

an **adult** female domination tale  
from the <sup>wicked</sup> pen of  
**miss irene clearmont**

programming language

when man and machine become one...



# **Programming Language**

## ***An Adult Female Domination Tale***

**By**

**Miss Irene Clearmont**

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FDC Publications

First Edition

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# Programming Language

by  
Miss Irene Clearmont

*Dedicated to the Steve who is called Phil, or the Phil called Steve. Irene*

*Choose eloquent identifiers for classes, methods, and variable. Objectives: The intended purpose of each identifier can be inferred from the text of the program. Habitually, use nouns for classes and variable, and verbs for methods...*

*Programming Hints (A Mason)*

*Never use a possibly infinite 'Do...Until' loop construction when the criteria may not be fulfilled. Use an error control structure that breaks the loop after the maximum desired iterations otherwise this can lead to unceasing punishment.*

*'Cane' programming manual. Chapter Sixty-Three*

*A good husband is never the first to go to sleep at night or the last to awake in the morning.*

*Honore de Balzac*

## **First Sub Routine**

### **Set Variables (Today)**

The program opened on the virtual server.

For a moment a dialog box flickered on a screen. There was no-one present to click 'OK', but the program had a mind of its own and took the small sign from the screen after a few seconds. It had decided that the server was now fully active and that there was nothing that disturbed its digital environment.

'Service program initiated, drivers loaded, starting data transfer.'

A new dialog box appeared that showed a blue bar that slowly progressed to the right. Underneath the moving blue slide was displayed the name of the film that was being uploaded to the web server. Progress was slow as over twenty cameras each had a day's footage to disgorge.

The blue line reached the end of the dialog, which then vanished to be replaced by a user interface that displayed a series of indicators to show the status of all the secure areas of the house. Each area was marked by a small orange dot that flashed slowly to the computer's heartbeat.

At the top of the screen, a notice appeared, 'Checking secure areas.'

Each of the area indicators changed one by one, from orange to green, before the program was satisfied that each door, each window and each movement sensor was functioning correctly.

It seemed almost as if the program was resting. For several minutes there was no sign of change until at last a new series of actions were announced at the top of the interface.

'Secure Cell: All indicators within pre-set parameters,' announced the program before once again entering a stolid state of inactivity.

In the tiny room where the screen and server were situated a roseate glow showed through the barred window, the clear light of dawn as a new day started.

Deep inside the processor of the server an infinitesimal flicker of energy pulsed, marking the passing of time in nano-seconds. Each tick was an event that was processed and matched to the list of predetermined actions programmed by the user. There was no emotion, no sentiment, as the counter approached one of these events, simply a cold reaction as the timer and the programmed action coincided and triggered the response.

'Secure Cell,' announced the program.

'05:00 wake-up sequence initialized.'

The indicator button on the screen for 'Secure Cell' pulsed green and a list scrolled down from it to show the status with some other information.

## First Sub Routine

### *Secure Cell 1*

*Body Core Temperature 36.55 °C*

*Pulse/Pressure 104/64 mmHg*

*Breathing Control 12 b/min*

*Device Status Device not activated*

*Evacuation Status 385 ml – Bladder: est. 85%*

*165g – Sigmoid: est. 55%*

*Device Status Device not activated*

*Stimulation Status 25%      Trend positive*

*Capacity 11cc*

*Milking Device Type 'Surge King'*

*Device Status Activated*

*Countdown Initiated*

*Punishment Regime 2 minutes to activation*

*Device Status Activated*

*Countdown Initiated*

*Devices Activated Mobile Rectal Probe*

*Type X Enclosed Vibrator*

*Type F5 Collar*

*Electro-stim*

*Remote Locking*

*Devices Not Activated Drain Pump*

*Breathing Regulator*

*Full Punishment Hood*

*Type 1K Rotary Penetrator*

*Intravenous Administrator*

*Remote Erection Maintainer*

*Press F1 for further information or to change settings.*

Underneath this long list appeared a button marked, 'Cancel', but there was no-one present to click the control.

A small bird outside, perched on the bars of the window and chirped its morning song as a timer appeared and counted down the two minutes before the program started its daily routine of emotionless control.

It had its freedom.

## First Sub Routine

### Goto London (Two Years Ago)

“Never mind the stupid lottery draw,” said Phil. “The Chelsea-Everton match starts in five and I want to see the pre-match commentary.”

Karen sighed and tucked her purse back into her handbag.

“I take it that you will be stuck in front of the goggle-box all night, Phil,” she said in an irritated tone. “I can’t bear the incessant football. Every night there’s another vital match, can’t we just settle down and watch a nice film or something?”

Phil looked up at his wife and pulled a grimace.

“It’s nearly the end of the season,” he said. “This match determines the play offs at the bottom of the Premier League; any way, I have a bet on Everton. Why don’t you just go for a glass or three with Angie and when you come back, we can have a bit of play-time?”

“You can chuck that thought in the bin,” said Karen. “I’m not in the mood.”

“Yeah, but tomorrow I’m gone for a week,” said Phil. “I really fancy a fuck!”

Karen just shook her head and stomped out of the room in a temper. Every Friday night it was the same. Every Friday night it had *always* been the same. Phil sat contented with a few cans and munchies while twenty-two idiots kicked a ball around a field to the excited tones of the inane commentators. It killed the passion, it left her wanting to sleep alone.

His perfect Friday night was football, beer followed by a fuck and Karen did not consider twenty-two men on a football pitch suitable foreplay.

*‘Thank God for Angie,’* she thought as she pulled on her coat. *‘I’d have gone mad long ago if it weren’t for her!’*

She closed the front door behind her, cutting off the sound of the roar of the crowd and headed down the street to the local pub. It appeared that every other person in the street was riveted to their TVs, every window flickering with the light as she passed it. The endless row of small terraced houses depressed Karen. A world full of people satisfied with their small lives, each proud to be an owner-occupier, each contently perched on their sofas engrossed in the struggle for supremacy in a sport for which she had no interest at all.

*‘Ironical,’* she thought as she turned the corner.

She had escaped the football at home to go to a pub where a huge screen would be surrounded by excited testosterone-filled morons. There she would meet her friend and spend all night shouting over the roar of the crowd in the pub as well as the masses in the stadium.

The glow of the pub windows spilled onto the street. A couple of huddled smokers lurked under

## First Sub Routine

the 'Yellow Rose' sign outside and the stale smell of beer wafted into the street.

Her world had become nothing more than a series of chores and a pathetic job at a till in the local supermarket. She'd had dreams, they were slipping through her fingers. Start a small hair salon, study to be something else, marry a rich man. Do whatever she desired. What had come of all of that?

Where had it all gone?

Karen stepped into the warm pub and looked around. Normally the two of them perched at the bar and chatted about this and that, but today the bar was packed and Angie was not there. Karen stood at the bar and ordered two Gin and Tonics and then started her search for her only true friend. She checked the tables by the roaring TV and then noticed Angie slumped at a table in the rear, head in her hands, coat still on her back.

"This'll cheer you up," said Karen, as she placed the two drinks on the table and slipped in, to sit next to her friend.

Angie looked up and Karen was shocked to see a livid bruise on her cheek, just under her left eye.

"Jesus, Angie, what the fuck happened to you?"

"Mike's chucked me out," wailed Angie.

Karen put her arm around her friend in sympathy.

"What, tonight?"

"We had an argument."

"And he hit you?"

Angie nodded and looked down at the drink in front of her."

"Did you call the police?"

"Do me a favor, Karen, they can't do anything. It's *his* house."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll have to go to my mum's place," said Angie with a sob. "There's nowhere else!"

"Fuck, what were you arguing about?"

"You know Tracy? The slut that I suspected that he was getting his leg over?"

## First Sub Routine

“You told me last week.”

“I challenged him and he threw me out!”

“Fuck, that must mean that you were right.”

“Of course, I was fucking right. I know what they’ve been up to at her place.”

“You don’t have to go to your mum’s,” said Karen. “Stay at my place for a week while you sort it all out. Tomorrow, Phil’s going on that stag do in Riga for a week. I’ll help you find a new place.”

“I can’t afford it, you know what they pay me at the Supermarket, it’s not enough!”

“Well, at least stay a week and get your head together,” said Karen.

“OK! You’re a real friend, Karen. The only one I’ve got!”

“You too,” replied Karen.

They did not speak much. Angie cried, Karen comforted her and they made the drinks last until at last the match on the pub TV reached half time. For a minute the experts in the studio commented on Everton conceding three goals. Karen listened to the familiar discussion and decided that perhaps she fancied the retired footballer who was explaining the referee’s mistakes.

“He’s a bit of all-right,” said Karen, as she pointed at the screen.

“Oh, fuck off, Karen. That’s all I need right now, to dream about the guy who’s famous for his string of glamorous girlfriends!”

“Wait a sec,” said Karen, “they’re giving the lottery results. I’ve got a ticket here.”

She fumbled in her purse and pulled out a crumpled scrap of paper.

“I’ve got one too,” said Angie.

They looked up as the moderator spoke on the TV.

“Here are the results of the Powerball,” the woman was saying as the numbers appeared on the screen.

“Never do that one,” said Karen. “I only play EuroMillions.”

“Me too.”

“Let’s go halfy-halfy if we win,” said Karen.



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She took the ticket from Angie's hand and placed it face down next to her own ticket. For a moment she moved them rapidly on the table and then turned them face up.

"Are those your numbers?" asked Angie.

"I always go random like you, less regret!" said Karen. "Let's have a look."

Her eyes scanned the numbers, three correct, that was a tenner. She was about to boast about the result and looked up at her friend to see a look of shock on the bruised face.

"Here," said Angie as she shoved the ticket over to Karen. "Take a look at this!"

Angie looked at the numbers and gasped.

"Fuck, we've got them all!"

"And the extra one as well," said Angie with a smile.

"How much is this worth?"

"If we are the only ones, fifty million!"

"And a tenner," laughed Karen as she showed her ticket to her friend.

"My round."

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Karen felt as if her legs could not carry her weight. They trembled and shook, her knees knocked together and she had to lean on Angie as they stood listening to the roar from the Yellow Rose as Chelsea scored again.

"We need to go somewhere," said Angie. "Just sit down and take it all in."

Karen nodded and allowed her friend to lead her down the dark street.

"I don't know how I managed not to scream," said Angie. "I've got fifty million in my hand!"

"Well, put it in your bag and let's find somewhere to discuss this."

"How about Khan's?"

"OK."

The two friends walked down the street that led to the Indian restaurant. Angie feeling as though she was living someone else's life, Karen still staggering from the shock.

## First Sub Routine

“Wait until Phil hears about this,” said Karen.

“He’ll buy a fucking football team,” laughed Angie. “Me, I’m getting a big house and a Rolls Royce!”

“Shit, you’re right, Angie. He’ll go mad with the money!”

Angie stayed silent and led her friend into the warmth of the restaurant.

“Jesus, I don’t think that it’s hit me yet!” said Karen. “Wait a sec, let’s check the numbers again on my mobile.”

They sat down and Karen fiddled with her phone. Her hands shook as she found the official website and stared at the numbers.

“It’s right,” said Angie. “I know that it’s right.”

“All seven,” said Karen at last. “We got them all.”

“So, what happens now?”

“We get the claim in and tell everyone, of course. “Fuck, I’m a millionaire.”

“I wonder which of us won?” asked Angie.

“Shit, Angie, who gives a fuck? It’s twenty-five each. Wait a sec, let’s have a look. Actually, it’s fifty-five million three hundred and seventy-six thousand six hundred and eighty something pounds.”

“*And* the tenner that the other ticket won,” laughed Angie.

“That gets shared as well.”

Karen giggled almost hysterically.

“Let’s not tell anyone, let’s leave it a week.”

“Why would we do that?”

“Because, it’s our money, that’s why. I don’t want to share it all out to my idiot family!”

“But...”

“Promise me, just a week,” said Angie. “let’s get the claim in, split the cash and then we can each decide for ourselves!”

## First Sub Routine

“I don’t know if I can keep it in,” said Angie. “But, if that’s the way that you want it, I can wait a week.”

“Good. We’ll both go to London tomorrow and make the claim, then we can share it all out and you can do what you want!”

“It’s a deal. Jesus, we could buy all of Harrods with this ticket.”

“That’s the plan. While Phil is in Riga, we’ll be having a ball in the big smoke.”

“I have to work tomorrow,” said Karen dubiously.

“You’ll never have to work again!”

“Fuck me, you’re right!”

\*\*\*\*\*

Karen stood on the street and breathed heavily as the late afternoon crowds parted around her and Angie and then seamlessly zipped together.

“It’s all real,” she said. “Until now I just couldn’t believe it all. Angie, I have to find a toilet!”

Angie started to laugh and pulled on her friend’s hand.

“That’s last night’s curry,” she said with a grin. “The meal on the train won’t have helped either!”

“I need to sit down as well and I think that I’m hyperventilating,” said Karen. “This can’t be what it feels like to be so fucking rich. It’s got to be better than this!”

“Use that hotel’s loo and then we’ve got to get to the bank, after that you can sit down and let the whirl in your head slow down.”

It was like a dream.

Karen allowed her friend to lead her to the bank where they had to fill in a stack of forms. The man behind the desk seemed in no hurry and offered a personal advisor before giving each of them a plain credit card.

“We’ll issue the standard cards, the designs are all here,” he said, as he pushed a leaflet over the desk. “For the next few days, the cards are limited; you will not be able to draw more than ten-thousand a day. When you get the new cards, then *you* set the limit, though we strongly recommend that you do not raise it.”

At last, it was finished and he presented each of them with a sheet that showed their balance and

## First Sub Routine

escorted them to the door.

“Arrange an interview in the next couple of days and we’ll do our best to guide you through the ups and downs of having millions in your accounts. You will need to think about investment and tax, but don’t worry, we are here for you.”

Karen kissed him in an impulsive hug while Angie stood laughing at her friend’s performance.

“Come along, Karen, we have to get to the hotel and then it’s a night out on the town.”

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Karen was just a little drunk. Past tipsy but not yet at the point of helplessness. Angie on the other hand, had drunk as many glasses of champagne as her friend, but was just at the edge of elation.

“We should have brought them both back to the hotel,” laughed Angie as she helped her friend into the lift with a guiding arm around her shoulders.

“What, four in a bed?” smirked Karen. “There wouldn’t have been room for us all!”

“We could have got another room, if you’re that shy.”

The lift whispered upward. Angie put her arm around her friend’s shoulders, held her close.

“We’re so rich that we can do what we want, have what we want,” she continued. “Fuck who we want.”

“Phil?” said Karen.

A cloud came over Angie’s features at the mention of the husband.

“Never mind him, he’s far away on that stag-do,” said Angie as the lift halted. “You’re entitled to have some fun, to celebrate.”

“Wait until he hears what happened,” said Karen.

Angie just shook her head and guided her friend down the long corridor.

“It’s alright for you, you can do what you want, you’re single now. Me, I’m married and I have obligations!”

“As you like.”

They entered the room, Angie linking her friend.

## First Sub Routine

“I thought that we had two singles,” said Karen, as she looked at the suite. “This is a different room!”

“Oh, I had us moved to a suite, dear,” said Angie. “Much more intimate. Now then, which side do you want?”

“The nearest, I need my bed.”

“Hop in, I need a shower.”

Karen shed her clothes and slipped between the sheets. The silk slithered over her body and she gathered the sheets and stretched luxuriously. She could hear the shower whisper for a minute or two before her friend emerged with a towel covering her hair.

“Tomorrow we still have loads to do,” said Angie as she shed the towel and slipped between the sheets on the other side of the bed. “The bank again to meet the advisor and then it’s off shopping we go!”

Karen felt a hand run down her, from neck to the small of her back. Nails tickled her skin and she settled a little, encouraging more.

“So, what are you going to do with all of the money?” asked Karen.

“Oh, I hadn’t really got that far! A house, a car and loads of sex on tap,” laughed Angie. “My plan is to spend a month thinking about it. Maybe a holiday on an island in the Caribbean and then I’ll start having fun!”

“I wish that I could be there,” said Karen slowly. “But, if I know Phil, he’ll want to drag me all over to watch football.”

“I don’t know what you see in him!”

The hand slowly inched and patted Karen’s rear with a soft touch.

“He’s alright, really,” said Karen. “Just obsessed.”

“And in bed?”

Karen sighed.

“In and out, roll over and sleep,” she laughed.

“You need more.”

“I do?”

### **First Sub Routine**

The hand slipped between Karen's thighs and she instinctively opened them a little to feel the tips of Angie's fingers run along the lips of her pussy.

"Are you seducing me, little rich girl?" asked Karen.

"Only if you want it."

Karen moved in the bed. For a moment, Angie thought that she was turning away. Her hand retreated and then she realized that her friend had rolled to face her.

"You are a true friend," whispered Karen. "But I don't know if this is the right thing to do?"

The hand returned to find a silky wetness under it. A seeping of fragrant lubrication that eased her fingers between the edges of Karen's slit.

"I've never done this before," muttered Karen as her thighs opened and a finger pressed on her clitoris. "It's cheating on Phil."

"No, it's not," whispered Angie. "We make the rules!"

"God, Angie, that's so good."

"It gets better!"

## **First Sub Routine**

### **Do... Until (Today)**

He awoke to the insistent tremor.

A feeling deep inside that signaled the start of another day. It swelled; he could feel it pressing harder. His already hard cock tried to swell, but the tube that held him in its grip would not allow a full response.

His eyes opened and he looked around himself. The bars over the cot were still locked. The single sheet that covered him tucked into a corner, sweat dripping from his body as the first vibration tickled him, centered on the tip of his cock, demanding and irresistible.

Every morning it was the same, the machine milked him as he woke. Taking his morning erection and draining him with no hint of a climax. Stimulating and owning his body, as he gave it what it had been programmed to take.

Penetrated in the rear, constricted at the front, there was no escape! If he resisted, if he tried to escape the inevitable, then punishment would follow and the whole cycle would begin again until he submitted.

He looked up his fettered arms to the place where his wrists were locked to the corners of his bed and knew that only submission would free him. He had just two minutes to give the machine what it wanted or the punishment sequence would start.

The vibration was becoming intense. Filling his rear with shudders, focusing first deep inside and then allowing the chastity-tube to take the lead. A small shudder took him, the response was to quieten the stimulation and then renew it when the crisis had passed.

His mind's eye found focus in his wife and the feeling was intense.

Arousal, an animal urge that could not be denied.

Two minutes had passed.

He felt a change in rhythm and then a small shock as the program switched to its punishment mode. That impulse, driven by fear and stimulation pushed him over the edge and suddenly it was over. The tube that passed into him became milky cloudy with his emission as his belly clenched and he was emptied of the eleven cubic centimeters that had gathered in the night. It was rare now that the stimulation was enough for the system, punishment always seemed to be the trigger for him to leak his cum and satisfy the machine.

A last small electric shock, almost an afterthought before the program realized that he had surrendered, and it was over. The program released his wrists with a small snap, a motor whirled and the tube was withdrawn. The plug in his ass deflated a little and he heard the familiar sound of the lid of the cot unlatching to allow him to start his day.

### **First Sub Routine**

As he sat up and glanced at the clock, he mentally calculated his tasks against the time allotted and realized that the party tonight would make it difficult to complete his tasks for the day.

Phil climbed from the cot and hurried to take his shower. If he had not fitted his ankle and wrist cuffs inside just five minutes' punishment would follow, so the shower and dressing had to be swift. As he soaped himself and checked for hair-growth the clock ticked remorselessly on. Showered, cuffed, chained, dressed and prepared in five, then he would have to hasten to get the washing done and make the breakfast before his tasks really began.

Time was not on his side!



## **First Sub Routine**

### **Exit Sub Routine (Two Years Ago)**

“It’s not what you think,” said Phil. “I paid for us all, there were six of us.”

Karen pursed her lips.

“Do you think that I’m stupid,” she said, as she held up the credit card bill that she had printed in the hotel in London. “Three hundred pounds for a meal?”

“There were six of us,” repeated Phil. “Anyway, since when do you check up on me?”

“You’re her husband,” said Angie from her armchair. “That’s why!”

“I don’t even know what you’re doing here,” said Phil.

“She’s staying with us, that’s what,” said Karen. “Don’t try to avoid the subject, I can read, you know.”

Angie smiled to herself. This was going just as she wanted, so exquisite to actually be here while Karen quizzed her foolish husband. Four days! It had taken just four days in London with her friend to get her to this point.

“The ‘Candy Shop’ is a restaurant in the center of Riga. We splashed out, that’s all that happened, a night out with the lads!”

“It’s a strip club, a fucking pick-up joint,” said Karen in a hard tone. “Three hundred is a fuck and not a fucking meal!”

Phil tried to change the subject.

“What happened to your face, Angie,” he said, as he focused on the livid yellow ring around her eye.

“Never you mind,” said Angie. “It’s none of your business, Phil.”

“He chucked you out, didn’t he?” said Phil, persisting in the line he had decided would upset the bitch.

Angie’s face hardened.

“You’ll regret that you ever said that,” she replied.

“You’re in my house, my rules,” said Phil smugly.

“You still haven’t told me the truth about this,” said Karen, waving the credit card bill in her husband’s face.

## First Sub Routine

Phil turned to face Karen and put his hands on his hips.

“Oh, do me a favor, Karen. It was a stag-do, so we went to a fucking whorehouse. Jesus, you act like such a prude. What do you expect if you don’t put out for me when I need it, baby?”

A look of complete indignation came over Karen’s face and her mouth opened and closed without more than a sigh coming from between her lips. Phil misinterpreted her expression and added fuel to the fire.

“It’s your fault.”

Karen spluttered and dropped the printout of the credit card statement to the floor. To Angie it was a moment in which time slowed to a trickle. The paper see-sawed in the air from side to side as it dropped. A look of pure loathing appeared on Karen’s face. In profile, Phil’s face had an expression of boorish triumph and underneath it all, Angie felt a surge of sheer heaven as the realization of his admission struck home.

“Come on Angie,” said Karen, “let’s go.”

Karen turned on her heel and stalked for the front-door of the small terraced house, pulling Angie by her hand.

“Fuck you, Phil, fuck you.”

“Where do you think that you’re going?” said Phil.

“Away from here, that’s where!” spat Karen.

“It’s one in the morning, Karen, come on,” he cajoled.

Karen grabbed her bag from the small table by the door and walked into the street, dragging Angie behind her.

“Who the fuck does he think he is?” said Karen. “I can’t believe that he just came out and said it!”

Angie looked back at Phil standing at the door watching them head down the street.

“I’ll bet that you’re glad that you didn’t tell him about the money,” said Angie. “Come on, let’s find a hotel for the night with a bar where we can drown our sorrows.”

“I haven’t even got my coat,” said Karen, as they walked. “It’s fucking freezing.”

“Tomorrow we go shopping,” said Angie.

“I shouldn’t have walked out, Angie. I’m as much to blame as him, after all, what we’ve been up

### **First Sub Routine**

to is as bad as him going to that whore house. This money is cursed!”

“Don’t talk daft,” said Angie. “It’s nothing to do with the money, he fucked around. Now you can sort everything out.”

“Thanks for being such a good friend,” said Karen.

“Lover!”

Karen started to giggle and linked her arm with her friend.

“I suppose so, now it’s just us against the world!”

“The world hasn’t got a chance!”

