy to a door. “This is where I hide them all.”

She opened the door to reveal a room that was the same size as Lucy’s bedroom. On one wall cupboards filled the walls, on the other were the sliding doors of wardrobes. Set in the middle was a small dressing table with lights all around the mirrors. Lucy felt a pang of jealousy as she surveyed a dressing room that would have been the envy of any woman.

“This is amazing,” she said breathlessly. “I would love a room like this!”

“Well, there’s no reason that you can’t use it,” said Christine. “Don’t forget that we have the same shoe size, and I’ll bet that you’d fit most of my clothes!”

With that, Christine opened one of the cupboards to reveal pigeon-holes with shoes that stretched from floor to ceiling. Each hole contained a single pair of shoes perfectly aligned in the centre.

“Jesus, Christine. How many pairs do you have?”

“Two hundred or thereabouts, last time I counted.”

Lucy reached up and pulled a pair of stilettos down. Laced Ghillie style the heels were six inches and the straps that went around the ankles had small padlocks dangling from the buckles. The soles were new and polished and Lucy grinned.

“That’s right. Most are only worn in the bedroom!”

“They’re so sexy,” stuttered Lucy as she slipped them back and then pulled down a pair of Oxfords. “These are lovely, I just love the spikes that run down the backs of the heels. A bit kinky, but so very suggestive.”

“I haven’t worn them for ages,” laughed Christine.

She reached up and pulled down a pair of shoes in black patent leather that made Lucy gasp. The heels were eight inches and the shoes curved so that only the tips

of the toes touched the floor.

Lucy took them from Christine's hands and looked at them with an open mouth.

"Where do you get shoes like this? How do you walk in them?"

"Oh, online. I love them, but they are just a little impractical!"

"They're..." Words failed Lucy as she tried to balance them on the floor.

"Fetishistic, is the word that you're looking for, I suppose," said Christine. "Try them on if you like, but you're right, they are hard to walk in."

Lucy sat on the bed and slipped off her own shoes. The ballet stilettos were not easy to put on. They required that the whole foot was pointing toe down and they were full of support padding to grip the foot in a curve. She wiggled her foot and then suddenly they slipped on without a problem. The zipper on the side closed the shoe and then clicked into place.

"I'm not sure that I can stand," said Lucy breathlessly as she looked down at her feet.

"I'll help."

Christine took her friend's hands and pulled her up to wobble on the shoes and laughed as Lucy tried to walk but almost fell off the heels.

"It takes practice, but watch," said Christine as she kneeled and took the shoes off.

With practiced skill Christine slid her feet into the shoes and zipped them up. She took small steps and walked across the room without a problem.

"Of course they are not complete," said Christine as she took them off and reached into the shelf where they had come from. "These chains join the ankles to keep the steps small and then these small locks go here," she pointed to the ankle, "and make sure that they cannot be taken off!"

"I love them, but they are rather strange. I'm not sure what Martin would think!"

Christine just laughed as she thought of Lucy's husband with his mask on.

Lucy looked at her watch and said, "I really have to go soon."

"That's OK, you can come back again sometime."

"Oh, can I? Thank you so much."



With that she pecked Christine on the cheek and then took another look around at all the shoes on display. Then she looked at the wardrobes.

“I can give you a peek,” laughed Christine. “But, only if you promise to come back and try something on. We can have a dressing-up day sometime.”

“I would so love that...”

Dramatically, Christine slid the mirrored doors open to reveal an endless rack of dresses hanging on coat hangers from one end to the other. Lucy stepped forward and ran her fingertips along the row. Then she stopped and reached to pull a dress from its place. It was an almost formless black latex dress with frills and pleats that hung to the floor.

“That’s a favourite actually,” said Christine. “It so clings to the body and feels glorious.”

Lucy looked at the dress and then at Christine. She could not imagine the dress on her friend.

“If you want to come back I’ll put you in it and you’ll see how sensual it is to wear. It ripples and moves and makes a sound that is so difficult to describe. Sort of flopping and slapping like skin.”

Lucy hung the dress up again and shuddered. It was so intimate, so strange and yet so arousing all at the same time.

Christine smiled. She knew how, at the same age as Lucy, she had discovered what drove men up the wall with lust and knew that Lucy felt the same electrifying urge. As she led her friend down to her car, Christine wondered what orientation would turn out to be. Was she more dominant or more submissive? At first glance she seemed submissive and that would explain the problem between her and her husband. On the other hand, perhaps she was just a bud that needed to open to discover that she needed a whip in her hand to enjoy her sensual side.

The gates closed behind the small car and Christine went back into the house.

It was a strange feeling, this attraction that she had for Lucy. More than just lust, though there was something of that in it. It was rapport, lust, attraction and friendship all rolled into one. It had been so long since she had thrilled to affection that she had forgotten the need. All those men that she had brutalised and trained, all the women that she had reduced to shuddering sluts, all of them had been just empty shells when Christine had sold them on, all of them had been just counterfeit victories. They never had had a chance and Christine had never formed a rapport with them, she had just used and abused them for her amusement.

Lucy was different.

In the cellar, Taylor woke and sobbed through the gag. Already he had broken down and was ready to abuse. Christine had a few things planned for him, but her attitude had changed. She no longer wanted him as a project, she wanted to erase him, rebuild him as a slave and then sell him on as quickly as possible.

Lucy was the project that she was going to take on!

### **Third Abduction**

It was three weeks later that a breakthrough came in the case.

