

Second Auction

Being the subsequent part of a previous tale: 'Lost Auction'.



An **ADULT** female domination tale from the pen
of
Miss Irene Clearmont.

Second Auction

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A Polite Author's Note:

This tale is a 'follow up' to the story 'Lost Auction'. It follows a different viewpoint and has slight story variations due to plotting constraints. I suggest that you read 'Lost Auction' first and this second as this will act as a spoiler for the first tale and don't take the differences in incidents too seriously!

It's only fiction.

*It also seems reasonable that those of you of a **sensitive** disposition might well wish to leave the room, because this story is perhaps almost as much horror as erotic...*

...do as you like, it's your life.



The Start...

The story begins after the story begins. It may well end after the end and the here and now may well be in the future or the past.

One Month Later

The Nissan stood in the car park with a layer of dust and filth covering its nearly new paint. It had probably been standing for more than a month, a stark witness to a crime that would never be solved. A low truck approached and two men inspected the car with a brief look through the side windows. On the seat lay a few papers, otherwise it was empty. A chain was attached to the front towing loop while the other man broke into the car with a casual professionalism.

He unlocked the handbrake and slipped the stick into neutral and steered the car onto the back of the ramp as the winch pulled it up. A final securing of the car and the job was done.

“Probably nicked,” said one to the other as they climbed into the cab. “It’s the third this week from this car park.”

The other man ignored his companion and guided the truck carefully down a dozen ‘down’ ramps until they were on the street outside. At the pound the car would be checked, the owner found and the insurance company would be contacted to sort out the mess with the police.

In the pound, the car was finally passed to the finance company that had lent the money to pay for it and was disposed of in the usual way, by auction. The disappearance of the owner a mystery that the police had not time to research and to be honest, no real interest.

Solving the mystery seemed unlikely to a way to lower crime statistics.

Now

Beatrice was worried.

She had so much to do and so little time to do it before she had to be home to welcome her mother and sister who were arriving in just two hours. Shopping for the food she needed, pay the bills at the post office, pop into the bank to get some money, return the dress that didn't fit and then pick her husband up from the railway station after his day's business trip to Liverpool.

Beatrice drove to the car park and left the car to hurry on her way, leaving the bills on the car seat and hurried off. The shopping complete she struggled through the queue at the post office before realizing that she had forgotten the bills and heading back to the car.

The stairwell smelled like a urinal, the lifts were out of order and she was winded by the time that she made it to the third floor where her car was parked. The three shopping bags and her handbag weighted heavy and made her arms ache. She rounded a parked van parked by her little Nissan and saw a woman leaning on her car watching her with a cold smile.

"Excuse me," said Beatrice, "but, that is my car."

The woman turned to face Beatrice with an unpleasant grin.

"And?" she said in a provocative tone.

The woman was huge, gross in fact, decided Beatrice. Dressed in a strange mixture of tight leggings that showed the sheer bulk of her legs, heels that were so high that she seemed perched on them and a tight orange dress that showed every outrageous curve of her body.

"I just want to leave and you are blocking the door to my car," said Beatrice politely, not rising to the tone of the fat woman.

With a small sigh, the giant woman moved to one side, freeing up the driver's door and opened the side panel door of the van with a loud scrape. Beatrice heaved her shopping and struggled to pull the keys from her handbag. Finding the keys at last she was about to open the car door when the fat woman moved forward and slapped her face with a casual swipe of the back of her hand that caused Beatrice to drop all of her bags and stagger backwards.

"In the van, bitch" said the fat woman as she looked down at the stricken Beatrice.

Beatrice gained her feet and looked into the open van. A single chain hung from the ceiling and a pair of handcuffs dangled at the end of it. She turned to run and felt a hand grab her arm as she turned. A grip like steel that bruised her arm and stopped her in her tracks.

“I said, ‘get in the van, bitch’. Don’t make me tell you anything twice.”