## Second Sub Routine

### Error Routine (Today)

His hand smoothed down the delicate apron that hung over the front of his frock. It was now an instinctive movement that made the starched volume of lace rub on his bare thighs and catch for a moment in the straps that held his stockings tight. He inspected himself in the full-length mirror to ensure that he was fully presentable to the level that was expected of him and felt himself becoming aroused at what he saw.

The ankle-high stiletto boots, locked to the steel anklets, the sheer stockings that disappeared under his dress at just below his knees. The flouncy skirt that pinched in at the waist where the corset underneath controlled his figure, the low cut that exposed the smooth skin of his breasts and then gave way to the posture collar where a small green light blinked.

The shoes, the cuffs, the collar, each acted as a collaborator with the rest of the system, each reported to the hidden sensors in the house and ensured that they were locked into place before he was allowed to leave his cell.

Now, just one more thing remained before the system would allow him out of the room to pursue his duties. He clicked the thin chain that connected his anklets into place and the red light over the door flickered as if making up its mind and then switched to a steady green, indicating that he was allowed to leave the room. Self-restrained and helpless, Phil tottered on his heels and was allowed to start another day.

The house was shadowy, the early morning light not yet penetrating to the corridor as Phil made his way carefully down the stairs to the kitchen. The first duty was to start the washing machine in the laundry and ensure that the kitchen was perfectly organized. Then came the hand-wash that had to be finished before he could start on the lengthy preparations for breakfast and preparing the start of the day for his two mistresses.

Only heavy clothes items were allowed in the washing machine; dessous, stockings, corsets and his own uniform had to be hand-washed and hung to dry in the back room. He allowed the dessous to soak and started on the kitchen, all the while keeping an eye on the clock.

Karen and Angie had clearly had a midnight feast and the dishes had been drying all night. A half empty champagne bottle and three glasses stood on the breakfast counter and a plate of half-finished snacks stood close by. *Three* glasses! For a moment he was tempted to feast, but he knew that Angie would be reviewing the recordings made by the close circuit cameras and it she would be delighted if he was foolish enough to partake.

With a reluctant sigh, he tipped the unfinished snacks into the bucket that would make up his breakfast, poured in the rest of the champagne and all of the other remaining food to create a vile slurry where wine, bread, snacks and cake intermingled.

The dishes took ten minutes to clean rinse and then clean and rinse again. As they dried, he refreshed the hand-wash with cold water and started on the floor, all the while watching the clock. Half an hour had passed since he had been woken and he still had so much to do.

## **Second Sub Routine**

The laundry sink and their lingerie beckoned and Phil realized that Karen must be on a period, because small spots of rusty color remained and he cursed that he had not noticed before. It would take another ten minutes of gentle scrubbing, time he just did not have. He was just about to start when a sharp sound came from the washing machine.

Phil ran to the machine to see that something had been caught in the door when he had closed it and a puddle was spreading across the tiled floor. His hand slapped the 'pause' button and he instinctively opened the door to allow a wave of suds to pour from the opening.

In a panic, he threw dishcloths over the spreading flood and raced for the mop. The problem with Karen's lacy panties faded into the background as the careless maid struggled to clean up his disaster.

Now he was in real trouble!

## **Second Sub Routine**

### **Set Parameters Routine (A year and a half ago)**

“I love you,” said Karen, as she rolled over onto her belly and snuggled into the warmth of Angie’s naked body.

“I love you too,” replied Angie.

Angie could feel a hand teasing her between her thighs and opened her legs a little in encouragement.

“You’re insatiable,” said Karen.

“That’s your fault,” purred Angie as a finger slipped into her and stroked from back to front.

“What game do you want to play?” asked Karen as Angie shuddered and relaxed back onto the bed.

Angie’s lips opened and her hand quested over the sheets to find the small crop that lay there.

“Mistress and slave,” laughed Angie as her hand found the crop. “Prepare to be punished if you don’t satisfy my every whim!”

The crop found its target on Karen’s rounded ass with a sharp smack and Karen squealed with surprise.

“That’s for not begging to serve me,” said Angie. “Now get yourself down and show me that you can please your mistress, my little rich-bitch!”

Karen lifted herself to all fours over her friend and took a nipple between her lips.

“That’s better, but it’s not good enough!” said Angie. “I want to hear you beg.”

“Please Mistress,” said Karen making her voice lisp a little. “Please allow me to serve.”

“Not good enough!”

The crop swished and struck again.

“I will do anything for you, Mistress, please allow me to satisfy your pussy.”

Angie’s legs opened a little wider and she sighed as the kisses moved from her breasts to her belly and then lower.

“That’s better, now make sure that you take your time, bitch. I want it slow!”

The slight sting of the crop still smarted as Karen lapped Angie. She felt a tingle between her

## Second Sub Routine

thighs and crouched low to press her lips against the smooth skin and

slowly open them, her tongue probing and reaching deep making Angie gasp and gesture with the crop.

There was no delaying the climax that surged inside her. Angie thrust her hips high, pressing hard against Karen's mouth and cried out as the first tremors took her body.

"Oh God, Karen, more, I need more from you."

Karen lifted a moment to say, "Mistress," as Angie screamed with fervor, dropping the crop and pressing down on Angie's head with need.

The tongue retreated from clitoris and moved soothingly, massaging, soothing the soft triangle of skin between Angie's thighs, bringing her slowly down from the climax.

"Oh, Karen," croaked Angie, "you are so good."

"Thank you, Mistress for allowing me to serve."

Angie started to laugh, caught in a fit of giggles at the girlish voice that her lover had assumed. Joining in with the laughter, Karen slipped up the bed and kissed her on the lips, the perfume of her pussy still on Karen's lips.

"You make a good little bed-slave," said Karen.

"Well, I have the perfect wicked teacher," said Karen in her little girl tone.

Angie just smiled and spread her arms and legs wide to stretch.

"I just love our little games," she whispered.

"Me too," replied Karen. "All of them."

"That's the beauty of it," said Karen. "We can do exactly what we want, whenever we want. Boyfriends and lovers can come and go and we still have each other!"

"I'm still a married woman," said Karen. "That makes it even better."

"Poor little Phil," laughed Angie. "He doesn't know what he's missing."

"Oh yes he does, Angie! Did you see the letter from him?"

"More begging?"

"No, he's getting quite nasty actually."

## Second Sub Routine

“What did he say?”

Karen pulled up and leaned on her elbow looking into Angie’s eyes.

“He says that he’s due half the lottery win because his money must have paid half the ticket,” said Karen.

“It might have been mine that won,” replied Angie. “he’s got no chance!”

“The letter was from his solicitor,” replied Angie. “He’s claiming half of *my* share.”

“Shit on the little shite. He screws around and then he thinks that he can share your win. Fuck him, he’s just a greedy pig, he doesn’t deserve a penny!”

“We need to respond this time,” said Karen. “It’s all tied up with the divorce, that’s when the decision will be made.”

“So, let’s get a solicitor as well,” said Angie.

“Done it, darling! You know that hunk that I picked up three months ago for the night? He’s perfect, he’ll do anything for a fuck. I phoned him this morning and he’s coming round in half an hour.”

“Why don’t you just do these things in the normal way?” asked Angie with a grin. “We can hire an office full of barristers and you have to use a one-night-stand?”

“Jealous?” asked Karen with a smirk.

“Of course not! It’s just that we decided not to allow any man to get between us.”

“He’s already been between us, dear! He was the one that you fucked from behind while he kissed my ass!”

“Oh, him? Why didn’t you say? I never thought that he’d want to come back after we baited him mercilessly all night and then he had to wank off because you wouldn’t let him fuck you!”

“We can do it all again,” laughed Karen. “The photos on your phone are already enough to make him!”

“Let’s not use them yet. Jesus, Karen, in half an hour? I have to recover.”

“Silly girl! Not today, another time will do!”

“You are such a bitch!”

“Takes one to know one,” retorted Karen. “Anyway, you’re the one with the crop in her hand all



## Second Sub Routine

the time, so you're the bitch!"

"Let's just tease him a little and see where it goes, then. Just a little pressure."

Karen glanced at her watch and tutted.

"We don't have much time. he'll be here in twenty minutes."

"Time for a fuck?"

"No, silly, to get all dolled up."

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Martin moved his hands and placed them in his lap, to cover the bulge that steadily grew as he admired the two young women who were seated opposite.

Karen, her long legs crossed, a stiletto rocking on her toes, Angie, a smirk on her face, her large breasts barely contained by the latex dress that followed every curve of her body.

"So, let me get this straight," said the solicitor. "There were two tickets, each of you had one. You mixed them up and *then* checked the numbers. One of them won ten pounds, the other was the Jackpot. Is that correct?"

"That's right," said Karen. "We don't know which of us had bought the winner."

"But you must have known which numbers you both picked!"

"We *both* got the lucky dip," said Karen. "I never use the same numbers; I *always* get the lucky dip!"

Martin could not take his eye off the shoe that swung gently from Karen's toes. In his head he replayed the night when he had fucked them.

'*Scarcely a fuck,*' he corrected himself, as he remembered crouching between Karen's thighs as Angie pushed deep into him. '*I'd do it all again.*'

"So, what happens now?" asked Angie, breaking into his reverie. "How do we get rid of him?"

"Well, supposing that the lottery win didn't happen," he started.

"But, it did," broke in Karen.

He started again, "Well, supposing that the lottery win didn't happen, then all the assets would be divided, the house and so on, and then with no contest, the degree-nisi would be granted automatically after two years. If there is a contest, the division would go to court, but the

## Second Sub Routine

end result would be the same. The problem is the money, of course! The thing is, there's no precedent for this. If he claims that he paid half the ticket because you shared your finances, then you have to prove that you bought the ticket with your own money and that he had no knowledge of the ticket."

"I buy one every week, even now," said Karen. "He never did."

"Then there's the problem of the way that you mixed the tickets up," said Martin, ignoring her comment. "You two created a contract when you put them together and

agreed to share. He had no part of that but; were you sharing a ticket that was half his anyway? That's the question."

There was a pause and his hands moved a little to hide his growing erection. At every breath, Karen's tight dress moved a little and forced her breasts up, the shoe swung on Karen's toes. For the first time he noticed the stockings that she wore, slightly crinkled at the ankles, the Cuban heels creating dark shadows at her Achilles tendons.

"I need to do a little research," he said at last.

"Well, that's what we're paying you for," said Angie. "There's no way that that little shit, Phil is getting a penny and that's final!"

She stared at the hands in his lap and smiled.

"Perhaps, if we win, there will be a special reward for the man that saved the day! It's not all just about the money! On the other hand, if you lose."

Angie took her phone in her hand and showed Martin a photo.

"I'd hate to have to put this in front of your darling wife," she smiled. "Maybe that will focus your mind on the problem?"

Martin looked at the phone. The picture showed him standing naked in their bedroom, back to the camera with Angie sitting on the edge of the bed fully clothed. A chill ran down his spine, if his wife, Suzi, ever saw it, the complications would never end! He dared not show too much concern, but the threat was unambiguous.

Martin nodded and tried to look serious.

"You won't need that," he said, keeping his voice steady. "We'll win. I'm sure of it."

"Next time, perhaps we can finish what we started," said Karen. "Punishment for failure and reward for success?"

*'And, more photos without a doubt,'* thought Martin.

## Second Sub Routine

Karen couldn't keep the giggle from her voice and the shoe slipped off her foot to fall to the floor.

"You *are* married?" asked Angie.

Martin nodded, finding that he couldn't actually say 'Yes'.

"Naughty boy," said Angie. "I'll bet that she's never played the games that we play?"

He shook his head and swallowed.

In his mind's eye he could still feel that moment when her thighs had pressed against his ass while he pressed between Karen's legs to bring her to shuddering orgasm.

"Well, we love playing those little games," said Angie with a grin. "Sometimes alone, sometimes with a good little boy. All you have to do is win for us and then you'll find yourself being fucked again!"

He pressed his thighs together as Martin felt the beat of his racing heart in his head. He had *so* hoped that this afternoon would be a repeat of three months ago, but it seemed as if that was not going to happen.

With a resigned shake of the head, Martin decided that this was the time to leave. Perhaps next time?

"Call us when you have decided how this is going to go," said Karen, as she slipped the stiletto back on. "It all depends on you!"

"A day or two," he said.

"We're off to Mauritius for a week. In two days," said Angie. "When we get back, we expect to hear from you."

"Don't worry, I'll call," said Martin.

"Give your wife our regards," said Karen.

He looked at her smiling face and nodded as he stood and offered his hand. She stood and took his hand, pulling him close before planting a small peck on his cheek.

"That's all for the moment," she giggled, "but I'm sure that there's more if you're a good little boy."

Martin mumbled a goodbye and managed to escape her hand. He picked up his briefcase and held it over his thighs before turning to leave.

## **Second Sub Routine**

“In a week,” said Angie.

The front door of the house closed and the two women started to giggle. It took ten minutes before they recovered and headed for the bedroom again.

## Second Sub Routine

### Captured Variable (Today)

Phil tried not to be hasty and careless as he prepared the breakfast. He had just ten minutes to prepare, and everything had to be perfect. The washing was done, the line in the drying room hung with the hand washed items, the dryer rumbling with the other clothes in the background. The spill on the floor was now just a wet patch on the tiles. The coffee percolator coughed as it gave up the last of the water and he laid out the plates on the tray, ready to be filled.

In his head, he planned every move. Coffee first, then the one-sided toast for Angie. By that time the eggs would have had their four minutes and just the condiments would have to be put in the little porcelain bowls. As he went through the planned motions his thoughts turned to his wife and her sadistic lover.

Wild plans fluttered through his head.

All he had to do was resist the punishments as he passed each zone! Leave by the front door and get out of the range of the system that held him in its thrall. Escape the red lights and run. A couple of hundred yards, that's all it was! He could flag down a passing car and get to the police. Then he could make them pay for all of the torment and anguish that they had inflicted on him. He would be rich, after all, the court had decided that he was owed half of Karen's win on the lottery.

Reality imposed itself on his thoughts as the egg timer sounded and he turned to fish the eggs from the pan and drop them into the eggcups.

The smell of the toast filled his nostrils and he felt a desperate urge to eat, that was suppressed by the thought that he only had a minute or two to get upstairs. He threw the end slice of the loaf into the bucket to watch it soak up the liquid inside and slump into the mess before he picked up the tray and made his way to the kitchen door.

At his approach, it blinked uncertainly to green and he made his way into the hall. For a moment he placed the loaded tray on a side-table and checked himself. Seams straight, apron hanging right, the short lace arms of his dress puffed up nicely and his breasts showing just a slight touch of nipple over the décolletage. Satisfied that he was perfect, he glanced in the mirror and noted that his glossy pink lipstick was un-smudged.

The short chains between his ankles made ascending the steep stairs a delicate proposition, but practice had made perfect, and he reached the top without incident. He stooped a moment to regroup and fix a smile on his face before continuing. They wanted him to appear to enjoy his servitude and woe betide him if he did other than look grateful for the chance to be their feminized bitch!

Ahead of him was the long corridor that led to their bedroom. He walked carefully, noting that he had made it in time, because the light over their door was still red. Phil sighed in relief that despite the accident in the laundry, he had still managed to be punctual, now all he had to do was wait for the signal and present their breakfast in bed with the elegance and grace that they

## Second Sub Routine

expected of him.

For the camera that watched, Phil stood straight and smiled as he waited, his eyes fixed on the small LED that controlled him. In his head he prepared for the sight that awaited him and allowed his thoughts to dwell on the fact that there had been three empty champagne glasses in the kitchen. The wait seemed interminable and Phil started to worry that the toast would get cold despite the fact that he had warmed the plate as a precaution. Then another sudden thought occurred to him.

Supposing that there were three in the room and he had only prepared for two? Doubtless he would be punished. That brought another paroxysm of dread. If he was punished, how would that affect the time that he had to get his chores all finished so that he could start to prepared for the party?

His hand trembled and he looked at the tray to see that the coffee was spilling into one of the saucers. A glance up showed that the zone-light was red, so he placed the tray down carefully and mopped up the spilled drops with one of the paper serviettes before tucking it into his stocking top to hide it. As he picked up the tray again, he prayed that Angie would not check the CCTV from the corridor.

The light turned green.

With a small sigh, Phil opened the door and entered the bedroom. With a feeling of relief, he saw just his wife and, Angie, the lover that he so feared, sitting up in the bed, breasts bare, silk sheets ruffled around them. He felt a touch of envy as he was allowed to watch Angie's fingers run over Karen's breasts and tried hard to restrain his reaction.

"Mm, breakfast," said Angie with a smile as the maid headed for the bed with small steps. "Just what's needed!"

Phil forced a smile and placed the tray on her thighs before turning to open the curtains to let the morning sunshine light the room. Now he could feel his cock swelling inside the chastity tube and knew that in a moment the system would react as it always did.

"He's forgotten Suzi's breakfast," said Angie in a sugar-sweet tone.

"Oh dear," said Karen. "She will be so disappointed."

Phil felt a vibration in his rear and suddenly stood stock still facing the window as the deeply embedded probe started its cycle.

"What is it, dear?" laughed Karen. "Got a little hard on?"

The maid quivered as the probe started to swell and his chastity cage started to buzz.

"Let's see," said Karen. "I just love watching you being milked."

## Second Sub Routine

Phil turned slowly on his heels and lifted his dress, parting his legs a little and blushing as the system started its work.

“Whatever is *that* in his stocking top?” said Angie. “Is he keeping a tissue there in the hope of a little wank? As if the machine was not enough! Naughty, naughty!”

Phil opened his mouth to speak and then decided that the question was for Karen. His face was blushing with humiliation at being caught out, flushing from his face to his breasts.

“So, two grounds for punishment,” said Karen, as she reached for her coffee. “I think half an hour should be enough penalty!”

Phil shuddered and looked at the floor. Half an hour was the longest yet.

Inside the steel tube that enclosed him, the vibration suddenly stopped, even though the probe in his ass was still pressing upward and inward to force him to seep cum onto the embroidered edgings of his stockings.

Each touch caused a reaction that could not be withheld. A small surge and clench that emptied him to dribble from the grip of steel in slow trickles.

“Now you’ve made a mess,” said Angie with a chuckle. “Clean it up and then take down the empty tray and pop back with a coffee for Suzi.”

Phil managed to control the sour look that so wanted to allow to surface and smiled. The chain between his ankles made getting to his knees difficult, but he bent and crawled to lick the hard floor where he had leaked and dribbled before standing.

“May I leave to make the coffee?” asked Phil in the high falsetto that was required of him whenever he was allowed to speak.

“Of course,” said Karen, as if she was stating the obvious. “White with sugar is the way that she likes it.”

The maid hurried from the room as gracefully as he could. Behind him he heard a small laugh from Angie as she said, “Half an hour, you are such a perfect bitch, Karen.”

“You’re the one that taught me.”

Phil stepped carefully down the stairs and switched on the coffee machine again while he took the opportunity to make sure that the washing was drying properly. He would have to iron it later and it would not be made easier if there were peg marks in the lace.

In a minute the coffee was ready and the maid placed the cup on a small tray before having to wait for the green light to head up to Karen and Angie’s bedroom. Again, at their door, he had to wait again. The smell of the coffee in his nostrils was almost too much. He could not remember

## Second Sub Routine

the last cup of real coffee that he had drunk and he watched the bubbles turn in the cup with a longing that was almost physical.

The light changed to green and Phil entered the room to find Karen and Angie still in bed while their companion for the night was dressing. Suzi sat on the bed and held up a pair of stockings.

The maid kneeled at her feet.

Phil took the stockings and carefully gathered them before slipping them over the slim manicured feet and rolling them up her calves as she offered each leg. His hands fumbled with the clasps as he pulled them tight and then carefully smoothed the seams to run straight at the back of her legs.

“He’s getting much better at this,” said Suzi, looking down at the man who was absorbed with ensuring that the fully fashioned seams of the heels curved over the soles of her feet.

“Practice,” said Angie. “You just have to keep on the ball and punish every mistake.”

“How’s Martin doing?” asked Karen. “Now that you’ve had the system installed, he should be much more attentive!”

“Hubby is shaping up,” said Suzi. “I don’t see a lot of him now that Leona has taken on his instruction, but between her and the collar, at last he’s learning fast!”

“Now run along dear and get Suzi a coffee, there’s a dear,” said Karen. Afterwards you can have your own breakfast and then report to us for your punishment.”

The maid stood and curtsied prettily before hurrying back to the kitchen. As Phil negotiated the stairs, he reflected on the way that his wife and her sadistic lover were drawing every person around them into their immoral world. Just a year ago Martin and his wife had been another bored married couple, now he too was on a leash and Suzi ruled his world.

The maid returned and knocked on the door with the requested coffee on a small silver tray.

“Here’s your coffee,” said Karen, as he entered, “just in time.”

Suzi took the mug of coffee and sipped.

“So, are you bringing him to the party tonight then?” asked Karen. “It will be such a help to have two maids to serve.”

“Leona will be here to organize them both,” replied Suzi with a smile. “She’s been looking forward to it for a week!”

“Excellent, all our friends will be here. Come a little earlier so that you can help us get ready for the guests and we’ll have a warm-up drink.”



## **Second Sub Routine**

Suzi slipped a summer dress over her head and turned in order to allow the maid to zip up the back before returning to her coffee. The maid stood and watched Suzi sip and waited to be dismissed.

For several minutes he stood while his three superiors chatted idly and finished their breakfast. They discussed the party, and discussed the menu, the people who would be there; all the while, the maid felt the minute's tick by and wondered how he would manage to get it all done by the time that it started.

At last, Phil was bidden to take away the tray and head for the kitchen to continue his chores. Waved away with a casual movement of Karen's hand; the maid left the three women behind and went down to the kitchen to eat his own disgusting repast.

## Second Sub Routine

### Control Flow (A year and a half ago)

“It doesn’t look good,” said Martin. “I thought that the case would be dismissed, that was the plan, but it’s going to be heard and the chances are fifty-fifty!”

Karen pulled a face and said, “It was *my* ticket and it’s *my* money. I bought it, surely they can see that.”

“The problem is that the judge wants to set a precedent,” said Martin. “Every time the law doesn’t cover a situation, a court decides a solution and after that, it is generally applied.”

“Shite,” said Angie. “It’s over twelve million that we’re talking about here, not a few pennies!”

“I know that,” said Martin smoothly. “The problem is that he has a case, in law. You had all of your money in common. Joint bank accounts, mortgage, all the bills. There was almost nothing that you spent that could not be described as common property. The lottery ticket is just the same.”

“So, what happens now?” asked Karen.

“There’ll be a preliminary hearing first, I’m still hoping that I can throw the case out at that point. If I can’t well...” he shrugged his shoulders.

“Don’t forget what’s riding on this,” said Angie to Martin. “It’s not just the money, if we lose, then *you* lose everything as well.”

Martin shivered. The blackmail was rearing its ugly head again; a personal crisis was starting to take shape.

“I’ll do my best.”

“Just make sure that it’s enough!” said Karen.

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“I met a client of yours today,” said Suzi as she dismounted from her panting husband.

She swung her legs over the edge of the bed and looked down at the mess dribbling from her pussy.

“Oh,” was all that Martin could say as she moved to pull a tissue from the box by the bed.

“That woman from the lottery win, you know, the one in the local papers.”

Martin was suddenly pulled out of his post orgasmic torpor and sat up sharply in the bed.

