

Obedience and Devotion

**A tale of horror and
intense female domination**

**Written
by
Miss Irene Clearmont**

Copyright © 2018. All rights reserved

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

All rights reserved

FDC Publications

© 2018 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 publisher information contact

Publisher Website: www.FemDomcave.Com

Publisher Email:

For author information contact:

Miss Irene Clearmont: www.MissIreneClearmont.com

Email Comments: Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com

This novel is set a year after my novel 'Governess'. Not truly a sequel, however, it shares a few characters and tucks in a few threads of that tale. As is now often the case, my unique editor, CH, took a large part in the gestation of this tale of terror and female domination as it was written, word by word and offered much encouragement.

Miss Irene Clearmont

Where ignorance screams, silence elegantly teaches!

Mistress Annalisa

Nobody can hurt me without my permission.

Mahatma Gandhi

The art of pleasing is the art of deception.

Luc De Clapiers

The Chapters

<u>Part 1 Still Life</u>	5
<u>Brush Strokes. Compose</u>	6
<u>Brush Strokes. Colour</u>	9
<u>Brush Strokes. Light & Shadow</u>	16
<u>Part 2 Symphony</u>	22
<u>C Major. The Key of Obsession</u>	23
<u>B Minor. The Key of Fortitude</u>	30
<u>E Major. The Key of Devotion</u>	34
<u>Bb Minor. The Key of Angst</u>	45
<u>Ab Minor. The Key of Passing</u>	48
<u>Part 3 In The Round</u>	53
<u>Hammer Strokes. From The Quarry</u>	54
<u>Hammer Strokes. To the Studio</u>	60
<u>Hammer Strokes. In the Round</u>	65
<u>Hammer Strokes. Surface Effect</u>	76
<u>Hammer Strokes. Display and Mount</u>	81
<u>Part 4 Calligraphy</u>	90
<u>Penmanship. Sharpen Nibs</u>	91
<u>Penmanship. Pestle and Ink</u>	103
<u>Penmanship. Vellum & Parchment</u>	112
<u>Penmanship. Graceful Loop</u>	125
<u>Penmanship. Dotting the i's</u>	127
<u>Penmanship. Signature</u>	135
<u>Part 5 Kindergarten Daubs</u>	143
<u>Colouring In. Opening The Box</u>	144
<u>Colouring In. Pick a Crayon</u>	146
<u>Colouring In. Finger Paints</u>	158
<u>Colouring In. Colouring In</u>	166
<u>Part 6 Jewels and Ornaments</u>	171
<u>Jeweller's Art. Opened Locket</u>	172
<u>Jeweller's Art. Creating a Clasp</u>	178
<u>Jeweller's Art. Pearl Necklace</u>	185
<u>Jeweller's Art. Filigree</u>	193
<u>Part 7 Exhibition</u>	199
<u>Display. Gallery</u>	200
<u>Display. Commission</u>	204
<u>End</u>	207

Part 1

Still Life

Brush Strokes. Compose

University beckoned.

A chance to escape, the start of a new life.

That was still a long four months away, but Jamie had already started the preparations. Despite the fact, that his father, Eric, made everything easy for him, Jamie took it all very seriously indeed! The gap year in France before the Cambridge place was taken was spent in preparation. Brush technique, galleries and savouring the light that lit the scenery with a glow all of its own. Language, cuisine and friendship had fallen by the wayside as he had sat in that glorious light and painted the wonderful landscapes in awe. He had grown a long ponytail that gave him that Montmartre-artist look.

It was *his* thing, trees, rocks and far away hills perched with ruins. Evocative and escapist. Jamie's father was of another time, an era when intimate portraits beckoned, but he took a broad view of his son's taste

Art was something that Jamie and his father lived to the full. It was life and their leisure. The tiny gallery off Bond Street, the auctions, the glory of a sale, the academy, every moment was spent living the dream. There was no way that Jamie was going to settle for second best at University, full honours was the only door he was prepared to walk through. So, he leafed through sketches and roughs, carefully selecting those that would travel with him and adding them to a portfolio that was already far too large.

Like clockwork, at five every afternoon during the week, the sound of the tyres on the driveway signalled Eric's arrival. Jamie was expected to have the coffee ready, one of the few small chores that were his and not the housekeeper's. As the door opened and Eric arrived, Jamie was watching the coffee pouring in an arc to swirl into the cups. His father dropped his small attaché case by the kitchen door and entered the kitchen with a broad grin that signified that a deal had been done and he was most satisfied.

Jamie raised an eyebrow.

"The Baines, you sold the Baines?"

Eric shook his head, "No it's something that you'll never guess..."

"OK then, tell me... if I could never guess, then there's not much point in me even trying."

Jamie's father took the coffee and sipped at it before continuing.

"It's the Gregory Memorial triannual exposition ..."

"You have a place?"

"Son, I have a place in the exhibition! In the erotica room, they want 'Gillian's Revenge' on the wall and another. Something new... a centrepiece."

"It's in two months..."

"I know, I know, not much time to think, I have to do...."

Jamie raised an eyebrow. Portraiture was his father's mainstay, the little that he earned from painting now was all those rather stiff compositions and commissions, but his real passion was the sensual, the amatory, the degenerate and depraved.

"So, who's the model," said Jamie. "Florrie is away..."

"Oh, I'll find one easily enough," laughed Eric. "It's time that I did something new and original. Something daring, shocking even! To wake up the armchair critics, get reviews in the papers about how scandalous my work is. This could be the last chance..."

"Dad, don't be so silly! At fifty-five you are scarcely over the hill..."

"That's not true and you know it, Jamie," said his father. "Ever since your mother died, I have rested on my laurels. My work is accepted, lauded just a little even if I dare admit it, but I am not new and exciting anymore. I need to wake them all up and be the talk of the town. Selling other's paintings is a living, but it's not a passion. This is a perfect chance..."

"If you say so, Dad, "but, you know that erotica does not sell at high prices, that it has to be hidden in private galleries, out of sight. It could leave you cold-shouldered by the academy as well. Anyway, where are you going to get a model?"

Eric laughed.

"Oh, I have some ideas, boy. Don't worry your head about it. All I need is something special for what I have in mind."

Jamie shrugged as if disinterested. Florrie had been the model for all of the nudes that his father had created in the last five years. Personally, Jamie had always found her unattractive in both temperament and

figure and the pictures staid and uninteresting. Shallow breasts, long neck and a figure that had almost no erotic overtones as far as Jamie was concerned. Draped like a chaste Victorian dame on a couch while his father painted and carried on a small affair that was so easy to overlook. She would not be happy at all if Eric found another model...

"Well, do what you want, just bear in mind that your reputation as owner of the gallery, as well as a painter is what pays for the food on the table..."

"God, Jamie!" said Eric with a sigh. "Sometimes you are just like an old woman. Art is passion, art is jeopardy, art is testing the boundaries and I am going to throw caution to the winds! Your mother loved the risk!"

Jamie thought of the charcoal sketches hidden in a folio in the attic and shuddered. How old had he been when he had flicked through them? Thirteen, fourteen? Just after mother died, anyway. His heart had raced, his mind had spun, and he had suddenly felt a surprising stiffness below... When Eric was gone, that folio would be hidden away or burned. He wondered if mother had ever seen them?

'Doubtful', he decided.

Whatever Eric imagined, she would have been so shocked...

"Well, do what you want, Dad, you always do."

"Exactly, boy. I always follow my own muse and I will answer for it."

Brush Strokes. Colour

'Larissa, Larissa,' thought Eric as he gazed at the passing pedestrians.
'How you would laugh!'

Every son, every daughter, imagined that *their* parents were different from all the rest. Jamie was no different, he believed his parents to have been the perfect couple, an exemplar of middle class solidity. Toast for breakfast, a goodbye kiss off to work, weekends painting commissions, a meal ready for her husband when he returned and television before bedtime.

How could he ever know what demons lurked beneath that stolid family life? He could not, because what lay beneath the surface was hidden from a child's gaze. Eric, the sensual artist, delighting in degeneracy while Larissa, his wife enjoyed his debauched weaknesses as much as his strengths. Posed for his sketches, delighted in playing games that had had to be hidden deep when Jamie was born. Secrecy had become second nature, bedroom-only games the rule, the couple's passions hidden in deep waters as the son grew up. He had so missed her strutting around the house with the cane in her hand before Jamie had been born.

Occasionally there had been moments of the old relationship, like a wreck showing at high tide, but as time went on and Jamie grew older, that substratum of erotic passion retreated to become nothing more than the folio in the attic and a suppressed need that could never be released.

Eric turned from the engraved window and looked over the art that was displayed in his gallery. Twee landscapes, a commissioned portrait that had yet to be picked up, golden frames with faces that stared out from the canvases as if bored with the view.

'It is all so fucking dull,' thought Eric as he sat on one of the armchairs.
'Boring, but a good living...'

His mind turned to Florrie and he winced as he recalled the stale love-making, the bony body still under his, as he fucked her between poses. No replacement at all for the love that had slipped away when Larissa had drawn her last breath on the sterile hospital bed. Florrie just drained him, she did not pander to his tastes...

Face waxy and pale, every breath a struggle, gone was the fire that had taunted him with desire, all that had been left at the end was the last shreds of willpower that had filled his nights with endless desire. Larissa had been his slave, his arrogant mistress, his tethered fuck-toy and his

superior Goddess, and now she was gone. Even the memories were fading to sepia and Eric felt as though she had been nothing but a dream.

A tear filled his eye and he wiped it away with a reflexive swipe of his hand.

Larissa!

Even her name suggested the lost sensual world that he yearned for. Inseparable love and craving, his lost muse...

Eric turned to the computer on the desk and tilted the screen a little. The face of it could not be seen from outside and he was alone, but the impulse to hide his explorations were too strong to resist. He wondered if he should use a photograph as his model? Easy enough to change the face to a stern gaze, hide the place that it had been stolen from, but somehow, the idea of *not* painting from the real was too much of a swindle.

He watched the results of his search slide off the top of the screen and was not inspired. Porn! That's what they would all call it, but the rebellious streak in him led him deeper down the page. To the place where the individual words of the search twisted the result to something darker and harder.

Eric sighed.

How all too easy it was now! How easy to find a partner, to tailor the search for the likeminded to an exactitude of decimal places. How lucky he had been with Larissa. More than mere luck, destiny! He closed the browser and sat just as a customer wandered into the small gallery. Mrs Kurt, in the bloom of her early forties. The woman for whom the commissioned painting waited. Eric glanced at the canvas on the frame and stood.

"Eric," she said. "I think that it is time..."

Eric's portrait of her had now been standing in the gallery for over a month. The agreed time for display, and it was clear that she wished to take charge of it. A man in a chauffeur's uniform entered behind her and stood impassively waiting for her orders.

The portrait glowed. The one or two lines at the corners of her eyes smoothed, the complexion far from the white of her make-up, the lips parted slightly unlike her present hard look. Beautiful strength, suggestions of dominance.

"It's all ready, I'll just get the cover..."

Eric left the two entrants from the street standing, while he disappeared into the framing room and picked up the slip-cover that was ready to be filled. In his head he imagined Mrs Kurt posing naked and the thought brought a reaction that caused him to pause to allow the stiffness to recede. He carried the case into the gallery and opened it wide to slip it over the portrait that only hinted at the sheer suggestive sexual attractiveness of the woman that he had painted it for.

"A little staid," she commented as the painting was covered. "But, after all, it's for the bank front office..."

"An enjoyable sitting," said Eric as he remembered the vaguely risqué conversation that they had had at the time. "One of my best..."

"Darling," said Mrs Kurt. "You could do so much better..."

She inspected him and realised that he reminded her of her husband. A little taller perhaps, the clean-shaven face so similar and the hairline not receding like Manfred's. Almost his double.

Eric shrugged and looked at the blank face of the chauffeur before replying.

"Ma'am," he said formally, "You are so correct, but then a portrait is always a little sedate. A hint of décolletage, a subtle smile and that is all..."

Mrs Kurt raised an eyebrow and her gaze moved over the paintings of scenery and still-life with a look that was close to disdain. Her hand lifted, and for the first time, Eric noticed that she wore elegant leather gloves. The signal caused the silent chauffeur to heft the painting in its cover and disappear from the gallery.

"So true, darling, so true," she sighed. "You hide far more than you reveal, Eric! Remember those words when I was sitting for you? I thought to myself, there is more to Eric than the eye can see. So, I went on a little search and bought another couple of your sketches. That means that this is now the third of your works that I have in my collection now, though the other two are hidden away in my private viewing room... just a bit too spicy for my office in New York!"

Eric felt a lump in his throat and blushed.

"You have quite a talent," she said with a small smile, "for catching the moment when an individual is totally defenceless..."

"Er, what sketches?"

Eric's mind ranged over the erotica that he had created under a different name and held his breath.

"Of course, the artist is listed as 'Drawoh Cire', but then that is simply your name written in reverse..."

"Jesus," mumbled Eric. "Those are from years ago... twenty years at least... Please don't tell what you have figured out, they would throw me out of the academy."

"Don't worry, your dirty little secret is safe with me," she laughed. "Of the series of seven, I have managed to find just two of them, I suppose that the others are in private collections."

"Eight actually," muttered Eric as he shuffled his feet. "The other was a private commission..."

"We all have a dark corner in our lives," laughed Mrs Kurt lightly. "It's just such a shame that such talent has gone to waste!"

"After setting up all of this," said Eric as he moved his arm to take in the gallery, "I stopped selling them, far too risky!"

"But, you have more?"

Mrs Kurt's face had taken on a sly smile and Eric flushed a deeper pink.

"Er, a few," he answered. "But, they're not for sale."

"Surely a private collector with a passion for such erotica could offer a price that would make you change your mind?"

Eric thought of the folio in the attic and shook his head. It was all that he had of Larissa and there was no way that he would part from them.

"I see," she said thoughtfully. "I see... something personal, I didn't mean to intrude? That's such a shame, really it is. I know dozens of people that would give their right arm for originals... The prices would be far in excess of that portrait that I commissioned."

The thought of the ten thousand that Mrs Kurt had paid for her portrait of her caused Eric to pay more attention.

"They were just sketches," he said. "An hour, maybe two to create..."

"Nevertheless, I paid twice the price for each one!"

Eight sketches in all. Seven with his darling Larissa, one commissioned to specific instructions. He calculated their worth and swallowed in disbelief. The sketches were worth more than a year's profit at the gallery. A day's pleasurable work that Larissa had persuaded him to sell for a few hundred pounds. He remembered how the thought of her posing had excited her almost as much as the idea of being the focus of so much self-abuse. How he had carelessly reversed his name, never considering that he would be discovered.

"I suppose," he said doubtfully.

"How many are we talking about?" asked Mrs Kurt.

"Twenty or thirty, but really, there is no way that I would sell them!"

Mrs Kurt laughed at his embarrassment and the finger of her glove touched her lips.

"Never a word said, darling," she smiled. "But, there are ways..."

Eric's mind turned to the exhibition. Still he had not found his model, the muse that could create something perfect to shock the academy.

"No, never in a million years," said Eric at last. "But, there is another possibility."

"Which is?"

"Perhaps you can help me with something else..."

"Now I am intrigued," said Mrs Kurt.

The words came in a rush before his mind could prevent them being spoken aloud, "I need a particular manner of model for a commission..."

"Mmm, you mean a model that would pose naked?"

"Er yes, like that... I was thinking that you?"

Mrs Kurt laughed uproariously.

"Me?"

He blushed in shame.

"My dear Eric. My dear Eric, what are you thinking! Just as you would never give me the sketches for personal reasons, there is no way that I would pose for something that even got close to the two sketches in my private collection! Just to start, you would never be permitted to stretch and bind me to a bed while some man mounted me, abused me!"

Eric looked down at his feet and felt a disappointment that was so intense that he could not even reply to her laughter. The idea had been so perfect and now it was just shards at his feet.

"I can find a model for you," said Mrs Kurt softly. "But, everything has a cost, my dear and often that cost is not apparent until the deal with the devil is done!"

He did not hear the words, just the possibility and Eric felt hope.

"You would?"

"Dark secrets for dark secrets, my dear man! I will trade my little hidden passions for yours, darling. I have to consider the matter carefully. You will hear from me... you see, there is something that you can do for me."

Her eyes inspected him again. This time she seemed to be assessing if Eric was the right man, the man that she was looking for.

"So, a favour for a favour?"

"If the model is the right one."

"Oh, don't worry about that, dear. I have just the person in mind that will make you gasp for breath! No, what I want to know is that you will return the favour when I ask... no matter what it is?"

"Anything," said Eric, his hopes rising.

"Good, that's settled then."

"When?" he asked hopefully.

She laughed again at his hopeful expression.

"When I am ready, darling. There is no other time!"

She saw the disappointment in his face and pecked Eric on the cheek. For a moment he sensed the musky aroma of her perfume and then it was gone.

"You and I are more alike than you would ever guess," she said. "The difference is that I always get what I want, whereas you just hope..."

"I only have a short while..."

"What? To complete your commission?"

Eric nodded.

"Then I shall apply myself to the problem," said Mrs Kurt. "A little persuasion, a little commitment and you will have the most attractive model in London!"

"Thank you... Miss..."

She smiled and pecked him on the lips.

"You are so sweet, Eric. Degenerate, debauched, depraved, but sweet. I think that my husband would just love to meet you. He too has his little secrets, his little hobbies that consume him."

Eric watched as Mrs Kurt turned on her heel and left the gallery without even a 'good-bye'.

Her leaving left an emptiness that he could not describe in words and when his gaze slipped over the wretched art that filled his gallery he realised that the real work of art that had been there, had just departed.

Brush Strokes. Light & Shadow

Jamie answered the door as the chimes had barely quieted.

It was unusual to have visitors in the evening and the woman who stood on the front doorstep was even more unusual. The fur coat that wrapped her from ankles to throat formed a haze from which her beautiful face emerged on a long neck that was circled by velvet, with a single large pearl that shimmered on the black collar.

"Eric Howard?" she asked.

Jamie shook his head.

"Er, that's my father," he stuttered as he wondered why this young woman could possibly be looking for his father.

The young woman took a step forward and Jamie allowed her into the hallway. Now he could see that her ankles were covered by the black high heeled boots that she wore and he felt a sudden interest in the mysterious female that was asking after Eric.

"I shall get him," said Jamie. "Can I take your coat?"

He found himself longing to see what lay hidden under all that froth of mink and was disappointed by the answer.

"I shall wait here!"

Jamie closed the door and passed her, savouring the attar of roses that emanated to fill the entranceway to the Edwardian house. She could not possibly even be older than him, and Jamie felt almost giddy as he entered the kitchen to find his father reading the newspaper at the kitchen table with the usual cup of coffee to hand.

Eric looked up to see Jamie and raised an eyebrow.

"Someone to see you," said Jamie.

"Who, at this time of the night?"

"No idea, but she's stunning..."

Eric stood and passed his son. A week ago, he had spoken to Mrs Kurt, had she come visiting? He opened the door to the hallway to see the shadow of a tall figure standing on the mosaic floor and felt a sensation of disappointment. The young woman turned and nodded.

"Mr Eric Howard, the artist?" she asked.

"The very same," he answered as he felt the presence of Jamie behind him.

"You can call me 'Miss Ingrid'," she said. "Mistress Kurt asked me to present myself to you. I believe that you expressed a need?"

Eric stared at her with a pit in his stomach. Was this the model that he had asked for? Was this Mrs Kurt's answer to his need for a perfect body to paint? If it was, then she was more than he could have hoped for... but, such a shame that the woman who had entered the gallery a week ago was not here in person.

"Er, I suppose that I did," said Eric.

He could feel a sensation that was close to hunger. Need and craving at the sight of a young woman that seemed perfection.

"Then, if I am suitable, perhaps we should have a little discussion, Mr Howard. Alone!"

Eric turned to his son and just saw the door to the large kitchen close as Jamie retreated.

"The lounge?"

Ingrid smiled and looked up the stairs.

"The bedroom might be more private," she said.

Eric felt a lump in his throat, matched by the one between his legs. The scene was so suggestive and he could not resist imagining having charcoal in his hand as she posed.

Miss Ingrid led the way up the stairs, Eric coming behind, watching the heels of each boot stab the carpet as she moved with a sway of her hips. The fur moved like a vast ocean of sensation with each step, almost revealing the shape of her as she reached the top of the stairs and looked at the seven doors that presented themselves.

"Er, to the left, Miss Ingrid," he said as she hesitated.

Miss Ingrid opened the door to reveal the bedroom that no woman had entered since Larissa had died, and stepped in as if there were no ghosts to be seen. Eric's emotion was so intense and immoral as he followed her into the vast bedroom and closed the door behind him. The thought

of Jamie downstairs in the kitchen while he led this beauty to the bedroom filled him with embarrassment and his aching feelings of desire were all that prevented him running to hide.

She turned to face.

A small shrug of the shoulders and the fur fell in a cascade. It streamed over her voluptuous body like silken liquid to reveal a body that caused Eric to gasp in incredulity. From the tight plait wound around her head to the tops of her knee-high patent boots, the vision of perfection was naked. A revelation of desirability, a hallucination of perfection! Perfect breasts, rounded and large, narrow waist and smooth hips, the naked triangle between her thighs cleft by soft lips.

Mistress Kurt instructed me to present myself for your use," said Ingrid as she slowly turned on her heels. "I trust that I am suitable for your needs?"

Eric stared at the vision of naked perfection that moved in a slow circle and nodded. His mouth was dry, his senses almost failed, his balance tipped and he could feel an erection that caused his hands to cover himself. Ingrid was not a cold model, a frigid piece of flesh to portray, she was the most erotic thing that he had ever seen.

"Totally," was the only word that he could gasp.

"You have not seen all of me yet, Mr Howard," smiled Ingrid.

As she spoke, she moved to face the stunned artist and slowly sat back on the vast bed behind her. Her back lowered and her legs opened wide to expose the slit of her pussy, the shine of golden stopper in her ass and Eric could only gasp as he saw the two small rows of rings through the lips of her that were each closed by a miniscule padlock. Her hand moved to those lips and smoothed over the row of golden circles that confined her and then opened palm upward. A tiny golden key lay cupped in Ingrid's hand and she offered it to Eric.

"My..." said Miss Ingrid, and then she restarted. "Mrs Kurt has decided that you should hold my key," said Ingrid.

He reached out his hand for the tiny ring and key, but her hand closed.

"If you take it there are conditions, Mr Howard..."

"Conditions?"

"Of course! Mistress Kurt asked me to warn you that everything has a price that cannot be avoided. The price for my key, my body, is very

high. Of that you can be sure. If you take the key, then the debt will be paid in ways that even I cannot say. Mistress Kurt is the one who decides, not me. That would not be permitted..."

Eric's thoughts were in a whirl. What was this price that had to be paid? Was it the folio in the attic? A never-ending stream of sketches and paintings to her fancy? What could she ask that would cost too much?

His fingertips touched the fingers of her clenched a hand and it opened like a manicured flower to offer the key to Ingrid's inner sanctum.

"What is the price?"

Eric hesitated, and Ingrid slowly sat on the bed, closed her thighs and smiled up at him.

"Too much, Mr Howard. It always is! Mistress Kurt is a Mistress that demands everything from her devotees. Without stint, but, in the end, they always realise that *her* wants are also their deepest desires. What is it that you want, what do you crave for? What is your fetish day-dream, because that is the price and reality is almost as harsh a mistress as Mistress Kurt is!"

Eric thought of Larissa.

His glorious bitch and vulnerable slave taken by cruel fate from his life. He thought of her with the crop in her hand, looking down at him in the cage that now was hidden in the attic. He thought of her stretched on the bed, naked, fettered and helpless while he crooned over her vulnerability. He remembered her in silk, in latex and in leather. The heels, the corsets and the smile that seemed to loom in his mind. His time in that cage whilst she slept in careless slumber. Most of all, he remembered her sly smile as she moved between submission and domination and he stretched his mind to encompass the vision.

In his imagination, Larissa smiled permission!

Licked her lips and nodded...

The tiny key was between Eric's fingertips and he felt the soft palm as he lifted it. The rough edge of the key, the tiny ring that pierced the top, the sensation of power that it gave him over a woman that he had only known for ten minutes and he knew that he would pay any price to have her as his own.

"Good boy," said Miss Ingrid as her slim hand reached into the top of her laced boot and pulled forth a visit card. "Be here tomorrow at two in the afternoon..."

He looked at the card where a hand-written address in the centre of the city was written. A beautiful curlicue hand...

"Now that you have accepted, you are bound to me by chains that cannot be broken. Mistress Kurt commanded me to give you a message in the case that you accepted her gift."

Ingrid's boots moved to leave the spikes of her heels resting on Eric's feet and her hand moved to massage the large bump that tented the cloth between his legs.

"Which is?" he asked, wincing from the agony of her heels.

"That you should never forget that she knows your little secrets and these are part of the price of your obsessions..."

"Blackmail?" said Eric as he bent down and lifted her boots in his hands.

"Merely persuasion," laughed Miss Ingrid. "What she promises is always delivered..."

She stood and bent elegantly to reach for her furs.

"Your son will start to think that we are indulging ourselves," she said. "You will be there at two and we shall see what we shall see..."

She slipped the fur coat on with the same rippling elegance that she had shed it and moved to the door. Eric watched her move and then followed her to find Jamie staring upwards at the balcony as the siren stepped slowly down.

When she reached the base of the stairs she reached out and brushed her fingers over Jamie's face with a gentle touch.

"Remember the price, Mr Howard. Everyone always pays in full..."

The front door closed behind Ingrid. Eric could feel the hardness of the key in his hand, the stiffness that demanded release between his thighs.

Jamie's face was full of emotion and he blurted, "Dad, what the fuck?"

Eric shrugged his shoulders.

“That’s my new model... Ideal, I should think...”

Jamie just slowly shook his head.

Part 2

Symphony

C Major. The Key of Obsession

Eric made sure that he was there on time.

The traffic thundered in the background on Strand, but there were no vehicles in the small cul-de-sac that hid just off one of the main thoroughfares of London. Eric stood and regarded the door and paced until his watch showed precisely two. In his hand was a case with the rough linen paper that he loved and a box of charcoal, but the hopes in his mind had nothing to do with portraying Ingrid on paper. They centred instead on the small key that he had carefully attached to his key-ring and the promise that it suggested.

The door swung open, an unseen hand allowing ingress. Eric stepped into the dark and was surprised to see a maid in black and pink standing almost behind the door instead of the woman that he had expected.

"Ma'am will see you in the purple salon," said the maid.

She closed the door and led the mystified Eric over the thick pile of the rugs that were scattered in the hallway to a door that was marked by a purple inner edge. As she opened the door, Eric expected to find Mrs Kurt, but instead Miss Ingrid stood from the deep leather sofa to greet him.

"You may go," she said to the maid and the door closed softly.

"Ma'am?" asked Eric looking around at the lavish décor in the room.

The two sketches that Mrs Kurt had mentioned were framed on the walls with other erotic art that gave the plum-themed room a feeling of degenerate luxury.

"To the maids, I am Ma'am," laughed Miss Ingrid. "A little respect is always a good thing... Things must be in their place, there must be order."

Eric sat on the leather sofa where her heat still resided. No furs adorned her, just her nakedness that was almost like a perfect garment. One that she carried off without embarrassment.

"I am so impressed by these," said Ingrid as she pointed at the two sketches in their black frames. "It was always an ambition of mine to be chronicled for posterity!"

She looked at the slim case that he still clutched and smiled. Eric could not help his eyes drifting down to where the three gold rings closed her

glistening pussy. Something that he had longed for, he realised. Even though it had never occurred to him before. Something that Larissa would have loved! The thought of his lost wife caused him to look back at the smiling lips and then his eyes turned to his sketches.

"I suppose that this is something in your head?" she asked. "A flight of the imagination?"

Eric nodded.

"Not something that I have ever done," he mumbled.

"But still, something that you would love to try?"

Eric blushed and the erection in his pants calmed with the shame of being exposed as depraved to this perfect vision of a woman.

"Perhaps it can be arranged," she laughed. "Would you like that, after all, the artist should not be in still life."

Eric stared at the few lines on the smudged paper in the frame and shrugged. Still as fresh as the day which he had drawn it, the man's huge erection planted firmly in the holed mask of the woman who knelt at his feet. In the background was a shadow. Allowing the mind to encompass that spectre who took no part in the scene permitted the mind to see the outline of a woman from whose hand trailed a long whip that coiled around the two others like a viper.

"I'm not sure if it would be good to taste the reality of my obsessions," he said.

"It is *always* good to taste what the mind suggests," said Ingrid. "It is my only goal in life."

Eric found himself at a loss. How was this scene going to end?

It was Miss Ingrid who resolved the question with a small indifferent shrug.

"Drawing or fucking?" she asked.

Her words threw Eric and he mouthed his answer silently.

"Fucking it is then," she said. "Painting can wait while we get to know each other..."

"I don't usually..."

"Of course you do," said Ingrid. "It would be foolish not to experience a little taste of the model. Surely Florrie would say otherwise!"

"How do you know about Florrie?" gasped Eric as the words struck home.

"I know so much, but most of all, I know what you desire."

Eric remembered the lack-lustre matings with his former model and tried to imagine what it would be to have this vision of perfection singing moans in his ears. The thought almost was too intense, and she laughed before sitting on the sofa opposite.

"You have the key?"

Eric pulled out his keys and slowly released the tiny golden key.

"Then use it, boy," she said.

His heart in his mouth, Eric slipped from his sofa and crawled to where the three tiny locks hung in a row. His hand trembled as he touched her soft skin and took the bottom-most padlock to slip in the key. It did not fit and he turned it to find that it was true, the key did not fit the lock.

"Try the top one," came her voice from above, "save the best for last!"

Eric fumbled and the tiny, top-most lock clicked open to leave the two rings to open a little and reveal her clitoris budding from the lips of her pussy.

"Mmm," she moaned. "It's been so long, I long to fuck!"

Eric could not help himself. He leaned forward and touched the wet skin with the tip of his tongue and heard a small inhale from above.

"Oh, that is just so perfect," she said. "Don't stop..."

Eric assayed another touch, this time on the freed rings and the swelling clitoris that caused Miss Ingrid to open her thighs a little and place her hands on the top of his head. For long minutes, Eric licked and kissed Ingrid and he felt a trembling in her thighs that signalled her lust. She tasted almost sweet, a perfume that he had not ever experienced, a heady perfume that demanded more and more.

Ingrid's hand guided him down and Eric could not resist.

Something moved between his legs as he kneeled and he gasped as the hard toe of her boot massaged him through his pants. The heel pressed on the sensitive insides of his thighs and then the sole moved to trap him against his own flesh and press as he frantically served her pussy with strong strokes of his tongue.

"My, you are eager, my little puppy," whispered Ingrid. "Make me come..."

Eric pressed a little harder and the thighs that surrounded his face closed to trap him in the world of her sex. The heel dug into him, but the tip and sole of her boot brought irresistible pleasure. Eric gasped and tried to escape the thighs as he came, but they clamped tight and the hand on his head held him while the sole of her boot pressed and moved to force a climax. Only when he had spurted did Ingrid allow him to escape! Her thighs opened and he gasped as he sat up and stared at her laughing face.

"Mmm, that was so good," she chuckled. "Again?"

"Oh, oh, not yet, not yet," he gasped.

He looked down at the pussy that was a third open and then back to her smiling face. Her tongue moved and the tip licked her lips and Eric felt the final shudders of his climax as her boot moved to drop to the floor.

"Maybe later," she said casually. "I think that we are now in the mood for a little drawing... After all, we can't disappoint Mistress Kurt, can we?"

Eric found himself drawn back to the moment that he had showed Larissa that sketch that now hung on Mrs Kurt's wall. She had laughed at the mysterious woman shaded into the background and then asked the obvious question as she pointed to the kneeling figure in the hood.

"Is that me?"

His answer had been to point to the shadow with the curling whip and she had kissed him for giving the correct answer. Eric's reverie was broken by Ingrid who was now standing and opening the satchel with paper and charcoal strands.

"Charcoal?" she asked.

"For sketches, yes. The medium that allows proper light and shadow with the touch of a fingertip," he answered.

The wetness in his pants stopped him for a moment and Ingrid laughed as he looked down at the dark stain on the cloth.

"Naughty boy, soiling his pants for me!"

Eric flushed and took the paper from her hands. He looked up and she had settled back into the sofa with a small grin. Her hands cupped her firm breasts and Eric found that his hands were shaking.

"Like this?"

"Mmm," he said. "I need a moment to think..."

He imagined himself kneeling at her feet and stared at her smooth skin with a hunger that had not yet become renewed lust. Ingrid showed no self-consciousness at all. One hand moving to the partly-opened slit that oozed her excitement as the other teased a nipple idly and rolled it between thumb.

He caught the line, delivered the stroke and the charcoal came alive in his fingers. Left hand restricting and smoothing, right moving with sure strokes that curved. Unlike many artists, Eric wanted movement in his subject, caught that moment that showed life. Allowed the lines to live become conscious.

After just a few minutes, his perfect model smiled in enquiry...

"And?"

"And, most is done, just a solo pose...."

She unwound from the couch and meandered close to him and looked down at the paper in his hands. His hand was still moving, adding shade, scratching outlines before he looked up to find his eyes exactly at the level where thighs melted into hips. A single drip of excitement hung viscously and then touched her thigh and Eric sighed.

"More?" asked Ingrid.

"Practical or art?"

Eric reached into the bag and pulled some white chalk to add highlights.

"Either, baby..."

"Light and shadow," he muttered as luminescence highlighted the rings, the edges of her body on the paper. "This is the essence of the subject."

"Am I really that beautiful?" asked Ingrid.

"Extraordinary," he breathed as he added a signature. For a moment he had to think as that monogram came to him backwards and he added a small date. "Ideal..."

Eric's hand reached for her and took the second lock in his fingers.

"The key?"

"There is a key for each one," said Ingrid. "Each one an adventure, each lock a way that leads to madness... Then you can start to repay Mrs Kurt fully."

"When?"

"In a week, baby, in a week's time! Mistress Kurt thinks that you should work for every key, long for it and spend all your time thinking about it. Each key has a price, each one takes you further..."

Eric laid the finished sketch beside him and looked to the drying stain on his trousers.

"What is the price for the next one?"

"That would be telling," laughed Miss Ingrid. "All I can say, is that the cost is always high, but then who counts mere cost?"

Eric leaved forward and planted a small kiss on the exposed clitoris. A light touch that brought a sighing moan from above.

"That's good, dear. Already you are paying..."

He looked up.

Her breasts were held in each hand, teasing the stiff nipples, her face looked down, smiling with a look that was between lust and possession. The tip of her tongue circled her pouting lips and Eric felt overwhelmed by her sexuality.

The sketch was forgotten, as he teased her and kissed the rounded fold where belly became sex. A delicate crease that begged for his attention. Her thighs opened a little and he fell into her with all of his senses. Sight, touch, scent and sound. Her breathing, a small gasp as his lips circled her and he knew that this was what he had been searching for. She was the one that consumed him whole, filled him with longing.

Her hands moved to clasp his head and guide him, his tongue slipped under the next lock that he desperately longed to open and her thighs twitched with every stroke. He wanted to touch her, clasp her to his face with his hands, dare to press her forward, but the moment taunted him. He could not grasp the perfection and the sheer overwhelming passion, his hands still as she controlled his touches with slight tips of her hips.

When she came, it was a slow cadence of trembling, a depth of emotion that flooded him as it pleased her. A wetness that flowed through his palate and brought him so close to his own climax. Her thighs moved, swayed back and he found that he was looking into the folds and creases that he had tasted.

"What is the payment for this first one? The sketch?" he asked.

"Oh no, boy, that is just the smallest part. The price is already being paid..."

"Which is?"

"Obsession!"

B Minor. The Key of Fortitude

Eric was in another world.

The real world turned on its way and left him standing.

The gallery, the meaningless paintings that he sold with an otherworld air that left his buyers wondering if he was even there. Day followed night, night followed day. He drank his evening coffee, talked to Jamie, dressed and slept, but all that was in his mind was the taste of Ingrid. The hint of her on his palate, the feel of her soft naked skin, the never ceasing erection that stood between his thighs and the sight of those pouting lips and the tip of the tongue that circled them.

In his hand, almost every moment of every day was the slip of paper with a faintly written date and time that he longed to reach while he was still sane. He imagined the key in her hand being passed to his. The click of the lock that would reveal the next phrase of the melody. Then he would hear the price of that key and surrender as he must.

His son moved like a shadow. Talking about things that had no meaning, University, preparations, hopes and desires and all the while Eric nodded and answered with distant phrases as his eyes saw Ingrid in every movement and shade of light.

In a dream, he cast his past to the wind.

Clearing Larissa's clothes and jewellery, emptying drawers and packing all the things that still allowed her to live in his present. Jamie stood and watched as his father cast memory to the side with a distracted air, wondering what so possessed him that he could not see what he was doing. Not a word about the change that was coming over him, his father left the two portraits that he was working on fall to the side and arranged a half finished and abandoned canvas in his workroom.

Eric had always been so fastidious. Now he was possessed. He stripped the canvas down to the base and built layer upon layer of shade that allowed no idea of the subject of this, his latest work. Jamie watched from the doorway as his father worked at the composition, building the monochrome background with oils and charcoal blown into it with small reverend touches, his attention focussed on what seemed to be a cloud of mist that grew and formed, blew and wafted until at last Eric simply sat with a palette knife in his hand for hours as if afraid to begin the composition.

A full evening of sitting, waiting and gauging before that first stroke occurred.

The hand moved, the arm moved, almost of its own volition and a curve of flesh stroked in an arc before his father turned and stared at him with hollow eyes.

"The subject?" asked Jamie. "Is this for the exhibit?"

Eric nodded in agreement and then turned to gaze at the single curve of the feminine hip that would soon become his masterpiece. Creating Miss Ingrid on the canvas was his means of possessing what he knew that he would never actually truly have. Jamie looked at the single splash of colour and shook his head.

"I have never seen you like this, Dad," he mumbled. "What is going on?"

Eric sighed.

His son's words irritated him with their need for answer and it took a minute to decide on the words.

"Leave... I need to be alone..."

Jamie threw up his hands and closed the door to the small studio. The last days had been strange. For years his mother's things had filled their life. Added detail in memory of her and now they were all gone. The vase by the door. Gone. The clothes from the wardrobes. Gone. Things that he had never seen before were tossed in bags and carelessly left for disposal. Shoes, boots, leather collars and cuffs. All just emptied from drawers and cupboards and jumbled with the rest. It was as though his father was purging ghosts and did not care that his son saw the intimate truths that had lain between him and Jamie's mother.

He fingered a crop that stood proud in one of the bags and wondered that so much had been hidden from him. Had his mother really used this on his father, or had he used it on her? How much had been concealed, the stilettos with smooth new soles that had never been out of the bedroom, the corset that had encircled her waist, the chains that dangled from one bag and the frightening dildo that stood erect from another.