In the first week, evidence had been gathered and a false sense of progress had been achieved as Taylor's frauds and secrets were unrolled by the police. In the second week, the story had moved from the headlines and a search of ports and airports had come to nothing. In the third week, resources were reallocated and the team suddenly shrunk to DI Clearwater and three others while the mechanical interviews and checks of CCTV had brought nothing.

At the end of the third week, police in Middlesbrough raided a nightclub because of suspected organised drug sales and found a packing crate in a backroom that gave them pause for thought. The crate had a foam lining that was exactly cut to nestle an adult and several tubes that would obviously supply air and water. At first, they thought that they had found a people-smuggling ring for immigrants, but they tested the DNA in the foam and got just one hit on the database.

Taylor Cliveson, their missing fraudster!

No one was talking and DI Martin Clearwater suspected that the crate had been prepared for Taylor to leave the country in. However, forensic analysis of his finances showed that he scarcely had two pennies to rub together. So how had he paid to be smuggled?

In week, four they found the missing parts of the crate that they did not realise were missing at all. Cuffs, chains, a savage gag and a dildo that had been used to restrain Taylor and then left in an abandoned stolen car dumped in the North York Moors. More DNA, more evidence and sheer confusion as to what had happened to Taylor!

One thing was for sure, the motive was discernible like mud and the location of the missing fraudster was totally unknown. It was suspected that he was dead, the problem was to find the perpetrators of this bizarre crime!

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Taylor Cliveson was chained to a post in a padded room.

Christine had sold him on and bought a new fur coat.

The iron collar and fetters welded to his neck allowed him to crawl around the darkened room while he waited for the next person that paid handsomely to abuse him. Every day he was stripped and cleaned, fed and watered and then zipped back into his rubber suit. It seemed that he was more popular with the men than the women, though occasionally couples appreciated having such a responsive toy.

His wrists were chained to his upper arms and his ankles to his thighs. Padlocks closed his zips, rubber balls enclosed his hands and only three holes in his suit were not sealed. One allowed him to be fucked; one allowed him to swallow and from the other dangled his limp cock that showed just a small livid scar where his balls had been attached because one rich woman had paid extra to geld him.

His new owners were always offering those trifling services that make such a difference for the client.

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What had seduced Lucy?

It was doubtful that she knew the answer herself. There were so many elements to the whole experience. Part of it was a lack, a lack of Martin and a lack of affection. Another part was the excitement that she had in finding a friend who was so different from all her other friends. Older, wiser and a woman who allowed her to be herself all the time without pretence. Another and important part was the new world that she sensed, touched with her very fingertips but had not yet really joined.

Lucy tried on the shoes, she slipped into the seductive rubber hobble dress and then she tried on all of the rest. Furs and flounces, spikes and stockings, she tried them all and revelled in the feeling of being so free to experiment.

It was on the third visit to Christine that the affair began.

“Martin is never there,” moaned Lucy as the two women drove back to Christine’s house. “He spends all his time chasing shadows at work. He actually forgot my birthday...”

“Men,” laughed Christine. “Don’t worry I didn’t forget it. I have a little present for you, though I must admit if you take it home, your husband will think that you are having an affair!”

“What is it, please tell me...”

“We’re nearly there, just enjoy the suspense.”

They pulled into Christine’s drive and Lucy was like a small child. She could hardly hold in her impatience. Christine smiled to herself. Lucy was falling, soon she would be more than just a person to discuss intimacies and drink the occasional morning sherry with. She too was feeling suspense, a feeling that had not filled her for years. She decided that she was not in love; this was affection, for the moment.

Christine led Lucy upstairs into her bedroom. Carefully laid on the bed was a huge bag with a red bow tied all around it. A smaller bag with a blue ribbon lay on top and a card was laid upon that.

Lucy could scarcely contain herself. She opened the envelope with nervous fingers to find a simple white card with a single rose and Christine’s signature inside. Just the signature, no message, no poem, no kisses, just the name.

“Oh, thank you Christine, this means so much!”

“Go on, open the next one!”

Lucy picked up the bag and realised that this was a pair of shoes. She pulled the ribbon and drew them from the bag. Black and red ballet boots!

“Oh, they’re for me?”

“Of course. I love them and the best is that they can be locked onto your feet so that you have to practice walking in them until you are perfect. I had them specially made for you and they will be just perfect with the rest of the outfit...”

Lucy looked at the last bag and cooed.

“Oh, oh, I’ll put it all on for you.”

From the bag, Lucy pulled a fur coat. Red sable, from ankle to collar, a vast expanse of fur that was so soft that Lucy almost swooned.

“Christine, this is beautiful. You spent too much!”

“I never spend too much,” said Christine. “This and the shoes are what you deserve.”

Christine smiled and Lucy smiled back without realising where the fur and the boots had come from. Two weeks before Christine had sold Taylor and bought

the coat on a whim. She was not sure why she bought it, but it seemed so right to spend the money on something intended for pure pleasure.

“I’m going to try them both on,” cried Lucy.

She picked up the coat and started to pull it on.

“No, not like that,” laughed Christine. “The first time that you wear a new fur you have to be naked underneath, there’s nothing better. I’ll give you a moment!”

Christine turned slowly for the door.

“No stay,” giggled Lucy. “I’ll need help with the shoes anyway.”

Christine turned and watched her friend strip. She had a fine body, not too much of anything, but a perfect balance between hips, waist, breasts and ass. She slipped on the coat and pulled it around her and then shivered with sheer delight.

