

miss irene presents

tale 8



**Fantastic Tales
of
Female Led
Fiction**

miss irene presents

tale 8



**Fantastic Tales
of
Female Led
Fiction**

Miss Irene Presents

Fantastic Tales of Female Led Fiction

Tale 8

“Sinderella”

Miss Irene Clearmont

Copyright © 2019. All rights reserved

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

All rights reserved

First Published: 2015

© 2019 Miss Irene Clearmont

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

For author information contact:

Miss Irene Clearmont

www.MissIreneClearmont.com

Email Comments: Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com

Part I - The Glass Slipper

*I met her in a club down in old Soho. Where you drink champagne and it tastes
just like cherry-cola...*

The Kinks (Ray Davies)

There is a house in New Orleans, they call the rising sun...

The Animals (anonymous broadside ballad ca. 1880)

*Einem reichen Manne, dem wurde seine Frau krank, und als sie fühlte, daß ihr
Ende herankam, rief sie ihr einziges Töchterlein zu sich ans Bett und sprach
"liebes Kind, bleibe fromm und gut..."*

Wilhelm Grimm (1786–1859)

Just One Glass - March 1985

‘It had been a mistake to come in here,’ thought Jon Détenu as he rolled the stem of the glass in his hand. ‘This is not the place that I was looking for...’

From Windmill Street the discreet doorway had attracted him, the flickering neon sign that announced ‘Discrete Sexy Liaisons’, the surly bouncer with a cigarette in his huge hand, the sounds of loud music and the pretty, but sluttish girl that had welcomed him and led him to a table.

A chance to escape the rain.

He called a waitress over and ordered a glass of bubbly and carefully put the carrier bag that he had been carrying on the floor under his chair. Now that he was inside with the overpriced bubbly in his hand, he was regretting his impulse.

For a minute, he watched the plump girl making simulated love to the pole on the small stage and the rapt attention that she was getting from a boisterous group of men on the table who looked up and laughed as they made vulgar remarks. The girl squatted and moved her ass in time to the music giving Jon a surge of emotion that could best be described as sheer embarrassment. His attention then turned to the half-clad girls who moved between the half-empty tables to focus on those punters who could be milked of another bottle what passed for champagne and wondered what had drawn him into the sleazy club on Berwick Street.

He had heard of a club called, ‘The Hole in The Wall’, but this was clearly not

the place.

He sipped at the glass and pulled a face. Despite the prices it was cheap sweet bubbly and not champagne, the striptease girls never showed more than their tits and everything in the place was worn and slippery with spilled drinks.

One of the walk-around girls waved a bottle in his face and he fended her off with a wave of his hand to watch the climax of the squalid striptease that was coming to its conclusion. The girl, with her frozen smile slipped off the bikini top to reveal her breasts and moved to allow one of the men at the nearby table to tuck a ten pound note into the only piece of clothing that remained before she blew kisses at them and the music stopped. In moments she was gone and another girl walked onto the stage with the same frozen smile and reached up the pole to take a stance in anticipation of her performance.

The table wobbled and Jon caught his glass.

“Fill her up?” said a voice by his ear and a bottle appeared to top up the glass.

“No thanks,” said Jon.

“They have to be full,” said the woman’s voice by his ear. “Club rules!”

“I’m done...”

He looked round to see the owner of the voice. Dressed in gold lamé, the girl held a bottle in her hand expectantly as Jon's hand covered the top of the glass.

"I'll have the bill, please," said Jon.

The music blared out again as the next pole dancer took her place as the group of men took more champagne. Jon finished his glass and stood waiting for the girl in gold lamé to return while the pole dancer wound her leg around the pole and started her tired routine.

At last the waitress returned.

"That's sixty," she said holding out her hand.

"One glass? Sixty pounds?" asked Jon.

"The prices are on the notice by the bar," said the waitress. "Fifty a glass, sixty including the tip for the girls!"

Jon went to pull his wallet from his jacket pocket. His hand slipped inside to find that it was gone. Frantically, he patted down his suit jacket and trousers before looking on the table and then the floor. Finally, he checked his carrier bag that lay on the floor before he shrugged and began over again with a sense of disbelief.

The waitress smiled and looked over to the bar before raising her hand.

“Er, my wallet,” said Jon as he checked again to find just a few coins in the bottom of his pockets.

“You have to pay...”

“I know,” said Jon as he saw the barman head for his table.

The waitress stood back as the barman arrived.

“Can’t pay,” she said to the heavy man who now loomed over the frantic man who was checking his pockets in a futile search for his wallet.

“I see,” said the barman. “Sir, would you mind settling the bill immediately?”

The studied politeness did not correspond to his expression. His stance suggesting that he expected Jon to attempt to run for the door.

“I have lost my wallet...” said Jon looking up at the barman.

A brawny hand reached out and patted the front of Jon’s jacket roughly and then the barman stepped forward slightly.

“You’d better come with me!” he said.

The words sounded like a threat to Jon as he looked at the waitress as though half-expecting her to intercede for him. A huge hand came to rest on his shoulder while the other one swept out to indicate which direction he expected Jon to move.

“I just have to go to a cash machine,” said Jon. “There’s one in Piccadilly Circus just round the corner.”

The barman smiled as if he enjoyed in catching out his quarry in a lie.

“You’ll need a card for that, sir!”

Jon’s arms slumped to his sides as he realised that losing his wallet meant that he had lost cash and his cards.

“So come along, sir, and we can discuss this little problem somewhere quiet... No fuss now!”

Jon picked up his bag and was guided by the barman who moved just a pace behind him. They passed the group of drunken men who were intent on the strip-tease taking place just a few feet before their eyes and then moved into the shadows at the back of the club.

Chairs and tables were piled up, bags of garbage stood in a row and Jon suddenly had a premonition of stepping into an alley with the barman who would pulverise him to a pulp as he ‘discussed’ Jon’s problem.

“Through the door, sir,” said the barman as he indicated a black painted door.

The studied politeness grated, but there was no escape. Jon opened the door to find a narrow flight of stairs going up and breathed a sigh of relief to find that the expected back alley was not his destination.

Jon climbed the stairs slowly before coming to another door. Padded with vinyl like some prohibition era bar, he reached for the handle as a hand passed him to press a small button surrounded by grubby fingerprints.

Behind the door a bell chimed and the door opened to reveal a dark office with a huge desk. Jon entered the room, the barman close behind. On the wall were four screens that showed flickering pictures of the interior of the club and its entrance. Behind the desk sat an attractive woman with bleached blonde hair.

“Sit,” said the barman as he indicated a chair.

The woman smiled crookedly, she rested her hands on the broad top of the desk as Jon sat on the scruffy chair in front of the desk.

“This gentleman finds himself unable to pay for his drink, Sherri,” said the barman.

“Wait outside,” said the woman. “I’ll deal with him.”

The words were spoken in a cultured accent that seemed out of place coming from her lips. Her eyes took in the man sitting in front of her, the suit, the bag dangling from his hand and the worried look in his eyes.

As barman nodded and retreated through the door he said, “I’ll be just outside.”

As soon as the door had closed the woman leaned forward and said, “How much do you owe?”

“Er, fifty for the drink...”

“And the tip,” she said with a smile. “Everyone that drinks here tips!”

“I’m sorry, but I have lost my wallet.”

As Jon spoke he reviewed his progress through Soho. The last time that he had used his wallet was just half an hour before entering the bar. Had he left it on the counter in that shop? He decided that he hadn’t, so someone must have picked his pocket in the meantime.

“Well, you have to pay,” said Sherri. “Now we just have to decide how that’s going to happen!”

“I can go back to the hotel...” said Jon as he imagined trying to get a new credit card on a Saturday night.

“Perhaps we can reach another arrangement,” said Sherri who clearly was enjoying the uncertainty and apprehension on Jon’s features. “You could leave a little guarantee... That’s a nice watch!”

Jon looked down at his wrist and pulled a sour face.

“It’s not worth much,” he muttered.

“Have you anything else?” she asked eyeing the bag clutched in his hand.

“Er, nothing of value...”

“I think that you’d better empty your pockets,” said Sherri.

Jon was about to object, but the look on her face was demanding and he dared not defy her. He pulled a handful of change, a couple of visit cards and his tube ticket from his pockets and put them on the table.

Sherri pointed at the bag and smiled.

“Let’s see.”

Jon’s hand clutched the bag.

“I said. Let’s see what you have there,” she said.

“Nothing...”

Sherri sat back in her chair, one hand went to flick the long blonde hair from her face.

“If I have to call Eric back in things will go badly,” she said.

Jon thought back to the seedy sex-shop where he had bought the magazines. His hand closed tightly on the bag. A manicured hand moved to the small switch on her desk.

“The bag...”

Jon lifted his arm and pushed the bag across the desk towards the smiling woman and realised that she probably knew what the bag contained and was just humiliating him for the fun of it.

“You see, that was not so difficult,” she said. “Now then, let’s see what you have here!”

Her hands toyed with the bag for a moment as she watched her prey and then pulled the two magazines from the bag revealing their lurid front covers.

“Women with Whips,” said Sherri as she flicked through the pages of the topmost magazine. “Interesting tastes, let’s look at the other.”

Jon felt his face blush as she inspected the second magazine.

“Dominatrix Directory,” she said. “The premier contact magazine for men who like leather and latex...” she read from the by-line on the cover. “You are a naughty little boy aren’t you?”

Jon nodded and then in confusion shook his head. Her hand moved and picked up the visit cards from the table.

“Two cards from Jon Détenu,” she said as she read the card. “I suppose that that’s you? Two cards the same means...”

“They’re mine,” he said resignedly.

“That’s good, Jon. Solicitor and commissioner of oaths,” she read. “I’ll take these, after all, it’s always good to know who one’s doing business with!”

She slid the two magazines back into the bag and pushed it over to the man slumped in the chair opposite.

“I think that you’ll be back to pay your bill, Jon Détenu.”

As he went to take the bag she put a hand on it.

There was a brief contact of hands and then she said, “I think that I’ll keep these until you come back to pay for your drink, Jon. I am always looking for new ideas for the girls!”

Jon scooped up the coins on the desk and put them in his pocket.

“You have a week to come back to pay,” said Sherri, “make sure that you do!”

“I will.”

“Of course you will, Jon. Of course you will.”

Just One Call - June 1985

The office in London, Palmers Green, looked out onto the busy intersection. Jon stood looking down on the passing shoppers for a few minutes before he returned to his desk and sifted through his in tray. Four conveyancing jobs, a search and three wills awaited his attention, so he pulled one of the wills from the pile and began to inspect it.

The loudspeaker on Jon's desk showed a light and his secretary's voice said, "Call on line one, Jon. Wouldn't give her name..."

"I'll take it," said Jon pressing the button on the phone and cradling the receiver on his shoulder as his eyes scanned the completed will that just needed a signature to close the work.

There was a brief click on the line and a woman's voice said, "Is that Jon Détenu?"

"Speaking," said Jon as he pushed the will to one side. "How can I help you?"

"I have a knotty problem that only you can solve," said the voice.

In the background Jon could hear the sound of a car engine and the honk of a horn.

“Who am I speaking to?” he asked.

“Sherri, of course said the voice. “You remember don’t you?”

A small shiver passed down Jon’s spine as he remembered the dingy club and its blonde owner. He remembered how he had returned to pay his bill to the barman, how the man had given back his magazines with a curl of his lip and how he had hurried out onto the street with a feeling of relief.

“I paid,” said Jon. “Why are you calling?”

As he spoke he pressed the red button on the phone that prevented his legal-secretary listening in to the call.

“I might need an alteration to my will,” she said. “How about I make an appointment for tomorrow and we can discuss the details?”

“Tomorrow’s not good,” said Jon. “Early next week?”

“Fine, tomorrow it is,” said Sherri. “Make it at two in the afternoon and leave an hour free...”

“But...”

“No ‘buts’, Jon. See you tomorrow afternoon...”

There was a click as the line went dead and Jon replaced the receiver.

A Glass with Sherri - April 1985

“Mrs Vanderbilt to see you, Jon,” announced the intercom. “Your two-0’clock!”

“Thank you Jean, ask her to step inside...”

The door opened and Sherri walked into Jon’s office, strutting like a diva at her first entrance. In the light of day, she seemed quite a different person. Gone was the blonde hair swept in waves over her shoulder, full make-up, red lips, long lashes, a fur coat hid the rest of her and a huge handbag hanging from her shoulder.

“Vanderbilt?” asked Jon.

“Stage name!” laughed Sherri. “Actually my name is Harvey.”

He raised an eyebrow and pointed to the seat in front of his desk.

“My parents must have thought it funny at the time,” she sighed.

“So what can I do for you?” asked Jon.

“Straight down to business,” said Sherri, “I like that.”

“You were the same when I visited your office,” said Jon. “But, I paid my tab, extortionate though it was...”

“It’s the going rate,” laughed Sherri. “Mind if I take off my coat?”

Jon nodded and Sherri stood to allow the coat to slip to the chair. Underneath the coat, Sherri wore just a short leather mini-dress, the stocking tops showing below the hem. A delicate lacy bra held her generous breasts high and she crossed her legs and sat back in the chair. Jon found his eyes locked to the deep valley between her breasts and could not help but imagine that they were in his hands.

He pressed the intercom and spoke to Jean, “No visitors please, this is a private meeting. Hold all my calls...”

“You are an honest man,” smiled Sherri.

“Of course,” said Jon. “It could be called a qualification for my work.”

“Wills, conveyancing and a little divorce work?”

At last, Jon managed to get his gaze from Sherri’s breasts and look into her

smiling face.

“In the main,” he answered. “Nothing to do with your line of work.”

“Oh, that’s not true at all, dear,” she said, “Everyone needs a solicitor sometime and soliciting used to be my speciality!”

“Ahem,” coughed Jon. “I’m sure you’re not here to offer me your services! What can I do for you?”

“Well, it’s like this,” she said. “I am selling my little nightclub and am opening a far more salubrious private club just a few hundred yards down the road. I need someone to handle all of the details of the sale and my thoughts turned to you...”

Jon felt as though he was in a dream, the half-naked woman sitting in the ruffles of her fur coat smiling at him while arranging the sale of her business.

“I could do that,” said Jon in a slightly unsteady tone, “but, I’m not sure if I want to become involved in such a... dubious enterprise.”

“My dear little man,” answered Sherri. “There’s nothing dubious about it. I have found premises, put in an offer. I already have a buyer ready for my present club. Everything is in order, drinks licence, entertainment licence and money. All I need is for you to sort out the contracts and do the conveyancing. What is ‘dubious’ about that.”

Jon tried to think of a way to escape politely.

“I’m sorry, but Soho is a little out of my area and...”

“Is the law different in Soho, then?”

“Of course not, Sherri. It’s just that...”

“Good, then we have a deal then! You do the conveyancing and exchange of contracts... all legal and above board!”

Jon shook his head.

Despite the considerable fees, it was not wise for his small office to acquire a name for dealing with West End establishments of the sort that Sherri was obviously involved in. Then there was the collection of the fees, it could be awkward if Sherri refused to pay!

“That’s such a shame,” said Sherri with a small quizzical twist of her lips.

“I’m sorry, but that’s the way that it is, Miss Harvey. I’m sure that you’ll find a suitable solicitor for your sale.”

“I want you to do it,” she said. “I was hoping that it wouldn’t come to this, but I really must stress that you should do this little job for me, perhaps this will help you change your mind?”

Her hand dipped into her handbag and she pulled an envelope out and pushed it across the desk with a melancholy look.

“What’s this?” asked Jon as his hand fell to the manila envelope.

“Just a reminder...”

Jon opened the envelope and allowed three black-and-white photos to slip into his hand. Each showed a part of his passage through Sherri’s club. Grainy and with poor resolution, they showed him sitting at the table with the half-dressed waitress, his entry into the club with the neon in the background and finally him sitting at Sherri’s desk in her office.

“This is blackmail, what would happen if I went to the police?”

“Much more trouble than if you just did a little work for me,” she laughed. “Wouldn’t look too good would it? Pictures in the local rag, your wife and secretary exposed to the shame and so on and so forth. After all, they’re just pictures of you in my club, nothing more. How could they be interpreted as blackmail when all I want is a little conveyancing work?”

“I’m not married...”

“Good for you. Perhaps you could offer a small drink? Blackmail is such thirsty work!”

“What’ll it be?”

“Sherry, of course. I prefer Harvey’s!”

As he poured the drinks, Jon allowed his eyes to look at her figure again. A fog of blonde, red lips, rounded breasts and long legs. If he hadn’t known her background, he would have dropped everything to do the job.

He placed the glass on the desk in front of her and sat back down behind his desk with a whisky in his hand.

“OK, I’ll do it,” but only the sale and purchase,” he said after a sip.

“I knew that you’d see it my way, dear,” she laughed. “You’ll need these...”

Once again her hand dipped into her copious handbag and pulled two envelopes out.

“This one is the documentation you’ll need to get started, the other is a little present from me for your consideration.”

Jon took the first envelope and opened it. Copies of deeds and other documents filled it. He reached for the second.

“No, darling, that’s for you to open later...” she said.

His hand dropped the envelope and he looked up.

“Now then, I expect priority on this! The club needs to be bought, staff found and it needs to be fully fitted out. Let’s get the sale behind us and then we can work on the other stuff!”

“What other stuff?” asked Jon.

“Oh, didn’t I mention it? Never mind, there are a few other bits and pieces to get done as well and then our business is concluded.”

“What other ‘bits and pieces’?”

“Don’t worry, we’ll come to that later. First things first!”

Sherri raised her glass, “To our association,” she toasted.

Jon drained his glass and looked at the second envelope.

A Glassy Slope - April 1985

Jon had not dared to look into the envelope. He passed the first to Jean, his secretary, and placed the second in his briefcase. It was sealed and seemed a little lumpy and he almost peeked inside. He resisted the impulse and closed the case.

Getting home for Jon was a short walk through Palmer's Green, a stroll that ran in the street parallel to the rail cutting and then up the stairs to his flat. All he could think of was the woman who had sat in his office. In his stomach was a feeling that told him that what he was doing was a mistake, in his head was a gladness that she had forced him into taking up her business. There was no doubt, he wanted to see her again!

Jon stomped up the stairs and dropped his briefcase in the hallway while he went to get changed out of his suit. As he pulled on his dressing gown he imagined what could be in that envelope, his thought dwelling on the intensely embarrassing moment when she had flicked through the magazines that he had bought just yards from Sherri's drinking den. Drink in hand, he took his briefcase into the lounge and opened it, taking forth the envelope and weighing it in his hands.

It seemed in two parts, a flat flexible document and a rectangular lump the size of a small paperback book. Trembling in anticipation, Jon tore open the envelope and reached inside. He peeked and saw a bundle of ten pound notes with a band around them and a small envelope and the lurid covers of three magazines that filled all of the rest of the space.

The cash came out first. A bundle of used ten pound notes that the bank-band

announced was a thousand pounds. He put it beside him on the sofa with a shudder. What on earth was this for? Now his regrets were standing foremost, his lust taking the back seat. He pulled out the small envelope and saw that it was addressed to him personally.

Jon opened the envelope and pulled out a small hand-written note.

‘Dear Jon,’ it began.

‘Just a small ‘thank-you’ for taking me on! The cash is for the next time that you pass by my club and need refreshment, the other things are for your intimate attention in the meantime! Consider them as a gift from one collector to another, both are originals and not atrocious rip-off copies like the ones that you had!

Sherri xx’

Jon upended the envelope and tipped out the magazines, his heart beating as he did so. The top one had the title, ‘Leather Bitches with Whips’ in large letters and showed an impressively tall woman in stockings and leather corset with a whip in her hand. His hands trembled as he read the prominent notice announcing: ‘Making your bitch obey the whip’. He allowed it to slide to the sofa and inspected the second. ‘Shemales Who Dominate’. ‘Forcing You to Serve’, was the by-line. Jon could feel his erection pressing its way out into the open through the folds of his dressing gown. He allowed ‘Shemales Who Dominate’ to slip and gazed at the cover of the last magazine.

‘Dominatrix Guide’ it announced in bold capitals. Underneath the photo of a rubber clad brunette was written, ‘Escorts, Professionals and Amateur Listings’

in a small typeface. Jon opened the magazine and flicked through it to find a small note tucked into one page. The hand writing was Sherri's, and it simply said:

'Try Miss Stiffe. This could be another means of spending all that money! – Sherri x'.

Jon could not help himself running his finger down the page until he came to a fuzzy black and white photo of a huge breasted woman in a haze of white lace reclining on a sofa with a glass in one hand and a crop in the other. His eyes soaked in the image and then down to the accompanying text.

'Pamper me! Spend like you've never spent before, suffer and serve me in my silken studio. I will cater for your taste to fulfil my intimate demands without limits.'

Underneath was a reference number with a phone number.

Jon put the note back in the page with a small shudder and went back to the previous two magazines. He flicked through 'Leather Bitches with Whips' and then picked up the other one. His hand dropped to his lap and massaged his straining cock as page by page he fell into Sherri's trap.

Part II – My Prince Has Come

Trodden Down - April 1985

“I really think that this is a mistake, Jon,” said Jean as she passed the bundle of files to her boss. “I know that everything is in order and that it’s just an exchange of contracts, but there’s something about this woman...”

Jon shrugged and said, “It’s just what you say. But this will pay well and we need the business...”

“Don’t be silly, Jon. You’re smitten with her! Mrs Vanderbilt indeed, Miss Sherri Harvey is a bottle of poison and we both know it. I’ve been to look at the court debt and criminal listings as part of the due-diligence and she’s got a list as long as my arm.”

“Speeding and parking, I’d imagine,” said Jon.

“Prostitution, living on the earnings of prostitutes and that’s just what she’s been sentenced for. Grievous bodily harm, case dropped last year! The year before it was fraud and blackmail, the charges were also dropped when the injured party refused to testify!”

“Oh,” said Jon. “Still, it’s only buying and selling property, I’m not exactly representing her in court!”

“Christ, Jon, this is serious... Drop her it’s not worth the grief and all the bad

publicity!”

“But, we’re nearly done now…”

“Pass it on to a West End firm, forget the fee and let’s get back to wills and normal people’s business!”

Jon shook his head. He pictured Sherri in her fur coat and felt something stir between his thighs.

“When have I ever advised you in business matters?” persisted Jean. “Listen to me…”

“I have to finish it,” said Jon, “I gave my word.”

Jean sighed and leaned down behind her desk to pull out a large cardboard box.

“She gave me a present, you know,” said Jean.

Her hand tapped its fingers on the box significantly with a slight drumming sound. She knows that I don’t like her…”

“You’re not jealous are you?” asked Jon.

The expression on Jean's face showed her anger at his affront and her reply almost spat from her lips.

"Jealous of that whore? Do me a fucking favour, Jon. What's there to be jealous of?"

It was the first time that Jon had ever heard Jean swear and sound as if she really meant it and he stepped back a little, turning his attention to the box.

"What's in it?" he asked.

"Don't know and don't care," said Jean. "Nobody buys my acquaintance, not if it was full of cash would it change my opinion of that slut and her naked-under-a-fur-coat routine!"

"Naked?"

"Don't pretend that you don't grasp that she's got you wrapped around her little finger! I'll bet that she's already slipped it to the floor for you. I really thought that you were better than that!"

"I doubt that it's full of cash," said Jon as he remembered the envelope that he had opened.

“Don’t change the subject, Jon. Now take this,” she pushed the box unopened across the desk, “and give it back to the blonde bint!”

Jon went to lift the lid and Jean’s hand stopped him.

“Don’t...” she said.

“You open it then,” he replied as he withdrew his hand. “I want a look inside!”

Jean looked up at Jon and smiled slyly.

“Do you really think that I have anything to be jealous of?”

“Not at all,” said Jon. “You’re better looking anyway...”

There was a moment of hesitation.

“Do you think so?”

“It’s one of the reasons that you got the job, Jean.”

“That and the fact that you are so well qualified,” he added hastily.

“Mm, nice try, lover boy! OK, I’ll open it, but then you take it right back to her and tell her that I don’t need her gifts.”

Her hand slipped open the box to reveal a mass of tissue paper inside. She raised an eyebrow and parted the paper, not allowing Jon to see the hidden contents.

“Well?” he asked.

“I’ve changed my mind,” said Jean. “I’ll keep it!”

“What is it?”

“Never you mind; I said that I’ll keep it. Just tell Miss Sherri Harvey that she’s tempted me as well and I’m not a happy bunny about it!”

“Come on,” begged Jon. “Tell me what’s in the box!”

“Let’s just say that it’s something that I can’t afford on the pittance that you pay me,” said Jean as she slid the lid over the box and placed it back on the floor by her desk.

“Are you asking for a pay rise?”

“Well, it’s about time!”