How had he never known?

Why now?

Why was his father purging Larissa from his life?

In the studio, Eric turned to the canvas as Jamie left and closed the door. Another stroke described a thigh and a small mark where the edge of

the boot lay below the knee. In his imagination, the painting was complete, on the canvas, scarcely begun. All he had to do was bring it to life, possess the woman that obsessed him and then she would be his!

Each stroke of the palette knife added colour to the composition until at last a form had grown from the mist of the charcoal blown canvas. Detail was lacking, features absent, but the form was there. Shape and structure, outline and construction marked by the few movements of the wrist. For once the artist realised that reality would be ever more perfect than composition and he stood and stared at his work with a feeling of hopelessness.

Carefully he arranged the canvas to face away from the window and left the studio, locking the door behind him with a sharp turn of the key. Tomorrow he would find the other key in his hand and unlock more of the true secrets of the woman whose presence tormented him.

It was early morning, all was still in the house as Eric made his way up the stairs. Past the detritus of past life, the mortal remains of Larissa who had been with him since the moment that she had died and left him alone.

Eric looked up the stairway and saw Larissa looking down at him. In her hand the crop that stuck from the bag by the door, the corset that he had loved moulding her waist, the black stilettos that entranced him. In her hand dangled the collar that had always signified that tonight *she* would dominate him. Make him beg to serve, make him plead for release that was at her sole command.

She moved, smiled as she always had and held up the collar.

Eric crawled up the stairs. Crawled to her feet and moved to kiss the leather that she stood in. Before he could do so, he looked up and he saw her nod to signify that she understood his cravings. His need to obey... Then she melted and resolved in his fever, leaving Miss Ingrid standing in the same pose. The collar still offered, a whip coiling to the floor and jutting over her creamy thighs a lurid black cock that demanded his attention. He raised to kneel and the vision departed. Faded to background, shimmered in his imagination and then was gone silently.

He knew that it was an apparition, the fevered shreds of his imagination, but it seemed like a signal. Almost as if Larissa was passing him to a new owner, passing his heart and soul to the woman that was his new muse.

In the bedroom, Eric undressed, leaving his clothes in a pile on the floor. Slipped between the sheets and instinctively reached for the woman who had always been the warmth in his bed.

She was not there.

His hand moved downwards to the erection that was just a small token compared to the vision that Miss Ingrid had carried with such authority. It stroked and excited, retreated and clenched to a fist. Even though the vision was fresh in his mind, even though the lingering scent of Miss Ingrid was on his lips, he could not bear to abuse her image with his desperate need for relief. Somehow, his own satisfaction was a small price to pay for the perfection of her. He would wait for the reality and it would be all the sweeter.

Eric slipped into slumber, his hands clenched to fists, the image that was yet to be finished on the canvas in his thoughts.

Jamie was already gone as Eric awoke and drank a listless coffee in the kitchen. He longed to look at the canvas in the studio, but he knew that one look would see him perched on his stool until the clock struck one and it would be time to meet his muse. He gathered his self-control and finally left the house with regret. The gallery waited and it was only a stage on the journey for today.

As usual, Eric dusted down all the frames and paintings. He opened the post and entered the transactions and paid the bills. He sat staring at the street and people arrived and window-shopped from the street. He even sold a landscape of Florence that now seemed an insipid hotch-potch of mismatched colour.

Finally, the wait was over.

Eric hung the small sign 'closed' on the door and headed into the bustle of the street. He made his way to Piccadilly and then through back streets to Strand like a sleep walker. Now he stood at the entrance to the small quiet cul-de-sac where the pretty houses stood on one side, some vast Georgian pile of Government to the other behind a plain brick wall.

It all seemed so unreal, but reality was holding him by the hand.

Behind the door, concealed in Mrs Kurt's London dwelling, was the woman that she had offered him. The woman that he had spent the last week yearning for. The woman that even Larissa gave him permission to desire.

The woman who would give him the second key.

E Major. The Key of Devotion

The maid who opened the door stood aside, and Eric entered into the bright hallway. He did not even see her, notice the sly smile on her lips, the small grin that signified that she knew his need. She closed the door and the light from the bright street was closed down. Now there was just one shining presence and Eric realised that he could never do justice in oils and canvas to the beauty that stood waiting for him.

"Mr Howard," said Ingrid as she stood in the doorway to the lounge. "You returned..."

"Er, of course, did you think that I would miss this?"

"I never know," she smiled.

Ingrid stood dressed and naked. The diaphanous gauze that trailed from her shoulders to the floor covered and uncovered her. The boots to the knee, the laces tied and bowed to dangle almost to her ankles. The legs, shaded by their nylon stockings and the short corset that pinched her waist to a circle that he could have encircled with his hands. Around her neck, the velvet collar and shimmering pearl, her hair piled high in ringlets and in her hand a short-braided crop that lay against her thigh with the tiny flap of leather poised at her knee.

"You were right," he said at last as he tried to hold the moment in his head.

"How?"

"Obsession!"

"I am always right, my dear Mr Howard!"

Eric dared not move. He was rooted to the floor extending the instant as he gazed at her. Larissa had been beautiful, a perfection of feminine movement, Ingrid was beyond that!

"Please, don't call me 'Mr Howard'," he said. "Too formal."

"You want me to give you a name to answer to already?"

"Eric is fine..."

"Oh dear, if I name you, then I choose the name, Mr Howard."

"As you like..."

Ingrid stepped forward to stand before him and Eric swallowed as he smelled the attar of roses that seemed to be her signature. The hand with the crop lifted and tapped him between the legs.

"What shall I call you?" she asked rhetorically. "Perhaps this will help..."

Her other hand lifted from behind her back and he saw a collar dangling from the slender fingertips. He stared at it and realised it was the one that his wife had fastened on him. The small ring for the leash, the missing stud that had been lost on another night, the tiny plaque with its engraving. He stared at her and she smiled.

"Links with the past should never be broken," she breathed. "Once you wear this you will receive the name that you need and the second key will be yours."

Eric took the collar and fumbled with the buckle. He saw a small alteration, a tiny ring set in the buckle, a ring to take a lock and he stared at it with incomprehension.

"Put it on..."

Eric slipped on the collar and tightened it.

"There, that's better. Now then, you need a name for me. Something special that will show you the way... What do you think?"

Eric tightened the collar and his hands fell to his sides. The intensity of the moment had swallowed him whole and words failed him. It seemed that Miss Ingrid had not decided. Her lips moved and the crop pressed upward between his thighs as she ruminated. At last it seemed that she had come to a decision and she leaned to whisper in his ear.

"Pookie! Cute and helpless for me..."

Eric felt her lips touch his ear. The name that she had chosen was the one that Larissa had always used when he was at her feet. Her pet name, the one that he always used when roles were reversed was 'Kitty' and shudder ran through him. It was if Miss Ingrid knew every secret thought that he had ever had.

"Now I need a name," she chuckled. "It would not be fair if you were the only one to be reborn."

Eric's lips moved in the shape of Larissa's pet name, but Miss Ingrid shook her head.

"Some ghosts have to lie forever," she said. "From now on, you will call me Mistress Ingrid and you will be my little Pookie!"

Eric nodded and she turned to lead him into the lounge. He followed the click of her footsteps as she moved to the centre of the room and turned to face him with her feet apart. Eric approached and felt the force of her in his head as the crop reached out and stopped him a pace from her.

"The second key," she said.

He saw the tiny key in her hand. Silver and not gold, it beckoned him and her reached out. The hand closed to a fist.

"Before you take this, consider the price!"

"The price is?" he asked.

"You may already have paid it, dear! The price is devotion, of course! Obsession has taken you, what *always* follows next is devotion!"

Relief filled Eric's mind as the hand unfurled and her took the tiny key. His fingers trembled and he looked down to see the shadow of the tiny padlock to which it fitted. Eric kneeled and parted the gauze lace that shadowed her form. One hand extended and he took the lock without touching the warm flesh that it held closed.

The key fitted, clicked in the lock and he unthreaded the closure from the two small rings embedded in the lips of her pussy. They swelled in response, a slight inflating as if some emotion had been released. As he kneeled and gazed at the revealed inner lips of Mistress Ingrid her hand came into view and he dropped both key and lock into her palm.

"You can have this for yourself as a reminder, Pookie," she said with a small laugh and her hands moved over his collar and threaded the lock. "The collar is what ties you to me, Pookie, it is what makes your devotion *almost* complete."

Eric looked up at her smiling face and nodded.

"Almost?"

"We will come to that later, Pookie," she smiled. "Now comes the reward for that follows obedience. There is always a reward when you give something up that is precious to you!"

He longed to kiss the flushing lips of her, but dared not move without her assent.

"What have I given up??" he asked at last.

"Everything, but one thing, Pookie! You have given up your soul, that is for sure. A matchless gift from a true artist! You have given up your past, something not given lightly, but most of all, you have given up the direction of your life to me and that is a treasure that I shall jealously guard!"

"I don't understand..."

"You don't have to understand, Pookie. All you have to do is accept that the third key is most precious of all!"

He looked back down at the streaming pussy that was now flushed and eager for a touch. His mind reeled from the closeness of it and his lips pouted as he leaned to touch.

"No, no, Pookie! Not yet! There is still a small ritual that makes the taking of the second key complete. After that, then I am yours to pleasure and you can taste me again."

Eric stopped and looked up. He saw a beckoning finger and stood before her.

"There, that's better, now I can show you how dedication will be enforced!"

A hard tone had entered her voice and Eric felt her hand slowly unzip his pants. Her fingers moved over the cloth of his pants, fondled his hardness and then burrowed in to touch him. The feeling was almost unbearable and he gasped as the manicured fingers freed him to stand proud from his clothes.

"Undress for me..."

The artist undressed for his model. He tried so hard not to hurry, to be awkward and impatient, but the moment was coming and he tore at his clothes with an eagerness born of desperation.

"Take your time, Pookie," she chuckled. "We have so much time... more than you could imagine."

Eric stepped from the disordered pile of clothes and stood naked before Miss Ingrid. His cock throbbed and twitched, his balls oozed with

anticipation and his breathing was an irregular pant as her hands slid down his chest, down his shuddering belly and clasped the root of him firmly.

He looked down.

Slim fingers, hooked nails, dry palms. Her hands encircled him and slowly pressed to force his cock to stand straight from his body. Already, Eric was at the brink, teetering with flailing arms at the edge of the cliff that Miss Ingrid had brought him to and he gasped as the nails scored the length of him to tease the smooth head that swelled at every contact.

"That's right, Pookie. Now we need a little help, some spice to heat the palate..."

The hands retreated and Eric sobbed with his need. Miss Ingrid reached to the low table beside them where a small handled bell stood on a book. Fingers picked up the handle and a slight shake of the wrist caused a chime.

"What is needed is something that you long for..." she whispered.

Behind him, the door opened with a click and the sound of the door on the thick rugs. The sound of heels on the floor, a slow rhythm that fastened Eric to the spot. He dared not look around as the footsteps approached, but he could see the smiling maid in his mind's eye and the thought brought a shudder to his knees.

"Janine will show you what the second key demands in payment," said Miss Ingrid with a small laugh. "The devotion that Mistress Kurt requires from you has to be made sure and true! Trust is an honour that you have not yet earned..."

Eric gasped as hands passed between his thighs from behind. They tormented his balls and ran the length of him before slowly forcing his cock down. Parallel to his thighs, pressing his balls, the hands of Janine pulled him ever further and back until he opened his thighs a little and Miss Ingrid ran a nail from the root of his prick slowly up to his chest.

"My maid is such a tease," breathed Miss Ingrid. "Can you feel her playing with you?"

Eric nodded and gasped as Miss Ingrid's nails reached his nipples to take them and tease. Now his cock was pulled back between his thighs and a warm wetness surrounded it. Something pushed between the cheeks of his ass and Eric panted with lust. A finger pushed into him. Slowly and

with a slight twist that caused his knees to bend as the lips around his cock tormented and provoked the climax that he could not halt.

Lips, suction, finger, pressure.

Twisting inside him as his nipples were tormented.

A deep emptying, a yawning chasm. His cock was sucked and drained, his ass penetrated; fucked and drained, Eric cried out in sheer ecstasy as Janine milked every drop of waiting come from his body.

"Pookie, Pookie, I want all of it. Everything and more..."

Miss Ingrid's words filled Eric's head and he gasped as the nails that had tormented his nipples scored lines from nipples to groin. They ploughed his flesh at the very moment of climax, adding a terrible pain to the bliss of the lips that lapped at every drop of come.

A second wave drained him, consumed and depleted him and then the hand that held him to lips allowed his shrinking cock relaxed and allowed him freedom from insistent suction.

"That's good, Pookie! Now you are ready to discover some of what Mistress Kurt has in mind for you."

Eric felt dizzy, he had never experienced such intense emotion. Gratitude, love, devotion and more, he stood panting as a gentle tongue mopped up the last few drops of come from his thighs. Hands passed his thighs, made him open wider and took the withered cock and stroked it.

"Here it comes, Pookie, this is what has to happen..."

Eric looked into Miss Ingrid's eyes and pouted as if to kiss her, but her hand moved to his collar and slipped through the ring to hold him back.

"Not yet, dear. First a small moment of pain and then the price to be paid for paradise..."

Something cold.

Hands fumbled and grasped him from behind.

A touch of steel that threaded the eye of his cock and pushed inside. All the while, while Eric flinched, her eyes and crooked finger held him in place. Gripping him as a sudden agony caused Eric to cry out in shock.

Centred on his cock, inside and out, piercing and impaling, the moment was marked by a click of steel.

"Well done Pookie, the price is almost paid... then we can play!"

Eric tried to look down to see what had been done to him, but her stare and the collar held him in place. He moaned as the hands that held him closed and pulled and something cold touched his cock. It closed on his balls, cold at first, then warm as the fingers stroked and then enclosed him.

"Please," he moaned.

"Please, Miss Ingrid," came the answer. "We are nearly there, dear. So close to true trust and devotion..."

A loud clack of metal, a clasp and a final touch.

"Janine will now leave," said Miss Ingrid. "A small chore, but one that is so necessary. We can't have Pookie thinking that he can avoid his obsession, can we?"

As the footsteps retreated and the door closed to leave Eric and Miss Ingrid alone in the room, he looked down at last and was rewarded with a realisation that filled him with terror and hope. Instead of the dangling expended cock and low-hanging balls, a delicate filigree cage of gilded steel enclosed him. A broad choker closed like a tube between balls and groin affixed to a slender cage that ended where a ring had pierced him to dangle from the tip of his cock. A few drops of bright red blood dripped where the ring had pierced to enter into him and emerge from the rill at the tip.

"Now then Pookie, one last little touch to make it perfect," smiled Miss Ingrid.

In her hand was a tiny padlock that had been her keeper. It lay, so innocent in her palm with the key in place, destined to take its new place of guardianship. Miss Ingrid smiled and bent a knee as she carefully clicked it into place. Through the ring where a single drop of red fell to her boot, through the small loop at the end of the cage, closing it with a touch and a click.

"A new name, a little surety and now I think that it's time to explore a little."

Eric's hands moved to explore what had been done to him. His cock hurt at the touch, the raw wound that the ring had made gave an intense

agony that made him wince before he explored the collar that circled his balls.

"If you had ordered it..." he began.

"You would never have been able to resist, Pookie. Now all three of us in this little game can rest assured that only Miss Ingrid is permitted to play with you!"

"All three of us?"

"Mistress Kurt is part of the game, Pookie. I own you, so there are three players... there always were, didn't you see that?"

Eric shook his head.

"I am just the siren that she sent to seduce you," laughed Miss Ingrid. "Now only the third key needs to be turned."

"What is that the key of?"

"Me of course! The third key is when you give up the thing that you love the most, the thing that is all that is left of Larissa! The third key makes you mine and me yours. The third key is the final word after obsession and devotion."

Eric shook his head in confusion. The pain in his prick was now just a throb, almost forgotten as he grappled with the idea that there could possibly be more to give up.

"If you willingly take it, then you will see... for now, I think that it is time for you to add another sketch to the one that you did last week and then I only feel it is right that Pookie shows Miss Ingrid what a good boy he can be..."

Her hand pointed to the wall where a third sketch now hung by the others. The delicate curves of his new love, the light and shade that could never match the reality. Eric thought of the canvas in his studio and he took in the perfection of the woman that was seducing him.

Seducing and owning!

"This time, Mistress Kurt wishes to for something to match the others! Her commission is for something that you dream of, but never experienced, an utter submission that comes from your deepest nightmares."

"If you direct me," said Eric.

"I will..."

The sketch was done.

It lay on the sofa and mocked him.

An utter perversion of his art, a defilement that filled his mind with dread. The proud woman in the wedding gown lifted to her thighs. The kneeling masked figure whose head sucked at the pole that sprang from her thighs. The young girl with a whip and the smile on her lips that ensured by her presence the obedience of the victim.

He had drawn to command, the words dripping from Miss Ingrid's lips as his fingers moved to produce obscenity from his fingertips. But, Eric could not fight the feeling of elation at his creation. The look of ascendancy on the lips of the bride, the downward gaze as the hooded slave was violated by that huge prick. The movement in the whip that ensured service and the immoral wedding gown that was held high over stockinged thighs as pleasure was given unwillingly.

When he had finished and signed the work, Miss Ingrid had demanded further service from her captive artist. A slow climax as she sprawled on the sofa, one hand on his art, the other guiding his lips to ass and streaming pussy.

Eric served as he knew that he must, his mind filled with excitement and fear. The blackmail was implicit, his true signature on the sordid scene that he had drawn and he knew that he was in the hands of a sadist. Not Miss Ingrid, she was just the tool and focus of his obsession and devotion.

No.

In the background was the imperious figure of Mrs Kurt who had added not just two sketches to her collection, but the artist himself. As he served, as he kneeled and crawled between the spikes of her boots with the gauze of her mantle draped over his nakedness, he could not resist the siren who used him for her gratification. Eric lapped at the pale sapphire that rested in the deep valley of her ass, slipped his tongue through the almost open cunt that swallowed him and heard the cries of passion that came from the real world.

The second climax came and went.

His cock swelled to fill the cage between his thighs and he felt the sharp pricks that showed how an erection was punished by his lover. Cycling between erection and flaccid helplessness, Miss Ingrid seemed to relish

his agony and kept him between her thighs as she savoured her victim's service to her own pleasure.

When she was finally satisfied, Miss Ingrid moved to leave him naked on his knees and crossed her legs. The heel of one boot approached his lips and she seemed gratified that he kissed it while she rearranged her gown.

"You have done well, Pookie," she sighed. "I am most satisfied by your devotion. You may leave now..."

Eric dressed while she watched with a languid smile.

"There is the next time..."

He took the paper from her hand and looked at the date written in cursive copper-plate. Two weeks, a full fourteen days! How could he wait that long for her?

"There are arrangements to be made," she said. "When you take the third key from my hand, everything must be prepared."

"The third key? Miss Ingrid, please, do I have to?"

"It's what Larissa would have wanted for you!" she said. "You have passed to Mistress Kurt's hand now and there is no way for you to avoid it..."

Her hand extended and rang the bell. Then it picked up the volume that lay beneath and she opened it on her lap. Eric stared, the hand that filled the pages was Larissa's, the words that of his lost wife.

Miss Ingrid looked up at him and lifted the book.

"You have given everything of her away, Pookie! Her clothes, her possessions, the keepsakes... even her diary!"

Eric reached for the book, but Miss Ingrid closed it and moved it from his reach.

"You never even looked," she said. "Why look now?"

"I did not know that she kept..."

"Larissa kept a diary, all of her secret thoughts, all of yours. Every moment of love and submission and you never thought to look at what you kept like a shrine! Then, with everything else," her hand moved to the corset

and pointed at the collar that he wore, "you cleared the memories and gave it all to another woman!"

The door opened behind him and Eric turned to see the maid arriving.

"You are dismissed, Pookie," said Miss Ingrid softly. "In a couple of weeks, you will either be here or not. As the case may be! What is sure is, that if you visit once again, you will discover what you have not yet given up to me and what the third key signifies. Janine will show you out..."

Eric made as if to take the drawing that lay on the sofa beside Miss Ingrid, but her hand moved and took his wrist.

"Remember, Pookie, there is one more yet to create!"

As the door of the house closed behind him, Eric felt tears well in his eyes. He was obsessed, forced to devotion by cold steel, what more could there be?

The silent street gave no answer.

Bb Minor. The Key of Angst

There had been a dream state. A week of waiting and longing. Now Eric entered two weeks of trepidation and lustful fear. The whole course of his life was being twisted by an unseen hand, bent to her will and there seemed no escape. His mind moved between terror and hope, now the promise of opening Miss Ingrid and savouring her held a terror that was balanced by a fixation as he contemplated the future.

The past was gone in the vortex of the last weeks, what the future held he could not imagine.

The canvas in his studio became the focus of his dreads. The tones darkened, the shadows deepened and the woman that he portrayed became a demon rather than a beacon. Stroke by single stroke, she took on the aspect that was so disturbing to him. Attractive, luring, a siren from which none could escape. At the same time, the background became a smoking inferno that simply highlighted her beauty and made her ever more desirable.

Jamie passed though Eric's days like a shadow.

He spoke words, but they were not heard. He argued and remonstrated, but Eric passed him by. He hid in his studio and listlessly failed to sell a single picture in his gallery as he passed the time conjecturing what else he had to give up to receive the third key. He slept with dreams of coiling smoke and snaking whips, as every thought of Miss Ingrid caused him pain and agony in the steel that bound him to her.

His fingers played with the locks that did not merely prevent him breaking an unspoken promise. In moments, he could have been cut free of their grasp, but the will to cut free did not overcome the fixation that filled his mind.

He *had* to find out.

Eric had to know, and the question of the third key and its penalty obsessed him to the point where his hands dropped and he succumbed to the prison that had been drawn around him.

Jamie watched his father retreat into silence with concern. In just a short while he would be off to university and who would look after his father? He longed to find the key to the locked studio door, but knew that doing so would cause his father to become angry and even more difficult. In the end, he tried to remind his father of his mother and everything that he was retreating from, but there was no response and Jamie decided that waiting was the best cure.

Eric would pass through this phase. Finish the painting and then be freed from whatever demon possessed him. That seemed to be the best course and he held his tongue, kept the house in order and simply stayed out of the sight of his obsessed father.

It was Tuesday.

It rained.

Jamie watched his father leave the house into the downpour. Perhaps his strategy was flawed? Perhaps he should confront his father when he returned. A peal of thunder rolled across the darkened sky as Jamie's father's car slipped onto the street and he closed the door with a feeling of despair.

Something was possessing him.

Something powerful and overwhelming and without Jamie's mother or Jamie, he could not overcome it. Jamie moved through the house and then sat in the kitchen to watch the deluge from there. Something in his mood suggested that he should act and he moved to a cupboard where he knew that it was hidden.

Beneath a vast tureen that had not been moved since his mother had died, there lay the key to the studio and Jamie hefted it with regret. So wrong to peek, so immoral to see.

He hesitated and went to the studio door.

The door opened and there stood the canvas that his father had at last finished. Beautiful and dreadful, it showed a wondrous figure, a woman at the height of her powers. From her gloved hand trailed a whip that was stained with red. From the other dangled a bunch of three keys. Every detail was perfect, every dab of paint the work of an obsessed master. Her half-opened sex dripping with her lust, her breasts flushed with passion, her mouth open and her eyes as hard as ice.

This was the work that his father was draining into. A masterwork that revealed ever more detail and technique as Jamie approached. Then more was revealed. Hidden in the shadows was a female figure. Almost not defined, yet there it was. Stretched in an agony of merciless passion as the demon with the whip stood guard in the foreground.

The painting was so subtle that the image had to creep into consciousness to be seen.

Jamie stopped and allowed his eyes to soak in the painting to the exclusion of all thought. Now he could see what had been hidden, what only an unfocussed eye could possibly take in. The figure fettered with hands high, breasts proud and legs wide was poised over a shape that would violate her when at last her arms tired. Then, and only then, the victim would be impaled on what stood between her thighs.

In the shadow of the studio, Jamie forced himself to allow the face of the victim to bend towards him from the canvas. To converge into focus and he cried out.

The face was his mother's!

Ab Minor. The Key of Passing

The street was always the same.

No people, just a still corner away from the life of the Strand. The rain was gone, the water sluiced across the cobblestones and away, the puddles deep and irregular reflecting the dark clouds above.

Drawn to this place, a figure moved and came to stand at a door where his hand hesitated to knock. He stood for a few moments and then seemed to want to turn away, but some compulsion filled him and at last he knocked.

The door opened, the man slipped into the dark as the third key beckoned.

Inside, Janine led the guest with a small twitch of the hand. Unexpectedly her steps took her to the sweeping staircase and Eric followed with slow steps. He saw the shapely legs, the tops of her stockings, the arched shoes with their spiked heels. The sway of her hips at each stair, the collar that she wore around her neck. His hands moved to the one that he bore, concealed under the collar of his shirt and then dropped as an intense agony was the response to the beginning-and-end of an erection.

At the top of the stairs, the maid looked over her shoulders and moved into the dark. She led him down a corridor that belied the narrowness of the house. The door she opened revealed light and she stood as Eric entered the bedroom of his nemesis.

The naked figure of Miss Ingrid was sprawled on the bed. The heels of her stilettos over the edge of the soft coverlet, but it was the smiling figure of Mrs Kurt that caused Eric to pause and cry out.

"I knew that you would come," said Mrs Kurt. "How could you possibly resist?"

"I could not..."

Mrs Kurt smiled and held out her hand. Eric stepped into the room and the door closed behind him with the maid taking a post before it inside the room.

"This is for you, Pookie," said Mrs Kurt.

Her hand opened to reveal a key. A tiny iron key that held the promise of something that he was denied by the restraint between his thighs.

"Take it, Pookie and find out what it is that I want from you..."

Eric looked from the maid with her sly smile to the naked vision on the bed and reached for the key.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"I am," said Eric and he took the tiny iron key.

"This key is yours to hold for today," said the woman who sat with her ankles crossed as she held Eric in her gaze. "I think that you will find that the price is low when I tell you that it also is the key to yourself!"

"What is it that I have to pay?"

"That comes later, Pookie," said Mrs Kurt. "For now, I invite you to enjoy what you have been obsessed with all this time since we first met."

Eric took the key and moved to the bed. His hands trembled as he opened the third and final lock, clicked the padlock free. There seemed nothing strange in the fact that there were four in the room as he undressed. Mrs Kurt, with a delicate smile, Ingrid luxuriously sprawled on the coverlet and the presence of Janine behind him; the victim, the offering. He took his time and became naked without shame.

Miss Ingrid smiled as he stood before the bed and looked uncertain.

"This is what you have waited for, Pookie. Show me that you want me!"

Eric slid the key into the padlock on his cage and the lock fell away from his fumbling fingers. With delicate care he slid off the cage on his cock to leave just the heavy ring that encircled his balls and the slim gold that pierced his cock. It seemed as if it had no fastener and he started to explore to find the closure.

"The catch is, Pookie," said Mrs Kurt with a small laugh, "that there is no catch! Like the collar, some things are not permitted to be removed."

"Please," he begged.

Mrs Kurt simply shook her head and Eric felt himself stiffen fully for the first time in two weeks. His cock stood from him and despite the watching eyes, he knew that he had to fuck the vision that had tormented him. Even if it was for the amusement of the woman that had given the key.

"Fuck me," said Miss Ingrid. "Fuck me, take me!"

Her legs opened wide and now Eric could see the darkness within. He could not resist, he fell between her open thighs and slid to meet her. Miss Ingrid laughed as the tip of his cock met the flowering cunt that was now at last, ready to consummate his lust. For a passing second, his lips met her erect nipples as he slid into her and thrust with his hips. Pushed deep inside and cried out as he felt her close around him with a warm grip that filled his mind with incoherent thought.

Her lips met his.

His lips met hers.

He thrust again and she moved under him, twisting and milking while he pushed ever deeper. Eric's mind was filled by the woman that he fucked. Her scent, her sweat, the soft hardness of her cunt. The ring that was embedded in him causing agonies of bliss. The hands that gripped his collar pulling him down on to her body and he knew that no matter what the price was, he was prepared to pay it.

He thrust, she pushed.

He pulled free, her hips swayed to keep him at the brink of the chasm.

He thrust. Now there was a singing in his ears, a whine that filled his head with pressure as something touched his back. Ran long nails down his spine to plunge between the cheeks of his ass and push into him. Eric cried in the shock of penetration as the maid's weight made itself felt. He could feel the nylon of her legs rub on his thighs.

Overwhelming pressure that pressed against his ass.

Forced open, forced to receive, violated and taken. It pushed into him, filled him and caused Eric to cry out in distress. Breathing in his ear, a muted laugh and then the warmth of her breath. Intimate and wicked, her weight bore down on him and the maid sighed as she pushed deep into the man beneath her.

Every stroke that he dealt, another was applied to him. Every push and thrust was matched by the maid who now pinned him under her. Eric was violated and violating. Fucking and fucked! The weight from above making each penetration of Miss Ingrid a deeper invasion.

Now, he could hear himself scream and the cries of Miss Ingrid rang in his ears. Somehow, he could not climax, something impeded that final release and Eric strained to overcome it.

"Pookie, Pookie, show me... show me that you can give me everything... I want it all. All of you!"

Mrs Kurt's voice was almost in his ear with the maid's small cries of pleasure. Eric arched his body and spewed into the glorious cunt that his cock defiled. As he climaxed, the maid moaned behind his head, thrust and whimpered. The maid cried out and slowly withdrew from his body and Eric almost sobbed as he closed behind her. Slick with sweat and effort, Eric pulled free, a last shudder of his thighs ending his passion and clearing his mind. He tried to kneel, but the maid's hand pressed him down while her lips and face slipped between his ass and slowly lapped at him in a soothing aftertaste of his defilement.

"Most satisfactory, Pookie. Miss Ingrid will make a perfect darling wife for you..."

Eric heard the words, but it took a moment before the meaning registered fully.

"Wife?" he stuttered.

Miss Ingrid kissed his lips.

"A perfect husband, Pookie, a husband that will be taken to places that even he cannot imagine! You are exactly what I have been looking for, I realised that when I saw you in our sittings, you will be so perfect," whispered Mrs Kurt.

Eric looked around and saw Mrs Kurt standing by the bed. Her hand rested on the maid's head, pressing it down between the cheeks of his ass.

"Ingrid needs to be looked after, her appetites need to be satisfied and what better way than as the wife to the man that obsesses over her every minute of the day?" smiled Mrs Kurt.

"But..."

"No but's, Pookie. *This* is what you exchanged for that last key."

The maid 's face lifted free and she slowly stood by the bed with a sly, coy twist of the lips and half-closed eyes.

"The wedding is arranged, the date set and the bouquets prepared. I even have the perfect present for you..." said Mrs Kurt.

Eric knelt on the bed before the wide-open thighs of the woman that he had just fucked.

Miss Ingrid stroked his flaccid cock and looked up at him.

"Don't you want me, Pookie?" she said with a small lisp. "I want you and Mistress says that I can have you!"

"I don't know what to say..."

Miss Ingrid laughed and Eric felt her hands grip his balls as she slipped the cage back on to his cock. He tried to pull away, but Mrs Kurt's words stopped him.

"I have decided, Pookie. That is enough! Now be a good little boy and say thank-you!"

"I can't... I simply can't!"

"You will, because the consequences of saying 'no' are even worse than those of accepting. I have promised Ingrid that you will be her husband and that is that, you are the reward that I have decided for her."

Mrs Kurt's face hardened.

"You would not have me break my sacred word, Pookie?"

"No, but..."

"Then, it is all arranged!"

Part 3

In the Round

Hammer Strokes. From the Quarry

"What?" cried Jamie. "Who?"

Eric looked at the shock on his son's face and realised that, he too, was still in shock. He looked so earnest, half shaven, a true artist's son with that tied back ponytail that draped over his shoulder. His son, his creation, but there was no way to make this easy and he had to be firm.

"It's true," said father to son, "It's what I want, to be married to the woman that I love..."

Jamie sat down at the kitchen table and looked at his father, trying to decide if this was some obscure joke or fancy. It was not, that was clear! Was this the cause of his father's moods? The fear of telling his son that Larissa was to be replaced?

"Who is she?"

"My new model, Jamie."

Jamie thought of the dark painting in the studio and then his thoughts turned to the way that his father had cleared everything of Jamie's mother from the house.

"That girl in furs?"

"Her! She will be here in a few minutes. Jamie! Don't misunderstand, please don't judge me. This is what I need, really it is. I can't go the rest of my life in mourning for your mother! I loved her, I adored and worshipped her and that will never change, but things change and Ingrid is the woman that I will marry..."

"Ingrid? Do you even know her?"

The strangest thing occurred to Eric. Miss Ingrid. Ingrid... he did not even know her last name! His father was marrying the woman of his dreams, the woman that consumed him and he did not even know her surname. That at the command of a woman that he had met just twice... All in the space of just a month!

He moved a little in the chair as the erection passed and the tiny points of the restraint no longer threatened him and tried to smile.

"You will like her."

"Is this why you have been in such a mood, the last weeks?" asked Jamie. "Were you scared to tell me what was happening? You know that I support you whatever happens, whatever you do."

"I have been in a frenzy," said Eric. "I know, but the painting for the exhibition has possessed me and Miss Ingrid is so perfect." He hesitated a moment. "For me."

Jamie nodded.

"I saw it..."

"You stole the key and looked at my work?"

"I had to know, I had to see what possessed you. For weeks you have been as if in a dream, not listening to a word I said, not selling a single painting in the gallery, not even looking into my eyes, and I had to know..."

Eric sighed.

"I should not have hidden it away," he said resignedly.

"Well you did, and I have seen it..."

It was clear that Jamie was about to comment on the painting, but Eric held up his hand and stopped the words.

"Come with me," said Eric. "Let me at least have the indulgence of revealing the finest painting that I have ever created. Forget everything before, Miss Ingrid is the muse that I have searched for..."

Eric stood and led his son to the studio. Unlocked the door and allowed Jamie to pass. The painting stood on the easel facing the door, but Eric passed it and brought three candles and placed them on a work bench. He lit the candles while Jamie watched and arranged them just so, the light flickering on the drying canvas.

"This is my muse..." he said.

Jamie searched the picture for his mother. Looked for the dark figure that was tormented behind the incredibly attractive women with the whip, but the candle's glow did not allow the vision to appear.

"That is Ingrid?" asked the son of the father.

"It is!"

Jamie moved around before the painting, judging it from all angles before he spoke while his father stood behind him and watched.

"The technique is incredible," said Jamie at last. "The shading of light and dark is immaculate."

"Smoke..."

"Smoke?"

"Yes, I added layer after layer and infused it with smoke," said Eric proudly. "Maybe the first after Leonardo to attempt the trick..."

"There is something missing," said Jamie.

"Missing, what could possibly be missing?"

Jamie moved from side to side and then picked up a candle to hold it close to the right side of the painting. Now the figure of Larissa appeared. Like a ghost from the background it was revealed as if the smoke parted. Hands high, fettered by unseen chains, breasts stretched by the tension, her waist bent a little to give curve to the hips, her legs held wide while a threatening darkness pushed upward between her thighs. Jamie's finger traced the figure and Eric shuddered as he saw what was now visible.

"An accident of chance," he whispered.

"Mother!" replied Jamie. "This is what is tormenting you father, this is what you have created. This is what is in your mind as you paint your new wife. The rape of Larissa..."

Jamie turned to his father and the light moved, fading the torment into the mist of the background of the woman with the whip trailing from her hand.

"You should call it, 'The Rape of Larissa' and be done with it."

Eric stared at the painting and realised that he had never noticed where his brush strokes had led him. A small shudder took him and he shook his head.

"It's a figment of the imagination, the mind layering ideas and meaning onto nothing as the it seeks significance. This is not the picture of Dorian Grey, this is Miss Ingrid as the muse that causes madness and obsession..."

"Father, you cannot have done this by accident! This is the finest piece of representational art that I have ever seen! Nothing is ever an accident..."

Eric thought of the intensity of the last few weeks, the waking dream and he realised that what his mind had seen had been delivered to the canvas by his infatuated and possessed hand. He took the candle from Jamie's hand and moved it to see Larissa reappear. Her mouth was open in a horrified scream, her beautiful face contorted by terror as the whip snaked on the floor and imminent violation threatened. This was not the Larissa that he had played with, this was a woman in the throes of realisation that there was no escape from what was about to transpire.

"I cannot show it," said Eric.

"You must!"

"What do you mean, I must?"

"Father this is the ultimate expression of emotion, this is the finest work that you will ever do, this is something that will shock with the debased subject and yet transcends it all to stun the viewer's eyes!"

Eric looked at his son and finally smiled.

"It is not Larissa..."

"It is mother, Dad, it is her! Don't pretend, don't shy away from it, this is you finding yourself after years of enshrining her in your memory. I saw you throw all her things away, I saw you finally do what you should have done years ago. Mother's memory will always be sweet, but even you have to move on..."

"You really mean that?" asked Eric.

"Of course I do, Dad," said Jamie fervently. "You have to move to the next stage, you have found a muse, who am I to stop you creating havoc to prove that you have moved on?"

Eric put his arm around his son's shoulders and hugged him. They both stood and looked at the picture in silence as the candle moved to-and-fro, to reveal and then hide the terror that lay behind the woman who dominated the foreground.

"Is Ingrid really that beautiful, naked?" asked Jamie at last.

"More! A malevolent goddess of the dark."

Jamie raised an eyebrow.

"She is young."

"Your age..."

"How strange to have a step-mother who is my own age."

They stood and soaked in the image and Jamie turned to his father.

"Does the painting portray her nature as well as her beauty?"

"Probably!"

"Then you'd better watch out!" laughed Jamie. "I saw what was in the bags that you threw out, Ingrid looks to be much more wicked than Mum ever was!"

Eric sighed and looked at the Larissa that was screaming a warning to him. Shouting at him, not to go through with what Mrs Kurt had planned for her Pookie. The warning was for both father and son that stood, but there was no voice to reveal the cry. Eric's eyes filled with tears and his hand went to the collar that was hidden beneath his sweater. The collar that she had used, the collar that was now locked to his psyche. He felt the weight of steel pulling and a desperate need to escape.

Run and hide.

Throw all to the wind and reject what was coming.

He had hoped, been so sure that his son would have argued and persuaded. Forced him to reality, driven him from this bleak terror that was looming, but instead, Jamie had surrendered to his decision. Eric felt almost angry that Jamie had not fought for him, been the mental shield that he lacked. Indignant that he was being led to the block by his own son...