“It’s like wearing an orgasm,” Lucy whispered.

Lucy twirled around one time and then picked up the shoes. They were heavy in her hands and looked so fetishistic. Smooth leather, laces and hooks and then finally those incredibly high heels. She sat on the edge of the bed and pulled one on. Christine enjoyed the show as thighs parted and breasts peeped as the laces



were tightened and then finally tied off.

“You’ve a look in your eye, Christine,” said Lucy as she pulled the coat closed and started on the other shoe. “What are these for?”

Lucy had found two small steel rings embedded at the back of each heel and at pulled them as she spoke.

“If you’re naughty then they can be used to chain the ankles or perhaps tie you down!”

Lucy stood and wobbled and Christine stepped in to support her. One arm slipped under the coat and around Lucy’s waist while the other caught a hand.

“If you like I’ll teach you how to walk again,” laughed Christine.

Lucy looked at the mirror on the wall and felt a twinge of excitement. She was perfect. The exposed skin, the swishing fur, the heels that made her legs come into shape and finally the older woman that doted on her. It was quite clear that Christine was longing to kiss her! Should she oblige or should she make Christine beg for it?

Lucy turned to face the older woman. With the heels she looked down at Christine and decided to have pity on her. She stooped to kiss those upturned lips and she was lost.

What had seduced Lucy?

Fur and fetish!

A hand slid between Lucy's thighs and knowingly stroked her flushed pussy. The other moved to tangle itself in Lucy's hair as the kiss became a caress and the caress became a slow climax that finished on the bed amongst a sea of fur and a fully dressed Christine seducing a quivering and naked Lucy.

Lucy lay back in the arms of her new found lover.

There was no guilt, no regret, just a haze of gratification that filled her to the brim. She ran her palms over the soft fur and felt a thrill that she had not experienced for years. She wondered where the affair would go. Christine had already led her to a place where she had never been before and she was sure that she would be taken to others. That was the thrill... the furs, the shoes the sense of belonging, the sense of being taken and possessed. All she had to do was to slip into the orbit of her lover and she would be engulfed. There was no guilt at all, just a longing to be consumed.

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Martin suspected that there was something wrong.

Actually, deep down he knew that something was wrong.

Not with the case, that was certainly all wrong! No, it was Lucy, she was acting differently and he had started to suspect that she was having an affair. She was never missing when he came home, when he searched her pockets and handbag he never found a receipt out of place, but he knew that she was doing something secret and he just had to find out what it was.

He just knew...

It was when he checked the mileage on the car that he realised that Lucy was regularly travelling just sixteen miles on some days. He took a map and drew a circle at eight miles radius. Then he checked the actual road distances to draw an eight mile distance. When he was finished he was no closer to understanding where she was going, but one thing was certain, the eight mile line did not even run close to any of her friends' houses, shopping centres or any other place that he could imagine she would visit four times a week.

Finally, he used his access to the police system that traced mobile phones and quickly discovered exactly where she was going. A line of red crosses showed the path of the mobile phone as it passed from one mast to the other. The line of crosses finished in the small village of Seamer on the outskirts of town and stayed there for hours at a time. Then they returned down the same route. It was not accurate to less than one hundred metres, but the general destination was clear.

What the fuck was she doing there?

Martin stood before the house in Seamer, he gazed at his wife's car and he recognised the driveway as a place that he had been before in rather different circumstances. A strange feeling filled him as he remembered the way that he had been so easily abused by the whore who lived there.

The feeling was fear.

Fear exquisitely blended with suspicion.

### **Fourth Abduction**

Taylor Cliveson, had somehow got away.

That was the conclusion that senior officers came to when they reviewed the case. There were just three questions to be answered. Where had he gone? Was the case worth the resources and who was to blame that he was not arrested?

The case review board answered the questions and then placed the case on hold. The answers were of course, 'abroad', 'no' and 'DI Clearwater'. As a consequence of his failure, DI Clearwater was side-lined and soon found himself dealing with petty cases that should have been assigned to newly promoted officers as training exercises. When he complained, the result was a further unspoken admonishment by being seconded to the Cheshire constabulary for six months.

He explained the secondment to Lucy as an advancement and then only returned home for a few days a month. He dared not mention that he knew about Lucy's friendship with the woman who had tricked him, hoping that it would go away, but in his heart he knew that that was not realistic.

Martin kept his ears open for clues in the Taylor Cliveson case, but there were no more leads, just a whisper that he had fallen foul of mobsters that had done away with him for the money.

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Christine indulged Lucy in every way.

It was all just part of the germ of an idea that developed into a pastime that was totally absorbing. How to make her lover her bitch without giving the game away and without using crude blackmail and intimidation as her tools. It was a new experience for Christine. No whips, no pain and no coercion! Christine felt affection, she felt a caring streak develop, but it was nothing like the devotion that Lucy showed her. She was a mother with a child.

With Martin away in Manchester, they spent their first full night together and then their second.

For the first time Christine was naked. Her body was mature, rounded and smooth. Her breasts hung a little with nipples downward. Lucy sized her up and smiled.

“I daren’t ask how old you are,” she said.

“Fifty nine,” said Christine. “There, you don’t have to ask, I told you.”

Lucy walked around Christine and ran a finger around her hips as she went.

“I would like to dress you,” she said. “Can I choose?”

“Of course, Lucy, whatever you want.”

“Well let’s see...”

Lucy pulled a dress out of the wardrobe and Christine recognised the rubber dress that she had shown Lucy two weeks before.

