

# Plaything

*Part-One of the “Subjugated Samuel” Female Domination  
Series*

An Adult Femdom Experience

By  
Miss Irene Clearmont

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## **Author's Note:**

*This is the first part of a series of novellas by Miss Irene Clearmont that follow the misadventures of Samuel in the US of A. The second part is entitled: "Road Kill".*

For me, my awakening came when I was kidnapped.

Patty Hearst

If you don't know where you are going, any road will get you there.

Lewis Carroll

A person often meets his destiny on the road he took to avoid it.

Jean de La Fontaine

***Dedicated to De Sade and his immoral and immortal novel 'Justine'.***

# **“Plaything”**

*The “Subjugated Samuel” Collection*

**Part-One**

*By*

*Miss Irene Clearmont*

# Chapter One

## Episode One

He got off in Reno.

Why, when his ticket was to Vegas?

Maybe it was just because impulse was the goal.

Or, perhaps fate just took his hand and led him to captivity.

Samuel shouldered his rucksack and stepped down from the bus and headed through the milling, waiting passengers. The ticket; he dumped it in a bin, *now* there was no going back! For a few moments, he looked at the boards that displayed the numbers of departing buses, before he headed out on foot. To the left the river, on the other hand the city.

First port of call was to find a cheap motel!

He dodged the traffic across the main street and stopped for a coffee and a bite. Two dollars fifty and ten minutes later he was registering in the motel and taking in the room that was costing just fifty a night. Samuel unpacked his bag. A couple of tattered paperbacks, his precious camera, a couple of T shirts and his phone. Not much, but then, that was the idea of the whole trip, to experience America in the raw, to hitch and bus his way around from East Coast to West on just a few dollars a day.

The room had a musty air, as if unused for weeks, but the locks seemed secure and at least the bedding was clean. Satisfied that he had a home for the next day at least, Samuel decided to explore. As soon as he had walked five minutes he regretted getting off in Reno. There seemed nothing of interest, even though he snapped a few shots of peeling buildings overshadowed by glass monstrosities. By the time that he ate in a diner, Samuel was already planning his next move.

Simply put, the problem was money!

Life was simply too expensive on the road despite the fact that he was so careful with each dollar. Samuel had arrived in New York, from Spain, just three weeks ago. A week in the Big Apple had cost double his estimation and each stop on the road had depleted his funds to the point where now, he was starting to think that sleeping rough was the only option. In two weeks he had to be in San Francisco airport for his flight back to Europe, in his billfold were enough dollars for just a single week.

Nothing for it! He would be sleeping rough in Reno after tonight and just spend every third night in a bed. He walked down the river lined with parks and assessed the possibilities before heading back to the Motel. A few more photos; he was running out of space to keep the thousands of pictures and could not even afford another card.

Samuel sighed as he flicked through the photos and eliminated a few from a week back to make more space. This trip had not turned out anything like the fantasy dream he had had. Of being on the road. Footloose and free, the sun high as he met interesting people and saw exciting places. Even the daytrip to Niagara Falls had been an anti-climax. A rubbish-blown park, too-expensive excursions on the river and a glimpse of Canada that made him wish that he was on the other side. Somehow he longed to be back in Seville in Spain, boasting of the trip that he had taken before university.

He awoke.

At three in the morning, the bed in the neighbouring room was taking a beating and the cries of the combatants could be clearly heard through the walls. Samuel sat up in bed and tried to read to the rhythm of that long fuck. The words of the Kerouac novel that he had brought to read to get him in a travelling mood blurring before his eyes. At four the noise subsided, followed by the slamming of doors and high-pitched feminine laughter outside his window.

Samuel nodded off with the light on.

A bang at the door signalled the wakeup call that he had requested at nine and he packed his rucksack carefully before bidding farewell to the room. Time to explore... he felt as though his feet dragged, weary and despondent as he headed back to the bus station and discovered that, that the days' bus to San Francisco was already fully booked. A peep into the bin where he had discarded the ticket the day before showed just coke cans and he headed back into town.

Samuel hastened out of the derelict area he was walking through and passed under the freeway. Suddenly it was different. Small houses that became larger villas as he headed on through. Neat lawns and playing children. His step lengthened a little until he found himself in an affluent area where smart four-by-fours were parked behind locked gates. With the idea that this might be a safe place, if only he could just find a suitable piece of secluded park. Samuel went further. Now he could see the barren edge of town, the place where houses suddenly stopped and the green watered-lawns became near-desert. A hard, dry place that seemed unforgiving. He reached the edge of town and looked at his watch.

Four hours and the sun was high and bright.

Once again, Samuel's mood descended, it seemed as though he would have to call his parents and ask them to send him some cash. The very thing that he had tried so hard to avoid. On the other hand, it would allow him to get another night in that motel, the one that was cheap and the sleeping optional. Samuel imagined how smug his wealthy father would be when he was forced to call for money, and he hesitated.

A blonde woman leaned on the fender of a smart small sports' car with her telephone in her hand. As he walked past he could hear her arguing with someone in an imperious tone.

"Just you get out here now," she was saying into the phone. "I have *paid* for recovery and now recovery is what I will get!"



He stopped and nodded in greeting.

“Yes?” she asked, covering the mouthpiece of the phone.

Samuel did not know why he had stopped, but now that he had, he was forced to reply.

“Can I help?”

She looked him up and down with disdain and then said, “If you’re a mechanic, boy!”

Samuel was about to walk on, but suddenly it seemed that a challenge had been issued and he could not resist answering back. On the other hand, she was certainly attractive, all pale skin and long almost-white hair, maybe that was a challenge as well?

“I can push,” he offered.

It seemed that the challenge was taken, because the woman slipped the phone into her handbag and stood with a look of calculation.

“OK, we’ll try,” she said.

He watched her slide into the seat of the small car elegantly and look expectantly up at him. He looked down and breathed a sigh of relief... not an automatic. This would be easy...

“OK,” he said as he moved to the back of the car. “Press the clutch and put it in second.”

“Is that all?”

One stilettoed foot pressed the clutch down and her hand guided the gear stick.

“Just let it out easy when I signal...”

Manual started to push. The car was light and rolled forward easily and he waited until he was almost running before shouting, "Go!"

The car stuttered a moment and then the engine roared into life. Samuel half expected her to drive off without even a 'thank-you' but she stopped after a few yards and leaned back to watch him. He strolled to the car, elated and happy, this sort of little adventure was what his trip was all about.

"Don't let the engine stop," he said. "It needs charging..."

"Well done, boy," she said. "You need a ride?"

Samuel shook his head and lifted his hand.

"No, I'm fine."

She looked him up and down and nodded.

"You're hungry?"

Samuel shrugged, which she seemed to take as an answer.

"See the pink villa, there," she said, pointing at a huge pair of open gates. "Just knock on the door and tell them that Miss Harriman sent you. I'll call ahead and see you in an hour or so, when I'm back."

"No, really."

"I *insist*," she said. "When I come back I can thank you properly..."

For a moment, Samuel had a vision of the alluring woman thanking him and felt a twinge of interest.

"If you *insist*, then I'll see you in an hour..."

The car sped off down the wide street and Samuel turned to look at the formidable villa that she had indicated. A wide driveway, carefully tended bushes and sprinklers making rainbows. He walked to the edge of the drive and saw the house. Low and wide, a portico sheltered the door from the sun. He walked up the drive and knocked on the door, careful to give Miss Harriman time to call ahead.

The door was opened by a Hispanic maid. A cute little girl who nodded to Samuel and moved her hand in invitation to enter.

Samuel switched to Spanish, "Gracias," and followed her into the house. Suddenly in the shade and out of the bright sun, he followed her through to the back of the house where a huge modern kitchen looked out on the vast lawns at the rear of the villa.

The maid made no response to his friendly tone and he looked around the vast kitchen before sitting at the table and watching the maid at her work. A cool glass of lemonade, a taco stuffed with garbanzo beans and salad.

"It's good. Thanks," he ventured as he munched on the taco.

The maid vaguely smiled a little and then cleared away the preparation mess. He watched her clean the knives and plates, and then start a task that soon had him puzzled. She opened the cupboard to display plates in racks that she, one by one, started to clean meticulously and replace in the cupboard. Samuel tried a few words in Spanish and then English, but the maid was clearly not in a talkative frame of mind.

All that remained was to watch the maid at her meaningless task for twenty minutes before she started on a cupboard filled with copper pans. Each one was carefully rinsed in fresh water, scrubbed, dried and then replaced in the same spot. After the pans, she cleared the refrigerator in the same way. Each container and packet was carefully taken out, wiped and replaced in the exact same spot.

The taco had filled a hole and Samuel started to take notice of the villa that belonged to the woman that he had helped.

This house was even larger than his father's in Seville. The kitchen alone was large enough to fit an apartment. He wondered what Miss Harriman did, or perhaps her husband did, to afford a palatial villa like this one. His attention turned to the maid and he decided that, even though unfriendly and silent, she was pretty and well worth watching. Kitten heels, shapely legs and long black hair braided into a plait under the maid's cap.

Samuel glanced at his watch.

"When is she coming back?" he asked the maid.

Her response was a glance, then she placed a finger on her lips and turned to her next task. This time it was the cooker. It did not seem to Samuel that there was any need to clean the already sparkling cooker, but nevertheless, the maid scrubbed and rinsed and seemed satisfied by the result of her labour.

Behind him, Samuel heard footsteps ringing on the marble floor and turned to see Miss Harriman entering the kitchen.

"I'm so glad that you waited," she said. "I hope that Maria fed you properly?"

"It was good," said Samuel politely.

"Thank you," she said.

"No need..."

A slightly cross look showed on her face and she said, "I meant, say 'thank-you' when you are grateful!"

"Er, thanks," said Samuel. "Listen, I really have to be getting along now..."

"So soon," she replied. "I was rather thinking that you could take a look at the car for me."

"Did it start easily when you came home?" asked Samuel.

"Of course..."

"Well then, it should be fine if you charge the battery."

Miss Harriman pursed her lips and seemed to be assessing her guest.

"If you want to go, then run along," she said. "I just thought that you might be looking for a job!"

"A job?"

"Of course. I need a little help around the house," said Miss Harriman. "I have Maria here, but there's always room for another!"

"Just for a few days?" asked Samuel hopefully.

"Why not? I have rooms, so you can stay and do a little work around the house for me."

"How much?" asked Samuel. "I need to get to San Francisco."

"My dear boy, always say 'thank-you' and we'll get along just fine!"

"Thanks for the offer," said Samuel.

"You're welcome," said Miss Harriman. "Maria will show you a room and you can start right away."

The maid replaced the cutlery in her hand in the drawer and nodded to Samuel while Miss Harriman gave her a command in a sharp tone; "Put him in the small servant's room, then finish the kitchen..."

"I'm Samuel," he said.

"Of course, you are," she replied.

## **Episode Two**

Samuel followed Maria.

It seemed that she was determined not to speak, so he relaxed and followed her down a long glass-sided corridor that led to an attached house at the rear of the palatial villa. The marble stopped, to be replaced by tiles and Samuel guessed that this was now the servant's quarters. A number of doors on the right and left before the little maid stopped and opened a door.

Samuel leaned in the corridor and counted four doors between him and the passageway to the villa and then followed Maria into the room to find it bare, but a massive improvement over the motel room of the last night. Maria made a small sign with her hands at the wardrobe and a chest of drawers and Samuel tried again to coax her into conversation.

"A nice room, thank-you."

The maid curtsied prettily and slipped from the room without a word. Samuel watched the door close and threw his rucksack on the bed. A few days here, or even a week would make his money go far enough that he did not have to call his father for help. It did not even matter how much she paid him. He breathed a sigh of relief and felt happy for the first time in a week.

Samuel noticed another door and opened it.

Only a magnet held it closed, and revealed was a small bathroom with shower and toilet. The sight of the first clean and working shower in a week made him sigh and he stripped to douse himself under the luke-warm water. The experience was so satisfying! At last his idea of living with Americans and getting to know them socially was working out.

He spent half an hour sluicing himself and having the shave that he so desperately needed before he pulled on a fresh T shirt and his jeans to inspect the room. The wardrobe and cupboard were bare, the bed soft and pleasant and he lay on the bed and allowed himself a little time with the book that had been so hard to enjoy while that couple had fucked in the next room in the motel.

He awoke from a snooze and rolled off the bed to his feet.

The window showed the wide lawns of the villa through the ornamental bars and he looked for a way to open the window and freshen the room now that the sun was lower. There seemed to be no catch and the glass was so thick that it was solid to his knuckles like a jeweller's shop window. Obviously, a security precaution to stop house-invasions. From what Samuel had seen of Reno, it was possibly dangerous to be wealthy here.

A glance at his watch showed that it was now six in the afternoon. Time to find Miss Harriman and find out what work he had to do and what she was going to pay him for the next week, but when he turned to the door, he realised that it had no handle on his side.

In disbelief, Samuel searched around for a means to open the door, but all his examination revealed was a tiny little pad by the door where a finger could be placed to open the lock. Samuel tried a few times with various fingers, but a small red light blinked to show that the attempts were unsuccessful.

He lay on the bed and waited.

He started to nod off again and was woken by a click of the door as it opened. Miss Harriman stood in the doorway with a somewhat irritated pout on her lips.

"Don't lounge around, there's work to be done," she announced.



As he stood she looked him up and down and made a small sucking noise with her tongue on her teeth.

"We need you to get some proper smart clothes as well. I can't have you wandering around the house like that!"

Samuel felt the waves of disapproval from his blonde employer and decided that it was time to ask how much he was to be paid and what work she wanted him to do.

"Er, thank-you for the room," he said. "I was wondering what you intended to pay me. I have to be on the bus by Tuesday to see San Francisco..."

"Miss Harriman smiled.

"Of course, is fifty a day enough?"

Samuel nodded and she seemed to relax.

"Next Tuesday?" she asked. "Then back to Mexico?"

"Spain actually," said Samuel. "I'm flying in a couple of weeks and the money that you're paying will really help me out..."

"Spain, Mexico, it's all the same," she announced. "Now then, until I have you fitted up for a uniform you can do a little work in the gardens. Tomorrow, I'll have you measured up and then I'll be needing you in the house."

She looked around the room as if she had not seen it for a while and then turned back to Samuel.

"José will show you what I need..."

In the doorway stood a massive man with a placid look on his face. He nodded at Samuel and Miss Harriman made a small motion with her hand.

"Go with José and pay attention to his orders," she said.

With that, she turned on her heel and disappeared through the door. Samuel followed behind José. He towered over Samuel, a mass of muscle, narrow hipped and broad arms.

“Spanish?” asked Samuel.

The huge man turned to face him and put a finger to his lips.

“All you have to do, boy, is listen and work hard. Follow instructions, be silent and willing... That’s all that Lucy, I mean, Miss Harriman asks.”

With that he led Samuel to the end of the corridor and opened a door by pressing his finger to a sensor. The door opened into the gardens. Palms and bushes, a thick lawn with the dew of the sprinklers still glistening and a high wall at the confines that looked to be twenty feet high.

Samuel followed José across the lawn until they arrived at hidden shed where neat rows of gardening tools were racked on the walls.

“Start here,” said José in English. “Clean all the tools and I’ll be back in two hours. There’s water at the back and cloths in this drawer...”

Samuel looked at the spades and hoes that almost looked new and unused.

“Do a proper job, boy...”

With that, he walked from the shed and left Samuel to discover the cloths and the tap that he was supposed to be using. Each tool, when he inspected it, seemed as if it had already been carefully cleaned, but Samuel remembered Maria in the kitchen and dutifully cleaned each tool carefully before hanging it carefully back in place. Samuel finished before José arrived back and he stood in the doorway of the shed looking across the perfect lawns. The whole scene was

so peaceful and idyllic that he sat on the step and gazed while a fresh evening breeze cooled him.

The quiet was broken by the rough and husky barking of dogs and José walked around the corner of the house with two large mastiffs on long leashes. As soon as the huge dogs spotted Samuel, they reared up and pulled at the leashes forcing even the huge José to take two steps before he could pull them in. Samuel quickly stood and retreated into the shed, the door ready to slam.

"They need to know you," said José with a laugh.

Samuel stood still and José allowed the two dogs to rear up to almost his height and bare their teeth at the Spanish boy, growling all the while.

"I don't think that they like me," muttered Samuel.

Samuel looked pleadingly at the huge man who leaned back to restrain the snarling mastiffs, but his fear seemed to amuse José.

"They are not supposed to like you, just know what you are and your place in the scheme of things! They are always in the grounds, so always make sure that I am here when you are..." said José. "Do you understand boy? *Only* when I am here, because they will rip you to shreds in moments if you run, and even quicker if you don't..."

José savagely yanked the chains to almost throw the dogs from their feet and led them away as they snarled back at Samuel who shook in terror. As José passed the corner he stopped to allow the two dogs start another fit of snarling and yelping and then they disappeared out of sight.

Samuel found that his knees were shaking and he sat down on the step of the shed before José returned, this time without the dogs.