The grip tightened and Beatrice swung against it and aimed her fist at the grinning face of the fat woman, but the woman holding Beatrice simply let go and the blow missed to strike her shoulder with no effect.

Another slap floored Beatrice and she lay dazed on the floor for a moment. She felt herself being lifted and slung into the van with casual strength. The van creaked and moved as the woman entered with her and slammed the door closed with a loud bang of metal on metal.

“Stand up!”

Beatrice looked up and saw the woman, hands on hips looking down at her with that grim smile.

“Don’t make me repeat the command.”

“Please,” said Beatrice, “what are you doing?”

“Whatever the fuck I want,” said the woman.

Beatrice stood on shaking legs. She could feel a trickle of blood on her face where rings had cut her and her whole body trembled with the shock of the last minute’s skirmish. A minute ago she had been worried about a dozen small things that all needed to be done, now she was captive in a rusting van with a woman who seemed intent on robbing her.

“That’s better,” said the woman. “We’ll get along a lot better if you do as you are told. You will call me Mistress Sapphire when you are asked a direct question and otherwise stay silent. Now give me your hands!”

“Please, I haven’t done anything,” begged Beatrice as she held her hands out.

Mistress Sapphire grunted and slapped the hanging cuffs on Beatrice’s wrists and pulled the chain tight until she stood on tip toe hanging from the roof of

the van. A strong hand wound into Beatrice's hair and pulled her head back while the other slapped her twice until Beatrice started to cry.

A ball was forced into the stricken Beatrice's mouth and fastened with a leather harness that enclosed her head in straps and buckles.

"Now, let's look at what we have here," said Mistress Sapphire.

With that she stripped Beatrice naked. No unbuttoning and unzipping, she tore the clothes from her victim with casual strength, ripping her dress, tearing her pantyhose and finally plucking bra and panties off with a savage twist of her hands.

"Mm, fine. You'll do. I'm sure that your husband will love to see what I am going to do with you."

Shackles and a bar opened Beatrice's kicking legs holding her thighs open to be felt by those hands. Mistress Sapphire came close and hugged her victim in a sordid facsimile of affection and allowed her hands to roam over her helpless victim.

"You are mine now, I just need to check the merchandise."

Her hand closed on Beatrice's pussy and pushed a finger deep into her. Beatrice started to weep, small sounds came from her throat and tears rolled down and smeared her make-up as Mistress Sapphire tweaked her nipples and finger fucked her helpless victim with small cooing sounds.

"We are going to play some delicious games together Beatrice," said Mistress Sapphire.

Beatrice just sobbed and suddenly realized that this odious woman knew her name. Knew who she was. There was no mistake...

She had been targeted.

A Day Later

"I will file a missing person's report," said the duty sergeant.

“Please, both Beatrice and her husband Harry have gone missing,” said the old woman who was trying so hard not to cry. “My daughter was supposed to meet me at their house, but she never turned up.”

“Sounds like they went away together,” said the duty sergeant in a wearied voice. “I’m sure that they’ll send a post card from wherever they went. Are you sure you want me to file the report?”

“Of course I am, here let me see...”

Beatrice’s mother checked the report to see that the names were spelled right and pushed the form back over the counter.

“Don’t worry,” said the Sargent, “They’ll turn up.”

“No, there’s something wrong, Beatrice would never forget or go without saying something, I know that something’s happened!”

“We’ll keep an eye out,” said the Sargent, “but they’re both adults and it’s their life...”

Beatrice’s mother made a small helpless gesture and left the office with stumbling steps.

The Sargent turned to the filing clerk standing behind him.

“Here, file this away.”

He passed the form to the clerk who asked, “No action?”

“Of course not! We haven’t time to waste on shit like this.”

Now

The van lurched to a stop and Beatrice heard the woman climb out of the driver’s door. The sound of a key being turned in a lock and then there was another metal scratching and the sound of a padlock on the loading doors, side and back being padlocked with loud clicks.