## Second Sub Routine

“Er, how did that happen?” he stuttered.

Suzi ignored his question and moved to another tack as she mopped up his cum from her thighs with gentle dabs of the tissue.

“She’s very striking...”

“I suppose she is.”

“It’s a lot of money, all in all,” continued Suzi as she tossed the damp tissue to the floor. “I mean, a huge lottery win and then a bitter divorce.”

“It’s just work,” he said.

“Anyway, I was sitting in Café Nero and it was so busy when she joined me at the table and we got into conversation, you know how it is?”

“No, I don’t,” replied Martin in a gruff tone.

Suzi glanced at him and felt a small tugging at the back of her mind. It was not as if Karen had been the first client of her husband’s that she had met, yet he suddenly seemed all on edge. Perhaps she should pursue it?

“Dressed to the nine’s, she was,” said Suzi in a breezy voice. “Though I suppose that she has the money for it. Her handbag was Louis Vuitton that must have cost two thousand at least.”

“What did she have to say?”

“Oh, nothing much. Just that she was disappointed that the case hadn’t been thrown out at the preliminary hearing and that she was worried at the fact that the court had decided to freeze some of her assets as though the decision had already been reached.”

“That’s normal,” said Martin with a small sigh of relief.

“I really quite like her,” said Suzi. “We’ve arranged to meet up again tomorrow and chew the fat.”

“That’s nice,” said Martin.

“Did you know that even though she was married, she’s living with that friend of hers who had the other share of the lottery? Anyway, she has a huge house up near Helmsley. I asked if it wasn’t a little isolated up there, but she said that she liked the seclusion. Do you remember it in the papers? It’s the one that was going for one and a half million that was spread all over the ‘living’ section of the Evening Gazette.”

“She’s alright, I’ll admit that she’s pretty attractive, but she’s not really my type.”

## Second Sub Routine

Suzi detected her husband's defensive tone and went on the offensive.

"Have you been up there?" she asked in an innocent tone.

"Er, just once," replied Martin. "She's taken me on with a ten per cent retainer, so she's a massive client. If I win then it should pay over a million," he said, trying to deflect her interest in his visit.

"What do you mean, '*she's not my type*'?" said Suzi as she pulled up her legs and kneeled next to him. "She's pretty attractive, I reckon that she's exactly '*your type*'!"

"I don't mix business and pleasure," said Martin. "You know that that's not my way."

"You must have been tempted, dear. Two lonely and alluring women living together in the wilderness. If anyone knows your type, it's me!"

"There's a good reason for them being up there," said Martin. "They are lovers, well at least I reckon that that's the case."

"Karen is married," said Suzi. "Maybe she likes to vary her diet?"

Martin looked his wife in the eye.

"I'll swear, there's nothing going on!"

"Of course, dear, but just you mind yourself around her and her 'friend'. Anyway, she invited me up to see the house tomorrow, so I'll get all the gossip that the papers have not printed."

"Be careful," said Martin almost instinctively.

"What do you mean by that? What's to be careful about?"

"I just meant that she's a client of mine and there's privilege."

"I only know about what's in the papers," said Suzi with a frown. "Anything that she tells me is strictly between her and me! As a friend."

"All I meant was, that you really don't want to get mixed up in this," said Martin as he felt a spasm in his stomach. "There's reporters on her doorstep and I don't want your picture on the front page!"

"Don't be so silly, dear. What can possibly happen?"

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The winding road between Middlesbrough and Helmsley took Suzi's Audi past the small farms

## Second Sub Routine

and grazing sheep and then onto the moor above. As she drove, Suzi allowed her thoughts to dwell on how uncomfortable her husband had been discussing a case that normally he would have been bubbling over with.

Every case, no matter how trivial had been discussed between them and now that he had a major case like this, suddenly he had gone all silent. It was true, she thought, most of what she knew was the lurid tale told by the local papers. There had to be something going on, she could feel it; sense his evasion and reticence about things that would normally have been avid gossip.

Sometimes he was so obtuse.

Almost at the Abbey, she followed the GPS and found herself on a one-track road buried deep between the high hedgerows. Suddenly, she rounded a corner to find herself drawing up in front of a large stone house that appeared to have been a farm before it had been tastefully converted to a modern manor-house. She pulled in next to the small sports car that was the only other vehicle on the graveled forecourt and stepped out of the car to admire the house.

As she stood, leaning with one hand on the bonnet of her car, the front door opened and a woman that Suzi only recognized from the photos in the papers appeared to stand in the doorway.

“Hi there, you must be Suzi,” said Angie. “Karen’s just grabbing a shower, so come on in and I’ll get you a coffee.”

Suzi tried not to stare at the young woman as she walked into the house because she was dressed in an almost eccentric costume, all tight leather with a pencil skirt and heels so high that Suzi wondered how she managed to walk on them.

“And, you must be Angela,” said Suzi as her eyes took in the corset that overlapped the waist of her skirt and held her large breasts high for inspection.

“Call me Angie, everyone else does. You are Martin’s wife if I understood Karen properly?”

“Mm, I bumped into her yesterday and she invited me up.”

“Well, it’s good to have a guest who doesn’t just want a lurid story from us,” said Angie with a small laugh. “Come on in, there’s a fire in the grate and Karen will be down in a sec.”

The house had obviously been recently redecorated and showed a lack of furniture.

“It’s not finished yet,” said Angie as she led Suzi into the front room. “We’re taking our time to get it right.”

“I wish I could afford to do something like this,” said Suzi as she sat on the massive leather sofa.

“Well, if Martin does his job properly, you’ll get the chance,” laughed Suzi. “Now then, the coffee. White or black?”

## Second Sub Routine

“I’ll come with you, if you don’t mind,” said Suzi. “I’d love to take a peek.”

“Of course, but the kitchen is not finished yet, it’s a bit of a work-in-progress.”

Suzi walked behind Angie and watched the way that her hips dipped at every step of her heels. If anything, she was even more attractive than Karen. A narrow waist, long legs and a confident way of carrying herself, a poise that spoke of total self-assurance.

“Here we go,” said Angie as she pulled out a barstool from under the small breakfast bar. “You sit yourself down and I’ll be mother!”

Angie started on the coffee, while Suzi watched every movement. There was a sexiness to every move of the hand, a sensual touch that made Suzi envious.

“Ah, you’re here already,” said Karen, as she entered the kitchen. “Make a mug for me too.”

Suzi turned to the voice and managed to stifle a gasp. The Karen that had seemed so elegant and prim in town yesterday was dressed as if she was about to set off for a fetish ball. A dress in matt material that hugged every contour, ankle boots from which small golden padlocks hung and long gloves that covered her from elbow to where her fingertips with long black nails emerged at the tips of her fingers.

Karen smiled as she noticed the attempt to mask a reaction and said, “I just wanted to try this on, we’re going out tonight and I wanted to see how it looks, though to be honest, it’s just a little staid!”

“Not at all, it’s an eye-opener,” said Suzi. “You’ll knock them all dead wearing that!”

“That’s the idea,” replied Karen as she made a full turn on her heels. “I just love being the center of attention!”

Angie stared to giggle as she placed a mug of steaming coffee in front of Suzi.

“Just wait until you see my dress,” she laughed.

Karen pulled out a stool and carefully hoisted herself onto it, the arches of her heels hooked over the footrest.

“It’s not all that practical,” she said, as she settled. “But then, who needs practical?”

Suzi nodded and decided that she liked her two new friends. There was an honesty that she admired, an attitude of self-confidence that most of her other friends lacked. No wonder that her husband had not been eager to discuss them, if they had greeted him like this, he would have had a hard-on from the moment that he passed the door!

Karen smiled and said, “I noticed that you admired my handbag, yesterday.”

## Second Sub Routine

The conversation moved on and Suzi felt herself relax. She had half expected some admission, some sly hint of misdoings, but there was just coffee and girl-talk and it did not take long for her to feel a warmth that she reciprocated.

They snacked on biscuits and a second and third coffee after which the two women took Suzi on a tour of the house, pointing out the decoration that was yet to come. Many of the rooms were bare of furniture. It was the bedroom that showed Suzi that there was more between them than just a friendship. Described by Angie as ‘our bedroom’, she admired the heavy but tasteful décor and found herself more than a little envious of a bathroom that was bigger than her own living room.

Two hours later and Suzi started to feel the urge to leave. She felt as if she wanted an excuse to see them again and did not want to exhaust every subject of conversation.

“Thanks so much,” she said, as the third coffee came to an end and the moment seemed right. “We’ll have to meet up again.”

“You are welcome any time,” said Angie. “Here’s my number.”

She scribbled a number on a scrap of paper and passed it to her new friend.

“Thanks,” said Suzi. “Hang on, I’ll just call and you’ll get mine, I can never remember it.”

She fiddled with her phone and Angie’s started a moaning sound in response.

“Cool ring-tone,” laughed Karen. “All she thinks about is sex.”

Suzi smiled and closed the line.

“Well, now I can make you whimper every time that I call,” said Suzi with a chuckle. “Listen, I really have to be off, Martin gets home in an hour.”

“What are you doing tonight?” asked Karen.

“Probably just TV and a take-out.”

“Well then, why don’t you meet up with us in town and we’ll have a girls’ night out?”

“I’m not sure if...”

“Oh, forget that husband of yours, he’ll cope quite well enough on his own. We’ll drink champers all night and have a great time.”

Suzi looked at the two women and wondered if she could compete with them. ‘*Perhaps,*’ she thought, ‘*a little black dress and heels.*’

## Second Sub Routine

“Come on, let’s go and have some fun,” said Karen, “We’ll meet up in Charlie’s and then have a night on the tiles. It’ll be such fun!”

Suzi hesitated a moment and then she was lost.

“OK, at eight, you’re right, I need to get drunk and a little wild!”

“That’s the spirit, you’re on.”

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Angie and Karen watched the Audi pull from away from the house and giggled like two schoolgirls.

“Ooh, this is going to be a lark,” said Angie to Karen.

“You’re a little demon,” said Karen, as she kissed her friend. “What have you got in mind for poor little housewife Suzi?”

“Oh, just a little seduction,” said Angie. “What fun to fuck the husband *and* the wife, all she needs is a push and she’ll be hooked!”

“Don’t I get a look in then?”

“Of course, you’re her bestest friend,” lisped Angie. “I’ll even let you have her first.”

“Do we tell her about her little hubby’s adventure?”

“Why not? After all, we can console her afterwards while she learns a few new tricks for us both!”

“Bitch!”

“Bitch, yourself, dear. Now then, I have to choose what to wear, what will she respond to?”

“Well, she liked the leather look,” said Karen. “How about, we switch and you go that way and then the thigh high boots to make it complete?”

“Too much,” said Angie. “No, let’s be cat-walk fetish.”

“There’s that leather new skirt I’ve just bought. I’ll go leather, you go latex!”

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Suzi stood, or rather she leaned on the bar unsteadily and smiled at her friends while she moved her feet to stand straight. All around her, the music in the club boomed bass and small groups



## Second Sub Routine

and couples shouted over it as they drank.

“I really have to go,” she said in a slurred voice. “It’s after two and Martin will start to worry.”

“What? You told him that you were going out with *us*?” shouted Angie.

“No, but he was expecting me back at midnight!”

“Pumpkin time is well past,” said Karen. “This is an all-nighter!”

“Where do we go from here?” asked Angie. “There’s still two clubs that we haven’t been to yet.”

“No really, I have to get back,” said Suzi. “It’s been great, but if I drink another cocktail I’ll fall over!”

“We’ll get a taxi together,” said Angie. “We can do this all again tomorrow anyway!”

Suzi took her hand from the bar and discovered that she could just about manage to balance.

“You took a taxi all the way here?” she asked.

“Of course, can’t drive after one of our binges!”

Suzi finished her glass and put an arm around Angie as they left the club. It was not often that she wore heels this high, except in bed, and the clasps on her stockings were rasping at her thighs. Angie and Karen seemed to have no problems as they descended the dark stairwell and supported their tipsy friend to the street.

The black and yellow taxis were gathered like hearses for virginity outside the club as couples slid into them and they rolled away. The three women joined the queue where Suzi had to fend off a young man who had got it into his head to try to proposition her while Angie and Karen stood laughing at her confusion.

At last, they were in the taxi and all cuddled up on the back seat. Angie and Karen on either side and Suzi squeezed into the middle. Now that she was sitting, she felt drowsy and her head lolled to rest on Karen’s shoulder.

She started to doze.

When Suzi awoke it was to find that she was still in the taxi. There were no streetlights, just the dark shadows of hedgerows passing.

“Where are we?” she asked as she tried to make out the landscape.

“Nearly there,” said Karen. “We didn’t have your address, so you’re bedding down at our place tonight.”

## Second Sub Routine

“Shit,” said Suzi as she shook her head. “I have to get home.”

“Too late for that now,” laughed Karen. “In a minute we’ll be there.”

“I’ll just take the taxi back to town,” said Suzi. “Drop you two off and...”

“Don’t be silly, Suzi, we’ll look after you and you can go home tomorrow!”

Suzi’s hand felt the soft warm latex under her hand and realized that she had her palm on Karen’s thigh. She could feel the clasps of stockings under the smooth material and pulled her hand away with a jerk.

The taxi came to a halt in a crunch of gravel and Angie paid the driver.

“Come back tomorrow at midday to take our friend home, that’s when you’ll get the tip!” she said, as she slammed the door closed.

Karen and Angie put their arms around Suzi’s waist and steadied her to the door.

“A little snifter of brandy and we’re ready for bed,” laughed Angie as they entered the house.

“No, really I can’t,” said Suzi, “I can’t take any more.”

“Don’t be daft, Suzi! Just a night cap and then we’ll find a bed for you!”

Karen poured three huge brandies and passed one to Suzi.

“Drink up, dear, then you’ll sleep like a baby!”

Suzi lifted the glass and smelled the warm scent of the cognac. It tasted like fire on her tongue, but slipped down her throat leaving a heat in her mouth that was so enjoyable.

The other two women placed their untouched drinks on the table and led Suzi to the stairs.

“Come on, we have a bed for you all nice and ready,” said Angie as they made their way up the stairs. “The evening is not over yet.”

Suzi allowed herself to be walked down the long corridor where Karen opened the door and she found herself staring into their bedroom.

“You’re giving me your room?” asked Suzi, her thoughts a jumble as the brandy made itself felt.

“Share and share alike,” said Karen, as she led Suzi to the bed. “Come on, let’s get you to bed.” For a moment Suzi tried to fend off the hands that started to undress her, but the two women were insistent. Karen pulling down the zipper of her dress, while Angie unhooked her bra. She

## Second Sub Routine

stood semi naked, just her panties, the smooth girdle and her stockings and shoes still in place.

“You’re ready for our bed now,” said Karen, as she led Suzi to the huge soft bed. “Up you hop!”

Suzi fell back on the bed onto her elbows, her legs dangling off it at the knees.

“Are you seducing me?” she asked.

“No darling, we’re going to use you,” laughed Karen as she slid onto the bed on all fours. “If you’re a good little girl for us.”

The rest of the sentence remained unsaid as Angie started to unzip her leather skirt to reveal her long stockinged legs and smooth sex.

“I can’t do this,” said Suzi, struggling to sit up.

“Nonsense,” replied Karen as she pushed Suzi back down and slid her hand into Suzi’s knickers. “All you have to do is relax and enjoy.”

The hand found the delicate fold of skin under Suzi’s pubic hair and a finger slipped into the moist opening.

Suzi gasped and slumped back to the bed clothes as she felt Angie’s hands on her knees, opening her thighs to allow her to kneel between her legs. For a moment Suzi tried to close her legs, but shoulders held her open and a soft kiss above her stockings brushed her bare skin.

“Please,” begged Suzi, “Don’t...”

Her words ended in a gasp as insistent fingers pushed into her and kisses were planted on her inner thighs.

“Don’t fight it, Suzi, just surrender.”

Suzi’s legs relaxed and Angie pushed deeper. Now her lips were kissing the delicate arches between pussy and thigh, a rose flush creeping in advance, as the hand withdrew and pulled her knickers to the side to allow lips to caress the lips of her pussy.

“That’s better,” came Angie’s voice from below.

Suzi gasped as the tongue pushed into her, Angie’s hands now holding her open wide.

“Mm, delicious,” said Angie, “roses and honey.”

Suzi felt a wave of desire coursing through her head as Karen’s hands moved up to tease her nipples. They massaged them and pulled a little as a tongue found her clitoris and she surrendered to the seduction.

## Second Sub Routine

“Can’t allow Angie to do all of the work,” said Karen in a soft tone.

Suzi felt Karen move on the bed and opened her eyes just as a smooth thigh lifted over her head to place Karen’s dripping pussy in full view.

“Up you come,” said Karen, as hands closed on Suzi’s head and lifted her lips to press into the wetness. “Show me what you can do with those lips.”

Suzi looked up. The curve of the slit that dripped with excitement, the smooth belly and hanging breasts that framed Karen’s smiling face and she knew that she had to please her friend. *Had* to lap at that pussy. Her lips pouted and she pushed up and savored the sweet scent, her lips touched and suddenly she found that she was lapping at Karen,

pushing her tongue into her, seeking the clitoris that she knew would swell free as between her own legs, Angie pushed her towards a climax.

“Good girl,” said Karen, as her hands allowed Suzi go. “make me cum, darling.”

Suzi pushed up, suddenly it seemed the most important thing in the world to make Karen climax. Everything depended on it, friendship, love and the orgasm that was starting to make itself felt in her own desperate pussy.

Karen came first, she ground down on Suzi, opening her legs to press hard and move her hips forward to show her lover where to perform with her lips. She cried out in passion and pressed ever harder while Angie forced Suzi to her first orgasm.

Suddenly it was too much, Suzi clamped her legs together as she tried to force Angie from her, but the legs clamped around Angie’s head, holding her deep until at last thighs opened and Angie pulled from the dripping cunt and planted a last lingering kiss on those tender lips.

Karen slid back and looked down at Suzi.

“Just the starter,” she laughed. “Once Angie gets going, we’ll be fucking her all night before she’s satisfied!”

Suzi just lay in her post orgasmic fugue. Above her was the gorgeous woman whose pussy she had just serviced, between her legs she could feel the shoulders that held her wide.

“It was never like this,” she breathed.

“Men just don’t know how it is,” laughed Angie. “One little push and it’s all over, we’ll show you what real loving is. Men have no idea at all, just in and out and it’s all over.”

“You taste of roses,” mumbled Suzi.

## Second Sub Routine

“You can’t feel the thorns,” said Karen. “But, they’re there.”

“I’ll get the crop,” said Angie. “Then the real fun can begin.”

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Martin wondered if he should call the police. His hand went to his phone and then withdrew. Suzi had never stayed out the night and now it was already one in the afternoon. Her phone gave her mailbox reply and calls to all of her friends had yielded no sign of her whereabouts.

Maybe he should wait an hour or two longer?

He moved to the window and stood indecisive. Her car was in the drive, where it had been all night and he wondered where she had been. His wife had just said that she was ‘going out for the night’, but all the people that she would have normally gone with had seen answered in the negative.

A taxi pulled up.

The door at the rear opened and Suzi slid out of the seat before pulling at her little black dress and paying the driver. Martin had a premonition of a coming disagreement and tried to calm himself as she walked up the drive and the taxi swung back into the afternoon traffic.

He heard the door open and then close, her footsteps in the hallway and then she wandered into the room wearing a smile.

“I was worried,” he said. “Where were you?”

Despite swearing to himself that he would not question her, he just could not help himself.

“Angie and Karen’s,” she said.

“For the night?”

He was about to say more, but her left hand lifted to stop his next question. With her right she dipped into her hand bag and pulled out her phone. Her fingers moved and she held it up for him to see.

On the screen was a photo of Martin naked, Angie on the bed behind him, legs open, her knickers stretched tightly over her pussy.

“We need to have a little talk,” she said.

### **Third Sub Routine**

#### **Imperative Programming (Today)**

He looked at the bowl and his stomach churned with the smell that rose from it. Desperately hungry, he had filled it to the mark around the circumference of the steel dish as required and kneeled over it on all fours. As usual he had liquidized all of the slops in his bucket, making a goo that was neither liquid nor really solid. A reek of last night's champagne, the remains of his owner's breakfast, the salty snacks and chocolate biscuits that had melted into the liquid and mashed potato from yesterday's lunch all stirred with gravy and caramel ice-cream that had been left to melt.

His tongue lapped in a small test and then he started to eat. Each mouthful that he sucked up had to be forced down and then followed by another, but it filled him and he would have to lick the bowl clean before he was allowed to report to be punished for his mistakes earlier in the day.

At least he had finished the ironing, each pair of panties at a different temperature, each stocking warm-ironed and folded if it did not need to be darned for his own later use. The third mouthful was down when he heard someone enter the kitchen behind him, but he dared not look up. It was not permitted for him to look at his mistresses unless they addressed him directly. By the rhythm of the footsteps, he could tell that it was Angie that now stood behind him. He risked a small glance at her feet framed between his legs and felt a small surge of fear.

Her slender ankles and feet were stepped high by the open high-heeled sandals, gatherings of her stockings at her ankles. He bent down to the bowl again and sucked up the next mouthful of goo and felt a hand on his behind.

"Hurry up and lick the bowl clean," said Angie's voice behind him from above. "Then report to me in your room to set up your lover."

His lover, the name that she had given the machine that would fuck him for half an hour if she decided that she would impose the full penalty that she had decided earlier.

Her hand slapped his balls and he had to struggle not to wince. Instead, he raised his behind and opened his legs to allow her proper access. This too was required! Every action that the two fiends that owned him was always to be followed by an act of thanks or further submission. Something that he had learned by bitter trial and error.

He felt her clutch at him and gasped as she squeezed.

"Poor little maid," she said with a small laugh. "Do you like that?"

A direct question always had to be answered.

"Yes, Miss," he said and then dipped his head into the bowl again so that he would not have to say more.

Her fingers ran around the metal collar that was screwed around his aching balls and fluttered

### Third Sub Routine

over the green light that blinked every now and again to show that the link to the system was active.

“I think that we’re not milking you often enough,” she said. “The manual for the system says that if we step up the frequency, you’ll dribble cum all the time. Would you like that?”

The maid had no time to answer because as she spoke another pair of heels sounded on the kitchen floor and he heard Suzi’s voice.

“That’s *my* intention,” said Suzi to Angie as she watched the hand slap the vulnerable stretched balls.

Phil bit back a whine and started to lick his bowl avidly to show how much he enjoyed his breakfast.

“You shouldn’t give him human food,” said Suzi as she took a peep into the quarter full bucket of slops. “It makes men feel so full of themselves. I make mine throw all the leavings and scraps away and then chow down on cheap, tinned fodder.”

Angie shrugged and kicked the bucket over slowly with her foot.

“Eat the rest, pig,” she laughed. “I think that Suzi is right, we are *far* too generous to you. It’s about time that you moved up a level or two, you still think that you’re human, don’t you?”

The maid dared look up. Phil could feel the goo from the spilled bucket under his palms, but dared not move.

“Yes, Miss,” he whispered.

“That won’t do! How *dare* you have an opinion about your status? I think that it’s time for a little open discussion about your presence here. I’m sure that Suzi has some great ideas and Karen will be sure to want more from you, so I think that we are going to take away all of the rewards and benefits that you get and make you into something that is more suitable for our use!”