His lips moved, on the point of uttering angry words, but all that came out were platitudes! How could Pookie possibly resist when Miss Ingrid stood staring down at him with Mrs Kurt's cruel eyes?

"Miss Ingrid is the one," he said at last. "The wedding is arranged..."

"Miss Ingrid?" asked Jamie. "I noticed that you called her 'Miss'?"

"It's what she wants..."

"Then it's what you want," said Jamie.

Hammer Strokes. To the Studio

She stood there on the step and Jamie felt a blush surge through his cheeks. A hotness that was pure emotional reaction at the aura that Miss Ingrid radiated. His father passed to one side to allow her entry and she took three steps and held out her hand.

"You may call me 'Miss Ingrid'," she said to the stricken Jamie with a smile. "It seems so wrong for you to call me 'Mother'."

Jamie extended a hand and felt the iron in her grip. The talons of the nails that scorched his palm as they touched, the rasp of the innumerable rings on her fingers.

"Er, a pleasure, Miss," said Jamie.

The heels of the knee-high boots that she wore gave her two inches on Jamie and he was forced to look up as she spoke.

"I am so looking forward to getting to know you *intimately*," she continued as if he had not spoken in her short pause. "Pookie has told me all about you..."

Jamie was almost brought to laughter by the way that she called his father of fifty years plus, 'Pookie', but he swallowed his grin and managed to relax. The woman was extraordinary. A wet dream in boots and incredibly tight jeans. Was that really the tab of the zipper that hung between her thighs like a pendant? How did the tight T shirt ever manage to stretch over her huge breasts? It was the velvet collar that caught his eye. A huge pearl hanging at her throat while the plait that wound around her head gave her a severe look that was matched by the pale make-up and almost black lips.

It was his father that broke the momentary silence.

"Come in, Miss Ingrid and I shall show you around..."

The woman looked around the hallway with, what seemed to be to Jamie, almost disdain.

"There is no need."

Eric seemed taken aback by her words and turned to go to the kitchen. Miss Ingrid followed, with Jamie behind. He looked at the rounded ass that moved like a dream, the fall of the heels on the rugs and the narrow waist that showed between T shirt and jeans. Miss Ingrid was his age, perhaps! She carried herself like a sexual Queen, walked in a suggestive

way that caused Jamie to imagine what it would be like to fuck her. No wonder that his father had fallen for her, hook line and sinker! Each step that Miss Ingrid took was a lesson in sexuality. An offer of distant hope of contact that would be denied. Untouchable and so fuckable all at once.

"We can have a coffee," said Eric as he pulled out a chair for his muse.

"Brandy," was the answer and Eric shrugged.

"Please, fetch the Courvoisier," said father to son.

Jamie hurried to the lounge and picked up the bottle and a single glass. He returned to find that Miss Ingrid was perched on the edge of the table with crossed booted ankles while his father sat in a chair, looking up to her as she spoke.

"The wedding is next week," she was saying as Jamie poured. "It has been arranged for you and your son to be picked up and taken to City airport where Miss Karoline's plane will be waiting to take you to Lyon."

Eric had never heard the name mentioned and wondered who she was, but Miss Ingrid passed on to the arrangements. "Make sure that you are ready at two on Thursday. No luggage, everything will be provided for you, of course. It will be an intimate wedding and then we shall honeymoon in the château before returning to London on Sunday evening."

Jamie listened to her and his mind was in a swirl. It seemed that everything was arranged and he was astounded that the wedding was so close.

"Is there nothing for me to do?" asked Eric faintly.

"My dear Pookie, even the rings are arranged..."

Jamie spoke up.

"On the next Monday I have to be there for freshers..."

His father tore his eyes from Miss Ingrid and nodded.

"It will be a perfect fit..."

Miss Ingrid looked down at Eric and took up the brandy. She swirled it a moment and inhaled before pulling a slim cigarette out of nowhere.

"Light it, Pookie," she said in a strict voice.

Jamie watched as his father stood and scrambled for matches in a kitchen drawer. Smoking had never been allowed, one of his mother's golden rules...

"Good," said Miss Ingrid as the cigarette end glowed. "I think that I am done here... Oh just one more thing."

"What?" said Eric as he watched smoke curl from her pouting lips and then be sucked back.

"This house goes on the market. It is not appropriate that we live in *this*..." her hand moved to encompass the kitchen. "Mrs Kurt desires that you move in with me off Stand. A much more appropriate setting for two lovers. Naturally, your son can have a room, though as I understand it, he will be fleeing the nest soon anyway!"

Jamie watched the reaction of his father. 'Just one more thing,' she had said, but what she was asking seemed very important to Jamie.

"Dad, the studio," said Jamie, using his father's much-loved work space as a lever to try to change this seemingly brutal decision. "Everything we have is here..."

Miss Ingrid looked down at Jamie and a thin smile formed.

"As you will find out soon, your father has to give up the gallery and intends to devote his time solely to his gift," she said. "A studio is being prepared for both of you, so there is no need to live in this *museum* to your mother!"

Jamie gasped.

"Museum?"

Miss Ingrid sipped her brandy and placed the empty glass beside her rounded ass.

"Mrs Kurt has decided, that should be enough for you to know! I cannot live here, away from her and, anyway, this place is not suitable for everything that is planned... We shall have to be away from the common muck that inhabit this ghetto of London and there is no choice offered in the matter. My Pookie has already agreed to this, so there is no more to be said!"

Jamie looked at his father. Was this real? Was this woman really trampling on twenty years of the past, his mother and all that that meant to his father with a few words?

"But," started Jamie.

"There are no buts, boy! No ifs and ands. There are no arguments to speak aloud, everything is decided and your part is to ensure that your father attends the wedding ready to marry me! You will find out what is needed from you soon enough."

Miss Ingrid slipped from the table to stand over Jamie.

"Your father has a remarkable talent that is undeservingly being treated as hack work," she said. "This is his only chance to break the bonds of a wasted and puerile past and move to the future that has been determined for him. Neither you nor anyone else can stop that happening, you will soon find that my demands are decree, my needs and those of Mrs Kurt are paramount and that you father and you both need a strong hand to guide you."

It was like being spoken to by a governess, decided Jamie and he wondered what his father was thinking. Miss Ingrid was beyond attractive, but surely his father could not see that the woman with the whip in the painting in the studio was the reality of his wife-to-be?

"I will be in university," said Jamie defensively.

"My dear boy, study to learn is overrated," she replied as she started walking for the kitchen door. "The only studies that really matter are those that create the person in the image that is chosen by a superior. You will learn!"

Miss Ingrid was in the hallway opening the door. A black limousine waited for her with engine running and she turned for her final words.

"Thursday at two..."

With that she closed the door behind her and Jamie was left with mouth agape.

"Jesus, father! Where did you find that supercilious bitch?"

"Mrs Kurt," said Eric with a shrug.

"Surely you're not going through with this?"

Eric winced as the spiked cage on his cock spoke its command to practice a little self-control.

"She has decided..."

"That bitch does not have the right to decide," said Jamie.

"No, but Mrs Kurt does," said Eric in explanation.

Hammer Strokes. In the Round

The argument had lasted all night.

An attack of words that Jamie inflicted on his father with both passion and conviction. There was no counter argument, no resistance. Eric agreed with his son on every point, but at last Jamie gave up and retreated with a terrible feeling of doom filling his heart. In the hallway he stopped and regarded the open door to the studio. He could see the canvas in the darkness, the pale shape of the woman that seemed to own his father glowing through the doorway. For a moment he considered entering and rending it, slicing and burning the canvas that held her image, but the thought repelled almost as much as it attracted.

It would do nothing to stop what was happening, only turn his father further towards Miss Ingrid...

'Miss Ingrid'!

Mrs Kurt... The names of women who just got whatever they wanted. Wormed their way into his father's thoughts and stayed there with brooding privilege. There were just three days to go, before the limo would wait by their door. Surely in that time, Jamie could stop this farrago of a marriage? Jamie climbed the stairs and stopped as he usually did before the elegant portrait that his father had done of Larissa, his wife.

She smiled out of the canvas. A reassuring warmth that had preserved a part of her to enjoy every day. Her hands were curled on her lap, her eyes looked at the observer no matter which stance he took. The slight décolletage of her rounded breasts, the blue satin dress that she had married in... Jamie paused and moved a little closer.

There was the smell of linseed, the slight, rounded sour odour of the studio.

He looked at the painting, inspecting his father's strokes and palette and then his eyes slipped to his mother's lap. Her slender hands were clasped, her eyes followed his gaze and then he stooped lower to see that there was an addition to the detail. A slight touch of the brush, a depraved kiss of colour that changed everything.

Cuffs now held those hands tight!

Jamie shuddered and inspected the work. Clearly it had been added in the last day, an addition that was *almost* unnoticeable but for the few links that joined the wrists. He sighed and went to his room.

Everything was changing...

The days passed in a routine that allowed Jamie no chance to speak to his father. Instead of coming in for the hot coffee that steamed on the table, reading the papers with irritated comments and discussing the sales with his son, Jamie's father slipped into the house and went straight to his room.

The painting of Miss Ingrid acquired a wrap, the one on the stairs mocked Jamie every time that he passed. The smell of linseed diminished, even the studio was not entered and the door hung open in sardonic invitation. Jamie found that he was both looking forward to the trip that lay ahead as well as dreading the outcome. Somehow, a trip to the places where he had spent his gap year seemed attractive. The place where the bright sunshine was dappled with motes of threshed corn could not also be a place where evil could possibly take place.

When the limousine arrived, the driver simply sat and waited. In the hallway, Jamie pulled on his shoes and checked his phone while his father stood waiting for him with the devilish painting in its canvas cover, under his arm.

"Don't do this, father," said Jamie as he opened the door.

"Do what?"

"Marry the bitch!"

Eric shrugged and locked the door as they walked the few steps to the waiting car. Now, the chauffeur stepped from her vehicle and opened the wide door and took the painting from Jamie's father. Jamie admired the uniformed girl and nodded.

She did not reply, but simply waited until they had entered before closing it and slipping to her driver's seat. The smell of leather was almost overpowering, the sound of the engine unnoticeable as the car slid through the traffic towards the airport.

"You can still change your mind," said Jamie at last.

"No, I can't said Eric heavily. "It has been made up for me and there is nothing to do but do what is necessary."

That was the entire conversation and Jamie stared out of the darkened windows as the entrance to the airport came into view. From the limo, the chauffeur led her charges through to the small private lounge without a word. There they were greeted by a uniformed hostess and

waited a few minutes until she bade them down a long corridor to the plane.

Small, but luxurious.

Cream seats, a small table, a tiny bar where the hostess sat and waited for orders. Eric and Jamie were the only passengers as it lifted with a muted roar from the runway. Jamie had expected Miss Ingrid to accompany them, but it seemed that she had already gone on ahead or was following on a later flight.

Jamie wandered the plane. There was not much to see! Space for maybe ten at most. The bar with drinks, the locked door of the flight cabin and another locked door that led to the rear of the machine. With nowhere to go, Jamie sat and stared from the windows and fiddled with his phone while his father sat listlessly at a window and stared at the passing clouds.

There was nothing to say, so Jamie was silent. It seemed that Eric was likewise taken by his thoughts and Jamie felt frustrated that he was so close and yet held so distant.

Touchdown was a textbook landing on a small airfield where just one or two small planes rested to the side. Passport control superficial and the beckoning limo the only transport offered. The limo could have been the same one that had transported them in London. The uniformed girl that drove, the spitting image of the one that had dropped them off. The whole trip seemed unreal to Jamie until the arrival at the château perched on a high rock over a curve of broad river.

The car was stopped a mile short of the castle and allowed to pass the gates after a brief inspection and then they were in the manicured gardens of a stately home. Shaped trees, smooth lawns, small secluded areas and a sweeping drive that took them through the high gates of the castle.

Once again, the limo halted and was checked before the gates opened slowly to reveal a courtyard where Miss Ingrid stood with another woman and three maids in attendance in prim black-and-whites and hands clasped in the frills of their dresses. Eric slipped from the limo and walked to the small group that awaited them. Jamie followed and watched as his father kissed his bride-to-be and then pecked the cheek of the woman by her side.

"Mrs Kurt," said Miss Ingrid by way of introduction.

"Ah, the son," said the woman with a smile. "My husband is so looking forward to meeting you!"

Jamie kissed her on the cheek. For some reason he had expected a French accent, but Mrs Kurt spoke English without a trace of inflection.

The two women who had greeted them turned and entered the doorway behind them, followed by the two guests and the three maids. Heels rang on the tiled floors as they entered a vast hallway that stretched two stories over their heads. A chandelier hung from the darkness above and wide stairs curled upward to balconies far above. Jamie gasped at the wealth that this chateau represented. Elegant stone work, ebony panelling and masterful oils, wall to wall. The small party was led by Mrs Kurt into a room with completely different character.

A modern lounge, devoid of the classical feel of the entranceway. Well-stuffed sofas in small groups, bright modern art on the walls and only the gothic peaked windows and the view of the courtyard betrayed that this was anything other than pure modernity.

Mrs Kurt smiled at Jamie's hostile look and sat on a sofa, inviting the others to sit as the maids drifted and laid a small selection of cakes and coffee on the table.

"My husband will be down soon, he is a little preoccupied with his toys," said Mrs Kurt as one of the maids poured coffee into four cups. "You know how obsessed men get when they play? Anyway, we should have a little chat about the arrangements and then perhaps you would like a little tour of my superb house?"

Eric looked at the cubist and other modern art on the walls and raised an eyebrow.

"An interesting choice," he said. "I have never been interested in such styles... if one graced them with such a word."

"They brighten up the room," laughed Mrs Kurt. "It gives the place light and cheery flavour that disarms my visitors for what is to come."

Jamie looked at the coffee and decided that it was not drugged. His father's wife-to-be seemed not to have the same aggressive attitude when she was here, what's more it now seemed that coffee was perfectly acceptable. A rising sense of wrongness filled him that made him blurt a question almost before it had formed in his mind.

"What do you do that allows such extravagance," said Jamie.

Miss Ingrid moved to speak, but Mrs Kurt quieted her with a small flutter of the fingers.

"I am in banking, as is my husband," she said pleasantly. "It allows a certain limited luxury, but the house in London is my real home."

Jamie sat back on the chair and regarded Mrs Kurt with narrowed eyes. She seemed to ignore the distrust and continued.

"I would not allow my daughter to marry the first fool that came along," she said.

Her words caused Eric to suddenly look up and he looked from mother to daughter. Suddenly the similarity was apparent. The same nose, the same lips, the same eyes.

"She has not told you? That was so naughty of her," said Mrs Kurt with a small laugh. "That means that the four of us will soon become a single family. What better way of getting to know each other than to live together in my house in London and enjoy each other's company."

"Mother?" said Eric at last, getting over his surprise. "I thought..."

"Never suppose, just do as you are told and you *will* be happily married..."

"Mamma is a little strict, but then she has always believed that a woman can have whatever she wants if she is determined enough to get it," said Miss Ingrid. "She decided that Eric was perfect for me, a fusion of artistic talent and a deep sense of the erotic. The age difference is of no interest to me, he is all that I need and I wanted him from the first!"

Jamie listened to the conversation. His head was still whirling as he tried to extract meaning from the words. Not what was said, but the inner truth that had to be there to grasp.

"We all have our little secrets," said Mrs Kurt. "Eric adds to his opus by making me exquisite provocative sketches. My daughter is a little impish and has her peccadillos, but she cannot be just given to any man, he has to have something special and Pookie has that in spades. She has to learn to find what she wants and take it. I myself enjoy riding so much that it is almost a fetish and my husband, he has such a passionate interest in young men who desire nothing more than to learn to please. So, Jamie, what little secret are you hiding?"

Jamie swallowed. The question had caught him out and he blushed as he thought of nights spent surfing on the Internet.

"Er, I suppose my secret would be, er well..."

"Don't be shy, Jamie. None of here are anything but adults. Sex is something that we all live with and enjoy..."

"I think that I have always been attracted to older woman..."

"There, you see, that was so easy," laughed Mrs Kurt. "Have you managed to convince one to succumb to your charms?"

Jamie blushed.

"Not yet," he admitted.

"Well then, we shall have to see what we can do..."

"Now that we have all been properly introduced, I think that we can manage a small tour of my modest home," said Mrs Kurt with a smile. "Here we do anything that amuses us and relish the freedom to be away from the common herd. Since we were discussing secrets, I want our two guests to understand that nothing ever leaves this house. No act, no thought and no pleasures are ever taken and exposed to the outside world for inspection. I have your promise?"

Eric nodded. His eyes were riveted to his bride and his heart was beating so fast that he could scarcely speak.

"Of course, Mistress Kurt!"

"Jamie?" asked the mother of the bride.

"I do not tell tales..."

"You won't! That's good. Anyway, let's do a little tour and we shall see what we shall see..."

Mrs Kurt stood and waited until the two men were standing.

"My daughter has plenty to keep her busy, so you will see her at the wedding tomorrow," said Mrs Kurt. "That leaves me to show you both around."

Jamie looked at his father and then followed his gaze to stare intently at Miss Ingrid's feet. The arching stilettos were high, but why was his father staring at her like that? Leather jeans, a small portion of skin showing with a slender gold chain. A small iron key dangled from the chain on the bump of her ankle where the leather brushed, but Jamie could not

fathom his father's interest. When the foot moved, his father's gaze followed it until she had left the room.

In the vast hallway, Mrs Kurt turned to her guests and waved a hand. "We shall of course just tour the places where the wedding will happen. Maybe my husband will join us later..."

She led the father and son through endless service rooms. Dozens of servants moved on their allotted tasks and Jamie could not help thinking that Mrs Kurt seemed to have a deep attraction for youth. The occasional butler, well-muscled and handsome and endless pretty maids all in a row. Occasionally they passed what seemed to be a supervisor and it was only at the third that Jamie realised that they were all older women.

Mrs Kurt winked at him as he could not help himself staring at woman in her fifties who was supervising the kitchens. Tall and stern, she stood in the centre of all the activity while maids and butlers scurried to her screamed orders. Mrs Kurt exchanged a few words with her in German and the woman turned to Jamie as if to X-ray him with her eyes. He hurried by, but could not himself finding a pit in his stomach as he passed by. A last glance as they left showed him that her eyes were still assessing him and he was glad to escape.

The vast room decked out for the wedding with red and black roses was magnificent. Jamie was surprised that there were just twenty places laid and wondered how a wealthy woman like Mrs Kurt would have such a small wedding party.

A few reception rooms, each lavish with its own maid standing in a corner were visited before a man appeared from a doorway. For a moment Jamie got a view of the room from which he had emerged. Bright, luminescent pink and a pretty Asian girl in a frilly dress and then the door was closed and the man turned the key and pocketed it.

"Manfred, darling," said Mrs Kurt. "Where have you been hiding?"

"Just in the play room..."

Mrs Kurt turned to Jamie.

"I am sure that my husband wants to get to know you better," she said. "Perhaps tomorrow after the ceremony?"

Jamie looked at Mr Kurt and then at his father. The resemblance was so close. Hairline, the tilt of the lips, blue not brown eyes, perhaps an inch of height, but he looked just like a slightly older version of Eric. Spooked,

Jamie almost felt that he was being picked apart by the hard-blue eyes. The only part of Mr Kurt's face that was not smiling.

"Er yes, why not," said Jamie.

"Good, good, you will get along so well, now then, I think that Manfred has not finished playing, so we'll move along," said Mrs Kurt with a smile.

Her eyes took in Eric and then her husband and she chuckled and muttered under her breath.

Mrs Kurt led them back to the vast entrance hallway while a door opened and closed behind them.

"His private rooms, he calls them the crèche," said Mrs Kurt. "Manfred is so secretive that even I don't intrude much. Not many gain the privilege of entering. Maybe just three a year... If you are lucky, Jamie you will get an invite..."

Jamie mumbled thanks and looked at the two maids on either side of the main door.

"I just can't get over how many servants you have," he said.

"Oh, the maids and service staff? There are several hundred at last count if I include the stables and the gardens. They love it here, so it does not cost as much to maintain as you might think..."

'If Mr and Mrs Kurt worked for a bank, then they must own it,' thought Jamie as they passed to the foot of the stairs.

"You will be shown to your room now," said Mrs Kurt, kissing each of them on the cheek. "The ceremony is at ten and a maid will help you dress at nine. You should not leave the room; a cord is supplied for you to request anything that you might need. Don't hesitate to pull it at any time..."

Jamie and Eric were led to their room. Up the vast staircase, the first door at the top. Jamie gazed at the framed pictures that lined the long corridor. The first was an erotic drawing of a huge woman with legs wide on the floor as her hands guided a small man to pleasure her with his lips. The woman looked vaguely Asiatic, but whether she was Japanese or Chinese he could not determine. He looked down the corridor and shrugged.

There were endless pictures to the disappearing point.

The maid opened the curtains in each of the two separate bedrooms behind the single door, and a large double bed was revealed in each. Jamie looked around and then went to the window. Through the bars he could see the endless gardens and textured vista around the castle.

"This place is huge," he commented. "Fuck off huge..."

His father nodded.

"She's richer than Croesus..."

"My God, Dad, is that why you are marrying her? Or is it in the hope that you can fuck her mother? I think that she's found a husband for her daughter that looks just like her own husband."

"That's silly," said Eric in a tired tone. "We look a little different, all it shows you is that you have read too much Freud."

"That's *mother's* dad!"

"As you like."

"So, do you want the mother?" said Jamie angrily. "To fuck her ass?"

"It would all be the same," said Eric gritting his teeth as he rooted through the drawers.

Triumphantly, he pulled a pair of linen pyjamas out and tossed them on the bed.

"Can't find the wedding suit," he muttered as he looked in the empty wardrobes."

"Never mind a fucking suit, Dad. Can't you see that this whole place is a demented prison?"

"What do you mean?" asked Eric distractedly. "We need a bite to eat..."

Jamie shrugged.

"I'll pop down to the kitchens," he said. "They can rustle something up!"

In Jamie's head was the women who had stared at him in the kitchens and he longed for another look. Breasts like watermelons, tight clothing and such long legs... Older and so attractive...

He turned the door handle, but as if merely ornamental, it turned without effect.

Eric watched him and said, "Pull the rope..."

In frustration Jamie pulled at the rope hard and slumped on the bed.

"Bars on the windows, the door is locked and did you see that room where her husband roosts? I got a glimpse..."

It seemed to Jamie that his father just did not care and he slipped into the joint bathroom with the pyjamas clutched in his hands. Jamie followed him into the bathroom and sat on the toilet while his father pottered around and washed his hands. Jamie was just about to speak and complain again, when his father suddenly erupted in an angry voice.

"Christ, Jamie, can't I even go to the fucking toilet without you following me? All you do is complain, fucking whine, whine, whine. All you do is go on and on. Every window in France has bars on. This is a huge castle, they can't have us wandering about... What has happened here that is so terrible? Fuck off if you like, I don't even want to see your miserable face at my wedding!"

Jamie almost cried out at the verbal assault. Staggered by the venom in his father's voice, he fled from the bathroom and went into his bedroom and slammed the door behind him before flinging himself on the huge bed.

In the bathroom, Eric stood panting. He knew that this was all wrong... he knew that Miss Ingrid and Mrs Kurt were playing some sort of perverted game, but he could just not face Jamie and admit that he was wrong. He locked the door to the bathroom and sat on the closed toilet and wept in frustration.

Everything was perfect.

A beautiful bride, a mother in law who was as rich as rich could be. A castle in France, a house off Strand. Perfect, perfect, perfect... But, his desires were getting the better of him. Games had just been games, with Larissa. Punishments had been climaxes, kisses had been loving, even the kiss of the cane occasionally had been a thrill. Fetters had been tied, not locked, service had been with laughter and pleasure for both.

This was different, this was serious and...

Eric looked down at his trousers around his ankles. The vicious restraint that kept him faithful for Miss Ingrid and he felt an urge that was too much to fight. How was it when the slavery was real? What was that like when power games were not power exchanges at all? When there were no exchanges?

He had to know.

He had to!

He had to find himself and discover what it was to be like making games with no frontiers, no limits, just his own desires. Jamie was too young to understand that his father had this last chance and was heading into the dark because he wanted to. Because he needed to. Because he had a debt to repay to the woman that he had loved and could not save from that terrible illness that had taken her.

Jamie would live his own life, find his demons and face them. He had to understand that *this* was the moment when his father was doing just that for himself.

The pyjamas were baggy and hid everything, even the collar when he did up the top. Eric looked in the mirror and was satisfied. The wedding would happen, the bride would be his as were the keys to her already.

Eric had opened Pandora's box, lock by lock.

This time it had not been empty. It had been full of all the evil of the world, but nevertheless, Eric would plunder what he found and discover if it was what he wanted.

What he needed to purge the other demons in his soul.

Hammer Strokes. Surface Effect

The maid came and went to return with the meal that Jamie ordered in sullen tones. She curtsied delicately at every command on those incredible heels, and returned with a tray piled high, but when Jamie looked in the bathroom and tried the closed door to his father's room.

It was locked.

He sat and ate a solitary meal that tasted like dust in his mouth. Everything tasted of dust to him, even the glass of red wine, the Camembert, the salmon. He longed to be out of this gilded prison and back in London. Planning for University, leaving home like a normal young man on the way out into the world, but here he was at this farrago of a wedding.

At last he lay back on the bed and stared at the ceiling.

Tomorrow the wedding, then, the day after, he would escape and go home. Back to the place that his father was selling. Back to where the gallery now stood forlorn and stripped of all but the paint on the walls. Go to University, get away and never see the awfulness of these people ever again.

The light was on, he snoozed and then finally turned on his side and slipped into a troubled sleep as the moon rose outside and hung between the bars with a diseased yellow glare.

The moon moved two bars.

The light burned on.

Jamie slept in his clothes.

The bedroom door opened slowly, hesitantly. A face peeped into the room and smiled. The face of the chief kitchen-maid. Severe and sharp, eyes roved over the room before a white hand appeared and gently switched off the light in the room. Now all that could be seen were the bars and a nacreous moonlight that illuminated shapes and not detail or colour.

Satisfied that Jamie was asleep, that the wine had all been drunk, the figure that moved in the room was one of sexual austerity. Tight latex dress from throat to hem under the knees. Boots that covered the rest of the legs, a crop in her hand and fetters dangling from her other. Senior maid Miss Thirty moved around the room with grace that was ingrained

in her every step. She looked down at the young man on the bed and longed to laugh.

Mistress had ordered this moment of pleasure for him. Not necessary for what was to come, but an introduction to his new life. A dubious thrill that would force this young man to Mistress' wishes for the coming event, while he still thought that he could escape the place that no one ever escaped. This would turn his mind, break him to make sure that the father could slip into the malevolent place that he was of use, as the husband of the daughter of the woman that had decided his whole fate...

Stripping Jamie was a work of moments.

Clothes piled on the floor to be removed later. To leave him naked for choices that he could then not resist. He was pliable in his slumber and chief maid Miss Thirty rolled him and closed the fetters on his wrists.

Jamie muttered and tried to roll over, but he did not wake as she took up the slender wand and stood at the foot of the bed in the yellowed darkness composing herself for what was to come.

Cameras watched, observed, took in the scene in every detail. All for the later enjoyment of Mistress and her perverted and warped husband. Miss Thirty decided that the moment was right.

Her hand raised in the dark, the slim cane invisible as it swept down and laid a light stroke across exposed ass.

Jamie woke with a cry and a sudden start. He tried to sit, but the fettered wrists behind his back caused him to fall back as his eyes opened and he took in the shadow of blackness that stood immobile at the foot of his bed.

"Fuck," he cried and then yelled again as the cane striped across his naked thighs and the figure at last moved.

"Be a good boy and you will be rewarded..." she said. "Mistress has decided that you need a lesson to prepare for tomorrow and I have been assigned to teach it!"

"Who are you?" yelled Jamie, but the response was another stroke of the cane.

He yelled.

In the next room, Eric slept on, the walls muffling the cries to a whispered sob.

The figure of Miss Thirty was by the bed, leaning over him, pressing him down to the coverlet with a strong hand.

"I have a lesson to teach, bitch," she said in a soft voice. "You will learn it if I have to thrash you all night, or make love to you and give pleasure. Make up your mind..."

Jamie's brain registered the words and he sobbed, "Please, please, pleasure."

"There you see," she laughed, "that wasn't so difficult was it?"

He sobbed and heard a soft thump as Miss Thirty tossed the cane to the floor. Jamie looked up and the figure of the woman loomed over him and then kneeled astride him, the latex of her dress stretching and creaking as she did so. Her heels and the rough laces of the boots rasped his legs, her hands came to rest on his chest and she leaned close over his face.

"Are you ready?" she laughed and then he felt her hand on his cock, he felt himself stiffening and her face came close to his.

No kiss.

No affection.

Just the smile in the blackness.

The sound of a zipper, a nudge and wiggle of the hips and he was in. That easily he was taken by Miss Thirty as she sighed and he filled her to the brim. She felt him stretch and cram her full and sighed with the feeling that had not been permitted for ten years. The feeling of a man entering her, the feeling of his ripe full cock passing past the guardian rings embedded in her flesh where the locks had been personally unthreaded by her owner.

She sighed and relished the moment, for when would it come again?

Never?

Under her, Jamie cried out as he felt himself gripped by her cunt. The feeling was so inexplicable. Hands pinned behind his back, under a woman who rose and fell at his every breath. Sucking him into her.

She gasped and plunged.

He gasped and thrust.

Miss Thirty was in a state of bliss. The huge cock reamed her, pressing against her enflamed clitoris as she prolonged the moment of truth. The latex stretched even though the dress was unzipped. It enveloped both Miss Thirty and her lover, rubbed enticingly as she dragged her nails over his chest in a savage feminine fury of climax. He cried out, screamed, but the call was one of ecstasy, not pain.

He boiled inside, thrust and she rode him.

At last he came. Gushed into her, fountained his life into her body at the very moment when she leaned over and whispered in his ear.

"I have a message..."

It took moments for Jamie to recover from the climax that had emptied him. Moments in which stars danced in the dark and the woman that fucked him became both angel and demon.

"Please..."

Her tongue licked around his ear and then more words came.

"Tomorrow, you will be a good boy and do what is necessary..."

"Sorry? What is necessary?"

Now he felt her fingers on his throat, a grip that caused him to gasp for breath and thrash even though he was still embedded in her flesh.

"*Everything* that is done is *necessary*," she whispered before she allowed him breath. "Do as you are told and perhaps..."

The 'perhaps' was not described, but Jamie thought of his escape in a day's time and thought that he understood.

Miss Thirty lifted from him and stroked the cock that had fucked her. A huge weapon indeed. Mistress's husband would be so pleased with him, a little masculinity was always welcome in the crèche. Her hand strayed to her soaked pussy and she stroked herself and then remembered the cameras.

Self-abuse was most frowned upon!

The sound of the zipper in the dark. The raising of the weight that had pinned Jamie to the bed. Her hand taking the cane and swishing it. The terrible and sudden lassitude. Jamie struggled to sit.

"Who are you..."

"Not who, always when!" she answered as she left the room with a whisper of heels on carpet. "*When* is all that that you will need to obey orders!"

The door closed with a click and she was gone.

Jamie felt his head thundering and he lay on the bed to try to work out how to get the cuffs from his wrists.

When he woke, it was morning and that bright morning sun streamed through the bars of the window. Motes danced in the bright light and the sound of the maid opening the door caused Jamie to curl on the bed to hide his nakedness.

Hammer Strokes. Display and Mount

Jamie looked up at the maid.

She did not even crack a smile but curtsied and stood with a clothes-bag in her hand. Jamie did not dare move, but whined as he tugged at the cuffs on his wrists.

"Sir, this are the clothes for the wedding sir..."

"Er, on the bed please," replied Jamie as he struggled to free his hands.

The maid did not move, but seemed a little uncertain.

"Sir, I have been ordered to prepare and dress you... I cannot leave."

Jamie rolled on the bed so that she could see the cuffs on his wrists.

"Please help me get these off," said Jamie. "Please!"

He felt her hands on the cuffs, but she did not release him. Her hand touched the top of his head and then circled its fingers to run the length of his plaited ponytail.

"I'm sorry, sir, they were placed there by a Chief Maid, Sir. I do not have the authority or access to the key to undo them."

Jamie turned back to face her, rolling on the bed to look up.

"Then get the fucking Chief Maid to undo me," shouted Jamie.

The maid stood her ground and looked down at the reddening man on the bed. A patient look came on her face and she waited until Jamie at last stopped spluttering and venting. She stood stock-still her hands clasped in front of her dress.

"Sir, I have come here to prepare you, Sir. In an hour you will be required..."

"Fuck, fuck... OK, OK, here we go, can't disappoint your bitch Mistress, can I!" he exclaimed. "Fuck me, you'll have to uncuff me to get me dressed, won't you?"

As he spoke the maid blanched and stepped back. Never in her year of service had she heard such obscenities about her owner and even though she had been warned that Jamie might be difficult she had never expected such terrible rudeness. The door to the room opened

and Chief Maid Miss Thirty entered. In her latex dress and the cane trailing from her hand she looked livid. She took a single look at the maid and waved her hand before storming to Jamie and slicing him with the cane on the back of his legs.

The blow was so sudden that he fell to his knees and she raised the cane again as if to lay a terrible stroke across his face.

"Bitch," she screamed. "How dare you not follow orders?"

Jamie looked from her to the maid and back to the upraised cane and burst into tears. Her voice, he recognised the voice from last night and he was suddenly so scared that he bowed and touched his head on the thick carpet at her feet.

All Jamie could manage was a sobbing wail where the word 'please' seemed interwoven with the word 'fuck'. The point of the cane came to rest on his back. It flicked at the cuffs and then pressed hard again in the small of his back.

"Number six collar and high irons," said Miss Thirty to the maid. "Then dress him and make him presentable. I want him in ten minutes for inspection..."

Jamie heard the maid's footsteps as she hurried to comply and then the heels again as she returned. Her hands fumbled at his neck and he dared look up to see the maid's ample breasts almost in his face. The impulse to kiss them was almost too much to resist, but the feel of cold steel on his neck suddenly brought him to reality.

The tip of the cane still pressed into his back and Jamie wondered if there was any point to beg for mercy...

"Please Miss," he started through the sobs, "please I need to see my father..."

There was no reply from above, but also no punishing swipe of the cane and he tried again.

"The wedding, I need to see him, please..."

The new cuffs were clipped onto his wrists and he heard a chain being passed from them to the thin collar around his neck. The point of the cane left contact and he looked over his shoulder just as the maid suddenly jerked the chain with all of the weight of her body. The links rattled through a ring on the collar, dragging his wrists high and Jamie tried to pull back. Now that his elbows bent, there was no stopping the

final tug as his wrists were dragged high up his back and Jamie almost felt as though his shoulders were about to be dislocated. The last 'please' uttered turned to a thin scream and the maid gave a last tug that tightened the chain another link.

"You were told to be obedient, boy. Don't cause me to have to discipline you..."

She turned on her heel and walked for the door and Jamie realised that what had just happened, the caning and the cuffs that wrenched at his body was not even a punishment to her. He has not been disciplined, by her lights, he had merely been asked...

The maid now ran her hand through his hair and Jamie looked at her neutral face. Clearly, she was responsible for his preparation and any punishment would fall on her head.

"Sir, stand up," she said and he managed to balance and get from his knees, his back bent as he tried to find a position that was bearable as his shoulders screamed with the agony of their twisted position.

"Now then, open wide, Sir," said the maid.

His mouth slowly opened and she seemed to want to peer into it. He opened wider and her face moved close to his and then suddenly her hand was there and something had been pushed into his mouth that felt like a gum-shield. It covered his teeth and he tried to bite down on it hard, break it with his teeth as he gagged. Whatever it was that she had slipped in, the reaction was not at all as he expected. Instead of resisting him biting, the device clamped tight around his teeth and there was a loud click as he closed his mouth.

Jamie tried to speak, but when he attempted to open his lips the infernal gag gripped his teeth and would not allow his jaw to open.

"There, Sir," said the maid. "That's better, isn't it? No possibility to argue now is there?"

There were words, but they were muffled and confounded by the gag and Jamie shook his head in anguish. He moaned and tried to speak, but all that came was a garbled noise from his pulled-back lips that defied all translation.

"Now the suit."

Jamie stood there, blushing, angry, frustrated, erect, fettered, collared and desperate to speak, but all that happened was that the maid

zipped him into a suit. There seemed no problem that the sleeves were empty, no problem that the collar of the shirt covered the steel one. That the trousers were pulled on with no pants, that a maid had to tie his laces.

"Perfect, Sir," said the maid, just as Miss Thirty re-entered the room. "He is ready," and she waited while Miss Thirty straightened the tie and ran her fingers over his body to take out the creases.

"Good, quite presentable," said Miss Thirty. "You may leave, I shall take it from here."

The maid left the room and Miss Thirty made a few small adjustments and then inspected the gag.

"Amazing," she said. "Everyone bites down without realising that the grip comes from that first bite! If you are a good boy I will take it out..." she said as she slapped his face lightly. "You have to understand that there is nothing that you can do to stop this wedding, even if you wanted to. Which you don't. Do you?"

Jamie shook his head in the hope that she would relent and remove the gag, but Miss Thirty just smiled and slipped her hands down his trousers and stroked his cock. The response was immediate and she enjoyed teasing him a little and then her hand slipped out.

"My, you are an eager little boy, aren't you? Well that's all to the good. You will be a good boy and then maybe you'll get a little more playtime?"

Jamie nodded and looked longingly at her hands.

"You want more? Mm, not sure if that's allowed... You are going to be good?"

He nodded furiously and Miss Thirty laughed. How easy to play with men! They all thought that sex was just sex. That love was love and that promises were made to be broken. All he had to do was be a good little boy for a few minutes and then... the crèche would take him into its jaws.

Her hand moved over his face and Jamie pursed his lips. A finger pressed between his lips and there was a click. The gag fell into her palm and she smiled.

"You see, if you are good... all things come!"

"Oh, thank you, thank you," he said as if she had not been the one that had gagged him in the first place. "I promise that I'll be quiet."

"Shhh..."

Her hand slipped back in to find the cock was approaching the size that it had been last night. When it had filled her to the brim, fucked her so perfectly, rammed against her clitoris. The memory filled her with liquid bliss, the remembrance being so sweet, but now the locks were closing her, and the temptation no longer existed. She teased a little and then pulled free again.

"If you are a good boy, then *after* the ceremony, there will be playtime," she hinted.

The words filled his head. After the ceremony, would he be allowed to fuck her again? Would he, would he? His eyes filled with tears, but even Miss Thirty could not decide if it was the agony of the collar and cuffs or the denial of her teasing that caused them to run free.

Miss Thirty attached the leash at her belt to the collar and led Jamie down through the castle. A few women stood laughing as Jamie was walked through them and one of them groped his stiff cock and slapped his ass as he passed. Then he was in the hall that had been decked for the ceremony.