Beatrice hung in her fetters.

Arms above her head, legs outstretched and anchored to the floor by chains she could feel the cold of the air in the van. She could feel the tracks that her tears had made, but she was all cried out. She could feel the scratches from the fingers that had penetrated her on the lips of her pussy and though they were long gone the hands that had kneaded her breasts had left bruises that made very breath disturb them.

Why had she been taken?

The fact that the Mistress Sapphire had used her name told her that she was not just a casual and random victim. Somehow there was a connection that she just could not understand. Night fell. The light that trickled in through the gaps in the battered van's doors passed and the cold set in. Beatrice felt cramps fill her legs and arms, her jaw and stretched body. A sweat of panic broke out when she heard a bang on the side of the van as she thought that Mistress Sapphire had returned.

She tried to cry out, but the ball in her mouth blocked everything but a whimper.

The sweat chilled her and made the cramps worse, the waiting and deficit of hope filled her every thought. There was no way that Mistress Sapphire would release her, even if a mistake had been made.

The crime was too profound to leave witnesses.

Finally, there was a noise. The sounds of footsteps and then the rattle of the padlock as it was opened with a loud snap. The sound aroused her from an almost hopeless slumber and she saw the door slide open and the shadow of the massive form of Mistress Sapphire enter the van with a creak.

The fetters were removed and Mistress Sapphire took the opportunity to inspect her victim in the darkness of the van. Hands roved over her and squeezed her breasts and pussy with almost disinterested force.

"Well, my little piglet, are you ready for the slaughterhouse?"

Beatrice moaned and tried to move, but every joint ached and made her yelp with pain.

"Let's go and see what Mistress Sapphire has organized for you."

Beatrice stumbled after her tormentrix who led her by the handcuffs that still adorned her wrists. In the cold of the night she caught a brief glimpse of Edwardian houses, three stories high that stood in silent rows in the dead of the night. Then suddenly she was inside a beautifully decorated house. Plush carpets, wall to wall, elegant furniture and erotic paintings adorned the walls. Beatrice had just a moment to appreciate all of this before Mistress Sapphire opened a concealed door under the stairs and led her down into the cellars of the house.

Twice she almost fell, but each time the woman who was leading her blocked the fall and seemed unconcerned with the sudden weight on her back. The stairs were lit with a ghostly red light that shone from the red tiles that covered every surface except that covered by the photographs that hung there.

Beatrice caught glimpses of women and men gagged and stretched on frames and dangling from hooks on the walls. Naked and vulnerable the previous victims of a woman who had found devious ways to make sums of money from being a dominatrix that were undreamed of by other professionals.

Finally, at the bottom of the stairs there were three doors. Each was banded with metal strips and carried a heavy weight of locks.

“This is where you start to make some money,” muttered Mistress Sapphire to her confused charge as she unlocked a door and led Beatrice into a small room that was almost empty. “You are going to be a star who is going to feed the wet dreams of my exclusive clientele and you have a special role to play in the script.”

A cross hung on the wall, a Saint Andrews cross that was laden with fetters. Facing it was a tripod with a camera and a battery of lights that were, at the moment switched off. Beatrice felt her hands drop as Mistress sapphire dropped her grip on the handcuffs and tried to run for the exit but, the door was closed and powerful hands grabbed her fumbling at the bolt.

“Tomorrow night we start our little game,” said Mistress sapphire as she dragged the squirming Beatrice to the wall and began to affix her to the cross. “We have a special visitor and you are going to watch a special show. The final one before I leave for warmer climes.”

Finally the naked victim was stretched, suspended on the cross and Mistress Sapphire kissed her on the lips. A lascivious lick of the all gag and a tender feel of those firm breasts and she left.

“Don’t go away,” she laughed as the door slammed and the padlocks were applied.

Beatrice hung in the dim red light and stared at the camera.