Well Heeled - April 1985

It was nine in the morning. Jon had already been in the office for twenty minutes when he heard Jean arrive and the familiar sounds of her step sounded through the door.

Then, just a few minutes later, Jon heard the sound of female laughter and wondered who it was that had caused the merriment. The light on his intercom blinked into being and Jean's voice sounded from the phone speaker.

"Miss Sherri Vanderbilt to see you..."

Another gust of laughter sounded and then the door opened and Sherri swept into the room, a chuckle still on her lips.

"What's the joke?" asked Jon.

"Oh, nothing, just girl's talk," said Sherri as she closed the door.

"Right!"

Jon was a little puzzled. Just yesterday, Jean had been telling him that Sherri was a whore, now she was laughing and joking with her! It must have been something to do with that box, he thought to himself.

“I’m here to sign on the dotted line,” said Sherri. “I understand that everything is done and dusted...”

“I just need to move the funds from the escrow account,” said Jon as he pushed a heap of printed forms over to Sherri. “Once the money is moved, the building is yours...”

Sherri leaned over the desk, allowing Jon to see deep into her cleavage as she flicked through the forms and sighed.

“Two hundred and eighty thou,” she muttered. “Still, that’s only thirty more than I got for mine!”

Jon shrugged, his eyes searching the shadows of Sherri’s fur coat. Sherri took the proffered pen and signed at the bottom of each sheet.

“Good, that’s it,” said Jon. “A day more and the deeds will be passed to me and everything is in order.”

Sherri looked up. She was still leaning on the desk with both hands over the documents, a small sly smile on her lips.

“Been to see Miss Stiffe yet?” she asked.

“Er, not yet...”

“She’s recommended,” said Sherri. “She’s an expensive taste, but I’ve heard only good things about her... very discreet, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

“It would be the first time,” muttered Jon. “I really don’t know...”

“Oh, don’t be such a soft wanker,” said Sherri. “Do a little, indulge yourself, you’ve earned it. Just give her a call and arrange it, you won’t regret the experience!”

“I’m not sure if it’s my thing,” answered Jon.

“If those magazines are anything to go by, then it’s just up your street,” laughed Sherri. “Is it the price you’re worried about?”

“A glass of cheap bubbly in your club cost me sixty pounds,” said Jon.

“Well, if you lack the nerve to try her out, you’ll never find out what the real thing is like. You’re like so many men, all dirty magazines and no action. I’ll tell you what, meet me in my new club tomorrow, take the afternoon off and I’ll introduce you. It doesn’t get better than that!”

“I have appointments...”

“So do I, but for a friend I’ll mix business and pleasure. I have to go down there to start interviewing staff, just come along and we can have a meal together.”

“Really, I can’t...”

“Good, I’ll see you at two, just make sure that you are ready for a wild night out in the West End!”

Sherri stood and headed for the door as Jon stumbled over his reply.

“I mean it, really I can’t come, I don’t have time.”

Sherri turned and opened up the door to the office beyond so that Jean could hear the conversation.

“Well, bring Jeanie with you, Jon. We’ll have a great time!”

She strutted from the room in her high heels and Jon was left to see Jean sitting at her desk, but giggling quietly behind her hand.

Shoe Shopping - April 1985

Jon had hired Jean just a year before, but they had never been for so much as a cup of coffee together. In fact, Jon realised as they searched around the area of Berwick Street for the address, that he really did not know anything about her, apart from the number of words that she could type a minute and that she had great marks in her Diploma and an accounting Certification.

They had both made their way there separately and met up in Piccadilly Circus before walking into the stews of Soho.

“This is a real dump,” commented Jean as they dodged the traffic in the narrow streets. “It’s all so... plastic.”

Jon stayed silent. He knew every back yard and sex shop in the area but feigned ignorance as Jean looked at her A-Z street map and pointed the way.

“Just up here,” she said, “behind St Anne’s Court.”

“Is this your first time in Soho?” asked Jon.

“No, I used to come to the West End all the time a few years ago. How about you?”

“Er, I know it a little,” he replied.

“That’s it there,” said Jean as they came to a cul-de-sac. “There, the boarded up pub.”

Jon led the way past a heap of black rubbish sacks and a skip to see an old pub, ‘The Yellow Rose’, with all the windows boarded and a rather dirty looking sex shop next door.

“I can’t believe that this is worth over a quarter of a million,” said Jean as she caught up. “How is Sherri ever going to make any money with a club that is so hidden?”

“I suppose that word gets around.”

“How did she find you anyway?” asked Sherri. “There are loads of solicitor’s offices between here and Palmer’s Green.”

Jon hesitated before deciding to partly tell the truth.

“We sort of bumped into each other and she remembered me,” he muttered.

Jean stopped to stare at him and then giggled.

“When you say ‘bumped’, you mean...”

“I don’t think that she does that anymore,” said Jon defensively. “Now it’s all about the club!”

“You went to her club,” said Jean and it was not a question.

Jon was spared answering the comment when a door opened in the hoarding and a man looked at the two of them suspiciously.

“Interviews are over,” he said in a dismissive tone.

“Actually, we’re here to meet Sherri,” said Jean. “I take it that she’s already here?”

The man opened the door wide and stood back.

“Careful, the place is a tip,” he cautioned. “Through to the right and you’ll find her.”

To Jon it looked as though the pub had closed in the seventies or before and not been touched since. Dank sawdust lay in heaps and all the brass-work was tinged with green. Broken bottles were heaped on the shelves behind the scarred bar and the till still had pounds, shillings and pence registered on their last takings.

“Jesus, this place is a museum,” said Jean as she stepped around a pile of rotting

bar stools.

It was then that Jon noticed the shoes that she had on and the seamed stockings. She had always worn low heels and tights in the office, these were expensive evening shoes with high heels and to compliment them, seamed stockings.

“You picked the wrong shoes for this place,” he commented.

“No, the right ones,” said Jean as she carefully stepped over a pool of standing water.

Jon realised that they must have been the contents of the box that Sherri had given Jean. It was the only thing that explained her wearing such towering heels on a walk through Soho.

Sherri sat at the decrepit bar, perched high on a barstool with crossed legs and a long cigarette in her hand. She looked up and smiled at Jean before looking down at the new shoes.

“Your legs have never looked better...”

Jean started to laugh.

“You’ll have me working in your new club next, Sherri!”

“You’ve got the figure for it babes, but not the temperament,” said Sherri. “How about a bit of champagne to christen the new club?”

“It needs work,” said Jon as he took the bottle from Sherri’s hands and popped the cork. “In fact it’s a shambles...”

“With potential,” said Sherri. “This will be great club...”

“Who’s gonna find it though, Sherri? I mean who would ever think of coming down here?”

“Those who know what I’m going to offer,” said Sherri as she raised her glass. “To ‘Sinderella’, the club that will be discreet and wild, sophisticated and debauched. I am going to mix the degenerate women from the underworld and the hoity-toity ass in Sinderella.”

“Not quite my scene,” said Jean.

“Well, you’re invited on the opening night,” said Sherri as she drank from her glass. “I have three months to get it up and running, after that I have to make a profit or I’m bust-out! In a month or so we’ll have the opening night and then we’ll see!”

Sherri slipped from her stool and swung around on her heel.

“Here is the bar, the topless girls serving champagne, over there,” she pointed, “...comes the floor show. Then the private rooms here and here.”

Sherri led them around the decrepit pub and pointed out where second stage would go. “It will be a dance floor as well,” she said. “Then there’ll be private rooms behind the scenes. Each one themed. Heaven and hell, salt and pepper, black and white, good and evil... I haven’t quite made up my mind yet, but the plans are already submitted and should be passed in the next couple of days.”

“Jesus, that’s quick,” said Jean. “Planning permission in just two days!”

“I know a judge and a couple of barristers who are helping me with this,” said Sherri. “Building work starts in four days...”

Jon tried to picture Sinderella as Sherri described it, but all he could do was admire the woman who animatedly showed them around. The tight black dress, the heels, the swirl of smoke from the cigarette as she pointed here and there. The light through the grubby windows on her blonde hair. He could feel Jean watching him from the corner of her eye, but he didn’t care. Sherri was all he could see...

“Let’s pop out of here for a drink,” said Sherri to Jean. “If you don’t know Soho, then I’ll give you the guided tour.”

She led them out of the cul-de-sac and through the market to head under the arch leading to Brewer Street before stopping as if in sudden thought.

“This is where I got those shoes,” said Sherri to Jean. “It looks a bit forbidding, but just pop in with me and we’ll see what they’ve got...”

Jon looked down at the crimson shoes his secretary was wearing and felt a twinge of craving. On high, knitting-needle heels, a strap bound the ankle. Clear plastic uppers at the front showed her toes, red nails encased in nylon.

“I’ll wait here,” he said.

There was no way that he wanted the shopkeeper to recognise him because this was one of his favourite haunts for buying videos and magazines.

“Fine,” said Jean. “If you’re embarrassed!”

“Better without him,” said Sherri to Jean. She turned to Jon, “Just a quarter of an hour... meet you here then.”

The two women entered the shop through the multi-coloured tassels that hung over the doorway. Sherri taking Jean’s hand while Jean giggled and flushed red.

Jon got a peep inside the familiar shop and then headed a little further to the corner to indulge himself. He couldn’t buy, carrying a brown paper bag would be a little obvious, but at least he could look!

Ten minutes later he was waiting outside. There was a continuous traffic in and out of the sex shops, a small group of Japanese tourists with their inevitable cameras and the smell of the market just up Berwick Street wafted to his nostrils.

A hand swept aside the curtain of PVC strips closing the doorway and Sherri and Jean emerged in high spirits. Jean was carrying a large bag and Sherri had a shoebox under her arm.

“I can’t believe the prices,” said Jean. “It’s robbery!”

“Ah, but when you’re with me, they all take a dive,” said Sherri. “Ah, Jon’s already here. Let’s pop around the corner for drinkies. I have a little more business for Jon, now that the buying and selling has been done.”

The three of them walked around the corner and took places at a rickety table.

“One of my favourite haunts,” said Sherri. “Now’s the time to run through our purchases and compare to see who got the best bargains!”

Jon watched as the two women opened the shoe box that Sherri had put on the table.

“I just can’t help myself,” said Sherri. “See a pair, buy them, that’s the rule in my world. I must have a hundred pairs! Wait until you see my friend Katie’s shop!”

She lifted the ankle boots out of the box and passed them to Jean.

“I love the spurs,” said Jean as her thumb ran over the short metal spike sticking from the heel of one of the boots. “So decorative...”

“Practical, more like!” said Sherri. “There’s a much better shoe shop a few hundred yards from here. I’ll take you one day, if you like. The service is so special!”

“Sounds like a date,” said Jean. “Next week?”

“Fine, I’ll make sure that we are the only customers,” said Sherri.

Jean started to giggle before opening her own bag.

“I’m just so in love with Soho. Now then, I can’t show Jon the video, too dirty!” said Jean, winking at her friend. “But, these stockings are so sexy...”

She pulled out a small flat bag with a pair of stockings folded inside.

“Where am I going to wear these?” she asked her new friend. “They’re not exactly fit for work!”

Jon cast a glance over the packaging and he gulped when he saw that the word 'slut' was embroidered up the stockings where a seam would normally have been.

"You'll find the right moment, dear," laughed Sherri. "If nothing else, keep them in on the top of all your other pairs and hope that your boyfriend finds them!"

"So... now I need a boyfriend," said Jean. "Can I buy one here as well?"

"Of course, everything's for sale at the right price! Just give me the nod and I'll fix you up!"

The two women burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter, but Jon sensed a serious tone in Sherri's offer that Jean had not caught. He felt a kind of mild irritation that Sherri was taking Jean into a world which he knew.

"I've already found someone for Jon, haven't I dear?" said Sherri.

"Er, I'm not sure if..."

"Ooh, Sherri's going to be matchmaker for both of us then," said Jean. "Is she pretty?"

Sherri smiled and reached into her handbag to pull a polaroid photo out and pass

it to Jean.

“She’s gorgeous,” said Jean to Jon. “Have you met up with her yet?”

“Er, no... just haven’t had the time,” said Jon.

“You’re not shy, are you?” said Jean to Jon as she passed over the photo. “If you are, then I’ll come along for the first date and you can feel nice and safe!”

Jon looked at the photo of Miss Stiffe. She was dressed in a diaphanous white robe that went to her ankles. Red high heels and gold jewellery on her pale skin. Her hair was piled high and ran like a river over her obviously large breasts.

“Call up Sherri’s friend,” said Jean with a smile. “If she’s half as sexy as the photo then you’re well in!”

“Maybe,” said Jon, blushing. “But, I don’t think that it’s a good idea to bring another woman to a first date.

“Nonsense,” said Jean. “She’ll understand, won’t she Sherri?”

“I’ll speak to her...”

“That’s settled then,” said Jean in a rush as she giggled at Jon’s red face. “Maybe next week, you’ll arrange it, Sherri?”

“Of course, It’ll be a pleasure.”

Jon suddenly realised that Jean was starting to behave like Sherri. He dissented and she overrode his objections by simply ignoring them.

“OK, to business,” said Sherri. “I need a solicitor to manage the takings and taxes for my new club. That means that I need an accountant that I can trust and someone with the ability to keep an eye on the legal side. Would you be up for it, Jon?”

Before Jon could answer in the negative, Jean answered for him.

“I certified as an accountant,” she said. “Of course I’m a bit rusty and I’ve never dealt with this type of business, but then, how hard can it be? As for the legal side, Jon will look after that, won’t you, Jon?”

Jon nodded and felt even more irritated. He felt as if Sherri was subverting Jean against him. She had seemed such a timid woman until now and this newly revealed side of her bothered him.

“I’m not sure,” he began.

“Nonsense, that’s agreed then,” said Sherri to Jean. “I’ll close the accounts for the old place and then we’ll start afresh with the new one... Sinderella.”

“Send over the building accounts and I’ll start immediately,” said Jean. “There’s loads of tax concessions for a new start up. Just don’t pass any money to the new business...”

“Tomorrow,” said Sherri, raising her glass. “A toast; to our new association!”

“To us,” said Jean, but it was clear that she meant Sherri and herself.

On The Point of a Stiletto - April 1985

“Have you called her up yet?” asked Jean as Jon entered the office.

“Who?”

“Miss Sophie Stiffe, of course, who else?”

“I thought you were talking about a client,” said Jon. “I’m really not interested!”

“Don’t be so silly, Jon. You take shyness to a new high, I’ll call her now, after all Sherri will have spoken to her already.”

“Please don’t.”

Jean looked up at him from her desk and smiled slyly.

“I can call who I like,” she said.

“Then you’ll be on a date with her on your own!”

“Don’t be like that, Jon! Sherri has to be our biggest client now. Just look, she’s paid her bill immediately, unlike all those middle and upper-class swindlers that keep us hanging on until we threaten to take them to court! That makes her OK in my book!”

“You’ve changed your tune since last week,” said Jon as he hung up his coat.
“Then, she was a slut and a whore!”

“I changed my mind,” said Jean. “A woman’s prerogative! No matter what trouble she’s been in before, she is at least honest and strong. I wish that I could be more like her!”

“That’s where you’re heading,” muttered Jon as he picked up the filing from her desk.

“I didn’t quite catch that,” said Jean.

“I said, you’re treading on thin ice!”

“No you didn’t! You said that I was becoming like her,” said Jean defiantly.
“That’s a compliment I like! Now then, I’ve got a call to make...”

Jean took the receiver and checked the number on the back of the photo that Sherri had given her. While she did so, she chuckled to herself.

“What’s so funny?” asked Jon.

“It’s just that Sherri told me a little about her, she is quite a character apparently!”

Her finger pulled at the dial and Jean held the receiver up to Jon.

“You take it, he said in an exasperated tone. It seems that it’s you that wants to go on a date with her!”

Jean smiled and listened to the dialling tone.

“Hi there is that Sophie?” asked Jean.

As she spoke she switched the phone to loudspeaker.

“Sophie here,” said a rich throaty voice.

“Hi there, my name’s Jean, I’m hoping that Sherri Harvey spoke to you about me!”

“Oh, Jean. Sherri mentioned something...”

“I’m calling on behalf of Jon Détenu,” said Jean. “I was wondering if we could meet up?”

“Of course, just wait a moment and I’ll check my diary...”

The sound of the rustling pages of a Filofax came over the loudspeaker.

“Tomorrow evening,” said Sophie. “How about we meet up by the Swiss Centre at eight?”

“Sounds great Sophie, we’ll both be there. Wear a red carnation!”

“Looking forward to meet any friends of Sherri. Expect to stay out late, I’ll take you to one of my favourite haunts! No formal dress, just sexy!”

“Sounds interesting, I’ll pass it on to Jon.”

“See you at eight, then.”

“We’ll be there!”

At seven, Jean and Jon were in the tube to the West End. Jean had overcome all resistance by constant needling and now he was sitting opposite her in the empty carriage with a sour look on his face.

“You need to get out more,” said Jean. “I’ll tell you what, be a good boy tonight and you can come along on the first date when Sherri fixes me up!”

“I’m here under protest,” said Jon. “It’s like a nightmare!”

“Don’t be so silly, Jon. We’ll have a good time and you are nice and safe in my hands.”

“I’m not so sure.”

Jon picked up a tattered newspaper that had been abandoned by a passenger and used it to hide behind. Butterflies in his stomach and anxiety in his mind, Jean didn’t realise what or who Miss Stiffe was or pretended to be. When she found out, she would never let him hear the last of it!

They rode in silence as the train rattled to Piccadilly and the silence continued up both lengths of the escalators to get to the surface. Jon stood behind Jean and stared at the word ‘slut’ written a dozen times up each well-formed leg and wished that he was somewhere else. It took a moment for Jean to find a stance where her spiked heels were not caught in the wooden slats of the escalators and he noted the tiny padlocks that now closed the ankle straps of her shoes.

They emerged from the Underground station by the huge record shop that faced Piccadilly and Jean scanned the crowds of tourists.

“Can’t see her,” she said.

“Swiss Centre,” said Jon. “We’re almost late...”

They hurried past the tourist shops and saw the pillars and emblems that marked the start of Leicester Square. Waiting, casually smoking, was Sophie. She wore a tight smooth dress and a fox stole around her neck.

“She’s gorgeous,” said Jean as they crossed the road.

Jon just wished that he was alone. Sophie was indeed suggestive to the point of erotic. Pink lipstick and highlights and now that they closed in on her, he noted the long laced boots that disappeared under that dress that flared at the calves.

Sophie noted the pair and raised an eyebrow.

“Jean and Jon,” she said in her husky voice. “Sherri said that you were a looker...”

Jean blushed at the praise and leaned forward to kiss Sophie on the cheek.

“Jon’s much too nervous to meet you on his own,” she said, “so I came along as a chaperone!”

“Mm, I just love shy and timid men,” said Sophie. “I’ve arranged a special night for us all, Sherri stumped up the bill already, so let’s go. She must really like you...”

“Sherri is a darling,” said Jean in a gush of words. “I’m her accountant and Jon is her solicitor, so I suppose this goes as ‘entertainment’ on the accounts! Of course, I haven’t started yet...”

Sophie smiled and leaned down to kiss Jon on the cheek. As she did so, her hand slipped between his thighs and she explored his erection.

“I think that you like me,” said Sherri to Jon.

“You’re beautiful,” said Jon and stepped back.

“Now then,” said Sherri. “First a bite to eat in China Town and then it’s off to Madame JoJo’s”

“Great, I’m famished,” said Jean as she linked her new friend. “You know a

place?”

“Booked already,” said Sophie with a guttural chuckle. “Let’s go...”

The restaurant in Gerrard Street was crowded, but Sophie had booked an intimate booth and they sat and ordered.

“So what’s with the name?” asked Jean. “Miss Sophie Stiffe?”

“It’s a sort of stage name really. All escorts need a façade to hide behind.”

“Sophie Stiffe,” laughed Jean. “I just love it! It must be fun being an escort... all rich men and good tippers! Champagne and Rolls Royce’s!”

“It pays the bills,” said Sophie. “And I guess that it’s fun as well...”

“Ah, here’s the food,” said Jon as he winced at the Sophie’s name.

He guessed that Jean thought that the name was all about her clients, when he knew that it was all about what she had between her legs.

They eagerly ate whilst exchanging gossip about Sherri and her new club and told a little about themselves.

“Three years now, and loving it,” said Sophie. “Of course what I normally offer is a little more than a night out in the West End!”

Jon gritted his teeth and looked down at the table, but it seemed that Jean was not at all fazed by eating dinner with a prostitute. Indeed, she seemed elevated by the excitement of it all and threw herself into the conversation, making Jon shudder with her next question.

“I’ll bet there are a lot of kinky clients!”

“I love them, all of them, that’s all I do... repressed men who need to be told what naughty boys they are!”

“Ooh, you’re a dominatrix!” exclaimed Jean.

“I prefer ‘dominator’,” said Sophie. “It’s not about whips and chains though. More about forcing my clients to serve me for a night of passion!”

“Sounds exciting,” said Jean. “So how did you start?”

Sophie looked at Jon and changed the subject.

“You’re not saying much,” she chided. “Do you fancy a spell forced between Miss Stiffe’s thighs?”

Jean almost choked on her Dim Sum dumpling and looked at her employer with a sly smile. It was so comical that she knew all about Miss Stiffe from Sherri. The question was, was Jon in on the joke? She could not make up her mind. He seemed such a normal guy, shy and hesitant, but surely he would not be here if here if he knew of the monster this gorgeous temptress had between her thighs?

Jon looked at Jean’s smiling face and swallowed. He desperately wanted to get rid of his secretary and explore Sophie and wished that he had had the nerve to arrange this meet. Even better if Sherri paid...

“Er, not on a first date,” he said in a low tone.

“You do fancy her then?” asked Jean.

“Of course I do, but there’s a conflict of interest...”

“What’s that then?” asked Sophie.

“Is this a date or is it a professional appointment?”

“I don’t just fuck for money,” said Sophie with a small laugh. “Like you, I do some little pro-bono as well, if you don’t mind!”

“See, you could save a packet,” said Jean, unaware of her bad pun. “Sophie’s got to be good at it!”

Jon just winced and wondered at Sophie’s packet! Had she lost something from being treated with hormones?

“I’m the best,” said Sophie. “Once you’ve been with me, you’ll never want anything else!”

Jon could feel a conflict of emotions. A stiff cock in his pants, and humiliation at the way that Jean was relishing making this date unbearable for him. A temptation to leave took him and he had to fight to resist it. This was everything he had dreamed of in the magazines and more, but Jean was turning it into a farce!

“Let’s pay and head for the club,” said Sophie with a grin. “It’s all on Sherri, so relax.”

On the street, Sophie linked both of them and led them to Madame JoJo’s. They brushed past the snaking queue and slipped into the darkness inhabited by a mass of people, some of who’s sexual orientation was indeterminate.

“The show first,” said Sophie over the chatter and loud music. “I got us a table... We’ll take in the show, meet a few people and then head for a deliciously intimate watering hole just around the corner later. It’s a bit kinky though!”

“I just love the sound of that,” said Jean.

The three of them spent a couple of hours in the club. First a bottle of champagne while they watched the pole-dancers and a travesty burlesque and then Sophie led them around introducing people. Most of them seemed to be women, one or two were obviously transvestites, the rest seemed all to respond to their guide with hugs and kisses, hands clenched on her behind as they greeted her intimately.

Finally, Sophie led Jean and Jon onto the street, where the line had not diminished at all.

“You know so many interesting people,” said Jean. “I loved that place, can’t wait for the next...”

“The Hole in The Wall is just around the corner. More intimate and just a little obscene!”

Jon trailed behind them. The sex shops were all closed now, a few people hung in the shadows, women and men who just mouthed words as they passed, but Sophie ignored them.

“Just the street trade,” she said. “I’m so glad that I’ve left it all behind!”

A plain door marked with a pinned card that read 'models available' opened at Sophie's knock and a heavy looking bouncer allowed them through and down the bare staircase where slow electronic music could be heard below.

They entered into a bar that was dimly lit in red. It was like a scene from a sexual hell. Topless waitresses served trays of drinks, allowing the male and female customers to grope them as they left five pound notes on the trays for the pleasure.

In a corner was a huge cage where a woman slowly danced naked, rattling the chains that kept her wrists and ankles restricted as she gyrated to the music. Jon peered through the smoky darkness and could see that she was totally naked, opening her thighs and trying vainly to reach to pleasure herself as she moved.

"Over there?" asked Sophie, pointing to a booth by the cage. "I'll order the drinks."

Jon and Jean sat down in the shadows and watched the cage dancer twist to the beat of the incessant music.

"This is quite a place," said Jean. "Look at her..."

She pointed to a woman who sat at the bar. Perched on the high stool, a leash dangled from her wrist to the neck of a collared man in a suit who kissed her thigh-high boots.