“Ooh, Angie, I’d just love to be part of that discussion,” said Suzi.

She stepped around the crawling maid and came to stand in the puddle that was spreading in his sight.

“You can start by licking my shoes clean, slut,” she said.

She lifted her shoe and presented the sole to his tongue.

When you’ve finished eating your last real meal, then report to your cell,” said Angie, “You have ten minutes!”

### **Third Sub Routine**

Suzi put her foot back into the mess on the floor and followed her friend to the living room.

“Make sure that you lick it all up,” said Suzi over her shoulder as she left a trail of sloppy footprints across the floor.



### **Third Sub Routine**

#### **Interface Preparation (A year ago)**

“You are a loser,” said Suzi to her husband, Martin. “How could you let that little shit take half of Karen’s winnings?”

“I put in the appeal,” said Martin in a subdued voice. “Please don’t get angry, I did what I could!”

“Well, it wasn’t enough. You and I both know that she’ll lose the appeal. In this backwater, it’s the only way that the judge can make his name. He’s sure to uphold the decision and then she’ll have to pay. Christ, if you weren’t Karen’s only hope I’d kick you out right now!”

“That’s not fair,” he wailed. “I really am doing everything that I can. I know how much it means to you and Karen, but I have to play by the rules!”

“Why the fuck is that the case? You could bribe someone! We get paid a million if you win, a chance like this won’t ever come again. You are fast becoming the man who didn’t make me rich!”

Martin looked at the floor and felt a wave of misery overcome him. Self-pity and desolation that filled his mind. Six months ago, Suzi had come back from that night with Karen and Angie and nothing had been the same since. Since the moment that she had shown him the photo and he knew that he was trapped. Knew that he was in the wrong and that nothing that he could say would ever make a difference.

How could he tell her that he had been seduced? Seduced and fucked while he served in their bed? Suzi would just laugh at him, more so now that Karen and Angie were her best friends and did everything together. It was not them that she blamed, it was him and there was no way to prove that he would be forever faithful from now on.

Suzi just refused to listen!

She used every opportunity to humiliate him, make fun of him, put him down.

“What were you doing at the office so long this evening?” asked Suzi. “Fucking that secretary of yours?”

“Please, no! I would never dare,” said Martin.

“Just like you fucked Karen and Angie?” she said and enjoyed the sight of him squirming.

He closed his lips and looked at her feet.

Now that she had installed a program that followed his phone’s every move, he had to answer a continuous list of questions about his day while she traced his route and interrogated him about every movement.

### Third Sub Routine

“I didn’t,” he said.

“I don’t believe you for one moment,” she said. “Karen just says that you’re making passes all the time and I’ll bet that you do it with secretaries, clients and any other sluts that come into your life.”

“Jesus, Suzi. Don’t be so irrational. How would I ever find time?”

“I know that you leave your phone in the car sometimes so that you can sneak out and evade me tracking you,” said Suzi triumphantly. “It didn’t move all of yesterday.”

Martin found that he wanted to explain that he took a client to dinner but he dared not say that, or there would have been even more trouble. Was there nothing that he could say or do to calm her down?

“Please, I’ll do anything to convince you,” he said in a plaintive voice.

“Anything?”

“If it will convince you that I’m not having an affair!”

“Then come with me,” she said with sly smile. “I’ve got just the thing!”

She led her husband to the bedroom.

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“It was really that easy?” asked Karen. “I mean you just whipped his trousers down and locked his cock up in a steel cage and he let you?”

“I ordered it three months ago,” said Suzi with a grin. “In fact, I ordered three and then picked the one that seemed most secure. Once the ring is clipped around his balls and the cage is on there is no way for the little shit to even have a wank!”

Angie started to laugh.

“I think that we’ve given you ideas,” she said. “You sleep around here twice a week at least; we fuck like rabbits and you punish poor little Martin for not even managing to have a proper one-night-stand!”

“It’s the lies and what goes on in his tiny little mind that object to,” said Suzi. “I’m allowed to do what I want; all he has to do is be the perfect husband. He hasn’t been allowed to touch me for six months now and then it occurred to me that he might be getting it somewhere else instead. Anyway, I don’t want him using his hand either!”

“If I still had a husband, I’d get one fitted as well,” said Karen. “Trouble is; I’m going to have to

### Third Sub Routine

pay the little shit when the appeal comes and then off, he'll waltz and be chasing tail from one end of the country to the other!"

"You *are* going to lose aren't you!" said Suzi. "I mean Phil is quite sure that the appeal will fail and the money that you had to put in escrow will be paid out by the court."

"There's nothing to do about it," sighed Karen. "I've been to three other solicitors and they all say the same thing. The money that bought the ticket was half his. If I had lost, then the loss would have been shared, that means that the win has to be shared as well!"

"I suppose that I was lucky to get a black eye and kicked out of the house before I bought my ticket," said Angie. "I know the piece of shit went to a lawyer, but he got nowhere!"

"It's difficult to swallow, but there it is," said Karen. "I still have over twelve million you know, it's loads of money, more than enough."

"It's not about the money," said Angie. "It's the principle of the thing. It's just not fair."

They sat in the café lost in thought for five minutes before Suzi spoke.

"You know there might be a way, but it's a bit extreme!"

"What's that?" said Angie and Karen at once.

"Well, there's one thing that can stop the case dead in its tracks."

Karen smiled and said, "If I shot him, I'd go to jail and his close relatives would get the money. Even if I wanted to kill him, we'd not only never get away with it, we'd not even get the money!"

"That's not the idea, though I must admit that I've thought about it."

"I admit. So, did I!" laughed Angie. "Won't work."

"Go on then, Suzi, tell me!"

"What if there was a reconciliation?"

"That's not a good idea," said Karen. "It would be the end of us... I'd rather lose the money than get back together with him. No, can do!"

"Wait a sec," said Angie. "It only has to *look* like a reconciliation, it doesn't have to actually happen!"

"I can't see how that would work," said Karen. "He would have to stand up in court and pull out of the case."

### Third Sub Routine

“Exactly, that’s where we have to get the little shit to,” said Angie. “I’ll tell you what, let’s all meet up tomorrow night and then we can hash it out between us to see if it’s an option.”

“I can’t see how.”

“Never mind the details, just hang on to the main idea,” said Suzi to Karen. “We have to get him to withdraw of his own accord. That’s all.”

“Making a man withdraw when he’s almost at the money-shot is not going to be easy,” laughed Angie.

“But I’ll bet that it’s possible for us,” answered Suzi. “Listen girls, today I locked my husband’s little cock in a cage, this can’t be too difficult!”

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Karen picked up her mobile and took a deep breath before she called. She could feel a cold sweat starting and the fact that Suzi and Angie were watching her made it all the harder.

“Is that Karen?” said Phil.

“Er, yes.”

“Why are you calling? My lawyer said not to talk to you.”

“We *are* still married. I just wanted to talk.”

“There’s nothing to talk about, Karen!”

“Yes, there is. I want to meet up with you and discuss something that’s on my mind.”

“Then talk to your lawyer, he’ll talk to my lawyer, he’ll talk to me and then we’ll see!”

“I am going to give up the appeal,” said Karen. “It’s all wrong, the money is yours and I wish that I’d never started this whole thing.”

“Oh, well in that case!”

“I mean it, Phil, we should stop this now and discuss it through. Then we can sort out the money without the help of all those greedy solicitors and at least we can say that the divorce was amicable!”

Karen could see the shocked look on Angie’s face. She had moved right to the end of the game-plan at the first sentence and it was clear that Angie was bursting to say something.

“OK, let’s meet up. Somewhere where the press won’t find us, because that’s the worst thing

### **Third Sub Routine**

about this.”

“How about a quiet place well out of town? Whitby?”

There was a small pause while Phil thought about it and then he said, “Whitby tomorrow, at the Magpie at three, and don’t bring that bitch Angie with you!”

“I’ll come alone,” said Karen in a meek voice. “Then we can sort out all of this mess and live our lives.”

“At three, tomorrow,” said Phil.

The line cut and Karen breathed a sigh of relief.

“You gave in way too easily,” said Angie in an accusatory tone. “You can’t pull out of the appeal just like that!”

“It’s what I said, baby, not what I’m going to do,” said Karen.

“Well, it’s your twelve million at stake, so it’s your call.”

“So, now what?” asked Suzi. “Even if he falls for this, you’ll have to pay from the escrow account at some point. Then what?”

“Ah, that would be telling.”

### **Third Sub Routine**

#### **Null Value Variable (Today)**

When he heard the door open, Phil breathed a sigh of relief. The half hour had seemed never-ending. In the darkness of the eyeless hood the only focus was the stimulation and punishment that came in waves one after another until he lost count as his thoughts surged through his mind. Three times or four, he wondered as the click of the heels on the tiled floor moved from left to right.

Milked and fucked until he felt that he could give no more, the machine worked away at him to find a last reserve that it squeezed from his cock with ruthless dedication. Small shocks, vibrations and changes in pressure, the worst was that the program seemed to learn as it was allowed to control him. The rubber prick embedded deep inside his ass did not just move in and out like a crude machine-lover, it sensed pressures, temperatures and resistances to find that spot that forced him to release.

No climax, no orgasm, that would have been a reward. Just a dribble of cum that was collected by suction, measured and assessed, allowing the computer to decide its next torment.

The footsteps came to a halt and there was silence.

The maid flexed, but the straps that buckled him into the frame held him tight with no possibility of movement.

“Three strokes of the cane,” said Angie’s voice. “One for daring to have an opinion, one for not clearing the mess with the attention to detail that we expect and the last for not realizing that we had a guest for you to serve and that tissue in your stocking-top.”

Phil braced himself when he heard a small noise that might have been Angie moving her feet to take a better position, but the stroke did not come. Phil held his breath and tensed, but still, it did not happen.

“I can wait,” said Angie with a chuckle.

His muscles bunched and he felt lightheaded with holding his breath in anticipation. Sweat started to well from the pores on his back as the intruder in him pushed deep and started to pulse in preparation for another cycle.

At last, he had to relax, his breath leaking in a hiss from the tube in his mask as he admitted defeat. His body relaxed and the cane administered a sharp blow on his backside just as he wondered if Angie had noticed yet that he had surrendered.

“One,” said Angie. “You do not learn, do you? What we want is so simple, so easily understood. Just one rule, total obedience. Is that too much to ask?”

The second slash of the cane was almost laid perfectly over the first. Phil could not help himself crying out in shock and felt tears filling his eyes. He blinked them away to leech between the

### Third Sub Routine

tight rubber and his skin.

“Two,” laughed Angie. “Silence as you are punished. One more sound like that and I shall double the count. As far as I’m concerned you can stay here all day.”

Phil bit his lip and forced himself to relax. His thighs shuddered, his breath came in gasps and the fucking machine started to move its grip back and forth over his erection. It clasped tight at the root of him, forcing rigidity while a series of pulses stroked him deep inside.

“Ooh, that’s perfect,” said Angie with a small chuckle. “I do believe that I have timed this to perfection!”

The vibrations stepped up a level, and smooth strokes caused him to struggle in the straps. A single withdrawal and then forced entry in his rear, the violator swelling to his limit until he felt as if he would split wide. He gasped for air and then abruptly, the stimulation was withdrawn as just a few dewdrops of cum seeped and were greedily drained to join the rest.

That was the moment picked for the final cruel stroke of the cane. Once again it was within an ace of the previous two. Phil opened his mouth wide and exhaled, making his squeal of anguish into a hiss of breath which seemingly passed unnoticed by his wife’s lover.

“That’s better,” said Angie’s voice over the ringing in his ears. “I knew that you could do it. “Get dressed and finish your chores by three. Then you will start on preparing for the party tonight.”

As she spoke, he felt her hands loosening the straps that held him tight. The dildo deflated and then withdrew from his ass leaving him juddering on the hard metal frame. A hand smoothed over his hanging breasts and teased the huge nipples before slapping sharply.

“Not big enough,” she muttered, though whether she was commenting on the sizeable breasts or extensive nipples was unclear.

Her hands pulled at the back of the mask (mask or hood?), allowing it to fall to the floor.

“Up now, lazy cow, there’s work to do.

“We don’t keep you under our roof to spend all your time having a break! Suzi is right, we have been far too considerate in your regime. It’s time to stop being so sympathetic to your inconsequential needs and concentrate on our requirements.”

Phil climbed from the frame and knelt on the hard floor at her feet, his lips just an inch from her stilettos.

“No, you’re not allowed to kiss them,” said Angie, “from now on that’s a reward for good behavior! Get dressed and downstairs because we fancy a little afternoon tea.”

Angie swished the cane in the air and then turned on her heel to stalk from the room. It was not

### Third Sub Routine

until the door had closed that the trembling slave dared to get dressed.

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“I’ll have to go by four,” said Suzi. “If I’m to get back and get hubby ready and then be here at eight.”

The door opened and the maid entered from the kitchen with a tray heaped with china. He gracefully bowed down and began to set the small table with a lace cloth and the porcelain, making sure not to allow any sound of his work disturb his owners.

Suzi watched and smiled, “I am so lucky to have Leona. She has taken to babysitting Martin like a duck to water. She teases him continually. As soon as he sees her, he starts to cry.”

“She’s welcome to come tonight, you know,” said Karen. “She’ll enjoy the chance to amuse herself with Phil and Martin. That’ll just make the five of us, because I’ve invited Daniella as well. I have an offer for her.”

“Mm, what’s that, dear?” asked Angie.

“We’ll discuss it fully tonight at the party, let’s just say that she’s looking for a job again and I was thinking that she’d be perfect for us!”

“In what way?” asked Angie.

The maid felt a chill, a sudden goose-pimpling at the thought of seeing Daniella again. That two weeks when she had cared for him while his wife and her lover had been on holiday had been a nightmare.

“Well, Suzi has Leona, we should have a strong woman to organize everything here,” said Karen. “First we have to see if she’s game for it and then we can see how it all fits in. After all, there’s plenty of room here and it will make things so much easier.”

Angie looked a little dubious and just nodded before asking, “I know that she’s a friend of yours, and that she did a great job for a couple of weeks, but I’m not sure if she should move in.”

“Let’s put it to her and see what she says,” said Karen.

Angie crossed her legs and watched as the maid walked back to the kitchen to bring the rest of the food. She winked at Karen and patted her knee affectionately.

“I want to discuss him,” she said nodding at Karen’s husband. “I think that Suzi’s right, we should be thinking about pushing a little harder.”

Karen looked at Angie and noted her expression.



### Third Sub Routine

“You’re jealous of him, aren’t you?” she said.

“Of course not,” exclaimed Angie. “It’s just that we need to tighten up a bit here and there and you are too soft to see that he needs a firm hand.”

“Too soft? That’s a little overdone!”

“But, it’s true. I can think of loads of examples where he has got away with less than perfect service and you have allowed it!”

“Like what?”

Suzi looked at Angie and suppressed a smile. A year ago, Angie had been the one that had encouraged her lover to enjoy one partner after another, now she was even jealous of Karen’s ex-husband.

“For instance, the serviette in the stocking. What the fuck was that all about?”

Karen started to laugh.

“I checked the recording and he spilled some coffee and had to mop it up, Angie. The only place he could put the serviette was in his stocking top!”

“See, that’s what I mean. You are giving him all the excuses. I’ve got another. This morning he had a spillage in the laundry room from the washing machine.”

“Did he clear up the mess?” asked Karen.

“Of course, but it should never have happened in the first place. Once again you are defending him!”

The door to the kitchen opened and the maid came in with two plates of titbits and small sandwiches stacked high.

“I’m not defending him; I’m just saying that the end result was fine. I think that you hate the fact that he is my ex and now you’re determined to punish him for that!”

“Suzi, what do you think?” asked Angie.

“Hey, you know my opinion,” replied Suzi. “I think that constant humiliation and punishment is good for a man. They are just pigs and need to be reminded of the fact all the time!”

“Well, I just want a perfect maid to make my life a bed of roses,” said Karen. “Punishment is used to correct mistakes and naughty behavior. Small rewards are given for good conduct and every moment is filled with activity and small torments to keep him focused.”

### Third Sub Routine

“Come over here,” said Angie to the maid. “This concerns your future with us. I think that you need to listen carefully.”

Phil turned and walked to stand by Karen’s armchair. He stared at the floor, his eyes moving from one pair of legs to the next.

“See,” said Angie. “Even now he thinks that he can eye us up and get away with it!”

Her hand lifted the frills of the maid’s skirt to expose the metal tube where it was plain that he was getting aroused. She allowed the hem to drop and ran her hand to the exposed breasts.

“Of course, he’s getting aroused, that’s the whole idea,” said Karen “Chastity and constant arousal. That’s what we agreed.”

A frustrated expression played on Angie’s face as she looked Karen’s ex-husband up and down.

“Well, I just think that you’re getting sentimental,” she said.

“About Phil?” exclaimed Karen. “That’s below the belt!”

Angie’s hand pinched a nipple and tweaked it between her nails.

“This morning we already agreed that we should change his diet,” said Angie sullenly. “Have you changed your mind about that too?”

“Of course not, darling. I just want to use the leftovers as a reward so that he appreciates our generosity when he has been obedient. Listen, let’s not fight about this, I know that he’s not perfect, but he belongs to me and I will decide how the rest of his life goes. I want a perfect little maid as much as you, it’s just that I think that he will respond better if he understands that rewards will be given if he is properly obedient.”

Angie let the nipple go and slapped the smooth skin of Phil’s breasts.

“Rewards are not the way to go. So, you own him?” she said.

“Of course, I do, don’t forget it was me that trapped him. Let’s not argue about this, Angie. If you want a free hand, then find another man to train and then you can do it your way.”

“I might just do that,” said Angie.

“Fine, as you like.”

“Someone in mind?” asked Suzi.

“I was thinking about the man that gave me a black eye and threw me out of my home,” muttered Angie. “Once he’s under my control there’ll be no holding me back!”

### Third Sub Routine

The maid stood shaking. He felt a sudden warmth for Karen that he had not felt for so long. A need to show her that he loved her and was so grateful for the way that she resisted Angie's sadistic impulses. He longed to drop to all-fours and kiss her feet in

thanks, but dared not move without her permission. He could still feel the ache in those breasts where Angie had slapped them. A warmth and ache in the tender flesh that only ever receded slowly.

"You can go back to your work," said Karen at last. "Don't disappoint me!"

Phil turned and dared glance at her face for a brief moment. She was smiling and he almost thought that she winked at him as he turned and headed back to the kitchen with a feeling of relief.

"Look," said Angie. "Even the seams of his stockings are not straight!"

Karen laughed.

"OK, OK, you can punish him for that later, darling. Three strokes should be enough."

The maid stepped into the kitchen and closed the door, breathing a sigh of relief that was interrupted by something in his rear awakening and taking advantage of the erection that struggled to escape his chastity tube.

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"God, Angie, for a moment I thought that you were *so* serious," said Karen, with a laugh. "Did you see how he started to shake with fear when you lifted his dress?"

"Hey, if I'm going to play 'bad cop' then it has to look good," replied Angie. "But seriously we need to make sure that we are strict enough."

"But, not enough to break him," said Karen. "I always want him to have a slight hope that he could escape being a slave for us. I don't want some mindless drone who just becomes accustomed to the abuse. We have to keep changing the rules, creating new fears and reasons for him to flinch and fear us, everything in small steps that we can savor."

"And, I thought that I was the most sadistic of the both of us," laughed Angie.

"Did you mean it when you said that we should take another one?"

"I'm thinking about it... so maybe."

### **Third Sub Routine**

#### **Dissembler (A Year Ago)**

He stood at the bottom of the short flight of steps, last in line to get to the restaurant and kept his eye out for the woman who owed him millions. A slight drizzle forced him to turn up his collar and he slipped into a reverie of his plans and hopes. He was certain to win the appeal, of that there was no doubt, it would take a few months, but then he would be home free at last. House, car and girls on his arm, it was all just around the corner.

Karen moved into sight and Phil watched as she approached. He had not even seen her in the last eight months or so and he was stunned at the transformation that had taken place. His wife had always been attractive, tall with a rounded figure, long legs that looked great in jeans and a sensual way of moving that pulled his heart into his mouth. Now she was all of that and so much more, the slashed jeans that showed hints of pastel tattoos on her legs and a long leather coat that fluttered with every step of her heels.

She noticed him and smiled, not the sneer that she had graced him with in court, more a warmth that reminded him of the 'old' Karen.

"At the back of the queue, Phil?" she said, as she extended a hand.

He raised his own and almost flinched at the contact with her. For months he had categorized his wife as 'the enemy', a belief that did not fit with her warm greeting as she pulled him close and planted a small kiss on his cheek.

"We don't have to wait here," he said. "There are loads of other places around where we don't have to queue in the rain."

"This one is the best, though," said Karen. "Let's get in out of the cold."

Karen started to push her way up the short flight of steps and Phil followed her through the disapproving looks of the waiting group as she entered the door into the warmth beyond.

"We have a reservation," said Karen to the waitress.

The middle-aged woman nodded and asked for a name. Karen's response was to place a twenty-pound note in her hand and say, "Upstairs please!"

The waitress looked at her hand and closed her fingers before leading Karen and Phil up the spiral to the top deck of the Magpie Café.

"God, Karen, twenty quid to get out of the rain?" said Phil.

"Get used to it, dear, it's where we are now!"

The waitress led them to a table by the window where they could overlook the harbor and then hurried back to the front door.

### Third Sub Routine

Karen and Phil sat silent, just looking at each other as if they had met for the first time. She noted the fact that he was still wearing the same T shirt and jeans. Whereas he saw that everything had changed and that his wife had finally managed to match her looks with clothes that allowed her attractiveness to shine. The low-cut T-shirt and tight jeans seemed molded to her body and he realized that the night that she had left he had lost not just a heap of money, but the woman who fitted exactly his personal idea of perfection.

“You look great,” he said finally. “Never better.”

“You are the same as you ever were,” she laughed. “But I like it!”

So, what’s this all about?” he asked. “I mean, in a year we are divorced, in a few months I will win the appeal and then we go our separate ways. My lawyer told me not to talk to you.”

Karen looked down at the table and her hand fiddled with the knife and fork that lay there.

“I have been thinking,” she said.

“About me?” he replied.

“That’s some of it. Actually, in the last few months, I have been wondering why I walked out.”

“The money and that bitch Angie,” he said, as a waitress arrived.

Karen pressed her lips together at the word ‘bitch’, but otherwise no reaction showed. They ordered and waited until the woman in black and white had retreated.

“Don’t believe all you read in the papers,” she said. “We are just friends, nothing more!”

“Then why did you never deny it?”

Karen laughed and looked up at him.

“A denial would just have fueled the fire,” she said. “Anyway, I sort of liked the attention at the time. Now, I just want to get everything behind me and get on with my life.”

“So, what about the appeal? You said that you were going to give up.”

“That’s right, I should never have walked out that night, even though you were a fucker when you went to that whore-house.”

“It was totally fucking stupid,” he admitted. “I was drunk, we were all drunk and the taxi took us there. Kev and all the others just picked a girl each and I had to do the same!”

“Well, you’ve confessed and that’s what’s most important,” said Karen. “If you’d done that when I could have forgiven you, now it’s more difficult.”

### Third Sub Routine

“I wish that I had,” said Phil.

The meal arrived, two plates piled with cod and chips that smelled like heaven.