“Of course the shoes are important,” said Lucy, “so I’ll choose the ones that we bought when we first met.”

Christine nodded and took the dress. It was a while since she had had it on, but it suited her mood. It took nearly half an hour to put the dress on. Tight and long, it had narrow openings and was cut like a tube around hips, thighs and legs to end in a ruffle of latex at the ankles.

“It makes you look like a governess or school mistress,” said Lucy. “Sexy and stern.”

“Is that what you want?” asked Christine. “Me to be sexy and stern?”

“Today, yes, tomorrow something else. A maid perhaps?” said Lucy looking down at the floor. “I have to admit something that I did.”

“What’s that,” asked Christine.

“It’s sort of bad really and I regret it...”

“You can tell me.”

Lucy was naked and stood before Christine with her hands behind her back like a small child. It was as if she could not help reacting submissively when her lover was dressed in black latex.

“I looked you up on the Internet!”

“What’s so bad about that?”

“Well, it’s just that it seems like wrong or stalking or something distrustful,” answered Lucy.

“What did you find?”

“Nothing at all...”

“Well from now on I give you permission. Ask me anything you like and I’ll tell you anyway, you know that.”

Lucy smiled and moved her hands to cover her pussy.

“Why don’t you get me to make you come? I mean you make me climax a million times a night, but you never ask for anything in return.”

“I love making you scream,” laughed Christine. “Anyway, I knew that you would fuck me when you were ready.”

“Can you show me what you want?”

“Of course, what I want is this!”

She pushed Lucy backwards to fall on the huge bed and then stood over her for a moment.

“You don’t have to worry, I’ll do anything for you!” said Lucy.

“I know that you will, darling. So let’s start with this.”



She extended a stilettoed foot and rested it next to Lucy's face.

“Start here and work up,” she said. “I’ll tell you when to stop and it won’t be soon!”

## **Fifth Abduction**

Martin tapped his fingers rhythmically on the desk as he reviewed his options. He stared at the paper that contained the analysis of DNA found on the gag and dildo and wondered how it was that female DNA got on them. Either it was another victim or it was an abuser. It was such a shame that there was nothing to match it against. Basically it meant that the case was becoming cold as it reached a last dead end.

He glanced at his watch and realised that his shift was at an end. He should go home now, his days off were here and he had promised Lucy that he would. On the other hand he could not bring himself to get into the car and make the two hour drive from Manchester. There was no way out of it, he had to go.

As Martin slid off the motorway and onto the last road to Teesside, he could not help but think about Lucy. He wondered what her relationship with that bitch Christine was. It could not be coincidence. In fact, now that he considered it from a distance, there were too many coincidences. Lucy and Christine, him and Christine, her BDSM hobbies and the strange case of Taylor Cliveson and the bondage gear. It was difficult to believe that it was not linked and yet he could not see how they all could be part of the same strange tale.

A sudden thought occurred to him, what if it was all linked, what if the DNA was

Christine's?

He took an earlier exit and just ten minutes later he had parked his car in the small village of Seamer and was walking towards the bungalow. The dark was oppressive and the streetlamps were dim. Martin walked to the gate and peered through to see his wife's car pulled up in the driveway.

It was two O'clock.

Martin had been denying what he knew to be true. This was not some friendship, this was an affair!

The rage and affront that he felt welled inside him as he conveniently forgot his own visit to the house. He pushed open the gate and slid through the darkness to peep through the windows, but all was dark inside the house and there was nothing to see but shadows and outlines.

He patrolled around the outside of the house and checked all the windows and doors, but there were none unlocked. Suddenly a light came on in the house next door and he could see a woman peering into the dark at him. Christine's neighbour shouted something from inside her house, but he could not make out the words. He just knew that he had been seen and he scrunched over the gravel as he headed through the gate.

Lucy and Christine watched him run, Lucy recognised him and held her hand over her mouth in shock.

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Christine lay back on her bed and relaxed. She felt the warm sheets ruffled under her body and felt the sunlight on her naked skin as her hand slipped down between her thighs and provoked a thrill of excitement. Her fingertips slipped a little deeper and arrived at the hardness of the vibrator that was embedded in her pussy, they fumbled a moment and then found the switch. The intruder came to life, it buzzed and then started to throb as her finger pressed the switch again. Her thoughts were fractured, they concentrated on her pleasure, the touch on her clitoris and then the nails drawn the length of the lips of her pussy and then they coalesced as she focussed on Lucy, the woman half her age that she had tempted and guided into an affair. What had begun with furs and gentle lovemaking had been chivvied and guided into a path from which it could not be diverted.

The hands played with the sensitive surfaces in the matrix of her sex and then stroked the stickiness and played with her clitoris again. It had been glorious, a moment of revelation and sheer power as her lover had kissed her heels, run the tip of her tongue up a taut calf and then finally dipped into the very cunt that now flushed and quivered under her own fingers.

Christine thrilled to forcing men to her will. She had been ecstatic as the sobbing Taylor had been packed into the box destined for abuse and violation. She had spent hours writhing in her bed under the sure touch of her own fingers as she thought about the place where he would suffer a nightmare of exploitation. In the dark, waiting for his next user, the only human contact one that thrust into him at both ends and then left him in the blindness of a mask to await the next person who had paid thousands to fuck him.

But...

On the other hand, Lucy had been glorious, the temptation, the manipulation and then the willing service. Lucy had allowed herself to be bent and folded and would soon be willing to betray her husband to her possessor.