"Are they loose all of the time?" he asked the Mexican.

"Most of the time," laughed José. "The bitch is in heat and it makes the other three unsettled! Now then, let's see what you have been up to..."

As José inspected the cleaning work and he nodded.

"That's good, boy. A good job, well done. Miss Harriman has informed me that you will be working in the house, so you don't have to worry about the dogs unless you try to leave. Just do as you are told and you will find that she will be satisfied. If you don't, well I'll be throwing you to the dogs!"

"Jesus!" cried Samuel.

"Just a little joke," laughed José. "But, keep on her good side..."

Samuel looked at the grin on the huge man's face and wondered if it really was a joke after all. It was starting to look as if the week in Miss Harriman's villa was not going to be a bed of roses!

### Episode Three

Maria crooked a finger and Samuel followed her down the long glass corridor to the villa. He had slept well at last and the arrival of the maid permitted him to leave. Inside his mind, he was debating this strange place, should he stay or should he go?

On the one hand, he had been locked in his room, made to clean tools that needed no cleaning. Bars on the windows and a week of hard work. On the other, he would not have to call his father and he would have enough money from the week to make San Francisco a good experience. His mind was not set, just the idea of his father laughing at him needing money to get home rankled. That thought swung Samuel to put up with the week of work that was about to start.

Maria led him into the kitchen and pointed at a spot on the floor. It seemed he was supposed to stand to attention and he shuffled to the spot as he watched her watching him. He was now starting to think that she could not speak at all. So far not a word and he knew how chatty young Mexican girls normally were. Mentally, he corrected himself, everyone *assumed* Mexican, they always made the assumption with him in the USA, so he should really stay open minded!

He stood on the spot for several minutes before the kitchen door opened and a middle-aged woman bustled into the room. A tape measure was draped over her shoulders.

She walked around him in a proprietary way and said, "Perfect for the uniform that Miss Harriman has in mind..." then she turned to Maria and said, "Indoors work of course, even I can see that!"

Maria nodded.

"Just a week, that's all, it seems a waste to make a uniform," said Samuel.

"Even so, even so," she fussed. "Now you stand straight, boy, and I'll measure up."

She squatted and muttered as she measured from hip to the floor.

"You'll feel much more at home in a uniform," said the woman who was now measuring from ankles to knee. "Can't have you out in the sun on show, can we? Much better for private pleasures... My friend, Miss Harriman is most particular."

Arms, chest and neck, she muttered the measurements and fussed around him as she worked.

"Now then, let's have those ugly jeans down and measure your waist."

Samuel hesitated.

"Is that really necessary?"

"Don't be shy, boy. I'm a mature woman, I've seen it all before and much more, so come along now. Nothing new under the sun!"

Samuel slowly undid his belt and the top button of his jeans.

"Come along, we haven't got all day. That's right, now just fold them up nicely and I'll measure you up."

Maria took the folded clothes and stood silently watching. Samuel was glad that he had put fresh boxers on, as he felt strong fingers wrap the tape around his waist and then his hips.

"Good. Good, boy!"

The woman stood and Samuel reached for his jeans, but Maria backed away.

"You can't wear them in that state," said the woman as she draped the tape measure around her neck. Maria will do a little wash for you and then you can have them back until the uniform is ready."

"Really, that's not..."

"Of course it is, boy. So, while she's at it, strip the rest off and she can do that too. No sense in half a wash!"

She chuckled to herself as she watched Samuel strip off his T shirt.

"And the rest!"

Samuel looked down and she laughed.

"Like I said, I've seen it all. Big and small, long and short, men and women. Just pretend that I'm your mother and you're my little boy!"

He dropped his boxers and stood with his hands tucked in his thighs.

"Now then, one last measurement," said the middle-aged woman. Reach up as high as you can and take the end of the tape in your fingertips."

Her fingers offered the end of the tape and Samuel watched the smile on her face.

"Come on, I haven't got all day, boy."

Samuel took a deep breath, took the tape and stretched high. He expected her to pull it tight to the floor, but instead she looked between his thighs and muttered.

"Not exactly a big boy, are we? Cute little thing you have there. Still, it doesn't matter really what you've got, it's all about what it is used for!"

Samuel dropped his hands and covered himself.

“That’s it, all done. Wasn’t so bad was it? Now then, you run along back to your room and I’ll speak to Miss Harriman.”

Maria was filling the huge washing machine and Samuel headed for the glass corridor and his room. He heaved a sigh of relief when the door to the kitchen was closed and then suddenly saw that he was being watched.

On the lawn, close by the glass of the corridor was a small table where two women sat having tea and cake. Miss Harriman and an older woman were in the shadow of a huge sun shade and both were smiling as he walked down the corridor back to his room.

By the time that he slid down the back of his bedroom door, Samuel was blushing and breathing rapidly. The whole experience had been so humiliating and it took a few minutes before he regained his composure. Samuel stood and looked for his ruck-sack. Even the unwashed clothes inside would do... It was not where he had left it on the bed and he frantically opened drawers and cupboards, but they were all empty. He stared at the smooth handle-less door and sat on the edge of the bed with a rising feeling of panic.

Naked in his room, helpless and humiliated, now he *knew* that he *had* to leave.



## **Episode Four**

The sounds of the mower died and the sun set slowly to leave the room in shadows. Now that Samuel was determined to leave, he made a thorough inspection of the room. Bars at the window that could not be opened, glass so thick that it felt like granite under his fists. No way from the small bathroom, bars on the tiny window, nothing but soap, a towel and a new toothbrush by the sink. Next, he turned to the main room. He looked under the bed, and checked the wardrobe again.

Bare!

He pulled the drawers from the chest of drawers, they were empty too. Samuel slipped his arms under the mattress and probed all round. Once again, nothing but a single sheet, a pillow and the thin sheets that were neatly tucked in. Last of all, the single bedside cabinet. He opened the drawer and at last he found something. A broad pink ribbon, three inches wide and a foot long. He held it in his hand for a moment and dropped it on to the bed.

Nothing at all!

Once again, he sat on the bed. He put his face in his palms and despaired.

The room was almost dark now. A little light from a neighbouring villa lit the room and still he sat in the silence while his mind turned over and over. Oh, why had he helped Miss Harriman yesterday? Why had he taken up her invitation? What was she trying to do with him?

The questions circled in his head like crows until at last they settled and he slipped between the sheets and fell into troubled slumber.

Samuel woke.

The door was open and Maria entered, Miss Harriman a step behind.

"Really, boy!" said Miss Harriman. "You should be up and showered by this time. I have to decide your work in the house with Maria..."

"My bag, what have you done with my bag?"

"I needed your passport to register you, silly boy. It's safe and sound and I can't have illegals working for me in my position."

"I need some clothes..."

"Of course, you do, boy! The uniform will be arriving this evening for a fitting, so that's all sorted."

Samuel sat up, careful to cover himself with the sheet. As he did so the ribbon dropped to the floor and Maria picked it up and mutely offered it to him.

"I'll wear the ones that Maria washed..."

"Not possible, dear. I asked José to dispose of them," said Miss Harriman. "I won't have the servants wearing jeans in the house. They are for the outdoors and from now you will *only* be indoors! No need for anything but your new uniform!"

Samuel looked at the ribbon in his hand and back to Miss Harriman.

"Please, please, I can't work like this... naked!"

Miss Harriman inspected him and nodded.

"You are so right that's what the ribbon is for. Never mind, there is a set rule for times like this so the ribbon will just have to do! As long as you look decorative, that's all that counts."

As she spoke, the maid had moved to the end of the bed. Suddenly she pulled at the sheets and Samuel was exposed in the breeze from the sheet.

"Now then, put on the nice ribbon and then Maria can begin to show you what the tasks for the day are."

"I'm sorry..."

"Don't be sorry, just thank me for giving you something to wear. Take a shower, put on the ribbon where it should go and meet me in the kitchen with Maria because today is wash-day and there is a lot to get through, for you both!"

Maria took up a position by the door and Miss Harriman turned to leave.

"Ten minutes time in the kitchen," she ordered as she turned to leave the room. "This time I can forgive you being late, but it really must be the last time. I cannot have the servants needing my constant attention... and be polite and make sure that you say 'thank you'."

"Thanks," said Samuel reluctantly.

Miss Harriman frowned and pointed at the bathroom door before leaving with a click of her high heels.

The gush of water in the shower was cold. No matter what he did with the complicated taps, he could not warm it and he was obliged to shiver under the flow as he washed. His thoughts turned to the ribbon. What was expected? He really had no idea, perhaps Maria would help. One thing that he now knew was that he was scared of Miss Harriman in a way that no school bully had ever managed to frighten him.

Miss Harriman.

He did not even know her name and she was treating him like some servant, or worse! In his head he pictured the tight skirt

over rounded hips, the long white-blond hair over a hard arrogant face, large breasts and the straight lines down the backs of her legs as she had left the room. The momentary introspection caused an erection and suddenly he pictured himself, stiff in her presence.

There would be no hiding it...

Samuel stroked his cock and coaxed it to full size. This would prevent the problem! A steady rhythm, his fist tight, he nursed the erection that suffered in the cold water, expanding to its full three inches and gasped as his come was swept away, circling around the drain to vanish with the water.

Feeling a little more relaxed, Samuel emerged to find that Maria had not moved. She stood with a twitch of a smile on her face and watched him take the ribbon. For a few moments he considered and then started to tie it on his wrist.

Maria shook her head and pointed between his legs.

"No, I'm not doing that," he muttered as he tied the bow on his wrist.

Maria's lips twitched and she shrugged as she moved to open the door and follow Samuel to the kitchen. He felt so self-conscious, glad that there was no one in the garden to observe his nakedness.

Miss Harriman sat in the kitchen, her phone to her ear. She muttered a few words and then looked to Maria and Samuel. Her legs were crossed and a stiletto dangled from her toes as she spoke.

"Washday! All the bedding, and everything in the wash room. Of course, this week, it's the hand-wash week, but with Samuel to help it will be ready and ironed by five when the guests arrive. At six, my dear friend Andrea comes with the new uniforms," she said with a small chuckle, "and then both of you

will be waitressing the soiree. That takes us to bed at ten, because you both have a long day tomorrow too..."

Samuel was glad that he had quelled his cock. He stood with a hand between his thighs covering himself while Maria stood relaxed beside him in her frock.

"I have decided that I want to leave," said Samuel. "Thank you for the room and all that, but I really have to go..."

A cross expression passed Miss Harriman's features and she shook her head.

"That's not possible! You said a week and a week it shall be! I won't have you breaking your promise. Promises are so important for servants. Now run along with Maria and make sure that you do a good job..."

"But..."

"I won't tell you again," said Miss Harriman. "If you argue then there will be severe consequences!"

"Really, I want to go!"

Miss Harriman pouted her lips and shook her head.

"First of all, where is your politeness? 'Please' would be *just* about satisfactory! However, because you are new in my service, I'll explain in a few words..."

She turned her head to the door and called, "José!" in a loud voice.

The door opened and the enormous man stepped into the room. Tight jeans and T shirt, he filled the doorway and nodded at Miss Harriman.

"Are the dogs out?" she asked him.

"Yes Ma'am. All five..."

Miss Harriman waved her enormous gardener away and turned back to Samuel.

"You are in my service, that's the way that it is and that's the way that it'll stay, boy. You *will* hang on my every word, you *will* be obedient and polite, you *will* serve me as I decide and you *will* be polite and respectful," she said.

Each time she spoke the word 'will', Miss Harriman wagged her finger at Samuel.

"You will take the ribbon from your wrist and tie it nicely in a big bow where Maria showed you to tie it and then you will go with her and perform the duties that I have assigned to you. I won't have my Mexican servants playing games with me, they are well looked after but punished when they break the rules."

"Do you understand now?" she added.

Samuel hung his head.

"I'm Spanish," he muttered.

"I won't tell you again to be respectful. Never, ever argue, you will learn soon enough that I am always right. If I say that you are something, then that's what you are, do you understand?"

By the time that he followed Maria from the room, the ribbon was tied as expected, a huge pretty, drooping pink bow that circled his balls with his little cock hanging over the knot of the bow.

Now he understood.

## **Episode Five**

Samuel looked in the baskets of musty clothes and Maria signalled him to tip them on to the cellar wash-room floor. He recognised the dress that Mrs Harriman had worn when he had pushed her car and picked he it out. A mass of dessous and stockings tumbled with it. He felt ridiculous naked with a pink bow tied around his balls and watched Maria from the corner of his eye to see if she was watching him.

Her lips were open, red and glistening, contrasting to the powdery whiteness of her complexion. Eyes lined with black, a delicious little snub nose and chin. Samuel started to sort the stockings. Maria stopped him with a touch of her fingers on the back of his hand.

"Why do you put up with this slavery?" asked Samuel.

Her eyes opened wide and she put a slim finger on her lips.

"We are all alone, Maria. Tell me, how do I escape, even if you seem to like it here?"

Maria shook her head violently, but Samuel ignored her distress.

"As soon as I figure out how to get past those dogs and that fucker, José, I will be off like a shot," he said. "All I need is my passport back from that bitch and then I am out of here and straight to the police..."

Maria's mouth opened in shock and Samuel wagged a finger at her.

"You've been far too long here, come with me and we'll run away together!"

The words were almost in jest, but Samuel was frustrated by Maria's obvious fear and the way that she was now cringing on the floor on her hands and knees. The idea of rescuing her

appealed to him. A mass of unwashed clothes lay around her feet and she seemed almost to want to burrow into them and hide from his words.

“A knife, that's what I need. Then I'll get back my passport and walk out of here. Let's see how that bitch begs when I force her to come with me to the police! The only worry is those dogs.”

Maria started to sob.

Her body shook with tremors, but there was no sound from her lips even though her chest was heaving. Samuel looked down at her with contempt. The little Mexican Barbie-doll would be no help at all and was obviously not worth saving. He would have to get out of this one on his own.

“OK, OK, so you like it here, being a slave! Does Miss Harriman own you?”

Maria's tear-wetted face looked up at the naked man who stood over her as she kneeled and she nodded. It was not the response that Samuel had been expecting and he felt a shudder run through him as he realised that Maria was not really a servant after all.

She was nothing but a slave.

He looked at her almost contemptuously; a slave she was, and so was he, if he did not escape.

“Well, fuck the bitch! Inside a day, I'll have it figured out and be on my way. No one does this to me and when my father finds out there'll be hell to pay! He's an important man... and rich!”

Maria's eyes opened wide in shock, but Samuel ignored her and continued in a loud voice.

“When the police get here...”



Suddenly a massive hand grabbed Samuel's hair from behind. Strong fingers closed on his neck and Miss Harriman's voice gave an order.

"It's time for my new bitch to learn a little respect for his betters, José. Take him for punishment, I'll be up in a moment when I have dealt with Maria..."

## Chapter Two

## Episode Six

Dragged like a toy by Miss Harriman's gardener, Samuel struggled, but he was in the hands of a man that outmatched him in every way. Bruised by the stairs, his head bashed on the door frame and his feet aching from trying to get a grip on the floor, the Spanish boy was finally lifted to his feet and walked like a marionette through the glass corridor, his stride a run compared to José's steps.

"Jesus Christ, shit, shit..."

Samuel swore, but got no reaction from the silent giant that forced him through the kitchen. He found himself in a room that he not seen before. Like a lounge, a few white leather sofas and armchairs were arranged in a half circle around a leather-topped bench.

"This is where you start to learn a little respect for your betters," grunted José as he pushed Samuel over the top of the bench and clipped fetters to his arms and wrists to stretch him face down. "Miss Harriman does not have very much patience, so be a good little boy and just take your punishment like the important lesson that it is. Address her as 'Miss Harriman', beg her forgiveness and obey every single word that she utters... Oh, and you can stop that swearing or she might decide to have you silenced!"

José finished the speech with a small loud laugh.

"One more squeal from you and I'll feed you to the dogs..."

Samuel looked up at the huge man who stood by him. Muscular and broad, a narrow waist and a mirror-like shaven head, he slapped Samuel's upturned bare ass and Samuel squealed.

"There's more of that coming boy!"

The hand grabbed a fistful of the Spanish boy's hair and pulled his face up from the wood of the whipping bench.

"You will find out that being a house-servant for Miss Harriman is a special privilege that you have to earn. If you worked outside, then you wouldn't last long at all, boy. The dogs always get the ones that work with me in the gardens; in the end."

The sound of steps and Miss Harriman arrived in the room.

José allowed Samuel's head to drop just as her stilettoes came into view and then he heard the sound of her seating herself on one of the leather sofas. A slight squeak, the sound of her crossing her legs and then her voice.

"I am not at all happy with the way that you have begun your service here," she said. "Not happy at all. Do I really have to listen to you calling me a bitch? I don't think so! So, in order for us to sort out this vast misunderstanding, José is going to give you a single stroke of the cane and we shall set this rudeness to the side. You *will* go back to the duties that I have assigned. Then I shall pop out for a glass with friends. José and Maria will keep an eye on you."