Miss Thirty took him to a seat on the back row and pushed him to sit.

"Be patient, boy. In twenty minutes it starts. I will be next to you and you will behave and not disturb the ceremony. Do you understand? You may not be gagged, but just remember..."

Her hand extended and he saw the mechanical gag in her palm.

Jamie nodded and Miss Thirty slipped to the seat beside him. Her hand slowly unzipped his trousers and she idly played with him.

"You see? Be a good boy and this will be so much fun for us both!"

He looked to his left, but the girl in pink beside him was staring straight ahead, pointedly avoiding looking at the monster that sprang from his lap.

The next quarter of an hour were a blend of agony and ecstasy for Jamie. The hard chair bit into his back where his arms pulled savagely at his shoulders. A clever hand slowly played with him. Raising him a little, allowing him to fall. Occasionally scratching a little and then slipping to

his balls to knead them in Miss Thirty's palms. The seats filled from the front to the back. Only women seemed to have been invited. Most in evening gowns, one or two in frocks or plain leather suits. Jamie saw the smiles on their faces as they looked down at the hand that played with him, but the embarrassment only seemed to make him more excited. Miss Thirty smiled wanly at each and one or two blew small kisses to her.

The last to enter the room was Mrs Kurt.

She looked perfect in her pink taffeta dress, and it caused a ripple of appreciative gossip around the room. The bride's parents now sat at the front and moments later music started. A slow march that filled the hall with its stately tones as the groom approached. Eric caught his son's eye and tried to smile, but his guilt and anger had not yet subsided and he immediately looked straight ahead and finally came to a halt by the flower decked altar.

The music swelled and the bride entered on the arm of her father.

He looked insignificant next to his daughter, a normal man in the presence of a glowing sexual goddess. She wore a vast silk dress that belled from her waist, breasts tumbling forward, barely restrained, a veil that covered nothing, heels that spiked the floor. Following the father of the bride and the bride herself, the registrar who stood tall in his suit, and patiently waited while the bridesmaids arranged Miss Ingrid's dress as she turned.

The hand that teased Jamie slowly ran from one end of his cock to the other. Fingers gripping and nails scoring the length until the nails circled the tip of his cock and another appeared from his left to stroke the shaft.

Jamie gasped, the only sound over the rustle of the bride's dress.

Eric looked disapprovingly at his son as his hand was taken by the bride.

The hand retreated, and another took on its work.

Jamie turned to see whose hand played with him, and saw a young girl sitting next to him in a bright dress. As he looked at her, she turned and smiled at him, her lacquered pink lips opening slightly, her breasts showing enticingly from above. Coquettish and perhaps just eighteen, she licked her lips salaciously, her hand moved to start with playing him as the ceremony moved on without him. His mind was slipping, pinned to his seat he was helplessly falling.

The registrar had been speaking, but all Jamie could hear was a singing in his ears a vast pressure boiling and seething as the girl in pink slowly

lowered her head. Miss Thirty gripped his giant cock in her hand, holding it to meet the pink lips. Blonde pigtails with bright ribbons passed Jamie's sight and then the warm wetness took him, past tongue and teeth, deep into throat and neck.

At the front of the chapel, Eric and Ingrid recited their traditional oaths, the registrar signed under their marks and slipped from a door behind the altar leaving the bride with her arm around Eric and a gentle ripple of clapping that swept the small audience.

It was at that moment, that Jamie's cock erupted into those pink lips. Jetted deep in the willing throat, spewed its filth as Miss Thirty's hand crushed his balls in her palm. Her fingers closed hard, nails pressed like talons and Jamie screamed.

Ear splitting, a siren whine that came from the bottom of the lungs.

A yell that almost split the hangings and splintered the windows.

Half the audience jumped in shock, the other half turned to look. Jamie sat with tears in his eyes, the girl in Pink beside him licked her lips and Miss Thirty just rolled his balls in her palm and slowly closed her talons again until Jamie knew that she could crush him once more.

Eric and his bride swept down the narrow aisle and Eric pulled her to a stop as he was by his son.

"Not another word Jamie! Go! Go to University, fuck off..."

"Dad!" said Jamie in a plaintive tone, "Please, Dad!"

His father turned his head and left with his fresh bride. Following them a procession. From the front rows to the back, they followed the newly married couple and filed out of the hall.

The girl beside Jamie turned and kissed his lips. A musty smell came to his nose a moment and then she curtsied and stood waiting as Mr Kurt walked slowly down the aisle to stand looking down at Jamie.

"My dear boy," he said slowly in a heavy French accent. "You really must learn to restrain yourself, or else it will have to be done for you!" He laughed at his small joke before continuing, "Perhaps you will join me later in my chambers?"

Jamie nodded and opened his mouth to speak. The hand on his balls closed a little and Jamie closed his mouth. Miss Thirty smiled. Mr Kurt

looked at the girly-girl in pink beside him and stroked her breasts lightly through her dress.

"Yes, I think that you will be perfect for me," he breathed. "A little fresh air is needed now and again. Something new, something that has not been broken yet..."

His words were almost inaudible and Mr Kurt looked to where the column of guests was already entering for the reception.

"I have to join the party," he said reluctantly. "But don't worry, I'll be back for you when I have time. This is going to be such fun."

Mr Kurt's hand slapped the bottom of the girl in pink lightly and left the hall. For all the world an absent-minded country gentleman. Jamie shuddered. The girl in pink stepped away and Jamie turned to his guardian.

"Oh God, I have to speak to my father, I have to talk to Eric... For God's sake let me go. Just a minute, just a moment, please, please."

"I really don't think that he wants to talk to you, boy," she replied.

"I have to, really, I have to apologise, I have to tell him that I love him, I have to..."

A line of darkness descended over Jamie's eyes. As he begged, the pretty girl had taken the hood behind Jamie's chair, opened it and suddenly she bagged his head in a single swift movement. A tug at the drawstrings and his voice was just a muffled babble.

Miss Thirty sighed and looked at the girl in pink smiling proudly as if her best accomplishment was more than just sucking cock like a vacuum. Then she looked down toward the muffled shouts that the fettered man in the bag was uttering.

They were all the same!

Men!

A hand on a cock, a finger up the ass, a twiddle of a nipple, a breath in the ear. Easy to fuck, easy to lay aside! Once screwed *always* forgotten, perpetually trying to get back up to where they had come from, a woman's cunt. Liars and tricksters and bad at it. Cuckolds and wankers, users and dealers. Called women '*whore*' and then fucked every hole they could find in the dark. If there was no hole to be had, then their own

fist would do, while thoughts turned to perversion and rape and they pumped themselves dry.

They were all the same, obsessed with sex, easily fucked over.

They were all the same, panting dogs, all easily guided.

This one was ready to be shown that he was a slut.

His new owner would just love to play with him.

In the end, he would even love himself.

Part 4

Calligraphy

Penmanship. Sharpen Nibs

Jamie sat in the dark.

The room was lit by the rays of the afternoon sun. Hazed by a thin alto cumulus, it diffused and spun its webs through trees and bushes. Gleamed on the placid water that looped the château high on its rock. Streamed in through the open window and suffused the delicate lace curtains with a glowing nimbus.

In the midst of all of that glorious light, in the centre of the barred room, there sat Jamie in the darkness's. The two dark places that were his to inhabit. One, the darkness of his mind, the utter despair that consumed him and ate away at his sanity. That darkness would have been enough for any man. But the cruelty was, that one darkness encapsulated the other. Like Russian Dolls, one inside the other, the second darkness enclosed him.

If possible even more completely.

The hood that was pulled over Jamie's features was so much more than a mere hood. It was the darkness that lay between him and the light. The prison that he carried with him. He knew that he was on a chair, his ankles were fixed to the legs with chains that rattled. He knew that he was not naked, they had dressed him. He knew that he was in the hands of degenerates and perverts, the fondling and soft feminine laughter had proved that. He knew that he was helpless, his hands pulled tight up his back gave witness. He knew that he was excited, the stiffness of his cock was the sign.

So...

Jamie sat in the light and the darkness, the shade and beams of the sun as he waited for some terrible new event to transpire and show him why he was fettered and restrained. His father with his new bride, the woman that had bent him to her will. The woman who had pushed Jamie's mother from his father's mind. The mother of Miss Ingrid a smiling demoness and the strange château, filled with silence and obedience where all toiled for the amusement of just a very few.

The sun shifted.

The shadows moved, but all around, Jamie was silence, though the whispering in his mind would not cease. He practiced words of apology, words of contrition, words that would tear his father's heart. His lips moved, but all they kissed was the inside of the hood that covered his eyes.

A door handle turned with a creak and the bolt was withdrawn. For a brief moment there was the sound of distant chatter, wafts of music that echoed through long corridors and then once again the slight click as it closed. Someone was in the room with him, a presence was undeniably there and Jamie's head turned as a slight rustle of clothing, a footfall nearby made him turn his head. The movement caused him to groan as his shoulders pulled from his frame and he fought a cramp that extended from arms to neck.

"Perfect..." The voice was Mr Kurt's, the slight susurrations of dry hands rubbing together in satisfaction. "Now let me see!"

Mr Kurt walked slowly around the young man who was displayed in the sunlight, enjoying this moment that was so special. The degenerate artist considering his subject, looking for possibilities and opportunities. Making decisions about how this new plaything would be recreated as a true work of art in the round.

Jamie held his breath as something touched him lightly on his thighs.

A sexual tension gripped the victim, a sexual high took Mr Kurt to a new level of perception. These were treasured moments that he wished could last forever. A fleeting time of raised consciousness that was so honey sweet.

It was over, the decisions had been made.

"My dear boy, what were you thinking?" asked Mr Kurt kindly.

"I'm so sorry..."

"All the sorry's in the world won't save you," said Mr Kurt as his hands slowly undid the ties on the hood. "You see, my wife has decided that she does not need you and my daughter has decided that you would just be in the way of the deeply carnal domestic life that she has planned for your father."

"I don't understand."

"You really don't do you, boy?" asked Mr Kurt. "So naïve."

The hood lifted and Jamie found himself blinded by the light in the room. His eyes blinked and watered and then his vision resolved. Mr Kurt stood behind him, out of sight.

"What am I doing here?" asked Jamie, fearing an answer.

"Nothing yet, but looking cute," came the chuckle from behind. "Don't worry your silly little head about it all, there is nothing for you to do. I will make all the decisions for you. All you have to do is look fragrant like a rose!"

"I need to speak to Eric," said Jamie.

"Eric doesn't want to speak to you. I must admit that I agree with him! You are just the sour apple in the barrel. All you would do is sow doubt in him as he begins a journey that he has longed for."

Jamie's eyes cleared of the tears and he struggled to look around at Mr Kurt, but the collar held him fast and his whole body was wracked with pain. He gasped and managed to control his breathing before the smooth voice behind him spoke again.

"You too are about to start a journey," said the voice with a hint of a German accent. "Something that you will resist, a path that you will challenge, but in the end, you will find that it brings you close to your father..."

A small whine issued from Jamie's lips and a hand patted him on the head. Mr Kurt's voice took on a business-like air.

"Now then, don't worry your silly head about it. Just allow me to decide everything for you. In a little time you will find yourself having so much fun that you will forget everything and be begging to stay with me. I know what is best for you, I know what you can be if you really try hard. All you have to do is take one day at a time while I practice my art."

"Oh God, please..."

There was short sharp laugh from behind and Mr Kurt patted Jamie's head and then slid his fingers down the long ponytail that hung down his victim's back.

"There are no gods here but me," said Mr Kurt with a philosophical air. "Endless Goddesses, but just one God." His voice became wistful and his soliloquy became for his own ears with Jamie as a meaningless listener.

"My dear wife longs to own everything, but she knows that I can easily escape because of New York and the board."

Jamie could make no sense of the words, but did not dare break the thoughts that were uttered by the strange man that spoke them.

"I am going to leave you in their hands, because I have to travel to Paris and London on a little business trip. This wedding was so inconvenient, really it was, but when my wife decides on something, she really just cannot be moved from the idea."

A small chuckle and he spoke directly to his victim.

"Don't worry, I will return to paradise where you will be waiting for me! Meanwhile, enjoy yourself in my little domain and allow the child in you to be set free."

"The pain... I can't stand it..." whined Jamie as he shuddered with discomfort.

"Just a trivial introduction to my world. I promised to show you my domain and here you are!" laughed Mr Kurt. "Soon you will not notice the cramps and distortions of the shackles and you will realise that there are other things that are *far* more important. My angels will prepare you, my neophytes will tempt you and my converts will play with you!"

The sound of retreating footsteps and the click of the door opening.

Mr Kurt had a parting word to say before he left.

"This is heaven and this is hell," he chuckled as he allowed himself to wax lyrical in his exhilaration at the sight of the fettered young man in the centre of the room. "My heaven, your hell! Just be glad that you are not in Mrs Kurt's little playground! Dolly will look after you."

The door closed and once again Jamie was alone in the darkness. The hood was gone. He could see the light, but in his mind, the darkness of a terror so deep that he could almost not breathe took him and he broke down and cried.

Rasping breath, horror and anticipation. Thoughts of panic.

Jamie sat on the chair and struggled to look down despite the terrible agony that it engendered. He rolled his eyes and saw that his knees were covered in pink. A stretchy lycra covering that smoothed his lap except where his cock stood and bent the fabric. It was all that he could see of himself and any attempt to move further simply brought on a fit of convulsions that caused him to sit upright once more and regard the window.

Bars on the window.

Beyond was the wall of a lightwell broken by just one other opening. The roof cut the sky with the sun above. That opposite window was dark and in shadow and Jamie rolled his eyes to see the rest of his room. Pink curtains, frilled and full length. Pink carpet to the walls, even he was in pink. His mind struggled to imagine what Mr Kurt had decided for him and his cock slowly became lifeless as his fears rose. It was quite clear that he was in the grip of degenerate and controlling criminals. Mr Kurt, his wife and daughter, a castle full of servants a limitless potential for immoral acts.

At last, Jamie managed to control his breathing and attempted to relax. The brief rest brought new cramps and twitches and he straightened his back to relieve the stress. Now at last he felt that he could function and think. He moved his fingers, or at least he thought that he did, because they were numb and felt swollen with the cuffs that held them pulled high. He felt a small movement at the base of his neck and ordered them to clench again.

There was no doubt about it!

His arms had been doubled back so tightly that his fingers touched his neck. Elbows twisted aslant, shoulders almost pulled from their sockets, at the brink of dislocation. The effort brought a sweat to his brow that trickled stinging into his eyes. Once again, he straightened and felt a slight ease of the distortion that had been forced upon him.

Jamie's mind ranged over the last days.

The argument at home, the trip to France and the terrible temptation that had arrived in the night. As he thought of the stretched latex of the night visitor to his room, his cock responded and sprang free of his thighs. How was it possible? Possible that the restriction and abuse excited him? He thought of the bride and the pink slut that had lowered to fill her cherry lips with his cock. The terrible cry that had accompanied his climax and the utter relief of gushing into that throat while the woman beside him crushed his balls in her fist.

Most of all, the despising look of his father as he walked past his son and disowned him with a look of utter dislike.

How long he sat, struggling in mind and body, Jamie could not tell. The sun dipped over the rooves and shadows crept from his feet across the pink of the carpet. His arms became thankfully numb, his shoulders just a minor discomfort and still he sat waiting.

The click of the door was so loud in the silence that Jamie almost jumped.

Footsteps behind him.

"Time to go to bed," said a female voice.

Jamie recognised the tone and forgot himself. His attempt to stir brought fresh agony as a second voice joined the first with a honey sweet Chinese lilt.

"It will be a long day tomorrow and you have to be up at dawn, Baby! A little rest will be good for you."

"Let me go! I promise..."

"Ooh, it promises! What does it promise? That it will be nice and obedient?" came Miss Thirty's voice.

"Yes, yes, anything!"

A hand patted Jamie's head and he saw movement out of the corner of his eyes. A blonde head, pigtails and pink ribbons, the satin on her back as hands unclasped his ankles. Suddenly the taut pull of the shackles was released and Jamie's legs came free. The release was sudden, took much of the stress from him and was followed by terrible cramps as the blonde clipped a short chain between the cuffs that clasped his ankles.

"Open wide!"

Miss Thirty's whispered words in his ear caused Jamie to stretch his jaw and he felt her slender hands slip something between his teeth.

"There, that's better! I just hate it when they keep on begging!"

Her words brought a giggle from the blonde at his feet and she looked up at Jamie's face with wide eyes. Jamie felt the ring in his mouth, a short tube that passed his lips and penetrated his mouth. He might have struggled, resisted as the straps were drawn around his head by the unseen Miss Thirty, but the face that looked up at him caused him to feel alarmed.

She was so very, very pretty, but the face was also shocking in its doll-like beauty. A marionette, a cartoon creation made real, skin almost so tight and smooth that there was no emotion, Japanese with the sharp definition of a baby Manga girl. The mouth was sweet, tiny and open, the huge eyes, wide almonds with long fluttering lashes. As she moved to stand, Jamie saw the large naked breasts with delicate pink nipples and the smooth belly that led to the triangle between her creamy white

thighs. The dress was open baring all and his gaze rolled down the smooth skin to take in all of her. All of this was entrancing and so sweet, but the huge slack cock that hung down, almost to her candy-striped knees caused his mind to become chaotic.

She smiled sweetly, her candy lips almost pouting and her hands dropped to stroke that alarming cock with gentle touches. Jamie felt the buckle tighten, but the sight of the picturesque nightmare gripped him. One hand gripped the hanging manhood while the other reached behind her, out of sight.

"You like me?" said the Japanese girl sweetly.

Jamie tried to nod and a dribble of saliva issued from his gag.

"Oh dear," said the dolly. "We can't have you dribbling like that, can we?"

Jamie heard a chuckle from behind him as Miss Thirty enjoyed the moment.

The hand that stroked the cock speeded, it swelled, it grew rigid. What had already been the length of the girl's lower arm grew and grew. It bloated to become a colossus that stood from her, draining her pallid complexion of what little colour remained. It stood, fondled and teased, the veins bulging, the head emerging into sight, a blasphemy on the small frame of the cute marionette whose lips smiled even though the rest of her face remained as it was.

Never had he seen something so frightening, as the tiny hand teased the bulbous tip and parted the lips of it before retreating to slow movements that ran the full length. Hypnotised and frightened, Jamie felt a response between his thighs and the dolly looked down and cooed.

"You *do* like me," she whispered. "That's so good..."

For a moment she fluttered her lashes and pouted and there was small sound, a slight pop of release. The hand that was behind her body reappeared. In it was a small round object with a chain dangling. Jamie watched her hand come to his face and tried to move to the side, but the object followed and was planted in the hole of his gag. The tiny hand clipped the end of the chain to his collar and a satisfied and elated look came into the wide eyes that held him fast in their gaze.

"That's better," said the dolly. "So much better plugged and ready..."

Her finger pressed on the plug and she smiled.

"May I?" asked the dolly.

"Dolly, you are such a tease!"

"Oh, please, please can I?"

Jamie's head was spinning, the giant prick filled his vision as the hand that could not even encircle its girth moved with oily strokes and then fondled the low hanging balls beneath.

"This time, Dolly, but you will have to wait, because I need you tonight."

Dolly's face was expressionless, there was no hint of her disappointment and her hand dropped from her balls as she kneeled at Jamie's feet.

"I think that our guest needs it," said Miss Thirty with a small laugh. "It will help him sleep tight... Nice and slow, we have all the time in the world before he goes to his cot."

Jamie struggled to look down as he felt Dolly's hands slowly tease his skirt over his thighs. Knees, thighs and then the standing manhood that was rigidly proud. Dolly pursed her tiny mouth and kissed. Slipped the tight lips over Jamie and then slowly sucked him in.

"Dolly is such a tantalising little slut," said Miss Thirty as Jamie gasped. "Especially created for her owner's own cock. A perfect fit!"

Dolly looked up, her mouth at the root of him and she fluttered her eyelashes as she slowly pulled up.

"Is that good?" said Miss Thirty as her hands moved to Jamie's face and fondled the plug and chain. "Does the thought of her eager cock make you hard?"

Jamie groaned. His tongue explored the inside of the plug and then pulled back in terrible realisation that it was shaped like the apex of Dolly's prick and he remembered where it had been!

"It's her gift to you," said Miss Thirty. "Dolly is so generous, because she so loves being filled full in her tender sissy-pussy, so be grateful for the offering ..."

Long strokes. In and out, Dolly teased with tongue and then plunged down to swell her throat with Jamie's cock. Each stroke brought him closer to a climax that was perversion of his sexuality. He could feel the build-up of an irresistible force in his groin, a clenching that caused him

to cry out, but all that came was a groan in his throat as he approached orgasm.

He wanted it, he resisted it, he could not stop the feeling.

"There, that's enough," said Miss Thirty. "Let's save it for later! He has a lot to learn."

On a final upstroke, Dolly puled free and pouted. She licked her shiny lips with a tiny tongue and then stood. Her cock stood like a pole from her, engorged with the excitement that filled her, but obediently, she put her hands behind her back while a small dribble issued from Jamie's cock, wetting the pulled-up dress as he whined with a hollow bleat.

"Dolly is such a little sadist. You'd never think that such a cute little gurl could so long to choke the life out of every man that she meets!"

Jamie looked up at the cute bitch and shuddered.

"Now then, on with his nighty and it's off to bed with him," said Miss Thirty. "Then you can finish playing for an hour before coming to my room. Make sure that you are ready for me... no sly little wanking, I want it all!"

Dolly curtsayed and a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Please Miss, pleeeeeease," she implored.

Miss Thirty chuckled and moved to stand behind her little temptress.

"I am in charge while Mr Kurt is away," said Miss Thirty with a conceited tone. "This is a chance to show Mistress that I can be trusted with my own keys. No matter how you plead, I decide if you come or not and I have to say that so far I am just a little displeased with you begging me all the time."

"But, Mr Kurt allows it..."

"No argument, Dolly. Mr Kurt is not here! My rules are all that you have to worry about. Now pop along and play with the others and then come to my room when I am ready for you."

Dolly made an enchanting curtsey and swanned from the room while Miss Thirty looked down at Jamie and pursed her lips.

"Stand," she ordered.

Jamie struggled to control his thighs and lifted from the chair to slump back down again. He tried again and this time he managed to stand wobbling on his feet while Miss Thirty bent the slim cane in her hands and watched him.

"You really will have to learn to obey me the first time," she said. "You are to be prepared for Mr Kurt's use in just two months. When I count the endless list of work that needs to be done on you, I am starting to think that I had better show you how this is going to go... there are no choices, just helpless obedience and devotion."

Jamie straightened his back slowly. In her heels she was a few inches taller than him. With his arms bound and the cane in her hand it was clear who would be the winner if he was foolish enough to resist.

"The easy way," she said. "Obey, obey, obey! The difficult way, punishment at every step of the way."

At the word 'every' the cane was raised and swung to lay clear across the back of Jamie's thighs.

"Do you understand?"

Jamie nodded and swayed on his feet. Now that his thighs were no longer numb, the sting of the cane was an intense fire that caused him to sob.

"Good, then that's settled, boy. Come with me..."

She turned and opened a door. Jamie half hopped and walked to keep up with the stride and followed her down the corridor before she stopped at a door and opened it.

"This is your room! This is where you will wait for your lessons. When you are ready for use, you will be permitted to have one of the sissy rooms reserved for those cute little whores that Mr Kurt decides to favour. If you displease him, you will be disposed of. Do you understand?"

Jamie managed to nod.

"In!"

The room was a bare cell in the centre of which stood a small cot. Rather, it was a cage on legs. A rubber sheet stretched over the bars that made up its base. Miss Thirty brushed past him and opened the lid and one side, making a movement with her hand to order him to climb in.

"Not like that, idiot," she scolded as he entered face down. "How can you be fettered properly like that?"

Getting into the cage-cot face up proved to be difficult and Miss Thirty used the cane to speed Jamie up.

"There that's better," she said as she lifted the side and lowered the top.

The bars were wide and she slipped her hands into the cot and picked up a chain that drooped from a corner by his folded legs.

"Every night you will be chained to remind you that you are nothing but a work in progress," muttered Miss Thirty as she undid the chain between his ankles and started to bind him. "There, that's one..."

Jamie made a noise in his throat. His bladder was full to bursting and he whined piteously. Miss Thirty paused and looked down and then smiled before patting his exposed belly.

"That will have to wait until morning," she smiled. "Hold onto it boy! Or you will lap up every drop that is there in the morning!"

One by one she found chains and attached them to Jamie until he was held in a grip that allowed no movement. His feet at each corner, held tight and straight, his collar fixed to four more and finally two cuffs at his bent knees that opened his thighs to the edges of the cage. Miss Thirty pulled at the chains and seemed satisfied that Jamie was immobile before her hand slipped between his thighs and pulled at his balls.

"There, that's perfect. Sleep tight, because tomorrow your new life starts for real!"

Miss Thirty laid the cane on the bars of the cage where Jamie could see it and moved to the door. Her hand hovered on the light-switch and she smiled.

"Mr Kurt has such exquisite taste," she said.

A finger touched the switch and suddenly the lights brightened to a blue-white glare. For a moment, even Miss Thirty seemed shocked by the brightness. The door closed with a slam of metal on metal and Jamie started to sob.

His breath came in gasps and he tried to move on the hard bars to take some of the weight that rested on his arms. The dress rolled up to become a cylinder of lycra around his waist and then it began.

A white noise sound that lasted a second before a deafening voice filled the room.

"Fuck-doll, pleasure-puppet, always eager, always eager, always eager to please, fuck-doll..."

The voice was so loud that Jamie almost felt it split his head in two. It filled him with agony as it turned to a moan of pleasure and then the sound of wet flesh and sucking.

"So good, more, more, more..."

Jamie cried out in anguish.

"I need to fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you..."

Jamie closed his eyes, but the intense light filled his vision with the pink of his eyelids.

"Lick me, lick me, make me come, make me come, make me come..."

He shuddered, the chains rattled and the slack was taken in by the mechanism of the cot. Every movement pulled him tighter, every pull was riposted with a reaction of more stress, more tension until at last he could move no more. Not even shudder.

And the voice filled his head.

And the sight of Dolly's cock was burned on his retinas.

"Make me come, make me come, make me come..."

Penmanship. Pestle and Ink

What was his condition?

Who would he be?

What was he?

Only his wife could decide.

Eric's eyes followed the leash that hung in an arc from his collar. A slender, insubstantial, braided thong, from her hand to his throat and he knew that he was unable to resist. Led to the bedroom by that gloved hand, in thrall, hopelessly in love with perfection.

There was no duress, only compulsion. This was what he wanted.

Her heels resonated on the flagstones of the broad stairs, his own barefooted tread unheard. Nothing had ever been like this before, everything was just a curtain raiser for this moment. Everything he had dreamed of, everything that he desired. The slow walk to the bedroom that he would share. The slow swing of her hips, the single thin line that joined him to her hand.

Whatever she did was what he craved. Everything.

Miss Ingrid, still a Miss despite the ceremony, still a Mistress, though married. She led him upward while the guests stood in the entrance hall of the château and watched the happy couple ascend. The ceremony, the approved form for the registrar and then a gathering of like minds. A small speech by the bride's mother, Mrs Kurt smiled at her daughter while her husband sat amongst the ferocious women who gave him a brief brevet rank to join them. Eric watched with wide eyes as his glorious painting was displayed and admired, the admiration unaffected and honest while the bride ordered a maid to undress her groom so that he could take his place behind her high-backed chair.

Eric stood long hours, motionless, but the time fled by as the ten-course meal was served and the guests enjoyed being in coequal companionship. He watched as his new wife chattered and sipped her Champagne, casually dropping the handle of the leash over the carved roses on her chair as they stood in small groups and savoured the ambience. The women were such a remarkable and extraordinary group that Eric found himself being absorbed by the drama of their revelry.

Old and young, middle-aged and mature. Women who would have been any man's fervent daydream, others that would have been unattractive had they been at all ordinary. Patiently he stood as the groups formed and moved to new configurations, occasionally being permitted to overhear a little conversation that fascinated with its implications. It was an hour into the soiree that Eric realised that his son was not present in the room. He and Mr Kurt seemed to be the only men in the room.

He waited until it seemed that his wife was not in a conversation and asked.

"Your son decided that he was leaving," said Mrs Kurt before her daughter could answer, "and I have to say that the lack of him is not a deficit..."

Eric nodded and stood still. Glad that the boy was not present to spoil the atmosphere, see how his bride had stripped him, and his real enjoyment of his extraordinary wedding. He was glad that they had not taken exception to his query. At last it seemed that the event was drawing to a close and Miss Ingrid took the slender leash in her hand and gave a small tug to show her husband that he was required.

The newlyweds climbed the stairs and Eric felt his heart beat in his ears. What would happen, what was in store? Now at last it was really starting, this new life of his and he hoped and prayed that she would be gentle with him.

A maid carrying a candle led the way from the top of the stairs to the bridal suite. Opening the door wide she bowed her head as the couple entered and Eric gasped at the vast bed and the hundreds of candles that flickered in every part of the room. Handfuls of rose petals had been strewn on the bed, the covers turned back while two maids arrived to divest the bride of her gown.

Miss Ingrid stretched her arms as the maids hung a long negligee on her body and arranged it just so. They offered her high mules to slip on her feet and a little perfume was misted over her body before she slipped into bed and sighed with the coolness of the silken sheets.

"Darling," said Miss Ingrid to Eric. "Now that you are my husband you have a very special privilege..."

"Miss Ingrid," he replied.

The first words spoken for hours.

He longed to slip into that vast silken battleground, but his wife had hitched his leash to a hook on the wall and it was clear that he was not permitted to unhook it.

Miss Ingrid stretched and slowly spread herself on the bed with a lazy taunting show of feminine allure. Eric watched and winced as his erection was controlled and suppressed by his restraint, admiring the woman that he had married. The woman that seemed in no hurry to take him into her bed.

"Mama chose you for me..." she said.

"Your mother is a beautiful woman," said Eric, unsure what to say.

"Mmm," replied Miss Ingrid, "but, with a heart of darkness that matches my own!"

Eric did not dare agree with his wife. It seemed that he would not be permitted to enlarge on the comment, only a daughter could judge Mrs Kurt, the son-in-law had not yet earned that right.

"Do you know why?"

As Miss Ingrid spoke she lazily reached out her hand behind her and when it reappeared, a wicked crop sprang from her fist.

Eric shook his head in answer and his wife laughed at his terror of her. His eyes focussed on the crop, the braided leather with gleaming steel protrusions the length of it.

"Of course you don't, Pookie! Would you love to know?"

Now he nodded 'yes' and she laughed again and slapped the crop on the bed hard. When it lifted, Eric realised that the silk of the sheets was sliced where it had drawn across the bed.

"It's so obvious, darling Pookie, you have a function for which you are ideally suited. In fact, perfectly! Perhaps, if you can show me tonight how much you love me, perhaps then I will tell you or perhaps you will just have to find out as it unfolds."

Eric shuddered as the hand with the crop pointed at the maid in the shadows and flicked. The maid moved, stepped decorously across the room and moved to a narrow door and stood with a bunch of keys in her hand.

Eric felt a quiver of anticipation. This was a test, a trial, an ordeal that would make the wedding night exceptional for her, he could feel it in her whole demeanour.

"Ah, my wedding night Pookie, the night when I decide how the rest of our married life will be... Can you become what I want in a husband, or will you just be trodden under my heels and become my slave?"

"I hope to please you," said Eric as he watched the maid open the door to reveal a barred inner door.

The inner door swung open at the maid's touch and her hand extended into the darkness and came back into view with the handle of a leash. A moment later a strange figure emerged on hands and knees. Masculine, muscled, the white scars of punishment criss-crossing the taut flesh, a hood pulled tight over his head, the maid led the impressive pet slowly across the room to the edge of the bed where Miss Ingrid waited with a sly smile on her face.

"Are you a jealous man, Pookie?" she asked.

"I am grateful for whatever you consent to allow me," said Eric, but he looked at the pet and was envious of him.

"The first little test," laughed Miss Ingrid. "Every husband should allow his wife a *little* amusement, that is what marriage is all about! Give and take... you give and I take, that is how it is going to be, Pookie, is that what you want?"

Miss Ingrid slowly unwound, stretched and moved to drop her stilettoed feet to the carpet, while her pet stayed perfectly still at the end of the maid's leash. His cock was jerking in anticipation while Eric's wife slid her feet to the floor and opened her thighs.

"I'm ready," said Miss Ingrid to the maid.

The maid gave a small tug on the leash and the pet raised his head. The smooth latex on his face followed every contour, except where the mouth was plugged, and the maid revealed the rubber object in her hand and screwed it firmly in place.

Ingrid smiled, her hand moving slowly through her slit as the maid walked the man forward until the wavering end of the dildo touched her dripping pussy. As her hands pulled at the faceless head she watched Eric. As the black rubber slid into her, she licked her lips and gasped. Eric was spellbound by her ache to be fucked.

"Foreplay," whispered Eric's wife as she pulled the masked face between her thighs. "I always start with something to arouse my desire!"

She gasped and pulled the smooth head between her thighs closer, her manicured hands spreading over the matte black. The red nails digging in like claws as she abandoned herself to the decadence. Controlling the fuck, her body rippling as she gasped. All the while, Miss Ingrid fixed her eyes on her new husband, sucked him in as though it was *his* watching her that made the climax whole. Her thighs trembled, her legs lifted, and she rested her heels on her pet's back, drawing up her legs, gouging with her heels as each tremble left a scored line on his back to match the older marks.

"This is what you want," she breathed, her eyes unfocussed as she came with a rising series of shudders that left the naked back scored with her spikes. "This is what I need from you! Obedience and submission."

Eric watched her hips lift and she pulled her slave home to press hard into her as she climaxed. Her lips opened, a moan issued from her throat and then she sighed and relaxed, still clutching the helpless head tight between her thighs. Abandonment to sheer pleasure, the command, the watching groom. Eric winced with the agony of his own excitement, but he was rivetted to the scene.

The maid, standing passively, the leash of the pet descending in a graceful arc. Watching as her mistress took what was hers by right. The trembling pet, on all-fours, crouched forward, pressing and trembling. A final gash on his back where the heels dug deep. Miss Ingrid, the centre of the universe, the woman who possessed him, breathing hard and smiling in satisfaction as she enjoyed the after-shocks of pure decadence.

The scene held, a tableau of exploitation before her hands pushed the pet from her with a suck as the long cock slipped from her and then drooped from the matt black mask. Her legs drive the points of her stilettos one last time into the taut flesh and then grazed the skin before lifting and setting down.

Eric imagined himself in that cage, waiting to serve her, waiting for release to serve and the thought sent a paroxysm of yearning through him. This is what he wanted, to show his wife just how much he needed to serve, to feel those spikes gouge his back to ribbons, to feel her hands guide his face and press it home for her enjoyment. Despite the cage that cramped his stiffening cock, despite the agony of the reaction as the needle-sharp points that pierced his tender flesh, Eric filled his restraint and felt oncoming climax. The torment merely making the moment an offering laid at her shrine.

Miss Ingrid unwound, lifted a long leg over the crouched nonentity that had brought such bliss and slowly stood. Her cunt gaped with its recent fuck, juices flowing down her thighs in streams of lust as she took the leash from the maid's hands and smiled at her waiting husband.

"Poor little Pookie," she breathed. "Watching his wife being fucked as he could never do! Aching to serve, waiting in the darkness of a hood that would make him nothing more than a tool for her pleasure!"

"Mistress..." said Eric. "I would do it all for you..."

"Would you do that for me?" she asked. "Wait in the darkness of a cage, hooded forever, longing for the moment when I need to be fucked?"

"Yes, Mistress!"

Eric's bride smiled and patted the smooth head of her slave.

"He loves to fuck me... he longs to join me in my bed," she murmured. "Feel my heels gouge him and cut him to ribbons, feel my crop cut him to shreds. Is that really what you want?"

Eric's eyes went to the helpless sex slave, the obscene prick that stood from his face, the scores that gouged his back and he felt himself nod. To wait in the dark, ennui filling every moment until at last he was led to serve the lust of the most beautiful woman that he had ever known. A fitting fate...

Miss Ingrid seemed almost amused by her husband's hypnotised agreement and she flexed a hand before searing a row of furrows in the hard muscle of her slave.

"He so wanted me," she sighed. "Wanted to fuck and own me. Just a man that thought that he could possess me like all of the rest, and then he found that I can never be possessed, found that his world was to be to wait for *my* pleasure. Hooded and chained, deprived of sensation except the precious moments when he is permitted to gratify me. A toy for my pleasure, like all men..."

Her hand ran to between the crawling man's thighs and her nails bit and scored the length of him before she lifted her clawed fingers and licked her nails with relish.

"All men want me, but none will ever do so... Not even you!"

Three steps and she was before him. Standing tall and looking down as he trembled with need. Her hand reached out and stroked his face,

gently from temple to chin. The needle points of her nails making him tremble with craving.

"I know that you would, Pookie! If I ordered you into the dark, took everything from you, your humanity, your manhood, your body mine to torment with exquisite agony, you would submit and beg for more..."

"I know..." whimpered Eric as her hand travelled down and fondled the metal cage, his tightly held balls and then scratching his thighs, making his hips jerk in desperation. "I would do it all for you..."

"That's all I need, Pookie," she breathed as her lips touched his. "It's all that Mamma wants."

He felt her hands on him, pulling off the steel that enclosed him, riving terrible cuts as it moved the length of him. He was free of it, free of the iron control that she had of him. The sound of the restraint dropping to the floor was a joy that Eric could not express. He longed to drop to his knees and beg her to hood him, close him in, cage him, make him helpless before her...

The light kiss became a hard pressure, her tongue pressing into him, raping his mouth, probing and taking him. Miss Ingrid's face pulled free and now she was so close that he could feel her breath and Eric was overwhelmed by perfume and lust. He pouted, but she shook her head ever so slightly.

"All those things that you drew, all of the acts of depravity and perversion," she breathed. "That is what I want from you, that is what you will give me! I have dozens of eager slaves to serve my pleasures, you Pookie are going to be a husband that journeys with me to the utter edges of gratification. You are going to travel the same journey that my father travelled with my mother..."

Eric listened, and his cock strained to reach to close the gap between his trembling body and her taut, ripe flesh. How could she know what he needed? How could she read his mind and flay him to his elementary urges? The maid had moved close to them, and she reached down out of his sight with her hands. Eric could not move his gaze from his wife's beautiful face, he felt as if he was drowning, slipping into an abyss that had no end.

"I will shape you, Pookie," breathed his wife. "Recreate you to become something extraordinary and corrupt. I am going to take everything from you and replace it with my own needs, all you have to do is to submit and you will find that cruel pleasure's will be all that you desire... Do you desire that, darling? Is that what you are prepared to do for me?"