Jon looked over and shuddered, this was the place that he'd been looking for all those weeks ago as he had wandered into Sherri's bar! Now he was here with Jean and Sophie, hamstrung by their presence. Especially Jean's presence, how he would love to be on the end of that leash... was the woman on the stool really a woman or was she something else?

"What a bitch," he said, looking at Jean's shining eyes taking in the whole scene.

"That's what I need," said Jean.

"What's that?"

"A hunky man on a leash," she laughed in reply. "Madame JoJo's was great, but this place is the real deal!"

Jon just shrugged and looked back at the cage. The naked dancer's skin shone with oil, she seemed to be in a fugue of arousal as her fingertips struggled to reach the slit between her thighs. No matter how she struggled in the chains, she could never quite reach herself, no matter how she dipped and twisted.

Sophie brought the drinks, three more glasses of champagne.

"I'll swear that I'll die of champagne poisoning," said Jean as she lifted the glass. "I think that I'm tipsy..."

Sophie smiled and produced a small bottle of brandy and topped up the glasses.

“Drunk, more like,” she said. “More? Or perhaps something a little stronger?”

Jean watched her pull a vial of clear liquid from her bag.

“I don’t think that I should, So,” she said.

“Oh, why not go the whole hog?” laughed Sophie. “Here just breathe a little!”

She passed the glass tube to Jean who cautiously opened it and sniffed at the contents.

“Jon?”

Jean felt her senses swim, a feeling of utter relaxation that bounced back with a vengeance and battered her drunken senses. She sniffed again and passed the tube to Jon. Suddenly the place seemed to have more colour and depth, a light seemed to shine around Sophie and the woman at the bar took on the appearance of a devilish-diva as the man sucked at her heels with fervent need.

Jon took the vial and sniffed. Light headed and laissez-faire, he slumped in the chair as he passed the vial back to Sophie. Without further ado she corked the glass tube again as Jon felt his heart beating in time to the music and a sweat

starting on his brow.

“That’s a good boy,” said Sophie. “Now we get to play a little game!”

Jean and Jon leaned back as Sophie stood. She seemed miles away and yet up close as she raised a hand to a waitress who appeared with what seemed to be a large cushion with a hole in it.

“Thanks,” said Sophie as she dropped a twenty pound note on the waitress’ tray. “Could you please?”

The waitress smiled and leaned over the seating and lifted a segment to reveal a space underneath.

“Him or her?” she asked, pointing at Sophie’s two companions.

“Him! He’s ripe for plucking!”

The waitress lifted another segment of the seating and then leaned over the reclining Jon before taking his wrist and pulling him to stand unsteadily before her.

“In you hop, darling,” she said as she pointed at the cavity under the seat. “Miss Stiffe needs a little pleasure from you!”

Jon felt himself being pushed and stepped into the hole and then a pressure on his shoulders that forced him to kneel. The sounds in the club seemed distorted, the light seemed redder and the smiling faces of Jean and Sophie watched as he knelt in to the space.

“There, that’s a good little boy,” said Sophie as he settled down. “I need something special from you...”

The waitress bent over Jon and snapped shackles over his wrists before producing the seat that she had arrived with. Carefully she placed it over his head to leave him facing the back of the seat, only his head visible as her hands fumbled around his neck.

All Jon could see was the waitress’ hanging breasts as she secured a collar that fixed his head fast in the hole. In the background he could hear Jean’s giggling as she watched and from the corner of his eye he could see the movements of the caged dancer in the red-purple light.

“There, you see,” said Sophie with a grin. “Now he’s ready for the fun to begin.”

Jean looked down beside her and saw Jon’s head. His lips were moving with soundless words as Sophie stroked his hair and slipped a finger between his lips.

“Need this?” asked the waitress.

In her hand was a strap like a short belt that was broken with a large rubber ring.

“Of course,” said Sophie, taking the gag and slipping the belt around the back of Jon’s head. “Open wide...”

Jon looked up at the long-fingered hands by his eyes and gasped as a thumb bit under his ear. He opened his mouth wide to shout, but the ring slipped in as Sophie tightened it savagely.

“Can’t have you biting,” she said. “Maybe another little sniff...”

Sophie produced the small vial of liquid and opened it under Jon’s nose.

“There, now you’re ready...”

“Poor little thing,” said Jean, entranced by the sight of Jon’s gagged head and then the sight of the man who sucked at the heels of the woman at the bar.

Jean’s found her senses swimming, but slowly she was coming to terms with the drug and found her thoughts gathering and marshalling themselves. It seemed that Jon was having the same experience as he began to struggle as his head tried to move and sounds gurgled from his lips.

“Fancy a go?” asked Sophie.

At Her Heel - April 1985

Jean shook her head, suddenly, to her dulled thought processes she realised what was about to happen! The thoughts did not shock, they were filled with a sense of curiosity and glee combined. She watched Sophie strut to the bar to chat with the woman who sat on the bar stool.

Her hand stroked at Jon's head and she ran her fingertips over his face. He rolled his eyes and made a sound that was almost drowned by the music. He faced backwards at the seat-back and tried to look up at Jean, but the collar held his head firmly sticking out of the seating in the recess. One of her fingers explored the hole in his face abstractly and she felt his tongue try to eject it, but Jon had no chance and she investigated his whole mouth before pulling her finger free.

There was something wicked about abusing him, something delicious and immoral that appealed to her, a sense of power that rose in her breast. The sheer authority thrilled her muddled senses and she slapped his face lightly.

Sophie arrived back at the table with the woman from the bar in tow.

"Miss Crystal," she said, introducing the woman who had walked her suited pet tamely across the floor. "She fancies using Jon, do you mind?"

Jean looked down at Jon and shook her head. She could feel a wetness between her thighs as she looked up at the tall woman in her high-heeled boots.

“Girlfriend or wife?” asked Miss Crystal.

“Secretary,” said Jean. “He’s all yours...”

Miss Crystal smiled and passed the leash to Jean’s hand. The suited man looked up at Jean and moved to her feet. Miss Crystal leaned down and whispered in the man’s ear before straightening and putting her hand under her arm to pull at the concealed zipper and running it the length of her dress.

Jean could feel a movement at her feet and watched the man kneeling and looking up as he kissed her feet. The feeling was indescribable. Music, drugs, alcohol, cage dancer, Miss Stiffe and the pressure of her own need combined in a synergy of lust that made her head swim.

She watched the skirt drop to the ground. A black leather corset holding up stockings with a plethora of criss-crossed straps. Long legs and naked sex between thighs. The opening pouted, shimmering in the red light with the woman’s lust.

“You’re a lucky boy,” said Sophie to Jon. “Miss Crystal has not allowed her lover here to even see her for five years and you get to show her your skill at the first meeting!”

Sophie sat down next to Jean and put an arm around her as Miss Crystal slowly lowered herself over Jon’s head to sit right back in the seat. The only thing that he could see was the cunt that he was going to service. It dripped and its perfume filled his senses. He expected for it to close to his lips, but instead a hand slithered into sight and gently slipped in-between the moist lips.

Sophie leaned to the side, pushing Jean to lean over the sight of Jon's face watching Miss Crystal slowly slipping through her pussy. As Jean watched she felt a hand on her knee. The beat of the music and the flashing red lights filled her with elation. She looked around and was smothered by a kiss from Sophie as the hand slipped up her 'slut' stockings and made its way over the naked skin of her thighs.

"Like?" asked Sophie as her hand discovered how to slip between the elastic of Jean's knickers.

"Please," breathed Jean as the lips met hers again and the fingers played with her.

She was swallowed whole by the intense pleasure as a nail touched her clitoris and then pushed a little to push it free. Fingers parted her and she gasped as one slid inside. The sensation was like being fucked by a perfect vibrator, it thrummed on her, parted her and slipped another finger and another inside to move inside. The kisses stopped and she looked down just as the waitress appeared again.

There was sudden flash that burned all the red colour from Jean's senses and the waitress passed the polaroid photo to Sophie. Jon was dazzled by the flash, he heard the sound of the camera whirr and then it happened again.

And again.

Sophie placed a fifty pound note on the waitress' tray and took command of the camera.

“We need to catch all of this,” she whispered into Jean’s ear. “It’s what Sherri has paid for!”

Jean looked at Sophie and ran her tongue over her lips as she felt the hand fuck her slowly before returning to her clitoris to make her thighs open wide and shudder with want.

Jon cried out and struggled before the thighs slid over the seat and suddenly he was enclosed between Miss Crystal’s legs, the smooth lips of her sex meeting his, the wetness of her filling his mouth. He felt a hand on his head, the fingers gathered his hair and pulled him forward and he knew that he had to serve.

There was no option!

“He’s all ours now,” said Sophie. “Just think of all the things we could do to him!”

Jean shuddered in her first climax as the hands with drew and the camera flashed again twice.

“Now it’s my turn, Jean,” said Sophie. “I think that we don’t need to put you in the service seat, do we?”

Jean shook her head and felt strong hands clasp behind her head and push her to

Sophie's lips. They kissed long and hard and then the hands led her down Sophie's long neck to her breasts to kiss the nipples through the thin cloth.

"Very good, Jean, make me want you!"

Jean suckled and teased the nipples through the cloth that slowly lowered until she felt her lips close around the gathered flesh as the hand slipped up her legs again to begin the second course of the repast.

"Oh, God," cried Jean as the hand explored her and pushed her to another shuddering climax. "Anything, anything for you..."

"That's better," breathed Sophie as her hand pushed Jean into her lap and slowly pulled the hem of her dress up her thighs. "Tell me how much you need my cock! Tell me what a slut for cock you are and then I'll let you taste me..."

Jean found herself suspended in time and place. Her lips poised over the biggest erection that she had ever seen. It curved to her lips as she opened them and felt the fingers fuck her and she tasted a small salty, sweet taste.

"Please, fuck me, So," she begged. "Fuck me, fuck me, I want to feel you in me... I need to be filled to the brim."

To a groan from Sophie, Jean felt the pressure on her head stop and the hand pull from her pussy. Fingers closed on her knickers and ripped them from her thighs. Then she was lifted by strong hands.

She looked down, Jon's head was wedged between Miss Crystal's thighs as the woman came and her pet lover allowed Jean's heels to fuck his mouth. Then she was on Sophie's lap and the huge cock slithered into her and began to fuck her as she breathlessly kissed and suckled at the soft breasts that filled her vision.

Jean climaxed, a tsunami of orgasm, a blissful headiness as a man sucked at her heels, a long cock filled her to the brim and Jon caused Miss Crystal to shudder to a climax that seemed almost more than she could stand.

Jean did not move.

Why move?

Even though that Sophie had filled her pussy, even though Miss Crystal was demanding more from her sex toy, even though a tongue licked and lips kissed her ankles, Jean could not break from the clench that kept her suckling at those nipples.

There was too much bliss to think of breaking free.

It should never end!

Shoehorned - April 1985

“You see, darling, it’s what he wants, it’s what he needs,” said Sherri to Jean.

She passed the magazine to her friend and pointed at the advert that Miss Stiffe had under the grainy photo of her reclining. The polaroids of Jon serving Miss Crystal slipped onto the surface of the table and Jean picked them up and looked around to see if anyone on a nearby table had seen them.

“How did you know?” asked Jean. “I mean, you have only known Jon for a few weeks and you know so much...”

Sherri shook her head.

“It was there all along,” she said. “All I did was to force the silly little man into a corner.”

Jean sat back in her chair and eyed Sherri dubiously. The woman was a raptor, a carnivore, perhaps Jon had been right all along. Perhaps she herself had it right when she initially saw Sherri.

“So what’s next?” asked Jean.

“That depends on him...” said Sherri. “If he allows himself to be trapped like

this, then he deserves it. Sophie is insatiable, she has a dozen men at her beck and call, one more will amuse her cupidity. All she wants is to build up her collection of barristers, politicians, solicitors and other submissive fools.”

“What does she have planned for them?”

“Who knows,” laughed Steffi. “The only hint that she ever gave me was that she said that wants to make them squeal under her heels. Exactly what that means I have no idea, but she is always willing to help me. In fact, she is helping in the design of ‘Sinderella’, my new club. I asked her to become a partner, but she just shook her head and said that she doesn’t want to lose her freedom!”

“Jon will lose everything...”

“If he’s fool enough. That’s why I offered you the accountant’s job. There’s no reason a woman should suffer because of a man’s obsession and Tom-foolery.”

“How much are you paying?”

“Enough, darling. Enough! But, that’s the wrong question really!

“OK then, how much am I going to pay?”

“You won’t pay, Jon will and if you ask that question in regard of him the

answer's the same, Jean! Enough!"

Part III – Wicked Sisters

Deconstruction - May 1985

“Jon! You can’t just abandon this half way through. These people have paid and they deserve to have the job finished.”

“I have to go out,” said Jon as he put his hand on the handle of the door.
“Important business! I’ll do the work tomorrow.”

“If you carry on like this, you’ll get struck off!”

Jon turned to Jean and smiled, it was not pleasant, a rictus that lifted his face and left the eyes staring glassily at his secretary.

“How can you say this when it’s all your fault? You act like I’m to blame, but you were the one who forced me to go out that evening! You are the one who watched as I was drugged up and photographed by that vampirella and now all she’s doing is what comes naturally to her.”

“And that is?”

“Feeding... I have to go; don’t you see that?”

“No, I don’t see it! Why don’t you ask for Sherri’s help with Sophie? I’m sure that she’ll speak to her...”

Jon turned back to the open door and took a stride through it before turning round and shouting angrily at Jean.

“You are to blame, no one but you...”

He slammed the door behind him and stumbled down the stairs to the street. Other people hurried by on their daily round as he blinked at the light and headed across the busy junction to the station. He dared not miss that train, Miss Sophie Stiffe would be angry and who knew what she would do if she was angry. He himself was angry because he knew that it was all his fault, not Jean's.

He just needed someone to blame.

In an hour he had to meet up with Sophie. That was the plan she had given him. Then she would give Jon something to give to one of her other pets down at Hare Court in the City of London. Then he was free to go...

‘Free...’ he muttered to himself as he headed down to the platform. “I’m not ever going to be free of this!”

The train ride into the city centre was purgatory for Jon. Every rattle on the tracks reminded him of Sophie, who was ever closer. That hellish night out in Soho and the pictures that reminded him of the way that Miss Stiffe had her manicured hands clenched on his balls! He knew that whatever it was that she wanted him to pass to her pet barrister was sheer poison...

Piccadilly was crowded with tourists, a mass of movement through which Jon made his way to his backstreets of Soho. Everything forgotten but the hard-on in his pants and the fear of the evil woman who had him where she wanted him. Jon was just thankful that she had never called him for another night of 'fun' in Soho, but every time that Jean looked at him he knew that she was laughing inside.

Soho was full of milling pedestrians, cars parked on pavements and taxis that blared horns to get through the narrow alleys and streets. Familiarity with every corner, the entrance to every sex-shop did not bring normality.

Jon headed across in the direction of Charing Cross road and Greek Street where Sophie had arranged to meet in a small bookshop behind Foyles. The windows were blank, the door a matt surface that held no sign of what lay behind.

Of course, Jon had been in the shop a thousand times, browsing amongst the racks of peculiarly British porn that lay on the shelves. This was the publisher's shop and Jon knew it well. As he hesitated at the door, a man opened it from the inside and hurried out. Wearing glasses, perhaps thirty-five and wearing leather jacket, he had a brown bag half tucked into his jacket. He bumped into Jon and hurried off down Greek Street as Jon entered the door.

Inside, on the right was a counter, the rest of the shop being full of white slanted shelving with monochrome magazines in cellophane packets lined up on them. By this counter stood Sophie chatting with the assistant who was just nodding as she said; "Another twenty spent, another man dreaming of being caned like a small schoolboy. Pathetic..."

"He'll read them and then throw them away before he comes back for more..." said the man. "It's like selling drugs!"

Sophie turned to Jon and smiled, “How about you dear, do you buy magazines and then throw them all away when you’ve finished wanking all over them until the pages stick together?”

Jon shrugged.

“Of course, you’re not married are you? There’s no need to throw them away. I’ll bet you have a great stash...”

“One or two,” admitted Jon cautiously.

“Give him another mag from me, I’ll pay of course!” said Sophie with a small chuckle. “Let’s see what you might like...”

She led Jon unwillingly along the shelves, pointing the magazines as she went.

“Swish, now that’s OK, but Tranz is better for you, I think!” She picked up the magazine and passed it to Jon with a small laugh. “Of course there’s ‘Madames’, I’ll bet that you buy that every single month!”

Jon felt himself blushing while the man behind the counter laughed and said, “There’s loads for the discerning reader! ‘Smooth’ and we now have ‘Petticoat Power’ issue number two... Then there’s the special editions of all of the reader’s letters.”

Sophie turned to Jon and picked the magazine from his hands.

“You have to choose and then maybe we can read it together. If you don’t pick something, I’ll pick one for you and we’ll use it as a script!”

“I don’t want any, I just want to pass your message and get home...”

“Tsk, tsk, Jon. I absolutely insist! In fact, pick one now or I will pick one for you! Of course none of them even come close to what I’m going to do to you, my pet!”

Her finger moved, hypnotised him as it plated itself under his chin and forced him to look up at her.

“Choose!”

Jon looked at Sophie and a tear rolled down his cheek.

“Not good enough, little boy!”

She stretched out an arm and picked a copy of ‘Madames’ and pressed it into Jon’s hand.

“Make sure you bring this one along next time we meet or there’ll be trouble. Now then, here’s a bag to put it in and here’s a small package for my barrister to pass on to someone else for me...”

She took a packet from the counter of the shop and dropped it into the brown paper bag and passed the bag to Jon.

“So, what do you say to Auntie Stiffe, Jon?”

“Thank you, Miss,” said Jon.

“Oh, dear oh dear, Jon. It’s not what you say it’s the way that you say it!”

Jon got to his knees and kissed Sophie’s dusty boots.

“That’s right, lick the shit off my shoes, Jon. It’s all you’re good for. Even Miss Crystal says that you can’t lick cunt to save your life!”

At that moment, the man in the leather jacket came back into the shop, his brown paper bag in his hand. For a moment he stood motionless as he saw Jon at Sophie’s feet, kissing her shoes.

“What the fuck are you looking at?” asked Sophie. “Are your specs about to steam up or do you want to kiss my ass?”

“I gave you a twenty,” said the man to the shop assistant, “and you only gave me change for a tenner!”

“Fuck off!” said the assistant, “Otherwise this woman will eat you alive!”

The man took one look at Sophie and almost ran out of the door to be followed by gusts of mirth from Sophie and the shop assistant.

“You can get up now, Jon,” said Sophie. “The name is on the envelope, if you make a mistake I’ll take you to the ‘Hole In The Wall’ club again and have you fucked ‘till you scream. Now that they’ve put cages and glory-holes in the bar, so that a man can get a blowjob while buying a drink, I have a hankering to take you back... You’d love the work behind the bar!”

“I’ll go and I promise that I won’t make a mistake,” said Jon, almost running for the exit.

“Remember where you’re going, the Inns of Court!”

Jon got out at Holborn and walked to the Inns, the place where barristers trained and were nominally resident. The man that he was after was easily recognised, the only man sitting on a bench outside the Georgian buildings on the street.

Jon sat next to him and said, “Greg?”

The man looked down at him with a look that verged on disdain.

“Yes...”

“From Sophie,” said Jon as he passed over the packet after fishing it from the brown paper bag that also held his magazine.

“Not like that, in the open! What’s the matter with you man?”

“Fuck you, prig,” said Jon and tossed the package on the bench with a theatrical movement of his arm. “So, you’re a fucking barrister, how many cocks have you sucked? You’re just a wanker on Sophie’s list of servants. Here’s your money...”

“It’s not for me,” said the sitting man, but Jon was already out of earshot.

The barrister sat on the bench and nursed the block of fifty pound notes and noticed a corner of the packet had been prised open by Jon to see what was inside.

He waited.

And waited.

At last the barrister before standing and heading off down Strand, to meet the chief juror who would sway the jury. As he walked, he was followed by a slow moving car inside of which sat two men with a camera with a telephoto lens.

Construction - May 1985

Jean had a strange excitement in her breast. At once anxiety and trepidation and gladness that she was getting to meet up with Sherri again. The finances and accounting methods had to be discussed, the attitude to tax and revenue as well as the earnings for the owner.

What was more, Jean had a longing to see what work was being done at the new club. It was now three weeks since she and Jon had viewed the place in its decrepit state and she tried to imagine what had been done in the meantime.

Jon was in his office. Buried with catching up on all the work he had been neglecting recently. In a dark mood, he would not talk to her except about work and maintained a brusque and snappy tone that made her time in the office almost unbearable.

Jean popped her head around his door and said, "I've caught up with all of the correspondence and filing, I'll take a half day!"

Jon looked up at her and just nodded before turning back to his desk where papers were scattered in a dishevelled heap. It would be good to be alone. He slid open the drawer in his desk and slid out the copy of 'Madames' that Sophie had given him. It would be good to slip from reality into a world of fantasy.

The train was late.

Jean stood on the platform of the small suburban station and gazed at the backs of the houses. One of them was Jon's, well at least the upper part, she thought. Her mind went to his behaviour. Aggressive, silent, sudden outbursts and anger, that night in Soho had shaken him to the core, she thought. He wanted it, of that she was sure, but what he wanted and the actuality had diverged.

Then she thought of her own response ... She had needed to be fucked, whether Sophie or Jon had filled her would not have mattered, the itch had to be scratched. There were no preconceived whims in her head to be disappointed about!

The train finally arrived and Jean stepped in.

She hadn't suffered from that night and yet Jon seemed to have been almost shattered by it. Perhaps there was something that she couldn't see? Something in the way that sex affected men and not women, she decided at last. Jon was being nasty to her at the moment anyway, so he could go fuck himself!

Especially since Sherri was offering her work that would be so sweet.

As the train headed for the centre of London, Jean convinced herself that she was making the right decision, by the time that she arrived at the building site that was Sherri's new club her mind was made up.

The windows had now been bricked up and two men were busy plastering. A simple black door was being fitted and Jean slipped into a small corridor that had another door. It seemed that the club was going to be intensely private! Jean opened the second door to find Sherri standing in a room that was being fitted with a bar and giving instructions to a man with a clipboard.

“The podium goes here against the wall,” she was saying. “Over it goes the screen for the projector and the booths start here.

Sherri turned and greeted Jean with a smile.

“Good to see you, Jean,” she said before turning back to the builder and pointing out other details of work to be done.

For the first time Jean saw Sherri casually dressed. Jeans and high heels with a sweat shirt pulled tightly over her breasts. Jean nodded a greeting and then looked around at the piles of cartons and bricks and realised that the last two weeks had changed the place out of all recognition. Gone was the old bar, the worn décor and the wooden flooring.

“I hope that you’ve kept all of the receipts for this work,” said Jean. “I’d better get going on the accounts for you!”

“A real accountant’s mind is what you have, it’s all here, somewhere,” laughed Sherri. “Wait a sec...”

She picked up a dusty folder from the bar and passed it to Jean.

“It’s all here. In a week the décor will be done and in two it’ll be the opening night.”

Jean opened the folder to find a wad of receipts and bank statements.

“It’s all there, darling,” said Sherri. “Check it later. Come on, I’ll show you around, but you’ll need a bit of imagination to understand how it’ll look.”

Sherri kissed Jean on the cheek and put an arm around her.

“The bar is there,” she said pointing to the frame that had been assembled. “A stage for the dancers and a cage to each side... then come the private booths and here...” she led Jean to the back of the room, “goes the entrance to the private rooms for hire.”

Jean saw a sort corridor that had four entrance leading from it, the doors leaning against the walls.

“Private rooms?”

“Yeah, each private and intimate... This is going to be a woman’s refuge, a place where they can live out their desires to make men just playthings.”

Jean peeped into the rooms, but they were bare of ornament, the smell of drying plaster strong in her nostrils.

“At the back comes our office,” continued Sherri.

“Our?”

Sherri laughed.

“The accountant gets to share my office, darling. It’s where we can see the cameras and of course have a little privacy when the club is full...”

Sherri led Jean back into the main room where the sound of hammering now made conversation difficult.

“All the equipment is ordered. Lighting, cages, the punishment boxes and the stuff for the changing rooms. Come on let’s get out of here,” shouted Sherri over the noise. “I need some fresh air!”

They emerged, arm-in-arm into the light of day and Sherri turned to look back at the doorway.

“No signs, no lights and no hint of the club from the outside,” said Sherri. “All private and members only. Already we have had over a hundred memberships registered. This place is going to be a goldmine!”

Jean clutched the folder under her arm and felt a strange lightness of being that was pure bliss. This was all so exciting!

“And Jon?” she asked.

“Oh, forget about him! Sophie has him firmly in her grip. She uses, abuses and then discards men like broken toys. Already he’s dancing to her tune, when she really gets her claws in him, he’ll be like putty in your hands.”