Samuel looked up and saw that José had a heavy bamboo cane in his hand. He stroked it and touched Samuel's ass for a moment while Miss Harriman continued.

"In the next week you will be learning your proper duties. I can understand a little rebellion, after all, I'm sure that you never had to follow orders in Mexico. The place is quite undisciplined from what I hear, without proper rules to keep them all in order. Once the week is over, you will be measured by far stricter standards and then there will be no mildness on my part. One stroke, José..."

There was almost no forewarning. Perhaps, a slight hiss as the bamboo cut the air and then abruptly there was a world of

pain that caused Samuel to issue a withering scream that choked him as the fire and agony made him retch.

"That is merely one stroke," said Miss Harriman. "I have on occasion had the need to order José to administer five or more to unruly servants. Make sure that you avoid that fate, boy, and in future, be totally respectful." Her tone changed. "Take him back to complete his tasks."

Samuel looked up at her. Miss Harriman's lips were in a tight smile and the tip of her tongue could be seen moving to the angle of her mouth.

"What do you say for all of the trouble that I am going to, to make you a perfect servant?" she asked.

"Thank-you."

Her face hardened.

"Thank you so much for allowing me to be improved, Miss Harriman," said Samuel.

"See how easy it is? You are being judged all of the time, boy, just remember that!"

Tears rolled from Samuel's cheeks and splashed on the floor as his head slumped to the wood of the punishment bench. He gasped and sobbed with the intense agony of the stroke on his ass and his chest heaved, but he was so traumatised that he could not even sob. It was as if he had been lashed with a red-hot wire and a numbness in his rear spread as José slowly undid the clasps that held him stretched tight. The pain burned like a fire, but the 'thank-you' for being punished was the final straw.

Samuel could not stand. His knees threatened to give way as he slid to his feet and he had to support himself with his hands.

When he looked up again, Miss Harriman was sitting on the armchair. Her long, crossed legs and silky stockings on show, the hem of her skirt at her thighs and her lips were pouted with a small smile of superiority. Her fingers of her hands extended over her knees to display the perfect red nails that curved from their tips.

"Do not forget, boy, that you are *always* being watched. Your service is continuously assessed and judged in my house. Every word, every action, every moment spend idling, it is all grounds for punishment because I believe that a good owner always makes sure that her servants learn from their mistakes and works hard for their betters. It is my sacred duty to train you, yours to be obedient and learn. You will learn what true discipline really is and fill every moment with hard work."

Her voice was sweet, the tone almost light as she flicked her hair back with one hand and watched Samuel finally put his weight on his feet.

"Now, go back to Maria and apologise for getting her into trouble. Then do the job assigned to you and be glad that you have such a charitable owner who wants nothing more than to make you suitable for her use."

Samuel staggered a step towards the door.

"There is something that I want to hear again, boy!"

He turned and almost felt his knees give way.

"Thank you, Miss Harriman," he breathed. "I'm sorry."

"I can't hear you being polite. A boy who is not polite and thankful for being taught to be some use to society is a boy that will lose his voice; because I believe that no words are better than impolite drivel..."

"Thank you for teaching me good manners, Miss Harriman," he said loudly as José led him to the door.

"I now have you marked as 'wilful'," she answered. "Do not get smart with me, boy! There are far worse punishments available to me than José's strong hand!"

"Sorry, Miss Harriman."

"Now, run along and make me proud of you..."

Samuel followed José back to the washroom in the cellar.

## **Episode Seven**

Hours and hours.

Each item carefully washed in warm soapy water, handled with care and rubbed gently before being rinsed. Then it was hung in the drying room with all of the others, carefully draped over netting. Samuel looked at the endless lines of stockings, lacy knickers and other intimate apparel and wondered if this washing was for a week's worth, or perhaps longer. In the end he calculated that even if it was two weeks, Miss Harriman was changing stockings three times a day.

While the clothes were drying, Maria started on mending. Silken thread and a small fine needle, she showed him how to repair runs and ladders in the stockings and checked all of the small clasps and buttons individually to see if they were loose. When Samuel showed puzzlement, she lifted the hem of her short skirt a little to show a repaired ladder and he realised that there was no wastage in Miss Harriman's household.

Once all of the clothes were dry and the repairs had been done, a slightly warm iron was applied and careful folding completed the work. Maria stacked up the clothes by type, separated the repaired stockings from the perfect ones and then folded each pair with great care to put the tailored toes at the top. Between them, they carried the small piles of clothes and for the first time, Samuel found himself in what was clearly Miss Harriman's bedroom.

Airy and feminine. Pinks and whites, a little lace edging, not too fussy but decorating swept-back curtains and the bed coverlet. Maria arranged the small piles of clothes in the shallow drawers, each item carefully placed in its own space with nothing on top. When she had finished she made a small tour of the room, inspecting and rearranging the curtains to fall in perfect even folds and then the same with the bed clothes. She smoothed the sheets perfectly with the palm of her hand and then opened a small door to enter the room beyond.



Samuel followed her.

He found himself in a dressing room. Dresses hung in series by colour, each in a clear bag, each as though perfectly new. A whole rack of soft fur coats hung in a row to the left and casual clothes to the right. Endless pairs of jeans in all shades, T shirts stacked neatly and hangers with other items carefully spaced in ascending rows by colour and style.

Samuel could only gasp at the order and perfection of the arrangement.

Embedded in a niche of the casual clothes was a small dressing table. Maria flicked open a drawer to reveal racks of lipsticks, powders, perfumes and other makeup. Once again, sorted by colour and type in neat little racks that marched inside the drawer like soldiers on parade.

Hanging tucked behind the dresser was a feather duster and Maria pulled it free and started to work. Each shelf was treated to a touch, the plastic coverings on the clothes and the surface of the duster. Finally satisfied, Maria opened the tall doors that made up the only blank wall of the changing room. The doors slid back to reveal shelving from ceiling to floor divided into small pigeonholes each of which was a pair of shoes.

Samuel inhaled, there must have been three hundred pairs or more. From perfectly white sneakers at the bottom, to casual slip-ons and pumps while one whole side of the cupboard was a wall of stilettos and boots, Oxfords and ankle highs. Each pair held in shape by a mahogany former, with a silk cloth draped over the top that allowed them to be seen but kept the dust from their uppers.

Maria applied the duster carefully from top to bottom before she seemed satisfied that she had completed the task and closed the doors. She took the duster to the window in the main room and shook it outside the open skylight before returning it to its proper place. A glance at the bedside clock

showed that it was ten to five and he pointed before leading Samuel out of the room.

The whole exercise had taken an hour, Maria exactly filling the time with one task after another in an unhurried but scrupulous thoroughness. Samuel realised that the whole task was actually his training by the silent girl, showing that every moment he had, had to be occupied no matter how trivial the task.

Maria led him from the bedroom, carefully closed the door and led him back to the kitchen at the other end of the palatial villa.

## Episode Eight

The kitchen was filled by the chatter of Miss Harriman and the middle-aged woman that had measured Samuel the day before. They sat at the table and sipped from porcelain as Maria and Samuel arrived to stand silently by the door.

"Ah, just in time, dears," said the woman to Miss Harriman. "I have everything ready for the fitting."

As she spoke she lifted a carpet bag from the floor and placed it on the seat beside her.

"Andrea, he was just what I was looking for!" said Miss Harriman. "A nice passable young man to amuse me and help Maria in her daily tasks for the moment while he is being trained. He has a bit of a tongue on him, but I think that he is perfect for my little experiment. Good servants are so hard to find nowadays!"

Andrea nodded agreement and looked Samuel up and down. The inspection made him blush. Somehow, he had forgotten his nakedness, and the pink ribbon that festooned his balls, but now under her gaze, a flush spread from neck to face.

"So, what do you think?" asked Miss Harriman.

Andrea's eyes looked Samuel over and drifted to the welt that crossed his buttocks.

"Perfect for you, dear! I see that you've already had cause to put him on the straight and narrow."

"José went easy on him..."

"So I see. Still, he's really cute and will be an adornment. The other girls will be so jealous when they see him, I bet that you will have loads of offers from them..."

"I think that he's almost a keeper, Andrea, as long as he is a good boy... On the other hand, I have an idea for a little game I want to play..."

Andrea chuckled and winked at Samuel. An erection caused his cock to stand a little and he longed to cover himself with his hands, but dared not move.

"Ooh look, he's getting all excited, my dear. What a cute little cock he has!"

"There's a little work needed there, obviously," said Miss Harriman. "Can't have him displaying like that all the time. On the other hand, at least he shows some enthusiasm!"

"Well you know best, dear. I know that you have your little whims, but if he were mine I'd soon have him snipped. As I always say, if you're not going to use it, then it's neither use nor ornament."

Miss Harriman nodded seriously.

"Obviously, we'll just have to see how it goes, Andrea, but for now I like it when the servants show that they appreciate my kindness and generosity."

Miss Harriman glanced at Maria and smiled.

"Of course, there are 'good boys' and 'bad boys'. I know that I can get a little sentimental, but I'll not have my servants making a fool of me like this one..."

Maria stood stock still, her face an expressionless mask while Samuel felt his erection subside and tried not to move a muscle even though he felt that his knees were about to give way in dread.

"It's already late," announced Miss Harriman. "Let's get to the fitting. The guests come in two hours and I want everything perfect by then."

"Don't you think that it's a little early to be showing off your new acquisition?" asked Andrea.

"You know what I'm like," laughed Miss Harriman. "I just so love to show off..."

Andrea reached for the large bag and opened it wide. Carefully she took out some flat bags and piled them up on the table before placing a pair of black high heels beside them.

"It's all here," she announced. "Two sets and loads more to come. Just as you ordered, one in black, one in pink and the other colours being made up as we speak. Unfortunately, I didn't have pink shoes in stock in his size, so you'll have to wait until tomorrow, so tonight it will have to be black..."

Miss Harriman picked up one of the shoes and turned it in her hands. A rounded toe, a steep instep and five inch heels with no platform.

"I wanted something higher," she said.

"Don't worry, these are just the everyday working shoes, the rest are all on order. The courier arrives tomorrow. Ten pairs as you requested. Three punishment pairs, three for general work, like these; three pairs for display and the boots on top of that. You know how it is, the local suppliers are useless!"

"Good. If we only have a pair of low work-shoes, then work-shoes it will have to be."

The thin heel of the 'work' shoe was at least five inches long. Miss Harriman replaced the shoe carefully by the other and looked up at Samuel.

"I think that we really have to get him ready before the fitting," she said. "Maria, get him prepared and talced and be back in twenty minutes. Sometimes, I quite forgot the little details..."

## Episode Nine

Twenty minutes later, Samuel was led back into the kitchen where the two women still sat chuckling over Miss Harriman's comments about a visit to Las Vegas. He felt strange, shaved and primped by Maria, dusted with fine talc that smelled of roses. Without the ribbon, he somehow felt even more naked than before.

Maria had supervised him silently, passing the razor, towelling him down and then blowing on the white dust from a rubber blub until he was dusted from head to foot. His hands moved between his smooth thighs and the little area of pubic hair that had sprouted around his balls and cock was now just a smooth soft area of skin.

The two women ignored Maria and Samuel and finished their conversation before Miss Harriman put her hand on the bags with the uniform and looked at Maria.

"That looks better, dear. OK, let's get my new little boy into his sexy new uniform and then I can get changed for the soiree," she said. "The caterers arrive in half an hour with their delivery and *everything* has to be perfect."

Maria nodded and started to open the packages while Andrea commented on them as the clothes were neatly stacked.

"Luckily, he's a perfectly average medium size," she said. "The dress will be nice and short, showing his legs and the corset will make it a perfect fit. The only problem really was the stockings. It's so difficult to get a good fit, but I had them taken in so that they'll be nice and tight! Such short notice."

Samuel watched as Maria slipped the first item from the bag. A corset, just a foot high, it was a loose shiny material that glistened and moved under Maria's fingers, but the stiff bones of it were plain to see. He stared in disbelief at the uniform. He had expected some sort of butler's costume, but the shoes

parked on the table had changed his mind. The reality of him being dressed like Maria was worrying and he blinked as the second item was slipped from its bag.

"Please, no," he muttered under his breath.

A slight look of irritation registered on Miss Harriman's face.

"See, he really is *not* ready to be displayed," said Andrea. "I think that a few days more are needed... perhaps a few strokes of the cane?"

Miss Harriman's look of irritation seemed to move to one of annoyance.

"I expected you to thank me for being so generous," said Miss Harriman to Samuel. "Most of my friends would have you thrashed for such rudeness! If I hear one more word from you that is not appreciation of all of the trouble that I am going through for you, it will be five strokes of the cane and I will have you silenced. Do you understand?"

Samuel shivered in terror.

"I am so sorry," he said. "Please, I really want to thank-you for being so generous!"

The welt from the one blow of the cane still hurt at every step and he tried to imagine the agony of five strokes...

"That's better, boy, but you talk too much. Servants should be seen, enjoyed and not heard. Now then, Maria will dress you and then I can get on with getting ready for my guests. I have more important things to do than waste time training some silly Mexican sissy to be polite, so don't test me!"

Maria lifted a slack tube of shiny latex and turned it in her hands. She stood in front of Samuel and he lifted a leg. Carefully, Maria rolled the stocking in her hand and then slid it on. As she worked, Miss Harriman and her friend discussed the

trip to Las Vegas where apparently the service in the Wynn had not been up to the standard that Miss Harriman had expected.

The stocking was tight, Maria smoothed the ripples out and then rolled on the other one. The material gripped Samuel's legs, stretching and following every contour, finishing at the thigh, just inches below his dangling balls.

Next on was the corset.

From the hip, just above the waist. Samuel felt the unfamiliar stiffness of the steel strips embedded in the hard rubber and then the tightening of the laces. The fitting caused Miss Harriman and Andrea to pause and watch, Andrea cooing as it tightened to pull in Samuel's waist in and flare his hips.

"Perfect, I was wondering if it would be a good fit because I went a size down," she said as Maria pulled in the laces and tightened from bottom to top. "I think that yet another size down will be better, though. I'll make sure that the rest are tighter because I love it when it doesn't meet at the back."

"Turn," ordered Miss Harriman.

Samuel felt Maria's hands on his hips and he slowly turned to show the two onlookers his back.

"Yep, it's a little loose, Andrea. Go two sizes down because I want a twenty-inch waist, but at least it makes something of those narrow hips of his."

Samuel turned to face and cast a glance down. His waist was nipped in and he could feel every breath that he took. Tighter would have him gasping for breath.

It took moments to slip the dress over his head and roll it on. Tight and constricting, it was just a tube of shiny latex that went from neck to just below the tops of the stockings. It stretched over thighs to make a smooth surface and the back was cut



deep to reveal the lacings of the corset. As it was smoothed over the welt from his caning, Samuel almost gasped, but he managed to mask the agony and the Maria's hands moved on to his thighs to straighten the latex.

"That's better," said Miss Harriman with a smile. "Now he looks perfect, they will be so envious that I found such a nice little boy. I think that he's going to be perfect for my little game."

The shoes were slipped on to Samuel's feet. Suddenly he was higher, his feet steeply pointed down as if he were on tip-toe. He staggered a little as Maria fussed with the buckles and snapped tiny padlocks on to the straps around his ankles. Samuel felt as he was tipping forward and took a small step. It was enough to recover his balance and he wondered how women could wear such painful shoes for hours at a time.

"He has nice long feet," commented Andrea. "In a couple of days, he'll be at home in them and then you can have him in the display shoes."

Miss Harriman nodded in agreement.

"Or the punishment boots. Now, walk a few steps and let's see how it looks..."

Samuel moved a step and then another. His feet were forced hard into the shoes, the skirt of the dress made each step just an inch or two and he felt as though he was about to fall. For a moment, he almost staggered and then managed a few small steps more.

"Hips, boy, make your hips move a little more. You have to look the part..."

Andrea's words made Samuel try again and clearly, she was satisfied even though Miss Harriman pulled a wry smile and said, "I want a little more femininity, a roll of the hips with each small step. When you stand, one foot should be out at a slight

angle. I think that tomorrow will be all practice until you are perfect!"

"Maria, take my new servant to his room and make him presentable, then the caterers are coming and you'll need to organise them. I want you both back in the kitchen in an hour ready to begin serving as the guests arrive."

It took ten minutes for Samuel to walk back to his room with Maria.

## Episode Ten

Outside the kitchen, Samuel could hear the arrival of Miss Harriman's guests.

In his hand was a small tray that Maria loaded with tall Champagne glasses. Tight on his head was a wig that gave him straight raven black hair and his lips throbbed with a red cayenne-pepper lipstick that made them swell to a pout. He glanced down, a slight bump showed where an erection pressed from between his thighs and he tried to will it away.

He wondered how it was that he could feel excited like this, dressed like a slut, but something made him breathless about the way that he had been primped and preened. It was almost as if he was attracted to himself, as though he reacted to being dominated by Miss Harriman with a need that came from deep within.