Christine felt herself climaxing as she wandered lanes of fantasy. The beauty of it all was that her fantasies were thoughts that could be moulded and shaped until they became realities. Others dreamed of deviant sex, she lived it. A shudder ran down her legs, it gripped her thighs and then filled her head with light and pleasure that was almost overwhelming. Her fingers flitted, pressed, massaged and then finally strummed over her clitoris as she pictured the scene that she so desperately wanted to realise.

A collared and masked Martin, slave and servant, maid and forced sexual tool, caged and fettered. He was begging for sympathy while two lovers enjoyed their passions being spilled onto the broad surface of silk sheets. One the mistress and owner, the other the contented slut who willingly submitted to her mistress' commands.

Christine climaxed with a heave of her body arching in passion.

She lay, the gentle fucking of the vibrator filling her with tranquillity while she considered how she could make her fantasy real.

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“I can’t believe it, I just can’t believe what I saw,” shouted Martin.

“What did you see?” asked Lucy in a venomous tone. “Sneaking around my friend’s house at two in the morning. Peeping in at windows, testing doors and waking the neighbours, what the fuck did you see then?”

“Never mind, you are having an affair with that bitch.”

“So what if I am?”

“She’s poison, I forbid you from ever seeing her again,” he shouted.

“Why? You don’t even know her, you’ve never even met her...”

“I know the bitch,” he yelled and then he bit off the rest of the sentence and continued along another track. “They’re all the same, lesbian skanks.... She’s old enough to be your mother and you spend the night with her and, and...”

“You do know her, don’t you?” asked Lucy in a cold voice. “How else would you know her age?”

“I just know, that’s all, I just know...”

“Well, why don’t you come back from Manchester? You are always away, you leave me on my own all day and all night and I am left to make my own amusements. You are just blaming me for your jealousies.”

“I’m telling you again, Christine’s no good for you, come to Manchester with me and get away from this.”

“You know her name... how do you know her?”

“It’s from work,” he mumbled. “I saw something ages ago and...”

Lucy felt a rage take her. A fury of sudden repugnance and she stormed out of the kitchen and headed upstairs. She wanted to pack a bag, escape this argument and her claustrophobic husband and flee. She reached the top of the stairs and stopped.

Where was she going to go?

She took a single step into the bedroom and then realised that there was only one place that she could go to think this through. Christine’s! She looked at the blandly decorated room, the pastel curtains, the dusted pink carpet, the banal pictures on the walls, the boring place where she had made love a thousand times and then compared it with her lover’s home. There was nothing for her here, no sharp contrasts, no challenges in bed and no excitement and unknowns. This was mind-numbing vanilla and Lucy wanted so much more. Even her clothes, her possessions, her knick-knacks and her cherished kitchen were bland and uninviting. Suburban bliss!

It was a stunning realisation for her and it almost made her sob.

Lucy stood at the top of the stairs and looked down at Martin. He would never let her go, he would stop her if she packed and left, so she did the one thing that would ensure that he would let her out of the house without physically trying to stop her. It had to look as if she was just walking out in a huff.

She walked down the stairs, brushed past him, picked up her hand bag and left the house.

Reluctantly he allowed her to leave.

“When you’re ready to talk...” he called.

“Fuck off,” was her reply and she was gone.

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Christine poured another sherry and let Lucy pour her heart out to her before sitting next to her and putting a comforting arm around her shoulders. The tears were streaming and most of her words were choked by the sobbing that wracked her body.

Finally she turned to Christine and looked up at her face and said, “He knew your name, how does he know your name?”

For a moment Christine hesitated with a lie on her lips, before she decided that the moment had come to reveal a little of who she was. Just half a lie would do. This was the moment, even though it had come early. Perhaps Lucy was not ripe, but it had to be done.

“A few months ago,” she started. “I was lonely and I advertised on a website for companionship. Your husband was one of those who answered the personal ad and he came around here.”

Lucy’s mind raced forward.

“Did you fuck him?”

“In a manner of speaking.”

Christine almost burst into laughter as she recalled the way that she had thrown him out of the car with welts on his back and cuffs on his wrists, but she restrained herself and waited to see which direction Lucy would take the exchange.

“Was our meeting planned? You know, in the shoe shop?”

“No, it was just one of those strange coincidences,” replied Christine.

“Are you sure?”



“Well, I can’t prove it, but it’s the truth.”

There was a moment of silence and then Lucy said, “Show me the ad and his reply then...”

Christine sighed.

“Are you sure? OK, if you like, but I want you to remember something before I do.”

“What?”

“That I was single and your husband turned out not to be.”

“I know...”

Christine took Lucy by the hand and led her to the kitchen. For the first time she led her lover down the stairs to the place with three doors and opened the one on the right. A few wall cupboards and a small computer desk filled the room. A flick of a switch and the computer screen lit and Christine moved the mouse.

Lucy stood back and watched as Christine opened a browser and signed into a website. Suggestive, but not explicit pictures appeared and then the account was

open. At last Christine leaned back to allow Lucy to read her post. Finally Lucy spoke.

“He answered?” said Lucy in a flat tone.

“He did.”

“What did he write?”

“Here...”

*‘Dear Mistress,*

*I am a single man who longs to serve a strict mistress for her pleasure. My favourite fetishes are latex and light corporal punishment. Please consider me for the post of slave and I will serve you faithfully.’*

“He never told me!” said Lucy.

“They never do tell their wives their kinks,” answered Christine.