Six Months Later

The notice pinned to the door had faded and torn in the weather. It announced to the owners that a repossession order had been issued and that the bank would repossess in just another month. Inside the house there were not even echoes in the empty rooms, because the occupants were gone and there was not a sound to make that echo.

Beatrice’s sister had emptied the house of everything leaving it bare and uncomfortable.

Somewhere, she was convinced, her sister and husband were living in the sun. They had abandoned family, friends, money and house and disappeared into nothingness. Her mother had not given up hope, but she had. For some reason beyond understanding they had just left everything to find a new life.

Were they in America or Australia? New Zealand or perhaps some place like the Caribbean?

Who knew? But, the fact was that they had left without a word, a note or even a previous hint and Beatrice’s sister had been left with all the work of untying the financial knot that they had left. At last, mortgage unpaid for six months, the bank had moved and the resulting small profit would be eaten by the debt to their bank, the unpaid credit cards and the utilities that all claimed their share.

She looked at the notice and wondered what had made them leave.

Then she cursed and walked away for the last time and decided that it was better to forget that she had ever had a sister.

Her mother could cry all she liked.

They would never be back...

Now

“Beatrice, here have some water.”

Mistress Sapphire lifted the tube to Beatrice’s parched lips and allowed her suck on the tube. The light from the photographic lights was strong and bright and showed the fettered woman in every detail. The breasts from which hung weights on small chains. Each nipple supporting a clawed clip that bit the soft flesh and dragged it down with its pendulum weights. The newly waxed pussy that was also in the grip of those clips. Opened wide by a half dozen on each side that peeled that vulnerable flesh back to reveal every detail of the throbbing clitoris and the folds of pink shiny skin that guarded the entrance to her quim.

In front, but to one side so as not to block the camera was a small table that was festooned with small items that would be used to torment the woman on the cross. A row of dildos, each larger than the next and each partnered with another that was intended for rear entry. A small pile of flexible rubber tubes that had no obvious use and an assortment of clamps, clips and other small items that were collected in a glass.

Against the table leaned three crops and a bamboo cane with a hooked end and hung from a hook were several whips and crops from tiny to a bull whip that curled in a sinuous loop from its peg. Beatrice gulped the water until the bottle was empty. A trickle of water found its way from her lips, chin and breasts and dripped from her open pussy to the floor.

She moaned and tried to move, but the fetters that bound her allowed no movement.

“Please, Mistress, why are you doing this to me?”

Mistress Sapphire slapped her face hard and then pushed a gag into the aching jaws. Shaped like a soft cock it filled the mouth and stopped any further pleas.

“You are going to make me some money,” said Mistress Sapphire as she made sure that the buckles were tight on the gag. “We are going to play a game and the rules are going to be told to you just once. Do you understand?”

Beatrice tried to nod.

“I have a man who is going to be treated to a little abuse for the amusement of the members of my website. They are going to play games with you both, but I have decided that today you are going to have a little control of the game. My members are allowed to bid and pay for what I do to you both, but you are going to be allowed to decide if a punishment that you do not want will be given to him! So, I have given you a special credit of fifty thousand pounds to spend. If a punishment that is coming your way does not appeal to you,” Mistress Sapphire smiled wickedly, “then you can bid as well and if you win it will be done to him instead. Of course, when the fifty thousand is all gone, you will have to resign yourself to being attended to...”

Mistress Sapphire waved a hand and said, “I expect most of the starting bids to be just a few thousands, so if you are clever you can play a good game and last for hours.”

Beatrice started to cry. The sobs stuttered through the gag as tears rolled down her cheeks and her body shook with the unfairness and terror of it all. The woman who stood before her was perhaps twenty stone, maybe more. Dressed in a tight latex corset that followed every curve, heavy make-up that made her very glance look evil, she wore her hair in a tight bun and wore fishnet stockings and knee high, high heeled boots with spiked heels. Tattoos covered every inch of her exposed arms and thighs, a mish mash of confused symbology that meant nothing to her victims.