With four glasses on the tray, Maria patted him lightly on his ass and he stepped carefully forward. He tried to roll his hips a little and it made the motion easier as he slowly progressed into the lounge where a crowd of chattering woman stood in conversation. Behind them all, the vast buffet that the caterers had arranged, stacked plates, savoury tit-bits and a vast choice of sweet snacks.

"Ah, so this is the new one?" said a female voice as he entered the room.

Suddenly, the room was silent, the chatter ceased and all eyes were on Samuel as he carefully walked into the room. One woman sighed, another cooed and a few chuckles annulled the silence. Samuel blushed and he felt a hand smooth over his ass, making his erection harder still. He prayed that it was not obvious and offered the tray to Miss Harriman.

"The guests always come first," she said and Andrea tittered at the pun and Samuel's frightened expression.

"Darling," she said to Samuel. "Smile for the guests, you are ravishing and really must try to tempt us all with your prettiness. You do want them all to lust after you, don't you?"

Samuel nodded and blushed, general laughter swept the twenty or so women who watched the little interchange and a voice from the back said, "I am smitten, he's so perfect!"

"Ooh, where on earth did you find him?" asked a severe looking older woman. "He's such a sweet little virgin..."

"Oh, I just picked him up, Martha," said Miss Harriman. "I thought to myself, just what I need, a sweet little Mexican boy to play with!"

The older woman moved close and her hand smoothed over the latex stretched on Samuel's thighs.

"What is this little bump? He's a naughty boy," chuckled Martha. "I'll buy him from you! A hundred thousand..."

Andrea started to laugh.

"Martha," she said. "I think that this one may be a keeper, I don't think that she'll sell at any price! Anyway, his new owner has something else in mind for him."

Miss Harriman smiled in agreement.

"We'll see in a month. If I get tired of him, then perhaps..." said Miss Harriman.

Martha's hand teased Samuel through the latex and he felt unsteady on his feet.

"He's so loveable and naïve," said a young woman. "I really must get myself a nice little boy like that. Look at him blushing, so feminine, I do believe that he's coming with just a touch!"

Samuel was struggling not to gasp as Martha's hand drifted to the hem of the tight dress and slowly lifted it. The friction of the latex on the tip of his little cock was almost too much and he swayed on his heels and tried hard not to moan. Every woman in the room was watching. Some with amusement, some with disdain and a few were chuckling as the hem moved higher and tightened the latex over his behind.

"Let's see," said the older woman, whose hand was now just an inch from revealing her victim's throbbing erection. "What are you hiding from us, naughty boy? A nice stiff little sissy-clitty, to tease and torment? Is that what you want, to be played with?"

Samuel swallowed and tried to keep from looking down as a nail touched him and his thighs started to tremble.

"Darling," said Martha to Miss Harriman, "you have not even ringed him, are you really intending to keep him au-natural?"

The hem had lifted to reveal the three inches of hard flesh and the little balls hanging down behind. Martha's hand pinched them slightly and then enclosed Samuel in her fingers. He could feel her nails nip him and staggered a little as she then clawed him slowly from root to tip. The scratching almost made him scream, agony and an ecstasy that filled his head and forced his bee-stung lips open soundlessly as a first dribble of thin precum oiled the long claws that toyed with him.

"A hundred and fifty thousand," said Martha. "I just love this boy, come on sell him to me! He's so perfect!"

"Now I am tempted, darling! Perhaps in a month," laughed Miss Harriman. "Then we'll see how he is getting along..."

A look of disappointment came over Martha's face and she dug in her nails to cause Samuel to cry out.

"Sensitive and needy," laughed Martha. "With those little balls clipped he'd be perfect for me and my perverted little husband... Two hundred?"

"You are such an avaricious bitch, Martha," laughed a voice from behind Samuel. "Let his owner have her fun and then we can all get a chance to buy him in an auction, because we *all* know that he's worth at least a quarter of a million!"

Martha's hand pulled back and raised to show the slime that now dripped from her fingers.

"Perhaps, but I never pay more than two hundred thousand when they only last a month or two of intense use."

Samuel listened to the words and felt a surge of panic. The women that filled the room were like evil vultures picking over a carcass and he longed to escape back into the kitchen where it at least seemed safer.

"I'll decide soon, but for now this little boy needs training and preparation and that's the bit that I so enjoy," said Miss Harriman. "Maybe a month or two, or maybe Andrea is right and he's a keeper. If he responds well to gentle handling it would be a shame to push him too fast when he has such potential for what I have in mind."

Martha frowned, but did not speak and the moment passed. The glasses were lifted from the tray, Samuel managed to move on, away from the woman that terrified him even more than Miss Harriman.

The soiree got fully underway.

From seven to ten, Maria and Samuel served the guests. The odd slap on his behind, a kiss from a red head in a revealing silk dress and a frightening leer from Martha every time that he passed her.

The time flew by and Samuel's aching feet almost betrayed him again and again, but somehow, he managed to make no mistakes and only the drying trickle of precum down his latex stocking betrayed the frightening start to the party.

In his room at last, Samuel breathed a sigh of relief as the shoes were unlocked and the costume folded and taken by Maria. It had been a nerve-wracking experience. Exciting and frightening all at the same time to see so many women who teased him as though he was a deviant slut.

He slept curled on the bed with a fatigue that was like nothing that he had ever experienced before.

## **Chapter Three**



## **Episode Eleven**

Miss Harriman was as good as her promise.

From early in the morning, just after sunrise to midday, Samuel found himself walking up and down the glass corridor endless times in the terrible high heels. They pinched his feet, the slim heels made him almost trip a dozen times and actually fall a dozen more. He wondered how he had managed to get through the party, and by the time that Maria had walked him a mile or two up and down the corridor, his feet were aching and cramped.

The training in the shoes had seemed endless, but at last it was over.

Their next task was to clear the detritus of the party. All of the remaining food was carefully packed away while Maria and Samuel ate the half-eaten leavings from the guest's plates and poured the nearly-empty glasses of Champagne down the sink. As they worked, Samuel wondered how it was that Maria managed to be so self-disciplined. For the first time he inspected the kitchen area with care and was alarmed when he realised that what he had taken to be a smoke alarm was in fact a camera.

Now he fully understood.

Every movement, every word spoken, every misdemeanour and every moment idling was being closely watched. Were there people watching him? Possibly... His mind turned to escape.

Where was José?

Were the dogs roaming the grounds?

Were there any unwatched areas at all in the villa?

Samuel promised himself to inspect his room when he returned to it. Maybe there were possibilities...

The dishes took hours to clean. Each one hand-washed, rinsed, dried, stacked and then again twice more before being carefully placed in the racks. It all seemed pointless to Samuel, especially when he had seen that Maria would do it all again when she had time away from her other tasks.

Every moment *had* to be filled!

Never would he be allowed to stand around or retreat to his room. Constant washing, polishing, cleaning and tidying would fill his days, until like Maria, soon he would be just a mindless drone like the silent maid. His lips fixed in a smile, curtsying at every passing of his owners.

Silence! Maria never uttered a single word.

No sound passed her lips and all of her instructions were examples that he realised that he was expected to follow. The tight costume of last night had been cleaned, to be put back on, and the corset pinched him in even tighter, if that was at all possible. Clearly Maria had worked on long after he was asleep and he speculated that he would soon be doing the same.

As they worked, Miss Harriman passed through. A light breakfast was prepared for her by Maria, egg whites fluffed to foam and then the yolk replaced in the centre, to create a cloud that made his hunger piquant. Samuel watched the preparation carefully, because he knew that at some point he would have this duty too. Miss Harriman did not say much more than to instruct her two servants to attend to preparing her bedroom and then swanned out in her summer dress to do a little shopping.

Samuel and Maria worked on.

The bed had clearly been the scene of lovemaking. Stained sheets and a smell of sex that cloyed the nostrils and filled him with need. Sweat and lipstick marks on the pillow. Samuel tried to imagine Miss Harriman lying on the broad bed and being fucked from behind, but his powers of imagination were stretched past their limits. Someone had been face down on the pillow, but it did not seem that it could possibly have been his imperious owner.

Another thought came to his mind.

Who was her lover?

Once again, Samuel could not even imagine who might have permission to pleasure her so intimately.

Now it was early evening.

Miss Harriman arrived with bags of shopping that Maria and Samuel had to unpack and arrange in the bedroom. Finding space for three more pairs of stilettos, a tiny black dress and ten pairs of stockings required an hour of careful arrangement to get it right. When the job was done, Maria and Samuel worked hard to make the bedroom perfect, they dusted and tidied before descending to the kitchen for their orders.

Samuel was so hungry that the plate of savoury crusted prawns and noodles that Miss Harriman was eating now filled him with a desperate hunger that made him swallow a dozen times. Three prawns and a few noodles remained on the plate, but Maria was the one allowed to eat them as Miss Harriman commented to Samuel.

"It's a strict diet for you, boy. I want you nice and slim and svelte, my dear," she said. "Not some gross Mexican Mamma with wobbly rolls of fat at her waist! I want you lean and attractive."

Samuel almost licked the plates as he and Maria cleared up after the woman who was tormenting him and then he

realised that she knew exactly what she was doing to him. Half starved, weak and emaciated, Samuel would be easy to control and force to Miss Harriman's needs. If he did not manage to make his escape in a week or two, he would be too weak to even run...

She watched him and nodded...

"You are thinking that you can escape me," she said. "Don't even think it..."

Samuel froze with a plate in his hand.

"When you are fully trained, even the thought of *not* being my little boy will make you shiver in fear," she continued. "I have decided what you are and that's all you need to know. The first attempt to run will be the last. I think that when you are ready, I may just let you go, now wouldn't that would be amusing for us both!"

Samuel placed the plate in the rack and felt his knees giving way. It was as if she was inside his head, as if she knew every thought that passed through his mind.

"I think that it's time for you to properly understand what happens to servants who do not come up to the high standard of obedience that I require. This is the last time that I shall be patient with you, you have to learn fast what I want before I say the words. You have to be pretty and unremarked, and most of all, you have to obey every word, spoken or not. What I want is unquestioning deference and politeness. My guests and friends are here to be satisfied, everything that you do has to be perfect and will show how grateful you are that you have this chance to make my life free from petty irritations and niggles."

She paused as if to see the effect of her words.

"Maria, show him what happens to naughty little boys..."

Maria moved to face Samuel by her owner's side.

"Come here, boy..." said Miss Harriman.

Samuel stepped forward within Miss Harriman's reach. He could smell the musky perfume and felt almost overawed by the sight of the large breasts that were smoothed by the tight dress that she wore.

Miss Harriman's hand moved to Maria's slim neck. A lacy collar was lifted and a manicured nail indicated a slight scar.

"Maria just could not be polite, she spoke far too much. The result is, that now she is not able to utter even a squeak! I suggest that you take note and do not make the same mistake!"

"No, Miss Harriman," said Samuel as his eyes noted the tiny white mark.

"Don't speak..."

Her lips tightened to a line as she released the collar.

"Another thing," said Miss Harriman. "Self-abuse is strictly forbidden at all times unless required by my personal order. I never use restraints if I can help it, they are so ugly and indecorous. There are other restraints that will keep you here."

Her hand lifted the hem of Maria's skirt and Samuel could not help himself gasp when he saw the result of breaking Miss Harriman's rules. Above the stockings was the creamy flesh of Maria's thighs. A barcoded tattoo an inch wide on a thigh, then the hem lifted further to reveal what had made the Spanish boy gasp in fear. The healed mark of a branding iron in the shape of a curlicued 'H' showed above the tattoo.

Another shock, worse still...

Maria was a man, or perhaps better said, Maria *had* been a man in her past life. A smooth groin, a tiny little fleshy tube that was half an inch long and behind it... nothing at all but smooth perfectly velvety skin that curved to the cheeks of a plump ass.

"I had to do this because Maria could not help herself playing with her little clitty in the shower," said Miss Harriman with a hard smile. "Like you, she was warned, but she thought that it would escape my notice. One time was enough because I do not believe that bad behaviour should be encouraged by ignoring it. I expect respect and complete obedience to my little rules. So, beware and let this be a lesson for you not to put a foot wrong..."

Samuel shivered as the manicured hand that lifted the hem moved to stroke the tiny fleshy spout that was all that remained of Maria's masculinity. Half an inch of flaccid flesh, it stiffened a little and Miss Harriman smiled wickedly.

"Poor little Maria. Now she can't climax at all, just dribble for me whenever I want to remind her of the price of her disobedience!"

Finger and thumb played with Maria until she displayed an inch of tiny cock with a shiny tip that seemed more clitoris than prick. To the frightened onlooker it was enough to emphasise Miss Harriman's words.

"This is what my friend Martha *always* does to her slaves," said Miss Harriman as she turned a steely gaze on Samuel. "Teasing and tormenting her little boys until they squeak and whimper. When she finally takes even that away, they cry for weeks... If you are sold to her it will be because you have been naughty and you only have yourself to blame."

The fingers squeezed and played while she spoke and a slow dribble of clear liquid leaked on to her finger tips.

"There, there, Maria," she said. "Now thank me for being so kind as to teach you to be a perfect little girl for me..."

Maria lowered to her knees. A curtsey that ended with the damp fingers between her lips before she bent further to kiss the shoe that dangled from Miss Harriman's elegant foot.

"What do you say, boy?"

Samuel hung his head and said, "Thank you for explaining the rules to me, Miss Harriman."

"There, you see just how easy it all is! Good boys are rewarded, naughty little boys find that they can't ever be naughty again... It's as simple as that, follow my rules, be polite, thank me for my generosity and there may occasionally be special rewards when I feel that they are justified!"

Maria stood and hung her head.

Her lips moved, but no sound escaped them.

Even Samuel could make out the unspoken words.

"Thank you!"

## Episode Twelve

Under the freezing cold water, Samuel dared not touch himself, even though it was required. The safety-razor in his hand scratched at his shin, moving up and stripping the stubble from his thighs and balls before it worked between the cheeks of his ass and left him smooth and soft.

As he towelled himself, he was careful not to allow any hidden watcher to imagine that he was playing with himself. Fearful and worried at the erection that now stuck from his groin he powdered himself with talc and then put on his uniform.

It was now just six days since he had pushed Miss Harriman's car and already he felt that she had invaded his mind and held him on an unseen leash of dread that made every action a judgement call. It was a question that he seemed to be asking himself every few minutes as he worked to make her house perfect in every way.

How could he satisfy her?

The answer was easy!

Clean and scrub, walk with a wiggle of the hips, smile and thank her for owning him, wear the fetish-costume that she gave him as a uniform and never show any dissatisfaction or emotion other than quiet bliss at being permitted to be her servant.

Deeper, under the subservience and fear was another layer of thought. An obsession with escape that consumed him, but was buried by his smiles. Every camera was looked at sidelong. The fingerprint readers on the doors were assessed and at every opportunity he looked into the gardens that had to be crossed to attain freedom.

Occasionally he saw José pass by, sometimes just the ferocious dogs roaming or lying in the sun. José never seemed to be working as a gardener, but moving freely around,



occasionally with one of the mastiffs on a long leash. His status seemed indeterminate. The sight of those enormous dogs caused a pit in Samuel's stomach every time and he knew that if he was to escape, they would have to miss him on their constant guard. He also felt weaker and more and more helpless every day. Hungry all of the time, he felt drained. Perched on his heels, he could not run, the corset robbed him of his breath and the tight dress made every step just inches long.

Samuel longed to be dressed in a frilly costume and low kitten heels like Maria, but now the drawers in his room were stacked full of latex dresses, tight corsets and stiletto shoes that had heels even higher than his working shoes.

The ones that caused Samuel anxiety were the long narrow boots with no real soles at all. Lockable buckles that extended from toe to the steel bands at the ankles. These were the 'punishment shoes' and the unyielding tight patent leather would grip his feet like medieval instruments of torture. In those he would not even be able to stand, of that he was sure.

Each day passed the same way.

Maria arriving to open his door to find him dressed and ready for the meticulous and endless cleaning and polishing that filled their every waking moment. The only food was the leavings of Miss Harriman and her friends and the occasional fatty remains of a steak that perhaps José had eaten. Cold and unappetising, the bite marks of the first eater still on them, Maria always ate and then placed her leavings in a bowl on the floor for Samuel to lick clean with a sprinkling of bitter powder that made every meal a struggle to eat.

He ate every scrap and longed to gnaw the bones of the last scraps of meat.

After the food, it was one room to prepare and prep after the next.

It seemed that there were tasks, like the washing, that had special days. The other days were filled with doing the same chores again and again until the villa gleamed spotlessly. Every curtain hung just so. Each dish cleaned a dozen times and every piece of furniture was moved to find each speck of dust. Picture frames were wiped and polished daily, bathrooms scrubbed until they shone and after the disruptive passing of the mistress of the house, everything was restored to perfection.

The grind of each day took its toll.

Tired and exhausted, Samuel slept like a baby to awake after just five hours to repeat the previous day in a stultifying monotony that had no end. Miss Harriman passed through leaving careless mess in her wake, whereas Maria and Samuel brought perfection at each passing.