“Never mind,” said Karen. “Let’s just agree that you were a shit and that I overreacted. I’ve got to speak to my solicitor and he’ll make a representation to the court to allow the money to be paid.”

Phil nodded and started to eat.

“It’ll take a few weeks to arrange,” continued Karen. “Then it’s all yours and we’ll never have to see each other again.”

“Oh,” was all Phil could think of saying.

He had imagined that Karen would argue and fight, that she would call him all the names under the sun. In fact, most of the reason that he had agreed to meet with her was to abolish any feelings that he had for her, to end all of his regrets. But, contrary to his expectations, here he was, experiencing a feeling that he thought he could banish.

“We can still be friends,” he said, almost biting his lips as he spoke the words.

Karen smiled at him and sipped her coke.

“I don’t see why not,” he added.

“It wouldn’t work,” she replied. “The money would get in the way.”

“We could try.”

“I’m not sure it would work!”

They ate in silence, each wrapped in their own thoughts.

“We are still married,” said Phil at last. “I mean, there’s more between us than just the money!”

“I suppose that’s true,” answered Karen. “Good times.”

Phil looked down at his plate and then over Karen’s shoulder at the drizzle and the rainbow that started to form over the Abbey on the other side of Whitby’s harbor.

“It’s not true? I mean all that stuff about you and Angie?”

“Of course not! We are just best friends, that’s all!”

“We could give it another try,” he said. “I mean, maybe it could work? Our marriage, I mean.”

### Third Sub Routine

Karen put down her knife and fork and chuckled. Phil's eyes followed from her lips to the cleavage that he found so irresistible.

"I never intended to hook up with you again, Phil. I just wanted to get this all behind me. Now you are proposing something that I'm not sure that I'm at all ready for. We would have to build the trust again, I'm not sure that it would be a good idea!"

"We can do it, Karen," he said fervently. "I know that we can."

"How about the trust? How could we get though that?"

Phil's thoughts scrambled to get an idea that had just come to him into order, before he spoke.

"Let's start with all that money," he suggested. "We both prove to each other that we can handle it."

"How would that work, Phil? We've been fighting in court about every penny. Your solicitor even wants to divide the tenner that the other ticket won!"

"That's just a point of principle," said Phil. "At least that's his explanation."

"Two pounds fifty pence," said Karen, as she started to giggle. "It won't even pay the tip here!"

"Well then, there's only one way," said Phil. "We throw it all into one pot and that proves that we have to make it work!"

Karen's face became sober as she replied; "You are really serious?"

"Of course," he said earnestly. "Everything in one account, the way that it should have been in the first place. We get back together and dismiss the solicitors. I still love you, Karen. There I admitted it, I can't stop thinking about you."

"It will take time to heal," she mused.

"I know it will, I know that I did the wrong thing, I know that we have to build trust, but I really want to do this."

The rainbow over the harbor slowly melted, the drizzle slowed and Phil felt a hope inside that she would smile and nod, tell him that she could try.

"Can I think about this?" asked Karen. "I have to be sure!"

Phil shook his head.

"If we do this, then it has to start now, it's the only way!"

### Third Sub Routine

The waitress appeared and cleared the plates and Karen's face seemed to be reflecting her thoughts on his proposal. At last, she smiled and made a small move of her head that he recognized as a moment of decision.

"OK, then let's give it a try," she said. "But we can't rush it."

"That's fine, we'll give ourselves a month or two and prove to ourselves that it's going to work," he said enthusiastically.

"Details?"

"We'll meet up tomorrow and sort them out, but that's all they are, details!"

"I'll come round in the afternoon then."

"I'll be waiting."

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"I can't believe that you're doing this," said Angie. "You are out of your fucking mind, Karen."

"How can I possibly win if I don't take a risk?" said Karen, with a grin. "Already I have got as far as getting the escrow account and his tipped into the same account under both names. The worst that can happen is that we have to start the divorce again and split it all up. I'll be no worse off than I was a day ago."

"But Phil might spend it all," argued Suzi.

"Don't be daft, Suzi, there's far too much. He'll buy a car; he'll spend a couple of hundred thousand at most. Now all that I have to figure out is how to get him nice and under my control so that I am the only one that has access."

"In a week he'll be wanting to fuck you," said Angie. "Then what happens?"

"Ah, I reckon that I've got six months on that score," laughed Karen. "Nothing changes as we 'rebuild trust' and in that time we figure out how to get my claws in him so deep that he can never escape."

"You'd have to kidnap him and keep him in the cellar," laughed Suzi.

"If that's the only option," said Karen seriously.

"You don't mean that," said Angie. "It'd never work!"

"Find a better option then, Angie, because six months' is what I've got," said Karen, with a grin. "It would be fun to put the little shit in a dungeon and torment him."



### **Third Sub Routine**

“When does it happen? The money I mean?”

“It’s done.”

“Shit,” said Angie. “When did you do it?”

“Before I went to the house, I opened an account and moved ten million into it. Now, Suzi can get her husband to end the court case and release the money and then we are on the clock. Six months is all we have.”

“It could work,” said Suzi skeptically. “Maybe!”

“We’ll make it happen,” said Karen. “I’ll have him eating from my hand, a chaste little husband always on the brink of getting his dirty little cock in my cunt. Suzi’s already showing the way with Martin, all I have to do is follow her and get him under lock and key!”

“I have some ideas already,” said Suzi, now a little more enthusiastically. “But there’ll be price!”

“Aha,” said Karen starting to laugh. “Now we can find out the real price of friendship!”

Suzi grinned.

“You offered my husband ten percent for winning the court case. All I want is you to do the same for me if I can be the one to make it happen.”

“Deal! It’s worth a million to get everything!” exclaimed Karen.

“More than one point three, actually,” said Suzi. “I need every penny because of the plans that I have for my own life. When Martin can no longer work, I’ll need the money!”

“There’s something that you’ve forgotten, Suzi,” said Angie as she tried to keep a straight face.

“And, that would be?” asked Suzi, looking puzzled.

“The other ticket, there’ll be another fifty pence from that as well!”

## Fourth Sub Routine

### Escape Sequence (Today)

Phil polished the glasses. A soft cloth rubbed inside each bowl and then along the stems and bases. Each polished glass lined up ready for the demanding women who ruled his existence.

Somehow, he had managed to catch up on his chores, planning each step and working every second without a single mishap. Crepes piled high, hors d'oeuvre under draped cloths and the Spanish ham-hock already sliced and laid out. In between all of that he had managed to warm-iron the rest of the stockings and dessous while running another wash and preparing the lounge for the guests.

He turned on his heels and admired the work that he had done, his hand going instinctively to the collar that ensured his subservience. His eyes went to his uniform and he adjusted it a little to ensure that the flounces of lace showed from under the hem of his dress. He settled his large breasts in the cup of his tight corset and attended to the seam on his stockings. The movements were well practiced, lack of presentation was always punished by Angie, though Karen never seemed as attentive to small failures as her friend.

As his thoughts turned to the two women who owned him, he felt a small anxiety. Angie was determined to make his life hell, of that he was sure and even though his wife resisted her lover's sadism, once again she had given way. He opened a cupboard and gazed at the rows of tins that he had had to stack up this afternoon. Cat-food even though they had no cat, dog food even though there was no dog!

What would be next?

Phil shuddered to think, it seemed to be a bottomless well and Karen was really only slowing the descent. Phil sighed and turned back to his preparation. He took the aluminum foil in his hands and tore off a large square and used it to cover one of the plates of pastries. He placed the long slim box back in the cupboard and then hesitated.

*'Perhaps?'* he thought.

Unconsciously he looked at the camera perched on the ceiling and then to the kitchen door where a red light blinked to show that he was not permitted to leave the room. Then, his hands went to his collar again where his fingers moved over the small bump of the LED that surely blinked to show that it was linked to the system.

The idea in his head gained focus.

*'Maybe tonight?'* he thought. *'No! Better now!'*

He listened for a click of heels for a moment and then tore off a piece of the aluminum foil. His heart was beating hard and the system had to notice. Bring up a warning flag and attract attention. Trembling with excitement, Phil wrapped the foil around his collar and knew that he was committed to this impulse.

#### **Fourth Sub Routine**

He walked to the door, the slim chain between his shoes making his steps short. He reached for the door and watched the warning light. It was still red. He opened the door and stepped into the hallway. From zone three to zone four without permission!

Without punishment.

There was no reaction from the collar, it hung heavy on his neck as his breath came in short pants with the tension as he walked to the front door where another red light showed balefully.

Phil reached for the handle, expecting a shock from it, but it moved under his hand and the door opened to allow him to see the outside world for the first time, feel the cold wind, the rain that wetted his carefully coiffed hair. He stepped out and sighed, bent to his shoes and pulled futilely at the anklets that they were locked to.

Surrounding the house were lawns that glistened with the rain, a high hedge all around and the inviting driveway that was blocked by a barred gate.

It had to be the hedge!

Across the lawns, through the thorns into the raw fields beyond. The gate could be locked and he had no time, what was more, the lane to the main road was too risky, it would be the first place that they searched. Longingly he looked at the cars in the forecourt and then headed across the lawn.

His long-spiked heels and narrow platformed soles sank into the lawn, but he managed to reach the hedge in just half a minute. He staggered ten paces to find a place where the thorns were not so dense and ripped his dress as he struggled through the hedge, scratching his face, arms and naked breasts as he burst through with a determination borne of dread.

In front of him were acres of grazing land partitioned by dry-stone walls that had to be climbed. A few bedraggled sheep moved lazily away from him as the maid moved as fast as the fetters allowed. Blood seeped into the rain on his skin from the scratches, his pretty uniform was ripped to shreds and his stockings soaked by falling into the mud a dozen times as he struggled across this first field.

Over the next wall, just a couple of hundred yards from his position was a low wall, beyond that he saw a van pass on the main road and he knew that he was free at last! Phil paused a moment to gather his strength and looked back at the house that had been a prison for months. It looked grey in the rain, a forbidding manor house that held all his fears. The fears that he was leaving behind as he started the last lap to get to that road.

The clouds burst, first a few huge drops that splashed, then a squall of dense rain that whirled down and slashed at the forlorn figure that struggled through the mire to reach the road. The maid's heels sunk deep into the ground that had become a quagmire making every short step a trial of strength for his tired legs. Twice, he tripped and fell to crawl on all fours before managing to stand and making a few more steps.

#### **Fourth Sub Routine**

Another car passed beyond the wall, just the roof visible, passing by with a splash. The rain soaked through every fiber of his flimsy dress, soaking his skin, running to wash the mud from his torn stockings as he finally reached the wall and hauled himself upright to attempt the climb. He tried pulling himself up, but the stones shifted and fell so he frantically looked around to find good purchase.

Just a yard or two further down the wall, a concrete post stood half-way the height of the wall and the maid managed to lock a hand on it. Another car passed and then a van, heading towards Helmsley oblivious to the man who frantically lifted himself behind the wall.

Something caught at the chain between his ankles. Phil looked down and realized that the chain was being wound into the ankle fetters to pull them together! The small red LED was flashing as the anklets touched and he slumped back to the wet ground to lie by the wall, just feet from his freedom.

From Phil's prone position the wall seemed meters high, but he managed to heave himself upright again with a supreme effort and rest on the concrete pillar in preparation to struggle over the wall. It was then that he noticed that, embedded in the post was a small steel flap embossed with the words 'Chastity Microsystems' and a small padlock closing the access.

Even though he knew what it signified, he could not help himself checking his wrists to see the same words engraved into the steel bands that were locked there. The realization caused him to slump to sit with his back to the post.

His hands went to his collar and held the aluminum foil in place, but it seemed that his proximity to the post was enough for the system to sense it and it delivered a shock that was partly dissipated by the water streaming down his body. Now that contact had been re-established, the plug in his rear and the metal enclosure on his cock activated and began to punish him for being so far outside his prison.

Phil rolled to lie down lengthways to reveal the pressure and began to weep tears that mingled with the splattering rain that washed every inch of him. There was the sound of a car, from the other side of the wall.

The sound of car doors opening and Angie's voice over the hissing of the rain. Her voice was clear despite the wall.

"Three meters, says the sensor," she said.

The edge of an umbrella appeared, followed by her face.

"He's here, Karen!" she said, as she looked down at the stricken maid. "Poor little darling got all this way and then fell at the last post!"

Karen's head appeared over the top of the wall.

#### **Fourth Sub Routine**

“I’ll go and get him,” she said. “One sec, there’s an opening fifty yards down.”

Her face disappeared while Angie moved to get comfortable, leaning on the wall looking down at the crying man who had tried to escape.

“Let this be a lesson,” she said. “I’ll have your balls in a vice for making us come out here in the rain, having to fetch you.”

Phil just looked up at her grinning face and felt a fresh bout of weeping start.

“Ah, hubby was going out into the big bad world,” said Karen, as she arrived to stand over him. She turned to Angie and continued, “Take the car back and I’ll walk him back to the house.”

At that moment there was a crunch of gravel under tires on the road and the sound of a car door opening. Angie’s face suddenly disappeared and Phil heard a man’s voice.

“Is there a problem, love? Have you broken down?”

“No, everything’s fine,” came Angie’s voice. “Just looking at the view.”

Phil opened his mouth to shout. A shoe and spiked heel moved threatening into his sight, the heel poised over his lips. Karen’s hand raised and crossed her lips with a forefinger while the heel pressed into his mouth with a slow menacing pressure.

“Not a good day for it,” said the man’s voice.

“Oh, it’s just a few drops of rain,” said Angie.

“Well. Have a good day.”

“Thanks, will do,” said Angie. “You too.”

The heel pressed into Phil’s mouth a little more and he could taste the sour mud that dripped from it. A car door slammed closed and the car pulled away as Karen pulled a remote control from a pocket.

“Time to go home, dear,” said Karen, as she reached down and pulled the foil from her husband’s collar.

She stepped back and watched her husband climb to his feet.

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### Inheritance (Six Months Ago)

“OK, that’s it, all done and ready,” said Mistress Gillian to Angie, Karen and Suzi. “Everything’s installed and complete. All you have to do now is run the set-up and add the first collared slave. It would be good to set up the system now and I can lead you through it. Of course, Suzi has already been through the entire install process.”

“It’s so easy,” said Suzi.

“That’s the way it’s supposed to be,” said Gillian. “We put the server upstairs. The program is run from there, otherwise you can use the web interface on your phone.”

She headed up the stairs and the three women followed.

“OK, I’ll show you the basics,” said Gillian, as she sat at the screen. “The rest is in the manual. So, this is the interface.”

She clicked and a map of the house and ground appeared, divided into areas by color, each room and corridor shown.

“There are three collections of settings. Devices, zones and responses. Let’s start with the zones. The whole of the map has been divided into thirty zones. Each can be switched to be either be barred or open.”

She clicked on a room and a dialog appeared allowing the status of the zone to be set.

“Here you can set timings and dates,” she continued. “The only zone *always* barred is this room and the fuse box that supplies the power; to make sure that you cannot accidentally expose the server to your slave.”

“What happens when he goes into a barred area?” asked Karen.

“That’s decided by these settings. These are the responses. You choose the device to be activated and its reaction here.”

Her hand moved and she opened another window that listed each device and the settings that could be chosen.

“An example,” said Gillian, as she selected ‘Type X Enclosed Vibrator’ and clicked twice. “This is a chastity tube that can react in the following ways...”

A dialog appeared showing a photo of a steel tube with a heavy ring at one end.

“Vibrate settings are here, electro-stim here and since you chose the Type X model, the restriction can be adjusted here. Since we are using this dialog from the zone settings, whatever you decide applies only when this zone is barred.”

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The explanation of the program continued as Gillian went from area to area and chose settings with a rapidity that spoke of endless practice.

“Of course, if you have the inclination, you can use ‘Cane’, our own specially developed macro language to enhance the settings.”

“Leona has already started to learn it,” said Suzi. “I can’t make head nor tail of it, but she says that it’s so easy to understand.”

“We offer a service where you tell us what you want to do and we’ll write the code for you,” said Gillian, “but, for most users, the basic interface is enough.”

Gillian went from device to device and described the various options as she went.

“I suggest that you spend a day setting it up,” she said. “Start with a simple and severe punishment for access to restricted zones and then add refinements as they occur to you. If there is a problem, you can set a zone back to original settings which bar the slave from a zone and then start again knowing that access has been denied and security compromised.”

“What about the outside?” asked Angie.

“Since you have a lot of area to cover outside, we have placed a final ring of sensors that will be a fail safe,” said Gillian in answer. “Now, I need to know when the system will be activated. We will send an engineer for two days to help you initiate the setup and help you get it watertight.”

“What if we are out of the house?” asked Karen.

“Once it is set up, you can even go on holiday and the system will ensure that your slave is kept restricted as you decide. It monitors all the main bodily functions as events which can be used to trigger devices and zones as you like.”

“Next week,” said Karen. “That’s when the collar goes on my husband, I’ll know exactly when tonight.”

“Good,” said Gillian. “Call me when you know and I’ll arrange it all. Meanwhile, play with the system and get the feel of it. Remember, as soon as the collar is on, you will have complete control.”

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“It’s time,” said Karen. “Time for us to be a married couple again. I think that I trust you enough for you to move in!”

Phil nodded and smiled.

“We’ll I’m going to Amsterdam and then on to Thailand with the lads next Wednesday for a

#### Fourth Sub Routine

week. When I'm back we can get back to being a happily married couple again."

"Thailand?"

"Phuket for four days, Bangkok as well."

He expected a retort, surely Karen would start to argue about what was obviously a trip to the sex capital of the world, but to his surprise she just smiled and nodded.

"Of course, I trust you! OK, when you get back," she said. "But perhaps you can come round tomorrow and see the house. It's been six months now and... well, we could go for a meal and then go back to my place and ... you know. Angie's away so the house is empty!"

Phil's felt a pulse in his head and tried not to overreact.

"It's a date," he said. "Meet at seven?"

"My place. We'll eat in Helmsley. The Feathers?"

Phil gathered his wife in his arms and kissed her. The response was ardent, a pressing of her lips to his as he felt her breasts press into him and the warmth of her body against him.

"How about right now?" he said.

"It has to be right, has to be romantic, Phil. Just us and the bed, it has to be special! A renewal of our vows."

A wave of disappointment filled him as he forced himself to let her slip from his arms.

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The meal was like a dream for Phil.

A restrained conversation with his wife that had undertones that sounded in every phrase that she uttered. All the while, he could feel a tension that filled him as he imagined the reunion that had been promised. He could feel his erection rising and fading with his thoughts. As he looked at her and could feel the lust rising.

She, on the other hand, seemed so cool and composed. Decorously sipping her wine and smiling as though secret thoughts were filling her head. She seemed unfazed about his planned trip, as though she had overcome all of her worries about any possibility of infidelity.

Just as well she had no idea of everything that he had been up to in the last few months, he thought. How could Karen possibly believe that he could hold out for six months without once fucking?



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At last, the meal was over and they were on their way.

He drove. The new sports car swinging wide through the narrow lanes in the dark until at last they turned into the house that she had never taken him to. The last few hundred yards were more a dirt track than a metaled road, past the tall pillars of the gates that she opened with a flick of a remote control to pull up in front of the darkened house.

“We’re alone?” he asked.

“Of course, Angie is away in London for a few days,” replied Karen.

The lights revealed a high atrium floored in cool marble.

“I can’t believe this house; how much did you pay?” said Phil.

“Over a million,” said Karen, as she slid her coat off. “It’s the land all around that cost the money.”

“Up here?”

Phil pointed to the wide staircase to get a shake of his wife’s head in reply.

“First a little drink,” she said. “Follow me.”

Phil followed Karen into a huge living room where Karen poured two cognacs from a crystal decanter.

“Relax, Phil,” she said, as she passed the glass to him. “Everything has to be right and we’ve all the time in the world.”

He raised the glass and sipped. The warmth of the brandy filled his mouth. This was the world that he had been missing. Wealth and a rich-bitch on his arm. He felt a tinge of envy that Karen had been living this luxurious life without him by her side, playing at being rich and carefree, while he had struggled to get from her what was really his.

“How do you manage to keep all of this in order?” he asked as he looked at the vast room.

“Oh, we manage,” said Karen, with a smile. “We were planning to get a maid in full time.”

“You’d need two,” he commented as he tipped the last of the contents of the glass down his throat.

“Maybe,” said Karen. “Actually, the interview’s tomorrow, so you can be there.”

Phil tried to imagine hiring a full-time maid, but his mind did not stretch that far.

#### Fourth Sub Routine

“What we need is a sexy maid in a nice tight uniform,” said Karen, with a laugh. All stockings and feather dusters, if you get what I mean.”

“You have changed so much,” said Phil, placing his glass on the table. “I just can’t believe this place, it’s a mansion.”

“Angie chose it,” said Karen, “but, it was me that bought it.”

“I’m not sure if I want to live with her,” said Phil. “I don’t think that she likes me at all, in fact I suspect that she’s jealous of me coming back into your life!”

“Oh, we’ll work something out,” laughed Karen. “Don’t think about her, just think about me!”

As Karen spoke, she started to undress.

Her fingers fluttered over the buttons of her blouse, opening it and revealing her naked breasts. She had never been like this, so ready for it, he decided and he stepped forward to take the firm flesh in his hands.

“Not yet,” she smiled. “We have so much catching up to do, let’s go upstairs and find somewhere more comfortable.”

Phil pulled back his hands and allowed Karen to lead him up the stairs. His heart was beating so loudly in his ears that he struggled to make out her words.

“Let’s pretend that this is the first time,” she was saying. “That we just met... after all, this is a new beginning!”

All he could see was the rounded ass swaying, the blouse trailing behind her, the heels lifting on the steps and then suddenly they were there. A bedroom as large as the whole of his little house, a bed that seemed as big as a football field.

Karen turned and sat on the edge of the bed and slowly spread her legs. Her skirt stretched tight over her thighs, rode up to reveal the tops of her stockings while her heels gouged the soft rug.

“Jesus, Karen, how I’ve missed fucking you,” said Phil as his hands went to his belt.

“No, don’t forget, this is the first time,” said Karen, as her hands pulled the edge of her skirt up her thighs. “I’ve brought you home to fuck you, that’s the fantasy! I am going to fuck you, Phil, fuck you until you cum a million times!”

Phil nodded and stepped out of his trousers and shoes. His erection tented his pants and the need was plain on his face.

“As you like,” he said.

#### **Fourth Sub Routine**

“I want it slow, baby,” murmured Karen as she lay back and opened her legs. “Slow and deep.”

Phil kneeled between her ankles and unhitched his rigid cock. It felt larger in his hands than it had ever been before. He looked down to see that her fingers had pulled her silk panties to one side and the naked glistening hole that he needed so much was beckoning to him.

“Just a little kiss and then you’re in,” whispered Karen. “No hands, just your lips.”

He put his hands behind his back as he leaned forward and kissed. The fragrance was like roses and strawberries as his lips touched. Slick and smooth, as though he had never been there before.

She moaned and moved a little as his tongue licked the length of her and he knew that he had to fuck her. He pulled up, he saw her eyes open. She was glancing past him, over his shoulders, her mouth open, the tip of her tongue sliding over her lips, a smile broadening.

He heard a noise, a muffled step and then suddenly the cold metal of cuffs on his wrists as they snapped closed. Phil twisted to look behind him as a foot pressed into his back, a stiletto heel gouging like a spike and he tipped forward to bury his face into Karen’s dripping cunt.