Eric was almost sobbing with his yearning. His eyes filled with tears as her hand took his weeping cock and held it. He could feel her nails bite, the utter abandonment and love that filled him. The hand moving to pull him rigid, and then a tightness that pervaded his mind and prick.

"This is what I offer, you as my husband, Pookie," said Miss Ingrid. "Sheer pleasure in the humiliation and defilement of others. The pleasures of abuse, the climaxes that come from pain and ruination. The subtle gratification that will make your art soar on wings of pure corruption as you discover that tears and degradation are a lotion that will make every stroke of your cock so sweet that you become addicted to living in my world!"

Eric gasped, something had slipped over his aching cock. As his wife's hand left him and moved to press his head to her lips, he felt warm wetness and a manipulating tongue that soothed his abrasions, laved them in affection, teased the gold ring and then closed to tightness. Her lips touched to his, her tongue slipped inside as something hard reached the end of his cock.

The kiss broke and her smile filled his vision.

Eric thrust to take what he craved, his hard cock pressing home. Emotion melted and fused, his hands moved to his thighs and his palms felt the matte hood of the slave that he was planted in. Miss Ingrid's hands covered his and led them down the smoothed features of the male pet that choked on his prick. They directed his fingers to the short tube from the outcrop of the nose and then guided him to close it slowly as her thighs pressed the head of her pet hard into his groin.

"Make it suffer, control it, take whatever you want from it!" she breathed. "You control the fuck, you decide if your pet breathes..."

Her fingers closed on his, his fingers squeezed the tube and he felt a slight start from the pet as she forced the fuck-slave hard into him, pressing her streaming pussy against the laces at the back of its head. Thrilling herself with every push of her hips.

Eric's mind whirled, physical and mental capacities coming adrift as he fucked the throat of the helpless man, plunging deep and falling into the maelstrom as her lips sucked the essence of his desire like a sexual vampire savouring every drop of his lust.

He came and it was like no other climax that he had ever suffered.

An intensity of gratification as the pet struggled to satisfy, as the lips of his wife sucked at his essence on his own lips, as he realised that what

she wanted from him was all that he had ever desired. His pounding cock spewed deep on the instroke, fountaining long-held come in fountains of bliss.

He gasped, and his fingers relaxed. For a moment there was a sound of indrawn breath and then her fingers closed again on his.

"Make your slave take it all, Pookie, make the slut drink from you before it is allowed to live on..." she breathed.

Eric's knees almost gave as he withdrew from the hole that he had fucked. He looked down and felt a powerful urge to push home once more, make the man who suffered for his pleasure choke on his cock. As the ring that pierced his cock left the opening, come and spittle dripped from the opening and the tip of a tongue lapped the brass flange that was the only mouth that the pet possessed. His wife's hand moved, and her finger gathered the leaking come and slipped into the opening while his cock gave a last spurt that disappeared into the darkness.

"Perfect, Pookie! All the agony, all of the denial, all of the helpless waiting, all of it gone but for one *small* thing..."

"What's that Mistress?" mumbled Eric as he finally allowed the slave to breathe.

"Just one small thing that carries over from every new game that we play," she laughed. "The one thing that I will cultivate until it rules your life."

Eric looked up at her, hands with widespread fingers covered the back of his head and she held him in her gaze with an exultant smile.

"Your lust, Pookie, that is all I need! Your craving to gratify every tainted urge, to show me that you love me and that all you will ever want is to show me utter submission!"

Eric shuddered and watched a last drip stretch to fall from his sopping cock to fall and he knew that this was all that had ever wanted...

"Are you sure that you would wait in the darkness to please me now?" she asked. "Waiting for a cock to fill your throat and choke you while I climax from your fear?"

Eric looked down and nodded despite himself.

All he had to do was follow his cruel young wife.

Penmanship. Vellum & Parchment

Jamie's head pounded.

Lack of sleep, the words that still echoed in his head, the agony of being stretched, compressed, shackled and violated. The confusion of the erection that accompanied the pain, the bars of the cage that hemmed him in, the brightness of the strobing light that had blinded his senses.

The voice was still now, though the resonances that it had found resounded still. The light had become a mere sun that filled the cell with blue-white light, the contortions that had been forced on him had become a numbness that set his disordered mind floating in some internal space.

He did not even register the entry of Dolly into his cell. Just a movement that approached until at last her impassive caricature face looked down at him with its expressionless pouting image.

"Sleep well, Sissy?" lisped the mouth without even stirring the lips. "Time for you to get out of your lazy bed and start learning to be what your owner needs you to be..."

Jamie's mouth was dry, the savoury evil taste in his mouth robbing him of his words as he moved his lips in a helpless mockery. Dolly's hands moved through the bars of the cage and loosened the shackles that held Jamie immobile. The sudden release brought terrible pain to his limbs, his legs twitched, and his shoulders caused sharp agonies to make him twitch.

"Is that better?" said Dolly as her hands continued their work. "Today is such a special day, the start of the changes that will make you perfect for Mr Kurt. You should be so grateful that all of this attention is being given to you, that you are his latest little whore!"

Pins and needles, cramps and a lightheaded bewilderment.

"What does Sissy want?" asked Dolly as she opened the side and top of the cot at last.

Jamie tried to speak again in answer.

"Out it comes, Sissy, the nurse needs you scrubbed down," her hands undid a buckle, pulled it free before slowly taking the gag from Jamie's mouth. "Out comes the gag and then we can get you ready for Nursie!"

At last he could close his mouth and Jamie swallowed the terrible taste and managed to flex his legs.

"You can't stay there forever," said Dolly and she clipped a leash to his collar. "Out you come and let's get you showered and ready."

Her hands supported him and lifted him to his knees before she moved to unclip his arms from his collar.

"What do you say?" she said.

Perhaps there was a chuckle from Dolly as she planted a stilettoed foot on his back and tipped him forward. Jamie tried to break his fall with his hands, but his arms could not move and he fell to the soft carpet in a sprawl. Dolly stepped to his legs and moved them. Jamie tried to flex them, but the pins and needles, the cramp in his thighs allowed her to pull his knees under him. She attached a short chain between his wrists and then stood back. Jamie looked up to see her hands burrowing under her short dress before lifting the hem to display her enormous cock.

"Mistress says that if you misbehave, then I can punish you..." she said. "I hope that you are so naughty!"

The sight of Dolly massaging herself to a state of excitement, her giant prick rearing from her smooth groin, finally forced Jamie to pull his arms under his body and raise to kneel. Dolly's face seemed to register slight disappointment, though her features were hard to read.

"What do you want, Sissy?"

"Please, I just want to go home..."

"Tsk, ts, that's just not possible, Sissy! You are there already because *this* is your home now. You are going to be here for a long while, ooh, months at least as you learn your place. Now then, a shower first and then it's off to the clinic!"

Jamie cried out as he stood. Giddy and staggering he was led by his leash through to a bathroom in blinding white.

"Stand still, I have to attend to a few details," said Dolly.

Jamie flexed his jaw and it clicked, he stood swaying as Dolly turned the tap to cause a cascade of water to issue from the shower head in the corner of the bathroom. She lined up a brush, a sponge and soap and then pushed Jamie under the sheet of hot water. The sudden gush of

water over him made Jamie start, but it brushed away the confusion and when Dolly passed soap and sponge, he took them and started to clean himself. The pressure in his bladder was intense and the flowing water caused a release.

Dolly made no comment, but plied the long-handled brush as Jamie struggled with the sponge. His ankles and wrists were chained together, the tiled floor was slippery underfoot, the water filled his eyes as the brush and sponge cleansed sweat and fear from his reviving body.

Dolly's latex was splashed by the shower, the water cascaded into her uniform, forming a pool between her half-exposed breasts. It did not seem to concern her as she diligently scrubbed Jamie down until his skin felt raw with the strokes of the brush. For a moment, he felt her erection press against his thigh and she moaned softly, but then she sighed and pulled back to work her way one last time from head to feet. Steam filled the small room and Jamie felt an erection grow as small hands moved over him between his thighs.

"Now a small touch," she said. "Can't have you looking like this..."

A cut-throat razor appeared in her hand and Jamie cried out in fear.

"Stay still, Mistress will not be happy if you part company from all of this!", she pointed at his erection.

Her hand cupped his balls and played with his swelling cock as the razor moved closer and then rasped over his groin. The water swirled away the curly hair as she worked, and Jamie stood stock-still as it attended to every crease and corner. He watched her work, the tip of her tongue on her lips as she slid the edge of the razor with small movements that left his skin raw, but uncut.

Once his groin and between his legs was clear and smooth, Dolly worked her way down his legs.

"Hairy legs and stockings, faugh!" she exclaimed, and the words made Jamie twitch. "Hold still, Sissy, it all has to come off..."

He watched in wonder as she slid the blade and his legs became smooth and silky. Then his arms, his chest and she reached to trim around his hair line before moving to face him and raising the blade to his face.

"Last of all..." she muttered and the blade slid from chin to forehead.

Jamie dared not move as the touch of steel slid over his crawling flesh. He felt the water tumbling and washing away the hair that made him

masculine. An almost erotic experience that left him shocked by his own vulnerability.

"All done, now I need you out of the shower while I attend to the next little touches."

A tug at his sodden leash took him from the shower and Dolly carefully cut his nails and then slathered him in a cream that stung his raw shaved skin. He dared not speak, but there was nothing to say. He was helpless before her and she enjoyed intimate touches and cooed as she played with him a little as she worked. A finger probed his ass and then spread the cheeks wide before more cream was slathered in his crack. She rubbed her cock on his thigh again and sighed before she took tweezers and plucked his eyelashes and the remainder of his eye-brows.

"Now, we wait..."

"For?"

For the first time, true emotion came to her face. A small twitch of the lips that could have been a smile, a slight crease of her almond eyes and Jamie found himself in a terrible conflict. On the one hand, shock at the extreme feminine form that he felt such desire for, on the other, a fear of the perversion that had made a man into a fuck-Dolly with severe strokes of the surgeon's knife. The huge breasts, the rounded ass and impossibly tight waist, on the other a cock that was a deviant's wet-dream. As thick as her slim arm, as long as her forearms and their slender hands together. The low balls, swelled and hanging heavy as she moved.

"For this!"

Her hands urged him once more under the shower and once again she scrubbed his aching body, washing away the cream, entering every intimate crease of him, before finally leading him from the shower and inspecting his naked chained body with minute attention.

"In a month, you will need another session," she said as she towelled him down. "Until then, smooth and silky, sexy and so soft..."

As she finished drying his body, the bathroom door opened and cool air condensed the steam to vanish and Miss Thirty stood in the doorway.

"An hour, Dolly, a whole hour! Nurse is waiting for you already..."

"Please forgive me, Mistress," said Dolly. "First time always takes..."

"I hope that you have not been fooling around with it," said Miss Thirty with a grin. "It looks as though you have..."

Miss Thirty pointed at the erection between Jamie's legs.

Dolly shook her head and fluttered her eyelashes.

"Now then, hurry along to the clinic, I will be along there in a few minutes," said Miss Thirty. "As soon as it is delivered, get yourself presentable and meet me there. No dilly-dallying!"

After the shower, at last the effects of the terrible night were physically washed from him. He followed the petite maid out of the room and deeper into Mr Kurt's domain. A short corridor, lit with the light of the dawning sun and then into a tiled room that looked for all the world like a dentist's clinic confused with a hospital surgery.

In the centre, a chair with a huge light poised over the head rest, on the wall a gurney with straps hanging from it. Machines and medical monitoring screens, cabinets arrayed in neat rows and in the centre a nurse that stood waiting with an impatient look on her face.

"You are late for the appointment," she said to Dolly.

Dolly curtsied and the nurse made a small impatient sound in her throat before speaking.

"Help me secure the bitch!" she said as she took the leash from Dolly's hand and pointed at the chair.

Dolly shuffled as Jamie was tugged to the chair and the nurse gave a small push that caused him to fall into its arms. He looked up at the nurse's face and she smiled as she pushed his back firmly into place. Bewildered and terrified, Jamie felt Dolly unfetter his ankles and fasten straps to hold his feet in the footrests. Next the nurse secured the wrists and then finally, the nurse and Dolly stripped collar and cuffs from him to leave him held by the chair, immobile.

"This is where it all starts, isn't that right Dolly?" said the nurse as she pulled the final buckle tight. "I remember you crying and begging like the little gurl that you are..."

"I was so frightened," replied Dolly.

Her lips scarcely moved as she looked down at the helpless Jamie strapped to the chair and her hands moved to her rigid cock. The nurse smiled and stroked Dolly's breasts lovingly.

"You are my greatest creation," she whispered, and she stepped close to Dolly and ran her hands over shoulders and slipped them to join Dolly's. "This most of all..."

Dolly gasped and her mouth pouted.

The nurse stepped back and slapped Dolly's impassive face and she laughed.

"No idle playing with your owner's property," she hissed as Dolly's hands dropped to her sides. "I have work to do here and I want no distractions! Of you run and get yourself ready..."

Dolly moaned in suppressed disappointment and turned to leave the surgery and Nurse turned to Jamie.

"Now you will become something *quite* special for your users," said the nurse to Jamie.

"What?" he asked.

The nurse slapped him hard on the face. A casual swipe of the arm after which she dismissed Dolly and moved to one of the cabinets.

"Silence! No questions," she commanded. "Not a peep from you... not a peep!"

Jamie tried to see what she was doing, but her back was to him and all he could hear was the rattle of instruments as she arranged them. He could feel a cold sweat as he tugged at the bonds that held him, but they were tight and there was scarcely an inch of movement possible.

The light over his head came on with a stark light as the nurse turned to him and smiled. Not a pleasant twitch of the lips, but an arrogant leer that filled Jamie's mind with terror.

"As you can imagine, Mr Kurt has detailed your transformation," said the nurse. "Actually, there is no way that you could possibly imagine what Mr Kurt has in mind for you, slut! Over the next two months, you are going to be recreated into a vision of loveliness that will make him so eager to play with you. I have been given the honour of doing what needs to be done. A privilege that will prove my artistic talents for sculpture of your worthless flesh..."

Jamie cried out and started to struggle in the chair. Stretching the leather straps in his panic, screaming with all of the power of his lungs, thrashing limbs and body in a paroxysm of terror. The nurse just smiled

and started to unbutton the crisp white blouse that covered her rounded breasts.

"Of course, bitch, there is the honour and privilege," she cooed. "then there is the sheer pleasure to the act of creation! The endless orgasms, the plundering of your mind, the sweeping away of the man and the frightened arrival of the eager slut who wants nothing more than to play and be abused by her betters!"

Jamie felt a slight give in one of the straps at his wrists and heaved against it. The hope that it brought was an illusion as the nurse teased her standing nipples and gasped with lust.

"I am going to fuck you," she breathed. "Fuck you and make you come as I demonstrate my art..."

Her hands moved and she shed the blouse to show the tight white corset that pulled her waist to a spindle. Her hand lifted the hem of her skirt to show a pussy that was almost grotesque with ring after ring penetrating the soft flesh.

"This is the moment that I so enjoy... the moment when my victim realises that the nightmare is about to begin, the moment when the first small alterations herald the inevitable transformations that will make you so erotic and impaired that all you can do is suffer in silence."

"Oh God, please, please..."

Jamie's voice sounded weak and faded even to his own ears as the nurse leaned over his face and stroked his jaw.

"Open wide, slut, this is the beginning of the dream that will suck you in and make you a feminised pet for my Master and Mistress to enjoy... They have such plans for you!"

Jamie clamped his mouth shut, clenching his jaw as he saw the dental gag that she was holding to his eyes. Nurse did not seem to be troubled by his resistance, the still thrashing limbs and attempts to kick loose. She simply showed the other hand where a syringe spat a drop as she squeezed.

"I would prefer not to use this," she laughed as the tears streamed down Jamie's cheeks, "but, if you leave me no other way..."

The spike of the syringe closed on his shoulder and Jamie gasped as he opened his mouth wide. He could feel its bite as it slid through his skin, but she just smiled and nodded.

"See, that's so much better! How can I possibly enjoy this if you are just a lifeless piece of meat under me?" laughed the nurse. "In it goes and then I can start."

The metal of the gag grated on his teeth, but all Jamie could see was the prick of the needle hovering by his arm. He had no doubt that the nurse could do whatever she wanted, but more than that, he feared the needle and the helplessness that would follow.

Nurse fiddled with the gag and screwed it tight, stretching his mouth wide before she returned to her station to collect the tools of her trade. As she selected she talked to her helpless victim as if he was a willing patient.

"Two months is not all that long, Sissy," she said conversationally. "Most of the work has to be done now to allow it to heal before you are ready to be used. So, today, I am starting with a few bits and pieces that will pave the way for your use. Miss Thirty is new at this, she needs all of the help that I can give, so I'm going to make it easy for her to start on the course that she has decided upon with the guidance of Mr Kurt. Apparently, he wants something a little different from his usual brain-washed sluts that he plays with. Now then..."

Jamie saw her turn around at last and she held what seemed to be a dentist's drill that had a thick armoured cord that hung to one of the instruments.

"Here we go!"

With the terrible tool in one hand, the other steadying her as she mounted him on the chair, the nurse slipped onto his lap and adjusted the chair. The seat sank, Jamie's legs were lifted a little and his back was bent to allow her to move over his torso.

"Oh, God, I love my work," she breathed as a hand guided her festooned cunt to envelop his standing cock. "So good...."

Jamie squawked as she lowered herself to take him in and her face approached his from above. Her hand appeared with the instrument and held it for him to see.

"Not a drill, baby, that comes in a minute! First, we have to quell all the clamour that comes from you. Silence is golden, Sissy. It is so much sweeter if you suffer in silence!"

Jamie cried out and she laughed.

He started to writhe in the infernal chair and she moaned. "That's right, bitch, fuck me good..."

It seemed as if his struggles excited her, and she gasped as she slowly slipped the instrument into his mouth.

"Make it easy, bitch, scream to show me where I have to burn," she laughed and then the laugh turned to a groan and she lifted and lowered her hips. "Fuck me while I take your voice... scream bitch, I love hearing the last words of a slave!"

Jamie could not help himself. The little flex in his bonds, the only movement that he could manage in his terror was to buck his hips and fuck the nurse as she peered into his throat under the bright light and touched the button under her finger.

He shrieked in terror as her eyes followed the progress of the laser-cutter.

"Ooh, that's so good, fight it, scream all you want!"

Jamie broke down, tears ran from his eyes, his screams lifted in pitch as the nurse gasped and touched the button again. And again. At each touch the laser in the tool worked its devilry and Jamie's screams turned to a high whine that pierced his head with mounting terror. The whine became a rasp and the nurse changed hands and peered into his mouth.

"Nearly done..."

A frantic effort from the constricted victim became a dry scratching sound and the nurse climaxed as the last sound was purged from her prey. A rasping breath, a catching gasp and then silence with just the whistle of air from Jamie's lungs. Now he was so close to climax, that it hung in the balance. The soreness in his throat, the cries of Nurse. The heaving of his hips against the restraints and the frantic panic in his kind.

She lifted clear of him, onto her knees and cast a last look into the throat that she had purged of his voice.

"Oh dear, slut, you didn't manage to come for me? You want more? Perhaps the next stage will bring you to climax? I love the screams, they are almost enough to make me come, Sissy, but even *I* can have too much of a good thing... Anyway, others will be here soon to enjoy the show and we can't have them deafened by your shrieks, can we?"

She poured a little water into his mouth from a cup. First the coolness filled and soothed his mouth and then a stinging gripped him as he tried to swallow.

"It will hurt for a few hours, then the delicious pain will subside," she commented. "Now comes the second part of your little visit to my clinic. Another chance to show me that you are thrilled to be taken apart!"

Nurse picked up her discarded blouse and slipped her arms into the sleeves without bothering to close it. Jamie could see her perfect breasts and a slight susurration issued from his open mouth. He tried to articulate, plead and beg, he tried to scream and growl, but apart from a pinching in his throat that caused a sharp agony, nothing but a breath issued from his lips.

The door opened and Miss Thirty strolled in with Dolly close behind. She looked at Jamie dripping with sweat, his wet cock pulsing like a tower and smiled.

"Just wanted to look in on my little Sissy," she said. "How is it doing?"

"Nice and quiet now," laughed the nurse.

Jamie saw Dolly's face pout and she licked her lips with excitement.

"Please, Miss," she said in her small lisp. "Can I watch?"

Miss Thirty turned to her and lifted her dress to inspect the huge erection that half hung between her candy pink stockings.

"No, dear," replied the Mistress with a small chuckle. "I want you back in the playroom for the day. I will call you if I need your service..."

Dolly cast a longing look at the stricken Jamie and fluttered her eyelashes.

"Ooooh pleeeeeease, Mistress. I promise that I won't get in the way!"

Nurse laughed and looked at the state of the Asian sex-pet and laughed.

"You would distract me," she said. "Of you run now, and enjoy the extra playtime with your toys."

"I'm going to play doctors and nurses," said Dolly defiantly.

"You do that," said Miss Thirty.

Dolly put her hands behind her back and looked coy for a moment. Feet inward, knees almost together and her hands behind her back, but it seemed that her charm and coy pleading was not having an effect and she turned and headed out of the room in a huff.

"Dolly is so sweet," said the nurse.

"Dolly is a total sadist," laughed Miss Thirty in reply.

"What's next?" asked Miss Thirty.

"Hormones, simply loads of injections and then that needs sorting out..."

Nurses finger pointed at Jamie's open mouth and he tried again to shriek, but nothing came but a quiet hiss.

"A good job," commented Miss Thirty.

"Oh yes, Mistress" replied Nurse. "So much better than all the mess of the old-fashioned tools. Just a little swipe and a delicate touch and the Sissy is silenced forever. When it heals, not a sound will come from it."

Miss Thirty nodded and looked over with distaste at the array of tools that were laid out on the side cabinet.

"I think that I'll be out of your way," she said as she turned back to Nurse.

"Squeamish?"

"Not at all, I would happily do it myself, but there is no enjoyment from just watching. I'll let you get on with it. Call me when the doctor arrives because I want to make sure that the planning for the enhancements are done exactly as Mr Kurt expects."

"You are in a hurry?"

"Of course, Mistress Ingrid set a close date for the work. She wants this Sissy ready and usable and in the crèche in two months. The quicker we get the surgery behind us and all of the aftercare, the quicker that I can work on the other aspects of its preparation!"

"Mistress Ingrid?"

"That's what I said, she has a need for it and I dare not go over the time limit."

Nurse nodded and cast a glance over at the stricken victim pinned to the chair.

"Fine, is she has a part of this, then I will make this one a priority. I'll call you in a couple of hours when the doctor arrives and then we can fast track the whole process."

Jamie listened with horror to the conversation. He could not follow the meanings, but the awfulness of their intentions was more than clear. Already, almost casually, his voice had been muted and apparently this was just the opening moves of a nightmare of which he was the centre.

He watched the nurse and the arrogant bitch who had caged him the previous night and felt a warmth between his thighs. A spread of fear that unmanned him, took his erection, drained his mind of rational thought, caused his bladder to empty and instigated a shaking that caused every part of his body to shiver.

Miss Thirty shrugged and cast a last smile at the man that had finally succumbed to his fear.

"It seems that at last it understands that this is its new reality!" she laughed as she left the room. "Make it hard..."

"I always do," laughed Nurse.

Nurse frowned and moved to clean up the helpless prey that had lost all control of himself. Jamie shuddered in the chair, not with a will to escape but as he was overcome by terror. She mopped up the mess, wiped the sweat from him and then moved to roll a small table to the side of the chair.

"Now that we have disposed of all those noises, the time has come to spend a few loving hours making sure that the little Sissy cannot hurt the ones that now rule her life," she said. "I think that I am really going to enjoy this!"

Once more she slipped onto his lap and looked into his mouth. Hooked a thin tube over his stretched lips and Jamie felt a sugary mint flavour that swilled around his mouth and drained painfully down his throat.

"I'll just tighten you up, baby," said Nurse as she lowered the head rest until his mouth gaped upwards. "Now I can begin, make sure that you make me come a million times, bitch!"

Her pussy settled on his cock and she moved her hips to rub against his flaccid cock. Jamie rolled his eyes and tried to shriek, but just a gargle

of the pink liquid bubbled and frothed as Nurse brought her panicked victim to hardness. He could feel the rings that pierced her pussy rubbing, the soft flesh that rubbed and her breasts wiggled at the limits of his vision.

"This will hurt, bitch," smiled the nurse as she showed him a fearsome steel instrument. "That's what makes it so special for me! They all come out, every single one! We can't have you biting the cock that feeds you, can we?"

He felt a testing tug in his mouth and saw her face looking down as she started the work. Her lips pouted with concentration as she explored. The rinse in his mouth stifled him and her fingers moved from one tooth to the next.

"Of course, there's no need to worry, my little slut. The soft implants will make your hole perfect to be fucked... That's the next job on the list before you go under the surgeon's knife!"

Jamie fainted, and was woken by a sharp slap of her hand.

"I want you to fuck me," she breathed. "Take my cunt as I work, thrust and fuck, gurl, it's all you'll soon be fit for!"

He stared at her smiling face, felt her hips move as she took him in and he knew that nothing that he had ever imagined would compare to the slow harrowing fuck that would accompany his anguish.

A pull inside, a lift of the hips to press into Nurse.

Nurse's approving chuckle and gasp.

And then it began.

His torment.

Penmanship. Graceful Loop

Twisted normality.

Everyday deviancy.

Two days with his bride that took Eric to a place that had only ever existed in his mind. These had been the thoughts that he had had as he sketched the drawings in the attic. These were the emotions that he had hoped for as he had suppressed the urge to draw more while Larissa was still alive.

Fantasy become reality, reality twisted to become fetish. A life lived in amongst those who moved in the sunlight, while he and those in the house off Strand lived in the shadow of fear and abuse. Miss Ingrid, his wife, Mrs Kurt, her mother and others who passed like beautiful cruel velvet shadows in the house. Tall women with leashes in their hands. Chatting about the everyday problems of extracting the most use from their pets before they at last had to be disposed of. Speaking a word, making a small indication of need to have a helpless slave serve their every demented desire.

The house that had seemed to be almost a haven of quiet and peace in the centre of London was in fact a turmoil of stunted emotions, terror and frightening punishments. And, in the centre of it all, Mrs Kurt taught her daughter truths that she bathed in and soaked in as she enjoyed her pleasures.

Eric moved in three worlds. The guidance and helpless submission to his wife that gave so much gratification. The dreams that caused his new series of sketches and paintings to be passed to Mrs Kurt's acquaintances with pride and the world that slowly occluded all of his passions and delivered them into the hands of his wife.

Watching her being fucked... Watching her ply the whip that flowed like a viper... Watching her pleasure that came from giving such sweet agonies.

Allowing her to guide him to play in her scenes and games and relish the climaxes that were so intense. That first fuck with the maid forcing inside him a distant memory. Every moment in that house seemed filled by a totality of control and service that was given willingly by the maids. As if they loved their life, revelled in serving every whim, eagerly gave everything for their owners.

It was two weeks after the honeymoon in France that Eric even thought of Jamie. A fleeting antipathy at his son's refusal to allow him into the

place that he so needed to go. The simple question seemed to cause Mrs Kurt amusement and she simply shrugged.

"Pookie, he's busy studying. I think that he will be here to see you in a couple of months. Best to forget him until he arrives..."

Eric had nodded and retired to his studio where his latest work was in progress. A small canvas, but every stroke one of exact flair. Mrs Kurt in the background, signifying his secret desire. Miss Ingrid in the foreground, hands resting on the back of the helpless pet that she violated. His own presence, a dark figure waiting for the angel to take her due. Then he would step forward, to fuck the feminised slave and step forward to claim her leavings. Mrs Kurt had already claimed the work for her own, to hang in the bedroom that witnessed her own private games.

How he wished to be there!

No matter what the cost.

Miss Ingrid was perfect, an angel of violation a demoness of love. But, Mrs Kurt was Eric's ultimate expression of obsession. The woman who taunted him with her glory, the woman who directed every move that was made. Her protégé, her daughter followed in her steps, but Eric would be long gone by the time that she reached her mother's heights.

At last he *thought* that he knew what his role was.

He was the lesson that Miss Ingrid had to learn. That any man could be broken to her use, her gratification, but that there was another course to slavery. Obsession and lust could take a man and create something exquisite to amuse and delight. Bend him, corrupt him, make him deny his past, make him surrender his future.

Most of all, that man would gladly fall to the depths of the maids, pets and slaves with just a flick of the wrist. Fall to their doom and drown in the perversion that they swam in. That was the lesson of Mr Kurt and Eric. That there was more than one type of pet, the one that served and slaved and the ones that almost seemed to be permitted autonomy.

All that was needed to seal their fate was a last breaking from their past, a last destruction of their scruples, something that would force them down the dark path that led at last to utter submission.

Eric hovered above the seething pit.

Soon he would be tested.

Penmanship. Dotting the i's

Jamie was still Jamie.

Despite outward appearances.

They had renamed him, modified him, pressured him, but Jamie was still Jamie, deep inside. He was so sure of that! Unlike Dolly, unlike even Miss Thirty, he had been permitted to hold onto his identity as, step by step, the Château swallowed him whole and Mrs Kurt's prerequisites were fulfilled. At night, he was fettered in his cage, constricted, fastened and wrapped to allow him to recover from the endless visits to Nurse. During the day, he was dressed and trained by subtle twisting's that taught him to love and hate the changes that were wrought on him, but all the while, it seemed that his thoughts, his hopes and his desires stood like a rock against the assault.

Mrs Kurt occasionally appeared to judge the training, but Eric never saw her. Instead she reviewed the film and gave guidance to Miss Thirty who was now solely in charge of his preparation.

"I want it ready in a month, now," she said to Miss Thirty as she watched her victim struggle mentally against his training. "Never put quite enough pressure on him, threaten, build up the fear of being forced to pleasure cocks, but *always* allow him to escape by the skin of his teeth..."

Miss Thirty started to laugh at the pun and Mrs Kurt smiled thinly.

"I was speaking metaphorically," she said as she watched the film. "When it finally happens, it has to be the most terrible event in his short life," she continued. "Just make it happen, I want the scene to be perfect... it will be so delicious! It is important in more ways than you can guess, so no mistakes!"

Miss Thirty glanced at her mistress and nodded.

"It is somewhat unusual," she commented. "Mr Kurt loves them so willing..."

"It's not what *he* wants, it's what *I* want that matters, and that is all that you need to know! Change the nightly tape to this..."

Mrs Kurt handed a memory stick to Miss Thirty and then watched as Jamie was prepared by Dolly for his nightly sojourn in the cage. Her hand switched on the sound and both of the women could now hear Dolly's words.

"You never choose the smaller ones," Dolly was saying as her charge was permitted to choose his gag for the night.

Jamie seemed to pause for a moment and then moved a step sideways and leaned to touch one of the three mouthpieces as his pacifier for the night. A simple rubber bulb that would be expanded to fill him, he chose it over the two that were shaped like short pricks.

Dolly picked up the gag and turned it in her hand as if disappointed.

"Let's play a game," she said.

The slave's fright showed on his face as Dolly slowly teased her cock to full size. Her slender hands moving the length of her until a drop of pre-cum dripped and oiled her palm.

"If you show me a little pleasure, then I will just pretend to put the gag in and leave the chains a little looser for you in the cage... All I want is just the touch of you on my balls, Sissy. Just a little lick, that's all..."

Jamie took a step back and Mrs Kurt started to chuckle as she watched the screen.

"Ooh, what a total bitch Dolly is becoming..."

"She always was! In the playroom she is always making the others play with her," said Miss Thirty. "The slut is totally insatiable..."

Mrs Kurt tapped the screen where Jamie stood and nodded.

"Of course she is, that's what the hormones do, oh look, I think our little Sissy is about to cry."

Dolly's voice came from the speakers and Mrs Kurt started to smile.

"Do you think that you can insult me forever, Sissy," she said as she followed him, stroking her enormous erection in a lascivious way. "When you are in the play room I will play games with you and the other toys that will make you wish that you had not upset me..."

"I think that you'd better get down there," said Mrs Kurt. "Even Dolly can do what she wants to him!"

No sooner had the words been spoken than Miss Thirty was on her way. As Mrs Kurt watched the screen avidly, Dolly cornered her prey and pressed against him.

"On your knees, bitch, I am going to fill you so full..."

Dolly slapped Jamie twice in quick succession. It was clear to the sole watcher that she had lost control of herself and longed to choke her bitch with her huge prick. Her hands reached out and stroked Jamie's enormous breasts. Still sore from the endless procedures, the Sissy began to weep as Dolly hooked her fingers in the nipple rings and pulled down. Jamie could not help but respond, he lowered to his knees and a look of unquenchable lust came into Dolly's eyes as she stroked herself to sheer anticipation as she looked down at the weeping Sissy. Mrs Kurt held her breath as she watched Jamie trying to turn from the looming cock, but he had no chance!

Dolly took the shoulders where his arms twisted savagely behind his back and held him as the tip of her cock brushed his cheek. Pre-cum glistened on Jamie's make-up, his mascara ran with the tears making a sordid bruise around his eyes and his head was gradually forced to meet the bulbous tip of the Dolly's desperate prick.

"In it goes, slut," breathed Dolly as she moved her hips back. "I will fuck you until you faint and then take your last breath as I come..."

Mrs Kurt held her breath in anxiety, and then the sound of the door being slammed open almost made her jump in shock as Miss Thirty stormed into the room with a cane in her hand.

"How dare you two play when I am not here?" she yelled, striking at Dolly's bare ass with the cane in a succession of blows that caused Dolly to collapse to the floor.

The cane leapt again and struck Jamie's back.

"You are to blame for tempting her," said Miss Thirty as she added two more sharp blows. "How dare you make poor little Dolly so desperate to fuck you?"

Jamie looked up at his saviour with a look that was between relief and terror. He was always to blame, he was always the guilty one! His sobbing started again, a strange show since not a sound issued from his throat. His whole body shook with dread as the cane lifted again and then Miss Thirty reached down and pulled Dolly to her feet by her hair.

"Get Sissy ready for sleep," said the Mistress. "I want her nice and tight tonight! Don't let the slut tempt you again. You can play with her when I give the order and not until..."

Dolly's face was its usual impassive mask. Her lips pouted, and her cock dangled, limp, below the hem of her dress. With perhaps a slight sullen movement she helped Jamie to his feet and pushed the chosen gag into the wide-open mouth. Three squeezes of the bulb that dangled sufficed to fill his mouth. The next three vicious pressures on the bulb were sheer spite.

"Good," said Miss Thirty as she watched Dolly prepare the cage, lifting the top and lowering the sides.

At that moment, Mrs Kurt walked into the room and all three suddenly stood still to attention. Her right hand was gloved in latex, her left casually held a wicked wire cane that made a scratching on the floor as she dragged it over the tiles.

"Mmm," she said as she moved to inspect Jamie.

Her hands moved over his breasts and teased the nipples and then slipped down to grip his cock.

"Nice, just what the doctor ordered," she laughed. "Almost enough to please me!" She turned to Miss Thirty as she stroked the manhood of her trainee and she looked down in contempt. "I want more here," she said. "Arrange a visit and make sure that this little slut is as serviceable as Dolly, here!"

Miss Thirty nodded.

"This is the sort of thing that I want," said Mrs Kurt moving to the shaking Dolly. "*This* is something to tease and torment."

Her latex clad hand gripped Dolly and her thumb played with the reddening tip.

"Something easy to find in the dark," she laughed as her hand pulled the length of Dolly's prick.

As she played, Dolly's mouth opened in an O and Mrs Kurt gradually built up speed. It moved the length of the stiff flesh and her eyes turned to Dolly's with a small smile on her lips.

"I hear that you are violating all of my husband's little playthings," she said in a whisper. "Cruelly forcing them to learn to take all of you..."

"Please Mistress, please, only to teach them to be better sluts," said Dolly in her soft lisp. "I was only doing what you wanted me to..."

"Do you really think that I cannot control you?" said Mrs Kurt's voice in a whisper. "What I have given can be taken away with just a few moments with Nurse!"

Tears gathered in Dolly's eyes but she managed to keep them from rolling.

"Cane the bitch," said Mrs Kurt.

Miss Thirty moved and lifted Dolly's short skirt and hitched it high. Now the soft smooth naked ass, she lifted her hand high and paused, waiting for the word.

"Twenty," said Mrs Kurt as her hand squeezed.

Miss Thirty's hand swept on a soft arc that laid the wicked cane on the lower thigh and Dolly screeched thinly.

"Tell me that you want more," laughed Mrs Kurt. "Don't you dare come..."

"Please, I need to be caned, please..."

One by one the blows were administered. Each one just a hair's breadth above the next. Five, ten, the thin stripes in crimson formed a ladder of agony on the maid who was being played with. Mrs Kurt watched Jamie, enjoying the look of terror in his eyes as the caning built up momentum.

"*This* is what it means to belong to me," she whispered. "Release comes when I decide, and only then... All I ever want is the pleasure of making you all mine, all you have to do is submit."

It was not clear if she was talking to herself or one of her two slaves, but the words rang in Jamie's ears as the caning neared its end.

"Dolly, on the twentieth, you have my permission..."

Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen...

Dolly's lips pouted and, as the twentieth stroke of the slender cane fell on her ass, she whimpered and spouted. Her cock seemed to jerk and pulse, her balls drew tight and the first wild droplets of come spilled from her just as Mrs Kurt pulled her latex gloved hand free of the obscenity of the jerking prick.

Jamie watched as Dolly released. A spouting, fountaining from her, a splatter of slime that jetted from her cock in steady pulses. To Jamie, it never seemed to stop, an endless pouring that emptied Dolly while Mrs Kurt stepped back fastidiously so that she would not be splattered with the male goo that her slave was giving as an offering.

A small splatter, a last few drops that dribbled in a long cord to the floor.

Mrs Kurt moved the tip of her shoe in the copious ooze and spread it idly under her heel.

"Lick it up, Dolly, every drop. When you are done, I want the whole floor of this room cleaned with your tongue. Every corner, every square inch. After that, you will report to the crèche and pleasure both of the other two sissies until I am satisfied that your bullying behaviour is corrected... Do you understand what I am saying? These games will stop, you are just a little fuck-dolly that is so close to being assigned to my bathroom that it is *this* close!"

Mrs Kurt held up her finger and thumb a fraction apart and smiled.

"You know what happens to slaves in my bathroom, bitch?"

For the first time, Dolly showed real emotion. It was as if the fear of the threat had broken the immaculate smooth emotionless face. She fell to her knees and moved her small mouth to Mrs Kurt's shoes and tried to slip her tongue under the soles. Sipped at her cold come and started to sob.