## **Episode Thirteen**

Miss Harriman finished the pancakes and licked her lips in approval. Nothing but a few drops of smeared syrup remained on the plate and she reached down and put it on the kitchen floor by her feet.

"This is for you," she said to Samuel kindly.

He kneeled and licked at the plate, leaving it totally bare before looking up and thanking her. The taste was sheer heaven, finest Maple syrup, a few drops that seemed like a gift from heaven. Sweet and aromatic, it filled his senses, making him almost dizzy.

"You are learning," she said in a soft voice. "Already you are so deliciously feminine and a real credit to my household. However, even though you are perhaps trying just a little to be what I want, it's not really good enough and I have decided to move you along a little to create something that every man or woman you meet will desire to play with."

Samuel looked up at her.

Her foot moved a little and the stiletto slipped from her heel to dangle before his eyes.

"You see, even though you are making a little progress, you cannot read my thoughts. You do not really understand what I want from my house-boy and that is a little disappointing. Maria would be kissing my feet, you just stare up at me as though you don't know what I desire."

Samuel leaned a little and planted a tender kiss on the red heel of the shoe.

"Too late, boy," said Miss Harriman. "Too little and too late. I think that it's time to show you my little theory of training that seems to work every time. Would you like me to show you?"

"Please, show me, Miss Harriman," said Samuel as he touched the leather with his lips.

She smiled indulgently and rocked the shoe on her toes.

"That's settled then. For the next week, you will be wearing the punishment shoes for your daily round. I believe that a good servant is always reminded of his grateful submission by *constant* discomfort. Agony concentrates the mind and will make you forget everything but my needs. I think that you will find that I am correct and that you will learn to be a little more hard-working and docile and then thank me unreservedly for yours lessons in humility."

"Thank you, Miss..."

"You see? You think that you can miss my name and get away with it. It is rebellion like that that needs to be purged from your mind before you can serve fully and be moved to the next stage. The coming week of discipline will cure you of some of those wayward thoughts in your head. What comes afterwards will purge the rest, leaving you ready for my little experiment."

Samuel watched the shoe retreat as Miss Harriman stood and looked down at her grovelling servant.

"Just be careful, boy. The longer that you are mine, the more I expect complete obedience. José has asked to cane you again and I have declined him, for the moment. One step wrong and you will find out that José does not just have canes and whips, he has other special weapons to use that can break a rebellious servant!"

"Thank you, Miss Harriman!"

"There, that's better. Now, you run along and let Maria help you on with the nice new shoes that will be your reminder of this chat. By the way, tell her that they are to be on twenty-

four-seven. It will do you good to realise that my loving care for you cannot be forgotten or escaped."

"I want to be perfect for you, Miss Harriman," said Samuel.

"Oh, that's so nice to hear you say, boy, but I know that already. Now, up you get and run along to Maria."

## **Episode Fourteen**

As soon as the shoe slipped over his stretched foot, Samuel realised that Miss Harriman's prediction was correct. The grip on his feet would be all that he could think about. It was tight even before the buckles were done. When Maria pulled them to the last hole, he whimpered as the stiff leather closed on his foot. Despite the latex stockings, he could feel each strap bite home, then the tiny padlocks were added. Somehow, they now hurt even more. The second part of the fitting was worse; as he knew what was coming and he yelped as the steel bands at the ankles were clicked closed and the padlocks added to the rings.

He looked down at his feet and tried to lift them, but they weighed so heavily that even perched on the edge of the bed he could scarcely lift a leg. The spikes started just under his heel, plunged down to a thin stem that ran parallel to the soles. A tiny flat en-pointe toe and that savage pointed heel were all that he had to stand on, as his foot would be forced down by his own weight.

Not that Samuel was heavy.

His many days of a scanty diet, constant work and sleepless nights had taken a toll. Now he was almost skinny, adolescent looking, and his waist was pinched to under twenty inches. His ribs showed and all surplus fat had been shed to leave him like a fourteen-year-old.

Maria offered him a hand.

For the first time, Samuel felt every thought in his head being purged in a haze of agony that stretched from toes to thighs. The unnatural pose, legs flexed and straight, the weight on his feet and the struggle to balance.

He fell back to the bed and sobbed.

He could not help himself. Self-pity and agony merging to a whole that was more than the sum of its parts. He tried again. Now he was balancing on a mere four points. Two heels and the barbed toes of the shoes and he knew that he had to step or else he would fall and never rise again.

With Maria's hand in his, Samuel took a step and cried in hurt. The cramp was now in his calves and he almost tipped over to fall on Maria. He took another step and another before standing to sway unsteadily as Maria's hand left his and she opened the door.

The look on her face was plain. There was work to do and they would both be punished if it was not done immediately. What finally brought Samuel into motion was remembering Miss Harriman's mention of José. He took one step after another and gained the glass passageway.

He rested for a moment and then struggled on.

As they reached the door to the kitchen, it opened and Miss Harriman stood there, with Andrea behind, watching her latest servant struggle to overcome the intense agony of the tight ankle-boots.

"That's better," commented Andrea as Maria led Samuel into the kitchen. "I think that you should have him in those pretty shoes for a month, you are really far to kind to him..."

Samuel looked at her through a haze of unshed tears and realised that his owner was considering her suggestion seriously.

"Thank-you Miss Harriman for training me," he gasped.

"We'll see," said his owner to her friend with a smile. "I just want to clear his mind for the little changes that are being planned for him."

"I still think that a full month will be good for him," said Miss Harriman's friend. "Martha likes them on all of the time..."

That comment seemed to make up Miss Harriman's mind.

"Martha breaks them and then disposes of them like the sadistic bitch she is deep down inside," said Miss Harriman. "I prefer to make them *want* to serve. Ache to serve. It's such a shame when all the work is wasted and they end up in some brothel in Mexico just because no thought was put into the mental aspects of preparation. A real waste, that's what it is!"

"Please help me to serve you," begged Samuel as he tried to curtsy. "I just want to be yours..."

Miss Harriman turned to Andrea with a triumphant laugh.

"See, he's learning so fast now! All he has to do is fulfil the promise that he is showing and learn that he belongs to me and I am all he can think about! It will be such a shame to give him up."

"After all of the effort, that would be silly, dear. I'll give you this round dear, but I still think that you are *far* too soft on them. What they need is to be feminised and remoulded in weeks and not months like you do it. Anyway, he's yours and you'll do whatever you want..."

"I certainly will!"



## **Episode Fifteen**

The next week passed like a month.

An endless fugue of domestic work and agony that consumed every thought in Samuel's fevered head. At night, he awoke in a fit of cramps, during the day he tottered from job to job while he suffered and struggled to stop moaning with the agony of the punishment ballet-boots. Every day started with sobs of pain, every evening was worse as it seemed that he was never allowed to sit to take the weight off his feet.

Every moment had to be passed standing.

He counted the days and nights again and again in his head.

It never even occurred to him that his flight home had gone weeks before as the evil shoes sapped his strength and scattered his rational thoughts to the wind. Nothing but the shoes, nothing but their grip on his mind. Nothing but each small step being a trial of willpower.

Tottering, balancing, straining, moaning with the agony.

By the third day he could walk.

Just.

Samuel could not yet keep up with Maria, but he could take more than five steps without resting. The muscles in his thighs and calves sucked every scanty grain of nutrition from his insufficient diet and they shaped up perfectly, the rest of him withered. His arms could scarcely lift over his head and his torso showed every rib that was not pinched by the corset.

Day by day, the agony did not recede, but Samuel's terrified desperation to please Miss Harriman carried him through. Occasionally, she sat in the lounge or kitchen. Passed through, on her way to a meeting with friends or eating something that

filled him with longing and desperate hunger. At each crossing of their paths, he made sure to thank his owner for her kindness. Tell her how he loved what she was teaching him. Acknowledged her generosity and begged to serve her forever.

She just smiled and seemed gratified and that caused Samuel to plan his next words and practice them for her ears. It seemed to him that the punishment that she put him through was truly to make him better for her and he began to obsess with every detail for her.

In his mind, she was the ideal woman. Perfect long legs, long white-blonde hair that swirled around her flawless face. The smooth stilettos that she wore with such grace and the curves and large rounded breasts that made her faultless in every way.

He longed to fall at her feet and kiss her shoes. See her legs stretching far above while she spoke of her satisfaction with his progress. Any touch of her hand would be heaven and he so hoped that she would teach him to be perfect in every way...

The agony hazed his thoughts and his craving to serve grew.

At last the count of days reached seven!

Samuel felt light headed. Today was the day that she might allow him to escape the agony, today was the day that she had promised! He hoped and longed for her to recognise how he was trying to change for her.

The day passed in hopeful longing. He walked with confidence, overcoming the shoes to perform every task as Miss Harriman would want. His mind was filled with her, her words and her allure and he *knew* that she would release him...

The expectant day ended in the kitchen.

Maria and Samuel finishing the final sweep, checking every cupboard that the crockery was arranged exactly so. When he turned, she was standing in the doorway like a goddess. Silk stockings, red high heels, the keys to her sports car dangling from her fingers.

"Thank you, Miss Harriman," he said and he knew that the moment had arrived.

She looked at him in disinterest and ordered Maria to bring her a Scotch on the rocks before turning to inspect the man whose every thought she was haunting.

"You need to be a little more graceful, boy," she said as she took the drink from Maria's hand. "Perhaps another week... would you like that?"

"I would do anything for you, Miss Harriman" said Samuel.

"Then, another week it is. Maria! Put my little girly-boy in the platform punishment shoes and make sure that they are nice and tight. He wants to please me and this is what pleases me!"

Maria nodded and Miss Harriman took another sip of the Scotch.

"The deportment corset too *and* the posture collar. I think that he needs a lesson in comportment that will really make him stop stooping like a monkey whenever I pass by. I am not happy at all with the way that my trainee-servant is slacking off all the time. It takes far too long for him to get from one task to the other, so I'll make you responsible for him doing his proper share of the work allotted."

Samuel felt tears well in his eyes and looked pleadingly at Miss Harriman. She sipped her drink and considered her words.

"I have had a bad day so don't push me, boy. José is longing to give you a thrashing and I am at the point of allowing him to be responsible for your training instead of Maria! You *will*

improve noticeably in the next week or I shall have to take special measures..."

Her fingers casually dropped the glass to smash on the floor and Miss Harriman turned on her heel and slammed the door behind her.

Samuel so wanted to sob, but all he could do was to stoop and pick up the broken glass and the wipe at the tears of Scotch that splattered the floor and hope that he could please the woman who had invaded his every thought.

The collar hugged his shoulders and chin, the shoes ensured that he had to walk absolutely straight and the corset held his back in its grip, arching him and making every breath a struggle. Samuel moved like an automaton, with Maria pushing him and his own fears taking centre-stage, he fought to satisfy the maid and her fastidious mistress.

The red platform shoes seemed at first to be far more rigid and unforgiving, but the wider steel bands that circled his ankles actually helped his posture and the crush in the shoe was not as terrible as Samuel had expected. The result was that most of his most agonising fears were not realised and Samuel managed more work than he had in the previous week.

Maria allotted the work as Samuel could not bend at all. She gave him the constant prepping while she worked at the more complex tasks. Miss Harriman was away for a few days, but Samuel scarcely noticed her absence. Maria pushed him along and his dreams of pleasing the woman who was breaking him down grew more extravagant in scope.

By the time that the red sports' car pulled up outside the villa and Miss Harriman stalked into the hallway, Samuel was already on the path to accepting the new stones that she had cast in his path. She stood and watched him working, polishing mirrors and dusting and did not make a comment.

Her seeming indifference so disappointed Samuel, who longed to tell her how grateful that he was that she had him in hand and was so kind as to allow him to serve her. Most of the young man's obsessions and interests had been left far behind. In just a few weeks of service, the young man that worried about his father sending money, or his camera being full of precious photos. Now he had a head full of domestic tasks, a need to kiss the toe of the shoe worn by Miss Harriman and a craving to serve that pushed every other thought from his head.

Even his considering means of escape had relapsed. Every move was watched, of that he was convinced and the idea that Miss Harriman constantly watched caused Samuel to play-act every move.

And the play-acting became his reality.

A reality of complete slavery.

## Chapter Four

## **Elucidation & Intermission**

Miss Harriman watched the delightful development from rebellious and self-centred adolescent as Samuel became her personal slave. As he became the desirable little object that she was creating for her deviant experiment. It was not the final result, it was the journey to get there that was so satisfying! Already the first physical changes were faintly visible, Maria's additions to his diet having an effect.

To her sharp eye, the first budding of small breasts that would be such a sweet addition to his slender frame. Adolescent figure, tottering on high heels, small breasts that would complement the narrow waist.

Oh, how Miss Harriman had searched for the perfect victim for her test. She had attended auctions, visiting those evil Mexican brothels that so repulsed her. The sort of places that her dear friend Martha so enjoyed using and being a VIP in. But, what Miss Harriman had needed was a naiveté and freshness that was special to her own delicate tastes.

She would have to craft her own victim, that was plain.

The correct mixture of looks, figure and mental foundation were all missing from all of the broken candidates on sale at the moment. A hint of femininity was needed as a spark, something to build on. Innocence and virginal if not an actual virgin, she needed something so precious that it was worth the breaking of it. Something that could only come from an upbringing cosseted in wealth and education, never from hardened and resistant street urchins.

It had been so difficult to find what she was seeking. A year of searching... *then* she had seen Samuel in the street, walking by, and she knew that *he* was the one that would respond to the training that she longed to test. To create a creature whose whole life would be total obedience to his betters.

He had walked by that day and she had followed him.

Desiring, wanting and fervent to capture him.

Miss Harriman knew *he* was for her.

A perfect fit for her needs.

Samuel had returned on the same path that bright day weeks ago, and the small masquerade in her car had caught him up in her amused toils. So easy, so easy! How amusing to test who he was, judge the risk, play with him and see what he revealed! Miss Harriman had found the boy that she needed and now there would be no escape from the fate that she decided.

That was the satisfaction!

A little rearrangement, passing her husband off as the gardener, oh, how they had laughed as they watched Samuel with the slutty perverted maid that José had created for his own amusement. How could her new servant not see that Maria was nothing more than a sissy-slut who *loved* every moment of her servile life? Feminised all day, full of special feminine moments as a masochistic and perverted sissy maid. Of course, Samuel never saw the long humid nights that Maria spent with José, the avid and constant worship of his powerful cock that was her real master. Her lips locked around the bulbous head, slowly supping from the leviathan that made Maria so satisfied with a life of servitude.

Maria. She was such an evil little slut!

She had so enjoyed taking the Spanish boy down to *her* level. Watching him slide into servitude step by step. Muted and broken, Maria only had one desire, to please the cock that abused her every hole. The prick that fucked and filled her. Maria felt so alive as she watched her owners create a new 'Maria' from the raw material of the innocent young man, and enjoyed every moment of Samuel's descent. She easily fell in with the training, even though she had never been recruited



at all. It just happened, and she watched as, piece by piece, Samuel's mind was overwhelmed.

The moment when the punishment shoes went on made her almost jealous, the chance to add further restraints caused her tiny sissy-clit to dribble as she pulled and tightened the corset until Samuel sobbed with the agony of it. A dream come true, to observe and relish his pathetic downfall. Best of all, soon he would be gone and she would have José's cock and her severe mistress all to herself again.

For Maria, there was just one cause of anxiety. The thought that José's delicious cock might possibly have to be shared and that Samuel would thus deny her the nights of utter servitude that she so desperately had to have.

Every day, Miss Harriman's little project moved forward a step and Samuel suffered for her amusement. Soon she would be throw him into the dark truth of his future and he would be cast aside and then she would begin over again.

Another little fetish sex-toy for the amusement of others would take Samuel's place, a twisted companion for anyone that possessed him, a slut in bed all night who would do anything to avoid being passed to a worse fate.

Each delicate and new fetish, each degenerate obsession was being implanted in Samuel at the wish of his owner. Each exquisite fetish would signal a breakdown of his persona, a perverted distortion and focus that would pull him to become something other than a man, because Miss Harriman did not want him to be a man!

She did not even want to make a female of him, or indeed, anything in between. What Miss Harriman wanted was a toy that simply lived to be used and abused. A thing that had no personality, just charm. No character, just a malleable desire to be abused at any cost.

Such a glorious hobby, a satisfying pastime, breaking a young innocent boy to become whatever she decided!

Each new warped idea would be stamped onto the boy, permanently and forever, like the bar code on that now adorned Samuel's thigh.

How passively he had submitted to being labelled!

Each submission of Samuel was a new high as Miss Harriman proved to herself that she had the power to do whatever she wanted, create *whoever* she wanted, stamp herself indelibly on the man of her choice with the white-hot brand of *her* choice.

Outside, in the wide world, Miss Harriman was the severe circuit-judge who was feared by those in her court and respected by her peers for her absolute application of the harshest judgements possible under law.