“He’s not in a good way,” said Jean. “I almost feel sorry for him.”

“Don’t, he’s not worth the trouble. It’ll get much worse for him, dear. Now then, how about that little adventure that I promised you?”

“Adventure? This whole last month has been a fucking adventure,” said Jean.

It felt so right to swear and Jean just could not help herself from giggling.

“I meant, let’s do what I always do to relieve a little stress! Go buy some shoes.”

“I’m game,” said Jean.

“Come on then, the appointment’s in just ten minutes. It’s all arranged.”

They emerged onto Wardour Street and made their way through a maze of small yards and side streets.

“Katie is a manager of a very exclusive shoe shop,” said Sherri. “Appointment only on one day a week...”

They came to a small window with just three pairs of women’s shoes displayed and not a price to be seen. Over the door the sign announced, ‘Shoe Heaven’ and Sherri pressed the doorbell.

“Now then, choose whatever you like and I’ll pay,” said Sherri. “Ah, here we go...”

The door opened and a woman opened the door.

“Hi Katie,” said Sherri. “Are we too early?”

“No fine,” said Katie as she waved them into the small shop and offered them a

seat in the Chesterfield armchairs. “I’ll just get Christina.”

Katie disappeared through a curtain and Jean looked around. She felt as though she recognised Katie, but could not put her finger on it. ‘Deja-vu’, she thought. A few pairs of elegant stilettos stood on small pedestals around the walls and mirrors and erotic prints filled the rest of the walls.

“The prices are outrageous,” whispered Sherri, “but the service is impeccable. Katie has plans to buy the shop from the owner and turn it into a much more exclusive shop.”

“It’s already pretty swanky,” said Jean.

“She needs a new name of course and asked me, but I couldn’t think of anything.”

Katie parted the curtain as she returned with a young girl who she introduced as Christina. Long blonde hair, a mini skirt and a tight top with obviously no bra underneath.

“I am buying him out in a month or so,” said Katie. “Have you thought about a name for my new shop?”

Sherri shrugged her shoulders and said, “Nothing that is acceptable. All I could come up with was ‘Fucking Heels’ and I don’t think that that could be put on the sign outside the door!”

Jean looked around at the stilettos on show and said, “Spiked Soul?”

“Perfect,” said Sherri and Katie almost together. “It rings so true.”

Half an hour later the floor was full of shoes as Jean and Sherri tried them on and strutted around the shop whilst Christina ran in and out of the stockroom bringing new pairs to try.

They finally decided on matching Maud Frizon’s, red with slender heels, devoid of decoration.

“They are so good,” said Sherri.

“Frizon’s has a new designer, Christian Louboutin. I just love his designs,” said Katie as she counted the cash that Sherri had pressed into her hand. “So how’s the new club getting along?”

“In three weeks I’ll be opening the doors,” said Sherri. “Of course you’re invited... I’ll put you on the member’s list.”

“Can’t wait,” said Katie. “I’m sick of ‘Hole In The Wall’, I spend too much time there. Anyway, there are too many so called dominant men using it now.”

The mention of the club caused Jean to giggle and then she suddenly realised

that Katie was the woman who had had a leashed man at her beck and call and forced Jon to serve her.

“Miss Crystal,” she announced. “I knew that we’d met.”

“Of course,” laughed Katie. “Miss Crystal is what I call myself when I am out and about at night. Leather bitch and an insatiable need to make men crawl. Now I remember, I do believe that I met your boyfriend as well! Weren’t you with Sophie?”

“That’s right, but he’s my boss not my boyfriend.”

“Not for much longer... Well, in a couple of months with Sophie, he won’t be more than a crawling bitch for her,” laughed Katie. “She’s so cruel and heartless. Watch out for Sherri here as well, she’s not much better!”

Sherri started to laugh.

“We’ll all have to go out together. The three girls out on the town. You can bring your pet along and Jean will bring Jon for Sophie’s pleasure. Me, I’ll take Christina here and we’ll all play together!”

“Sounds good...” said Katie looking around at Christina. “Like to play with the grown-up girls?”

“Tomorrow night’s good for me,” said Christina. “As long as you don’t throw me to Sophie, I’m game, Miss.”

“It’s a date then, the wicked sister is on the rampage,” said Katie. “Eleven at the Hole in The Wall, and let the dice land where they will!”

Wicked Sisters - May 1985

Jean walked into the office and saw that Jon was on the phone.

“No, not ever again, not tonight,” he was saying. “I won’t do it!”

There was a pause as the other person on the line spoke and Jean hung up her coat.

“That’s just blackmail,” he said. “You wouldn’t dare!”

Jean tiptoed around him and sat at her desk. Now she could hear the voice at the other end of the line. Not the exact words, but the voice was Sophie’s.

“Yes, Miss, I’ll tell her,” said Jon heavily. “We’ll both be there...”

Sophie said some final words and then Jon put down the receiver.

“Tonight, she expects us both at that infernal club in Soho,” he muttered. “The woman has me running like an errand-boy, now she wants to ‘play’ with us...”

“Tonight?” asked Jean in feigned surprise. “At The Hole In The Wall?”

“At eleven...”

“We’d better go; did she say if anyone else would be there?”

“Just, ‘some of her friends’,” said Jon. “Jesus, the mess that you’ve gotten me into!”

“I didn’t get you in this mess,” said Jean. “You did it all by yourself. Now then, if that’s all you’ve got to complain about, I’d like to get on with my work.”

The comment drove Jon into his own office, slamming the door behind him and Jean started to chuckle. Poor little Jon, Sophie was eating him alive.

The day passed with normal business whilst Jean felt an elation thinking about the girl’s night-out that was coming. At five, she left the office with a reminder to Jon that they were meeting at eleven and not to be late. She almost skipped home and started to think about what she should wear. In the end she slipped on a little black dress, her sexy new shoes and put on the brightest red lipstick in her collection.

The ‘models wanted’ note was still pinned to the door as Jean and Jon entered the club. The huge bouncer by the door seemed to recognise them both and

opened the door to reveal the stairs down to Jon's private hell.

The music was as loud and insistent as before, but this time the lights were all electric blue, giving the place a sinister shadowed air that suited Jean's mood. This time, she told herself, she would not take any other poison than alcohol, none of that potion that Sophie carried in the small glass tube. This time she would savour the full thrill without the benefit of drugs.

Jon stood and peered into the blue flashing darkness, obviously hoping that Sophie would not be there, but there she was. Sitting like a queen in her palace, half-hidden in a booth, waving at the two newcomers.

"Come on, she's over there," said Jean.

"I can see," said Jon crossly.

Katie, Sherri and Christina were sitting next to Sophie while the collared man in the suit sat kneeling, hanging on Katie's leash. Jean arrived first and kissed all three on the lips to take the last seat in the booth while Jon stood looking uncertain.

"There's a place for you too," said Sophie to Jon in her husky voice.

Her finger pointed at the floor by her feet and she opened her legs a little to give Jon room to kneel. For a few moments he looked down at the expectant girls and then shook his head.

“No, I’m not doing it,” he said in almost a shout. “Do what you want with your dirty photos, I won’t be blackmailed anymore!”

If Jon expected a harsh reply or a dismissal, he was disappointed. Sophie just looked up at him with a quizzical smile and tossed the polaroids from their last visit to the table and crossed her arms.

“Take them,” she said. “You’re right, their worthless...”

Jon snatched up the photos and tore them to small pieces before dropping the tatters in the huge ashtray.

“They are now,” he crowed before turning to Jean.

“You’re sacked, bitch! You got me into this mess and you can’t deny it! I’ll find another measly secretary in five minutes, so don’t bother coming back to the office!”

“Fuck your fucking job,” shouted Jean. “Then go fuck yourself before someone else does it for you!”

Christina clapped her hands in glee and said, “You tell him, Jean! He’s worth fuck-all!”

Katie raised an eyebrow and looked at Sophie in question whilst Sherri just sat and smiled.

“If you want to see some real photos,” said Sophie to Jon, “then you’d better look at these!”

Her hands unwound and she pulled an envelope from her bag and tossed it on the table in front of her victim. Her smile showed that she was enjoying the confrontation, her body language that she was completely in control.

Jon turned back and snatched up the envelope as Sophie began to explain.

“You may have seen it in the papers,” she said loudly. “A certain friend of mine was facing years at her majesty’s pleasure, something to do with running a small establishment that the law foolishly sees as illegal. Then came the shock; the jury turned in a verdict of not-guilty and my friend was out all of trouble.”

“What’s this got to do with me?” asked Jon as he opened the envelope.

“Well, I heard from a little birdy that a certain barrister bribed the chief of the jury and that you gave him the money to do it. That’s what I heard!”

Jon looked at the crystal clear pictures of him tossing an envelope on a park-bench and looked back to Sophie.

“This proves nothing,” he cried and tore the photos into shreds.

“It’s just your part of the story, that’s why,” laughed Sophie. “The rest of the photos trace the money all the way to the bribe and the verdict. Of course, you’ll have your day in court, but then I might just feel that another bribe’s in order and you would be behind bars.”

“And disbarred,” laughed Jean at her pun.

“Bending over to pick up the soap in the showers,” laughed Sophie.

“So,” asked Sherri. “Are you going to get on your knees and say ‘sorry’ or walk out and speak to fraud squad?”

Jon looked at Jean as if for support, but she just kissed Sophie full on the lips in reply.

Jon kneeled.

“My shoes bitch,” laughed Sophie. “And an apology!”

The exact words that Jon said were muffled by the table top and then the point of Sophie’s toe pushed between his lips to silence him.

“I hope that you brought the magazine like I told you to,” said Sophie to the man under the table.

Jon’s hand placed the folded copy of ‘Madames’ on the table and Sophie flicked through it idly.

“Men like him want it, but then when it gets the moment of truth, they always try to run away from me!” said Sophie as she tossed the magazine back to him.

“Men!” said Sophie. “They make such a show and yet in the end they’re all just hot air and bluster! Now then, where’s that champagne?”

Jean was in a daze, she had just been fired, but now Jon was under the table fervently kissing the soles of Sophie’s shoes. ‘Does this mean that I have my job back?’ she wondered as a topless waitress topped up all the glasses.

“I told you that Sophie was a bitch,” said Katie with a grin. “There’s no getting past her!”

Sherri put her arm around Christina and dropped a hand onto the small breasts. Her fingers found a nipple and played with it as they sat and discussed Katie’s ideas for her shop.

“It’s going to be a place where rich women can get shoes and all the special service that they need,” she said. “That’s in the future of course, First I need to groom and select customers and then I can move to the next stage.”

“What does hubby say about your plans?”

“Oh, he loves the idea, he found most of the money to buy the shop, he’ll do as I want!”

“Doesn’t he mind about all of this?” asked Sophie as she looked around the club.
“I mean it makes him a bit of a cuckold...”

Katie laughed.

“He encourages me, he always says, ‘do what you want Katie, fuck who you want It’s good to know that my wife is so desirable!’. Anyway, this one is in total chastity, I was thinking of having him gelded, just to make the position quite clear.”

Jean looked down at the man who was sucking Katie’s heels and then to Jon. Obviously he was really willing, perhaps he had been hooked as Jon was?

The conversation moved on. Two more bottles of champagne arrived and were emptied as Jean felt elated by the power of these women. Sherri who casually abused a glassy-eyed Christina with her hand, Sophie and Katie with men at their feet, while she was the only one without a partner.

‘Partner? Slave more like,’ she thought as she peeped under the table at Jon. It

would be so sweet to own him and control every little part of his miserable life. Hitch him up and ride him...

The floor show started.

An almost naked man led a girl into the centre of the floor and slowly stripped her naked to the beat of the music. He led her to the cage and fettered her inside, as Jean had seen last time, but this time the show took a different turn.

Reaching into the cage, the man took a giant vibrator and started to tease his bound captive. He played the tip over her lips and nipples, slowly moving over the slick skin until at last she opened her legs and allowed him to fuck her with the black rubber.

Jean could not help herself being drawn to the show. She imagined being restrained and fucked and then found herself wondering what it would be like to be the tormentor. The one who teased and fucked, controlling every sensation, creating highs and lows and then finally pushing home to hear the screams of bliss as her victim climaxed to her every touch.

That would be so stimulating!

“Did you see what they did to the bar,” asked Sherri. “I’ll have to do the same in my new place...”

“Twenty pounds a go,” said Sophie. “I’ve not seen it used yet... but I haven’t been here in a week.”

Jean looked over at the bar, but there seemed nothing strange or different about it. The solid bar stools were mostly unoccupied, it seemed that the booths were the main attraction. Opposite their corner was another where a woman and a man were petting, him with his hand up her skirt, she cupping his erection through his trousers, kneading and playing with him. Jean felt a rush at being in this decadent place and turned back to see that Sophie was speaking to Jon.

“I hope that you’ve got twenty pounds for me,” said Sophie as she looked down at the man who was holding her foot in both hands as he crouched under the table.

“That’s mean,” laughed Sherri, “making him pay for it!”

“Excuse me! It’s his round after all,” answered Sophie.

Jon had missed most of the discussion; it had literally gone over his head. He reached for his wallet and rooted around before passing two ten pound notes to Sophie’s manicured hand.

“I think that that’s assent,” said Sophie as she called a waitress with by raising her hand. “It will keep him occupied and give us a little demonstration of his submission as well!”

A waitress arrived at the table and Sophie pointed to Jon as she passed the money to her.

“We want to try out your bar entertainment,” she said. “How does it work?”

The waitress looked down at the pale face that stared up at her breasts from below the table and nodded.

“Best to show you ...” she answered, tucking the folded notes into her stocking tops. “There aren’t many takers...”

Sophie stood up and spoke to Jon, “Wait a minute, I’ll be back for you.”

“Can I come for a look as well?” asked Jean.

“Just a look? Are you sure that you don’t fancy a go?” asked Sherri.

“Depends...” said Jean bravely.

The waitress led Jean and Sophie across to the bar and explained.

“You already know about the seating in the booths,” she said. “Well, it’s the same sort of thing...”

“He goes in the stool?” asked Sophie looking at the pillar-like bar stools.

“That’s one of the two possibilities,” said the waitress as she showed a door in the stool to reveal a small space in which hung a mass of straps. “Fixed in there, the head on this rest that allows the sitter to sit comfortably. This is ideal for a woman who wants constant intimate attention... For men’s use, we have a different option...”

Her hand went to the vertical surface of the bar and Jean suddenly realised that the surface was not a flat wall, but rather a series of buttresses that projected forward from the surface. Because it was all painted in black with oval emblems at the top of each buttress she had not noticed the shape.

“This bit detaches,” said the waitress as she leaned and removed one of the emblems to leave an oval opening. “The head goes behind so that when the bar stool is pulled close there is a tight hole to use.”

Sophie started to laugh and peeped into the blackness where she could see straps and buckles hanging in the shadows. At that moment Katie arrived with her leash in her hand. Her hand stroked the hair of her suited pet.

“Now that’s what I call a comfortable place to sit,” she said as she looked at the bar stool with its door open. “Fancy a go, dear?”

The man looked up at his owner and then at the stool and nodded.

“You’re a naughty little dog,” laughed Katie. “Is that what you want? To spend the rest of the night amusing me? Giving us a little show and me a little pleasure?”

The pet nodded and looked hopefully up at Katie with wide eyes.

“I’ll get it ready,” said the waitress, looking down at the man.

“Oh no,” said Katie. “Not in the stool! Let’s try out the bar.”

The man had a look of shock on his face and shook his head vigorously.

“I think that he’s changed his mind now,” said Sophie.

“It’s too late,” said Katie. “In he goes and then all we need is a man. Fancy a go, Sophie?”

“What, put my darling cock into that servile little worm,” exclaimed Sophie.
“Not likely, I don’t know where he’s been...”

Katie laughed and slapped her pet on the face.

“That means we’ll have to find a man to use you...” she said.

Jean stood open mouthed as she watched the waitress open a catch to swing back a section of the bar and reveal the small space where Katie's bitch would be confined.

"In you hop," said Katie. "Be quick about it..."

For a moment it seemed that the man on his knees was about to protest and resist, but Katie just stepped to face him and watched as he instinctively kissed her feet.

"It's what I want," she said in a grating tone, "don't displease me! You are here for my entertainment and pleasure and nothing more."

He looked up at the four women who stood over him and made a noise that was like a high pitched moan before he bent his head and stared at Katie's shoes.

Sherri looked at her watch and nodded.

"Plenty of time," she said.

"I'll sort it out," said the waitress. "It'll take a couple of minutes and then I'll call you over."

The three women walked back to their table as the waitress bent over Katie's pet

and coaxed him into position.

“For a moment, I thought that he was going to get up and run,” said Jean. “I would have...”

“Harold will do as he’s told,” said Katie. “He knows what I’ll do if he rebels against my wishes. I’ll have his balls chopped off and throw him out of my life.”

Sophie laughed and slapped Jean on her ass.

“These men, they all start thinking that they are having some sort of affair or a night of passion with an escort, but before they know it they are just another plaything!”

“Like Jon?” asked Jean

“Just like him,” said Sophie as she sat and leaned down to guide her latest victim’s lips to her foot. “A photo here, a tease there and suddenly they are in our world!”

“And me?” asked Jean.

The question came to her lips almost automatically. She was not yet really a fully-fledged member of this group and a dread gripped her mind as she looked

at the women who seemed to be friends, but were actually far from being more than acquaintances.

“That’s not decided yet,” said Sherri, patting Jean on the knee with a sly smile. “Want to risk it?”

It was not the answer that Jean had wanted to hear, but she managed a smile to mask her anxiety and watched as Sherri pulled Christina in close to nuzzle her breasts.

“You’ve got a lot to learn,” added Katie with a sly smile. “My advice is, ‘learn fast’. Sophie has a low attention span!”

The waitress arrived back at the table, “He’s ready,” she said.

“Good, let’s all take a look,” replied Sherri. “I love the idea... I’ll have to alter the plans for my own bar and do something similar!”

The whole group wandered over to the bar to find that a ‘reserved’ sign had been placed on the barstool net to the place where Katie’s pet had been confined. His face pushed through the hole in the buttress of the bar, a ring-gag holding his mouth wide and his eyes rolling to watch the small group that stood with drinks in their hands considering their next move.

Jon looked up from his position on all fours at Sophie’s feet with a look of horror on his face. Was he the next to be played with? He retched, and felt a bitter taste in his mouth, but the women ignored him as they discussed their evil diversion.

“We’ve got half an hour to go,” said Sophie. “I think that it’s enough to finish the job.”

Jean wondered what she meant, but it seemed that Katie and Sherri were in accord.

“Gross indecency, is called for,” said Katie. “A fine end for him, I think! He’s been around too long already; I need new meat.”

“For that, we need a man to use him,” answered Sophie. “Let’s see...”

She looked around the half-full darkness, her eyes resting on the couple in the rear booth. Sophie walked over to them and started a conversation with them. Jean saw the woman nod and look at the man. Then she said something and he laughed before they both stood up and followed Sophie back to the bar.

“She’s very persuasive,” commented Sherri. “I think that we should sit back down and enjoy the fun!”

“A couple more bottles as well,” said Katie. “After all, we’re not going to have to pay for it are we? So, we might as well push the boat out!”

Jean followed Katie and Sherri back to the booth and wondered what was going on. Clearly they were all here for a reason that was beyond her comprehension,

this was not just a night out, there was something more, something about to happen. She peeked at her watch and saw that it was half past midnight.

Half an hour, Sophie had said.

The couple from the rear booth together with Sophie now stood at the bar. Jean watched with fascinated horror as the man started to laugh and the woman slapped the captive man's face and then poked a finger into his mouth whilst Sophie and the man laughed at whatever it was that the woman said.

Sophie pulled the stool close to the bar and planted a kiss on the woman's lips before returning to the group.

"What was she saying?" asked Katie when Sophie arrived.

"She said that a man who allowed himself to be used deserved everything that he got!"

Jean could not take her eyes off the scene now being played out at the bar. The woman slid next to her partner and slid his trousers down before freeing his rigid cock and massaging it. Other clients noticed the spectacle and turned their attention from the performers in the cage and conversation ceased, leaving just the thud of the music-beat as the man sat on the chair and looked down at the white face that he was about to abuse.

Jean could not see the man's erection, it was between his thighs, but she could imagine it poised before the open lips. As she watched, the woman whispered in her partner's ear and her hand dropped to hold him and guide him as he slid

forward and pushed hard into the face that was now between his thighs.

Only the couple who were the centre of attention could see the cock push deep, all of the others in the club just imagined the details, but were absorbed by the debased theatre.

Jean noticed Sherri look at her watch and smile. She looked at her own and saw that it was now just ten minutes before one.

The man on the stool moved his hips, he slid back and forth over the slick surface of the barstool, fucking the hole that gaped as his partner guided him with a hand between his thighs.

“You’ll miss him,” said Sherri to Katie. “He was perfect material.”

“He was too willing,” replied Katie. “I’ll find another easily enough!”

Jena watched as the scene reached a climax. Some of the watching audience started to clap in time to the man’s hip-thrusts and a few called out obscene comments and suggestions as the man’s partner leaned to press her lips to his and his hands moved to cup and play with her breasts.

He thrust hard, he shuddered and his hands gripped her breasts with a hard grip. He broke the kiss and cried out and then pulled free. The woman laughed as she looked down to watch her man gush his come to splatter the helpless face whilst she held and directed his cock with her hand.

A spontaneous round of applause swept the room as the man slipped from the stool to stand gasping as he looked down at the face that had served his cock.

It was at that moment that the door to the club opened wide and ten new guests entered in a rush of bodies.

Monopoly - May 1985

Uniformed and non-uniformed police streamed through the door as a body. Flashlights in their hands, truncheons at the ready. Some of them headed straight through the club to reach the back door and turned to block the exit, whilst others fanned out and started to arrest the clients and staff and cuff them.

Jean started to rise to her feet, but Sophie's hand pushed her back down.

"Wait!" said Sophie. "Sit..."

Jean slumped to her seat, she felt physically sick, but managed to hold it down, but when she looked at Katie, Sherri and Sophie they were sitting relaxed and smiling. Sherri even reach out and poured herself another glass of champagne from the bottle!

A uniformed policeman strolled over to their booth, that had so far remained the only place that the police had not overrun. He brushed aside a constable and came to the table.

"You had better leave," he said, "better not to be mixed up in this mess..."

Sophie nodded and blew a small kiss before she stood, dragging Jon up by the hair.

“Thank you officer,” she said ironically. “You came just at the right moment to save us from all of this immoral wickedness!”

“Use the back door,” he answered as she led them past cuffed topless waitresses and clients who were all shouting their innocence.

Jean looked back to see two plainclothes police looking at the face embedded in the bar, trying to figure out how he could be released so that they could cuff him. It was the last sight Jean had of the club as the group of six were led into the cold night air to find themselves alone on the street, the clamour and music of the club barely noticeable down the stairwell.

The door slammed closed and Sophie stared to laugh.

“That was so much fun,” she said as she doubled over in gusts of laughter. “Did you see their faces as they saw all the come on his face?”

“I suppose that’s the end of a fine romance,” added Katie. “He’ll never be able to explain that in court or to his wife for that matter...”

“You knew that they were coming!” said Jean as she looked down at Jon on all fours who was retching onto the cobbles. “Who was the man that let us go?”

“Superintendent La Gare,” laughed Sophie. “A man who knows gross indecency

when he sees it, especially when he's dressed as a schoolgirl on the sharp end of my cock! Now that he's got two Magistrates, a senior civil servant and a couple of barristers' collars, he's on his way to an MBE, I should think. That'll be the payoff to cover this all up, except for the small fry of course!"

"Oh, it'll all be covered up," said Sherri. "It always is, but a couple of them will be charged and, best of all, The Hole In The Wall is out of business! In two weeks or so, I open up Sinderella and the place will be packed."

"What about your slave?" asked Jean.

"Oh, he'll learn to suck cock at her majesty's pleasure, dear. An Oxford Don has no political strings to pull, there's no way that he'll escape being charged!" answered Katie with a small laugh.

The sound of a siren could be heard from the next street and Katie said, "Come on, we'll head back to the shop for a little celebration, I think that we've had enough excitement for the night."

Part IV – The Shoe Fits

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat - June 1985

Jean showed the clients out and closed the door with a sigh. How unexciting a normal day in the office was, she thought, as she headed back to her desk. She looked at the documents that they had left that needed work and closed the folder. That could be done tomorrow or the day after, there was no hurry.

Far more interesting were Sherri's accounts!

Even though the accounts were in themselves not stimulating, the thought that she was working for Sherri led her thoughts into paths that were invigorating. As she opened the envelope of bills and accounts her mind went back to that night a week ago. The deference of the policeman, the way that they had walked from the 'Hole In The Wall' club as though they were unseen. A last glimpse of the gagged face that looked from the hole in the bar and the shock of the couple that had been arrested after enjoying fucking that gaping mouth.