"That's right, Dolly, all the fluttering of those lashes, all of the cute poses will mean nothing when you are in the darkness awaiting my ass! Lick it all up, I will *personally* check that you have this floor spic and span. I will *personally* check the cameras in the crèche to watch you be a good little slut for your two companions there."

Dolly sighed as the stiletto lifted, the heel on the hard floor, and she carefully cleaned the sole with tender kisses.

"Never forget what you are, Dolly.... What are you, Dolly?"

Dolly looked up. Even though her face was once again impassive, Jamie could see the fear in her eyes as she spoke by rote.

"I am your creation, Mistress. Just a cock to please you, Mistress. Just a slave at your feet, Mistress, I am nothing, please punish me and teach me to be perfect for your gratification!"

"Better! Nice to hear from your own lips, you sadistic little bitch," said Mrs Kurt with a dismissive gesture. "I shall decide tomorrow if you are suitable for the bathroom or the crèche! From now on, I give you to Miss Thirty. She will have the extra duty of watching you every second of every day! She will report to me directly. I will not have silly little power games in the crèche! You are there to please my husband with your little games. You will make Mr Kurt satisfied in every respect and me even more so..."

Mrs Kurt turned to Jamie.

"Into your cage... Reflect on your future and do not ever tempt a slave again! Dolly is not the only one that can end up in the endless darkness waiting in silence for my occasional use..."

Jamie's knees turned to water, and he almost tipped forward in terror. Somehow, he managed to move to the cage and turned inside to allow Miss Thirty to easily fetter him. The shocking hints, the terrible power that this woman held over him, the awful consequences of not acting as he should, the caning of Dolly and her punishment filled his mind with dread.

"Remember, to have his inadequate dick dealt with," said Mrs Kurt to Miss Thirty. "You have a month to sort this out and there is no leeway! You are managing well, considering your inexperience and I am generally satisfied with progress so far, just don't let it slip out of control! You know what I want, make it so!"

"Mistress!" said Miss Thirty.

For a moment, Mrs Kurt watched Dolly on her hands and knees as she mopped up the last of her own mess before moving to a corner to systematically clean the floor. Her ass, striped like a venetian blind in crimson lines was held high, her hair dragged on the floor as she worked. Her breasts tumbled from her short top and dragged on the floor making her nipples stiffen. The huge flaccid cock hung between her legs, the tip also on the cold tiles, leaving a trail of ooze as she moved.

Perfection!

A degenerate helpless feminised man.

"I expect to be amazed," smiled Mrs Kurt to Miss Thirty. "Astonished at Sissy's transformation..."

"Yes Mistress... I will do my best."

"You will do far better than that, Miss Thirty," said Mrs Kurt as she looked around the room. "I need a new bathroom bitch every month at the

moment and there is always room for a less-than-perfect supervisor in the box..."

"Mistress!"

Penmanship. Signature

Jamie was so glad that he was gagged!

It was so safe and reassuring.

He looked at the astounding room that was now his home and shuddered at the grotesque implications of the crèche. As if created by a demented fetishistic graphic-designer, the room was nothing less than a place where abuse was encouraged, where exploitation was the rule, where cruelty for pleasure was pre-programmed into the very essence of the place.

A sexual hell.

There were three other inhabitants of the room, Jamie was just one of the adult children that were expected to perform and play as their regressed desires took them. He lay in his cot and looked through the bars at the bright colours, the cartoon characters on the walls and the mobile moving slowly in lazy circles over his cot. The other cots were in sight, and he saw the other playmates that were his companions sitting with faces empty of expression in their fantastic costumes. Unlike him they were not gagged, instead they sucked on pacifiers and idly played with themselves with vacant expressions.

Played with their tiny little cocks with never a hope of release.

His eyes were attracted by the mobile over the bed as it lazily turned. Manga-like characters played in pairs and hung from each string, one under another. Animal like and childish, they fucked each other in a perpetual dance of movement. It was impossible to avoid seeing examples of the games to be played in the crèche. The wallpaper, the toys, those that inhabited it, the mobiles and the thick carpet. Everything was adorned with figures that tumbled and smiled in frozen hilarity as they fucked, sucked and offered themselves for violation. Pink and blue, baby pink and little boy blue, the room was a padded perdition where the absent Mr Kurt could enjoy his little games.

A tear wended its way and Jamie instinctively moved to wipe it from his cheek.

The realisation that all that moved was a twitch of a shoulder and his bound arms, brought further tears that flowed unchecked and soaked into his little dress. Jamie shook his head and as he did so, he looked down and the sobs became a wracking crying that silently heaved his chest and rocked his body.

The body that was not his own.

A prison created from his own flesh by the woman who had total power to create the locks and bars as they willed. The last two months had not broken him, but simply given him the realisation that he was being saved for some devilish reason that was far beyond his comprehension. The frightening Dolly and the stern Miss Thirty, these were the presences that ruled his shrinking world.

He moved his tongue around and explored the plug that had been inserted into the hole that was his mouth. The short-flanged brass tube that covered his gums, the back of the bathroom plug that was pressed to close the hole with a small dangling padlock that secured it. The closest he could manage to a sigh of gratitude was the whistle of air through his nostrils. Only Miss Thirty could remove the plug and open him.

Jamie moved his head and the lock clicked on the brass.

He looked down and watched in fascination as the giant prick that lay between his thighs started to stiffen. What they had done to him was almost beyond his understanding. Still so sore, with the slight scars showing, the bandages had been peeled back yesterday as Nurse had inspected the work in progress. At least the ring that had been there was gone, but now for the first time, he could see the true effect of something that did not seem a part of him, even though it reacted to his probing of the plug by his tongue by assuming its true dimensions.

The swelling seemed to start at the very base of him.

As though sucking all the blood from his body with a need to reach full size, the cock was firming as he watched. Larger even than Dolly's impressive organ, it was thick and veined, and he had to open his thighs as it became trapped at his knees. It swelled with a slowness that was perhaps a sign of first use! The weight of it caused a slight discomfort at his groin and he closed his knees again to support it and winced as his heels bit into his ass. It was throbbing, there was no doubt. Every beat of his heart caused a twitch, veins pulsing as sinful thoughts formed in his head.

The first thing to come to mind was so frightening...

A compulsion that he resisted with difficulty. To slowly lean and bend. Move to a crouch and touch it with his face. Now Jamie felt almost sorry that the gag was in! He longed to surround the bulbous shiny head with his lips and tease himself, then he realised the real reason that he was gagged. Not to stop Dolly abusing him, but to stop avid self-abuse that

was absolutely forbidden! One of his tears splashed on the growing cock and he felt the subtle cooling of its contact.

It did not stop!

Growing in girth, stiffening as if awakening, it fascinated him as it took on a little more length and reached past the bend of his knees. The sight and feel filled Jamie with a yearning, an almost-desperation to touch and tease. To see if it spewed its come as Dolly's had. To feel himself emptying and fountaining as if there were no end.

Was this part of him or was he part of it?

Jamie shook his head and looked to Dolly's cot. She was clutching the bars and staring at him with a look that could have meant a thousand things. Envy? Hatred? Yearning? Love? Jamie did not know, but her lips pouted, her lashes swept in flickers in her trained reflex and he knew that in his heart that she hated him with a will. Hated him for causing Mrs Kurt to punish her, hated him for being special... The stripes on her ass had long since faded, but the memory of her humiliation still ached inside the marionette bitch.

An ache in Jamie's back caused him to sit upright until his blonde hair touched the top of the cot. It was all he could do to relieve the ache of the breasts that hung from him like two plump pillows. Not for him the rounded firm flesh of a young girl. Taut muscles and smooth skin. They had given him the breasts of an older woman, breasts that weighed and hung, full and soft to slump to his waist. The huge tender nipples rubbed on his thighs as the skin showed every stretch mark created by lack of support.

Soon she would arrive and the games would begin...

Innocent naiveté, childish and vacant play that was expected. Innocent and wicked all at once, games that their owner loved while he was not present. Games that would keep his pets longing for his abuse. Toys that were designed to keep every thought turned to sexual deviancy. Teddy bears that fucked, dollies that could only be dressed in latex and leather. Rag dolls that spoke the evil words and a rocking horse that could only be mounted by being violated by the vibrator that towered from the saddle. Fluffy manacles to allow the inhabitants to play mistress and slave with vicious realism. Dolly's favourite! A small play-house where the bars and door allowed the children to torment each other and dressing-up clothes that allowed endless fun.

The door opened and Miss Thirty strolled into the crèche. Even she was constrained by the rules that seemed to apply in this soft hell. Pink fluffy

mules, a soft dress that allowed the pets to see that she was a woman and not a nightmare Sissy like themselves.

Miss Thirty smiled and moved to the cots one by one to open them.

"Play nicely gurls," she said as she picked up a teddy bear and idly played with it. "Daddy will be here later in the day and he expects to see a game that will excite him and make him want you..."

She turned to Jamie and helped him dismount from the cot.

"That's good, Sissy," she said in a soft voice.

Her hand stroked the giant pendulous organ that struggled to point in her direction and then moved to pinch his nipples.

"As the new one, Mr Kurt wants something special from you... Come with me..."

Jamie took a step and followed her to the toy-box.

"It's time to begin to serve, Sissy. At last you are ready to amuse your owners. Make me proud of you and show that all this effort has not been wasted!"

Inside the toybox was a jumble of clothes and costumes and Miss Thirty rooted through them to find what she needed. Her hand lifted and Jamie almost fainted. It was the mask, the one that Dolly had already placed on his head, the one that he feared the most.

Miss Thirty smiled and put her hand inside the soft latex and looked at the vacant face that gained expression as her fingers moved. He tried to plead with his eyes, but she just placed the mask on the lid of the box and reached for him. Jamie could not help himself, he stepped back and tripped over teddy to end sitting on the soft carpet as she bent to undo the strap that held the gag in place.

"Time for my little virgin to show that she is the most exciting toy in the crèche," said Miss Thirty. "Time to realise that all of this work is not just to create a decorative coquettish slut, but a temptation too much for any man..."

Jamie moved his lips and tried to form words, but his pleas were ignored as Miss Thirty took the mask and opened it ready for fitting.

"Mr Kurt does not want to see tears, he wants joy and willing service, Sissy," she said as she pulled the hood onto the sobbing Jamie. "You are

his special present from Mrs Kurt. His living marionette, helpless and desperate to make him happy..."

The light became a soft meaningless glow as the hood was pulled on. A little light coming through the flesh coloured latex as hard fingers adjusted the hood and then worked to pull Jamie's hair through the short wig to descend in two pigtails. As she worked Jamie could hear his breathing, the cold sweat on his back. Her hands tugged at his neck and clipped the collar that would hide the join between latex and his flesh, before she worked the new image over him to her satisfaction. A final touch, the tube that would hold his mouth open in a perpetual look of shock as Jamie took on the visage of a sex toy doll, just waiting to be fucked.

Bright pink lips opened and waiting for a hard cock.

Blank wide eyes with lashes inches long. Blonde hair and flushed cheeks, the mask was closed at the back of his head while Miss Thirty held his head and pulled it this way and that to settle it permanently.

"Sexy little bitch," laughed Miss Thirty as she slapped the mask lightly and chuckled to herself. "God, you are so hot with your huge sagging tits and giant cock! The pinched waist and helpless look. Mrs Kurt certainly knows what will make a man want to play with his toys!"

Her hands held him where his shoulders twisted back as she inspected him.

"Nothing to get in the way of a good fuck, Sissy. Now, let's stand you back up and attend to a couple of little details..."

Her hands lifted Jamie and he stood rocking on the ridiculous heels that stabbed from his shoes. Only her touch steadied him as she fondled and explored. Her hand weighed his heavy balls and then stroked his cock before slipping between his smooth thighs and slipping a small plug in his rear.

"There, that's better," she said. "Just one more touch, we can't have you losing your virginity to some other toy, can we? Only Mr Kurt gets to fuck this one..."

Jamie felt something being plugged into his open mouth and struggled to breathe until Miss Thirty adjusted the nose of the mask to cover his exactly.

"This was made specially for you, what do you say?"

Jamie bent his knees a little in the curtsy that was required and Miss Thirty laughed in glee. Obviously, she was so relieved that everything had gone to plan and that Mrs Kurt could not fail to praise her! On almost the last day, the final touches to Jamie had been finished and she was glad that she had taken the risk of trying to amaze her Mistress with the most exquisite slut possible.

She stood back and admired what she had created and then impulsively stepped forward to hug her victim and comfort with arms around holding her tight. She whispered a small 'I love you' into the ear of the sissy and almost regretted her little show of affection.

"There is no need to cry, baby. You are so lucky! Imagine being everything that your betters want, that is what you are now and all you have to do is make someone special so happy with all the pleasure that you can give!"

Jamie felt comforted and curtsied again.

"There, there! I knew that you would be a good gurl," said Miss Thirty. "All you have to do is wait for Mr Kurt and show him the same grace and submission that you gave me. It's really just that easy!"

Jamie heard the retreating steps of the woman that was so proud of him and the closing of the crèche door. The next touch was Dolly's hands on his breasts. Not the gentle stroking of Miss Thirty's affection, but the bite of razored nails that pinched and hurt.

"You got me in trouble," said Dolly with a lisp that sounded even more threatening that Jamie could not see her face. "Into the play house with you, naughty sissy."

Hands took the helpless Jamie and something pushed at the back of his knees as he realised that the other playmate was obedient to Dolly's urgings. Jamie fell to his knees while hands pawed him and crushed his balls. The nails bit and the defenceless toy was pushed to fall with her face on the floor, ass sticking up while they played with her. Scratching and slapping they urged Jamie to the playhouse, half pulling by the hair, half dragging by soft breasts.

A tormenting hand lifted his cock and rubbed it with short strokes as the two-evil little gurls crammed Jamie through the door of the house. He tried to cry out as a hand slapped his hanging balls with a sharp slap of the palm, he felt fingers explore his ass and the small plug that stood proud. Slaps and titters of girlish laughter accompanied the humiliation and then there was more laughter as Dolly and her confederate forced one final indignity on their prey.

Jamie was crouched in the small box of the house, cramped with knees up by his head and a hand making sure that he was fully erect as something suddenly was pulled over his cock with cries of glee. In a fit of sheer petulant viciousness, rag-doll had been slipped over his cock and the toy squealed in automatic pleasure as he was enclosed.

He could feel the soft doll that enclosed him against his skin, feel the clenching grip of it as his giggling playmates pulled it to enclose his cock. He gasped as a hand pulled at his balls as the rag-doll fucked him.

"Better not come, sissy," said Dolly between gasps of laughter. "If you come, you will be punished so bad... Mr Kurt will be so angry... It is so naughty, naughty, naughty for sissies to come when he is not here..."

The cunt of the rag-doll clenched on the penetrating cock and Jamie felt the door of the play-house being closed, locking him and the rag-doll into the tiny space. A slim hand reached through the glory-hole in the toy house and pressed the button on rag-doll's knitted head.

Jamie felt an incredible erection spring from him. A lightheaded dizzy feeling that was beyond all description. Sucking, moving, vibrating and pulsating, rag-doll's soft cunt came alive and sought to empty the cock that filled it with a steady tormenting friction. Jamie shuddered and managed to just fend off the first assault and rag-doll paused as if the unexpected resistance was unexpected.

"Come for me," said the mechanical voice of the doll that was almost in his ear.

Jamie tried to shift, move and pull free, but the evil rag-doll followed his movement and seemed almost to enclose him ever more deeply.

"Raggy wants you to fuck her, Raggy wants you to fuck her, Raggy wants to empty you and make you scream..." said the mechanical voice of the toy as it clenched his cock in its pussy.

The taunting voice of Dolly came from the outside.

"All you need to do is scream to stop Raggy pumping you dry, slut! She always stops when I scream... The batteries last for hours!"

There was laughter from the outside of the house as rag-doll began another cycle of temptation.

"Either that or just press the button on her head..."

The last comment seemed to cause more glee and the laughter filled Jamie's ears as he tried so hard to resist the rag-doll's attentions. Now the vibration had ceased. Instead there was a gentle pulling-stroke that speeded and became ever more insistent.

"I can hold out for three," laughed Dolly. "More than that is impossible..."

The other gurl laughed with her and Jamie knew that he dared not climax, dared not allow the infernal toy to suck him dry...

The cycle came to an end and rag doll responded with a small mocking cry of orgasm.

"Ooh, little sissy, you make me so hot for hard cock..." said the voice of the toy.

Jamie struggled to hold to his senses.

He tried to distract himself with the past.

The third cycle began and rag-doll whispered in his ear.

"If you come in my hungry cunt, you will be castrated..."

Jamie started and a sweat of terror swept his compacted body.

The voice was that of Mrs Kurt!

Part 5

Kindergarten Daubs

Colouring In. Opening the Box

The days passed in a frenzy, or so it seemed to Eric in his demented dream of sexual depravity. Exhausted and ever more muddled by the succession of sissy-maids and the never-ending needs of a wife who was leading him deeper into the depths of a debauchery that consumed him and brought him to a new level of consciousness.

Unlike her helpless husband, Miss Ingrid swam in the sea of vice with an ease that was almost casual. A flick of her feet and a slave kissed and massaged them. A flick of her fingers and a manicure appeared on her pointed nails like magic. A touch at her ever-hungry cunt and a tongue flicked through it or a cock was consumed into its wet depths. Every small service, no matter how minor was performed by one of the slaves without fail. Dressing, meals, drinks, make-up and shoes. Cleaning, sexual attention, footrest or perhaps merely performing intimate chores in the bathrooms of the house, all had maids and slaves in attendance who silently offered their services without a murmur.

Once out of the house, wandering through the streets of London, Eric suddenly realised how easy life *could* be. Mixing with the foolish hoi-polloi of the citizens, all of whom intruded and made life difficult, how sweet to be in the warm cocoon of that house and relax as everything that was needed was there at the stretch of a hand. The maid who greeted him with a smile and attended him in the morning, the sexual games that always seemed to be exquisite cruelty that served to raise the level of his pleasure to incredible heights. The wife that kissed him as his cock was slowly drained by crawling bitches who slurped his come from him with eager lips.

He was superior, better in every way than the slaves... but still lower than low!

The naked boy-gurl that held his paints and tidied the studio. The other three that put Eric in the correct frame of mind for the erotica that seemed to be Mrs Kurt's obsession and, best of all, the pretty little boy that spent all his days waiting to be fondled as he followed Eric with his tiny little cock dribbling come at every step. The way the eager bitches modelled his drawings in the flesh, making the execution and accuracy surpass anything that he had drawn since Larissa had been by his side.

Eric was in a terrible heaven and the orbiting presences of Mrs Kurt and his rapacious wife were becoming a delight as much as a terror to him. The daughter was both so perfect, but her mother attracted Eric to a darker side of himself that he felt a waxing in the deadly glow of her moonlight.

He had not changed, he convinced himself as he caned a maid for spilling his coffee in the morning and another for failing to massage his balls as she slowly drained his bladder into her. Nothing had changed at all, he was now just making the Eric that had always been there shine through and make its presence felt.

Eric was still Eric, of that he was sure...

All that had happened was that he had shed everything that had ever held him back.

Colouring In. Pick a Crayon

"Miss Karoline will be there," said Miss Ingrid, "so we will be off to France again."

Eric nodded and raised his glass. Only the finest wines, a perfect meal served as if by magic. Each course exquisite, the service beyond compare, all five courses prepared by the Michelin chef that Mrs Kurt had acquired several years ago. Eric sat back and felt a warm glow. Marriage to Miss Ingrid was a peculiar experience! They were partners in the most open relationship that he could imagine. She fucked and sated her desires as only she could do, he was permitted partners that she chose, but he had no complaint. Every slave in the house was perfect in their own way, even the helpless sissies that Mrs Kurt loved to surround herself with...

"Mmm," said Mrs Kurt. "It's been a while, I am really looking forward to a couple of quiet days with my old friend."

Miss Ingrid looked over at her husband.

"I don't believe that you have met Miss Karoline," she said.

"No Miss," replied Eric.

"In a month you will..."

He was thinking of his studio and how excellent it would be to surprise his wife and her mother with the next work that he was planning. She would be so amazed, and her mother would just orgasm when she saw what he had in mind. He was just picturing how he would plan the work when his wife swept away his thoughts. It was the idea of pleasing his mother-in-law that particularly resonated.

"Mistress Karoline! Well, what can I say about her that would do her justice?" said his wife. "Back in the day, she was the toast of German high society, then she married a man who has long since been disposed of and now that she is so wealthy in her own right, she is able to indulge herself in so many ways..."

Eric watched his wife's face and sipped his wine while a maid cleared the table. She was smiling, and the tip of her tongue ran over her lips.

"She sounds interesting..."

Mrs Kurt nodded.

"I like to play games," said Mrs Kurt, "but Miss Karoline is at a level that I could never reach!"

The idea that some woman was even *more* sadistic than the woman who held his life in her hands and played with her victims as though they were disposable, caused Eric to pause.

"Anyway, you will meet her. She can have a bit of a temper sometimes, but she is really so generous and kind..." continued his mother-in-law.

Eric tried to match the sadistic woman of his imagination with the words 'kind' and 'generous' and failed.

"The reason that we mention it is that she'll be staying at my Château for a couple of days for a soiree before she is off to America for the pony season. I was thinking that you might give her a present of one of your paintings to hang in her villa..."

Eric nodded and wondered which of the nearly completed sketches would be suitable.

"What subject matter?"

"Oh, something nice and savage, I would think, Pookie," said Miss Ingrid.

A bottle appeared from Eric's left and the maid leaned over to pour a little more wine into his glass. He almost said, 'thank you'! Old habits were hard to break! There was no need for politeness to those that adored serving their betters. This was their choice and now that they had made it, serving was all they were good for. That Eric *knew* that all the slaves were unwilling and cruelly trained, but somehow the prevalent idea that the lower-orders served because they worshipped their owners had seeped into his mind and become accepted.

"I have work in my studio," said Eric as he excused himself. "Something singular that will amaze you both..."

Eric stood and listened to their talk.

His wife nodded permission for her husband to leave and then turned to her mother to discuss the fact that she felt that a suitable sommelier for the household would be a good idea. The subject did not interest Eric and he moved towards the door with an emotion that was almost relief. Then, he imagined his mother-in-law's delight when he showed her the remarkable canvas that he was planning to use. The tattoo gun lay ready in the studio, the maid that would be his canvas was waiting for the touch of his genius.

"I have to get to the studio," said Eric, taking advantage of a narrow gap in the conversation. "I have work to do..."

Miss Ingrid nodded and Mrs Kurt waved him away with a casual flick of the fingers, Eric was allowed to leave the room!

The house was still.

Narrow frontage, but deep, he wandered through the corridors and down the stairs. Here and there the slaves were working at their chores, and he felt an intense excitement at the shadowy world where he found himself. Between his thighs he could feel the lust creeping on him and his hand longed to satisfy that urge.

Eric looked down at a sweet maid who was tending to the pile of the carpet with a stiff brush and the temptation was almost too great to bear. Her ass stuck in the air as she worked inch by inch and he reached down to lift the hem of her skirt, not knowing what he would find. The slut could be male or female or at some indistinct halfway point.

As soon as he stopped to look down, her behind was provocatively lifted in a show of submission that was so very natural. He lifted the short hem and saw the smooth backs of her thighs and the rounded ass. From that cleft emerged a narrow tube from which depended a bulb. His fingers opened the valley of her ass and he inspected the insertion. All that was visible was a stopper into which the pipe entered. He squeezed the bulb experimentally and the maid lifted herself a little to accommodate him and he saw the tiny balls that hung sweetly down with a perfect little cocklet that dangled loosely.

'Just like a baby,' he thought as he fondled them.

It was true, the slave had been brought to a state of infantile sexuality. Soft skin, a cute little baby penis and testicles that no longer even responded to Eric's fondling. He tried rolling those little plums in his fingers and the only response was a further lifting of the sweet ass and a parting of the thighs to make his molestation easier to carry out. He pulled at the cocklet and thought that he felt an insignificant reaction.

The slightest hint of stiffening.

If he had not been looking for it, it would not have been even noticeable.

"So sweet," he said as he played.

The maid sighed and made a slight hissing noise with her tongue and Eric smiled.

"You want to play with me?" he asked, knowing what she was desperate for.

The maid just moaned again and opened her legs wide for him. Eric pumped at the bulb with his free hand. A slow pressure that caused another groan from her and he started to chuckle.

"That's enough," he said and slapped the tempting ass sharply.

He ran his hand over the soft flesh and felt his attraction increasing. The thought of the defenceless slut on the end of his cock was so appealing.

"Come with me, bitch," he said and turned to descend the stairs.

The maid crawled at his feet, and then descended the stairs backwards, presenting herself as she went. Eric stopped and watched her submission and helplessness. Now the feeling of lust was almost overwhelming. One of the supervisors passed upward without even looking, and Eric felt a little embarrassment that his tented pants made his intentions so clear.

'It's what they are all here for,' he thought to himself. *'I can do what I want!'*

Of course, that was not strictly true, his wife and her mother decided, but even so, Eric was entitled to use the staff for his pleasure when the feeling came on him.

The maid followed on her knees, the brush still in her hand as he entered his studio. Waiting by door inside was the other maid that he had ordered. The tattoo gun and inks lay by her side and Eric closed the door as the service-maid crawled through the door and waited for his commands with hope in her eyes.

Eric simply pointed at the large Chesterfield easy-chair and tried to decide which of the sluts could be of service. Crawling sissy-maid or the fettered young girl that waited for his touch. The thought added urgency as he fumbled his zipper and eased his huge erection from the opening.

The service maid moved to the chair.

For a moment it seemed as if she was needing exact instructions as to which of her holes he desired to use, but when his command was not forthcoming she sat carefully on the chair and then raised her legs upwards and put her arms to hold her thighs under her smooth armpits.

Her ass was presented and just above it, her pouting and open lips. Eric looked at the tube hanging from her and had a sudden need to fuck the feminised slut.

Take her, squeeze the smooth little balls and prove his superiority.

The maid was nothing more than holes for his use, reduced to helplessness and vulnerability for his pleasure. Her eye-lashes fluttered as if she was enticing him to take her and Eric knew that he could not resist.

Lips and throat were tempting, but the cleft cheeks of her ass were what attracted. The sweet opening that was filled by a plug from which hung a bulb to torment her with.

What had she been before she had walked into Mrs Kurt's demented world? A young man on the path to a great career? A down-and-out gathered in some midnight sweep of the streets, or perhaps a groom snatched after his wedding, snatched from his honeymoon? Now she was just a plaything for her betters, trained and groomed to please her owners. A pair of holes that were filled, prepped and tormented for the gratification of the deviants that had the power to abuse...

"Take it out," he ordered the other maid and watched as she allowed the compressed air to hiss before she slipped out the stopper with a small sucking sound.

By now, Eric was so hungry to fuck that delicious ass that he could no longer wait. He stepped to the chair and took himself in hand and guided the tip of his prick in that wide-open smooth valley of flesh.

"Wider," he muttered as he pressed home.

The bitch was so tight and perfect for him! His eager cock slid into her and she made the obligatory gasp and said the words that Eric so wanted to hear.

"Please fuck me," she lisped. "I want to be your bitch. Fuck me, please, please fuck me! I love you..."

Eric slowed as he shafted her ass.

Too quickly and he would come too fast, better to build up and savour the enjoyment of taking her, his willing hole. The tiny balls were crushed by his groin as he pressed home, and his hand moved to stroke the bee-stung lips that surrounded her gaping mouth. Her hips tilted, and she gasped before the out-stroke and Eric was filled with a craving, he needed to prove that she was just a fuck-puppet for his casual abuse.

The feeling to punish was stronger than it had ever been, a need to prove that he was her superior, a need to take her callously as if to balance his subservience to Mrs Kurt and his perfect wife.

That thought hung in his head and he imagined Mrs Kurt poised on the end of his cock. As if he fucked her and she squealed in lust. He rammed home again, and the maid cried out hoarsely from her throat. Eric found his hands on the maid's heavy breasts and grasped them, pinching the erect nipples as he shafted her. He slapped her face and then teased the pathetic remains of her cock and pulled at the sweet little balls.

"Tell me that you love me again..."

The words were out of Eric's mouth before he even realised the thought. The maid's response was to cry out and a tumble of words shrieked from her lips as he neared his climax.

"I love you to take me, I love being on your cock, I need to be fucked like a whore..."

Eric looked down at her shaking body and rammed home again. The bitch was incapable of saying what he really wanted to hear, but her total surrender was enough. His hips stopped suddenly, and he spewed his all into her with a shudder and then another hard stroke that drained him in a fountain that pumped her full of his come.

A single drop of the maid's pre-cum wetted the fingers that pinched the tiny cocklet.

The maid had given all she could give, and it matched the dimensions of her insignificant organ! A single drop, despite the shafting, despite the attentions of his hands tormenting her huge breasts.

"Now this," said Eric, intent on a total humiliation.

His cock pulled free of the tight hole. A dribble of come welled from the knot of her ass-hole and he moved forward and upwards to press over his puppet to allow her to slip her lips over him and suck the come from his cock with tender caresses of her tongue. This last contact caused a last dribble to issue from him that the tiny tongue mopped up and then teased the sensitive rim of the head of his prick with small licks that made the perfect end to his pleasure.

At last sated, and with a warm feeling that was the after-effects of the fuck, Eric stood back and admired the effect of the helpless fucked sissy-maid, folded backwards with his come slowly dribbling from her sissy-pussy.

Eric's eyes turned to the human canvas that he had had prepared for his next work. The smooth taut back of the female maid that now waited for him to begin his work. Cream pale flesh, a blank canvas that itched for his touch. His fingers smoothed over the slight rise of her spine and down to her round ass as he traced curves that would define his vision.

At last he had a suitable subject for his latest work!

A living canvas.

Eric sighed, and a small shudder overcame him. How he had struggled in his mind to find a theme and now at last it all came together. It was so much easier to draw from models instead of merely relying on his fevered imagination. Even better, setting the model in position had been a real pleasure!

The stack of half-finished portraits from the gallery commissions caused him to wander to the far corner of the studio and idly flick through them. Pallid and uninteresting, the technique was his, but the subjects were stiff and boring, colourless women sitting rigid. Paintings that were intended to go above mantelpieces in suburban settings.

Returning to the human canvas that waited clean and unsullied, Eric glanced at the sissy that he had just fucked and returned to take up a marker to trace the design on the smooth back that waited for him. A curve here, the hips and the raised ass, a touch for the place where his creamy come dribbled from that tight entrance. Touches of shading, the lips that had sucked him in. He sighed and swept the marker from stretched neck to the small of the back as the design took shape. From shoulders to the rounded ass, the design took form, the frame for the painstaking work that was to come.

He stood back and admired his sketch.

The young woman fettered to the frame breathed slowly as his fingers traced the lines where the needles would soon play. His sketch coming to life on the flesh of his captive canvas. The thought of the obscenity that he was creating caused his cock to stiffen again as he adjusted a few of the bare lines to match the curves of his subject to the curves of the canvas that he had chosen. For the rest of her life she would bear his inspiration, carry the perfect moment that lay after his release.

Eric slipped on blue latex gloves and took the tattoo gun in his hands. It felt heavy, weighted with significance as he felt the buzz of it's coming to life. The vials of grey ink that would soon repeat his marked sketch everlastingly on the perfect skin was full and he began to trace over his sketch with steady hands. Tiny beads of the ink spurted from the needle

as it kissed the skin and he felt excitement as the first line started to appear under his fingers.

Days of patient effort lay before him, but he knew already that this would be his greatest sketch. Black and grey, shadows of light and shade that would catch the eye of the onlooker and adorn the maid with the portrayal of the fucked sissy from whom his come leaked, to drip to the hard floor.

A further thought invaded his consciousness, made him chuckle despite himself.

To capture the moment, the detail of dripping come, the pout of lips and the tears that drained over her cheeks, he would have to fuck his model again and again to keep the rose fresh in the vase as he worked! The perfect moment would be repeated again and again until the vast tattoo was a perfect composite of his single moment of sadistic lust.

He heard footsteps and turned to find Mrs Kurt standing by the still-contorted maid in the chair. She ran a finger over the taut ass of the contorted sissy and chuckled.

"I see that you have found suitable subjects," she smiled as she stepped to where the tattoo gun in his fist stroked the skin of his canvas.

"Inspiration comes..."

"As do you!" she chuckled. "A substantial variation from your charcoal and chalk..."

"A learning process," he said, as he carefully moved the pulsing needle over the smooth skin. "This is a subtle medium that has no room for error. One slip and it can never be erased..."

Mrs Kurt watched for a minute as a curved line of the marker became an everlasting stroke of the artist's brush and laughed.

"Every stroke of the needle enhances her value a thousand-fold," she commented. "From maid to object-de-art, immune from the kiss of the punishment cane, a living canvas..."

"That only comes with my final strokes of the needle," he muttered. "When I final sign, *then* your maid will become art. A perfect addition for your collection of my work..."

His words caused her to laugh.

"Pure conceit, Pookie, as if a work needed to acknowledge the artist to classify it as art!"

"Conceit and talent is all that makes me valuable to you," he said, looking up to where she stood over him. "The only thing that separates me from a fate like that..."

He nodded at the sissy that held her position in the chair and then looked back to Mrs Kurt's smiling face.

"Oh, Pookie, you are so perceptive," she chuckled, "but so wrong! You have a special purpose, a unique role to play, a particular attribute that makes you valuable to me. Your ability to depict perversion as art is no more than a *small* part of your usefulness!"

Eric turned back and allowed the tip of the tattoo gun to drift almost carelessly, tracing his design. He tried to imagine what was so special about him and his imagination failed him.

But, he dared not ask!

Mrs Kurt watched the slow progress of her son-in-law. A satisfactory progress, she decided, Pookie no longer had just one tentative foot in her world, he was becoming fully absorbed. Just the final act needed to be played out in her little passion-play and he would be hers forever.

"You do not wish to know what I intend?"

"What will be, will be," he muttered.

"At *last*, you are starting to understand," said Mrs Kurt and she wandered from where he was working, and looked at the six portraits that were stacked carelessly against a wall.

"Old commissions?" she commented as she inspected each one.

Eric nodded and she slid one free of the others to hold it in her hands.

"I cannot finish them," he said. "They have no meaning... no future... not now."

She picked the large oil clear from the stack and held it to the light, inspecting carefully before the click of her heels signified that she was standing just behind her captive artist.

"I cannot work when you are here," he said at last and laid the tattoo gun to the side.

He could smell the overwhelming scent of sex on her.

"Are you asking me to leave?" she laughed. "The patron bid goodbye while the genius slaves over his latest creation?"

Eric shrugged and looked up at the woman he obsessed over.

A musky odour that was both attractive and repelling at once. Her breath smelled of wine and as she leaned to look again at the portrait. Eric was so tempted to pat her perfectly curved rear. Eric withstood the impulse and watched the light play on her perfect features.

Mrs Kurt was such a sexual woman.

Every movement and curve a temptation, yet those slender hands that lifted the painting were also the ones that could wield a steel threaded whip. The rounded ass was the one that the stallions caged in her stables fucked. Her full lips were the ones that gave orders that had to be fulfilled on pain of frightful torment.

"So tell me about this one?"

"Oh, just some rich middle-aged socialite who wanted something to hang in her inherited mansion," he said. "I am more concerned that the painting that I gave to you was *actually* the one for my exhibition. Now I have to create something erotic... Anyway, best that I just give them all their fees back, I really cannot finish those daubs now!"

"Let me introduce Mrs Mary Wolsingham," said Mrs Kurt as she held the canvas to the light. "Doyen of garden parties with minor royalty, a snob to end all snobs, aristocratic forbears back to John of Gaunt, airs and graces, charity balls and weddings a speciality!"

"You know her?" said Eric trying to imagine the sadistic Mrs Kurt mixing with a ramrod-stiff woman like Mary Wolsingham. The bitch that had complained all through the sitting as though it was an imposition.

"I do indeed, though I am not at all in *that* set," laughed Mrs Kurt. "The cow cut me at some minor function years ago. If I remember right she said, '*Why bankers and commoners would be invited to an event like this is quite beyond me*'."

She mimicked the cut glass Oxford accent as she spoke and then placed the picture to lean against the chair where the sissy still held her contorted position. Eric looked at the completed face and the sketched-in torso and shrugged.

"A ghastly woman," he said. "Worst of all she thought that the painting should be free of charge because she was so important and could find me so many other commissions."

"Well then, why not use *this* one for the exhibition, Pookie?" she said.

"Er, I can't!"

"Because?"

"Because she is the least erotic woman that I know!"

Mrs Kurt laughed and reached for a charcoal stick and crudely added a pair of enormous hanging breasts to the portrait.

"Now, that's better," she laughed.

"Oh my! Are you suggesting that..."

"Of course I am, Pookie. All the time! Just use your vivid imagination and Mary Wolsingham will become the perfect slut! Naked and parading her assets for all to see!"

Eric started to laugh and looked at the two maids that were motionless as their betters exchanged a little banter. One fettered, one waiting to be abused. he turned back to the painting held it up.

"A little imagination would go a long way," he laughed.

Mrs Kurt moved closer and pressed against his body. He could feel the warmth of her and swallowed as her hand slipped against his pants and teased him.

"You have come a long way in a short time, Pookie," she breathed. "Soon we are going back to France. There you will find that there is a place for you that is beyond the wildest dreams of the most corrupt debauchees. You see, I have a special use for you. All you have to do is obey..."

"You know that I cannot resist," said Eric as his erection was stroked by her hand. "I am yours to do with as you will."

"That's good, Pookie. You are mine!"

"I belong to myself," he said, but his answer sounded like a lie and he could not help jerking his hips as she toyed with him.

"You see, Pookie. You have given up *everything* except *one* thing for me. One small thing that separates you from the vision that I have prepared for you. One last thing that has to be consigned to the past to make you the man that I want!"

Eric felt the urge of his hips and the hand stroking his cock slowly bit its nails into him with a force that almost made him squeal with agony.

"Tell me what to do, and I will obey," he grated.

Her hand moved back to teasing and she smiled.

"Pookie, Pookie, you have travelled this far, you will know what you have to do when the time comes! Don't disappoint me, baby. Make sure that you don't disappoint me, ever!"

The hand slipped from his waistband and raised. A glistening of pre-cum on her palm was offered to his lips. Eric licked and looked into her eyes.

"Good little Pookie. Just remember that you must never ever disappoint me... the consequences would be tragic."

Eric shook his head.

Mrs Kurt leaned down with the wet hand and rubbed it on the portrait's face before pointing to the bottom of the picture.

"A giant cock spewing filthy fountains of spunk onto her face would be fine, Pookie!" she said with a hard edge. "But, I am *not* an artist, I'm sure that *you* can think of something a little less crude... after *all*, it is supposed to be erotica!"

Colouring In. Finger Paints

"So, what's in the play house?"