Her home-life, the perfect complement to the glories of the court-room where she sat in judgement twice a week! That was the place where she could see fresh victims pass by in all their helpless vulnerability. A circuit judge who called out in a high moral tone and then broke every ethical boundary as she became an evil benevolent goddess and demon who played with her human toys in the privacy of her sumptuous villa.

Judge Lucy Harriman, the woman who had not taken her husband's name. She was in control of every facet of her life! A conservative female magistrate and arbiter of the lives of others. Her thighs slick with her juices as she pronounced harsh sentence to a hushed courtroom.

## **Chapter Five**

## Episode Sixteen

They came off slowly.

So very slowly and painfully.

Samuel's feet were twisted out of shape by the stiff leather and the locks that bound them with loops of polished steel. He tried not to cry out, he tried so hard, but the sobs of relief swept him in an emotional high that was like flying and then plunging to the ground in ecstasy. He was so grateful for this moment and thanked Miss Harriman twice with extravagant words that came to his lips in a flutter of devotion.

She smiled as the collar slipped from his shoulders.

"Don't speak... Maria, the corsets should get tighter and tighter. I want a waist so narrow that my obedient little boy could be snapped in two with my fingers. Also, two days a week of the punishment shoes that he asked for so sweetly a week ago."

Maria nodded and smiled.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you for everything..."

Samuel's voice sounded strange in his own ears. Rough and unworthy of Miss Harriman's attention and it faded away to a whisper.

"I *told* you, not a word! Now, let's see you in pink with the display stilettos," said Miss Harriman as she enjoyed the moment.

Maria looped on the ankle straps and Samuel stood. It felt as if he walked on air. His hips twisted with each step, his stride was perfect and each step had a small bounce that was so very elegant.

"Now, that's so much better," said Miss Harriman. "Sexy and good enough to eat..."

She beckoned with her hand. A crooked finger pulling him to her while the other hand dived under his pink dress and sought him out. Samuel was already erect, all three inches of his chaste cock that so needed her touch. It longed for contact and love, ached for it. Teasing and elegant torment. Her finger and thumb circled his little balls and she closed her hand to make him squeal.

"Not another sound, boy. This is what good boys get to make them nice and obedient and ready for their next perfect experience in my service..."

A finger probed him. Hooked under his ass and pressed at the gate of his pussy.

"Ooh, a virgin and never been fucked?"

Samuel nodded.

"See? That's better, not a word!"

The finger retreated and he sighed with disappointment because the teasing had made him breathless.

"You want it?"

The slightest nod from a breathless Samuel. Would she? Would his owner push into him, take him how he needed to be taken? It seemed that the answer was 'no' and the hand played with his rigid manhood. It rolled him between fingers and played with him and he dared not open his thighs in case it made her withdraw her hand.

"Not yet, boy. Always wait for my permission. That's such an important rule for me that I reserve the most severe punishment for breaking the rule! If you want to be clipped

like Maria, then *this* is the time to come in my hand and make a slimy mess..."

Her fingers speeded as she threatened him and then slowed just in time to slow him to a full stop.

"You see? How much fun we are having, all for *my* pleasure, a perfect reward for a good little boy. Is that what you want, to please me so much? Do you want the reward or do you want to wear the punishment shoes for another week? Is that what you want?"

His head swam and he nodded and at last he was able to speak.

"Please, yes, Miss Harriman, please yes. I love the punishment boots..."

"Just beg with your eyes, dear!"

She laughed at his torment and teased him yet more with her fingertips.

"The shoes for another week or maybe a month? I have ordered another pair that are so elegantly created to make those seem like soft slip-ons... Little studs under the heels, they will reform your feet to make a perfect step every time."

The fingers teased him and Miss Harriman knew that he was at the very edge of climax. It would not do if he spurted his slime yet, not while it was such a delight to play with him and if he succumbed she would *have* to keep her word. Instead, she gave him permission.

"Mmm, is my little boy ready to come for Miss Harriman?"

Samuel could feel an inner welling that was beyond his control to prevent. A surging tide that swept from so deep inside and swelled to make him gasp. Her hand moved a little. It now lifted the skirt to reveal the throbbing little cock that so

needed to be touched and the other hand that played idly with the stiffness. She smiled and watched it twitch delightfully, a first droplet hung from the tip.

"Permission is granted," she said with a chuckle and the first spurt dribbled to hang between his trembling thighs and drip to the floor.

The prick twitched again and again and a little more of his slime dripped to the floor. Samuel felt cheated somehow. Miss Harriman had played with him, given him what he had longed for and yet somehow, he had missed something fundamental. That final surge, the contractions that should have completed the climax.

"Thank you, Miss Harriman for permitting me to..."

She raised an eyebrow and then looked down to where a small puddle of liquid messed the floor. Samuel followed the glance and then she looked back up at him questioningly.

"Shush now, if you don't clear up your mess, then it will never happen again..." she said.

He kneeled and was about to put his lips to the floor, but suddenly the sole of her shoe covered it and moved slowly on the floor in small circles.

"That's *not* how a servant of mine eats his own come!"

The shoe lifted and hung poised before Miss Harriman crossed her leg and watched Samuel discover the price of the ruined orgasm that had been permitted him, by his dominant owner.

"Submission tastes so much better when it is licked from the sole of my stilettos!"

"Thank you, Miss Harriman."

"You talk too far too much," she snorted.

Samuel looked the shapely length of her leg and then slowly lapped his own come from the worn soles of her shoes and he finally understood just how much he needed to serve the woman that owned him.



## Episode Seventeen

A whimper issued from his throat, a low cry of helplessness that caused a smile on Miss Harriman's lips.

"You know what's coming, don't you dear?" she asked. "It's time at last to add a few finishing touches to you to make you perfect."

Samuel moved to turn his head and curl into a ball on the bed. He dared not speak, all he could do was futilely turn away from her as her hands unlocked the fetter at his ankle.

"There, there..."

Her tone was that of a mother who was soothing her small child, but there was an overtone of excitement that she could not hide.

"We are going to visit the nice doctor who will make a few small adjustments," she added as she turned him to face her again. "I have organised a little visit that all of my servants have to endure, so be brave and it will all be over in a few hours and then you'll be back in your room here ready to show me how grateful you are that I take such good care of you!"

Her hands moved over his chest and squeezed the small breasts that were starting to bud. She cupped them and tweaked the sensitive nipples, even though, as yet, they were almost too slight to be yet called breasts.

"You have lost so much weight, boy. You already look like a sixteen-year old virgin, a nice pair of pert breasts will be the finishing touch to my new maid..."

Samuel's hands pushed hers away. As he did so he could feel the shallow cones. To his touch they seemed strange, his sensitivity to the changes that were happening to him were heightened by the confused emotions that were triggered by the hormones.

"Not too big, just right for you," said Miss Harriman. "Just enough to show a little cleavage and add that feminine touch. Now then, let's have you up and ready because the car will be here in half an hour and you have to be ready..."

"I don't want this," said Samuel in a low tone. "I promise that I'll be silent and perfect for you. I promise..."

Miss Harriman replied in clipped tones that showed her disapproval.

"Exactly, that's the problem! Now you are talking again and a good boy never says an unasked-for word to his betters. That's why it has to be done, to stop you keeping on breaking my rules!"

Samuel started to cry.

His mind was awl with emotions that he could not cope with, the futility of his pleadings matched against the truth of her arguments. She was so right, he just could not help himself quiet and now he was paying the price.

"Anyway," she said. "You also need to be marked as mine."

Her finger pointed at the tattoo on the inside of his thigh.

"That's just the central register mark to make sure that you are returned to your current owner. I like to have my own special own mark added to it as a permanent reminder. So, you'll get it done and no more whining!"

Samuel looked at the raw patch where a long bar code and a number had been added to his thigh and then he looked back to his owner.

"All servants get it done," said Miss Harriman, "no exceptions... Up you get and off we go."

Samuel braced himself and slid his booted feet to the floor. Every morning it was the same mental battle to stand as his weight pressed hard and the agony of the ballet-boots sucked his breath away.

She ignored the sharp intake of breath as he stood and presented Samuel with a loose robe. A long white coat that she buttoned on the mute young man before taking his hand and leading him from the room.

"You should be honoured," she said as they walked the long glass corridor. "I have decided to do this little chore personally for my own pleasure."

How could he possibly be so ungrateful for her attention? Samuel hung his head as she led him into the foyer of the villa where a smart young woman stood waiting for them.

"Ah, here he is," said the young woman. "All ready for me..."

Miss Harriman smiled.

"I love this moment," she said.

Samuel looked at the pretty young woman and then his gaze slid to his owner.

Miss Harriman was wearing a long fur coat and stilettos, the collar turned up as though she expected a storm. For a moment, the fur coat that Miss Harriman wore slipped open and he saw the perfection of her naked body beneath.

"Please," he said. "I promise to be silent for you, really I promise."

"Make those your very last words," said Miss Harriman. "Doctor Landry will make sure that you keep that promise and for that you can thank me in silence." She turned back to the doctor and said, "Now then, let's be off. I have loads to do this

morning and can only spare an hour for the procedure before my appointment for my weekly manicure."

Silently, Doctor Landry led Samuel from the villa. It was the first time that he had been outside it since that day in the gardens with José. His loose robe parted a little and he felt chilly and was glad to be in the warmth of the large four-by-four that Maria led him to. The soft leather of the seat wrapped around him and the door started to close.

"It will hurt a little, dear, but just be glad that at last, you will be perfect for me," said Miss Harriman as the doctor slammed the door closed.

Miss Harriman slid into the seat next to him and the doctor drove. He could feel the luxurious soft fur that she wore on his legs as she sat beside him and the thrill made him shiver.

"It's for the best, dear," said Miss Harriman as the car rolled from the driveway. "Sometimes your owner has to make decisions for you to guide you and help you. All you have to do is to show how grateful you are and I will be pleased."

Samuel watched the streets roll by. People on their daily round, all filled with the confusion of having to make difficult choices in their lives while he was safely controlled by a woman who always knew what was best for him. He looked at the doors of the car and wondered. An impending fear of what was about to happen started to fill his mind. Miss Harriman's hand dropped to his thigh and teased him a little, finally nestling to cup his erection and idly play with it.

"Nearly there," commented Doctor Landry from the front of the car.

The vehicle rolled into a shopping mall and made its way around the back to where trucks were unloading.

"Now then, be a good boy and it will all go well..." said Miss Harriman.

Outside the car, two men were unloading clothes-racks from a truck. A van moved slowly into place and Miss Harriman patted Samuel's thigh. Samuel watched the men working outside the car and his heart pumped loudly in his ears.

"Open wide..."

His focus moved to the rubber gag in her hands and he clamped his lips closed. His fear became intense now that the moment had finally arrived and suddenly, Samuel *had* to resist. His hands lifted almost involuntarily and pushed at hers.

"Boy!" said Miss Harriman. "I said 'open wide'!"

Samuel pushed at her and his hand pulled at the door handle. It was loose in his hands, moving easily, but the lock did not engage and she leaned over him and slapped his cheek sharply.

"I won't say it again, boy."

Frantically, Samuel twisted in her grip and struggled. Her fur coat came open, revealing her nakedness underneath and Samuel gasped as a hand clamped over his mouth. He twisted, bent double and pulled again at the door handle. The door opened and Doctor Landry leaned in and made a grab for Samuel's wrists. There was a moment of struggle, the soft naked skin of Miss Harriman's breasts pressed against him, another sharp slap to his face and Samuel cried out. The doctor pinned his wrists and something pressed hard on his lips. He felt overwhelmed, no strength in his arms as the gag pushed in, while strong hands threaded the buckle at the back of his head.

"Don't make a scene," whispered Miss Harriman in his ear and a knee pinned him to the seat. "There is no escape..."

Samuel made a last effort, cuffs were snapped to his wrists and Miss Harriman moved back to survey her handiwork.

"Come along now!" As Doctor Landry spoke she pulled at his arms and Samuel fell out of the car.

Onto his knees, sobbing.

One of the men who had been loading the van stood watching with a smile on his face, a cigarette hanging from his lips, as Miss Harriman slid from the car to stand by the snivelling gagged and exhausted Samuel. He looked up at her, the edges of her fur coat slightly open to show the perfection beneath. Long shapely legs, perfect rounded breasts, the red of her shoes, feet planted wide and an expression of annoyance on her face.

"You will suffer for this," she spat. "I expect my servants to behave and submit graciously..."

Doctor Landry leaned down, her hand brushed Samuel's neck and he heard a click. A tug at the leash signalled her wishes and Samuel struggled to stand.

"Need any help with him?" asked the man lolling on his van. "He looks a bit reluctant!"

Miss Harriman turned to him and smiled, "If you don't mind! We need him inside!"

The man casually dropped the cigarette in his hand, stubbed it with his shoe and walked over to look down at Samuel.

"Pathetic," said the man as he grabbed a handful of hair and pulled Samuel to his feet. "Two beautiful women want him to play with and he just doesn't appreciate his luck!"

Samuel swayed on his heels and the man took a grip on his shoulder.

"Inside now!" said Doctor Landry.

The man smiled and Samuel almost overbalanced as he was forced through a door. He caught a sight of the sign over the door, 'Vetinary Clinic', and then he was in the white corridor. Behind him, he could hear the click of heels.

"Go left and put him in the cage," said Doctor Landry's voice.

Now he was in a small room with a single large cage in the centre of the tiled floor.

The man's hand on his shoulder forced him to his knees and the door of the cage shut behind him. Miss Harriman clicked a padlock closed and turned to the man who looked down at the feminised weakling who mutely looked up at him pleadingly for help.

Miss Harriman had a fifty dollar note in one hand and the finger of the other over her lips. The man took the note and nodded.

"Not a word... It's a pleasure," he said as his eyes took in the smooth flesh revealed by the open fur coat. "If you need..."

"Perhaps another time and thanks..." said the doctor. "Some men just don't know what's good for them."

"I do!" laughed the man. "Happy to help with your little problem..."

The gag filled Samuel's mouth, but he uttered a cry from his throat. A mournful moan that pleaded for help, but the man just took in one more eyeful of the nakedness of Miss Harriman and moved for the door.

"Got a number?" asked Miss Harriman. "Maybe we will call you when we need a real man to help..."

He nodded and pulled a greasy card from his pocket.

"Call me, babe, though next time it'll cost more than fifty..."

Her coat opened wide, exposing breasts and smooth thighs.

“Depends on what you are willing to do!”

“Whatever you need, babe!”

He nodded and the door closed.

“Now, there goes a real man,” commented Doctor Landry as she held her hand out, fingers outstretched. “Shit, I broke a nail cuffing your slut... there’s just one more thing to do before we start. I should have done this before we set off... It would have saved all of the fuss.”

As she spoke, she pulled a small leather pouch from her pocket to reveal a syringe. Her hand held it upright and a small plume of liquid squirted from the needle.

“Just ten cc’s will do it...”

Samuel moved to the far side of the cage, but he could not evade the needle that came between the wire and he squealed as it pressed into his arm.

“That will make you a little more manageable,” she said as Samuel felt a sharp pain. “In ten minutes, we’ll begin...”

The two women stood chatting over the cage.

An inconsequential conversation with occasional chuckles as he felt his senses slip. He whined and sobbed, a dizzy feeling coming over him. The sore prick of the needle was the only real thing in his head while the voices held forth over the cage and Samuel lowered himself to curl up in the cage at Miss Harriman’s feet.

“What’s first?” asked Miss Harriman.

“The brand first and then I’ll operate,” said the doctor. “I take it that you want to do it?”



"Of course," laughed Miss Harriman. "That's why I came along!"

"Well, you are the one who's paying," laughed the doctor.

Samuel struggled not to doze off.

Every thought was vague and incoherent, he could hear footsteps and more chat, but he just could not focus. His eyes were closed, and he heard a short burst of laughter and a hissing sound that became a steady fizzing roar. The click of the lock on the cage woke him and then there was a sharp tug at the leash.

"Out you come, it's time..."

The voice was Miss Harriman's and he opened his eyes as he responded slowly to the pull that was dragging him from his cage. Doctor Landry pulled at the leash, Miss Harriman stood behind with a blow-torch in one hand and a long-handled brand in the other. Samuel reached to grab at the wire of the cage, but inexorably, he was dragged from his refuge until he was at their feet.

"One moment, there's something else I forgot," said the doctor's voice.

Samuel looked up at the fur-coated woman who stood with the sole of her stilettos on his leash, his head swimming with fear and fatigue. Now she held the end of the brand in the hard-blue flame and it glowed an angry white.

"I know that it hurts, but really, you will have to learn not to struggle," said Miss Harriman as she rotated the brand in the flame. "Much easier for both of us in the end because this is going to happen anyway! This is for your own good."

Samuel moaned and she stood over him, her legs apart giving him a clear view of her streaming pussy through the opening of the coat.

“Ah, here comes the doctor now...”

Doctor Landry had a metal bar held in her hands and Samuel felt her hands grab one of his ankles. He tried to kick, but she easily overcame his twitches to buckle one end to his knee before taking the other leg.