She looked at the pile of bills and began to sort them. Fixed costs, items that required a depreciation account, building costs and pay, all of them needed to be entered on the books to launch the accounts. A bank statement showing thirty thousand pounds in credit in Sherri's name...

Jon was in his office, she could hear a phone conversation, muffled by the door. A tickle between her thighs caused her to resettle in the chair as she thought about the way that he had been defiant and then collapsed like a rag-doll when Sophie had tossed the photos to him. Poor little Jon, licking the soles of Sophie's shoes, knowing that the trap he was in had closed tight! Somehow, she had to figure out how to become his owner.

The tickle became an itch that needed scratching. A wetness that soaked her, demanding attention from the hand in her lap.

In the last weeks she had taken to wearing stockings all the time, getting used to the tight clasps that held up the stretched nylon, enjoying the feeling of the stilettos on her feet and the sway that it gave her gait. Jon now always moved around her, giving her a wide berth, no longer the leading man that he had seemed. He never referred to that night, just gave her work and retreated to his office as though the sight of her reminded him that he was Sophie's bitch on call.

Her hand ran down her leg to the hem of the skirt and pulled a little to allow her fingertips to play on the naked skin of her thighs. The roughness of the tight stockings contrasting to the sensitive skin and the taut straps that pulled.

Jean's daydream slowed and she looked down at the topmost bill. A bed with a cage underneath and a list of the fetters that came as optional extras. She imagined herself dozing on that bed with a caged man underneath awaiting her call. That man should be Jon!

Male friends had never really been a big part of her life, boring and always trying to get their hands on her breasts and between her legs. No boyfriend had ever lasted more than a few weeks before she had shown them the door. Now she had started to realise that what she wanted was a man who followed her lead, did as he was told and was just there to please her as she decided.

Her hand went a little further and found the sticky dampness where her thighs touched.

In Jean's imagination she could feel the key that would release the servile prisoner who just longed to please. He would emerge to await her orders, fulfil them and then be once again locked away for later while Jean slipped into delicious post climactic slumber. That's the way that it should be.

The fantasy was formless, a pleasant heaven where she controlled every desire whilst her lover just lived to please.

'Is there such a man for me?' she thought as she stroked the gusset of her panties. 'A man who never questioned, just did? Of course there is!'

Her thoughts went back to Sherri.

Dominant, self-assured and demanding, a woman who got exactly what she wanted. That was what Jena wanted to become. A woman in command of her life in every way. Jean pictured Sherri fondling and playing with Christina and shuddered with envy. The exploitation of the young woman had been so casual, so effortless, no resistance, no argument, simple enjoyment of authority over another person.

'Am I Sherri or am I Christina?' she wondered as she recalled the chill as Sherri had said, "That's not decided yet!", as though it could go either way. Would she be the one to sit on Sherri's lap and be played with like a dolly, or would she be the one to beckon Christina to submit to being used?

Jean chewed over the idea and decided that she wanted to be like Sherri. In control, confident and authoritative, making others dance to her tune. Somehow she had to join that group of girls as an equal. She had to show Katie, Sherri and Sophie that Miss Jean was a woman who knew what she wanted and got what she fancied!

One finger found a way between her panties and thigh and slipped under to play on the lips of her pussy. Now that she had waxed her pussy, it felt smooth and alluring, a simple entrance, a slick weapon that men could kneel to and beg for.

She sighed and sat back as her thighs opened a little and then gasped as her fingertip ran over her emerging clitoris. Through the door, Jean heard Jon putting down the phone and the scrape of chair legs on the floor. An instinct caused her finger to retreat for a moment, as though she was scared to be caught like this in pre-orgasmic fugue, but she overcame the impulse and pressed a little harder instead, gasping as she explored her weapon of choice.

The door to the inner office opened and Jon stood open mouthed.

Jean, his shy and uninspiring secretary lying back in her chair, legs wide with one hand lifting her skirt beneath the desk, the points of her stilettos digging into the carpet as she gazed up at him with glassy eyes. Jon had never seen her like this, face flushed, lips pouting in the throes of desire.

“What the f...?” he started as the tip of her tongue passed over her lips.

Jean smiled and then gasped as her fingers found a sweet spot.

“What the fuck are you looking at?” she blurted.

Jon started to turn to retreat back to the safety of his office.

The movement seemed to animate Jean and she said, “Whatever I want... lock the door, Jon, the office is closed!”

She had nearly said ‘bitch’ instead of his name and chuckled at the thought as her boss dropped the latch on the door into the office and turned to face her.

“Sophie...” she breathed.

That single word seemed to overwhelm any defiance and he stood with his arms slack and hung his head. Jean thought back to that first wild night out with Sophie, the curved cock that had fucked her, Jon trapped between Katie’s thighs and the man whom Katie had betrayed.

“Lick the shit off my shoes...” she said.

He dropped to his knees to look up at her. Now he could see her thighs, the skirt riding high under the desk, panties reduced to a thin pink line in the crease of her thigh, a finger slipped into the smooth fold of her pussy as it teased a clitoris that swelled under its touch.

Jean climaxed, her thighs shuddered and the points of her heels gouged the carpet in irregular tremors.

“I won’t tell you again...”

Now he was on all-fours. Crawling under the desk to lower his lips to the points of her shoes as Jean relaxed and slowly pushed a finger deep into soaking cunt.

‘It’s so easy,’ she realised as she felt his kisses on her nylons. ‘All I have to do is give the word...’

Jon could not take his eyes from the hand that frantically fucked the swollen flesh of his secretary. His head bobbed as each kiss was planted on her ankle, mesmerised by a need to obey that could not be resisted.

“Watch me come...”

The demand was not required; Jon could not ignore the scene that played out under the desk. The slow rhythm of the hand, the opening of legs and the way that Jean slid down a little in her chair as her skirt rode up to expose the lower part of the corset that was now revealed.

Jean sighed.

All she could see of the man that cowered under the desk was his rump, all she could feel was where the kisses on her calves were planted as he dared to move towards the performance that played out before his eyes.

“No further,” breathed Jean as she felt a kiss on the inside of her knee. “Just

watch...”

A second finger arched and then joined the first, opening her sliding through the swollen flesh before pressing deep to a groan from above the desk.

“You are allowed...”

Jon knew what she meant and retreated a little, planting a kiss on her shin as he did so. One trembling hand fumbled with his belt, pulled it free and then pulled hastily at the zipper of his flies to free the erection that so desperately needed to be stroked.

“That’s better,” she said as she saw his ass lift a little and the trousers drop to reveal his boxers. “Nice and slow, there’s no relief until I allow it.”

Jean slowly fucked herself with two fingers, enjoying the exquisite moment of authority. Inside her the final climax boiled, half physical, half emotional, all sensual.

‘This is what they feel,’ she thought as images of Katie, Sherri and Sophie invaded her mind. ‘Total domination!’

A shuddering took her in its grip, she gasped and thrust harder, thumb on clitoris, two fingers reaming as her little finger touched the clenched bud of her ass.

“Not yet,” she cried as the climax took her, “no, no...”

The orgasm seemed to last hours, Jean was gasping for breath. She shrieked and felt a last surge of bliss as she pressed her hand deep, feeling a finger invade her rear, her pussy reamed and her thumb pressing hard to trap her clitoris and force a final surge.

It was over, a haze of delight filled her as she looked down and finally gave him permission.

“Stand up, I want to see you come for me. Now, bitch... come for me...”

Jon emerged from the desk. His trousers around his ankles to the floor as he stood to show Jean his rigid cock in his right hand. His hand, her command.

“I decide,” she gasped. “Watch my hand!”

Her hand slipped from under the desk. Slick with her juices, it lifted and the fingers moved, each twitch demanding a stroke from Jon’s right hand.

She slowed and speeded, played with him like a puppet, pulling the strings as Jon’s face flushed and his hips twitched to the metronome of her hand. Suddenly he was out of her control, taken by the moment, Jon speeded and panted as his hand speeded and closed tight.

He came. Pulses leapt from the tip of his cock, raining on the desk and carpet. His eyes locked onto Jean’s as he spurted for her.

“Don’t stop,” she commanded. “I want every drop!”

Jon was almost weeping as Jean enjoyed watching every last drop of come finally being squeezed, the rapt expression, the pleasure of pulling the strings on her puppet.

“Very good, Jon,” she announced when at last his prick shrank into his palm.

Jon hung his head. Now that it was over, he took his dripping hand and held it away as if it had betrayed him.

“Clean up, unlock the door and then report to me,” said Jean. “It’s time to discuss how things are going to be from now on.”

“Yes, Jean,” he muttered as he turned away.

“Miss,” she said in a harsh tone.

“Miss...”

Cream in The Coffee - June 1985

“Bring Jon with you,” said Sherri. “Sophie wants a word with him!”

Jean heard the chuckle over the phone and joined in.

“I’ll bring him along!”

“Good, bring the accounts along as well and we’ll go over them together.”

“They’re all ready to be signed off,” answered Jean.

“Perfect, in three days I open Sinderella and then the fun really starts.”

“It already has,” said Jean.

The four of them sat in the bustling café. Sophie in her fox stole, Sherri in leather jeans and a bolero, Jean in a silk summer dress and Jon with his head bowed as he watched the bubbles in his coffee circulate.

“I’m planning a little outing tonight,” said Sophie, “of course Jon is invited!”

“He’ll be there, he has permission,” said Jean. “You’d love to go, wouldn’t you Jon?”

Jon nodded and continued to stare at his coffee.

“He’s a bit subdued, isn’t he?” said Sherri with a laugh. “has he been a good boy the last week?”

“In general, dear,” said Jean.

She felt such pleasure at saying ‘dear’ to Sherri. This was the time to show that she wanted to join the group as an equal. Show Sophie and Sherri that she had Jon in her claws and gain their respect!

“Sophie has a little job for him tomorrow as well,” said Sherri. “She has someone that needs a little legal advice, so make sure that he’s free all afternoon tomorrow.”

Jean looked Sophie in the eye and nodded when she saw the sly grin on her face.

“I’ll pick him up at midday,” said Sophie. “A friend of mine has a small difficulty that she needs help with. Jon would be perfect to attend court with her!”

“Court?” said Jon, looking up.

“Don’t worry your little head about it,” said Sophie. “You’ll find out tomorrow.”

“OK, pass over the accounts and I’ll take a look at them when I have time,” said Sherri.

Jean passed a bulging file and a book to Sherri.

“These are the official accounts,” said Jean with a nod. “The book is where you record all of the ‘unofficial’ expenditure for me and I’ll find a way to pass it through, if at all possible. I’ve already started, so that you can see how it’s done.”

“Accountants,” laughed Sophie. “This woman will tie you in knots...”

“Metaphorical of course,” said Jean with a straight face.

“Rope-burn is something I’ve never suffered from,” said Sherri.

Sophie put an arm around Jon's shoulders and kissed him on the cheek.

"If you're a good boy tonight, Jon," she said. "I have a special little reward for you... a friend of mine is in London..."

Jon tried not to shrink from her strong grip, but could not help but pull away from his tormentor.

"I don't need a reward!"

"Of course you do..." answered Sophie.

Her arm pulled him close and she planted a full kiss on his lips and then her other hand slipped under the table and gripped him between his legs.

Jon froze and gasped as he felt the strength of her hand. He dared not move or cry out as she squeezed and then placed one sharp heel on his foot and pressed hard.

"My friends need something special tonight, I've neglected your education too long now! It's about time that you learned what is expected from me. This will be a perfect introduction to your new role in life, as my little bitch!"

Jon sat rigid on his chair as he felt the hand between his thighs seek and find his balls and close tight. He winced as the hand abused him and then moved to find the erection that had started to swell in his pants.

Sophie smiled and gripped tighter, enjoying the sight of the tears in Jon's eyes before she finally released her grip and reached into her handbag.

"From here we go straight back to my place, dear," she said. "Meanwhile, go put these on and while I have a little chat with Jean..."

She handed Jon a small paper bag.

As he went to open it, Sophie said, "No peeping, just pop in the gents and do as I say..."

He nodded and slipped from the table. Sophie watched him pass through the door before she spoke to Jean.

"So, how's it going with Jon?"

"Fine," said Jean with a small twisted smile. "He does what he's told."

"Any more word of firing you?"

"Nothing, not a peep out of him."

“It’s important to stay on top of it,” said Sherri. “I think Sophie’s asking because she wants to know if you want to keep him or not!”

“Er, I suppose that I do...”

“Mm,” said Sophie in a low tone. “OK, then. I was thinking of fucking him tonight, but let’s hold off for the moment! If you like, I can warn him that his existence now depends on you.”

Jean felt a swelling happiness, but did not expose it to the other two women. She just let her hand slip from the table and drop softly into Sophie’s lap.

“Is there a price?”

“There’s always a price, darling,” said Sophie, “but, it seems that it is already being paid!”

Jean could feel the hardness in Sophie’s denims and massaged it gently, stroking and teasing while Sophie sat with a smile like the cat that lapped the cream.

Sherri started to laugh as she watched Sophie pout and moved her chair a little closer to mask the hand that was slowly undoing Sophie’s fly from the other clients in the café.

“Is this what you want?” asked Jean, as the hard cock was freed from its prison.

“Oh, I always want it all,” said Sophie. “Ooh, just like that...”

She spoke just as Jean’s hand pushed down to stretch her hard cock and rub the tip against the underside of the table.

Jean smiled and leaned her chin on her other hand with an elbow on the table in a casual gesture.

“More, darling?”

Sophie nodded vigorously as Sherri started to giggle.

“Or like this?”

Jean’s hand speeded and gripped tight, pressing down and then jerking up with rapid movements.

“Bitch!” said Sophie loudly as her legs opened.

On a neighbouring table the couple looked around just at the moment that Sophie came for Jean. She stifled a gasp and then moved her hand to grip Jean's wrist.

"Milk me," she said in an insistent undertone.

Jean squeezed and slowly milked the last come from the stiff cock, squeezing it hard until the grip on wrist tightened, signalling the finish.

"That was fun," said Sophie. "You're coming along nicely!"

"Isn't she just," said Sherri. "Jon is in real trouble..."

"Speak of the devil," said Jean as Jon arrived back at the table with a doleful look on his face.

"So, did they fit?" asked Sophie.

Jon nodded and sat down next to the women who were tormenting him and Sophie lifted her hand over the table and offered it to him.

"Lick!" she said.

A drop of come dangled from her fingertips. She rubbed them together and offered her fingers to his lips. He looked at the slimy nails and found himself

kissing them. A musky, sweet taste filled his mouth as he lapped.

“That’s a good boy,” laughed Sophie. “Jean’s being showing me what she can do with a hand. Lick them dry, boy!”

Jean, still leaning on one elbow, brought out her hand cupped, palm covered with come and she smoothed it into his hair like gel.

“There, that’s better...” she said as Jon licked the last from Sophie’s fingers. “Now then, you run along with Sophie and make sure that you make a good impression...”

“I’ll do my best,” muttered Jon.

“Miss!” said Jean sternly. “Never forget just who now owns you!”

On The Tiles - June 1985

The click of Sophie's heels on the pavement echoed in Jon's head as he followed just a few paces behind her. He watched her ass swing, her legs move, the heels strike the ground and he wished that he didn't have to follow her to what he was sure was his ruin, but there seemed no way out...

They headed through the back streets, crossing Oxford Street into the blocks beyond. Finally, she led him down rows of Edwardian housing and then to the door of her basement flat.

"Wait outside," she said as she stepped down the stairs. "Ten minutes and then off we go to Mayfair..."

Jon nodded and stood leaning against the railings. A few cars passed and then a taxi pulled up.

"Looking for Sophie," said the driver. "You waiting?"

Jon nodded while the taxi driver inspected him with a sneer.

"You her latest bitch?" he laughed.

"I'm just waiting..."

“Oh, right. Try pretending!”

Jon felt his face blush. Was there anyone who did not mock him now? He felt the lace in the knickers and moved to try to stop it biting into his thighs. As he had pulled them on in the toilets of the café, he had struggled to get them over his erection. Now they bit into his crotch and balls and he dared not resettlement them while the taxi driver was watching with a leer.

A minute later, Sophie emerged from her flat. She had changed from her jeans and fox-stole, now she was wearing a long evening gown in shiny metallic fabric that glinted as it shaped around her shape. High heels, also in gold and a short lame jacket that contrasted its silver against the gleaming gold scales that covered her.

“You look good, babe,” said the taxi driver. “Where to?”

“Thanks,” said Sophie, blowing him a kiss. “The Grand...”

“Ten minutes,” said the driver as Jon and Sophie climbed into the taxi. Traffic’s murder...”

Sophie settled herself in the back of the cab and leaned on Jon to whisper in his ear.

“I want to see, do they fit nicely?”

“Too tight,” said Jon.

“That’s always my problem,” she replied with a grin. “Now then, let’s see...”

Jon looked forward, but the driver was concentrating on his driving, so he undid his belt and pulled down the waistband of his trousers a little to show the lace at the top of the knickers he was wearing.

“Very good, well done,” said Sophie. “Let’s discuss tonight... it’s important you get this right, dear, because these are very important clients for me and they expect the best service. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“Yes, Miss.”

“That’s better, Jean’s doing a good job with you, don’t disappoint us.”

She watched him pull his belt tight and said, “Two women who expect the best. We will show them a good time in the West End and then go back to their hotel to entertain them, if that’s what they want.”

She patted his knee.

“You make sure that you behave yourself and we’ll have a good time. Afterwards, there’s a reward for good service or punishment, all depending on how well you perform...”

The taxi drew up at The Grand Hotel under the marquee and Sophie led Jon to the reception.

“Could you call six one seven and tell them that Sophie’s arrived,” she said to the receptionist.

“Now then we wait patiently, Jon. When they come down, you will show proper respect and one of them will choose you as the partner for the evening. I will lead and you follow... got it?”

Jon nodded that he had understood and stood with Sophie.

The lift doors opened and two women strolled out into the marble-floored reception. The younger was around thirty-years old, the other perhaps sixty. Both were dressed in matching leather skirts and jackets and were laden with gold rings and necklaces.

Sophie stepped forward and introduced herself.

“I am Sophie,” she said as she took a proffered hand from the older woman and

kissed it. "This is Jon; he is part of the entertainment tonight!"

She kissed the younger woman on the cheek.

"I am Tanja and this is my mother, Lydia," said the younger woman. "I hope that you have an... interesting program," said the younger woman. "Mamma has been looking so forward to this evening."

The younger woman spoke to the older in a harsh language, the older woman smiling and pointing at Jon with a ring encrusted finger.

"Mamma likes the look of him," said the younger woman. "She hopes that he will be suitably obedient..."

Sophie smiled and nodded before turning to Jon.

"Lydia and Tanja have just arrived from Switzerland," she said. "Whatever they desire, it is our aim to provide!"

"Yes Miss," answered Jon.

Jon inspected Tanja and decided that he would have preferred that she pick him, because her mother had a look about her that suggested that she would be hard to please.

“The taxi is already here,” said Sonya. “As we go, I’ll give you an idea of the program that I’ve got planned.”

They left the hotel and got into the taxi, Tanja and Sophie sitting opposite Lydia and Jon. As Sophie talked, Tanja translated for her mother who slipped a hand onto Jon’s knee and nodded at every sentence.

“Freud in Covent garden, followed by seats at the Revue and then a nightcap back at the hotel,” said Sophie. “After that, who knows?”

Lydia’s hand moved up Jon’s thigh and nested there holding him and squeezing. She turned to him and said something in Swiss German. It sounded like a question and Jon looked enquiringly at Tanja.

“She thinks that you will do, if you are obedient enough...” translated the daughter.

“Tell your mother that Jon just loves mature women,” said Sophie. “Whatever she wants to do with him is fine by me!”

Tanja translated and Lydia leaned up to kiss Jon on the lips. He could smell her overpowering perfume as her tongue slipped between his lips and her hand gripped his balls.

“This is going to be good,” said Tanja as she turned to Sophie. “Mamma can be a little demanding sometimes and your partner needs to understand that total obedience is what we are paying for!”

Sophie put an arm around Tanja and hugged her.

“If Lydia is not satisfied, I shall make sure that Jon never works again,” said Sophie. “Now then, we’re almost at Covent garden. Freud is the ‘in’ place to be, so we’ll have a drink here and then there’s a burlesque on at the Revue Bar. Let’s hit the town and show a little leg!”

Freud was packed, as always. Industrial chic, bare walls and ducts with a loud crowd drinking that filled the place with an atmosphere of energy. Tanja and Sophie seemed to have struck it off, with Tanja trying to seduce the escort with kisses and a teasing coquetry that Sophie responded to with coquettish enthusiasm. Meanwhile, Lydia seemed obsessed with Jon kissing her hand at first, but it soon turned into something more intimate as they walked through the night air back to Soho to get to the Revue Bar. She backed Jon into a darkened shop doorway and her hands slipped into his clothing as she French kissed him and then scratched him with her nails under his shirt.

The darkness in the Revue bar gave Lydia more scope. She slipped her hand through the zipper of his pants and was delighted to find him hard to her touch. Once again her nails dragged over his skin and he winced as she teased and abused him, all the while insisting on long kisses as her long tongue raped his mouth. She had him kiss her neck, the breasts that bulged over her the cut-out in her top and then sit still as she played with him under the table.

Jon did not get to see much of the burlesque at the Revue Bar, all his attention was taken by the older woman who whispered hard Swiss German words into his ear that certainly did not sound like soft words of love.

“Ich werde dich bestrafen...”

The whole time that they were out, Jon could feel a rising tension. Lydia had her hands under his clothing at every opportunity and seemed to delight in making him wince as she kissed him. He feared being left alone with her... though... would he be left alone? The way that Tanja and Lydia were hitting it off, it seemed to Jon that maybe all four would end up in one bed.

It was after one when the taxi pulled up at the Hotel Grand in Mayfair. Sophie and Tanja giggling whilst Lydia dragged Jon by the hand to the lifts.

“Now remember, you are hers for the night! Everything she wants, you do, if there is even a hint of naughtiness the consequences will be severe... Lydia had paid to do anything...”

Tanja started to laugh and hugged Sophie as soon as the lift doors closed on Jon and Lydia.

“Mamma? She’s not my mother!”, said Tanja as tears rolled down her cheeks. “I could never bring my mother to a night out like this!”

“Who is she then?” asked Sophie.

Tanja leaned on a wall as she got her gusts of laughter under control.

“She’s the other partner in my studio, Fräulein Schmerz. He’s in for a really rough night...”

“Poor little Jon,” laughed Sophie.

“She’s a bit of a sadist,” said Tanja. “Any way, never mind them, I can’t wait to be fucked by you! You are so gorgeous; I’ve just got to get that big cock of yours in me!”

Tanja’s hand slipped to feel between Sophie’s legs and her body pressed hard against her shapely body.

The night porter stood with a superior smile as he watched the fun from behind the reception. Sophie slipped him a twenty pound note and then followed Tanja up to her room.

Jon followed where Lydia led, down the long corridors from the lift to arrive at her door. As he was dragged to her room he wondered how a mother and daughter could go on such a blatant fucking expedition together...

In the suite, Lydia pulled Jon to the centre of the room. Her hands ripped the clothes from him, buttons flying from his shirt as she ripped it away. He undid his belt and she had him step out of his trousers and then started to laugh with glee. The tight knickers he had been forced to wear were moulded over his cock, biting in at the thighs and waist. Lydia said something in German, obviously an order, and when Jon looked puzzled she muttered and then stood in front of him.

One of her feet lifted and tapped his ankle sharply and he realised that he was to spread his legs. He moved his feet apart, but it seemed that Lydia was not satisfied with the result because she slapped his face with a ringing blow and kicked hard at his ankles with her hard shoes.

Jon spread further and further until he felt a strain in his thighs before it seemed that Lydia was satisfied with the position that he was in. She waved a finger at him in admonition and he gathered that he was not supposed to move. The woman walked around him, inspecting and poking him as though he was on sale before he felt her pull his arms behind him and pushed them together.

Her hands slipped between the cheeks of his ass and then under to feel his balls through the lace of his panties. Now he could feel himself stiffen. His cock grew, despite his fright until it suddenly popped from the side of his panties. Lydia muttered approval and massaged it for a moment before he felt a sudden slap and then she forced it back into the knickers to point upward with the tip just over the tight waist band.

Jon opened his mouth to speak, he wanted to beg he to be gentler with him, but Lydia's finger moved over her lips in a clear signal that he was not permitted to speak. She seemed satisfied with Jon's position and slapped his ass playfully before she headed for the bathroom. Just before she entered she turned and wagged a finger at him.