“Let’s try that again, shall we?” came Angie’s voice. “Your wife needs more than just your little cock in her cunt!”

He cried out and then the thighs closed, trapping Phil’s head and something closed over his ankles. Something tight and metal, something that closed with a snapping sound as the spiked heel on his back pressed down and gouged.

Karen cried out with lust as her girlfriend forced her husband’s face deep. The sight of him, the shock on his face, her juices dripping from his lips, the vision of Angie standing over him, one stilettoed foot on his back, pressing him back between her thighs.

Six months of waiting were at last at an end.

## **Fourth Sub Routine**

### **Reconfiguring a Variable (Today)**

As the maid stumbled into the familiar prison of his wife's mansion, he felt a terrible shock pass from the collar at his neck that lanced through his body causing him to slip and fall to the floor in a wet heap of hopeless misery.

"Oh dear, did I forget to switch it off?" said Karen, as she stood to look down at the mud-spattered mess on the floor. "What a fucking mess, bitch!"

He dared to look up and saw the hem of her skirt, the patches of dirt on her shoes and stockings, and finally the stern hard look that came from on high.

"I'm so sorry," he wept.

"That just doesn't cut it at all," said Karen. "How dare you leave the house?"

"Please," was all he could say, but it was obviously not enough to apologize.

"What?" cried Karen. "After everything that I've done for you, the best that you can do is say 'please'? Do you even realize the trouble that you've put me to? Having to come and get you in the rain and mud when I should be nice and warm and cozy looking forward to the party?"

"I didn't mean..." he started, but his wife broke into his wail.

"Maybe Angie and Suzi are right after all," she said in a stern tone. "You are obviously not grateful for everything that we do for you, maybe a stronger level of control will teach you to be grateful for everything that we have done for you."

Karen looked down as Phil broke into a fit of weeping that robbed him of speech. His whole body shook with the sobs and tears streamed from his eyes.

"Stop feeling sorry for yourself and show me that you understand how upset I am," she said.

His lips touched the tips of her shoes and kissed them.

"There, that's better now! We'll discuss your punishment and a stricter regime when I have time."

The door opened and Angie stepped into the house, folding her umbrella and taking in the scene that was being played out in a puddle on the marble floor.

"I'll go up and check the system," said Angie. "Get this little shit back to work because we have to get dressed."

Phil licked at the smooth leather before his eyes and his eyes took in the splashes of mud that covered his wife's ankles.

#### Fourth Sub Routine

*'How did I give in to the impulse?'* he thought as he felt her eyes looking down at him.

"You see? You've upset Angie as well," said Karen, as she looked down at her husband in his tattered maid's dress. "No doubt I'll have to allow her to discipline you, but it's your own fault really! All you had to do was be a good little boy for me."

Karen sighed as if expressing sympathy.

"OK, let's get you out of that dress. I have something else for you to wear! Come on now."

The shoes pulled from Phil's sight and he felt her hands adding a leash to his collar and led him to the stairs on all-fours. Karen did not slow down as she ascended and almost dragged him up the steps with a series of hard pulls at the leash.

"If you run away like a small child or a pet, then you can expect to be treated as one," she said, as they reached the top of the stairs.

Phil hurried to keep up and almost bumped into her legs as she suddenly stopped in front of a door that he had never entered before. The door opened and Angie stepped out to join them. He got a small glimpse of several computer screens and the door closed again.

"I think that I know what happened," started Angie.

"Later, darling, not in front of the maid!"

Angie stooped and slapped the ass, half covered with the tattered remains of lace and then squatted down in front of him. Her legs opened to allow him an unobstructed view along her thighs to the smooth naked skin that hid in the shadows.

"I think that things are going to have to change around here," she said. "You just don't appreciate everything that we're doing for you!"

Her finger came and lifted his chin so that he had to look into her eyes.

"Does it excite you?" she asked.

Phil nodded and felt his eyes drawn to the deep valley between her breasts.

"You are really just an animal," said Angie. "All you think about is sex and your own little satisfactions. Karen and I have decided that we are going to add another man to the system soon. We only need a single maid, so perhaps we'll just have to find another use for you!"

"Please, Miss Angie, I'm so sorry that I put you to so much trouble," said Phil in a choking voice. "Please give me another chance to prove that I can serve you."

"I didn't ask for your opinion," said Angie as she stood. "Your apologies are just a waste of

#### **Fourth Sub Routine**

breath as far as I'm concerned. Karen will decide what happens next, but one thing is for sure, we have been far too generous until now and that's going to stop."

Phil hung his head.

A small tug at his lead and he followed his wife while Angie just stood and watched wife and husband both disappear into the cell.

## **Fourth Sub Routine**

### **Slave Drive (Six Months Ago)**

Phil's first reaction was shock.

Disbelief!

Shock that Angie was in the room with them, shock at the cuffs that bit into his wrists and ankles, shock that Karen just opened her legs wider and pulled his head towards her, crying out when his lips pressed hard against the slit of her pussy.

The spike pressing in the small of his back pressed hard, he cried out with the agony of it, he lifted his head and pulled against the hands that tried to pull him down. It was then that Angie kicked him between his legs. Her foot slid between his thighs to meet his hanging balls and he cried out and collapsed to the floor.

"Time to learn something about being Karen's husband," said Angie with a laugh as she ground down her heel with a twist of her foot.

"Karen," shouted Phil. "Jesus, what the fuck?"

"I need it, Phil, give it to me," laughed Karen. "Kiss my cunt and make sure you do it acceptably."

He looked up at the legs that towered over him and then with a swish Angie used the cane in her gloved hands. Laid it on his ass with a sharp blow.

"On your knees bitch," said Angie with a small laugh. "Do as you're told."

With his arms pinned behind his back by the shackles that bit into his wrists, with his ankles locked together he tried to get his knees under him.

"Collar my slut, I need it so fucking bad," moaned Karen.

"My pleasure," replied Angie as her hand grabbed a handful of Phil's hair and pulled his head to look up at his wife's melting pussy. "A pet needs collaring."

Phil rolled and thrashed out with his legs and managed to get on his side, but the cane had no problem giving him two more cuts on his ass and exposed thigh. Then the stilettoed heel descended again and pinned his body to the floor as Angie leaned over him, a metal collar in her hand.

"This goes on, whether you like it or not," she laughed while she put more weight on her foot and he cried out as the heel scored a line over the sweat on his back as he was forced back on to his front.

Karen sat up on the bed and looked down at Phil, before taking his hair and pulling his head up

#### Fourth Sub Routine

brutally as Angie closed the collar on her husband's neck with a loud click. A moment later she had a chain leash attached to the collar and pulled the struggling man up while Karen guided his lips to her cunt.

"See, that's better now, Phil," moaned Karen as she pushed his face in deep and laid herself once more on her back, pulling him closer. "Show me how to cum, baby, make me cum for you!"

Trapped between thighs, Karen holding him by his hair and the collar being pulled by Angie, Phil licked and kissed the soft wet surface. The spiked heel still dug into his back and Angie's laughter rang in Phil's ears.

"Is he working hard enough for you, love?" asked Angie.

"He needs more help."

Angie coiled the chain around her wrist and moved to get a clear view of the pale skin of Phil's ass. She swung with the cane and was gratified when her victim pressed harder into her lover's pussy. Karen flung her head back and opened her legs wide as she felt the first trembles of orgasms close over her mind. She heard the sharp slap of the cane and felt the reaction.

"Oh, Karen, more, I need it so much, fuck the bitch. Make him do it."

The second and third strikes of the cane too Karen over the edge to scream as the climax swept through her and she knew that this was just the beginning of a new delicious phase in her life.

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"I don't understand," said Phil.

"We're not asking you to understand," said Karen, as she passed her finger down his chest and belly. "From now on you don't think, all you do is obey us."

"This is not a game that I want to play!"

Angie pushed past Karen and pushed her face into Phil's.

"This is not a game," she hissed.

She held up her hand to reveal a small plastic fob. Angie brandished it before his eyes before she theatrically pressed the small single button on its surface. An electric pulse ran from collar to Phil's feet and he collapsed to the floor in a heap.

"The lowest setting," said Angie to her lover apologetically.

"Now we have to get him up again," said Karen, with a sigh.



#### **Fourth Sub Routine**

She kicked lightly between his thighs and her husband cried out.

“Loosen the fetters and he can crawl,” said Angie.

She bent down and passed her finger over a sensor on the anklets. A small whirring sound signaled and the chain loosened a little.

“You see, Phil, you are completely at our mercy,” said Angie. “Or rather, at the mercy of the special machine that is going to rule your life. It’s going to milk you, punish you, reward you and make you our slave. That maid that we need, that’s you! Now come on, let’s have a look at your cell!”

Angie passed the chain-leash to Karen and opened the bedroom door as Phil struggled to his hands and knees.

“Walkies,” giggled Karen as she gave a small tug and Phil crawled after her.

“You can’t keep me here,” said Phil. “Not forever!”

“That’s where you are so wrong,” said Karen. “We can do whatever we like to you, anything at all. There is no rescue from this, you are ours now. No one is going to miss you when they all think that you have gone off to Thailand and stayed there.”

She pulled hard at the leash and followed Angie to the small room that had been prepared for her husband. Phil struggled to keep up. He was grateful that this part of the house was carpeted. The tight skirts, the high heels and the long legs with their stocking-seams moved hypnotically before his eyes as he was led down the corridor.

Angie stopped in front of a door and pointed at the little red indicator light that steadily glowed in the lintel.

“The whole house is covered, Phil. If a light is red, then passing through means punishment.”

She opened the door and Karen followed. As Phil crawled through the opening he cried out and fell to the floor with a twitching of limbs.

“There, you see now that it works. This collar is so special, dear,” said Karen, as she reached down and stroked the steel circle. “It can do so many things, it is our little spy. It monitors, locates, punishes and can do so much more to keep you in line.”

Karen’s hand pointed at the cage with a sliding gate that was lifted high.

“That’s yours,” said Angie. “It’s where you will live all the time unless we need to use you, slut. Now there’s just one more thing that we have to do to make sure that you are properly restrained.”

#### Fourth Sub Routine

Angie lifted a burnished steel object from the top of the cage. Phil could see a red flashing light between her fingers.

“I want to,” said Karen, as she extended a hand. “You hold him steady.”

Angie raised her eyebrows and passed it to Phil’s wife’s hands.

“Just make sure that it’s locked on properly,” said Angie. “You know what Gillian said, better too tight than too loose!” as she stepped to put her stilettos with the heels trapping the chain between Phil’s ankles.

She moved her feet forcing his feet as far as they would go while Karen squatted in front of Phil.

“This will keep you nicely under our control,” she said, as she turned the steel object in her hands. “Now then, on it goes.”

Phil moved his hips to the side and tried to evade his wife’s hands but she just smiled and grabbed his balls and pulled.

“I don’t think that you understand what is happening here, Phil,” she said in a mocking tone. “From now you do as you are ordered or punishment will be swift and cruel.”

“Oh God, Karen, please don’t do this. All I wanted was for you to come back to me.”

“Darling,” replied Karen. “That’s just not true, did you really think that I’d let you go to Thailand on a fuck-fest? Phuket? Fuck-it, more like! Is that how you think that I can be brought back into your life? As a substitute for when you have no available cunt to fuck? Now you find out the penalty for playing all your games, for trying to steal my winnings, now you become just a part of my furniture! A slave-maid who is going to help make our lives a bed of roses. You’ll dress in frills, learn to obey and slog for us and all the while the security system will keep you in line, obedient and submissive as a good husband should be.”

Phil was about to speak but Karen had used the speech to distract her husband and she clipped the open ring around his balls and slip the tube over his flaccid cock.

“There, you see! Nothing to worry about!”

He looked down and then back to her smiling face.

“This is *her* fault,” he said, nodding at Angie.

“Well then, that’s something to think about while you spend your first night in the cage, darling. And, while you’re thinking about that, just think... she’ll be fucking me in the next room. God, Phil, already I’m so horny at the thought of you in a cage that I’m so wet for her!”

Angie’s stiletto raised, pressed and pushed Phil to sprawl into the cage.

#### **Fourth Sub Routine**

“With tomorrow comes all of the rest of it,” laughed Angie. “You’re fucked! At least you will be when we start teaching you what your duties will be!”

The door of the cage slid down and clicked into place. Wife and lover turned on their heels and, without a backward look, walked from Phil’s cell and slammed the door closed.

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

### **Instruction Scheduling (Today)**

“Daniella, both of us, Suzi and Leona. That’s five and then there’s Martin as well,” said Karen, as she counted off the guests on her fingers.

“Martina!” said Angie. “Suzi has chosen a new name for her hubby!”

“It’s a bit obvious,” laughed Karen. “I mean, if she’s going to make him break from his past why not something like ‘Sissy’, ‘Kitty’ or ‘Pussy Galore’!”

“Maybe she just wants to remind him all of the time,” said Angie. “Anyway, I added the ID to the system and gave him the same profile as Phil.”

As she spoke, she glanced at her husband on the other side of the room as he laid the table with the silverware. Four hours ago, he had briefly been a free man, now he was the perfect maid again, all bustle and graft, preparing the meal and making sure that everything was just perfect for the party.

Angie followed her glance and said, “Have you decided what the punishment is for making us run around in the rain?”

Phil slowed as he listened to the two women who ruled his life and tried not to show that he was paying attention to the adult conversation of his betters.

“Oh, I’ve got an idea,” she said. “Of course, a few strokes of the cane, but I’ll leave that up to you! The real punishment will come tonight and then he’ll find out that I have decided that there are going to be a few changes.”

“And?”

Phil moved to the head of the table and carefully positioned the three glasses that would be used by his wife. His hands shook as he listened to the conversation from the other side of the room, knowing that his failure to get over that last wall had cost him everything.

“I’m not telling,” said Karen mischievously, “it’s a bit of a surprise, but let’s just say that I am going to follow Suzi.”

She watched her husband make sure that the glasses were given a final polish with the cloth in his hand and spoke directly to him.

“Everything had better be perfect,” she said. “You really don’t want to disappoint me tonight!”

“No Miss,” he replied in a shaky tone. “I’ll do my best.”

“Well, let’s hope that it’s good enough,” added Angie. “Tomorrow it’s ten strokes of the cane from me, bitch. On your knees!” She turned back to her lover and kissed her on the lips.

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

The maid lowered to the floor and looked up at the women who ruled his life with such ruthlessness.

“I spoke with the Chastity Microsystems’ help desk,” said Angie ignoring the man at her feet. “They have upgraded the software on line to stop today’s little hiccup happening again. Also, I have asked them for a few additions to the system, because I have finally decided that we are going to add another slave to the system.”

“The house is going to be full,” laughed Karen. “If Daniella says ‘yes’ and we add another maid.”

“The men don’t count,” said Angie defensively. “They just take up a bit of space! Karen, we have a ten-bedroom house here, not that little street house that you had before with Phil. We should be making it a place where we can play with our toys; what’s the point if we can’t have the service that we want?”

“OK, OK, Angie, as you like. More toys, more fun! At any rate, if we add another man, we’ll need even more help, so getting Daniella in on it will be more necessary. She’s perfect. Single, tough with a no-nonsense attitude that will stop the sort of near disaster that we had today.”

“Would you like that, slut?” said Angie to Karen. “A nice strong woman to keep you in order for us?”

Phil nodded and shivered. He had only seen Daniella once and the thought of her made him shiver in fear.

“Good, that’s settled then. We’ll ask her if she fancies the job of caring for and supervising our sissy maid. Of course, soon there’ll be two, so she’ll be kept nice and busy looking after them.”

Angie smiled and pecked Karen on the cheek. The small show of affection turned into a passionate kiss. Phil watched with an intensely envious feeling as he looked up at Angie smile down at him and push her tongue between his wife’s lips.

“Love me, Karen?” asked Angie.

“God, yes, so much.”

Angie’s hand stroked between Karen’s thighs. Her foot moved a little on the floor, it pivoted on its heel and then lifted a little.

Lick the shit off my shoes,” whispered Angie to her lover’s husband as her hand pressed hard between Karen’s thighs.

Karen responded by pressing hard and sighed as the hand drifted down and then lifted the edge of her skirt, lifting it slowly, all the while, an outstretched finger drifted up her stocking tops and then to the creamy skin above. The sissy-maid kissed the proffered stiletto, but could not help

### **Fifth Sub Routine**

looking up just in time to see the wandering finger slip into the smooth slit that pouted under Angie's hand.

"Make me cum, Angie, I'll do anything to cum, I need to feel your fingers fuck me."

He knew that voice, that desperate tone, the need overcoming all restraint, the lust that overwhelmed and swept away restraint.

"Tell me," said Angie as she teased. "Tell me how you are mine."

Karen seemed to melt and slip into her lover's arms. Her knees trembled and opened as Angie's fingers reamed her. Her head tilted back, her hair drifted down; Phil could see the gentle strokes that fluttered over her clitoris as he kissed the foot of the woman who was using his wife. Proved her power with a slow massage that was sending Karen to a state of pure bliss.

"You know that I love you," moaned Karen.

"I love you too, darling, just give me what I want and you can cum and cum and cum."

Angie's voice faded hypnotically away, her fingers fluttering.

"Oh, anything, anything."

Angie laughed and kissed the heaving girl in her arms. A small glance at Karen's husband with his lips pressed to her shoes sufficed to decide her.

"Phil, I want that husband of yours."

He looked up saw a look of triumph in Angie's eyes as she played Karen up and down. To almost-climax and then a retreat just as Karen gasped.

"I want him as a pet," whispered Angie fiercely.

"Anything, have the bitch, he's yours, just make me cum!"

Angie slowly built up the manipulation and then slipped a finger deep to fuck her lover.

"You can cum now."

"Oh, that's so good, baby!"

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

### **Inserting Objects (Three Months Ago)**

He ached. His whole body smarted at every slight movement. Curled up in the cage he settled a little and wept as he moved and a sudden twinge lanced through his chest and then slowly faded to leave a sullen throbbing that became just bearable.

The tight bandages that swathed his torso pulled under the arms that were pulled behind him and he knew that if his hands had been free, he would have been tempted to suck his thumb for comfort. Instead, Phil pulled up his knees and curled around them while he pushed his face into the sodden pillow.

Just a few days ago Angie had announced that he was due for ‘a visit to the doctor’ and the two women had sniggered as he had wondered why he needed to go.

“Just a special surprise,” had been all that Karen had said to a fit of further giggles. “It’s time that you had a little check-up. We have to care for you properly. By the time that we come back I’ll have a husband fit to be able to fulfil his duties properly!”

This remark had caused another fit of giggles as Phil had hung his head and waited for them to ask for their glasses to be recharged.

Every evening he had been either locked in his cage to wait for them to arrive back from a frantic night clubbing and partying or stood in the corner of the room waiting for a word of command to serve. That night was the latter.

He had prepared a small snack, chilled the wine and stood waiting facing the wall while they watched a film before revealing that the next day, he was to pay a visit to a doctor and that they were both going on a trip.

“When is she arriving?” asked Karen.

“Daniella, you mean?” answered Angie. “She’ll be here first thing when he’s off to the clinic. That way she has time to settle in and get everything ready while we are in Bermuda taking in a bit of sun.”

Now, just a few days later, he was curled in his cot-cage waiting for Daniella to arrive and change the bandages and taunt him.

The visit to the clinic had been a terrifying hallucination, the return to meet the woman who had been hired to tend his recovery was a nightmare. He remembered the room, a bare cell where he had been strapped to a gurney and taken down endless corridors as the anesthetic took hold. The awakening, back in that stark room, strapped to the bed while a nurse prodded and examined him before declaring that he was fit to be returned.

There was no doubt in his mind as to what had been done to him, the bandages on his chest and the bruised sensation that made every breath an effort in self-control was enough.

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

The uniform, the clothes, the terrible shoes and the endless lessons in comportment from Angie and Karen had not been enough for them.

They had decided that if he was to be a sissy-maid for them, he would be debased and humiliated by having the body that suited his role.

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A twinge at his chest caused him to move a little to take his weight off the breasts that lay under the swathes of bandages and he looked down at the metal tube that enclosed his cock and felt a sense of relief that nothing had been taken away, only additions made. It could have been so much worse!

He sobbed in self-pity as the tube that emerged from the steel cylinder drained him, a feeling of helplessness overcoming his mind.

A loud click almost made him jump as the nurse came into the room and he twisted his head to watch her walk to his cot with a malicious smile on her lips.

“How’s my patient?” she asked. “Ready for me to change the bandages?”

She leaned on the top of the cage, looking down at the curled-up man who was restrained there, the keys to his locks hanging from a chain around her neck.

It seemed that she did not expect an answer, reaching through the bars and touching his cheek in a gesture that seemed more affection than anything else.

“It’s been three days now,” she said, as her hand wandered to the rough crepe bandages that swathed his torso. “Let’s see how you’re coming along.”

The hand withdrew and she started her preparation. Pulling on a pair of latex gloves she unwrapped the fresh bandages and placed them in a line on the small table that stood next to the cot. Next to these she placed two tubes of lotion before she unlocked the barred top of the cot and then folded down the side bars to give her access to her patient.

Her voice turned conversational as she pulled Phil’s arms away from his back and clipped them by the joined wrists to the edge of the cot to keep them out of the way while she changed the dressings.

“Who’d have guessed it?” she said, as her hands pulled under him and slowly unwound the bandages. “Out of work, disbarred and humiliated for doing nothing really and then out of the blue, this job comes along.”

Phil felt her push under him and lifted a little as the pressure on his torso diminished and she chatted away as if she was back in the hospital from which she had been fired for abusing her patients.



## **Fifth Sub Routine**

“Your wife is paying me ten times what the hospital paid, it’s just a shame that it’s only for a few weeks. Better make the most of it I suppose!”

The last bandage was pulled from under him and Phil felt her hands move over his torso.

“One more day of bandages and then I think that we can do without them,” she muttered as her hands followed the contours of the breasts that swelled from his chest. “A bit of bruising and the incisions are healing nicely. Tomorrow, I think that you can get up and get a bit of exercise and get used to the feel of them.”

She rolled a nipple between finger and thumb and then squeezed and pressed her fingertips into the expanse of soft yielding breast to satisfy herself that everything was in order.

“Now then,” she said. “Lift up and on goes the bra.”

Phil did not move and she slapped his ass with the flat of her hand sharply to make him obey.

“That’s better!”

He looked down at her hands as she pulled on the huge cups of a soft sports-bra over the rounded breasts and then pulled the straps under his body. He could feel every touch, but the sensations were divorced from reality as if he was watching from afar.

She dabbed a little cream over the bruises and the soreness of the incisions under his breasts and then started to roll the bandages on and pull them until they hugged the rounded flesh.

“Your wife will love playing with them,” she giggled, “and so will I! Now then, the next few weeks are going to be fun, because I have a few small things to get done for her, a chance for a little artistic flair.”

Strong hands pulled the bandages tight before she tied them on and then her hands slapped his ass again.

“I want you lying face up, dear,” she ordered.

Phil rolled face up. Now at last he was facing her and saw her properly for the first time from more than the corner of his eye.

“Good, now then, let’s have a look at what’s going on down here.”

He looked up at the breasts that hung over his face. Full and soft, they hung just an inch over the ball-gag between his lips as he felt her hands release him from the steel restraint that was locked at his groin.

“Just a little inspection.”