"Sissy wanted to play with Raggy," said Dolly's voice sweetly. "Naughty Sissy..."

"Let's take a look shall we, girls?"

The words scarcely registered in Jamie's mind as he wept in heaving sobs. The voice was a sympathetic voice, a man's voice. A kindly tone like a father or a caring uncle. The rag-doll that enclosed him had long since ceased to torment him, it just gripped him tight while her knitted face pressed to his in a parody of post coital exhaustion.

Footsteps and a squeak as the door of the little play house opened.

"My, my, what have we here," said the man's voice with glee. "A naughty little gurl playing with her toys..."

"She wouldn't play with us," said Dolly's sullen tone. "So, we locked her in the house as a punishment."

"Let's see..."

Jamie felt a hand fondle and then Raggy was pulled free. The hand came back, it stroked Jamie intimately. Breasts and thighs and then finally the sore cock, red-raw with Raggy's attentions.

"Did Raggy make you come, dear?"

Jamie's body heaved as the hands explored. Coerced intimacy, a lover's touch that defiled him with a humiliating grope. Weighed his tits and cock and then probed into every crevice with an avidity that was reflected by the panting breaths that accompanied the inspection.

"She didn't, have you been saving yourself for me?"

The questions were rhetorical, mere chit-chat as the hands explored and teased. Probed and abused.

"Please can we play?"

Dolly's voice was wheedling and coy and Jamie heard a gasp and then a slap before the hands stroked him and he felt an indescribable urge. All he wanted was to be mauled and fondled, played with and abused as long as it ended with... One part of him wept with shame and

humiliation, the other eagerly looked forward to being teased and used. The conflict caused him to shudder and the hand that stroked his growing cock gripped him and stroked a thumb over the sore tip to make him gasp with lust.

"Later, Dolly, first I want to see your new playmate and dress her up! Then maybe we can play a while... later tonight when I have time."

The hand moved to the soft mask that encased Jamie's face and stroked the soft latex before slipping to the back of his head to urge Jamie forward. He tipped and was caught and then urged through the tiny door of the play house on his knees.

"Ooh, look at what we have here, Dolly! Isn't she pretty?"

Dolly's reply was a sullen grunt and was followed by a short laugh from the man that was admiring his new playmate.

"I do believe that you're jealous, Dolly!"

The hands tweaked Jamie's nipples and then stroked his stiff prick lovingly with slow strokes. The teasing caused Jamie to thrust his hips instinctively and there was a little chuckle. The hands moved from him and Jamie shuddered. He had been so close and now it was gone and all he could do was thrust into the air wanting that final finishing touch.

Hands fumbled at Jamie's collar, where naked skin met the soft latex mask and he heard the click as a leash was clicked into place. A small tug caused him to move forward on his knees and he moved painfully forward at its urging.

"Time to dress up and play," said the voice.

A pull at his wrists caused Jamie to bow forward and then hands lifted him to his feet. His knees almost buckled as he found his footing on the high heels that wobbled under his feet. Hands moved over his face and there was a small click as the padlock that held the plug was opened and suddenly Jamie was able to breathe through his wide-open mouth.

"There, that's better, dear."

Fingers moved and the pinkish mist that blinded Jamie's sight lifted and he was looking into the smiling face of Mr Kurt. Mr Kurt stood back to admire his captive. Dressed in a suit and tie he looked incongruous in the crèche and inspected Jamie with interest.

"Every new little Sissy needs a theme," he mused. "A character if you like..."

He talked to himself and rubbed his chin as if trying to decide how Jamie fitted into his fantasy. He strolled around and reappeared after giving Jamie's ass a little slap and sliding a stubby finger the length of the clenched cleft.

"My wife is such a clever woman," he said. "She always knows exactly what I want, she knows how to keep me sweet!"

Jamie looked at the round face that beamed at him. Mr Kurt would not have stood out in any crowd, an ordinary man just like his father. The dissonance was unsettling, and he looked down to where the pants of the well-fitted suit tented in anticipation.

"Something tight and sexy," said Mr Kurt at last. "To match that pretty face! A few frills to set it off and of course just begging to be fucked hard on the end of my cock!"

As if Mr Kurt had finally made up his mind, he nodded and strolled to the huge wardrobe that stood out of Jamie's sight. Jamie could hear him exclaim with glee and the sound of rustling in the background as his costume was planned. At last Mr Kurt returned and dropped a mass of formless latex at Jamie's feet.

"Do you like my little playroom?" he said to Jamie as Dolly sorted the items and laid them out.

When Jamie did not respond to the question, Mr Kurt moved close and pinched Jamie's nipples hard and slapped the hanging breasts with a sharp blow of his palm.

"When I ask a question, I expect an answer," said Mr Kurt. "A little nod, a flutter of the eyelashes, a coy pout... always willing and always needing more. Beg to be used and tormented, slut."

Jamie nodded, and it freed the tears in his eyes to seep between mask and skin.

"That's better, you see what a good little girly you can be if you try hard enough," said Mr Kurt. "You are one of my little Sissy's now, a plaything for my pleasure. Do you know what happens to toys that do not amuse me?"

Jamie shook his head slightly and Mr Kurt seemed to find the answer acceptable. His mouth twisted into a slight smile and he clicked his fingers.

"They are thrown away, Sissy. My wife disposes of them for me and they find themselves wishing that they could be back here playing with me! So be a good little gurl and you can have a place here forever... well, at least until I tire of you."

Mr Kurt looked down to where Dolly had sorted the costume that he had picked.

"Dolly will dress you nicely. Don't worry, I'm coming back later to play with you when you are ready. My cock will fill you until you burst, sissy."

He patted Dolly on the head.

"Nice and tight, Dolly! I want your new playmate ready to play when I come back and then we'll have a little fun."

"Will I be playing too?" lisped Dolly as her gaze focussed on Mr Kurt's groin.

Mr Kurt moved to rub his tented pants with his hand and he smiled.

"Perhaps! It all depends on the game that I choose!"

Standing and admiring his little sissies, Mr Kurt nodded at the diminutive Asian gurl.

"You will be in charge of the new addition, Dolly. Tend to it well and you can have her to play with and train as you like..."

Jamie watched Mr Kurt leave the crèche while Dolly looked up at Jamie with a chuckle of pure malice and glee. The door closed, and Dolly stalked around her prey with a proprietary air.

"I hate you," were the first words from her lips. "I can see that he fancies you for some reason and I'm going to make sure that your stay here is short! You don't fool me with your sobbing and weeping, I'm going to give you something to really cry about!"

Jamie flinched from her hands and Dolly slapped her breasts to bring her prey to a standstill.

"Stay still, bitch! It's my job to get you ready for Mr Kurt. One step out of line and I will teach you who rules in the crèche! Now then, let's see what

has been chosen... what can I do to make this as distressing as possible?"

As she lifted the costume that Mr Kurt had chosen, Dolly mused to herself.

"No shoes, that's good, so I can choose," she said. "A corset and training collar will suit, and then a few little touches... First things first, let's get this on."

There was no escape from Dolly as her hands roved over Jamie and slapped his balls and ass. The helplessness of her victim seemed to stimulate her, and she started to dress Jamie in the suit. Zippers and catches, buckles and fasteners. She released Jamie's arms and the shock of them falling to his sides caused him a terrible agony that Dolly made worse by pulling at his shoulders to make him stand straight.

With Jamie's shoes off, Dolly started to work.

She made Jamie step into the leggings and slipped them up his legs before working the latex up his thighs to make sure that the result was a smooth shiny surface with no folds or puckers. Jamie watched Dolly from above as the skin toned latex was pulled tight, parting at his thighs to open and ensure that he was exposed for appropriate use at front and rear. A short skirt was part of the fabric and she settled it on Jamie's hips where it almost covered the naked opening below while his long prick hung below the hem.

"Ooh, what a cute little doll you are," said Dolly as she pulled the back of the suit tight and rolled up the zipper to enclose his torso to just under his hanging breasts. "Now then, I can't leave your big udders hanging like that can I?"

Dolly headed for the wardrobe and Jamie looked down at the effect. A shiny new skin that was stretched tight over his legs with the frills of the short pink skirt hiding his thighs. Dolly returned with an armful of items and laid them on the bed.

"Mr Kurt will just love teasing your big tits, so first a little adjustment..." she muttered and held two wide bucked straps for Jamie to see.

He moved his arms and feely tried to fend Dolly from him, but she slapped them down and pulled the first strap around the base of a hanging breast. Dolly threaded the broad buckle and slowly tightened the strap with obvious enjoyment. As broad as the palms of her hands, the strap lifted the breast up and forward to bulge over the edges of the leather and form a sphere of taut veined flesh.

"Tighter?" asked Dolly as she pouted at the effect.

Jamie shook his head to hear a giggle from the cute little puppet as her fingers savagely pulled the strap causing Jamie to whine in distress.

"More?"

The weight of his tender breasts caused Jamie to bow forward and another sharp tug at the strap caused him to start to cry.

"What did I tell you about crying?" said Dolly as she slapped the stretched breast harshly. "Stand straight and thank me!"

Jamie straightened his back and Dolly pinched the stretched nipple hard before adding the second strap.

"If you think that this is bad, then wait until Mr Kurt uses the cane on them," laughed Dolly.

Satisfied with Jamie's bloated breasts, Dolly started to pull on the tight upper part of the costume. It stretched and pulled over him and Dolly pulled it until the revealing holes were centred over each nipple. A zipper at the back pulled it even tighter and up to the neck and Dolly removed Jamie's collar and smoothed the sleeves that covered his arms from wrists to shoulders.

"There, that's actually quite presentable, slut," she said as she fiddled at his neck where the bottom of the mask met the costume. "Now, a collar and then I can add all the other tweaks that I have in mind."

The collar was not just a simple band, but started at the shoulders and then narrowed before flaring under his chin. Loose as it went on, clasps were twisted and hooked to tighten it unto Jamie almost felt that he could not breathe. Dolly moved it as she closed the clasps until the fit was not merely snug, it was tight and his head was rigid.

"Corset next, Sissy. Let's get that waist properly narrow."

Dolly slipped the corset into place. White boned, of stiff matte latex that she settled on his hips. No laces, just metal clasps that rolled over to tighten the corset in place. Jamie breathed out as she started to tighten the stiff piece of clothing with snaps of the clasps. It clenched his torso like a stiff tube and he found that now, the only position that was bearable was bolt upright as Dolly started to fuss around the short ballet skirt of lace as she threaded the stocking-clasps through to dangle under the frills. Straps at the back of the corset passed along the valley of his ass, around his balls and were threaded upwards through the front of

the skirt to attach to the front of the corset. Dolly slapped Jamie's balls and then pulled the straps as tight as she could.

"Perfect," breathed the tormentrix.

The effect was to open his ass and pull painfully between his thighs and he whined as he felt the straps press into the soft skin. Somehow the attention, the touching and slapping and the terrible constriction was causing him to become thrilled and fearful as Dolly kneeled and slipped on the pink fishnet stockings up his legs and stretch them to the hanging clasps of the corset.

"Would you like this?" laughed Dolly as she opened her tiny mouth as if to take him in.

Her eyes rolled up to meet his and she fluttered her eyelashes.

"Now that you're nice and stiff, something to make it last..."

Her hand raised and Jamie saw that she had a thong in her small hand. Dolly pulled the leather thong through her fingers and then started to loop it around the base of Jamie's huge erection. Three loops and then under. He felt her hands beneath the frilly skirt and loop the thong around his balls before slowly tightening it. A tight knot, a loop, a knot a loop, the thong was wound around him tighter and tighter until she added a double bow and stroked his stretched balls and slapped them a few times.

Jamie almost fell, and Dolly laughed at his distress.

"If it were up to me, these would come off double quick," she tittered as her fingers kneaded him and Jamie shuddered in fear. "Make a proper little Sissy of you..."

Dolly stood and admired her creation before taking the pink ballet-stilettos from the bed and slipping them on to Jamie's feet.

"Stand still, bitch," she muttered as Jamie felt his feet being forced into the obscene shoes as she closed the zippers and tightened the straps on his ankles.

Now he was tottering, and Dolly was forced to stand and support her victim as he found his balance.

"Now, all that you need is a little more restraint and you will be ready," she said triumphantly.

Jamie tried to move his feeble arms, but Dolly easily captured them and pulled on a pair of mittens before adding a short chain from each hand to a ring on the corset.

"Come with me... I need to position you for presentation..."

Dolly pushed a little and Jamie tottered to turn towards the wardrobe. Dolly opened the door and for the first time Jamie saw himself in the mirror on the back of the door.

"A perfect little fuck-puppet for Mr Kurt," lisped Dolly.

The figure that Jamie saw was shocking. He had been stripped of all identity to become nothing more than a fetish latex-marionette. Bright pink heels and stockings, the rosy frills from which thrust a cock that stood well over a foot from his body. The corset pinched his waist and flared his hips and above, his latex covered breasts pushed a pair of enormous rounded breasts with distended nipples forcing their way through the openings. Worst of all, the face that stared back at his frightened eyes. Pink, the mouth opened in perpetual surprise, huge eyes, long lashes and the two bunches of hair that hung to make him look like a cheap blow-up doll, eager to suck her owners bloated cock.

"Fuckable and ready," crowed Dolly as she moved him another step and then took a hanging chain and attached it to the back of his collar.

Dolly turned her victim around to face the room and stood to admire him.

"You are going to be such fun to tease when we get to play in the crèche. All I have to do is persuade Mr Kurt to make Nursie to take those horrible useless balls off... he always listens to me when he comes in my sissy-cunt..."

Dolly licked her lips and stepped close to stretch upward and kiss Jamie's lips. A sudden pain caused him to sway on the end of his chain as Dolly clipped a toothed metal clip to each nipple and allowed the weights in her hands to drop.

"I decide what happens here when Mr Kurt is away," she said sweetly. "Don't you forget it, Sissy!"

Colouring In. Colouring In

It was so strange to be out of the house. A world in which there were no slaves, no intimacies, no punishments for those that erred. Eric sat in the luxurious waiting room of London City airport with four women who were obviously irritated that they had to wait half an hour before being allowed onto Miss Karoline's private jet.

The young woman in a pilot's uniform apologised to her mistress for the delay and explained that they would have a take-off slot soon and that the wait was unavoidable.

Mrs Kurt seemed almost amused by the delay and smiled as Miss Karoline vented her ire on the arrangements.

"They don't even have a *decent* Champagne," she said in a stiff tone. "It's quite unacceptable that we should wait while the common muck in business class go first..."

"Darling, we have all the time in the world," said Mrs Kurt.

"That's not the point, at least we should be permitted to board, it is my plane after all."

Miss Ingrid nodded.

"I have to agree with Karoline, Mamma, they really are being so rude."

Eric watched the little show and wondered how the world would be if women like this were in charge of the world. The staff would be naked or chained to their desks, supervisors in high heels would be standing by, to flay them with whips if they delayed and the stewardesses would be dressed in tight latex, each with a personal pet on a leash to provide amusement! The thought made him smile and he almost wished that it could come true. He looked over at the pretty desk clerk who was sitting primly and waiting for enquiries and visualised her with a servile sissy between her thighs while the thin crop in her hand ensured proper respect as she moaned with passion.

Eric brought his attention back to the five women that accompanied him. If only the staff realised just how dangerous they were, they would be scurrying to attend and ensure that the flight was *immediately* in the air. His wife. The supervisor, Miss Thirty. His wife's mother, Mrs Kurt, all prim in a tight skirt and a bulb of Cognac in her hand. The other two were new to him, though obviously old friends of Mrs Kurt. Miss Karoline, easily more than seventy years, dressed like a school governess, with a look of total superiority in her disdainful eyes. Then there was what seemed to

be her personal friend and intimate confidant, Miss Alicia. He had kissed her hand when they were introduced, but her long aristocratic name had already slipped his mind.

That did not matter!

All of these superior women always addressed each other by forename and 'Miss' or 'Mistress'. Miss Alicia was another older woman who fawned over Miss Karoline ingratiatingly and seemingly had nothing but contempt for Eric, the only man present. As he inspected them and allowed their conversation to pass him by, Eric wondered what his purpose was. What was he even doing here mixing with women who played with men like toys? It all seemed too difficult to fathom, but the stiff cock between his thighs explained at least why he *wanted* to be here.

These dominant women had dragged him into a nightmare of sexual slavery and perversion and he knew that it was where he wanted to be, no matter what the risk to himself. This was his feverish fantasies come to life, gratification and art jumbled into a sinful experience that had no equal. They had brought the illusions of his art to life before his eyes and made him whole...

"It's been a year, since we were last here," Mrs Kurt was saying to Miss Karoline with a smile. "I heard that you won a silver at Santa Fe..."

Miss Karoline had obviously relaxed and the small praise that Mrs Kurt was applying with a delicate touch calmed her ire.

"I was close to gold..."

"Single stallion?"

"Of course. I have never really been much of a success in the matched or mixed pairs," said Miss Karoline. "I just don't have time to do the work that would take me to the next level. Still, some success, I suppose..."

Eric had missed the beginning of the conversation and struggled to understand the subject matter. It was Miss Alicia that revealed it.

"We have always had stables in our family," she said primly, "for generations. Of course, horses are not nearly as stimulating as having slaves to compete with."

"It's not to everybody's tastes," said Miss Ingrid. "I sometimes think that it is just an excuse for Mamma! The competitions, that is. She only ever keeps the stallions that can perform in the stables..."

Mrs Kurt blushed a little, the first time that Eric had seen her discomfited.

"We all have our little vices," she said defensively.

Miss Karoline's mouth became a thin smile and she looked down at Eric with condescension.

"Your Mamma just has a different approach, that's all... I prefer a more direct approach to amusing myself, she is perhaps a little subtler."

Mrs Kurt seemed eager to change the subject and she also cast a glance at Eric before she spoke.

"Last time we were here, Miss Alicia gained a new slut for her growing collection," she said. "That's a year ago, how is it going?"

"You mean Rose Haldane, of course," said Miss Karoline, answering for her friend. "She was so unsuitable, far too submissive really, no pleasure at all! That was six months ago, and I was considering disposing of her. That was about six months ago when Alicia kindly took her off my hands..."

Miss Alicia seemed to swell a little now that she could talk about her accomplishments and she tapped her thin fingers on her knee waiting for the opportunity.

"So?" asked Mrs Kurt with a small smile.

"I now have ten," started Miss Karoline's friend, "or was it eleven? Anyway, Rose is serving as my intimate maid. Quite proficient and responding well. I really needed three for the bedrooms, but in the end, I decided that she would be perfect to keep me amused in the bathroom for intimate service..."

"Fancy her thinking that she could be part of our society of insatiable superior women," said Miss Karoline with a wan smile.

Mrs Kurt shrugged.

"I always knew that she'd end up on the wrong end of the cane," she said. "Just not the temperament to be one of *us*, but perfect to amuse Miss Alicia, I suppose."

Eric wondered what 'amusing Miss Alicia' would involve. The woman seemed like a dried aristocratic stick and it seemed to him that she would take a lot of *amusing* to satisfy her.

Mrs Kurt shrugged as if the fate of Rose was of no import.

"From hopeful dominatrix-to-be to become a mere toilet slave," she smiled. "Boxed and waiting for an aristocratic ass to need attention. A most satisfactory ending for *that* little game..."

"Fully modified?" asked Miss Karoline.

"An ongoing project," said Mrs Alicia with a dismissive wave of the hand. "I like to take my time... I am still discovering new uses for the slut."

"Sounds like fun," said Miss Ingrid. "What else have you been up to?"

"In the last month, I have been practicing with a long-tailed whip," said Miss Alicia with a conceited smile. "It's so tricky to get right, but Rose has also been perfect for practice... I really need someone to teach me how to get that twist of the wrist right, but it is *most* satisfying to learn."

"I think that you need to speak to Miss Karoline about that," said Miss Ingrid with a chuckle. "She is famous for her skill as a whip-mistress."

"I only do it to keep in shape," said Miss Karoline.

It was Mrs Kurt that changed the subject again.

"You have to tell us how your painting is coming along," she said to Eric. "For the exhibition..."

Eric blushed at the attention as the eyes of the fearsome women focussed on him.

"It's done," he announced. "When we get back, you'll be able to admire it, though the subject is going to be a little upset if she sees it!"

"Then we have to make sure that she does!"

Mrs Kurt started to chuckle and offered an explanation to her friends.

"Pookie has taken one of his portraits and reworked it for a little show that he has been invited to contribute to," she said. "I can't wait to see what happens when it is displayed..."

Miss Karoline was about to speak when a stewardess approached to inform the little group that their flight was ready. She shrugged and stood as the pilot arrived to usher them to the private jet.

"At last," she said with a sigh. "They really need to get this place sorted out!"

Eric trailed behind the prim women that led the way. All three had the straight seams of stockings on their calves and walked on their heels as if born to them. That he was part of this hidden world excited and made him anxious. His wife most of all! Any trip could be his last, each day was a day when the fetters and collars could be tightened, and he would become the lowest of the low.

That was the strange thing...

The terrifying thought excited him.

Part 6

Jewels and Ornaments

Jeweller's Art. Opened Locket

Outside the Château the rain poured as the November rain lashed at the gardens and castle with a fury that seemed inexhaustible. It cascaded down the windows and squalled in sheets across the perfect lawns as the six visitors slipped from the limousine under the cover of the vast umbrellas that the maids struggled to hold steady in the gusts of wind.

Inside, four lace-clad sissies were waiting to dry the feet and legs of the travellers with delicate care before Miss Fifty ushered them into a vast lounge. Drinks and a little food were already laid out and Mrs Kurt raised her glass in toast.

"To a few days of idle fun," she said as she sipped at the Cristal in her glass.

The others all raised their glasses and sat on the sofas as the maids scurried to offer the food.

"I'm sure that you haven't invited us all just to have a little rest from our cares," said Miss Karoline ironically.

"Always direct and to the point," said Mrs Kurt with a sly smile. "No, there are a few small things to sort out and I needed you all here as witnesses."

Miss Ingrid raised an eyebrow and extended her legs, crossing them at the ankles. Now at last her mother's plans would be revealed and it would begin in earnest. She looked at Eric and felt a thrill and was tempted to heighten the anticipation by tempting her mother to disclose all.

"Mamma, what are you up to?" she asked.

Suddenly Eric seemed all attention and Miss Ingrid looked down her nose at him as if signifying that he was doomed.

"Oh, that would be telling," said her mother. "Let's just all have a bite to eat after the long journey and settle down first. Then the big reveal!"

Eric took from the offered tray before him and watched as the maid refilled his glass. There was a pit in his stomach and he was not sure why. The look from his wife, the knowledge that he was just a part of something that he did not understand. It was about to happen, and he was sure that his role in it would not be at all comfortable. Miss Alicia was next to Eric and he watched as she placed a hand on the thigh of the

maid and slipped it up under the lacy dress. The maid stood still as she explored and then twitched as a finger penetrated her behind.

"If you like the slut, then she's yours," said Mrs Kurt as she watched the maid trembling and then relaxing as the hand was withdrawn.

"Just wondering..."

"Most were males before they started here," said Mrs Kurt. "I prefer being surrounded by feminised men!"

Miss Alicia laughed and offered the finger to the lips of the maid to suckle.

"Quite charming," she said in her aristocratic tone. "This one will do fine... for tonight!"

"The blue room!" said Miss Thirty to the maid with a dismissive flutter of the fingers as she dismissed the slave. "I expect to hear good things about you tomorrow!"

The maid curtsied and walked from the room with a wiggle of the hips. Eric wondered if Miss Alicia had a little whip practice in mind or something a little more intimate. The small group made inconsequential small-talk and Eric felt a rising anxiety. He felt so small and powerless, as though there was no need for fetters to control him. It was all he could do to manage not to show signs of his fear as the remaining maids served the food and drink and the talk moved from politics to household matters. It seemed to him that his wife watched with amusement as he struggled not to display his fear.

At last, the small refreshment came to an end and the room was cleared. Only Miss Thirty remained standing discreetly by the door as Mrs Kurt brought the conversation around to more serious matters.

She waved her hand to get Miss Thirty's attention and made a small walking movement with her fingers. The chief maid curtsied and slipped from the room to leave just the four women and Eric in the room. The room was in shadow as the sun was occluded by a cloud after a brief pause in the downpour, and it took on a sinister aspect of deep shadows and dark corners.

"This matter just a little private," said Mrs Kurt as she settled herself. "Can't have the underlings listening into private matters. The five of us, a cabal of conspirators..."

"Six?" asked Miss Alicia looking at Eric with surprise.

"Six!" confirmed Mrs Kurt. "All of us presently here."

She paused before launching a little speech.

"As you all know, I am in possession of eighteen per cent of Brendan & Fortes Statehood Private Bank in New York, a similar amount in my husband's name. Miss Karoline has just over twelve per cent after a small favour a year ago, the other twenty per cent or so are seven minor investors, including two percent in the hands of Miss Alicia here."

Eric listened to her little speech and wondered where the tale was going, but it was Miss Alicia that asked.

"Your husband?"

"Ah, Mr Kurt, that's the problem darling," said Mrs Kurt conspiratorially almost in whisper. "That's exactly the problem that I have been wrestling with for ten years, until a few months ago, I walked into Pookie's little gallery just off Bond Street and the solution came to me!"

All eyes turned to Eric and a chill tickled his spine.

"You see," said Mrs Kurt. "It's all very well just taking what is *rightfully* mine and disposing of my husband, but then what? He is well known, and his disappearance would be, let's say, inconvenient! He knows that signing his shares to me would be the end of him!"

Eric coughed and looked at his wife.

"Me?"

"Oh well done, Pookie! Well done, so clever for a man to understand what I am thinking! You are *such* a clever little boy!"

"I can't do that," he said, shrinking into the sofa as if he could hide. "No way!"

"But, you will, Pookie, you will. After all, *you* are now a Mr Kurt as well, after marrying my daughter. You are passably similar; a little touch here and there will make you his spitting image! There's so much more of course..."

"Jesus!" he replied.

Miss Karoline smiled, "I suspected, of course..." she lied.

Mrs Kurt slowly sat back on the sofa and crossed her ankles.

"You are Mr Kurt, Pookie! You have married my daughter, Ingrid Kurt which also happens to be *my* name. You are almost physically like him, the right age, and can easily replace him. In a few months you will be able to *become* him because I have a small idea that will train you to mimic his every mannerism."

Eric looked to the door and felt a rising fear. This woman was going to use him to cover an evil swindle and *he* was the key to her scheme. His young wife was smiling and the hand that rested between her thighs was teasing herself through the latex as she watched her husband's rising terror.

"Pookie!"

Mrs Kurt's tone was stern even though she was almost chuckling at the way that he nervously sought to escape.

"Yes, Mistress," he said reflexively.

"There, you see. Just think of all of the advantages for you! A life having fun in the crèche, spending idle hours playing and then occasionally being released from those arduous duties, to convince the world that my husband is alive and well... and easy and full life for my new Mr Kurt."

Miss Alicia sipped her Cognac with a shaking hand. Excitement flushed her face and neck at being in the midst of this intense intrigue and she almost moaned at the thrill that teased her mind. She was desperate to be a part of this, surely there would be something in it for her? Why else had she been invited to take a part?

"There is one thing, that you have not yet explained," said Miss Alicia as she shook with the thrill as her thighs rubbed when she clenched her legs. "How can you be sure that *Mr Kurt* here will not spill the beans when he is allowed to roam? Why is *one* Mr Kurt any better than the *other*?"

"Ah, that's the rub, darling, that's the rub!" said Mrs Kurt slowly, enjoying the tension in the room. "I need an invisible chain to bind him to our little cabal, something so awful that he is forever our privileged slave! After all, the transfer of the shares in the bank will have to take place in New York, witnessed by the board, in the open where Pookie might *possibly* betray us..."

The fear was becoming tangible in Eric's mind. Almost a physical sickness that choked him as he listened to the women that plotted his demise to his own face. He swallowed and fought to control himself as he considered running from this room, from this Château, from the wife that

used him and the mother-in-law that dominated him with the realisation of his own deviant fantasies.

"It will happen, Pookie, it *will* happen, and you will be there to sign! Bound by chains so tight that there is no escape. Fettered a fear of exposure so tight that you will *never* escape my control!"

Miss Karoline seemed puzzled and she looked from Mrs Kurt to Eric and back again before she spoke.

"Darling,' she said to Mrs Kurt. "If it is his hand that disposes of your husband..."

"Oh no, dear, that is *not* the plan. *That* pleasure will be mine. No, no, I have something much more apposite in mind! Something so delightfully perfect for him."

Miss Karoline started to laugh and moved a hand to her friend's knee.

"OK, be mysterious, it's your show."

Mrs Kurt smiled and placed her hand on Miss Karoline's and clasped it.

"There is one more... *small* ...item on the agenda," said Mrs Kurt. "This..."

She stood slowly and looked down at her guests and daughter.

"Something that I want you to see, because it is important that you all realise that there is no going back! Every one of us in the room has a role to play. Events are already in train. Miss Alicia, you will persuade the other investors that this is to their advantage to make the transfer smooth. Miss Karoline, I expect your *full* support in the board meeting when my husband is removed from the board since we are still below fifty per cent of the shares. That's why Miss Alicia is the key! Pookie will be signing and resigning his position for all to see while he is reminded of the consequences of refusal."

Her hand crooked and she beckoned them to follow her. Eric stood and almost fell back into the comfort of the sofa as Mrs Kurt led them to the window looking out over the rain lashed gardens. They stood there with glasses in their hands staring into the grey light and lashing squalls of the downpour outside.

"In the winter months it can get quite wild here," commented Mrs Kurt as they gazed from the windows to see what Mrs Kurt felt was important for them to see.

All they could perceive were the dim shapes of the trees in the rain until the creaking sound of Mrs Kurt opening the chest under the window caused them to look down.

"Can I introduce the *former* Mr Kurt?" she said with a triumphant smile.

Eric looked down and despite himself there was a surge of stimulation that stiffened his cock in his pants. Bounded by the small chest were the bars of a cage that barely fitted the naked figure that was fettered face up with legs pinned wide open and a gag filling his wide-open jaws.

Eric looked down at the rolling eyes, the puddle of piss that had gathered on the floor of the box, the cold sweat that ran from every distorted limb and the tubing that ran from every orifice to the blinking control box welded to the cage.

He was looking at himself...

"I propose a toast," said Mrs Kurt as she lifted her foot and placed it on the cage. "To the new improved Mr Kurt! Let us hope that he is a good little boy! Such a shame if he too ended up where this one is going to spend the rest of his days!"

A muffled rumble came from outside, and Mrs Kurt raised her glass.

Jeweller's Art. Creating a Clasp

The image of the doomed man filled Eric's head as he stood before the wardrobe where his clothes were arrayed. His clothes? These were the suits and casuals of the man that was being tormented in a tiny cage in preparation for his demise! His hand extended and he pulled a shirt from its hanger.

"Not that one, Pookie," said Miss Ingrid, "that one..."

Eric replaced the shirt with a shaking hand and took the one that his wife had pointed to. A feeling of imminence caused him to sweat as Miss Ingrid pulled a tie from its hanger and passed it to him.

"Afternoon wear, darling. What you picked was evenings-only."

"You knew what your mother was planning?"

Miss Ingrid smiled.

"I guessed it when I first saw you! The details were unclear, but her intentions were not!"

"I don't know if I can do this," said Eric.

"You will do it, darling," she mocked. "There are no choices. For now, just get ready and it will all flow naturally..."

Eric shuddered, but dared not argue with his malevolent wife.

"I will need to shave," said Eric dully.

"No, Mr Kurt always shaves just once a week on Mondays," said Miss Ingrid easily. "That's tomorrow. We just need to adjust this... and the blue contacts."

Her hand brushed his hair where it should show a receding hairline.

"Get used to it," she said as she watched him tighten the tie.

"Miss?"

"Mmm," said Miss Ingrid.

"How can you do this?" he asked plaintively, "Your own father?"

Miss Ingrid smiled and thrust her breasts forward a little.

"My father is long gone..."

Eric looked at her sly smile and shivered.

"Some stallion that Mamma fucked once twenty years ago," she said. "Long since departed. Did you really think that I would *marry* my own father?"

There was no possible answer to the casually given confidence. It was as though the world was closing in on him. He was to become Mr Kurt, become the man that spent his idle hours in the crèche, the marionette of the daughter that he had married *and* the woman who was her mother. The excitement of an hour ago, the reaction to seeing himself in a cage, chained and strapped to the bars while a machine was poised to abuse him, had faded. It was replaced by the knowledge that despite his own fetishes, despite the fantasy that he was living out, he would have to betray these women, whatever the cost.

"There, that's good, Pookie. You look the part. The maid will sort out the details..."

While his wife fetched the maid, Eric stood and gazed in the mirror. He had met the man just once or twice, but in his mind's eye he was the double of the man who he was to replace. He imagined the scene in an office in New York and a sudden thought took him. What if he refused to sign and simply got his hands on the stake of the bank for himself?

The idea had merit, he decided.

Nothing could stop him, he would be richer than he had ever imagined was possible. Wealthy enough to play any games that he wanted! Rich enough to indulge himself as Mr Kurt would. Rich enough to make sure that his son was set up for life as well... All he had to do was to think it through and he would be able to escape...

Millions and millions and millions!

Miss Ingrid and the maid returned, and Eric submitted to the fussy little details as his thoughts started to pull his idea into shape. All he had to do was to play along with the charade and then suddenly swoop. Pull the carpet from beneath their stilettoed feet and then ride into the sunset!

Eric looked into the mirror and gasped.

There were differences, small things like the mole on his chin, but there was more than a week before the board meeting and he knew that his mother-in-law would have polished them all by then.

The beginnings of hope caused his erection to swell.

He would become Mr Kurt, he decided. Play along and be a good boy. Do what they wanted because it would merely further his idea to escape them. Learn every detail, learn to be who they wanted him to be. Play in the crèche, fuck the maids and enjoy every moment of it before suddenly turning on them and taking his reward for the abuse that he had suffered.

Willingly suffered...

His wife seemed satisfied and pecked Eric on the cheek and dismissed the maid. Her hands pulled at his lapels and clamped on his shoulders, adjusting the Saville Row suit with her manicured fingers.

"You realise that there is another change that starts now," she said breezily.

"Which is?"

"You are no longer my husband," she laughed. "Now you belong to my mother, body and soul!"

Eric felt as though his face was cracking with the stress, as he managed a smile.

"Divorced and married with just the crack of a whip!"

Miss Ingrid laughed.

"Don't think that she wants to fuck this," she said, her hand enclosing his erection and tormenting it a little with a flutter of her fingers. "Mamma is a woman who only values size and strength and I don't think that you will match her exacting standards."

"A shame," said Eric.

Miss Ingrid started to giggle and patted the bump between his legs and then slapped him on the ass. It was the first real affection from her and Eric discovered that it mattered.

"I'll suggest it to her, if you like! Of course, all of the stallions that she uses are disposed of when she gets tired of their efforts..."

"Then, I'll pass," laughed Eric, but a shiver ran down his spine.

"As you like, Pookie. You wouldn't last long anyway, most of them don't! Now it's time to get down to the crèche and have a little fun..."

"Will they know?"

"Who will know?"

"The playthings in the crèche? I mean, they know the real Mr Kurt better than anyone else!"

"Who cares?" she replied. "In a couple of months there will be new toys to play with as you get bored of the ones that are there now. Just enjoy the games and be the man that you are to become. Fuck them and enjoy every minute! Become Mr Kurt and be softly spoken and carry a big stick!"

His wife that was no longer his wife walked him from the room. As they strolled past endless doors they passed the slaves who toiled for their benefit. Eric stopped by one that was crouching as she painstakingly cleaned the marble of the floor and slapped the raised ass to receive thanks for the attention from her and then hurried to catch up with Miss Ingrid.

"Mr Kurt loved to tease them all," she commented. "A little intimate moment that they always thanked him for."

Eric looked back to where the maid was kneeling and promised himself that he would take full advantage next time. His thought turned to the crèche and he realised that he was more excited than anxious. This would be his world for the next while; he would be the lord of every depravity that he had ever dreamed of!

The door to the crèche was guarded by Miss Thirty who stood with a cane in her hands and opened the door. Eric took a deep breath and felt a pat on his behind from his ex-wife as he stepped into a place that was beyond the wildest dreams of the most debauched. He took it in at a glance, a strange pink nursery where he seemed to shrink as he realised that everything in this prison was obscenely childish, but adult sized.

Mrs Kurt stood in the centre of the crèche and looked around at Eric and smiled.

Behind her stood a doll-like wet dream. Large, exposed and rounded breasts, frilly costume and candy green stockings with high, high heels in red. Her caricature face was almost cartoon-like with an expression hid

all emotion, a tiny mouth that pouted, long eyelashes that fluttered and a smooth expressionless face with huge green almond eyes.

"Dolly has everything ready as you ordered," said Mrs Kurt with a small smile as she indicated the sadistic young mistress of the crèche.

The green eyes of Dolly turned to look at Eric and he gulped as her short skirt raised to reveal a prick that was the largest that he had ever seen. Out of proportion and swelling to ever greater readiness, the shocking organ raised the hem and pointed at Eric in an obscene show of anticipation.

"I dressed her, but I didn't play with your new plaything, I promise, really," lisped Dolly guiltily as she stepped aside to allow Eric to see the ultimate wet-dream that was hanging amongst the scattered toys at the back of the crèche.

Eric stepped forward.

His eyes went to the little house where he could see the face of another pretty girl crying at the barred window. Then his gaze went back to the strange figure that was almost hanging from a chain from ceiling to the collar on her neck. The soft latex face with a mouth that suggested so many possibilities. The pink cheeks and wide eyes, the vast breasts trapped under latex and the weights that depended from her great nipples. The corset that pulled the sissy's waist to just a few inches and the pink fishnet stockings on shiny smooth legs that ended in ballet boots that moved on the floor as she struggled to keep her balance.

"Very good," said Eric as he approached, stepping over a large rag doll that smiled a vacant smile upwards.

"Well, I'm off," said Mrs Kurt as she picked her way out of the crèche to where her daughter stood in the doorway. "Have fun! This is your place..."

Eric was suddenly alone.

Dolly watched him and what appeared to be a slight smile crossed her lips.

"You promised," she lisped.

"I did?" said Eric.

"You said that we would play with Sissy and make her cry!"

"Of course," said Eric with the feeling that there was something wrong.

He looked at the plaintive face in the window of the cage-like doll-house and then back to Dolly. From her hand trailed a wicked crop and the smile on her face was not reflected in her eyes.

"Sissy is longing to please you," she lisped as the crop lifted and indicated the tottering figure that swayed at the end of the chain from the hook on the ceiling.