He heard the shower start and felt a cramp in his thighs as he stood obediently. This was something that he had longed dreamed of, being in the presence of a real dominatrix, obedient to her every word, suffering for her, but... Lydia was not anything like the latex-clad young woman that he had always fantasised about. Short and stout, speaking only a language that he could not understand, but most of all, she was mature, perhaps sixty or more!

The noise of Lydia in the shower continued.

Cramp took his legs, he dared not move, Sophie's last words still ringing in his head. But, it was not just a fear of Sophie that kept him rooted in position, it was a fear of Lydia. His erection faded, dropping below the waistband of his knickers, the sting of her slap on his ass still fresh in his memory.

At last the shower stopped and the figure of Lydia emerged from the doorway to the bathroom. Naked, Lydia was even less like Jon's ideal of dominant perfection. Her large breasts hung low, a waist that was barely discernible, only the high heels that she had put back on matching his fantasy.

Once again she stalked around Jon, before tapping the inside of his ankles with her shoes. With a grunt of agony at the cramps, he spread wider as she came around to face him and slapped his face with a ringing blow. Her hands roved over his naked body, pinching his nipples with long nails, fondling him once more to stand stiff, pulling at his balls through the knickers and sliding between the cheeks of his ass, scratching the delicate clenched skin as she went.

Lydia spoke in German again and then went to her suitcase perched on a stool. She rooted around for a moment, muttering, and pulled out a huge rubber cock with leather straps hanging from it. This she proceeded to strap to his head, the cock bobbing before Jon's eyes, filling his vision. Obviously pleased with the effect, she jabbed a heel into the back of Jon's knee and laughed as he fell to all-fours on the floor.

He heard her steps and then saw her sit on the edge of the bed, legs wide apart directly in front of her crawling slave. Jon stared at the mass of rings that pierced

the lips of her sex and watched as Lydia slowly opened herself with her hands. She was in a state of exhilaration, her cunt dripped as her fingers massaged herself and a long clitoris reared from the crease of her pussy to be stroked and massaged by her ringed fingers.

An order!

“Fick mich!”

The tone was commanding, and the pointing finger explicit even though the German was incomprehensible. Jon shuffled forward between the massive thighs, the rubber cock moving in his sight. As he was almost at the point of contact, Lydia lifted her legs high and then lowered them to his back, gouging with her heels as a had reached out to grasp the harness buckled to Jon’s head.

He fucked her.

As the tip of the dildo slipped its bulbous head into her, Lydia gasped with lust. Her hand controlled his thrusts, slowly pulling him in close until his face was pressed against the soft mound and the rings in her pussy pushed against his face.

Her legs moved.

The sharp heels scored lines in Jon’s back as they raised, causing him to cry out as he moved according to the urges of the hand that gripped his head. Her other hand slipped to pinch her clitoris and roll it between finger and thumb, a small movement that coincided with each stroke that her slave delivered.

She climaxed.

Her legs jerked on his back, digging in the heels, her hand pulled him in hard and he heard a thin wail from her as the hand on her pussy fluttered over the drenched flesh and then pressed hard making her clitoris rear up as it swelled.

Lydia held him tight.

Her grip pulled him close, the lips of her pussy swelled and her thighs closed to imprison Jon's head between the strong walls of her legs. At last her feet were still, but the points of her stilettos rested and pushed into Jon's back.

Lydia seemed insatiable.

Twice she had Jon fuck her before she allowed him to escape from his role as a fuck-machine by unharnessing him. With sharp slaps and a hard grip on his balls, she lay him on the bed face up and lowered herself onto his face, opening the cheeks of her ass wide with her hands and settling to force him to make love to her ass-hole with lips and tongue. With her hands she squeezed another orgasm from her pussy, as he worked to earn the right to breath before the malevolent woman decided to turn her attention to Jon's cock.

With a smile, Lydia turned her heavy gold rings on her fingers one by one. She held her hand up in front of his face as coins and gemstones were each rotated to face down and she flexed her hands and moved them to show Jon what she was planning for his cock.

He winced and she laughed before sitting on the edge of the bed and using her hard stilettos to part his ankles. Jon could feel sweat and more running from his back as Lydia pulled down his lacy knickers and cupped his balls. Her grip tightened until he grunted and winced and then the hand slipped between his thighs to press a nail against his clenched ass. Jon felt her other hand grip his stalk, but he dared not look down as the sharp rings bit into his erection and began a slow cadence.

The cramps reasserted themselves in his thighs, the rings scored his rigid cock and the nail that threatened carried out its threat and started to fuck him.

Lydia seemed entranced by the agonising climax that she was forcing on her victim. She muttered words of German that seemed almost endearments as stroke by painful stroke she controlled Jon's agony and ecstasy. Her finger pushed deep into his cock, moving and withdrawing at each stroke of her other hand. A piercing rape of his fears; it was exquisitely intimate, punishment and pleasure intertwined, finding Jon's innermost terror as he felt a ring score the delicate opening and force him to thrust into her other hand.

She murmured a few words.

Lydia could feel the moment arriving, the small signs. A clenching of muscles in his ass, a slight twitch in the cock that she was brutalising, a glistening drop of pre-cum on the tip and a gasp from his lips. At that moment, she pulled her hand from his cock and pressed hard into his ass to be rewarded by a gasp and a slow

dribble of come into her palm as his climax was ruined and the air blew from his lips in a desperate sigh.

How easy to make a man's orgasm become just another torment, a release that was purely physical, a deadening of gratification that was so satisfying, thought Lydia.

The sticky come mingled with traces of red in the seat of her hand, a cocktail that Jon would lap from her palm before the next round of abuse materialised at Lydia's whim.

The Claws Are In- July 1985

Jean looked at the scratches on Jon's face and started to chuckle.

"Hard night last night?" she asked.

"Terrible," he mumbled. "Awful."

"Did she cane you as well as scratch the living daylights out of you?"

Jon nodded and Jean tried hard to put on a sympathetic expression, but she really could feel no empathy at all. Jon sat on the chair facing her desk and looked to be on the point of tears.

"I don't know what to do," he blurted.

"I thought that this was your fantasy," said Jean. "I've seen the magazines... Sherri showed me them all and now you are really living out your dream!"

"Not like this..."

Tears rolled down Jon's cheeks and he slumped in the chair disconsolately.

“Please Jean, you are friends with them, please can you do anything?”

“Do you want me to speak to Sophie for you?” asked Jean as she realised that he was being driven into her hands.

Inwardly she smiled. This was the man that had tried to fire her! Was she really likely to help him to escape? Not likely! She stretched out her legs and sat back in her chair, enjoying the thrill of his misery.

“You have got yourself in a bit of a tight corner,” she said. “Of course there might be a way...”

He looked up hopefully and wiped the rolling tear from his cheek with the back of his hand.

“How?” he asked despairingly. “How can I escape her?”

“Mm,” said Jean. “Perhaps she would pull back if she recognised that you belonged to someone else? Someone she knew...”

He looked up at her smiling face and his heart fell. ‘Belonged’ was a word that he did not like at all. Of course, she meant herself, but surely that was better than ‘belonging’ to Sophie. It would be far easier to escape Jean than Sophie, so perhaps, once he had escaped Sophie, he could put everything back in order.

Jean read his thoughts. Every stage of his thinking was plain to her, inscribed on his expression as he mulled over his chances. 'He thinks that I am an easy escape route, that I will be a soft touch,' she thought. 'For the moment I'll help that thought along...'

"OK, I'll do it," she said. "But, if we want to really convince her, you'll have to play along all the way..."

A look of hope came into his eyes.

"When will you tell her?"

"I'll have to find the right moment, for now just play along and I'll speak to Sherri. I'm sure that she will help me..."

"Today I have that appointment..."

"Ah, Sophie's friend who is up on a charge of soliciting?"

Jon looked down at his knees.

"I have not done any criminal court work for three years," he said. "Besides, it's not something that will exactly enhance my reputation!"

“Do your best, Jon.”

“What about the photos, can you help?”

“The ones of you passing a bribe on a park bench?”

Jon nodded.

“I’ll see what I can do. We just have to get over the opening of Sinderella. I’m sure that Sophie will turn her attention elsewhere, after all you are just small fry...”

When Jon lifted his head, Jean could see the marks on his neck, love bites and claw marks that were still raw and she wondered what the rest of him looked like...

“She was a demon,” said Jon as he saw her inspecting him and then burst into tears.

This time it was a flood and he sobbed as he recalled the way that Lydia had raped him, mounting him and forcing him to submit whilst she forced that huge rubber cock into his rear.

“You could have walked out,” said Jean, “but, instead you allowed her to fuck you.”

“I had to!”

The thought of making Jon grovel at her feet and beg to serve caused a small shiver to take her and the idea of caning him until he accepted anything was almost too much to resist. Maybe she should fuck him?

‘I need to ask Sherri where I can get all the things that I need,’ she thought with a shudder. ‘A nice thin cane and all the rest, that’s what I need. I’ll have to go back to that shop in Soho...’

“Go and meet up with them, do as Sophie wants and I’ll sort it out for you if I can,” she said at last. “In a few days Sinderella opens and after that I’ll speak to Sherri. Until then just make sure that you are a good boy or I really can’t help you.”

“Thank you so much,” said Jon. “You are a real friend...”

“I’m your owner,” said Jean. “Just make sure that Sophie and Sherri believe it!”

“I’ll do my best. Miss.”

“You’d better!”

“He’s just like all the rest,” said Sophie. “Dreams of leather-clad women with whips, being fucked and then when it comes to it, the reality is too much!”

“I was so tempted to fuck him then and there,” said Jean. “Show him that there is no escape!”

Sophie’s hand gripped Jean’s as they walked through the busy backstreets of Soho, heading for Oxford Street.

“There is no escape, darling, ever! I just have a lot going on at the moment. In a few weeks the real training will begin. I need a man quite often as a toy for my special clients and he is just perfect. He’ll make a perfect whore; I’ll have him crawling like the worm he is.”

Jena clutched the bag in her other hand and squeezed Sophie’s hand as they waited to cross Oxford Street. There was a strange expectancy in her, a feeling that she could not express to her companion. Something like affection and fear mingled; being with Sophie was both exciting and terrifying at once.

“He did OK in court,” said Sophie. “Of course the magistrate was never going to convict anyway, she’s a good friend of a friend and dabbles a little herself, but, it’s always important to make a good show, a well-argued case masks the

shadow-play.”

Jean had to lengthen her stride to keep pace with Sophie as they hurried between the bumper to bumper taxis.

“What do you want me to do next?” asked Jean.

“You’ll see,” came the answer.

Off the busy shopping street, the streets were nearly empty of traffic as Sophie led Jean by the hand.

“Where are we going?”

“My place.”

“Oh! And?”

“Ever since that first evening, I have been thinking that we should get to know each other a little better!”

The feeling of expectancy returned as well as the feeling of panic that seemed inextricably paired with it. She closed her hand on Sophie’s and the tall woman

squeezed back.

“I am a little scared...” said Jean.

“That’s good, darling,” said Sophie. “You are right to be! It makes the whole encounter more thrilling! It’s been a while since I felt so drawn to a woman; you can take that as a compliment!”

They arrived at the basement flat and Sophie led Jean down the stairs.

“I never bring clients or victims here,” said Sophie. “This is my private space.”

Jean watched the door open and then stepped into the small hallway. The carpet was thick, the walls hung with landscape prints, somehow the apartment was not at all what Jean had been expecting. There was no sign that this was anything else than the apartment of a tasteful person. Carefully selected furniture, delicate colours and sophisticated mood.

“Tea?” asked Sophie as she directed Jean to an armchair.

“Er, yes please,” answered Jean.

Sophie disappeared into the galley-kitchen and Jean could hear the sound of the kettle and the clink of porcelain.

“Like my little hidey-hole?” called Sophie from the kitchen.

“It’s perfect,” Jean called back.

Sophie returned with a tray and placed it on the table.

“I’ll be mother,” she said.

“Are you seducing me?” asked Jean with a small smile.

“Call it what you like,” answered Sophie as she poured.

Jean watched Sophie make the tea and wondered at the paradoxical contrasts in Sophie. Outside, the immoral bitch, here and now a sophisticated woman. Escort and dominatrix, ruthless sexual demon, now suddenly Sophie was all feminine hostess and friend. Perhaps lover?

“I’m still petrified,” said Jean.

“And I still want to fuck you,” said Sophie as she sat down and crossed her legs.
“Something about you...”

“Naïveté attracts?”

“Naïveté is the wrong word, dear. Fuckable is better, darling!”

Sophie sipped her tea and put down the cup.

“Want the tour?” she asked.

Jean looked around the room and stood.

“As long as it ends in the bedroom,” answered Jean.

Sophie took Jean’s hand and led her to the bedroom. It seemed so strange, being led to a bedroom by Sophie. Exhilarating and wrong. The woman was perfect, tall, a perfect ass that swayed at every step. A figure and face to die for, she had it all and more!

The bedroom was dark, a sanctuary with layered silk and a huge four-poster bed that stood in the centre of the room. Sophie turned and took Jean in her arms. Kissed her slowly and slid her hands down to grip the cheeks of her ass.

“Can you feel me?” asked Sophie.

“All of you!”

Jean broke the kiss and slid down to her knees. Her hands coursed down Sophie's back, over her rear, and then down thighs to her knees. She could feel the hardness between those strong legs and moved her hands to release it, lifting the skirt over stocking-tops and freeing it to point at her lips.

She touched.

The tip of her tongue ran over the smooth skin and the tight eye that leaked a dew-drop of lubrication that tasted of pomegranate. There was no command from above, just a slight tip of the hips that brought Jean's lips to enclose and take Sophie in.

Jean cupped the low-hanging balls in her palm and allowed Sophie to enter. The silky smooth skin of the triangle between Sophie's thighs filled her vision. The long curved prick filled her mouth and then her throat. There was something so right about giving pleasure, making it last...

Jean pulled back slowly, her cheeks dimpling as she sucked gently and then released the cock that was going to fuck her. Glossy and smooth it was the biggest that Jean had ever seen. For a few moments she admired that huge organ, running her fingertips along the length of it, watching as another drop of pre-cum emerged to hang, before her tongue lapped.

Sophie's hands wound themselves in Jean's hair and tugged a little, pulling her to stand and press against Sophie. She could feel the strength of those hands, but the pressure was persuasive, not forceful, as Sophie moved her to the bed and twisted a little to allow her female lover to fall underneath her.

“I so need this,” gasped Sophie.

“So do I,” answered Jean as she pulled up the hem of her skirt to reveal stocking tops and the tight thong that covered her.

Sophie covered Jean, raised her hips and for a moment fumbled at the small patch of lace that lay between her cock and Jean’s dripping pussy. A finger sufficed to expose the opening and the moist tip of Sophie’s cock slipped into Jean as fingers played on clitoris and stretched inner lips.

“Oh, that’s so good,” gasped Jean as the cock slowly entered and filled her.

Sophie pressed her lips to Jean’s, her tongue pressing to enter and Jean was overwhelmed as the insatiable dominatrix slowly fucked and took her with a tenderness that she had never known from any man.

Katie held a foot up and ran her fingertips over the smooth patent leather.

“What do you think of these?” she asked Katie. “Irresistible?”

“You make me envious,” said Sherri. “I love them to bits...”

“Now all I need is a man to make love to them,” laughed Katie. “The accessories are almost as important as the clothes. Now, I almost regret breaking up with my last little slave!”

“You’ll find someone,” said Sherri. “London is full of men who would die to lick the soles of your new boots.”

“Ah, but it’s all about finding a nice eager married man who can be broken to my needs.”

“That’s your problem,” said Sherri. “You are too choosy; you want it all. Married, wealthy, tractable and easily led.”

“How about that man that Sophie’s playing with?”

“Oh, him? He’s not the right one for you at all. Sophie wants Jean to learn to play with him and anyway, he’s not married, he’s not got any money and he’d be no challenge!”

“Oh well, I’ll find someone, I’m sure. I suppose that I’ll just have to make an effort.”

“Something will turn up, Katie. An intimate affair that leads to subtle intimidation. That’s much more to your tastes, you’re not a woman who needs to pick up Sophie’s discarded victims.”

Katie nodded and lowered the booted foot and ran her fingers over the tight lacing that ran up the front of them.

“How is Jean doing, anyway?” she asked.

Sherri laughed and lit a cigarette.

“Better than I thought that she would. Sophie is really quite smitten with her at the moment, if I didn’t know better, I’d say that she’s in love!”

“It won’t last, Sherri, you know how she is. She just can’t help herself and can’t resist making lovers into her slaves! In a few weeks, Jean will find herself gagged, chained to a bed while Sophie passes her to her unspeakable clients for the money to buy another fur coat.”

“Maybe this time it’ll be different?” said Sherri.

“Nothing changes,” said Katie with a smile. “Especially Sophie. She’s addicted to the life that she leads. Manipulating everyone around her ruthlessly, using them, disposing of them when they no longer amuse her. Sometimes I think that she’ll take it so far that she’ll destroy herself.”

“I’ll admit that she always pushes to the limit,” said Sherri. “That’s who she is, anyway, that describes you and me both. One day you’ll meet the man who won’t be blackmailed and then you’ll come a cropper!”

“What about you then? You are on dangerous ground as well! That police-raid was a dangerous trick, there’s a few dangerous people who want to know how it was that no one tipped them off to the raid beforehand.”

“Don’t worry about me,” said Sherri.

“I do worry though, Sherri. These are people who don’t hesitate when they think that they’ve been wronged and they’re sure to find you out. Your new club makes you the obvious choice, who else is going to benefit from ‘The Hole In The Wall’ being raided?”

“I have a little plan up my sleeve,” said Sherri with a smug smile.

“It’d better be good.”

“It is! I have the ultimate protection racket paid off.”

“Who’s that?”

“The police, of course!”

Cat and Mouse - July 1985

Jon's hand lifted to his collar. Under the stiff folds he could feel the slim band of stainless steel that Jean had fixed in place with a tiny padlock. Like the tight knickers that rasped his thighs, Jean had hidden it under his suit, invisible but a presence that caused him to hover between thrill and trepidation.

"Play your part, Jon and I will help, reject my needs and I shall watch Sophie become your new owner without a regret in the world," she had said as she had fitted the collar and then pulled his tie tight to hide it. "I have the leash in my bag, I can attach it now if you like!"

Jon imagined being leashed and led through London like a pet and shuddered with the thought. Once again he longed for her to click on the leash and then prayed that she would not, because he knew that he dared not say 'no' to the woman who was playing games with him.

The tube train rattled over the points and then picked up speed. Opposite sat Jean, watching him with a sly smile on her lips. As he watched she reached into her small bag and pulled out a dog leash. She ran the chain through her fingers and slipped her hand into the loop of leather, before playing with the small padlock that would be attached to the ring on his collar.

He hoped that she would not pass it to him and say that it would have to be attached now, not in front of the other travellers on the train. Even though they were strangers, people he would never ever meet again, he trembled at the thought. How different was his cosy obsession with being dominated by a woman and the reality? Constant stress, fear of being exposed, terrified that they would take him past the fantasy to a place where it was their caprices that he

would have to satisfy.

The night with Lydia had been a frightening experience! A genuine sadist who had no concern for her slave's agreement. The scratches, welts and injuries were still a week from healing! Jon watched Jean and hoped that she could save him from another night like that.

Jean's hand extended and offered the leash.

"I think that you should put it on now," she said over the noise and chatter in the carriage.

He took the chain and looked at her questioningly.

"Now, darling! I want you to be ready when we meet up with Sophie!"

Jon's fingers fumbled with the padlock opening it and passed the key back to Jean's hand. He ran a finger under his collar, ostensibly to find the steel ring where it would be attached. His skin was wet with sweat and he could feel himself blushing under her scrutiny.

"That's right," she mouthed. "On it goes..."

A couple standing watched him with curiosity and Jon looked away and tried to

ignore their look as he found the fixture on the collar and clicked the padlock and clicked it closed. Jean leaned over and took the hand-loop from his hand and gave the leash a little tug.

“Kneel here,” she said, pointing to the wooden slats that made up the floor at her feet. “There are women standing...”

It was so easy to kneel; it would have been difficult to stand at all, as his knees did not have strength enough to arise. The young woman looked down at the kneeling man in a suit and moved to sit where Jon had been. Jean just lifted a booted foot and rested it on his thigh, pressing the point of her heel into him.

“Er, thanks,” said the young woman, fascinated by the man on the leash.

The heel on his thigh pressed down, a clear signal that he was allowed to reply.

“It’s a pleasure,” muttered Jon.

Every other passenger watched the little theatre unfold. One or two with disapproving looks, some with amusement. Jon just looked down at the booted foot and blushed pink.

“Sophie’s meeting us in Piccadilly,” said Jean. “Then we are off to the opening night. Make sure that you greet her with respect. It is so important that she realises whom you belong to.”

Jon nodded and allowed his eyes to follow the shiny leather of the boot to the point where it disappeared under the hem of her dress at her knees. Apart from those boots, Jean could have been just another Londoner on a night out. A long coat and a silk summer dress that hid the outfit that she had chosen for the opening night of her friend's new club.

The train stopped twice more and passengers got on and off, a few commenting in hushed whispers at the strange couple, an attractive woman had a man on a leash. They stepped around the kneeling man, casting sideward looks while he felt the point of the heel press painfully into his thigh.

At Piccadilly station, Jean led Jon from the carriage and through the maze of corridors and up the double flight of escalators. He stood two paces behind, the lead describing an arc from her hand to his neck, her booted calves filling his vision. They surfaced near Eros and Jean headed with Jon a pace or two behind to the figure of Sophie standing in a thick fur coat.

"Perfect," was the first word that Sophie uttered as she watched them approach. "I love your little puppy!"

Jean kissed Sophie on the cheek in greeting and they set off for Sinderella, Jon trailing behind as they walked through the crowds.

"Sherri said that we should arrive by nine, so there's no hurry," said Sophie.

"I just love the fur," said Jean as she ran her fingertips over the soft sleeve.

"It was a little gift from a client," said Sophie. "I wanted Chinchilla, but his

wallet only extended to Lynx! It's nice, but if he wants to be in my good books then..."

Jon was conscious of the looks from passing pedestrians. Some smiled, others just stared at the man in a suit who was leashed to the wrist of the woman who led him through the back streets. It was Jean's hand that held the leash, but it was Sophie who Jon could not help watching. The shapely calves, the laced high heels, the fur coat rippling with every step.

They walked into the small cul-de-sac where a black door was guarded by a single doorman. The window of the previous bar had vanished to be replaced by a wall and the only sign was the outline of a stiletto in white.

The doorman opened the door to reveal a short corridor to another door, with a neon sign over it that proclaimed the name of Sherri's new club, Sinderella. Jon followed the tug on his leash and followed the two women into the club.

Sherri stood at the bar, strategically under a warm spotlight. In a figure-hugging black dress, cigarette smoke curling from her hand she was clearly the enjoying being the centre of attention. Others stood by and chatted with drinks in their hands, laughing and animated as a steady beat of music pulsed in the background.

Sophie and Jean joined the group around Sherri and soon found themselves with drinks in their hands.

“How’s it going?” asked Jean of Sherri as she allowed her eyes to take in the guests for the opening night.

“Perfect,” answered Sherri over the noise. “Off to a great start. In a few minutes we put on the show and cut the ribbon!”

“I see that all the old ‘Hole In The Wall’ crowd are here,” said Sophie with a laugh as she looked over the crowd. “Judges, MPs and senior police...”

Jon followed her gaze to see several groups of women standing laughing and gossiping. A few had shed their coats to reveal corsets and miniskirts while a few men kneeled at their feet. What had been stared at in the streets outside was conventional in Sinderella.

“I’ve done all the accounts,” said Jean to Sherri.

“Oh, never mind that tonight,” said Sherri as she drew at the cigarette in her hand. “Tonight is all about having fun!”

Jean tugged on the leash in her hand, pulling Jon a step forward.

“On your knees, dear,” she said to her pet.

Jon lowered to the floor and looked up at the three women.

“If you need him...” said Jean. “He’s all yours!”

“Maybe later, there’s someone who he should meet...”

Sherri patted Jon on the head and turned to Sophie.

“I love the coat, but what’s it hiding?”

Sophie shrugged the coat off her shoulders and posed. She wore a tight latex dress, corset pushing her breasts to curves, waist slim and a tight sheath to her knees. A slight swelling showing between her thighs as she slowly turned on her heels and then came to a halt with one foot posed before the other.

Sherri reached down casually and stroked the front of the dress lightly; “A man killer,” she said.

“Have to keep up appearances,” pronounced Sophie as she tilted her hips. “Now then, I’ve got to mingle a little...”

With her coat over her arm, Sophie joined one of the groups of women leaving Jean and Sherri at the bar as the music died and lights came on at the back of the room.

“The show!” said Sherri. “This should get the party going!”