### Fifth Sub Routine

The strange internal movement signaled the withdrawal of the catheter, her hands cupping his balls and playing with them and squeezing.

“Perfect,” she exclaimed. “Time for playtime.”

The hands withdrew and she started to unbuckle the straps that held the gag in place. The ball popped from his lips and a sudden cramp in Phil’s jaw made him grimace.

“Better?” she asked.

Her face came down and she kissed his lips.

“Let’s start nice and slow, baby.”

She sat on the edge of the cot at his head and leaned over his face, on hand holding a breast, guiding it to his lips.

“You suckle and I’ll see what you’ve got.”

“Please, let me go,” said Phil in a cracked voice. “I’ll pay whatever you want.”

“What, and lose the best job that I’ve ever had?” laughed Daniella. “I don’t think so, darling! You haven’t got enough money to even *begin* to pay me to escape.”

Her fingers parted to reveal a hard nipple that lowered to his lips as Daniella leaned over him.

“Just be a good little boy and do as you’re told.”

As the puckered skin pressed against his lips, he felt her other hand slip down his groin and flutter its fingers over his hardening cock.

“See, that’s better isn’t it?”

Phil sucked at the nipple and pressed his lips close around it as her hand teased his rigid cock and stroked the bulging tip.

“Oh, that’s better, darling,” moaned the nurse as her hand grasped his cock and pulled it tight downward. “You please Mummy properly and she might just allow you a little climax.”

The hand stroked and pulled gently, the smooth latex of the gloves rubbing up and down with long strokes. He could feel himself straining upward, pushing his hips high in response as the breast lowered and smothered his face.

“I like to be nibbled,” said Daniella breathlessly. “Gently, gently...”

Phil responded by closing his teeth on the hard puckered nipple and massaging it with his

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

tongue. The soft skin of her breasts almost covered his nose and swamped his vision as she teased his cock mercilessly. Smoothly gripping the length of it and pulling and then lifting her hand to leave him without contact as it jerked upright to her touch.

“That’s better,” she moaned. “Harder!”

He bit just a little, eliciting a groan and her hand moved to make sure that her nipple did not slip from his lips. The latex gloved hand on his rigid organ returned. Now it massaged the tip of him, squeezing and then circling the head with finger and thumb before gripping the stalk of him again and pressing down hard.

“More,” she insisted. “Come on.”

Phil’s thoughts were filled with desperate need. A need to cum, a need to thrust into her hand, a need to please her enough to satisfy his craving for a climax that had been denied for months. He had almost forgotten how it felt, to do more than just leak cum at a machine’s summoning. The feeling of surging climax, that had been denied for so long.

A moan filled his head, and he suckled on the teat in his mouth. Everything was forgotten, this was the moment that paid for every abuse, the instant that he had longed for.

“Are you cumming for me?”

The question caused him to bite at the nipple harder and suddenly the hand pulled from his cock and the breast that had almost suffocated him pulled high from the reach of his mouth.

“Ouch!” cried Daniella. “You fucking bitch, what the fuck?”

She slapped his face hard. It made his senses ring.

A second brutal cuff made Phil cry out just as his cock responded and a slow trickle of cum surged from its tip. The climax had been ruined. The feeling of gratification lost at the moment of orgasm. Daniella’s face had an expression of loathing as she spat at him, the wetness striking his lips and splattering his cheek.

“You little shit,” she cried as she slapped him again. “Open your mouth!”

“I’m so sorry,” wailed Phil. “I didn’t mean to.”

“I said, open your mouth you little cunt!”

He opened wide, his eyes rolling in fear as she spat into his mouth and then pushed the ball-gag fiercely between his lips.

“You’ll pay for that, you bitch! Karen was right, you’re not fit to be treated as a man.”

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

Her hands lifted a sagging breasts and she inspected herself where a small bruise showed on the soft brown of the nipple. Gently she lifted her breast and kissed the nipple before turning back to her flinching victim and buckling the straps of the gag brutally tight across his face.

“You were doing so well,” she said. “Now I am forced to punish you for injuring me.”

Phil tried to speak, but the words came as muffled whimpers. He wanted to ask for forgiveness, beg her for mercy and try to explain that he had just lost control and made an error. Lost control and bitten too hard, but Daniella was in a fury, her lips moving as she nursed her breasts.

“You even came when you nipped me, you stupid little fuck!” she said, as she slapped his balls. “Now you’re going to pay for it.”

She stood for a moment over him and then picked up one of the tubes of cream to hold it up for inspection. The red and yellow markings, the bright flame pictured on it made him yelp as she slowly unscrewed the top and pushed a bubble of the white crème onto the latex of her gloves.

“If you think that some of this on that little prick of yours is all I can do, then think again,” she whispered.

With a flourish she produced a vibrator and began to carefully smear the cream onto the length of it as she smiled at the fear in his eyes and the blubbing sounds that emanated from his gagged mouth.

“I felt just a little sympathy for you, but now I can see what your wife has to put up with,” she said, as she slowly rotated the thick vibrator in his vision. “You are going to suffer endless punishment.”

Phil tried to move to the back of the cot, he sobbed as she balanced the vibrator on the table and then grasped his ankles. He tried to kick out, but she moved to put a hard knee across his thighs, pinning him as chains were attached to the anklets and looped over the bars of the cot over his head.

He cried out, wriggled and fought, but her hands on the chain pulled and pulled until one leg after another was pulled high over him and then down until each foot reached the corner of the cot over his streaming face.

“There,” she cried as the padlocks fixed the chains.

The bruises on his chest throbbed and smarted, but he forgot about the agony in his distress as Daniella took the vibrator and pressed it between the cheeks of his ass. The cream had a cool touch on the sensitive skin, then the tip began to press into him. He clenched, he fought, he resisted, but the slippery object could not be contested as it slowly pierced him, pressed by her palm, penetrating deep inside him carrying its consignment of cruel cayenne deep inside.

The first contact was cool, but in seconds the heat began. A stinging that became burning embers

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

of agony. The sensitive skin in the cleft of his ass, the bunched muscles that clenched around the intruder and worse still the delicate membranes that clasped the trespasser that was now deeply embedded in his rear.

Daniella stood smiling over her doubled-over victim and then her cream smeared gloves attended to the slackening cock and balls, rubbing the white salve to mix with the

dribbles of cum and work it into the whole of him from cock to balls, from balls to the small expanse of skin between that and his asshole.

Phil screamed through the gag as he saw her pick up the tube and squeeze a large daub of cream onto her fingertips before she worked it into the shrinking flesh.

“You’re going to regret biting me, bitch,” she said, as she slipped the chastity restraint on and locked it tight. “Learn to please me how I want, that’s all I ask.”

She picked up the tube that had been draining him and pulled it through her sticky fingers.

“You are going to suffer all night,” she gloated.

One hand gripped the steel restraint, the other slowly moved the cream smeared tube. Her fingertip opened him and she slowly pushed the tube home, all the while watching him for the reaction when the sensitive membranes would start to burn.

It took just seconds.

Warmth first, a deep heat that seemed to burn from inside out and then it struck and he howled and struggled in his chains. Daniella stripped off the latex gloves carefully and dropped them before showing her writhing victim the next torment.

In her hand was a remote control.

She pressed and a slow cadence of electric shocks started. Phil could not identify if it was the vibrator or the restraint that was punishing him, it filled his rear and caused him to twitch as Daniella began to laugh.

“Now see what you missed.”

Her hand unzipped her skirt and allowed it to drop to her ankles. She wore nothing under it, he could only see the strong pillars of her thighs and the wedge of her pouting sex as she opened her legs, standing with feet apart, and slowly frigged herself in time with the pulses that swept through the agony that the cream generated as it finally gained full potency.

Her fingers pulled through herself, parting the rounded fleshy cunt, opening it wide, exposing the rigid clitoris and the soft hanging inner lips. Wetness streamed from her, breath coming in short gasps before finally her fingertips massaged that unhooded organ, teasing and fucking it as she

### **Fifth Sub Routine**

climaxed with cries of insatiable lust and then slowly fucked her hole with her fingers.

The vibrator hummed in Phil's ass, throbbing and pushing, massaging its cargo of anguish ever deeper into him while his cock burned inside and out, a fierce fire that filled his mind with flames.

Daniella pulled the side of the cot into position and locked it before returning the bars to close the top.

"I'll see you in the morning," she said in a hard tone. "Then I am going to show you how a sissy-slut gives control of her little clitty to her mistress!"

The light went out as the door closed and the night of agony really began.

## Fifth Sub Routine

### Code Reuse (Today)

Suzi arrived first to the party, in one hand the leash that led her husband, in the other a short crop. Phil took her coat and made a small curtsy, but she ignored him and hugged Karen and Angie, kissing each on both cheeks in a warm greeting.

"I've so been looking forward to this," she said, as she slowly turned and modelled her dress with obvious pleasure.

"Ooh, that's so sexy," said Karen, as she admired the long leather dress and clapped her hands with enthusiasm. "Where did you get it, I simply must have one."

"Amsterdam, last week," replied Suzi as she stopped turning and put one foot forward to pose for her friends. "The boots are my favorites from a little boutique that I have discovered in London."

Suzi reached down and lifted the hem of her dress from the floor to show Karen and Angie the tightly laced boots with their red patent edgings on matt black leather.

"Come on in," said Angie leading the way to the lounge. "We're waiting for Daniella and Leona, then the party can begin. I thought that she'd arrive with you."

"She's making her own way," said Suzi, referring to Leona. "She'll be here soon."

Suzi gave a small tug on the leash in her hand and the three women and her husband disappeared into the sitting room to leave Phil to carefully hang up the fur coat on a hanger and stand to wait the arrival of the woman that he feared.

He could hear the voices in the lounge and the clink of glasses as they settled to an animated chat about clothes and resumed his position by the door. A feeling of anticipation and dread filled him. A pit in his stomach and a light headed feeling that caused him to breathe deeply. He feared Angie, he even feared Karen, but thoughts of Daniella always left him with a sensation in his belly that was deeper. Occasional bursts of giggling and sentences came from the front room as he waited.

"In the West End, you really have to try it out," Suzi was saying. "They have all the designer makes and loads of really fetishistic heels. Wait a sec, I've got a card here."

The voices faded and Phil found his thoughts returning to the woman who was about to arrive. An itch started at his crotch and his cock started to swell.

*'How is it,' he thought, 'that I dread her and feel like this?'*

He moved a little to ease the discomfort of the restraint biting and then felt the expected reaction. Deep in his ass the penetrating dildo started to vibrate and twist while an answering vibration stroked the tip of his cock and administered small shocks that were so delicate that they were more twitches than jolts. His thighs trembled and parted a little as a drip of precum oozed from

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

the tip of his prick to soak into the frills of his dress.

The doorbell sounded suddenly, shaking the sissy-slave from his enjoyment of the delicate milking and he instinctively reached for the door and opened it to find the object of his fear standing impatiently on the doorstep.

“You made me wait,” said Daniella irritably as she stepped past the trembling maid. “Not a good idea.”

Phil curtsied just as the computer in the server room decided that it had achieved the programmed result and drips of cum slithered down Phil’s thighs to leak to the floor.

“Daniella, so glad that you could come tonight,” said Angie as she came into the hallway. “Come inside, now we’re just waiting for Leona to arrive and then we can start the party.”

Angie opened the door for the nurse and then closed it behind them to leave the sissy-maid standing alone once more. He felt a sense of relief and then suddenly remembered that he had been milked. He looked down at the smears on the floor and knelt to attend to licking them up.

He was just getting the last smear where Daniella’s stilettos had smeared the cum when the doorbell rang out again and he stood to open the door.

Phil had never seen Leona before, of course he had heard her mentioned and knew that she was the au-pair that worked for Suzi, but his imagined picture of the Czech girl was nowhere near the reality. He had pictured a tall blonde woman of thirty, large breasted and pouting, a bimbo who fluttered around and had been placed in charge of Suzi’s husband.

Instead, she was tiny. A petite girl that looked as if she was barely out of school. Wide rimmed glasses and black hair braided into a long plait that hung down her back. She wore a tight suit, bolero jacket and pencil skirt that went to her calves, just above the plain black stilettos that covered her feet.

Leona stepped into the hallway, ignoring the large breasted sissy who had opened the door and slipped of her jacket to reveal a pink silk blouse that showed the cleavage of her small rounded breasts.

The sound of the doorbell had brought the four other women to crowd the door to the sitting room and she greeted them each with a small kiss on the cheek.

“This is Daniella,” said Karen, introducing Leona to the older woman who stood just behind her. “We hired her a few months ago, but actually we’ve become friends.”

“Pleased to meet you,” said Leona with a slight accent. “I’ve heard all about you from Angie!”

“Nothing good I hope!” said Daniella with a laugh.



## **Fifth Sub Routine**

The women retreated back into the lounge and as they did, Angie made a small sign with her hand to indicate that the maid was allowed to follow them.

As the ladies settled in the comfortable sofas and armchairs, Phil found that he was required to pour drinks and then to stand behind Karen ready to be of service while the women chatted and Martin stood leashed and to attention behind Suzi's seat.

"I understand that you've been on a programming course," said Karen to Leona.

"For two months," said Leona. "Actually, I am rather proud of myself, Chastity Microsystems offered me a job to be a programmer for them and I'm considering the offer."

"It's working from home," explained Suzi. "That means that she can carry on looking after Martina even if she takes the offer up."

"Sounds cool," said Angie. "It must have been difficult."

"Not at all," replied the Czech girl. "I graduated in Informatics in Prague before I came here to improve my English, so actually it was fairly straight forward. 'Cane' is just a specialist object orientated language that's based on C++, actually, so there wasn't much to it!"

"All way above my head," said Suzi. "At any rate, she's got the system working like a dream and Martina has really benefitted from it."

Phil noticed the way that Martina dropped her eyes in misery and felt a wave of sympathy for the sissy-hubby. Dressed in a tight-fitting dress with chains between his feet it was clear that she was further along in her training than Phil was.

"You can look over the system here if you like," said Angie with a smile at Leona. "Since you're not working for them yet, you won't feel that you have to charge us!"

Karen and Suzi giggled and a smile flickered over Daniella's features at the small joke.

"If you like," said Leona seriously. "I already noticed that the gateway registrations are not registering properly when Martina passed that sensor."

She pointed at the flickering red light over the door.

"Perhaps later I'll take a look at it. I suspect that you've not downloaded the latest version of the operating system?"

"Er, I don't think so," said Karen, with an embarrassed grin. "I haven't looked at it for a week."

"Leona has added a nice little twist," said Suzi as she bent her neck and looked up at her husband. "Originally we set the system to edge poor little Martina all the time."

## Fifth Sub Routine

“That’s what we’re doing,” said Angie. “Ten times a day she’s being milked.”

“Well, what Leona did was to add some new sensors so that the system knows where we are. Every time that he is near us both, it milks him. Leona thinks that the training will eventually condition him to drip without needing to stimulate him at all!”

“Just a little experiment,” said Leona. “It’s been running for three weeks now and Martina needs less and less stimulation every time. I reckon that in a month it will just happen every time.”

“Ooh, Phil, do you hear that?” said Angie. “Just think, every time that you just see us come into the room you’ll be cumming in your pants!”

“Except that he’s not allowed any panties,” giggled Karen.

Phil was so glad that the system had emptied him just a quarter of an hour before. Now it would be at least an hour before there was any risk that any sign could trigger another milking.

“Leona loves to experiment,” said Suzi. “Of course, she has my permission to do what she likes with Martina, but sometimes I think that she’s a little cold.”

Leona smiled and looked up at Martina before answering.

“Just because I love to tease your sissy-hubby but never allow her to touch me does not mean that I’m ‘cold’, as you put it,” said Leona. “I just love to work out how to make her be *perfectly* obedient. I want to find out the best stimulatory environment and make her every response programmed to your needs.”

“See what I mean,” said Suzi with a laugh. “To Leona, men are merely laboratory-rats to be experimented on and made to suffer until they satisfy her curiosity. For me, they are occasional playthings. Of course, they should obey, no one here would deny that, but affection and devotion cannot be trained into a man’s psyche.”

“You want it all,” said Leona with a small smile. “You want your husband to be your slave *and* to love you for it.”

“What’s wrong with that?” asked Karen.

She turned to look up at Phil who was standing behind her and asked: “Do you love me, dear?”

Phil nodded assent and then looked down. He found that he could not speak the words, dared not argue with his wife. If he dared to embarrass her, he knew that he would be punished.

“He’s just scared of you,” said Suzi with a laugh. “He knows that one word out of place will lead to endless punishment. What do you think, Daniella? You are sitting there all silent and just smiling about our little dispute.”

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

Daniella nodded and said, "Spending a couple of weeks with Karen's sissy-slut opened my eyes. I always thought that a bit of training would bring any man around to realizing

that my needs are paramount. What I discovered is that men are never really willing to obey, they need to be in constant fear of a woman's touch to be properly docile."

She paused a moment before gathering her thoughts and continuing.

"I don't believe that they have the mental capacity to love like a woman loves. Deeply and with unconditional devotion in an equal partnership!"

"I can see that you are nodding agreement with Daniella," said Karen to her lover.

Karen sighed and looked up again at her husband.

"I suppose that she's right. I was sort of hoping that little Phil here would eventually become devoted to us both, but maybe he's always pretending! He ran away this afternoon and we had to go out into the rain to fetch him back. I suppose that sort of proves it, after all, if he can't come to terms with pleasing me in six months, then maybe he never will."

"He tried to run away?" asked Leona, leaning forward with interest. "What happened?"

"My silly little husband realized that a little foil wrapped around his collar meant that the system could not detect him," said Karen. "We caught him near the road where the sensors finally got a grip."

"It's not just the collar that should be activated to communicate with the system, every item should have a channel allocated," said Leona. "I'll pop up to the server room later and give the whole thing a once over. The engineer that set it all up did a bad job! I should think that Chastity Microsystems will have ways of making sure that this type of error will not happen again!"

A ringing bell sounded in the kitchen.

"OK, you two sluts get into the kitchen and prepare our meal," said Angie making shooing movements with her hands. "The ladies have a lot to talk about that you don't need to bother your silly little heads about, so shoo, into the kitchen and make sure that it's perfect!"

The two sissies tottered on their heels into the kitchen and Angie closed the door behind them.

"It'll all be ready in twenty minutes," said Angie with a smile. "I worked out the menu and we start with the potted lobster and then a main of flambéed duck. All afternoon he's been working at it and it smells perfect."

Angie took her place again and passed the bottle of red that was at her side.

As Karen poured her glass full, Angie started to chuckle and said, "This afternoon, Karen gave

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

me a little gift.”

Karen blushed red and then started to giggle.

“It wasn’t fair, darling. You caught me at a weak moment.”

“A promise is a promise,” said Angie. “Now tell them what you gave me!”

“Phil!” said Karen, as she sipped at her wine.

The other women started to laugh, even Leona raising a smile.

“You told me that you were going to add that old boyfriend of yours,” said Suzi. “You know, the one that gave you a black eye the night of the big win.”

“That’s on the cards, of course, but first I need to prepare Karen’s sissy to be ready for the fun to begin. I so totally agree with Daniella and Leona here. Men need a firm hand. They need to be broken and bent to behave the way that we want them to. Women might be different, but then I’ll withhold judgement on that!”

Suzi sat back in her armchair and crossed her legs. The long dress fluttered and the spikes and toes of her boots were all that could be seen.

“Darling Angie, I think that I know what you are going to say next.”

“What’s that?” asked Angie.

“You want to borrow Martina, perhaps?”

“You are so clever, Suzi, you always know what I’m thinking.”

“Of course, I do darling! Everything.”

Angie raised an eyebrow and shook her head.

“I doubt that,” she mused.

“Don’t be so sure, dear. You are thinking of being a naughty girl, I can see it in your eyes!”

Angie started to laugh and then said; “OK, then don’t tell, you may be right or wrong, but don’t spoil the surprise.”

“I won’t if you are prepared to pay a forfeit!” said Suzi.

Her hand smoothed over the leather dress and she pouted at Angie and licked her lips.

### Fifth Sub Routine

“Mm, pay a forfeit,” said Leona. “This just gets so interesting. I think that the penalty asked for, will confirm what I am guessing. Angie, you are such a bitch!”

Karen eyed at Leona with a puzzled look and then back to Suzi who just sat preening herself in her cleverness.

“So, what’s the penalty for getting you to hold your tongue?” asked Angie.

It was clear to all the women gathered around that there was an undercurrent between Suzi and Angie. Karen had seen them both in bed and knew that both of them were women who never allowed themselves to be outdone and wondered what was going on. The pause lasted for a minute or so before Suzi held up her hand with three fingers outstretched.

Angie nodded.

“You’re on, Suzi.”

“Three what?” asked Daniella.

“Three million of course,” said Leona with a smile.

Karen just shook her head and looked at Angie.

“Karen, I don’t understand.”

“Darling, of course you don’t! Now then, I have to pop along and see how those two dears are doing in the kitchen. It must be nearly ready.”

The food was excellent, Phil and Martina ran around and refilled glasses at the slight wave of a hand, served the food and cleared the table between each course like the maids that they were.

Finally, the sorbet glasses were cleared and they settled back into their chairs, each with an espresso and a cognac. The talk around the table during the meal had been inconsequential, but now an imminence hung in the air as Karen waited to see what surprise her lover was going to spring on them all.

Angie did not seem in a hurry to do anything other than to carry on the small talk as she asked about the shoe shop where Suzi had bought her magnificent boots. She pulled out the visit card that Suzi had given her and turned it in her hand.

“It’s called ‘Spiked Soul’,” said Suzi as Angie passed the card to Daniella. “It costs a fortune, but I wouldn’t shop anywhere else.”

“Why’s that?” asked Daniella as he passed the card on to Karen’s hand.

“The service is so *intimate*. They have a man in the shop that is chained to a ring in the floor.

## Fifth Sub Routine

Unbelievable and so erotic and fetishistic. I just love it. I'll introduce you or maybe I'll just take you all there."

Karen passed the card back to Angie.

"Come here," said Angie with a sudden change of tone.

Her finger pointed to the floor by the side of the armchair where she lolled. Phil looked at her and knew that the order was for him to obey. Carefully he placed down the Brandy bottle that he had been returning and walked to stand where he was ordered.

"Now then, your wife has given you to me and I have decided that things are going to change for you."

The sissy-maid looked at Karen with a sorrowful look.

"Angie will decide everything," said Karen.

She felt a small twinge of regret and saw the tears in her husband's eyes, but she had made the promise after all, it was worth the orgasm, she decided.

"That's right. To start with I have decided that I am going to rename you. It's ridiculous having a maid called 'Phil', so I need suggestions, girls. Karen?"

"Phyllis or Philomena?" said Karen. "Personally, I like Phyllis best. Old fashioned and so suitable for a sissy."

"Felicia," suggested Daniella.

"The Czech is Filip," said Leona. "It sounds too masculine in English, so I'll suggest that you just call her '*Coura*' which is the word in my language for 'slut' or 'skank'."

"I like that," said Angie, "but I really need it to be an English name, so I'll go along with Phyllis. It's actually what I had in mind, so it's perfect. Anyway, it's only right that Karen should name her."

Phyllis was standing between Daniella's chair and Angie's. She suddenly felt a hand slither up her leg and knew that Daniella was intent on checking the ownership mark that was her work. The hand lifted the skirt and Daniella nodded as she looked at the word that she had added to the smooth skin of Phyllis' ass three months before.