His eyes went to the strange figure that hung on tip-toes and he approached with slow steps. The urge to inspect this helpless slut tempted him and he stood for a moment before his hand slipped under the hem of the skirt to lift it. Sissy made a small sound of whining in her throat as his hand freed the cock that had been tied back between her thighs. He pulled at the pink ribbon that held it and watched as it swung free, even larger than Dolly's, if that was possible. Eric gasped as it expanded and took it in both hands as Sissy moved as though desperate to escape his hands. Her hips pulled back and the movement caused Eric's hands to pull at the incredible organ.

"Sissy so wants to be fucked," said Dolly greedily as she watched the hands play with Sissy and then move to the tight thong that separated the tormented balls into shiny vulnerable eggs.

Eric's fantasies had never gone this far, but the temptation to fuck this helpless toy was almost more than he could bear. He was living Mr Kurt's desires and could not resist the craving that it was putting in his mind.

"Get the slut down," he said with his heart in his mouth.

Dolly moved and released the chain and Sissy fell to her knees and looked up with piteous eyes. Eric could see that her lips were trying to move, but not a sound issued from the fuck-hole that her mouth had become. He reached down to where the sore nipples puckered with the savage clips that almost pierced the soft skin. The weights lay on the floor and Eric tugged a little, excited by the power that he held in his fingertips.

"She likes it," said Dolly in a satisfied tone. "Show the bitch that you want to play!"

Urged on by the cute malicious Asiatic Dolly, Eric nipped the flesh between his fingers and enjoyed the reaction as Sissy tried to wail in distress with a hissing breath from the hole that so needed to be filled.

He stooped to play with the shuddering sissy.

His hands moved over the corset and then slipped beneath the crouching figure to slowly rub that cock with leisurely strokes that caused the back of the slut to arch and her hips to quiver. His hand slipped upward between the legs, past the tight balls to find the other fuck-hole that had been prepared for his abuse.

Eric's anxiety and worries slipped from his mind as he explored and found the plug that denied access. His fingertips brushed over the smooth soft ass that was held wide by the corset-straps and Sissy flinched and tried to turn her head to see her tormenter.

A single tear dropped from the latex face and splashed unseen on the thick carpet.

Eric grasped the plug and pulled.

Jeweller's Art. Pearl Necklace

"Poor little Pookie, he'll be destroyed!" said Miss Karoline with a chuckle.

"He thinks that he can double-cross me for sure," said Mrs Kurt without turning her eyes from the screen that showed the crèche as though a window into the room. "This is the first stage that will show the slut that there is never an escape possible."

"Betrayed by his own lust," commented Miss Alicia. "You are so clever, dear!"

Mrs Kurt nodded slightly at the compliment as she watched her victim pull Sissy's plug free and pass it to the waiting Dolly. Miss Karoline started to laugh. A dry sound that she seldom allowed herself.

"So, what happens next?" said the older woman.

"Dolly will do what I told her to," said Mrs Kurt. "She's such a clever little bitch."

"What reward did you promise her?"

Mrs Kurt looked at her daughter at the question and smiled.

"What else? Control... I whispered in her ear that I expect her to teach Mr Kurt what is expected of him and she would find herself being able to play properly with the toys *all* the time. It's what she dreams of... endlessly making their lives a tormented hell."

The women's attention turned back to the screen as the *other* Mr Kurt started to take Dolly's lead. The pretty toy passed her cane to his hand and delicately lifted the lace that half covered the wide-stretched ass. He bent it in his hands and Dolly sidled up to him and slowly slipped her hand into the waist of his pants.

Almost experimentally he swiped the cane and Sissy started when it struck. He seemed puzzled that Sissy did not even yelp at the contact and swung again.

"Sissy loves the cane," said Dolly. "Ten strokes?"

Eric looked down as Dolly slowly unzipped him and his cock sprang free of his pants. Her hand appeared from inside and pulled at him hard.

"Master," said Dolly as she stooped, "Please, please can Dolly..."

"Three," said Eric as he lashed at the behind that provided such a tempting target. "Show me what a good little dolly you are."

Dolly's tiny mouth opened, and she slipped over Eric's erection and took him in deep. Eric gasped and looked down at the upturned eyes and their fluttering lashes, his cock planted in the mouth that teased him to the point of distraction.

"Careful, Dolly," whispered Mrs Kurt as she concentrated on the screen in front of her. "Slow down..."

As if her Mistress's words had been heard by the kneeling pet, in the crèche, the lips moved back and released a cock that was at the brink of coming. Her tongue lapped a drop of pre-cum from the tip and she fluttered her lashes cutely.

"Ooh, she's such a perfect tease," said Miss Alicia with a smile. "Where on earth did you find Dolly?"

Eric thrashed his new toy with ever harder strokes of the cane and Dolly teased him with small licks and touches as though about to swallow Eric whole once more.

"I bought her in auction in Osaka," said Mrs Kurt. "I could see that there was real promise and she has proved perfect for keeping a controlling eye on my husband..."

"Ten," announced Eric as the final blow caused Sissy to recoil. "Now for a different game..."

"The frame?" asked Dolly maliciously.

Eric seemed a little nonplussed, but he nodded, and Dolly left him to fetch an H-shaped metal frame that she began to attach to the trembling Sissy. A clasp above each knee and each wrist while Eric watched with rising excitement. His hand gripped his cock and he was obviously struggling to save himself for the moment when his new toy would be used in the way that had been intended.

Dolly looked up and Eric pointed to the Sissy's ass where the stripes of the caning were rising as welts.

"Just as I expected," said Miss Karoline with a superior tone as the four women watched the screen. "The face-fuck is just too tempting!"

Eric's hand moved to hold the root of his cock and it seemed as if he were about to kneel at Sissy's downturned face. Dolly reached to the

back of the collar and pulled and Sissy's head was forced up and up until she was forced to look forward at the approaching cock. Tears streamed from her eyes and she looked imploringly upwards as Eric moved closer.

"May I?" asked Dolly sweetly, her enormous erection held in her slim hands.

Eric made a small gesture that could be taken as assent and Dolly started to giggle.

"Thank you, Daddy," she said as her hand stroked the trembling ass. "This is the bestest game that we have ever played!"

Eric watched as Dolly moved to stand behind Sissy and slowly massaged herself to full size. Her face was white, her breath came in small gasps and then she kneeled and slapped the vulnerable balls sharply making Sissy lean forward and expose her pouting sissy-pussy.

Lips touched.

The swollen latex lips and then those that lay behind the mask. Eric gasped as he realised that the mouth that was taking him in was empty of obstruction and offered a smooth journey to the tight throat that would soon grip his cock. He slowed and pushed into the surprised face in small movements to take his time.

"Slut!" cried Dolly and her hips moved to press against the opening that was clenched to resist her entry. "Can you feel it, bitch?"

Sissy rocked forward as the thick prick pressed and the small movement slid her lips over Eric's cock to slide the length of it and take him in. Eric gasped and tried to pull back a little, but Dolly pressed home with ever harder pressure as the tight virgin opening yielded to her strength.

In the camera room, Miss Ingrid put her hand on her mouth as if she had never seen anything like the scene that was playing out before her.

"Oh God, Mamma, this is so fucking hot!" she breathed.

Mrs Kurt grinned as she watched Dolly's long cock slide in against all resistance. Dolly was exceeding all expectations and the sight of her timing each stroke to make Eric gasp and fuck Sissy was delighting her. Each thrust took Dolly a little further, but she was far from pressing her thighs against the ass of the muted slut that was being spitted at both ends. Eric's face was flushing with his lust and his hands now gripped the

back of the fuck-dolls' head as he plunged into the open mouth and fucked his son.

Eric looked down to see the spittle on his cock, threads of moisture that wet the face and swollen lips of his Sissy. He could feel the impulse that each further stroke from Dolly gave him and he gasped as at last he was forced into the tight throat of the slut that he was fucking.

The tightness, the clenched muscles that excited. The tears that rolled down latex cheeks, the helplessness of his victim and the swaying breasts of Dolly as she now pressed home and squealed in bliss.

Jamie's eyes turned upwards from the root of the hard cock that gagged his mouth and saw the look of pure lust that filled his father's face. The sheer gratification and pleasure that he took in fucking and tears streamed from his eyes as he struggled to accommodate Dolly in his rear. Beyond his wildest nightmare, he felt his throat swell as did his ass.

Eric was so close and a last hard stroke from Dolly caused him to lose control and spew his come into Sissy's open mouth as his cock was on the outstroke. He cried out in climax as his cock pumped and endless fountain of come that smeared his cock and dripped from lips while Dolly took advantage of his elation to release herself and slowly pull from the tight ass that she had fucked.

"Ooh, that was fun," said Dolly in her lisp. "Sissy is the *bestest* toy to play with..."

Eric just sighed and watched a last ooze of sticky come drip from him and pushed a little into the open hole to allow a tongue to lap at his sensitive cock. A last spasm and it was over. Sissy's body heaved with her febrile sobs and Eric felt that comedown from his lust that was always the pause between the first and second climax.

He slowly stood and looked down at the helpless slave that he had abused and felt a momentary regret that he knew would pass in a moment as fresh possibilities offered themselves to torment the slut.

It seemed that Dolly had no such qualms and she strolled with a sexy swagger to the play house and pulled her other playmate from its depths by her hair. As she dragged the helpless pet to Sissy, Eric felt a surge of interest. Dolly was in command. He could stop her, but her display of arrogant command was compulsive viewing.

"Krissi has to clean Sissy up properly while I show you what I want to play next," she announced.

Eric watched Dolly tugging the sissy across the room with sharp slaps. The squealing Krissi was dragged to Sissy and her face was pushed into the crack of the abused ass as come welled from her and dribbled to the floor.

"Shut the fuck up, slut, and lap it all up," cried Dolly as she held the head and forced the crying face into the wet sticky mess that drizzled down trembling thighs.

Eric watched as the weak little pet obeyed the triumphant Dolly. The sight brought back some of his eagerness to play some more and he stroked his wet cock to tempt it back to stiffness. The way that Dolly stood over Krissi and forced her to lap up the slime sent a shiver of elation down his spine and when Dolly rolled her standing nipples in her fingers, he realised that Dolly had endless stamina from the continual playing in the crèche.

"Shall I tell you what game we are playing now?" asked Dolly coyly as she picked up the cane and bent it in her hands.

"Whatever you want," said Eric with a delighted shudder.

Dolly grabbed Sissy's hair and dragged her free of the balls that she was lapping. Two steps of those incredible heels and Krissi was sprawled on the carpet facing upwards and Dolly lifted her little skirt with a flourish. When Eric saw the tiny little cock that hung slack over a smooth place where once a pair of balls had dangled he almost came into his hand in delight. Here was something more to his taste, a neutered little puppet to empty into, just like the delicious little maids that filled Mrs Kurt's realm.

"Dolly, you know just what I want," he said hoarsely as Dolly lifted Krissi's ankles and pulled on her arms to tuck her ankles under her shoulders.

"Of course I do, Mr Kurt," said Dolly.

Eric started at the name and wondered if Dolly knew that he was an imposter.

In the camera-room, Miss Alicia chuckled and Mrs Kurt said, "The moment of truth approaches..."

"Oh my God," whispered her daughter, "I just can't believe what you have done to him..."

"Dolly will soon be fucking *him*," said Miss Karoline. "The little bitch is insatiable, I *simply* must have her for my collection!"

"In a couple of months perhaps," said Mrs Kurt. "For now, she has a job to do!"

Dolly guided Eric to kneel at Krissi's exposed sissy-pussy and stroked his cock to full hardness. Then she licked her hands of the wetness with a coy flutter of the eyelashes before kissing him on the lips. Eric felt her tiny tongue touch his lips and he responded as she guided him to his target.

"Fuck the bitch," she said sweetly. "I have another hole to fill!"

Eric pushed a little and Krissi yielded as he leaned over her and kissed the sweet little breasts. The almost emaciated body bent under his weight. He sighed as he realised that Krissi had been created to be feeble and pathetic, to be unable to resist whatever exploitation she had to suffer. She was crying and wailing, but the sound of her helpless cries just urged him to press home to feel her frail body yield to his mastery.

He looked to Dolly who was kneeling as he had just minutes before. Her cock poised as she looked to ensure that he was watching as she prepared to thrust into Sissy's face. On her face was a look that spoke of her unbridled lust as her cock pressed slowly home. Eric could not take his eyes from the way that that long shaft slipped in. Inch by slow inch it forced its way home. He heard a terrible gasp from Sissy as she took the last chance to inhale and then the giant cock forced its way into her throat, pushing ever deeper. The veins swelled under slim hands as Dolly guided herself inside, giving ground as the lips moved the length of the shaft.

Eric's head was in a whirl, the diminutive bitch under him cried out as he thrust deep and withdrew, but his eyes were fixed on Dolly as her hands moved to the back of Sissy's head and fumbled with the catches that held it tight.

"Mmm, a nice tight throat to fuck," said Dolly. "Are you coming? Tell me when you are about to come, Daddy. I want to make it so perfect for you!"

There was a singing in Eric's ears and his hands took the small firm breasts and squeezed them hard to make Krissi's face crumple in tears. He did not even notice her torment, Eric just thrust again and again into the tight hole, rocking his folded plaything as he fucked.

"I'm coming," he gasped as he felt a stirring in him that swelled to a crescendo.

Dolly's hands pulled savagely at the mask on Sissy's head. Pulled it free with a squishing rip as the sides of those swollen latex lips split on her rigid cock. Her hand was a blur as the mask was tossed away to reveal the face below. A ring-gag that held the mouth open where the thick flesh cock of Dolly pushed that final inch, the eyes filled with tears that streamed and the swelling under the jaw as Dolly choked Jamie with a savage last thrust.

Eric cried out in distress, as his own prick filled Krissi with come.

His son's lips were around the cock that choked him, the very hole where he had emptied himself with such desperate craving. He collapsed onto Krissi with terror while Dolly smiled and slowly withdrew. Her hand played over the tip of herself and then closed to slide down while she licked her lips.

"No!" screamed Eric as he pulled himself from Krissi. "No, Dolly, stop... stop!"

His knees gave, and his arms struggled to hold himself from falling to the floor as he watched the climax of his ruin. The tip of Dolly's giant prick erupted. A fountain of slimy come hosed down the open throat of Eric's son, splattered his face as Dolly sighed and a second cascade splattered from chin to eyes and mingled with the tears that streamed down Jamie's cheeks.

Eric crawled to Dolly weeping and tried to grab her wrists, but she slapped him away and pulled at herself again to jet the last of her climax into the open lips with a cry of exultation.

Eric looked up and found that he could not look into his son's eyes. Dolly's hand fell to his head and grasped his hair. He found his face drawn to hers, locked to her eyes as she bent to push her face into his and kiss his lips.

"Did you like my little game, Mr Kurt?" she lisped.

Eric was sobbing, his body heaving with the aftermath of climax and distress as her lips planted on his.

Her hands caressed his face as she held him to the kiss and pushed her tongue into his mouth. Eric's spasm slowed, and he tried to break from Dolly, but she slipped her fingers through his hair and held him tight and he lacked the strength to slip free. At last, it was Dolly that broke the kiss. Her face filled Eric's vision with an innocent, blank look, but her eyes were laughing.

"Sissy is such a good fuck, Mr Kurt. Shall we cane her for being such a slut?"

Eric looked into Dolly's eyes, rivetted by her malevolent naïveté. He jumped in shock as Krissi's tongue pushed into the crack of his ass and then moved slickly down to suck his balls gently into her mouth.

Dolly's lips moved and Eric heard the lisping voice and he whined in distress.

"There are just two choices for Mr Kurt in *my* crèche." said Dolly slowly in a menacing tone.

"We tease Sissy and make her come for *me* and fuck her for *my* pleasure or else; you will be punished like the bitch that you are!"

A finger pushed slowly into his ass as Eric struggled weakly to free himself of Dolly's grip as he took in her words.

"So, which is it to be?"

Dolly licked her lips lasciviously and then fluttered her lashes.

"Because, one way or another, you will be fucking Sissy all night Mrs Kurt demands!"

Jeweller's Art. Filigree

"I really don't think that what you are doing is a good idea, Mamma," said Miss Ingrid to her mother. "Dolly is just not ready for this level of responsibility. If she ever will be."

Mrs Kurt raised an eyebrow and looked into the cage where her husband was pleading with bulging eyes for her attention. There were ends to tie-up, small items on the agenda that simply had to be completed before the trip to London. After that, New York and then a week at Miss Isabella's ranch.

"Pass this bitch over to Miss Karoline and then you can set your mind at rest. As soon as the deal is done in New York, Miss Karoline will dispose of him," Mrs Kurt's daughter pointed down at the sobbing creature in the cage, "and you can really enjoy the visit to the Gymkhana without a care in the world."

Mrs Kurt sighed and watched as her husband struggled in the fetters that held him rigid. Her foot lifted, and she placed the sole of her stiletto on the top of the cage, the point of the heel hovering over the button that waited for her touch. Just a kiss of her heel and the machine would fuck him until she decided that the agony could stop. Mr Kurt's lips moved around the gag as though he was attempting to say something, and Mrs Kurt leaned down to speak to him.

"All you had to do was to sign, darling," she said down to him. "Then you could have lived your whole life in the crèche with Dolly as your guardian. Now look what has happened! Here we are, you in a cage and me having to decide what end is fitting for my husband!"

Her shoe moved a little and the heel came to rest on the blinking button. Mr Kurt caught the tiny movement and started to frantically moan and whine while his wife smiled down at him.

Miss Ingrid snorted at her mother's prevarication.

"I sometimes think that you are getting charitable, Mamma! He had his choice and now he has to face the consequences. Once you have it all, this piece of shit becomes a liability and not just some slave to play with. If you give him to Dolly, then you will always have the thought in the back of your head that somehow he might just escape and..."

Mrs Kurt shrugged.

"You don't understand!"

"Mamma, I understand all too well! You have some sort of suppressed affection for this man and cannot let go. If you can't give the problem to Miss Karoline, then at least allow *me* to sort it out for you."

"I told you! You just don't understand what I intend... the end is close."

Mrs Kurt's daughter made a small sound that showed that she was unconvinced.

"I know what you intend, Mamma and I just don't think that..."

Mrs Kurt interrupted her daughter and looked down again into the cage.

"So, what *is* my plan?" asked mother of daughter.

The man that had thwarted her for so long had *one* last use and her daughter had a lesson to learn that would stand her in good stead. Miss Ingrid had to learn that every slave, right down to the lowest of the low had a value. Something unique to give, that was an experience that furthered the aims of their rightful owner. Miss Karoline was so direct, only ever solving problems by a flick of the wrist without subtlety; Mrs Kurt did not want her daughter to follow in her footsteps.

Miss Ingrid smiled and started to declaim.

"Now that your ex-husband is broken to the leash, you take Pookie to New York and he signs the transfer and then you..."

"But, how do I *force* him to sign?"

"He just will..."

"No he won't, Ingrid, *no* he won't! Or at least there is a *chance* that he will refuse *despite* everything. I do *not* bet on chances, *only* on certainties. We will be in the board-room in New York. Surrounded by the board, in a safe place for him. He might just refuse at the last moment and then walk out of the building, just like that!"

"He has to, or he will be exposed. You have enough film of him and Sissy to..."

"You really don't get it, do you?" said Mrs Kurt. "The film is useless because it will destroy us as well as him! Then where are we? What we have to do is *force* him to sign on the dotted line because he is too terrified to do anything else! My perfect imposter has to feel *my* hand guiding his as he takes up the pen, he has to feel as though he is in the crèche with no choice but to do as I expect."

Mrs Kurt's daughter looked puzzled.

"There will be three of us in the boardroom," said Mrs Kurt. "Myself, Miss Karoline and Miss Alicia. Then there will be about ten others. He will lose his fear as we all sit there prim and proper. No canes in our hands, stilettos parked out of sight, nothing to remind him of the crèche or the wild weeks of marriage with you. What I need to do is to place a horror in his mind that will overwhelm his urge to escape, something that will remind him of every moment of torment and abuse. Something that will cause him to have to sign and not to scream in fear as the pen is in his hand. There can be no way out."

Mrs Kurt paused and moved her foot. The tip of her stiletto touched and almost depressed the button. The helpless victim in the cage started to struggle again. At the slight movement, sweat broke from his every pore and ran down his flanks at the slightest movement of her heel. The clear tube that ran from his erection filled ochre as he lost control in his fear and Mrs Kurt smiled.

"But, Mamma, how can you manage that?" asked Miss Ingrid, ignoring the slave's torment and loss of control.

Mrs Kurt smiled, and her heel moved just a millimetre down, clicking the button down. Now, as soon as her heel lifted the brutal violation would commence. Now the fucking was inevitable, all that remained was the moment of commencement.

The wife's decision to make.

"What I need is a button like this one!" said Mrs Kurt.

"You mean that we fit him with a device that..."

"Figuratively, Ingrid, not actually! Sometimes I think that you really just lack *any* subtlety. Your stallion-father was a fine physical specimen, but he lacked any mental finesse! A perfect fuck," she sighed, "but just that and nothing more! What I need to do is to place something in that boardroom that will make him think of nothing but the whip in my hand. Now then, *what* could that be?"

At last, her daughter seemed to make the mental jump and she said, "Dolly!"

"There, well done! But, even though Dolly will make him scared, she is just a toy in the playroom, she does not own his mind. So here comes the next part of the puzzle. What could make Dolly so menacing that Pookie can think of nothing but terror?"

"Oh my God!" said Miss Ingrid in realisation.

"I think that my former husband has a final use, an apposite way of repaying me for all of his devious evasion. Dolly will be given free rein to play as she desires. That will make her mine forever, heart and soul, *and* her presence in the boardroom will be a threat so dire that everything will go to plan..."

"Mamma, I have so much to learn!"

"I am glad that you realise that. Now then, here's another lesson. Ungag it and let's watch what happens..."

Miss Ingrid reached her hands through the cage and gripped the round end of the gag in her step-father's lips. It slowly unscrewed and she withdrew the short prick-shaped rubber stopper before undoing the strap that gripped his forehead. Mrs Kurt leaned down until her face was over the face of her prey. His breath rattled through the opening, but his voice was still.

"What do you think, Manfred?" she said lightly. "Do you think that Dolly will play nicely? Would a final visit to the crèche suit you?"

The words that tumbled from the gaping mouth were difficult to understand, but the sheer panic in his voice betrayed their urgency.

"Oh God, Ingrid, please don't do this... I will sign whatever you want, do whatever you want, just please don't give me to Dolly, you know what she will do if she is allowed!!"

He tried to lift his head and found that, with the strap loosened, his head lifted. He kissed the sole of her shoe and lapped at it in a desperate show of submission and Mrs Kurt smiled maliciously. Her hand moved to the zipper that ran up the length of her skirt and slowly pulled at it. Her long legs were exposed, the lacy tops of her stockings and then an expanse of naked thigh that stretched to her hip.

"Darling, *what* choice do I have? How can I possibly believe the words that you say? You would get to the boardroom and then defy me to escape your fate and then where would I be?"

Miss Ingrid watched as her mother tormented the defenceless man that she despised and she felt a teasing warmth between her thighs. The sensuality of the moment was worth more than any fuck, better than any whipping that she had ever carried out. This was a moment of pure female dominance that she would treasure, and she realised that *this*

was what her mother lived for. These were the delicate and shocking moments that made life *worth* living.

"I promise, dear, I promise... please, I love you!"

"Of course you do, dear," said Mrs Kurt in an affectionate tone. "You love me with all of your heart. I believe that you *really* mean what you say, but your nature would betray you and your words of entreaty would be forgotten when the critical moment came as you tried to escape your fate."

Mrs Kurt turned to her daughter.

"Go tell Dolly that she can play in a few hours when he is ready, Ingrid. Mr Kurt wants to pay a final visit to the crèche."

As Miss Ingrid left the room she heard the desperate pleas of her mother's victim while her mother stood over his cage and contemplated his demise.

As soon as the door was closed, Mrs Kurt allowed her skirt to open and drop and her ex-husband stared at the streaming slit that he had never before seen. This was the moment that he had always knew was coming, a moment of exquisite consummation that signalled now his ending.

"You excite me so, Manfred," whispered Mrs Kurt softly as she spread her thighs and slipped a finger inside herself. "Tell me how much you long to be fucked by Dolly, tell me that you will do anything to please her! Anything to be choked by her endless cock..."

The sole of her shoe swivelled, the heel still holding down the button firmly and he struggled to kiss and lick it as she started to open herself with two fingers. The second hand slid to play with what the first had revealed. Flushed pink, emerging clitoris and the dark gape of her cunt.

"Please give me to Dolly... It's all I want... I love you Ingrid!"

His words ended in a choking sob.

"Very good, darling, so nice to hear you beg for it! Dolly is going to fuck you first, Manfred. Take you and make you desperate for more. She will fill your ass with her meat, make you beg for her to make you come. Then, she is going to choke you with that obscene cock of hers..."

The words seemed to inflame Mrs Kurt to a new level of excitement and she slipped a finger deep inside herself and gasped with the penetration. Her breaths came in small pants and her eyes locked to his

desperate gaze as she approached her climax with slow teases of thumb and palm.

"I promise..."

"I know that you do, Manfred and I will be watching when that fat cock fills you so full. Reaming you as she comes deep inside. You know how she loves to play, how she needs to come again in each little game and the second slow fuck will be so pleasurable for me..."

Her overwhelming orgasm was now inevitable, a shudder shook her thighs and Mrs Kurt lifted her ankle to allow the flashing button to click up. Mrs Kurt climaxed and gasped with the bliss that filled her head as she heard the motor begin with a small whine and the man in the cage struggled as he was penetrated by the vast studded weapon that had waited for this very moment.

He screamed in terror and she relished the sound.

Her fingers fluttered over her swollen, delicate cunt as she allowed herself the luxury of a chain of cascading orgasms that filled her head with bliss. His lips pouted to the tip of her stiletto again, but she denied him that last submissive gesture as the aftershocks of pleasure became pure satisfaction.

"Please, Ingrid, please help me!"

His lips moved, but Mrs Kurt could scarcely hear his whisper over the mounting whine of the fucking machine. She watched the studded shaft force and plough his flesh. Enjoyed the look of piteous pleading on his face and blew a small kiss to him as though they were just lovers, parting their ways.

"All you had to do was sign..." she said. "It was *all* you had to do..."

Mrs Kurt felt an after-shock of climax as she slowly bent to the floor and pulled up her skirt. Ever so slowly, she zipped it closed and then strolled to the door, every step triggering a small orgasm that left her breathless.

While, in the background, the desperate cries of her husband faded to be replaced by the mechanical drone of the machine that abused him.

Part 7

Exhibition

Display. Gallery

Eric stood with his wife as the Gregory Memorial triannual exposition opened with a clink of glasses and the cutting of a ribbon. The small gathering of sponsors and artists were always permitted an hour alone to peruse the exhibits before the other invited guests were permitted to enter.

Mr and Mrs Kurt stood at the back while Gregory Hanson Jr. gave his usual little speech as he cut the ribbon.

"First, I have to thank you all for your contributions in memory of my father," said Gregory as he waved the scissors and made a show of pretending to cut the ribbon stretched at the entrance. "The artists as well as the sponsors that make this possible. From shocking erotica to the wonderful panoramic tapestries and everything else in between. Some of you have been here before, others are new to this great collection of artists that deserve so much more recognition. The sponsor list has been augmented by an *exceptional* contribution that I shall not name since they requested anonymity. However, they know who they are and I am so grateful."

Gregory raised the scissors.

"I am always accused of over-long speeches, so this time I will allow the works to speak for themselves! What I would like to say, is that one of the finest erotic artists of a generation cannot be here today, Eric Hanson, is missing the first viewing of his extraordinary work, 'Mary Comes' that is an exquisite but shocking centrepiece of the collection. So here we go, and I declare the sixth Gregory Memorial triannual exposition opened..."

Gregory cut the ribbon and the group of fifty contributors surged forward with the accompanying press reporters and filtered into the central hall. Mr and Mrs Kurt strolled behind and Gregory greeted both of them with a handshake.

"I just have to thank you again for the extraordinary contribution that your bank gave the organisers," he said in a hushed voice. "It guarantees the next twenty years of expositions and I just cannot thank you enough."

"A pleasure," said Mrs Kurt. "We believe in the arts and the gift was a reflection of that interest..."

Mr Kurt looked around at the people who were viewing the various exhibits and installations in small groups and said, "A shame that Eric could not be here, an interesting man by all accounts."

"He's off the grid at the moment," said Gregory apologetically. "Still, he's here in spirit."

Eric wondered how it was that Greg could not recognise him.

"So true," said Mrs Kurt with a small knowing smile. "I really have to have a look at his work before they all filter through."

"This way..."

Gregory led them through two small side halls to where ten or so people were entering the erotica lounge. In front of them there seemed to be a stir as a woman screamed in rage and Gregory suddenly broke into a run. Two of the exhibitors were holding a well-dressed woman as she struggled to reach the painting that was the central work as a press photographer slyly took pictures for the salacious gossip magazine that he worked for.

Mrs and Mrs Kurt followed at a distance and stood unnoticed at the back of the circle of people that were obviously amused by the outrage of the woman that was being restrained from pulling the oil-painting from the wall. Gregory looked at her and then up at the painting in shock.

"It has to be a coincidence madam, there is no other explanation!"

Mrs Kurt turned to her husband with a small smile.

"Excellent, this will be in all of the papers tomorrow and all over the Internet," she said. "After the scandal has died down and the bitch is humiliated and abandoned by her snooty friends, I think that she will be joining us for a final amusing replay of the scene of your painting. That is before she learns what *really* happens to anyone that crosses me! Bitch..."

She looked again at the painting where the knot of guests was gathering numbers fast. The screaming woman was the *exact* likeness of the painting. The difference being the huge fountaining male organ that she had stroked to the point where it had splattered her smiling face with its stream of ejaculate. Every glistening pearl of come, the lips that were slightly parted in expectation, the single drop that hung from her eyelashes while a mass of pale white slime dribbled from cheek to her waiting lips, a perfect realisation of intent and detail.

The false Mr Kurt watched the flash of the photography and the woman who was now screaming that she would sue everyone in sight. It was not

one of his technically best works by any means, but soon it would be so notorious!

"I think that we'd better leave," he said in a low voice. "If I am recognised..."

"Pookie, you really must calm down! This is just a test run for the day-after-tomorrow, people only see what they want to, never the truth! Even Gregory cannot see Pookie when he looks at Mr Kurt!"

She could feel his nervousness and squeezed his hand.

"Pull yourself together, Pookie! Be a good little boy and just remember that Dolly and Sissy are waiting in your bedroom to soothe you. Naughty little boys are what Dolly punishes every day in the crèche and we don't want that to happen, do we, Pookie? We don't want you to end like my last husband, do we?"

"No Miss," said Mr Kurt with a small choking sound. "Please..."

"See, that's all better, now then, let's mingle and see how it goes. All you have to do is relax and it will all be just fine..."

Her words seemed to calm her husband and she led him to the front of the little group. It seemed that the woman who was sobbing in humiliation had calmed down somewhat, and Gregory called for a cover for the painting.

It was at that moment when Mrs Kurt made a comment in a loud cutting tone.

"If you *dare* to cover that painting, even for a moment, I shall withdraw *all* of our sponsorship and ruin you, Gregory! Art is art is art! Just because some come-soaked slut decides that she has been slighted is *not* a reason to hide this magnificent work!"

Mr Gregory almost jumped from his skin, but Mrs Kurt finished her little speech to the laughter of the crowd and the screams of her victim.

"Personally, I think that it is her in this painting," she raised her voice, "except that I *really* think that she is *not* even worth wanking over!"

A gale of laughter filled the hall and Mrs Kurt watched the intended cover being passed to Gregory's hand where he stood irresolute and obviously in a quandary. Gregory helped the woman to her feet with effusive apologies, but the cover did not go on Eric's masterpiece.

"You see, that's how it works," said Mrs Kurt to her nervous husband.
"Money talks!"

Display. Commission

Eric raised his hand and one by one the other members of the board followed suit. Mrs Kurt by his side raised a couple of fingers almost as if unconcerned by the result.

The presence of Dolly, that stood behind him, was overwhelming; mental as well as physical. The scenes in the crèche still fresh in his mind as the real Mr Kurt had finally succumbed to Dolly's three-hour long sadistically wicked game. Eric barely managed to control his bladder and was so grateful to his owner that he had been permitted to relieve himself before the meeting.

"I think that the motion is carried," said Miss Karoline as she looked around the table. "Three against, ten for the motion to release Mr Manfred Kurt from his *onerous* responsibilities as CEO."

Eric felt Dolly's slim hand on his shoulder.

The chairman noted the vote result on his notepad and said, "I have another small point before we move to 'any other business'," he said. "I have just been handed a paper that Manfred, I mean Mr Kurt wishes to place all of his shares in the bank into the hands of his wife. This of course will mean that Mrs Ingrid Kurt will find herself with Thirty-six point three per cent of the capitalisation of the business and thus becomes our next CEO if she is interested."

There was muttering around the table and all eyes turned to look at Eric in his role as Mr Manfred Kurt. His thoughts turned to his plan to reveal all at this meeting. The idea that had seemed to be so clever just a while ago was no longer even on the table. Now he just shivered in terror that someone would question his presence. His reality. How could he possibly fight against the woman who posed as his wife? The answer was easy to answer, she held him in palm of her hand.

As did Dolly.

A hand moved slightly to caress his neck and he felt the scratch of her nails.

He could feel Miss Karoline's eyes on him and he blanched in pure terror as the secretary slipped the share-release form in front of him. He saw the slim hands and saw the sweet face of Dolly. Impassive and naïve as always. Not as he usually saw her, in frills with her huge cock in her hands as she directed him to endless excess and abuse; now she was dressed in a demure business suit, the long skirt hiding the cock that he was a mere slave to. The cock that had...

It was time to make his speech.

The one that he had been given and learned until it was almost the only thing that could replace the fear in his mind. It flowed from his lips almost unbidden. Every inflection learned and forced into him by Dolly.

"I thought that it would be best to have the board as witness to this transaction," he said. His voice shook for a moment and he choked as they all watched him, the urge to piss himself almost irresistible even though his bladder was empty. "I have decided to distance myself from business a little and help administer the charitable trust that my wife and I are launching in the next few years."

His voice trembled as he spoke. It seemed that they took it as a sign emotion at his resignation. A few of the board members nodded, there were mutters of congratulation, and Eric took the proffered pen from Dolly's hand and signed with a shaking flourish. The document was passed around the table and Eric watched as each member of the board signed as witness to the transaction.

"You cannot all imagine what a weight this lifts from me," he said as a parting word as he stood, leaving pen and document on the table. "Since I am now no longer either CEO or even a share-holder, I wish you all good day..."

It was done.

He walked from the room, following Dolly as she led him to the elevators. Behind him he could hear the excited chatter of the board and the new CEO's familiar voice calling the meeting to order.

The lift doors opened, and Eric and Dolly stepped inside. There was a 'ping' as the doors closed and then a slight whine as the lift started down from the Thirty-sixth floor. Eric felt empty inside. He knew that there had been no way to fight against the woman who owned him. Just like Dolly, just like Sissy, he was gagged and chained even when he was free to walk away.

A faint music filled the lift and he looked at Dolly and sighed.

"Very good, slut, you did so well..."

The lift came to a halt, but the door did not open. The lights flickered for a moment, and he looked at the panel. It showed the lift trapped between the twenty-fifth floor and the one below.

Dolly looked up at him. She seemed so small and delicate, but Eric knew the hardness of the steel inside the bitch and realised that nothing that ever happened around him was ever an accident.

"You did well, Mr Kurt," said Dolly. "Now another small task awaits, just to show you how the land lays. Mistress Kurt wants you to understand that the games will never ever end."

"I promise!"

"Your promises have no meaning," she chuckled. "All that matters is for you to understand that I now own you until Mrs Kurt decides that you are no longer any use to her!"

Eric looked down and she slowly lifted her skirt and exposed herself to him. Her hands moved over rigid cock and she lasciviously brought herself to a state of complete desire. Eric dared not speak or move and was expecting her to order him to his knees as she so adored doing.

"My cock is your master now, Mr Kurt," she gasped. "The crèche is mine."

Her fingers fluttered over the stalk of her prick as she teased and played, building up her feeling of utter dominance over the man who watched as sweat beaded on his forehead.

"Your only goal in life will be to make it come again and again... Look forward to it being the only thing that fills your mind!"

Now her breath was coming in small gasps as Dolly leaned back against the interior of the elevator and stroked herself ever faster. Her lips parted in a pout, the tip of her tongue ran over the glossy pink and her eyes locked to his with a triumphant gaze. Dolly relished the gathering fear in Eric's eyes as she realised that her victim was remembering the climactic expiration of the first Mr Kurt, and then she cried out in sadistic bliss as she climaxed and fountained her come onto the lift-floor in gobbets of sticky ooze.

There was no emotion on Dolly's face as she climaxed, just the hint of a smile on her sweet lips and a feminine flutter of her lashes.

Her foot extended, and she planted her high-heels in the mess and smeared it all over the floor as Eric watched. Finally satisfied with the pattern of curves at her feet, Dolly smiled and pointed down.

"Lick up my slime, bitch. Now that you belong to me!"

Eric stooped and knelt at her feet and she lifted a shoe. He took her stiletto in his hands and looked up to where the throbbing cock loomed over him, filling his sight, filling her slim hands, veins swelling, the tip becoming engorged and glossy. As he tasted her musky come on the spike of her heel, Dolly's manicured finger touched the button on the panel.

He crouched to the floor obediently and lapped as she stood over him.

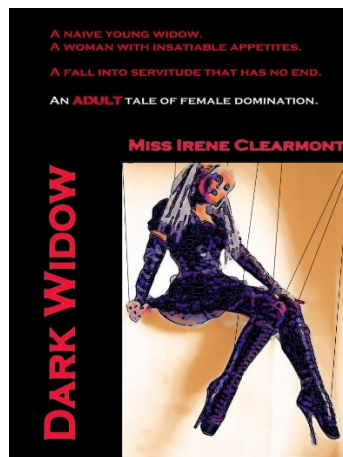
"Better hurry bitch, you only have twenty-four floors to complete your task!"

The elevator lurched into downward motion.

End

More from the glorious Miss Irene below...

These novels by Miss Irene Clearmont are perhaps similar in tone...



Dark Widow.

What starts with a fetish murder resolves to become a terrifying theft from the widow of the victim. This being the first in a series of novels that reveal how Miss Irene Clearmont becomes the most malevolent female dominant in fiction...



Under Red Heels.

The Russian Mafia. A woman sold as merchandise. A man who thinks that he can control his fate and a woman who has no equal in the criminal underworld. All of these combine into a thriller that will keep you rivetted until the finale.

Many of my novels are thrillers and have often contain elements of male and female terror and helplessness. My website has a page for each one and is the best guide to match your personal taste in the finest female domination fiction.

www.MissIreneClearmont.com