From his kneeling position at Jean’s feet, Jon saw a spotlight picking out a tall woman in tight leather step from the darkness. In one hand was a coiled whip, the other pulled at a chain that forced a naked crawling man into the light by her booted feet.

“Miss Crystal, aka Katie,” said Sherri to Jean with a small smile.

Jean could not help drawing in her breath at the sight of Sherri’s friend. Every inch of her from the neck down was encased in a form-fitting leather skin. The suit was so tight that it was as if she was naked with a coal-black skin that followed every shapely curve. The boots from the thighs down were laced tight and bore spurs that were the only ornament on the matte leather.

Katie’s hand moved up and the whip coiled and unwound across the floor as she gazed at the spellbound guests, clearly enjoying the moment.

“Heel,” she commanded.

The man at her feet rapidly moved to take up a position behind her, his lips close to the heels of her boots as Katie cracked the whip with a rapid flick of her wrist.

Jon watched, absorbed by the way that Katie moved. She stepped forward and the crawling man followed to reassume the position by her ankles. Katie’s every step was sinuous and liquid, and she looked down and issued her next command.

“Adore,” she instructed.

“Lord Arthur Edward Hamilton-Pughe,” whispered Sherri to Jean. “He’s in charge of naval procurement for the ministry of defence...”

It seemed that Katie was not satisfied with the Lord on her leash. Either he was not quick enough to kiss her heels or perhaps not avid enough, but Katie cracked the whip and laid a blow across his raised ass that left a bright stripe on the pale white flesh.

Katie inspected the weal with her fingertips and then straightened to address the crowd.

“What am I bid for the use of this slave for the night?”

The leashed man dared to look up in surprise and received another cut of the whip for daring to move without a direct order. One of the onlookers raised a hand slightly and called out, “A hundred to start the bidding...”

Katie nodded at her.

“A hundred,” she announced. “More bids?”

There was a brief pause before another woman added fifty pounds to the bid. At five hundred, Sophie added her voice, but when the bidding finished at two thousand pounds it was a tall redhead who took possession of the leash from Kathie's hand.

"She's his wife's sister," whispered Sherri to Jean confidentially over the laughter that swept the room.

Katie bowed to the audience and moved to the bar as lights lit a cage at the back of the room where a man stood on tip toes, his wrists fettered to the top of the cage while his ankles were parted wide by anklets locked to the bars at the bottom. The music started again and one of the female guests reached into the cage to grip his straining cock and slap it lightly before running her fingers along the length and closing her hand over his balls.

"Poor little Lord Arthur," said Katie as she joined Jean and Sherri. "His sister in law has been longing to get her hands on him for ages, now he's going to find out what it's really like to belong to a woman..."

"Does his wife know his fetish?" asked Jean.

"Oh, of course she does, but Lady Pughe prefers younger men. She'll be absolutely furious when she realises that her sister has got her claws in his blue-blooded rump!"

Katie looked down and lifted a booted foot under Jon's chin to lift his face to look up.

“So, Jean, I see that you’ve got things well in hand,” she said. “What are your plans for him?”

“I’m going to keep him,” said Jean. “For the moment anyway. I have a plan!”

Jon looked up at the women towering over him. He looked from one to the other and a realisation came over him. They owned him, they decided what was going to happen to him and there was nothing that he could do, but hope that they would not be too cruel.

The tip of the boot pulled back and Jon felt Jean bear down on his head to press his lips to Katie’s boots.

“The first man is always the best,” said Sherri, “but, you’ll soon get sick of him and move on. When you do, then I’ll take him off your hands. I can always use some new performers...”

Jean nodded and looked over to the cage where the stretched man was suffering as the clients of Sinderella played with him and enjoyed his distress.

“Come with me,” said Sherri. “I just have to show you something special...”

She took Katie by the hand and Jean followed, tugging on the leash to force Jon to crawl behind as they made their way through the group who were abusing the

caged man.

“Sinderella is all about women’s authority,” she announced. “The only men allowed in here are those who are permitted to kneel and serve. You’d be surprised how many women have their lovers and husbands on a leash.”

“It’s where they belong,” said Katie as Sherri opened a door to a small private room that was fitted with huge armchairs and a tiny bar.

Jean moved to sit, but Sherri wagged a finger at her.

“No, Jean! First this...”

Sherri pulled at the chair and it opened up to reveal a small space underneath.

“Put him in here, like this... The others are already occupied, but I specially left one ready for Jon!”

Sherri took the leash from Jean’s hand and gave it a tug. Jon crawled to the opened chair and looked inside.

“In you hop,” laughed Sherri. “Legs first!”

Jon hesitated and Jean slapped him on his ass sharply.

“You heard her,” said Jean. “Get in!”

Jon stood and stepped into the space. Sherri folded the armrests to each side and opened the back of the seat to show ankle straps at the each of the far corners of the back rest.

Katie watched as Sherri and Jean arranged Jon and tightened the straps to leave him upside down with his ankles high up the inside of the back of the armchair and his wrists buckled behind his curving back.

“I’ll need one for my shop,” she joked as the chair was folded closed to enclose Jean’s boss.

“Now,” said Sherri with a grin. “All we have to do is this...”

She lifted the thin cushion and Jon’s face stared back at them from a hole in the seat.

“Jean?” asked Sherri.

Jean looked down at Jon’s face in the centre of the armchair and said, “I think that Sophie should have the first go!”.

His lips mouthed the word 'Please no' as Jean looked down and Katie and Sherri laughed.

"Maybe she'd rather take a stab at this," said Sherri. "Watch this..."

She opened an opening at the back of the seat to reveal Jon's ass. Her hand stroked the crawling white flesh and then slapped it sharply. Jon's face registered shock and tears welled in his eyes much to Jean's amusement. An emotion welled in her breast, a disdain for Jon's weakness and a feeling of authority. Her hands lifted her dress slowly as she moved to lean over his face. She could sense his eyes fixing on the high boots and then the thighs that showed above them.

"Is this what you want?" asked Jean as she allowed him to peep higher to her naked pussy. "Do you want to fuck me?"

Sherri giggled as she watched Jean's dress ride up in slow motion, Jon staring at what was revealed, Jean's smile broadening as she teased by small degrees. Jean turned slowly on the heels of her boots and lifted the hem at the back. Her rounded ass luscious and smooth as it lowered unhurriedly to cover the staring face that was forced between the rounded cheeks.

"Oh, that's so good," breathed Jean as she came to rest and settled to pull down her dress over her thighs, "It's just where he belongs, under my ass..."

"Time for a bottle," said Katie. "Dom Perignon..."

She pulled the cushion off the chair behind her to reveal the face of a man and sat carefully, smothering it with the tight leather between her thighs. Sherri gave Jon's ass another playful slap before opening a bottle at the bar and returning to place glasses and ice bucket on the table between the chairs.

"Well, I for one, just love the new club," said Jean wriggling on the chair a little. "I think that doing the accounts will be such a pleasure in an office like this!"

She could feel Jon under her weight, struggling to breathe as the cheeks of her ass shaped over his lips. The lips of her pussy were soaked with her excitement, making Jon's face slide under her as she moved a little to place her pussy over his lips.

"There's just one thing wrong with this," she breathed as she felt the sensitive skin between her thighs caress Jon's face. "How can I control him? I want to be able to make him put some effort into pleasing me!"

Sherri poured the champagne and then flipped open a small aperture on the armrest of Jean's armchair.

"Just try this," she said.

Jean inspected the panel. A red button and a rotating dial were at her fingertips. Neither were labelled and she looked enquiringly at Sherri who had taken her place on the last armchair.

“The dial is intensity, the button operates it,” she said as she opened the panel on her own chair. “Try a low setting to start with...”

Jean’s fingers rotated the dial to the left until it clicked and then turned it a little to the right before she pressed the red button. At the point of contact between Jon’s lips and hers she felt a tickle of current and yelped in surprise. The effect on Jon was to make him press hard upward, forcing his lips hard against the lips of her cunt.

“Jesus, that’s better,” said Jean breathlessly. “If that’s the lowest setting...”

“He’ll learn,” said Sherri with a laugh. “Just use it until he realises that it’s a punishment for being lazy!”

Sherri’s fingers fiddled with the dial and then she pressed hard and opened her mouth. Another touch and she shuddered and settled deep into her chair.

Jean risked turning the dial a little to the right and her finger hovered over the red button. She dared herself to press it, but hesitated before finally pressing hard. This time the pulse was stronger, making her thighs clench hard together and making her utter a squeal that turned to laughter. It seemed that the goad had had an effect because now she could feel Jon frantically lapping at her pussy, worming his tongue into her with a will.

“Oh, this is so good,” she moaned as she slid a little forward to place the bud of her ass over the licking tongue. “Jesus, I could sit here all night!”

Katie lifted her glass in a toast.

“To Sinderella and Sherri,” she said as she tipped the glass.

Jean and Sherri joined the toast and Jean could not resist pressing the button long and hard to feel lips and tongue struggle to please her. There was something so delightfully debauched about the circumstances. All three women sat primly on their armchairs, whilst three unseen men struggled to please them as they chatted.

“You have come a long way,” said Sherri to Jean. “I have to admit that I never thought that you would grasp just how satisfying it is to have a man under your complete control!”

“It’s getting better all the time,” laughed Jean as she fingered the button. “I’m starting to see some of the advantages!”

She could feel Jon under her, licking and kissing her ass with steady strokes of his tongue and could not resist pressing again to feel him push harder as he tried to please. The current just made her shiver now.

“I prefer to have a man at my feet,” said Katie.

She moved on the chair, pulling her legs under her, pressing heels and soles against the unfortunate slave who struggled to avoid being lacerated by the movement.

The door to the snug private room opened and the throb of music and voices entered with Sophie.

“Hey, you three are hiding away and the party’s just getting started,” she said. “The hostess should be mingling with the punters!”

At her side was a man dressed in nothing but the leash that hung from her hand.

“This is Albert,” she said introducing the naked man with a grin. “I think that he’s taken a bit of a fancy to me! Now, come along Sherri, the champagne is flowing like water and the patrons need the presence of the host.”

Sherri sighed theatrically and stood from her chair uncovering the face of the man who was trapped.

“Ooh, now that’s amusing,” said Sophie as she saw the face. “I could do with a little relief. Mind if I have a little go?”

“Knock yourself out!” said Sherri. “You’re right, I’d better mingle a little, the main show starts in a few minutes and I really should be there to introduce it.”

Sherri straightened her dress with a brush of her hand and planted a kiss on Sophie’s lips as Sophie looked down at the chair and smiled.

“Perfect!” she said as she tugged on the leash. “This is just what I need!”

She turned her back on her naked companion and said, “Unzip me...”

The man inspected the smooth latex dress for a moment before taking the dangling zipper in his fingers as he knelt behind Sophie. Slowly Albert ran the zipper up to reveal her thighs. As the latex opened it revealed stockings and a thong and then her rounded ass. The zipper reached her waist and the dress parted while Jean watched fascinated. She held her breath and her forefinger hovered over the red button at her fingertips. Somehow she knew that poor little Albert had no idea of what he was about to discover and the thought thrilled her.

A glance at Katie showed that she too was waiting for the moment of truth, a grin spreading over her features as she watched the scene with rapt attention.

Sophie shrugged her shoulders and the latex dress slipped to the floor with a smooth motion. Slowly she turned to the kneeling man and gave a small tug at the leash to make him look up at her. The look on his face was one of awe as he saw her perfectly rounded breasts. Her hands came to rest on his face and her spread fingers held him looking up at her smiling face.

“My panties come next,” said Sophie in her husky voice.

Her hands forced his face down to her thighs and he yelped with surprise to see a huge erect cock that had swelled to force the waistband down and stand proudly pointing upward.

“With your teeth,” said Sophie guiding her captive’s face.

Jean’s finger pressed and she felt a buzz where Jon’s lips were pressed into her ass. His tongue licked frantically at her, massaging the delicate skin between her streaming pussy and her ass. A mounting excitement filled her as she watched Albert resist the pressure of Sophie’s hands. The cock that had fucked her bled precum that dribbled the length of it to soak into the lace of her knickers. Clearly he had no inclination to serve her, but now, one of her hands wound into his hair and pulled his face to stare upwards in panic. He resisted the pressure, but the points of her nails and the strength of her wrists was too much to oppose.

“Do as you’re told,” said Sophie with obvious enjoyment. “Now!”

Her hands pressed downwards again and Albert managed to grip the waist of her panties in his teeth without touching the long prick. He pulled down. Sophie’s heavy balls hung between her thighs and her cock dropped to the twitch beside Albert’s face.

“There, that wasn’t so difficult was it?” she said as she pushed his face back to an inch from the tip of her cock.

Jean shuffled back instinctively to slide the lips of her pussy over Jon’s mouth and spread her thighs to envelop him. He seemed relieved and eager to please now that her cunt was what needed to be pleased and tickled her clitoris with his lips for the first time. She gasped with the first touch and settled deep on the armchair to enjoy the sensation of the intimate contact.

Katie moved her feet and slapped the trapped face beneath her.

“My heels, bitch. Suck my heels...” said Katie.

Her legs moved, pressing her heels against lips, forcing them against the bruised skin and then she gave her attention to Sophie, enjoying the horror on the face that was slowly covered by that rounded ass as it lowered to allow balls to hang over the tightly shut mouth.

Jean climaxed as Sophie slowly sat.

The face in Sophie’s armchair disappeared under that broad ass as she settled with a sigh, holding the end of the leash in one hand and her straining cock in the other. Albert kneeled before her trembling as she slowly spread her legs and ran her hand up and down the cock that was dripping with need.

“Albert said that he wanted to fuck me,” she said conversationally as she pulled the leash until it stretched taut. “I think that he’s already regretting his decision.”

There was something so fascinating to watch Sophie play with her victim, thought Jean. She recalled the way that Sophie had fucked her and shuddered with the recollection. It had filled her so completely and she almost longed to be fucked again. Her hand moved over the dial, Sophie noticed and put her hand over the control panel on her own chair and pressed the button with a careless stab.

“Jesus,” she cried and almost jumped from the chair as the current hit her. “What the fuck was that!”

“Turn it down, darling,” laughed Katie. “You’ve got it on the highest setting!”

Sophie fiddled with the knob and pressed again. And again. A few drops of come leaked from the cock in her hand and she lay back in the chair and opened her legs wide.

“Come on,” she snarled at the man on the end of her leash. “Time for your fuck...”

Albert pulled back a little and for a moment there was a tug-of-war until Sophie’s other hand left her cock and buried itself in his hair to pull the struggling slave towards the leaking cock that needed his devotion.

It happened so suddenly that Jean almost jumped. The hand in Albert’s hair let go and slapped his face savagely while the other arm pulled with a jerk pressing the tip of Sophie’s cock against his lips. The hand that had slapped him gripped his head, jabbed a finger under his jaw. At the moment that he opened his mouth with the agony of her grip, she pulled again and her cock slid into his mouth with a smooth motion and Sophie groaned as she climaxed.

Come bubbled between Albert’s lips and Sophie’s cock, as her hips pulled back and she thrust him from her.

“Well done, Albert, now lap it all up for me... swallow it all!”

Both of her hands now pulled his head between her thighs as she forced her slave to lick the length of her. Another sharp slap quelled his resistance and she was able to allow her hands to drop while she watched Albert lick her stalk from balls to tip.

The cock diminished and then slowly swelled again to full its full extent as Albert buried his head between the strong thighs and tended to it with gentle strokes of his tongue.

“That’s better, Albert, you’re learning how to fuck me the way that I want it,” said Sophie with a chuckle. “Once you get a taste for it, it’ll be all you ever crave for!”

A second orgasm started to swell in Jean as she enjoyed the sight of the unwilling man kneeling between Sophie’s thighs. The thought that another unfortunate was buried under that rounded ass just added spice. She looked at the upright cock, wet with the saliva from the kneeling slave, and lifted a little from Jon’s face and she knew that she had to have that cock again, she ached to be fucked and only Sophie’s cock could satisfy her fixation.

Jean’s eye caught Sophie, who smiled and moved her hand to grip her prick and smiled, “It’s all yours, dear,” she said, “come on and take it...”

Lifting slowly from her chair, Jean could only see one thing, the manicured hand from which Sophie’s cock stood like a baton. The hand stroked it slowly offering to Albert to kiss as Sophie slipped back a little in the armchair and licked her lips.

Jean looked down at Jon’s face and then back to Sophie.

Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined something like this. An urge to sate her needs that was so strong that she was prepared to fuck regardless of others watching her perform. The room seemed frozen as Katie, curled on her chair while her captive made love to her heels with his scored lips. Sophie pressing her rounded ass down hard for the attention of a servile tongue, smiling like the cat that found the cream. Albert, gently running his lips over the object of her craving. Her pussy ached with lust, streaming liquor down her thighs.

Jean needed that cock so badly, had to take it into her... She turned and felt Sophie's hand lift the back of her dress and fingers slide between her thighs and ass. Strong hands on her hips that slid her down to straddle and then the moment of contact as she unhurriedly slid to sit on Sophie's thighs, taking her in and spreading her legs to hook them over Sophie's thighs.

"Jesus, that's so good," she breathed as she lay back against Sophie. "Fuck me slowly, I need it so badly..."

Sophie's hands curved around Jean from behind to find her breasts. Her thighs spread, opening Jean wide as cock filled cunt and Jean came to rest fully on Sophie's lap and closed her eyes to focus on the sheer outpourings of lust that were filling her mind.

"Albert!" said Sophie in a voice that seemed so distant to Jean that it was from another life.

Jean screwed her eyes closed tight and allowed her feet to lift from the carpet, putting all of her weight on that erect fulcrum until it filled her to the point that she felt as though it would force from her belly.

Something touched her. Caressed her at the junction of Sophie's cock and her gaping lips. It lapped at her clitoris, slid over her sensitive thighs and then coursed around the stalk embedded so deep in her.

And then the fuck began!

Sophie placed her hands under Jean's ass, lifting her a little and then allowing her to drop. Strong muscles in Sophie's thighs flexed in time. The cock pulled almost free, it slid, wet and stiff and then plunged deep into her. A husky voice whispered in Jean's ear, urging her on, making her gasp as she gave restraint and cried out with a shudder.

"Can you feel him, baby," whispered Sophie. "Is he making you come for me?"

Jean nodded helplessly.

"I'm going to come baby," insisted the whisper in Jean's ear. "Fill you, fuck you so deep..."

The lips that sucked at her clitoris, the tongue that lapped over that trapped nub forced a gasp from Jean's lips and then she heard a sharp sound, a sound that rang in her ears. A jolt was transmitted to her wide open pussy through the lips that were serving it.

Jean opened her eyes to look up at Katie standing over her, legs braced as she lifted the cane that she had just used on Albert. She looked down to see that Albert was cowering between her thighs as the next cut of the cane in Katie's hands slashed at his raised ass.

"Don't come yet, darling," whispered Sophie's voice. "Hold it back, make it last..."

Sophie's legs opened wide, forcing Jean's thighs to open so wide that she thought that she would split. The crouching man between them licked frantically, massaging cock and cunt and Jean imagined the man underneath Sophie drawing Sophie's heavy balls into his mouth and working on them with his lips and tongue.

Another whisper as the cane swept down and the servile Albert gasped in agony as he struggled to kiss and suck. The cock slid deep and deeper. Hands moved from Jean's hips to her breasts and teased and pinched her nipples.

"I can't help myself..." panted Jean. "I'm coming, coming..."

The cock pulled back and Jean felt the unstoppable inception of a climax that was nothing like anything that she had ever experienced. Like a dam bursting, she came. Her thighs tried to close, but they were held open by Sophie's. A shuddering welled from inside her, she tried to twist to escape and the voice in her ear filled her head.

"Look down, baby and come for me again..."

Jean turned her eyes from Katie's wide grin to the man crouched between Sophie's legs. It seemed like slow motion, frozen movements that drifted like a dream as Sophie flexed her body under Jean.

The endless cock retreated from her cunt, inch by inch it slipped from her until at last it was free. With a jerk it was loose, plunging forward as it slithered free and pointing at Albert's face as the first explosion of come sprayed over his startled face. Katie's hand came from above, grasping hair, pushing his open mouth over the pumping prick. The hand could not be resisted, it pushed the head to make short strokes to milk every drop from Sophie.

Jean, in the throes of her own climax, caught her breath as she watched Katie make the mouth milk Sophie's prick until, after the third stroke she pulled it back sharply to allow the leaking cock to come to rest against Albert's cheek.

Jean started to giggle, a reaction to the retreat of her orgasm. Her thighs still quivered as the hands on her breasts glided down her body to nestle between her thighs opening her wide.

"Now, I'll show you what a man is for," sighed Sophie in Jean's ear. "Endless pleasure!"

Katie plied the cane and Albert pressed into the wide open pussy. He sucked Jean into his mouth and massaged her with his tongue. Each stroke of the cane made him jerk in reaction as Jean gasped and screamed with the assault that she could not stop. She moved her hands to his head, but there was no strength. Sophie's strong fingers opened her wider still, lips pressed hard and Jean climaxed again, and again, weeping as she convulsed like a marionette on Sophie's lap.

At last, Katie pulled Albert from between Jean's thighs and Sophie's body relaxed, her legs straightening to allow Jean to close her quivering legs.

"That's what men are for..." said Sophie with a small chuckle.

"Jesus, I have never gone so far..." said Jean. "That was exquisite!"

"That's how it should be," said Sophie.

Katie bent down and put the cane between Albert's lips.

"Don't drop it, slut," she said to Albert as she resumed her position with the spikes of her heels on the scraped face pressed from her own seat.

Albert closed his teeth over the cane and held it quivering as Jean slid from Sophie's lap. The stripes of the beating were now raised scarlet welts that lined his pale skin.

No longer erect, Sophie's cock slid down her wet thigh to sag over the mouth under her ass. She resettled to withdraw her glistening balls and helped her cock into the open lips with her hand.

Jean found that her legs could not support her and she lowered herself over Jon with a satisfied sigh. She could feel her juices and Sophie's come drip from her and moved to allow Jon to gently lap the dampness from her with a low groan.

"I almost came myself," laughed Katie.

"It has never been like that," breathed Jean. "I nearly passed out..."

Sophie looked down between her legs and her hand moved to push herself deep into the slave hole. A satisfied expression passed over her features and she sat a little forward.

"You are learning fast," said Sophie. "Men are only here for our amusement, use them and punish them, make them serve. They are just toys for us to play with for our pleasure."

Jean watched Sophie and suddenly understood what she was doing to the man under her ass. A month ago, she would have been repulsed, but now it seemed so normal!

Sophie was emptying herself into his mouth and slaking her own thirst for complete control as she did so.

She looked between her own thighs at her boss' face. The man who teased her swollen, dripping pussy with his tongue and suddenly realised that he could do anything for her.

Anything was possible!

Jean settled on the armchair, pressing down to cover the open mouth and exhaled, as she too, relaxed and relieved herself.

Now, her little plan could be realised at last.

He was going to be hers forever!

Part V – Happily Ever After

Partner - August 1985

“I do solemnly declare, that I know not of any lawful impediment why I, Jonathan Détenu may not be joined in matrimony to Jean Ella Harries.”

He paused briefly and hung his head before continuing, “I give you this ring as a token of my devotion.”

Jean held her hand out and Jon slipped the plain gold band onto her finger. For a moment she savoured the look of the gold on her white skin before she repeated his words with one small difference. The word ‘devotion’ replaced by ‘charge’.

The registrar raised an eyebrow, but did not comment, but continued with the ceremony.

“And now, by the power vested in me under law, I hereby pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride...”

Jean turned her cheek and allowed Jon to kiss her cheek with a small peck as Jean’s bridesmaids, Sherri and Sophie, clapped politely.

Jean signed her name in the registrar’s book and Jon added his new name, ‘Jon Harries’, below her florid signature. Sophie and Sherri added their names as witnesses and kissed Jean on the lips.

“You are such a perfect wife for him,” said Sophie. “I’m so happy for you!”

Jean kissed Sophie again and linked her two bridesmaids to lead them from the office.

“It’s all happened so quickly,” she said as she left the room with Jon walking behind.

They walked down the corridor to the exit. Sherri, Jean and Sophie leading with Jon and the other ten guests straggling behind. Jon was the only man present. He felt insignificant as he watched the three who had goaded him into this ceremony strut to the car. Only yesterday he had been told that he would be marrying Jean. The inevitable consequence of his own weakness!

“In you hop,” said Sherri. “Everything’s ready at Cinderella for the party in Jean’s honour.”

Jon slid into the darkness of the limousine to be joined by his wife and her two partners-in-crime. Sophie, Jean and Sherri seated on side by side with him seated facing them. The doors slammed and Sophie leaned forward to speak to the driver.

“Nice and slow,” she said. “We want this to be a ride to remember!”