She switched on the camera and said, “In just ten minutes the game begins, I expect to play with you both for at least twelve hours, so you’d better prepare yourself.”

The hot tears dripped from the weights on Beatrice’s breasts to splash on the hard floor.

One Week Later

The wooden crate slid down the slide from the plane to the pallet below with a bump.

Five minutes later the forklift arrived and, after checking the label and scanning the bar codes, the driver slid the forks under the pallet and drove the package to the customs warehouse for processing. Normally, in Korea, any import took at least three days to clear the warehouse and find itself in the new owner's possession, but in this case things ran a little differently.

A small truck waited with engine running as the crate arrived and dropped it in the processing area marked with blue lines. Moments later another forklift arrived and loaded the crate onto the back of the truck where it was fastened by the driver.

On his way out of the airport he showed his documentation at the exit barrier and dived into the busy traffic that always clogged the streets of Seoul at this time of day.

The nondescript truck drove for three hours, finally passing the gates of a huge villa surrounded by parkland, carefully sculptured until it reached the unloading bay at the back of the villa. There it was rolled on a trolley into a lift which took it down to the third floor under the mansion. The driver of the truck signed off the crate to the man in the white coat who then pushed it through three doors that required, each time, the use of PIN, fingerprint and his RFID tag.

The women in white starched uniforms supervised the opening of the crate with cold eyes as the technician undid all the straps, bolts and pulled all the nails with exaggerated care. Finally, when he was done, the technician left the nurses to lower the sides to expose the soft foam that lay beneath.

All that stood in the remains of the crate were those blocks of foam, which the nurses lifted away to reveal the human cargo that had travelled thousands of miles in just a day to be admitted to their infernal hospital.

For, this was not a hospital in the ordinary sense. Staffed by doctors who had no scruples, nurses who inflicted punishments and carers that did not care except that the new owners of the sex slaves were satisfied.

Two inert forms were taken from their nests in the foam and placed on trolleys to be taken to the beds that had been assigned to them. Beds with fetters and straps, surrounded by all the devices that modern medicine could provide to ensure that all the alterations were faultless and unflawed.

Before the two patients had awoken a series of tests had already begun.

Clip boards and checklists were waved, pens fluttered and the chief surgeon arrived to decide the best form of operation that would give the desired result.

Finally the two awoke.

...and the surgeon was scrubbed.

Now

Beatrice looked at the screen and felt a terror fill her as she watched the numbers change.

The first bid was up.

Three thousand and five hundred pounds to use the smallest dildo in her virgin ass. The price climbed slowly until at last it stopped at four thousand pounds. She could see 'dildo number four', a pointed shape that seemed far too big to fit inside her and nearly fainted at the thought.

A message appeared on the screen: "No lubrication."

By the time that Mistress Sapphire arrived to ask Beatrice if she wanted to bid, she was almost frantic with fear. Fuck the fact that she would be inflicting the terrible fate on another. Fuck the fact that she would be using her assigned credits. She had to stop that piece of rubber being used on her!

Mistress Sapphire arrived and stood before the camera.

"I wouldn't advise that you spend on this one," she said with a wan smile. "There is much worse to come and it might help you to take this one before the others are used."

Her hand indicated dildos numbered one to three with a small flick of the wrist.

"So, what's it to be? One nod for four thousand or a shake for the punishment."

Beatrice nodded, she could not help herself as she looked down from her cross at the giant rubber tool.

“Fine, if that’s the way that you want it.”

Mistress Sapphire left the room and closed the door as a sheen of sweat sprang from Beatrice’s skin. She had just inflicted a terrible punishment on another and yet all she could feel was relief.

Did that make her evil?

Would she hear the screams?

The screen that showed the progress of the auction, the incoming bids, the needs of all those sadists out there on the Internet. She could see the sum in the bottom corner. Her own credits, the ones that she could spend on herself, stood at forty six thousand and she knew that she would not last long.