“Your owner needs your legs well spread, you will ruin the mark if you move while it is applied...”

He tried to close his spread legs, the high stilettos on his feet visible at the edge of his vision for a moment before the doctor placed her foot over the spreader-bar and trapped it between sole and heel against the floor.

Miss Harriman moved, carefully keeping the end of the brand in the flame as she did so. He turned his head to watch as she squatted by him, the soft fur coat parting to reveal her wide-spread thighs and the swollen lips of her streaming sex. A single trickle of clear honey dripped to the floor and Samuel was mesmerised by it. The whole focus of him was on that oozing nectar as it slowly reached to the tiles before the strand broke.

A last shudder of his thighs as the heat of the white-hot brand closed toward his skin. A high laugh that came from the doctor. The warmth of the approaching brand on the flinching flesh of his thigh. A trickle of sweat between the crack of his ass. The panic of being trapped.

A delicate sigh from Miss Harriman's lips.

The only thing now in his mind was the darkness of the hole between her thighs and the next drop of liquid that hung from her, extending, lengthening, stretching to the tiles and then there was only the white heat of the agony.

A searing on the inside of his thigh.

A pain that filled his head to bursting.

A terrible moment that stretched to hours.

She held it pressed to him and he screamed as a reek of his own burning skin filled his lungs.

Even though her hand had now dropped the brand and blow-torch with a clatter to the tiles, it was as though the white-hot steel was still pressed to him and Samuel thrashed on the floor at the two women's feet as a delicate hand parted the lips of Miss Harriman's perfect cunt wide and she brought herself to a hard climax that caused her thighs to tremble and her breath to come in gasps.

"Good?" asked the doctor with a chuckle.

"Perfect," said Miss Harriman as she slowly stood to look down. "Now he's so clearly mine!"

"I meant something else," laughed the doctor. "You always have such a perfect climax..."

"Every time!" breathed Miss Harriman. "Now, you can finish up and I can get to my appointment!"

"I'll have him back in a couple of hours."

## Episode Eighteen

"What an improvement, my dear. I'll swear that you have the magic touch!"

Andrea said the words with feeling as Samuel carefully poured the wine to top up their glasses. In just a couple of weeks he had been moved so far down the road that her friend had chosen for him since the knife that had taken his voice. Every movement of Samuel's was elegant and perfect. He stood straight on heels that would have shamed a pole-dancer, his waist so narrow, thin strengthless arms and shapely legs.

"I don't know how you do it, darling. Even though I spend a fortune on men to serve me hand and foot, men trained in the best academies money can buy, none of them match what you have achieved in just such a couple of short months."

"There's no deep secret! My little boys love me, they love that they know the rules and the persuasions that are designed to ensure that the punishment suits the crime. But, true strictness is the key... No second chances."

Miss Harriman looked over to where Samuel bustled preparing two plates with a selection of cakes and smiled. Andrea was a friend and occasionally a lover, but she never *really* understood what could chain a man to a woman's will.

Not steel, not chains and restraints.

Just pure fear and hope...

"Andrea, I love you so much, but you just don't get it. Stop wasting all that money and try breaking down a man like I have. The emotion is sheer bliss! It's like climaxing a million times a night, but it lasts for months."

Samuel approached and curtsied and Andrea smiled up at him.

“Do you love my friend?”

Samuel nodded and Andrea said, “You can answer me, boy. Tell me if you love my special friend!”

There was a chuckle from Miss Harriman, “You forget, he can’t make even a squeak darling, not any more. Doctor Landry did a perfect job. In the end, I got tired of the sound of his voice and he just could not reserve his speech for the correct moment.”

Andrea joined her friend’s mirth.

“I’ll bet that it’s fun watching him and Maria together...”

Miss Harriman shook her head.

“Maria is away for a few days... José had some work he wanted done on her, so at the moment, my little boy is keeping the dust down. I do notice the difference, but then Maria is such a fastidious darling when she does the housework!”

Andrea picked up a piece of cake and nibbled the walnut from the icing.

“And this little boy? When does he get to experience what you have in store for him?”

“Next week, when Maria is back from the little bits and pieces that she is having done. Then he’s going to have some fun.”

Andrea nodded and asked, “and José?”

A piercing look from Miss Harriman stopped her in her tracks and Anthea realised that she had made a small mistake. She covered up by adding, “the garden is looking great!”

Miss Harriman waved her hand at Samuel to dismiss him.

"The bedroom needs attention, boy!"

Samuel placed the plate on the table and hastened to do Miss Harriman's bidding while Andrea covered her mouth with her hand.

As soon as the door closed she started to laugh.

"My dear," said Andrea, "I'm so sorry, I quite forgot that José is supposed to be the gardener!"

"No harm done, darling. José took Maria to Vegas to have the piercing he wanted done. I expect that they'll stay there a night or two because he has such a taste for those Las Vegas whores. When Maria is back, then my new boy will be ready for his little adventure."

"And, tell me what you have decided on?"

"That would be telling," said Andrea's friend.

"Spoilsport..."

"All I can say is that he'll be perfect for what I have in mind."

A sly look came into Andrea's eye and she looked sideways at her friend.

"Does that mean that you'll be selling him?"

"No, he gets to go free, as I planned!"

"I still think that you should sell him, darling. There's nothing like a fur coat and a pair of heels that were bought from the money made on selling a little slut!"

"I'll give you that," said Miss Harriman with a laugh. "Actually, I have almost finished with him, because I am so looking forward to seeing where a little toy-boy like him will end up. Will the training and breaking cause him to seek endless

service and humiliation? It's worth all the money to give it a try... after all, it's just a couple of hundred thousand."

"God, Lucy, you really are the limit. Still, let's not discuss this, darling. Let's go to bed while José is away and have a little afternoon delight..."

Miss Harriman leaned over to her friend and kissed her on the lips.

"Now, that's a good idea, Andrea. The best all day..."

## **Episode Nineteen**

He kneeled on the hard floor of the hallway and scrubbed.

The last three months that seemed to have been his entire life, every moment of every day filled with chores that never ended.

As Miss Harriman passed, his elbow worked harder and Maria fluttered her eyelashes at her mistress. Their owner did not pay any attention but opened the door where one of the mastiffs lolled on the step.

"Off you go, Brutus," ordered Miss Harriman.

The huge dog growled. Not at the blonde in the doorway, but at the two bizarrely-uniformed servants that scrubbed the floors. Miss Harriman closed the door and Samuel realised that he had another reason to be grateful to the woman that he slaved for.

That, and the small pert breasts that at last were becoming noticeable! That was the glory of them. Now, every time that he showered, he hefted them and felt the slight weight in his cupped hands, they were so perfect. Large nipples that were so sensitive, smooth, pointed and perfect...

Samuel imagined meeting Brutus at night and shivered. He was so glad that the idea of escape no longer drove him. Now he was changed and he could never leave... not like this. The picture of his father and mother in his head, his sister and the creamy stone villa on the hill surrounded by olive trees that was his home; it was all gone. Just a place that he had once been to, a fading memory with no immediacy.

Miss Harriman; she was immediate, always in his thoughts.

He scrubbed the floor and eyed Maria. She always worked so hard, always had. She seemed so placid and content. Samuel wondered how long she had been in training...



Samuel tried to be brave and be glad.

It was so much easier to manage, now that he could no longer speak. He never had to worry about what to say. What was right and what was wrong. How to frame an apology or a thank-you. Life was better now that he was silent. No worries to concern him... Miss Harriman's moods were always so changeable and it was always so difficult to judge what she wanted him to say.

His eyes took in the depth of the valley between his small breasts. Held tight in latex as they were, they did not hang even when he was on all fours, but pointed the way, squeezed upward by the corset that was now at nineteen inches.

His breath sounded in Samuel's ears. Almost the only sound that he could make. Miss Harriman had been so pleased when he had returned from Doctor Landry's clinic. So pleased that she had actually permitted another milking and that had made it all so worthwhile.

A special intimate moment, Samuel had rubbed himself on the soles of her stilettos at her command. The spiked heel had pressed on his balls and then his little cock had been left to hang free while it seeped come onto the other shoe. All the while she had smiled at his need and tormented him with the tip of her other shoe before finally permitting him to slip the stilettos from her perfect feet. Of course, he was not allowed to touch her skin, that would have been so wrong.

He understood it perfectly, his owner was sacrosanct.

Untouchable.

Instead, she had given the shoes to him to cleanse the next day and he had placed them on the kitchen table before an envious Maria's eyes. Samuel had been so upset the next day when he realised that Maria had tricked him of his treat and got to the shoes first, licking them clean and slipping in the ebony formers before polishing them to perfection.

He could only hope that Miss Harriman saw the recording of Maria's naughtiness, but nothing came of it, much to Samuel's disappointment, and he had not dared to show his distress.

The click of her heels as she walked by.

Now the marble of the hallway almost glowed, the hard work was done and it was time to attend to regular daily duties. Maria carried the cleaning tools to the kitchen while Samuel smoothed his uniform and headed upstairs.

Samuel still found the stairs difficult in his heels, but he was proud that he was coping so much better. The weeks in the punishment shoes still haunted him, it had been a terrible time, but he had learned so much.

The hallway was done, Maria had the kitchen, it was Samuel's duty to attend to Miss Harriman's bedroom. Maria had been so jealous when the duties had been assigned, but she had just hung her head with obvious discontent and Samuel felt smug that perhaps she was being punished for her devious trick.

Samuel felt a sense of awe at being allowed to be alone in Miss Harriman's bedroom, the place where all his fantasies roosted. Ruffled sheets, fresh every day, but always creased where she had slept and fucked with some unknown partner. Stains and smears on the sheets; he tried to picture what had transpired, but his imagination always failed him. He could visualise her on the bed, lazily rolling over to permit a partner...But, that was where the fantasy always ended, because he did not know who she played with. They were always gone by the time that Samuel was allowed from his kitchen duties

Samuel opened the door and this time, found the room already occupied.

## Episode Twenty

Andrea lay naked, curled on the bed, Laddered stockings and her lacy slip pulled to one side to allow her generous breasts to spill to the sheets. Samuel stood stunned, never had the bed been occupied before and he was frightened that he had broken a rule by coming upstairs to do the cleaning. Carefully, he grasped the door handle and started to try to slip away.

“Boy, where are you going?”

Andrea's voice stopped Samuel in his tracks and he dared to look up to see his owner's best friend slowly uncurling on the vast bed. She hands settled her pale breasts under the translucent silken shift and her eyes locked to his.

“Come in, boy, let's see how you look. Pretty sissy dolly...”

Suddenly, he was self-conscious of her gaze and his hands twitched and then settled to his side as if he wanted to hide himself from her. Andrea's response was a giggle and she sat up on the bed and curled her legs under her.

“Nice little tits, boy, my friend has *such* good taste!”

Samuel blushed at the praise and inspected the smiling woman from under his long lashes. A little plump, middle-aged with a round face and shapely legs and well-rounded rear. A complete contrast to Miss Harriman in all but one thing, the powerful sexuality that came from careless knowledge of her effect on the men around her. In Andrea's case, the sexual warmth of a mature woman whose experience held such potential.

“Come here boy,” she said.

He took two steps and then another until he was standing just a foot or two from the edge of the bed where she sat.

"My friend has such plans for you," she said.

Samuel's eyes moved to the bed around Andrea. Ruffled sheets, pillows cast to the floor, a fallen bottle of sweet oil and a vibrator that was just behind her on the silk. He blushed to think that the two friends had played for hours and struggled to imagine their games.

Andrea followed his gaze and laughed.

"Sometimes in the lazy afternoons, we play; but there are many others as well! Are you jealous? Can you imagine what a pleasure it is to make her come?"

Vehemently, Samuel shook his head. Now his blush had spread from neck to breasts as he was permitted to peek into Miss Harriman's private world a little.

"That's good, boy. Believe me, it will never happen. You are just a house-servant and are not permitted to mix with your betters. Just complete your duties every day, enjoy the special rewards that come from belonging to such a beautiful woman and hope to please her."

He nodded. A feeling of tension in his belly spread and he could feel his little cock stiffen, hoping that she would not notice.

He looked into her eyes and all he could see was amusement and condescension at his embarrassment. She stretched her legs lazily, extending them to the edge of the bed. The pale lacy stockings, laddered from the games she had played with Miss Harriman, the hand-stitched fashioning on the soles crinkled over her feet, the pale ivory skin of her thighs. Samuel dared look no higher to the parted lips of her pussy and the plump mound that surrounded them. He could have dropped to his knees and silently begged her, but her smile held him rooted to the spot.

"Are you nice and stiff for me?" she giggled. "Ready to be my lover, give me a glimpse of heaven? Is that what you think might happen?"

He knew that she was teasing him; that Andrea did not really think that he could satisfy her, but he almost nodded even so. The toes stretched and brushed just where there was a bump on his latex skirt. A gentle pressure on his hard prick that pushed it a little and then stroked it through the stiff rubber.

"Such a naughty little boy, thinking such dirty sex-thoughts about *me*! Such a shame that you cannot tell me what you think that you could do, I would love to know. Are you thinking of my dripping and swollen pussy? Is that what you want? To press that tiny little sissy-clit between my legs and dribble your slime into me? As if you were really a man?"

The blush that even showed under the foundation on Samuel's face became bright red. He could feel the heat like a flame in his head and he winced as he realised that she had read his thoughts as if they were written on his forehead.

Andrea's hands moved between her thighs and opened herself for him to see. His eyes were rivetted as a plum-manicured finger pressed to swell her clitoris into his vision. The toes played with him through his skirt casually as she spoke and a rising need to step forward and make his fantasies come true consumed him. Her lips pouted and she gasped as her finger drew the liquid that seeped from the darkness upward to oil the small tender strokes that she was using to excite herself.

"You are just a sissy-boy, no use at all to a woman now," she mocked. "A tiny little cock that no woman would even feel enter her, tits like lemons and tiny balls that are drained when the first few drops are forced from them. What do you think that *you* could possibly do to please *me*?"

Her foot pressed hard at his groin and Samuel felt a friction that was delightful and he leaned against her almost involuntarily.

"Ohh, now you're making me come, you naughty little bitch," she cried as her thighs shuddered. "I can almost feel that clitty under my soles..."

Her hand moved in small circles, pressing fingers to her clitoris and her head tilted back as she climaxed. The foot withdrew back to the bed and Samuel wished that he dared step forward and prove to her that he could serve her. A flush of pink spread over her pale skin and she sighed before looking back to him with a malicious grin.

"Would you like me to tease you a little more, slut?"

Samuel nodded.

The foot extended again, it stroked over the latex and the sole of her foot stroked him softly. Now the stiffness was back a swirling fog emotion of in his mind, a need that was almost desperate and through it he could hear her laughter at his helplessness.

"If I tell my friend what you are tempting me to do, then you'll end up like Maria," she laughed. "Cut down to size, balls smoothed off to a silky patch of skin, with nothing left of that pathetic cock but a sensitive little sissy-clit to make you drip... She always applies the rules! What a naughty, naughty little slut you are, tempting me like this."

Samuel could not help himself, he pressed forward against the teasing sole of her foot. He felt her toes, the pad of sole beneath and he strained to come despite the threat of her words.

"Naughty boy, naughty, naughty little bitch, I will tell her you know, and she will have you cut while José thrashes you on the whipping bench. Is that what you want?"

A slight whine came from his throat. The only sound left to him, a rattle of desperate need... The foot pulled back. The leg arched, foot pulling back and she laughed at his misery as he staggered a step and stopped before he tipped onto her.

"See, I've saved you, boy, but; I still think you need to be gelded... Imagine the razor-sharp blade that cuts you down to become a neutered toy."

Samuel felt a shiver.

The stiffness between his thighs receded and he sobbed silently as he dropped to his knees to implore Andrea to be merciful, but she just laughed and extended her stockinged toes to brush his lips.

"I *may* speak to my friend about you," she said as she slid her feet to the floor and stood before him. "You are not trained nearly as thoroughly as she seems to think. There is still just a touch of independence tucked away in that little mind of yours that needs to be purged before you become the perfect servant."

Manuel looked up at her. The heavy breasts hanging under lace, slick excitement dripping over the plumpness of her thighs and the sneer on her face. For a moment, he had thought to find something sympathetic, but now he realised that Miss Harriman's friend had just toyed with him, revealing his helplessness and enjoying her power over him.

"Make sure that the bedroom is fresh and ready for your owner, boy!"

She stepped to where her shoes lay on the floor and slipped them on while Samuel felt tears well in his eyes.

"Oh, and clean the vibrator and leave it in the bedside cabinet for when she needs to feel something long and hard in her perfect pussy..."

## Episode Twenty-One

"I really don't think that it's a good idea," said Andrea to her friend. "Geld the boy and sell him off if you like. Martha would love to get her hands on him and she would pay so well into the bargain."

Miss Harriman shrugged and then shook her head.

"It was deliberate, I wanted to leave something, a trace of what was before, to yearn for what he had lost..."

"You are far too philosophical, dear. What you are planning is no fun at all because you'll never know how it turns out!"