“Is this what you want from me?”

Christine turned to look up at Lucy and realised that this young woman was too shrewd to deceive for long. Suddenly she realised that Lucy was what she had been thirty years before.

“Perhaps, but not forced. I like to be pampered.”

“So do I!”

Lucy reached over and took the mouse from Christine’s hand. She scrolled and read the exchanges that her husband had written and Christine’s replies as they arranged to meet over a couple of weeks.

“Was he the only one?”

“Of course not,” answered Christine.

“Show me!”

Christine changed pages and showed a few other replies.

“So what did you do to Martin?” asked Lucy.

“I tied him up, found that he was not suitable and then kicked him out.”

“When?”

Christine named the date and Lucy nodded.

“I was at my mother’s for a day or two... tell me about it.”

“What the meeting?”

“Of course, give me every detail...”

Christine swivelled the chair to face Lucy. She could see a blush in her face, a creeping pink that rose from cleavage to neck and neck to cheeks.

“Are you sure?”

“Why do you keep asking me that?”

“Because I don’t want to lose you.”

“That’s my decision and not yours, Christine! Tell me.”

Something had changed in Lucy in the last week. An indefinable restructuring of her character, she was so self-controlled.

Christine sighed and then told the tale. She stuck to the truth, but did not mention that she had been searching for a slave to serve for the rest of her life. She also omitted all the details of her trade in slaves and stuck just to Martin’s story in a flat, emotionless voice.

“I filmed it all,” admitted Christine finally.

“You filmed it? Jesus! You have film of Martin? Show me!”

Christine had an ‘are you sure’ on her lips, but she bit it back and said, “If you like.”

“That’s better,” said Lucy as she watched Christine start the film. “I’m sure!”

Finally the story was told and Lucy digested it before replying, “He’s right, you are a complete and utter fucking bitch.”

“I suppose that I am, but in fact, I am not ashamed to tell you that I love it!”

“I know. I saw!”

“So what happens now?” asked Christine.

All of her plans had been wiped clean by the last half hour. All of her stratagems to trick and lie until she had caught Lucy in her toils and had Martin at her feet licking and kissing her heels. This lover, the one who had fallen into her arms by sheer happenstance was more than just a casual affair, she was a woman that deserved to know the truth.

Now that she had been told those truths, she would make the decisions.

The uncertainty was a new experience for Christine, there was a fear of possible loss in her heart and she knew that whatever happened she would find herself unable to capture and coerce her lover.

“I’ll stay the night and think about it all,” said Lucy. “Then I’ll tell you my decision and we’ll see!”

“I’ll make up the spare room,” whispered Christine supressing a sniff.

“No need for that, we’ll share the bed and you can help me make my decision. Then you’ll show me all the other films that you have made of your exploits!”

“All of them?”

“Yes, why not?”

“Because it will take weeks!”

Lucy wiped the half dried tears from her face with the back of her hand and looked down at the woman in the chair. Suddenly she seemed to be showing her age. There was no change that anyone but Lucy would have noticed, but it was there nonetheless.

“Bitch!” said Lucy.

## **Last Abduction**

The officer behind the desk was a man that she knew by sight. Almost at retirement and with a naturally sympathetic face that made him the perfect desk sergeant.

“When did you last see him?”

Lucy answered the question and then almost fainted. One of the passing officers caught her and let her out of the public areas into the station. She cried a little, sobbed a great deal, wept for minutes and then finally allowed the officer to coax the tale from her.

She told how she had found a threatening note and given it to her husband, how he had left for Manchester and not called her and finally how she had not heard from him for over a day now...

In moments the station was in uproar. Lucy was whisked into an interview room and in the background phones were picked up, teams were assembled and detectives briefed. A female officer finally appeared and consoled Lucy while trying to question her in the most delicate manner possible, all the while Lucy sobbed and asked if they had found her husband yet...

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Home, for the moment, was still that bland house with its smug normality. The phone rang and Lucy's mother promised to arrive the next day. Other calls arrived and then Lucy noticed a uniformed police man standing by the gate ensuring that the one or two local press did not even get to ring the doorbell.

Lucy sat and watched television for an hour and went to bed alone.

The tears had gone but the extreme tension was still there. What if they had missed something, what if the cameras that tracked car numbers also saw that Christine was the driver? There were so many 'what ifs' that she could not be sure that Christine and herself had managed to tie up all the loose ends. On the one hand Christine seemed less stressed than Lucy had imagined that she would be after Lucy had declared her decision, on the other Lucy had the greatest and most public part to play.

The Evening Gazette and Yorkshire Post lay on the table with their headlines



proclaiming that unnamed sources had revealed that a Middlesbrough police DI had disappeared, suspected kidnapped whilst undercover while his grieving wife sought comfort in the arms of 'friends and family'.

"The most difficult part is that we have to have no contact at all," had said Christine. "His computer is cleaned up and my ads are deleted. He is safe in my house and cannot escape, the car is abandoned on a street in Wilmslow and we have done all that we can. Wait a few weeks and then we'll meet up and decide how we are going to make sure that everything is settled."

"It will be hard to wait," had said Lucy.

"Easier for me!"

"Why?"

"Because I have Martin to play with!"

Lucy had pulled a face and then grinned before she had said, "No hanky-panky!"

"Certainly not, that's the whole idea."