"Now that that's settled," said Angie. "It's time for my new bitch to learn where she stands in the scheme of things in this household."

She looked around the small gathering and felt a satisfaction that it was all going her way. Now, there was just last move to make and then she could start to really enjoy the fruits of realizing the

### **Fifth Sub Routine**

design that was so close to completion.

“Kneel,” she said. “It’s time for our sissy to start to earn her way.”

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

### **Discrete optimization (Three Months Ago)**

Hours of agony, piercing and intense.

Then it began to fade at last, the heat from the cream dying slowly to an itch until at last just the small shocks shook him, causing his muscles to tense and flutter, disallowing sleep as the vibrator reamed and his erections came and went. Dawn light filtered through the blinds and still Phil lay straining with his trembling legs held taut over his body. His caged cock the center of his attention.

His tired mind could no longer separate thoughts from impulses and impulses from experience and he slipped into a daydream of the time before. The times that he had been just a man, married to a woman who loved him, working at a job that he could no longer remember. He tried to recall what love and sex had been like in those days, but his memories could no longer call up his wife waiting impatiently under the bedclothes to be fucked.

Instead, he saw a parade of stiletto heels passing the bars of his cot. Felt the endless milking of the machine that gripped him and knew that only Karen could save him from this nightmare of endless punishment and almost-climaxes.

A fantasy crept up in his thoughts.

A pleasant reverie as he imagined her returning to rescue him. Unchain him and hold his hand through the bars of the cot. With a smile she would unlock the bars, slip them away and take him to the comfort of the bedroom in the house that had long been sold. He closed his eyes and tried to recall her naked body draped on the sheets, her legs thrown casually wide, inviting him. Her soft breasts flattened on her chest, her lips pouting, inviting him to lie on her, pushing deep while she cried out.

“You look so sweet like that,” said Daniella. “Good enough to fuck!”

The words broke into his dream and he opened his eyes to see the nurse standing over him. Her lips smiled, but the smile did not reach to her eyes. They were hard and pitiless, the smile just a mask on the round face. Her hand lifted to his sight and he saw the long bamboo cane in her gloved hand and he whimpered through the gag in a piteous cry for mercy.

“We have two long weeks together, you and I,” said Daniella. “Enough time for you to learn that the only reason for your existence is to serve. Now then, let’s get you cleaned up and ready. We have a lot to cover today. You are going to learn that your role is to be abused whenever a woman wants to play with you.”

She laid the length of bamboo down and unlocked the cage while he whimpered and mewled in distress.

“First a shower.”



## **Fifth Sub Routine**

She pulled the still throbbing vibrator from his ass and then turned to his ankles. The sudden release as his legs fell to the bed caused cramps to lance through his thighs. He

lay helpless as she slowly unwrapped the bandages on his chest, pushing her strong hands under him, treating him like a child as she rolled him over this way and that until he lay naked on the bed, vulnerable and powerless as she worked.

“A sissy is never without her shoes,” she commented as she produced a pair of red stilettos as if pulling a rabbit from a hat. “These are training shoes to teach you to walk like the slut that you are. Every step will be an invitation for your owners.”

She slipped a shoe onto each foot and closed the ankle straps, adding small padlocks to each buckle.

“Up you get.”

Her hands urged him and Phil struggled to sit while Daniella pulled his legs over the edge of the cot to the floor. She took his hands and pulled and he tottered to his feet. The shoes pinched his toes fiercely as his weight shifted and then a new discomfort made itself felt. Where his heels rested in the shoes small barbs pricked his heels and he was obliged to shift his weight forward onto his pinched toes.

“That’s right dear, you will be walking on tippy-toes all the time,” she laughed as a look of dismay came over his face while he tried to balance. “Small steps, legs straight and off we go!”

She led him by the hand a few steps and then released him to manage a couple more steps before he extended a hand onto the top of the cot to find his balance.

“Those big tits suit you,” she commented as she bent to take up the cane.

Daniella swished the cane threateningly, urging her victim to leave the safe haven of the cot and head for the bathroom door. As he stepped carefully on tip-toes she tapped his ass and laughed.

“We’ll make a slut of you yet,” she added as she followed the tottering man into the bathroom.

The tiles of the bathroom floor made the heels slip and skid, Phil almost fell, but Daniella led him to the shower and positioned him with his back to the wall. She turned the tap and cold water drenched him, making him cry out before she started to undress. Daniella slipped off her dress and tossed it aside before stepping out of her knickers and joining her patient in the shower.

The water was now warm, it cascaded down Phil, washing over his face and hair, washing away the dried sweat, trickling into his mouth past the gag before Daniella pressed her naked body against him, pinning him to the wall while her hands wandered over his body. She cupped his tender breasts, tweaked his large nipples and then moved them to cup his ass and hold him tight. He could feel her press hard against him as her face turned up and she kissed the red globe of the gag with a passionate caress of lips and tongue.

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

He felt her fingers grip and then slide to run the length of the cleft of his ass before they pressed against the puckered entrance that they sought.

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The first day set the pattern.

Daniella started the day by caressing and toying with the helpless sissy. At every opportunity she played with the sensitive breasts, stroked thighs and explored his ass with penetrating fingers. Sometimes caring and loving, as though she was leading a child to behave with a mother's caresses, sometimes intimate, taking him to the point of crying with bliss, other times using the cane to correct every step with angry words and insults.

Every night was a reflection of the day that had passed. If she deemed him to have progressed, Daniella chained him tight in his cot, allowing sleep and rest. If she decided that she was not satisfied, then his legs would be pulled high and a caning would be administered before the system was switched to punish him for sleepless hours of misery.

It seemed to Phil that her satisfaction and displeasure were impossible to separate. That the treatment was almost random until he cowered and sought to please with every fiber of his being.

She taught him to push out his breasts, offer them to her to abuse and tease, walk with a wiggle that was forced upon him by the shoes that were never removed. When the gag was pulled from his lips he pouted and stayed silent in fear that a single word out of place would see her silence him.

Occasionally she dressed him. Allowing him to cover his nakedness with clothes that were calculated to display a femininity that simply aroused her to abuse him all the more. Her favorites were those that left him vulnerable to cruelty. Tight denim shorts that shaped his ass, short skirts and tight blouses tied at the midriff. Occasionally he found himself in the frilly frocks that he was accustomed to, exposed with naked breasts hanging for her to slap when his assignments were not completed to her satisfaction.

A grueling schedule of house work that was overseen by Daniella's presence was all part of that training as his breasts healed and his mind was gradually purged of all but the fear of not pleasing the woman whose authority seemed omnipresent.

In the background, always watching and controlling was the system that monitored his good behavior. Milking him whenever he responded, governing every movement around the house, punishing when he did not carry out his duties.

Soon it was clear to Phil that every device, every door and window, every switch and appliance had been added to the system. If the washing machine was not emptied within minutes of finishing a cycle, he was punished. If meals were not served according to the schedule, he was punished. If the iron was not kept moving for the stipulated two hours, he was punished. It was as if the whole house monitored his every movement and judged him, disciplining and penalizing

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

any mistake.

The first week of his recovery seemed like years. His daydreams of Karen rescuing him faded to be replaced by a need to perform every task perfectly.

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“Good girl,” said Daniella as she inspected the perfectly stacked clothes. “You are doing so well.”

Her hands massaged the breasts of her sissy and then moved to inspect the small fading scars underneath.

“I just love these,” she cooed as she allowed them to drop and hang over the lace of the short dress. “Now then, it’s time for you to learn what a feminized slut does to please her owners and show gratitude for being permitted to serve. Come along, now that you are healed you are going to learn what a dominant woman needs.”

Her hand pulled on the leash that dangled from the collar and she led him through the house to the lounge. Phil walked behind her and cast his eyes down over the woman that had him in her grip. Short and somewhat tending to stoutness, her waist only seemed narrow because her rear was so wide.

Daniella smiled as she sat on an armchair and sat looking up at the expectant maid.

“From now on, you will learn all the ways that a sissy-bitch can show that she is grateful for her owner’s care and kindness.”

As she spoke her hands moved to the zipper on her skirt and slowly pulled it from waist to hem. The tight fabric parted to reveal her naked thighs. She opened it up and Phil found himself staring at the soft slit that was exposed to his gaze.

“Kneel,” she ordered.

He could see a flush of pink spreading across the thighs, it progressed over sex and the expanse of her belly and Daniella’s breathing started to become a rasping hiss as her fingers opened her blouse.

Glad to take the weight off the cruel stilettos, he knelt between her thighs and prayed that she would order him to serve that glistening pussy. Finally, ready, breasts and cunt exposed, Daniella slowly opened her legs wide. Her knees lifted and drew up, legs outstretched, moving in an arc that opened her pussy wide for him to admire the matrix of soft crinkled skin that parted to show the dark of her hole. He was mesmerized, it had been so long since he had been granted a view like this, her soft pussy a vision that drew him to lean forward as she spread ever wider.

Daniella smiled and nodded and he bent forward waiting for permission to kiss her, his lips just

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

an inch from soft aromatic pussy.

“Kiss my ass bitch,” came her breathless voice from above.

The tantalized sissy watched as the cheeks of her wide ass parted as she tucked her ankles under her arms. The wrinkled ass hole moved and twitched just inches under the temptation of her pussy, it moved to under his pursed lips, the skin writhing in the cleft of her ass.

“This is what you are,” said Daniella as her hands moved to slide between the lips of her pussy. “Fit to be nothing but an ass-licking slut! Now fuck me.”

He kissed.

The soft crumpled skin gave way and it seemed that it kissed back. Her fingers moved in small circles over her cunt, massaging the tiny clitoris, teasing it as Phil lapped below, making Daniella coo with bliss as he served her.

“Fuck me,” she moaned.

The slave kissed the pucker of her ass. Pressed his tongue into her, through the slackening hole to bring the nurse to a shuddering climax.

Thighs, pulled tight and rounded, shuddering from the pleasure, he retreated. A small vibration between his legs teased his cock in its restraint as the computer sensed that he was ready to be milked. Small shocks that twitched muscle and forced a response.

“Don’t stop, bitch, just kiss my ass!”

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How many days had it been? He asked himself.

Three? Four, since that first lesson in pleasing Daniella.

Now he lay in that position, the one that she so enjoyed, the difference was, that chains pulled his ankles high over his face while she willingly used it while he kneeled to show his obedience.

Daniella lay over him, pressing him down, the dildo between her thighs pulling slowly out of him as another fucking drew to an end. It was a parody of love making, a defiling violation that now happened every night.

Phil the passive sissy, Daniella the lover who fucked and climaxed in breathless passion as she showed him that she could do whatever she wanted to her slut. She expected moans and groans, cries of passion and willingness, while she impaled him and came to the transmitted electric shocks that the system administered to force every drop of cum from his aching balls.

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“Do you love to be fucked?” she asked as she dismounted from the cot.

“Yes, darling,” answered Phil, repeating the small intimacies that he had been trained to utter.

“I think that it’s time to do the one or two small things that your wife has asked me to finish off before she comes back tomorrow,” said Daniella. “Now that you are ready for her, it’s time for the finishing touches.”

She released the buckles that held the fat cock at her thighs and allowed it to drop to the floor.

“Your wife and Angie were complaining that your restraint was not secure,” said Daniella conversationally. “I have been given the job of correcting that.”

Her hand held out a gold ring for his inspection.

“This goes through that little sissy-clit. But first, I have another little job to do. Angie thinks that every slut should be marked as such.”

Phil’s eyes widened with terror as the ring disappeared and Daniella showed him what Angie had given her. A long metal rod that ended in a word carved from a small brass block. The branding iron moved in his sight, the word ‘Slut’ in reverse making it plain what Angie had paid Daniella to do.

“Oh, God, no!” cried Phil. “Please, please, no...”

Daniella laughed and pulled the branding iron from his sight.

“That’s not a satisfactory answer,” she giggled. “Angie had this made especially for you, you should be grateful that she thinks that you deserve it!”

Phil struggled in his fetters, but Daniella ignored his pleadings and cries as she carefully removed the metal restraint and teased the shriveled cock.

“I will need you nice and stiff for the piercing,” she said.

The sissy slave tried to evade the hands that massaged his cock, he thrust with his hips, tried to roll and evade the hands, but Daniella just pushed a gloved finger into his ass while her other hand slid the length of his stiffening cock.

“Nice and hard for me,” she laughed. “Hard and rigid and then just a little pin-prick.”

He could feel his body betraying him. The finger in his ass moving and teasing while the other hand gripped him and slowly worked up and down.

“You want it, bitch but first comes this!”

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Her hands pulled free, leaving the cock jerking and after a brief wiggle, the finger pulled free and Daniella licked her lips, relishing the frantic cries of her victim.

He heard a hiss, a low roaring and saw the blue flame that sprang from the brass tube in her hand. The other moved the head of the branding iron in the flame while Phil sobbed and flailed in his fetters.

“Where will it be?” she asked.

She touched the inside of his thigh with her fingers and he flinched violently, before touching him again on his taut ass cheek and laughing at the reaction.

“Here,” she said, as her hand slapped him on the right cheek of his ass.

Phil screamed in anticipation, but it was nothing to the lance of agony that consumed him and left him screaming without sound. The contact was firm and held just a moment, a smell of burning filled his nostrils and then the brand withdrew to leave the word inscribed in white on the smooth skin.

“Perfect,” exclaimed Daniella. “Maybe another to match it?”

The howl from Phil filled the room, but Daniella just grasped his rigid prick and started to pump it in her fist, bringing it once again to full stretch.

“Do you want to cum for me?” she asked.

Phil scarcely heard her words, the pain in his rear consumed his mind, but his hips reacted with a clear answer and Daniella slowed her hand a little to keep him at the edge of a climax that she was going to deny.

“With this ring...” she said in a low voice.

Phil felt something enter his cock, something hard that forced into him. He cried out and then burst into tears as the hand that held him pushed down, forcing his cock to stand proud, the tip pulled tight, the intruder fucking his prick, bringing him so close to cumming.

Sweat dripped from his body, his breasts swayed side to side, his fettered wrists pulled at the chains and then a metallic click accompanied a burst of agony as she closed the jaws of the pincers and created the place where the ring would be fixed forever.

“That’s it, now your sissy clit will never cum again,” laughed Daniella. “Sissy-sluts never *climax*, ever!”

Her fingers fumbled at his straining organ and slipped the ring into place through the small hole at the base of the swollen tip of his cock to close it with a small click.

### **Fifth Sub Routine**

Her hands pulled back and she watched satisfied as the newly ringed prick leaked cum in a ruined climax that gave her a small thrill to watch.

“This is what you are, dear. Just a plaything for the women that rule your life,” she said, as her hand stroked his brow with mock affection.”

Phil sobbed and gasped with the depth of his emotions, drawing deep breaths and gasping with the shock as she leaned over him and kissed his lips, tasting the salt of his ears and savoring the shudders of his submission to her lips. She pressed her tongue

between his lips and kissed deeply, enjoying the moment of supremacy that had allowed her to break him so completely and intimately.

“This is just the very beginning of a new life in servitude,” she cooed. “There is so much more for you to experience that I almost envy you! Having those rich and sexy women fucking you, playing with you, every moment of your life!”

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

### **Add Sub (Today)**

Phyllis kneeled at the feet of Angie. Her eyes were downcast as Angie crossed her ankles and nodded to Suzi. She could feel all eyes on her and knew that something was about to happen, but there was no clue on her owner's smiling face.

"What do sluts do?" she asked Phyllis in a conversational tone.

"Fuck, Miss?"

"That's right, but they don't just fuck, do they?"

Karen looked at Suzi, who smiled and lazily extended an arm to Martina to lift the hem of her dress. Revealed was a rigid cock without restrainer that jerked under the touch of her hand as she teased the smooth head with fluttering fingertips.

"Martina has been chaste for months now," said Suzi. "It's time for her to be shown that all that waiting is over."

The hand cupped the heavy balls and squeezed a little and a glaze came into Martina's eyes that betrayed her desperate need.

"Of course, she's been milked continuously, Leona has seen to that, but now she's ready to be rewarded and I think that Phyllis is just the bitch she needs."

Karen looked at Angie and realized that this had been arranged without her knowledge. A sly smile from her lover confirmed her intuition.

"I have decided that Phyllis is going to learn that her real role in life is to please cock like the slut that she is," said Angie. "It's about time that she was used properly and starts to learn that her fuck-holes are going to be used as I want and what I want is this."

Suzi patted Martina on her ass and said, "Use the bitch, Martina and make sure that you make the most of this little reward while you can."

Martina looked at Leona as if she needed confirmation and started forward when the petite Czech girl nodded slightly as if to add her permission to that of her owner's. On the other hand, Phyllis gave a plaintive look at Karen who could see a tear well in her eye.

"I didn't really want her used this way," said Karen, as she watched Martina lift the hem of her dress revealing a huge erection that curved upward, a single drop of dew-like precum suspended at the tip.

Martina paused, the tip of her cock hovering before Phyllis' lips.

"It's not your call, Karen," she said. "You gave your sissy husband to me and you knew perfectly



## **Fifth Sub Routine**

well that I just get so wet when a slut is forced to suck a little cock.”

“Well, I don’t, Angie,” said Karen in a stiff tone. “You know that you’ll upset me, so why do you push it so hard? Yes, I want him to suffer and I have to admit that his helplessness turns me on but this?”

Martina inched forward, the leer on her face showed that she was desperate to push her cock in between the inviting lips of the kneeling Phyllis. The drop of precum dripped, it lengthened in a slow ooze and hung for a moment before falling.

Suzi, Daniella and Leona held their breath and waited to see what would happen between the two women that had brought them into the fold of female domination.

“I want it, I demand it,” said Angie at last. “The little slut belongs to me now, why did you give her to me if you knew it would end up like this?”

Karen felt an irrational anger surface. She felt as though she had been tricked into defending her husband by Karen, embarrassing her in front of her friends and now could not back down.

“No,” she hissed. “Don’t do this.”

Angie stood and placed her glass on the table before she spoke.

“How long have you known me, Karen?” she asked casually.

The sudden change of subject caused Karen to stutter.

“Years and years. Since school.”

“And how long have we been lovers?”

“Since that night in the Yellow Rose,” answered Karen.

Angie walked behind Karen’s Armchair and bent down for a moment and Karen found that her lover was standing looking down at her.

“And in all that time, Karen, have you ever known me to be told what to do?”

“Er, I suppose not,” replied Karen.

“Well, this time is no different. It’s what I want and that’s that! If you can’t accept me as I am, then just say so and I’ll move out and you can keep your darling hubby in all her frills and nylons! Grope her massive tits, keep her on a leash and coddle her instead of pushing her limits to find the place where she truly becomes just a plaything for us. That’s why I wanted her, that’s why she’s going to suck on that fat cock, because I want your bitch of a husband to be taken to a place where he is just a fuck-toy to play with and abuse!”

## **Fifth Sub Routine**

The vehemence in Angie's voice showed a side of her friend that Karen had rarely seen. She started to see that from the beginning, from the moment that they had won the money, that Angie had always been the one to lead. That she had made Karen keep the

secret of the win until she had fucked her, that Angie had persuaded her to buy the house, that Angie had been the one to maneuver her into collaring her husband and that Angie had found Daniella to spend two weeks crushing the weak husband who now kneeled on the point of becoming a true slut.

"Well, do what you want, Angie, go where you want, fuck who you want, but if our love means anything, you won't do this."

There was a moment of warning, a slight opening of Suzi's eyes in shock as Karen started to turn to look up at her lover. As her neck stretched and her face turned upward two hands suddenly pressed on her neck. Closed a collar with a click while a slight smirk twisted Angie's lips and her palm opened to reveal one of Chastity Microsystem's small remote controls.

"What the fuck?" cried Karen as she twisted from Angie's grip and stood to face her.

Her hands went to the steel ring that circled her slender neck and pulled at it in futile clawing movements and then she dived across the armchair to snatch the remote from Angie's hands. Three short presses on the punishment button would open the collar, Karen fumbled at the remote while Angie fell backwards off her heels to sit hard on the carpet with a dazed look.

"I'll fuck you for this, you bitch," screamed Karen as she held up the remote. "I'll have you eating my shit, you cunt! What the fuck did you think that you were going to do?"

Abruptly, Karen twisted and fell to the floor in a twitching heap, a small red light flickered on Karen's collar and the remote fell to the floor.

"You owe me three million," said Suzi to Angie with a smirk as she held up one of the remotes. "And a fucking big favor."

Angie stooped and retrieved the remote control that Karen had dropped and then glanced down at Karen who looked up at her with a gaze of pure naked hatred.

"Thanks, Suzi," said Angie as she bent over her former lover. "I owe you!"

One hand gripped the hem of Karen's skirt, the other showed the remote to Karen's eyes. She pulled and the skirt ripped off, tearing down the zip-line to fall from her hand on to the floor.

"Get up, bitch," said Karen. "You had a chance, now it's gone."

Karen got to hands and knees and then climbed up the chair to face her new mistress.

"Sit!"

## Fifth Sub Routine

The order was plain and Karen slumped into her armchair, still juddering from the perfectly gauged immobilizing jolt from her new collar.

“Not like that, legs open.”

“Please, Angie, I didn’t mean it, have my pathetic husband, take her, do what you want with her. I love you.”

“What you said can’t be taken back, Karen. It’s all too late. All I wanted to do was push you to the limit, find out how much you need me, how *much* you love me!”

Karen hung her head and looked pleadingly at the other three women who just sat and smiled at her distress. Suzi popped the remote into her cleavage and uncrossed her legs. It had all been prepared, Suzi knew, they all knew and not a hand had been raised in her defense. How much was Angie paying them all? Hundreds of thousands, millions... her money!”

“Martina,” said Suzi. “Show the slut what having a cock in her mouth is like.”

For a moment it seemed that the ex-lawyer questioned if Phyllis or Karen was the focus of the order. After a moment’s hesitation, she decided that Phyllis was her target and her hips swayed and pushed the tip of her aching cock against those inviting lips.

They opened wide, allowing violation, tasting the meat that thrust deep. And Martina pulled back, before ramming home again in the first proper fuck that he had been permitted in months. He desperately wanted to make it last, savor the moment of dominance that had been approved, so he pulled back again to enjoy the lips that closed just behind the bulging tip.

Karen’s eyes filled with tears. Self-pity? Betrayal, lost love or just the fear of Angie’s hard hand on her shoulder.

“Now, fuck yourself for our amusement,” whispered Angie in her ear. “Take a last climax before you get fucked and taken by all the delicious new toys that Leona has programmed into the system. I want to see you climax a dozen times before you help your sissy-hubby lapping up all that juicy cum.”

Karen’s hands slipped to her smooth pussy and opened it wide. She watched as Phyllis sobbed as Martina’s balls slapped on her chin with each slow, sure stroke. Across from her, now a million miles from her, Leona licked her lips slowly, Daniella settled back in her armchair to enjoy the show and Suzi picked up her glass to take a sip of wine while she focused on the hands that were busy earning her a cool three million.

“Remember what you promised me, slut,” came a whisper in Karen’s ear. “Because that’s what you’ve got to look forward to!”

Karen’s fingers slipped through the wetness between her thighs and she knew that she could not help herself.

### **Fifth Sub Routine**

She just *had* to cum for her malicious mistress.

*Exit Sub*