"Oh, I think that I will. Anyway, it's just a whim, that's the fun of it, Andrea. "I have created a perfect slut, now I will throw him into a world where he will be fucked and abused and all the while he will suffer endlessly."

"No, I agree with Andrea," said José. "After all the effort in breaking him, you should at least keep him here for us to play with."

Miss Harriman laughed at her husband and patted his knee.

"José, I know what you want! You just want to have him thrash under you while you fuck him! No, I have decided, and that's that. Soon, I'll train a boy exactly to your tastes and you can choke him all you like on that rampant, thick cock of yours. This little project has come to an end; he is mine to decide what to do with and I'm sticking with my original plan because it amuses me."

José raised an eyebrow and laughed.

"You always get your way, dear. Fine, amuse yourself. I'll arrange it all for you if you agree to keep that promise you just made! I still think that it's a shame that we'll never know how it turns out."



Miss Harriman smiled.

"That's sort of part of the fun," she said. "Anyway, I am sick of the charade where you sneak from the bedroom and pretend to be my gardener..."

"I thought that it was kind of amusing," said José.

"You are just a hopeless romantic," laughed Miss Harriman.

"Just don't tell Martha or any of the others what you're up to," said Andrea. "They'll pick him up in a trice if they find out!"

## Chapter Six

## **Episode Twenty-Two**

Samuel lived the next day in a haze of terror.

He imagined Andrea telling his owner about what happened in the bedroom, the memory of the single dreadful stroke of the cane from José still haunted his thoughts and there were far worse things that could be done to punish him.

The thought of the edge of a blade severing the shrinking skin of his balls...

Yet, nothing happened!

He scrubbed and washed, cleaned and dusted. Samuel did his best to be invisible and perfect, the maid that is never noticed, the perfect servant. He smoothed the latex over his pointed breasts and no longer did he play with them in the shower where the tiny camera watched and might catch him being naughty. He carefully shaved and waxed himself without a single touch that could be misinterpreted and he avoided Maria as much as possible, for he understood now that she was his enemy.

That she loved her slavery and lived to serve.

Miss Harriman passed through, occasionally nodding when she saw how well he did his chores, once or twice she inspected the work that had been done by him and seemed pleased with his efforts. Samuel felt pride in the glow of his owner's approval and as the days passed in routine work, he imagined that Andrea had, after all, not told her friend of Samuels's naughtiness that afternoon.

A week came and went and Samuel felt the fear dissipate. A small gathering of his owner's friends came and went, the hallway was scrubbed from one end to the other yet again, the washing done and the bedroom primped to perfection and he settled into the routine with relief.

Was it a Sunday?

He counted on his fingers and decided that it was. The long manicured red nails were so difficult to maintain unchipped and Samuel splayed his fingers to admire them. Hooked and delicate, glossy and perfectly rounded. Carefully piling the washed and smoothed stockings in a pile, he wished to be allowed to wear a fresh new pair instead of the repaired castoffs that smoothed his legs.

His mind wandered as he worked, folding knickers and lacy bras carefully, laying them on a tray to be carried to the bedroom. Now that Miss Harriman's bedroom was his personal responsibility, he could dawdle in the vast changing room and lovingly clean each pair of shoes to perfection, feel the soft fur coats under his fingers, ensure that the arrangement was pleasing to the eye, ready for the important decision of what to wear.

Imagine that her perfect body was under the fur, her slim feet filling the stilettos.

Samuel carried the tray carefully upstairs, eyeing the stacks of dessous and planning where each would go. Each had a place and it was his job to make sure that Miss Harriman could find them with no conscious effort.

How hard it had been at the beginning, climbing the stairs, balancing on his heels. Now, he even managed to roll his hips as he climbed, knowing that what his owner had created from him was a perfect blend of feminine allure and submissive masculinity.

Tray balanced on an outstretched and upturned hand, Samuel entered the bedroom to find Miss Harriman sitting at the small dressing table in the changing room. Lipstick in hand, she carefully applied the deep red to her lips and concentrated on the darker edge that made her lips faultless. She looked over her shoulder at Samuel as he hesitated and then turned back to her make-up routine.

“When you are done with the bedroom, you will attend the punishment room...” she said as she dabbed at the corners of her mouth. “One hour...”

Samuel started to shake.

The room that he had only entered once in the nearly five months that he had been here. Comfortable white sofas arranged around the leather topped whipping horse. He remembered the single stroke of the cane administered by José and a tear gathered in his eye in recall at the agony.

“I have decided to make a big change in your life,” said Miss Harriman as she misted a little perfume on her neck and décolletage. “It is time for you to move on, now that you are finally ready...”

Samuel laid the tray on the bed and started to open the shallow drawers. In the changing room, her back to Samuel, Miss Harrington smoothed her stockings and eyed the clothes on display. She picked a pair of black ankle-high boots, a narrow skirt and a matching blouse and then strolled into the bedroom and laid them on the bed.

“Help me dress,” she ordered and Samuel hastened to obey.

He laid the stockings in his hands into the drawer and turned to his mistress.

“Blouse first...”

The first time dressing his owner...

Like a spider's web in Samuels's hand, the lacy blouse seemed to have no weight at all and he lifted and positioned it to make it easy for her to slip her arms into the sleeves. Her breasts were naked, the first time that he had been permitted to admire them since the day that she had branded him. Rounded and heavy, they hung a little and he sighed as she moved her arms to settle the diaphanous blouse on her

shoulders. The translucent blouse had no buttons, the front trailed to create long lacy trails that Samuel carefully gathered and tied in a large bow behind her slim waist.

"Not too tight... there is a subtle line between whore and perfection!"

Samuel rearranged the bow a little and admired the pale skin under the netting, the breasts in shadow, but on show, the deep-cut front showing the valley between. She was taller than Samuel, like a goddess. He dared a peep at the round-edged slit of her pussy. A smooth slot, it curved to disappear between her closed thighs and it was everything that he had ever wanted. He longed to stretch out his hand and touch, explore and feel the soft skin under his fingers.

Watch her gasp as he knelt to kiss...

The skirt was nothing more than a tube of stretchy black that slipped over thighs, waist and waist, to contour every curve, hiding her from his eyes, veiling her pussy as the waist was lifted. Samuel moved the high band straight over her flat belly and wondered if he dared to smooth the wrinkles from ass to knee that ruffled the smooth surface. Miss Harriman's hands moved to stretch the cloth and Samuel admired the way that her stockings were shadowed under the surface, adding a hint of intimacy without spoiling the look.

"Well, what do you think?" she asked.

Samuel swallowed and looked Miss Harriman up and down. In her stockinged feet, she was perfection. Her gorgeous body shadowed and revealed by the outfit that she had chosen. Samuel remembered how much effort it had taken to hand-wash the delicate blouse and was gratified that the work had been so very worthwhile.

He nodded and tears of emotion welled in his eyes.

"Tonight will be very special for you," she said. "Now my shoes, and then I am ready..."

Samuel hastened to kneel and held one of the ankle boots for her foot. Miss Harriman slipped in her toes and wriggled into the old-fashioned shoe. Kitten-heeled, hooks for the laces and a hint of colour on the uppers, fashionable and perfect for the rest of her outfit.

"Not too tight with the laces..."

He longed to lean and kiss the toes of her boots, show her his devotion, but his lipstick would mark them and spoil the perfection. Samuel slowly laced the boots from the bottom up, taking care that the black laces were flat at each turn before he wrapped them twice around her ankle and tied them in bows at the back. Miss Harriman offered the other foot and Samuel repeated the performance, making sure that each bow was identical.

"Good boy," she said.

Her hand came down to rest on the top of his head and paused a moment.

"Now then, finish off here and then make your way to wait in the punishment room for me. I will miss you!"

Samuel watched her leave the room. How could Miss Harriman reward him by allowing her to be dress by him and then punish him on the whipping horse?

What on earth did she mean by those last words?

His mind struggled with the paradox as he worked to make the bedroom perfect as if that would soften the punishment. In his head he rehearsed the reason why he was to be caned and decided that Andrea had told his owner of his naughty behaviour at last.

In his belly was a tension and a dread that could not be soothed by logic. He was so sure that he was to be caned and the terror drowned his gratefulness at being permitted to help Miss Harriman dressing. His hands trembled and his knees were weak as he prepared the bedroom before there was no longer any excuse for not follow her command.

Samuel entered the room, quaking, to find two other people already present. Maria stood in front of the whipping horse while a young man was naked and fettered to the padded top of the horse. He stepped into the room with a feeling of total relief.

He was here to witness another's punishment and not suffer his own!



## **Episode Twenty-Three**

Samuel took his post, standing to the rear of the room. Discretely he watched Maria who stood holding the long, weighted bamboo cane that had kissed his own ass all that time ago. Maria ignored him, a slight superior grin on her lips as though this was a moment of triumph for her. He stood facing the door, one foot slightly forward, his simple latex dress stretched tight while his hands hung at his sides.

The young man on the bench was still.

He had looked up as Samuel had entered and then dropped his gaze when the strain had become too much. His lips were stoppered with a gag that strained his jaw wide and kept him silent. Now he hung, draped over the leather padding, strung and stretched by the tight fetters on wrists and ankles. His skin was pale, his hair shaved roughly from his scalp to leave a rough stubble. Samuel was standing with an intimate view of the luckless boy on the whipping horse. Legs wide on either side to floor, his rear was wide open, his balls and cock locked into a restraint and a large metal plug stretched the opening of his ass. A tattooed barcode adorned the inside of one thigh like the one that marked Maria as property of Miss Harriman. The sore skin showing that it had just been engraved on his flesh.

Maria fluttered her eyelashes and then stared at Samuel before turning her gaze back to inspecting the young man who was ready for punishment. The slight upturned corners of her lips hiding her envy.

They stood motionless for an hour, while the young man on the whipping horse twitched and occasionally looked up. There were voices in the hallway of Miss Harriman's villa, the sound of merriment and chatter before the door opened and Miss Harriman led her guests into the room. José, Andrea, two of the women from the last soirée and another man that Samuel had never seen before. They chattered inconsequentially before gathering around the fettered captive to inspect him

before they settled on the sofas and armchairs that circled the whipping bench.

"My latest little acquisition," said Miss Harriman with a smile. "Since José chose him and picked him up hitchhiking in Lovelock last week, Andrea has had him coded ready for use."

She looked to José and smiled.

"This cute little boy is perfect for my next project and I am hoping that he will be a perfect servant *and* I promised José another plaything for when he feels the urge! I have decided to have him cut, it will make him a perfect fuck-toy for my husband!"

Samuel's mouth opened a little in shock as he looked from José to Miss Harriman.

José laughed and took the cane from Maria before swishing it over the fettered victim of his wife.

"Five strokes," he announced.

Samuel found himself holding his breath as the cane lifted high and then it fell with a crisp stroke on the upraised helpless ass. Despite the gag in the victim's mouth, a terrible cry issued from his throat and the invited watchers relaxed in their chairs as they enjoyed the show. Jose was well aware of the pleasure that the punishment was giving to the onlookers and took his time in dealing the next stroke of the cane.

He walked around to the trembling and sobbing young man's head to whisper in his ear. The only word that Samuel could make out was the word 'cock' and whatever it was that the huge man had whispered, it caused a reaction greater even, than that first stroke of the cane.

The naked figure struggled in his fetters and a poignant whine came from his throat as José strolled back to deal the next

blow. The huge man rested the cane on the welted ass and slapped the raw thighs casually with a wide palm.

One of the female guests slipped her hand between her thighs, gasped and then slowly curved over the male guest's lap where he had his hard cock ready in his hand. Her lips slipped over the shaft and Samuel watched jealously as she sucked and took him in with hollowed cheeks.

The second stroke of the cane sounded with a clap and the woman's lips moved over that hard prick and sucked greedily at the come that fountained from it. The man sighed and the woman shuddered with her own climax at the third swipe of the cane in José's hand.

Andrea looked at Samuel and smiled. "He looks perfect," said Andrea, ignoring the sideshow. "So, you are *really* going through with this?"

Miss Harriman smiled, took her attention from the new slave being punished and looked over at Samuel.

"Of course, tonight is his big night..."

"A shame," said Andrea as the fourth stroke of the cane caused the shackled man on the whipping bench to howl in agony. "So where to?"

"That would be telling," laughed Miss Harriman. "I don't want him recaptured the moment that I free him!"

Andrea turned back to the naked young man and watched José lift his hand high for the last stroke. The fettered thighs shuddered and the inevitable erection could be seen swelling against the leather of the whipping horse. The last kiss of the weighted cane whipped down to an accompanying scream and José carefully placed the cane to lean against its most recent victim.

"I think that he likes it," said Andrea with a little chuckle. "I am so jealous! Another perfect boy for you, I really must get José to scout one out for *me*!"

The woman's head lifted and she delicately lapped a drop of come that hung on her lips while José slowly revealed his own hard cock and grasped the head of the new slave to pull the frightened face high to see what was poised to slip through his wide lips and fuck his throat.

## Episode Twenty-Four

The huge pickup truck pulled up at the diesel pump by the trucks at the back of the gas station and José slowly climbed from the cab. He regarded the two truckers standing leaning by the eighteen-wheeler and the three whores who stood in the shade of the building.

At night, the truck-stop was bathed in the ghostly orange glow of sodium lights. Three rows of huge trucks stood parked for the night, a little light rain fell, making the tarmac slick and discarded beer cans littered the parking place. José nodded to the two men and slowly walked around to open the passenger door of his pickup.

He spoke a few words and a stilettoed foot extended from the dark to the ground. Fishnet stockings, laddered and ragged with holes, tight-locked ballet boots and a mini-skirt followed as Samuel slid to the ground and looked around fearfully. The latex crop-top showed his flat belly, the pert breasts and the pink wig on his head contrasted to the black make-up that was smeared crudely on his face.

José looked to the back of the compartment where his wife was concealed in the shadows and smiled. This was the moment that she had waited for, the one that would surface in memory every time that she climaxed. The helpless slut thrown to the wolves.

One of the men by the truck watched the scene play out as Samuel clung to José's arm making him shake the frightened boy off. The girls in the shelter of the truck stop called out obscenities and one of them struck a pose with her hand on her hip.

Samuel tottered on his punishment shoes and sobbed as José slapped him on the ass and shook him off his arm.

"This is where you get your freedom, slut," he grinned. "Have fun..."

The door of the pickup slammed shut. Inside the cab, José's wife chuckled at the bewildered young man who was looking for a place to hide.

"Perfect! Just back up, I want to watch this..."

"He's fucked," said José as he revved up the vehicle.

"He soon will be," laughed Miss Harriman. "Let's see who gets him first! I need to know..."

As the watchers in the pickup waited, Samuel tottered on his heels and started to move towards the building. One of the men who had watched his arrival strolled over to him and spoke a few words. Samuel waved his arms futilely and the man slapped him hard, causing him to fall to the ground.

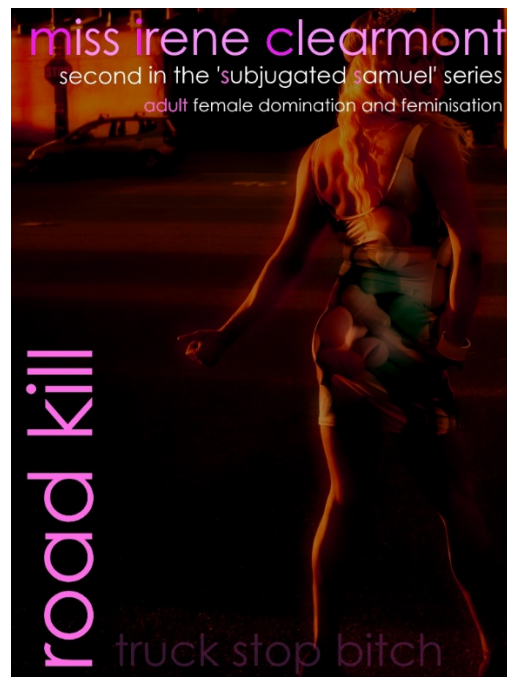
As the trucker stood over him, a woman walked from the buildings and moved to the stricken Samuel. High shoes, tight short skirt and a loose blouse tied at the waist, she looked down at the sobbing man and then spoke to the man. He indicated at the pickup and they laughed before he leaned down and picked up Samuel casually in his arms while the woman ran her hand the length of his legs.

As the misty drizzle fell, the trucker carried Samuel to his truck and hoisted him into the cab, after which, he and the whore slipped into the darkness and warmth of the trucker's mobile home. For a few minutes a light shone in the cab, though what was happening inside was a mere flutter of movement to the watchers.

The light dimmed and the pickup that had been halted in the shadows rolled out.

## **The End of the Beginning**

'**Plaything**' is to be directly followed by the next volume in this series: '**Road Kill**'.



'*Road Kill*' follows Samuel's experiences in a Reno truck-stop brothel. It will be the second in a series of devious connected tales written by Miss Irene Clearmont:

*'Subjugated Samuel'.*

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