Lucy smiled to herself as she remembered the look on Christine's face. The woman had so many secrets. Like an onion, layer after layer of surprises that awaited discovery. Doubtless some of them would be unsavoury, that much Lucy

had already figured out about her. On the other hand it would be a voyage of discovery that would be most interesting. One thing that she could be sure was that at last every secret would be laid bare because she knew that she would win the struggle.

Lucy closed the curtains of the bedroom after a last look outside. The silhouette of the policeman standing outside and then the darkness of the room. Slowly she undressed and tossed her clothes in a heap on the floor. Whenever she found it difficult to sleep she had always finger-fucked herself, then she had done it as an almost practical relief, now it was because thoughts and strands of inspirations played through her mind in a deluge of lust.

She was dripping with a craving to come.

The first climax arrived at the first touch.

## **First Abjection**

The night was cold, a harsh wind blew off the North Sea and gusted rain in squalls that swept the last fallen leaves across the garden as Christine and Lucy stepped out of the car and hurried to the house. A monolith of sandstone in the darkness was suddenly lit by the light that lit the pillars by the door. Christine fumbled for the keys in her handbag and then opened the door to allow Lucy to step into the dark tranquillity of the hall.

It had been two years since Martin had disappeared, a year in which Lucy and Christine had fought a muted struggle that had never resolved into open conflict. Christine had had so many advantages, experience, deviousness and resolve

whilst Lucy had been the neophyte who learned from her opponent as she went and finally mastered her guide until every step was sure. The new house had been Christine's idea, the location and final selection had been Lucy's. The money had been mostly Christine's, but the choices had been Lucy's.

Lucy closed the door behind her and sighed. The meal had been perfect, the evening flawless and the play that they had seen an old favourite of hers from the days when she and Martin had been husband and wife. She shrugged her shoulders and Christine caught the slipping fur coat with a deft movement. Then Christine bowed to help her off with her shoes and parked them carefully for Martin to attend to in the morning when he got up.

"A small cognac would be just right," said Lucy. "I'll be there in a moment."

She watched Christine hang up her own coat and slip off her own shoes. In the past two years there had been occasional moments when the weight of years had weighed on her lover, but now that all was settled, she seemed to have regained her self-confidence as she became comfortable with her new life.

Christine lit a candle in the front living room and then poured two brandies and cupped the glasses in her hands while she waited for Lucy to arrive. She felt at ease, relieved of tension, it was so easier allowing herself to slip into the abject role and allow Lucy to control every facet of their lives.

"Perfect," said Lucy as she entered the room after ten minutes.

"You look delectable," said Christine as she admired her lover and offered the glass.

“Good enough to eat?”

“Of course...”

“I think that you should put on something suitable,” said Lucy. “Perhaps my favorite?”

“Of course,” said Christine. “I’ll only be a moment.”

Lucy sipped at her brandy.

The silk dress that she wore had been the most expensive dress that she had ever bought, but the Chinese design and the tight fit to below the knees had so attracted her that she had not been able to resist. The shoes she wore were the red and black ones bought all that time ago when they had first met, a clear signal to Christine that Lucy expected flawless service. They were only worn in the house and were the only pair that Martin did not have to care for. Only Christine dusted and polished them, a clear and symbolic indicator of Christine’s status.

“Oh, that’s perfect,” said Lucy as she watched Christine enter the room.

Christine had put on the latex hobble dress that she had first shown Lucy two years ago. It fitted like a sheath and showed the shape of her thighs curving in to a point where her naked sex would be waiting for attention. She too had chosen

her shoes carefully and wore the ballet stilettos that she could walk in so elegantly.

“Did you want Martin here?” asked Christine.

“Well, why not? After all it is its last night with us, so perhaps we should give it something to remember us by?”

Christine nodded and pulled the discrete cord by the door.

In the basement cell a small buzzer sounded and Martin knew that he was being called. The tiny LED over his cell door flashed from red to green and his collar vibrated to indicate that he was permitted to attend to his wife and mistress.

A slight erection swelled as far as the narrow bars of the cage that he wore as he left his cell and headed up to the living room. Every facet of his life was ruled by his wife. Every action was monitored, punished and controlled by the system that she had had fitted to the house. A computer administered his life. It decided when he could leave his cell and when he had to slip into the cage-cot that was his bed. The computer decided when he was to wash, clean and dust and ensured when he did so with machine accuracy. The machine punished him for every infraction of the vast list of rules and regulations that he had to observe. The machine was programmed by his wife, a stricter individual by far than Miss Christine!

He followed the tiny green lights that showed in the darkness and waited by the door of the living room until he was given permission to enter. He stood in the darkness for minutes before he heard Christine’s voice bidding him to enter.

A long time ago, Martin had had fantasies about being controlled by women. He had imagined that it would be all about sex that would end in his climax as a dominatrix slowly masturbated him while threatening him if he did not do as she desired.

The reality had been lesson in two disconcerting parts. First that night when he met a woman who had no interest in his fantasies and needs and then tossed him naked from her car. The second when he fell into a trap and found himself serving a wife who had become a narcissistic fiend who was, if anything, more ruthless and unforgiving than Miss Christine.

The room was lit by one candle, the two women stood chatting about their evening as Martin crawled into the room and then kissed the carpet when he was just a metre from their feet. Now he was perfectly still as he had been trained. He knew that it would be his wife that held the remote control and Christine that held the crop. Lucy never used corporal punishment, she preferred the modern touch whilst it was Christine who loved to run her fingertips over the welts that criss-crossed his back until she came to the brands that she had administered in that first week of ownership to overwhelm his spirit.