The young woman at the wheel nodded and took the limousine into the traffic, while the darkened glass between her and the passengers slid upward with a hiss.

“Now that we’re all alone,” said Sherri, “it’s time for the private wedding gifts. Something for hubby, something for the wife to get them off to a good start.”

She reached under Jon’s seat and pulled a large box out and slid it into the space between them.

“They’re from all three of us,” said Sophie.

Jean felt excitement as she pulled the broad ribbon that was wrapped around the box, but before she could lift the lid, Sophie laid a hand on her wrist.

“Of course this is not the real gift from us,” she said. “It’s just a few bits and pieces that will make this a fairy-tale marriage! We thought that since you have found your prince we should make ‘Ella’ evoke ‘Cinderella’ for this special day!”

The hand moved from her wrist and Jean opened the box.

Inside were two other boxes, one large and one small, and a mass of white lace and black taffeta. Her fingertips ran over the stiff lace to find the collar and lifted the dress from the box to hold it up. The dress hung from her fingertips and she looked at it dubiously.

“Like it?” asked Sherri with a laugh.

“Er, I suppose so,” replied Jean doubtfully. “It’s not quite my style...”

“It’s not for you, silly!” said Sophie with a grin as her eyes turned to Jon.
“Cinderella is not you, Jon is the helpless little princess, you are the prince!
Katie had it made up specially for him.”

Jean started to smile and held up the dress with both hands so that she could imagine Jon wearing it.

Jon looked at Sophie and was about to speak, but she nodded and said, “You’ll look lovely, dear. I’m sure that it will be a perfect fit!”

“Thank you so much, girls. It’ll be just perfect for Jon!”

She passed the dress to Sherri who folded it onto her lap. Taking the dress from the box had revealed a flat box underneath that nestled between the other two.

“Which comes first,” said Jean. “I want to open them in the right order!”

Sophie tapped the newly exposed box with the tip of her stiletto and said, “This one, I think.”

Jean reached and hefted the box in her hands.

“Whatever’s in here is very light,” she said.

The box opened to reveal soft paper. Folding the paper aside, Jean saw sheer nylon. She dipped her fingers into the box and lifted. The stockings hung from her fingertips like a mist.

“Ooh, they’re much too good for Jon,” she murmured as she admired the elegant seams.

“There’s a little place I discovered that holds a stock left from the fifties,” said Sophie. “They are so elegant; they make any shoes perfect...”

“Thank you so much,” said Jean as she saw that there were perhaps five pairs in the box.

“They ladder so easily,” said Sophie with a grin. “When Jon has darned them he can wear the old pairs for special occasions.”

Jean closed the box and lifted the small one from the floor.

“Now then,” said Jean. “This one’s quite heavy. Who gave me this one?”

“I did,” said Sherri. “I had it specially made.”

Jean’s fingers untied the ribbon and opened the box to find a metal contrivance. Like a tubular cage with a heavy metal ring that circled around the opening.

“Aha,” said Jean. “I know what this is, I almost bought one a week ago, but I just didn’t like plastic.”

Her hand lifted the chastity cage from the box and she inspected it carefully.

“I had this put on specially,” said Sherri.

She extended her hand and pointed to a small ring welded to the tip of the cage and tapped it with a manicured fingernail.

“Get hubby pierced and a lock can go here as extra security,” she said. “I’ve always found that they are just too easy to slip off and then they can sneak a little wank without you ever knowing that it happened.”

Her hand turned and she held out her palm. On it was a shiny ring that lay in two parts.

“So you’ll need this as well, dear. Be careful, once it closes it won’t open again.”

“Good idea,” said Jean. “I’ll get it done. Now, that leaves just this one...”

She passed the cage to Sherri’s hand and picked up the last big box.

“This one’s the last,” she said.

“It’s from Katie,” said Sophie. “When she saw the dress, she gave me this and said that these would be perfect for him...”

Jean opened the box and pulled the tissue paper aside to reveal a pair of stilettos in Oxford style where the uppers were clear plastic. The heels were high, the instep was recurved and the red laces hung from the shoes, dangling to the floor of the limousine.

“Cinderella’s glass slippers!” exclaimed Jean as she turned them in her hands. “The heels must be six inches at least!”

“There are a couple of accessories as well,” said Sophie as she took the box from Jean’s hands.

She pulled a packet from the box and passed it to Jean.

“Perfect!” said Jean. “He can put these on right away,” as she inspected the sheer

tights that had a huge cut-away in them.

“There’s more,” said Sophie, “now where are they?”

Her hand rooted around in the box and then she passed two tiny padlocks to Jean’s hand.

“These fit to the uppers here and here,” said Sophie. “We can’t have your husband escaping his nice new glass slippers, can we?”

Jean inspected the two small eyelets just above the top lace-holes and nodded.

“Say ‘thank-you’ to Sophie and Sherri,” said Jean to Jon. And, don’t forget to thank Katie properly when we get to Sinderella. She’s been so thoughtful and generous...”

Jon looked at the shoes and clothes in the women’s hands and then to the handles of the doors of the limousine as if he was contemplating escape.

“Come on,” said Sophie. “Let’s get him dressed up and ready for the party. He won’t want to be the only one dressed as a man...”

“I’m waiting...” said Jean to Jon in a hard tone.

Jon hung his head and stared at the shoes in his wife's hands.

"Thank you very much..."

"Dear, oh dear," said Jean. "That's not very heartfelt at all! I want to hear genuine appreciation for the things that my bridesmaids have given you!"

Jon's thoughts were muddled. On the one hand, this is what he had dreamed of, being used and abused by the women in his life. On the other, in the back of his mind, he realised that the moment that he surrendered, his fantasy would merge with the rest of his life and there would be no escape. He looked up at Jean and realised that the woman who had been his timid secretary just a couple of months ago had become his owner and wife...

"Thank you so much for the wedding gifts," he said. "I am so grateful to you all, even if it sometimes seems that... I mean, I want so much to belong... I just can't do this; I need time to get used to it..."

Jean put a finger under Jon's chin and lifted his eyes to look into hers.

"I know that it's very difficult, darling," she said in a soft tone. "Just surrender and let me worry about where you are going, all you have to worry about is learning what I want you to be."

“I love you,” said Jon. “I really do...”

A feeling of helplessness overcame him. An overwhelming need to please Jean and make her happy, but he was filled with self-doubt. Doubt that he would be able to reach the high standard that she expected, doubtful if he could please her in the ways that she would want. Knowing that that her horizons would expand and he would be expected to serve her with ever more devotion.

“I know that you do,” said Jean. “This is just the start of our married life, it will be so difficult for you to see me at play all the time, but that’s your duty as a husband. You have found your prince, Cinderella, so let’s see if the glass slipper fits... Undress for me now and let us show you what the future holds.”

Jon’s hands seemed to have a life of their own. They dropped to his lap and undid his belt. Reached down and pulled at his shoelaces whilst the three women watched Jon. As the streets of London rolled by the darkened glass of the limousine windows, Jean’s little princess slowly stripped naked until he sat naked with his clothes piled around his bare feet.

Sophie passed him the tights.

For a few moments his trembling hands could not make sense of the two stockings that were part of the waistband. Jean reached over and pulled at the feet of them and they untangled for him.

He pulled them on. Now he could see why Jean had insisted that he shave himself smooth. The tights slipped on over the smooth skin and he pulled up the waist that was attached by thin strands of nylon netting.

“This is next,” said Sophie. “I think that the wife should put it on!”

She passed the chastity cage to Jean’s hands and showed her how it was secured.

Jean tapped Jon’s knees and turned the cage in her hands. His cock was rigid with anticipation at the touch and she looked at Sophie for guidance.

Sophie laughed wickedly and reached to slap hard Jon in the face.

“This is the start of you learning that your new wife decides if you get relieved,” she barked. “Obedience is expected!”

Jean held Jon’s cock in her hand and decided that it would fit. She gripped his balls and squeezed before pushing on the cage and clicking the ring tight behind Jon’s balls. The padlock clicked and she roughly twisted the cage in her hands to make sure that he was fully enclosed.

“What’s this?” asked Jean as she lifted the cage to inspect a deep screw hole she had noticed at the base of the cage at the back.

“I forgot to mention,” said Sophie. “I have ordered a couple of extras. A ring can be screwed in there to take a leash and another attachment can be used to hold a dildo in place. I’ll have them in a couple of days, it’s just that I had to have them specially made and it took longer than I thought.”

Jean weighed the metal in her hand and was gratified to see that Jon's prick had swollen again, filling the cage and making it protrude through the bars. Her fingers ran the length of the sensitive skin and rubbed against the tip that was pressing hard to escape.

"This comes next," said Sherri as she offered the dress. "Just pull it on over his head and I'll show you how to fasten it properly."

Jean half-stood in the restricted cabin of the limousine and waited for Jon to lift his arms before she slipped on the dress. She felt something hard at the end of the sleeves and realised as she pulled it onto him, that cuffs had been sewn into the fabric of the dress that finished up at his wrists.

"Pretty," said Sophie. "Here, I'll show you..."

Sophie's hands went to Jon's neck and fumbled with the collar before there was a click and she closed the collar concealed in the neck. At his wrists she closed the cuffs at his wrists and then pulled the dress down, forcing Jon to lift as she slid it under his behind.

"I forgot that he's need a wig until his hair has grown," said Sherri with an unhappy expression. "Never mind, he'll do for the moment."

Jean looked at Jon and admired the flounces of white and black lace, the taffeta skirt and the small apron sewn into the design.

“Now all that Cinderella needs are her glass slippers and a few final touches,” she said as she bent to slip on the clear shoes.

They went on easily, arching his feet before she started to pull the laces as tight as they would go to shape the uppers around his painfully distorted feet.

“You’ll have to manicure his feet,” said Sherri critically. “Red nails will show beautifully.”

Jon looked down at his cramped feet. The seams of the tights showed through the clear plastic and now Jean was locking them to his feet.

“You’ll need a little practice to walk in them,” commented Jean as she lifted a foot and ran her hands over the shiny surface.

“He won’t be walking much tonight,” said Sherri. “I have something lined up for our entertainment when we get there.”

Jean looked out of the window and saw that they were coming to the upper end of Oxford Street.

“We’re nearly there,” she said. “Just time for a little make-up and then it’s party-time!”

Reception - August 1985

Jon pulled his arms, but the tight cuffs held his arms tightly behind his back. He was kneeling in the centre of the small dance-floor while the guests ignored him and stood chatting, waiting for the buffet to be laid out on the tables at the back of the club.

His knees hurt, the new shoes cramped his feet and the cage on his cock made itself felt as his cock struggled to swell, but was not allowed the privilege. He did not recognise most of the guests, many of whom had left their partners in the new row of cages that extended along a wall.

Jean proposed a toast and a few of the women looked down at Jon with amusement. A circumstance that just made his cock press harder into its constricting prison. Occasionally he could see Jean and Sophie as the other women moved. They were arm in arm and occasionally kissed passionately as though Sophie was the groom and not Jon. He saw Jean's hand pat Sophie between her thighs and then she pressed her body against the taller woman and kissed her again before a stranger moved between them.

A spoon tapped on a glass and silence fell over the audience. From somewhere out of Jon's sight, Sherri made a short speech which fetched applause as she made a joke about a honeymoon that would last forever.

Jon moved a little and tried to see where his wife was, but when she spoke he nearly jumped in shock because she was standing right behind him.

“I’d like to say a few words,” she said as she began her speech.

She rested a hand on her kneeling husband’s head as she continued.

“First of all, thank you all for the wonderful gifts and your best wishes as well as being here for this little party.”

She spread her fingers and gripped Jon’s hair tightly.

“Some of you already know my new husband,” she said. “We are both looking forward to all the things that he’s going to do for me! What’s more, I have a little announcement to make. Jon is, of course, taking my surname and I thought that this would be the right moment for him to be fully renamed. What could be a better indication of his future as my husband than that he takes my middle name ‘Ella’?”

A small wave of clapping and a few chuckles rippled through the guests.

“Of course, special thanks are due to Sherri for this evening, so to show how appreciative I am, I have decided...

As Sherri spoke a topless woman parted the small crowd facing away from Jon pushing a trolley. Until she turned it in front of him he did not realise what was about to happen.

“... that Ella will provide us all with a little entertainment,” continued Jean.

The base of the trolley was weighted heavily and from its base stood a ‘T’ of wood with three horizontal holes that faced upwards. The topless girl grinned wickedly at Jon and slid the trolley against him, removed a sliding slat and then pressed it home again to trap his head like an old fashioned stocks.

“So play with him all you like, ladies, after all this is the first night of his honeymoon!”

A swell of laughter spread through the women and one or two turned to watch Jon being restrained. The topless woman unlocked his hands and guided them into a hole on each side of his head before tightening the leather bands that would restrain his wrists. He could feel the board through which head and hands protruded on his shoulders.

Jean continued her speech; “So, I would like to raise a toast to the woman who owns this club, Sherri, to Sinderella and all who sail in her...” There was a clinking of glass and the crowd all raised their glasses to a few cat calls and whoops as they drank.

The topless woman moved to the front of Jon and kneeled. For a moment her face was level with his and she leaned a little forward to kiss him on his lips.

“To the blushing bride, slut,” she giggled.

He felt her hands reach behind the post that supported the stocks as her hands unlocked the cage on his cock and pulled. He shuffled forward and she pulled all of him through a hole in the post and clamped on a ring around his balls. A belt went around his waist and was pulled tight.

“I hope that you’re nice and comfortable?” she taunted as she made sure that he was secure.

Jon moved his head, on either side he could see one of his hands, but when he tried to look down his chin rested on the stocks, but he knew that from the wood pressed into his chest and belly, his cock and balls hung helpless, inviting abuse.

The crowd parted and Jean emerged from the press to stand in front of Jon looking down at him.

“Make sure you entertain my friends, Ella, though to be honest, I am sort of hoping that you won’t because I have a special punishment ready and it would be a shame if you missed it!”

Katie appeared by Jean’s side.

“I think that you’ve found a real slut here, Jean,” she said. “I just can’t decide if you are the real bitch though!”

A ripple of laughter spread through the watching guests and Katie slapped Jon’s face.

“Say ‘thank-you’ nicely for the compliment,” said Jean as she enjoyed the tears that welled from her husband’s face. “Katie is a dear friend and you should be grateful that she deigns to speak to you.”

“Thank you, Miss Katie,” said Jon through the tears.

“Tsk, tsk,” said Jean. “You can do better than that! Why don’t you try complimenting her shoes?”

Jon tried again to look down, but he could not see past Katie’s thighs, where the tops of her boots flared over her stockings.

“Er, I love the wonderful boots,” blubbered Jon. “I just wish that I could kiss them to show you how much I adore them...”

Jean’s hand patted Jon’s head and a small smile of affection crossed her lips.

“See, that wasn’t so difficult was it? Perhaps later you will be permitted to lick the dirt from her heels,” said Jean.

She turned to the gathered women and said, “He’s all yours, ladies play all you like... If anyone has any complaints about my husband, then just speak to me!”

She put her arm around Katie's waist and the two of them turned back through the crowd to walk to the bar.

Jon looked at the women that surrounded him. Most were grinning, in the red lights of the club they looked like a crowd of female demons that were closing on a helpless prey.

A hand gripped his erection and slipped up and down it, another woman slapped his face and he heard a voice from the side call out; "Sherri? I need a cane!"

"I'll get them," said the topless woman who had restrained Jean's husband.

For ten minutes, the helpless man had been the centre of a laughing group of women. Each abused him, one or two played with his trapped prick, teasing and massaging and then dragging nails the length of it when he groaned with distress and yearning while the woman that had called for a cane gave him five measured strokes that left a criss-cross of welts on his quivering ass.

The abuse dwindled as the women lost interest in their new toy, with just an occasional slap or cut of the cane. Music started and several of the women started to dance nearby in each other's arms as the party got underway and the buffet was opened at the back of the club.

Jon's knees started to ache, the belt that held him bit deep into his waist and he felt a twinge in his neck from the wooden collar that rubbed his skin. He could feel a trickle of spittle that trickled down his cheek and realised that the grip on

the root of his cock was so tight that his painful erection could not dissipate.

“It didn’t take long for them to get tired of him,” said Jean from behind his head. I thought that they’d play for hours.”

“They can be a little wild,” said Sophie’s voice, “but they don’t want to damage him, after all he’s your property and they respect that!”

“I suppose so,” said Jean. “But, that none of them even used the dildo is almost a shame.”

“It’s a sort of unwritten rule,” said Katie. “When using another’s pet, there are limits that the owner has to state clearly can be crossed. You didn’t do that, so they were all nice and careful.”

“Well, I’ll know next time,” sighed Jean. “There’s a great deal to learn!”

“That’s the fun of it,” said Katie as she walked into Jon’s sight. “Still, I’ll have a little play with him. Since he liked my new boots so much...”

Katie bent down and kissed the top of Jon’s head.

“Ella looks so sweet in that dress and the shoes fit perfectly. I ordered another pair like that for myself, you know. If you like I can order a second pair for him

as ‘punishment’ shoes.”

“They’re already quite punishing to wear,” chuckled Sophie as she came to stand next to Katie. “I’ve got a pair with that incredibly high instep and I can’t wear them for more than a couple of hours.”

“A few metal studs under the heel train a man to walk much more sexily,” said Katie. “I’ll order a pair if you like, Jean. You can have them at cost.”

“In cherry red, though,” said Jean. “They can’t all look the same and anyway I will have to get a few more dresses and I think that Ella will look good in red.”

All three were now standing in front of Jean’s husband. They looked down and Jean gripped the rigid cock in her fist.

“He’s been a good boy,” she commented. “How about a little reward for entertaining my friends so nicely? Are you sensitive, dear? Look at all the nice scratches on your little cock.”

“I’ve an idea,” said Katie.

She raised her hand and one of the topless waitresses appeared.

“I need a small stool,” said Katie. “Go and find one, or a box or something that I can stand on and bring it here, please.”

The waitress disappeared and Sophie said, “Twenty pounds says that you can’t make him come inside of a minute!”

“You’re on,” said Katie. “I’ll use my secret weapon, though!”

“What’s that?” asked Jean.

“Oh, you’ll see, dear. Most men come immediately when I use it...”

Jon looked up at his wife. Her face was flushed with excitement and the champagne that she’d drunk. Her eyes shone and her lips were wet where the tip of her tongue lapped over them. She seemed so happy and Jon had never seen her so attractive. Her hand moved up and down his cock with a hard grip, bumping her fist into his balls.

“You’ll have to stop that,” said Sophie with a laugh. “Either that, or I’ll make you pay the twenty!”

Jean chuckled and pulled her hand away just as the waitress appeared with a wooden whiskey crate.

“Will this do?” she asked as she pushed it up to the frame and lifted Jon’s erection to place it on the rough wood.

“Perfect,” said Katie as she stepped onto the box.

It groaned under her weight as she took her position. Jon found that his whole vision was filled by her leather-clad thighs. The rounded pillars of her thighs, the dip between them and the flat belly above.

“You’ll have to tell me when to start,” laughed Katie. “Jean will be the referee not Sophie. I want a full sixty seconds...”

“As if I’d cheat,” declared Sophie. “How dare you?”

“Just saying,” laughed Katie. Now then Jean, you say ‘go’ and then I’ve got a minute!”

Jon felt his heart beating in his head. His cock twitched with agitation as Katie stepped forward and raised a booted foot.

“Go!” cried Jean as the second hand of her watch reached twelve.

The boot lowered and pressed on the stiff prick, resting a pointed heel on the tip. Slowly she twitched it forward and Jon cried out with distress as she placed more weight on her foot.

“If you come, then I’ll punish you,” said Jean to her husband.

“That’s not fair,” laughed Katie. “Just because you and Sophie are fucking each other does not allow you to cheat like that!”

“Fifty seconds left,” said Sophie. “You’d better hurry!”

“Fuck you both,” said Katie and she began to move her boot back and forth while Jon mewed with anguish.

“Forty-five,” said Jean.

Katie looked down at her victim and slowly unzipped her tight leather suit. The hand pulled down slowly revealing the smooth waxed skin of her pussy.

“Not fair!” cried Jean.

“Fuck you, Jean, he’s my boot-bitch now,” cried Katie as she found a rhythm and Jon cried out again, this time in a different tone.

“Thirty,” whispered Jean.

Jon could feel himself tensing, he focussed his eyes on the parting lips of the cunt that flowered just inches from his eyes. The flexing of the thigh that opened and closed Katie with each stroke, the clitoris that swelled from its covering. He could feel a grinding inside, pressure building and release was just seconds

away. In his head he knew that Jean wanted Sophie to win and would surely punish him for climaxing, but just the thought of seeing Sophie paying would be such a thrill...

“Twenty,” said Jean. “Don’t you dare...”

Katie opened herself with her hands, pressed at her thighs showing Jon’s rolling eyes the clear liquid that dripped to soak into leather.

“Ten,” said Jean.

The first release was a drip, Katie moved her boot and kicked to slide it under the pulsating cock to watch as the second a gush arrived and spurted to the smooth leather at her ankle. A third pulse of come flowed and the boot raised a little on its heel.

“I think that that proves my point,” laughed Katie. “Ella will be a perfect little boot-bitch for his wife. It’s a shame that he can’t clean up the mess!”

Jon saw Sophie pass a note to Katie’s hand as she moved her foot a little under the helpless prick.

“This will get us all a drink,” laughed Katie.

Jean leaned to whisper in her husband's ear.

“Now clean it up, shoe-slut...”

He felt the collar at his neck release, his hands came free and the constriction on his cock and waist was released by his wife's hands.

“I'll teach you to obey me,” said Jean. “Now, clean the mess from Katie's boots and then you get punished!”

Sophie's strong hands pulled Jon's nerveless arms behind his back and closed the lock that would fix them there and then she pressed on his shoulders to bend to Katie's sopping boots.

“Nice and clean,” said Katie as she looked down and watched the husband in lace start to lap at the toes of her boots. “Don't forget the soles!”

Katie stepped back to leave the one foot on the top of the box and lifted her foot while strings of come chose between sole and the top of the box.

“OK, you win,” laughed Sophie. “I love the way that you can use agony to make a man come for you. I'll bet that you didn't even need to unzip!”

“I didn't want to take a chance,” said Katie. “Anyway, he's already been there,

so I knew that it would tip the scales...”

“He’s done,” said Jean. “We’ll put him in Sherri’s little box and then we can enjoy the rest of the night.”

Glory Be - August 1985

The three women led a stumbling Ella over the dance floor to the back of the club. They passed the buffet and a seemingly endless array of women who slapped the rump of Jean's husband as they passed.

"What's happening tonight, you know, after the party?" asked Katie.

"Jean has booked a room at the Ritz," said Sophie. "We're staying there for the wedding breakfast and Sherri is keeping Ella here until the afternoon."

"You two have really struck it off," commented Katie.

"She just can't resist my cock," laughed Sophie.

"That's true," answered Jean. "Sophie is just so good at fucking... I'm addicted!"

The group of four had reached the back of the club.

Between two doors was a blank wall with a hole placed at waist height.

On either side were two handles screwed to the wall and it was on these that Sophie pulled to reveal a cubby hole.

“In you go, Ella,” said Jean.

Ella looked up at her wife and begged with her eyes.

“No, Ella! You disappointed me, now you can stay in here for a day and find out what it’s like to be a cock-sucking slave...”

Ella backed into the hole and started to cry as Sophie pulled a hood over her head and pulled the ring gag tight.

“If Ella is going to be a perfect slut, then the first lesson is how to suck and swallow,” laughed Katie. “Here, I’ll put the cage back on...”

She felt herself being strapped tight. Hands pulled high, shackles on her ankles and a bar that attached to her collar and held Ella’s head in position.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, make sure that you swallow every drop,” laughed Jean as the front of the glory-hole closed her husband with the mouth wide open and lined up to the hole in the board.

The sound of padlocks came to Ella’s ears.

She could still hear the voices outside and it seemed that Sherri had arrived to witness the first use of her new little attraction.

“The slaves can use Ella tonight,” said Sherri. “Tomorrow morning the builders will be here to do some work, so there’ll be plenty of cock for the glory hole. I’ll give them all a go or three as a thank-you!”

“Just tell them that it’s a gorgeous blonde bimbo in the box and you’ll have them all queuing up to use it,” laughed Jean.

“Don’t worry, the queue will be out of the door when word gets round!” said Sherri.

“Let’s give it a try,” said Sophie. “If you don’t mind?”

Ella heard Sophie step close. She heard the chuckles of her wife.

Something pressed into Ella’s mouth, moved over her lips.

It pushed deeper over her tongue, warm and hard.

Pulled back and then rammed into her throat.

Filling her with a sweet taste on her tongue.

Women's laughter filled Ella's ears.

As her wife's lover fucked her.

THE END