Martin felt fear as he realised that the two bitches that ruled his life were planning a night of passion in which his part would be as the attendant and whipping post. He worried that if they kept him up all night he would have had no sleep before he had to get up at five in the morning to start work on cleaning several hundred pairs of shoes. After that it was the washing. His whole day was planned to the minute, kept working at meaningless tasks with no pause. If he was well behaved and managed to finish everything without error he was rewarded in his cot with a little stimulation that brought him to just short of the point of climax.

The machine registered and monitored his blood pressure, his heartbeat, his sensitivity and a thousand other measures that allowed it to be set to control his pain and pleasure to an inch. It punished and rewarded with a perfection that his wife could never manage.

“Shall we retire?” said Lucy to Christine.

She ignored the prostrate man by her feet and caressed Christine’s face with her fingertips.

“Please,” implored Christine.

“Come along, and bring it with you.”

It had been a year since Lucy had referred to Martin as anything else other than ‘it’. At first Christine had thought that it was because Lucy wanted to separate herself from her husband before she disposed of him. Now she knew that it was not a conscious decision at all. It was just that Lucy had lost interest in him as a man and the decision to sell him on had come later.

Lucy left the room and pressed a button on the remote control. The green LED over the door began to blink and Martin knew that if he was not out of the room in a minute he would be punished by the machine. The problem was that until Christine ordered him to move he had to kneel and wait or she would use that weighted crop. He dared to look up a little and saw that the green light was blinking faster now. The cane passed his field of vision and he knew that Christine was going to make him wait.

“There’s no hurry, Martin,” she said.

The light over the door flashed to solid red and he felt a slight shock that was the warning that the computer was about to punish him. Each time it was a random selection of one of several different punishments.

“Come on now,” said Christine.

She slashed at the rump that was pointing up and watched with satisfaction as a deep blue welt appeared in seconds. She heard a hissing and laughed. The machine had picked perfectly, just what she would have chosen.

There was nothing to see, but a hissing told her that Martin was being fucked ruthlessly by the dildo in his rear. It would be expanding and shoving deep inside before it started to rhythmically swell and contract. The cycle was set at the minimum, two minutes. As Martin crawled from the room, Christine noticed that he shudder as a small shock shook him. That meant that the computer had sensed that he was close to coming and had shut the climax down at the last moment.

She walked up the stairs taking tiny steps in her ballet stilettos.

Martin followed, crawling on all fours as he went. The punishment was finished now, but there was a stilted feel to his movements as the dildo slowly reduced its size and allowed him freer movement.



Christine came into the bedroom to find Lucy sitting in the boudoir armchair. The dress had gone and now she wore a lacy nightdress and stockings with her heels. Her legs were beautiful. Rounded and smooth in the old fully-fashioned stockings that wrinkled slightly at the ankles. As Christine entered the room those perfect legs parted just a little to give a hint of the smooth slit that dripped with lust.

Lucy loved to set the scene, she loved playing a role and tonight it was as the strict but loving governess who expected her lover to tease her to a thousand orgasms while her husband stood and was forced to watch. The legs opened a little more and Lucy smiled. At last she would be rid of Martin and be able to bend her whole attention on Christine. She had so much more to learn; soon she would slip a little farther into the grip of her protégé, a little deeper until at last she would pass the point of no return. When that point was reached Lucy would find another lover, another to bend to her will while Christine would serve out her days as maid.

It would be interesting to place the collar on her neck, set the punishment parameters and all that with the willing cooperation of her lover. Willing service was good, but coercion was more effective.

A tap on Martin's ass and he stood to wait until he was called for. A lazy hand of Lucy's touched a control on the remote and pressed it twice. If he strayed from his spot, he would be punished. The computer knew where he was and waited for him to trigger the abuse.

Lucy laughed as she noticed that his little prick strained in the bars of its cage. If he swelled much more there would be a consequence. Not needing to be distracted, she switched off the erection monitor. He would swell until the bars strangled his cock and caused him enough discomfort to be getting on with.

“Love me,” whispered Lucy as she spread her legs and felt an urge of excitement as her older lover slide between her thighs to press her lips against the swelling lips of Lucy’s cunt.

When Christine had pleased her, she would give her lover a reward of her own climax and then prepare for bed. Then she might tease that husband of hers a little. Tonight she had a special parting gift for him. A delicious Jalapeno powder that would make the insertion in his rear so more piquant!

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She felt the tip of a tongue stroke her clitoris and fell into a stupor of lust. Christine had her uses, Martin had none. Her head swirled and she lifted her legs to rest her heels on the back of the woman who was bringing her to climax.

Her legs flexed and the heels pressed into that back.

Christine was coming to appreciate the pain.

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This time the packing case went up in flames, the other accoutrements with it. After a short medical exam, the former boxed occupant found himself in a dark room where every hair on his body was stripped off. Then he was cleaned and dressed. A tight clear rubber suit was pulled over his limbs. A pink wig was pulled onto his head and stockings were pulled onto his legs to be followed by high heeled shoes and a short frilly blue dress. Finally his wrists were chained up his back to the collar at his neck and he was ready for his first customer.

In the next room to Martin's stood a wooden box.

Plain and unadorned there were just two holes in the box, each surrounded with a foam ring to stop the users being inconvenienced as they thrust home into Taylor who was strapped inside the glory hole box that he had been put into over a year ago.

It did not take long to depreciate in this brothel.

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Within a week Lucy had a new fur coat to wear.

**The End**

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