The number flickered. It jumped higher.

Someone was paying into her account.

A Year Later

The rain came down.

It was appropriate, thought Beatrice’s sister as she watched the coffin being lowered into the straight sided hole. Rain and grey will wash the sadness away were the words that she reflected on as the coffin finally disappeared into the ground.

The disappearance of Beatrice and her no good husband, Harold, had left her sister cold and her mother grieving for her favorite daughter. The daughter that could do no wrong. The daughter who was the apple of her father’s eye before he died. The daughter that had deserted her at the end of her life.

The daughter that had not come to her own mother’s funeral!

The words said, the earth tossed into the grave.

The rain poured down and the heavens opened with a blast of lightning that seemed a fitting drumroll for the woman who had never understood that she had loved the wrong daughter.

The one who had run away.

The Final Here And Now

Just five thousand pounds remained in Beatrice's account.

She had played the game with finesse. Some of the torments inflicted on the couple were light entertainment. Mere side shows until the rapes and agonies became real for a while.

And...

Then the severity faded to almost offer respite to Mistress Sapphire and her two unwilling co-stars. Over twenty thousand people had paid for the ringside seats and over five thousand were allowed to bid. Of course they had paid handsomely for the pleasure, they were the sadists that decided the outcome of the event.

Some had even added to Beatrice's cache of credits to allow her to direct the action. They enjoyed the fact that the wife unknowingly was destroying the husband by her intelligent choices. So far she had avoided the needles and the awful pain of the catheters and surrendered to the straight fuck and the light whipping.

She had bought the flogging and passed it on to the man who cried in the next cell.

Beatrice heard the shrieks from the next cell as Mistress Sapphire enjoyed using the metal tipped flogger on the man's back and only stopped when he had fainted.

In the top corner of the screen was a small number that Beatrice could see climb slowly as the terrible evening went on. It started at just a few thousand, now it was in seven figures and still steadily rising as the next item arrived. It was the total that her pain had bought the woman who inflicted it.

The screen held a simple header that caused her a new fear.

Branding!

As Beatrice watched, she could see the sum climb slowly against her name. It passed the total that she had at her disposal and she resigned herself to eventually being destroyed by the enormous woman who had turned Beatrice's pain into a tradable commodity.

No brazier.

Instead Miss Sapphire held a wire brand into the flame of a gas jet that glowed and eerie blue as Beatrice watched. The brand rotated in the flame slowly picking up the heat as it went, sometimes almost white hot, sometimes just cherry red as Miss Sapphire drew out the tension to improve the bidding.

She glanced at the screen and saw that now no one was supporting the slut that hung slackly on the cross. By now they were all wanking themselves and wishing that they could be in the cell to smell the burning fat and skin as Beatrice was blazed with the name of her Mistress.

The whole of the matrix of the brand was now glowing.

The bidding had slackened as all attention was on the screen.

The reserve price that Mistress Sapphire had set was reached and the auction was over.

"Dear little slut, I think that the members of my website deserve a special treat."

She leaned over and popped the studs that held the gag in place. Beatrice gasped for air and gratefully sucked it in as her eyes were fixed on the glowing white end of the brand that turned in the flame.

"Please, please, Oh God no..." wailed Beatrice as she watched the white hot metal in terrified fascination. "No, no, no, please, no..." her pleas turned to sobs, the sobs to a heaving of her body that she could not control.

"Mm, that's sweet," said Mistress Sapphire. "I have a supplemental bid to place the brand on a breast, on the other hand, I think that the thigh would be better. If I get ten thousand then I shall do both breasts..."

Through the tears, Beatrice saw the small blue number climb. Three thousand, four thousand, five thousand. Until it came to rest at eight thousand and stayed there.

Miss Sapphire held up the brand towards Beatrice's face and said, "I think that you should put another two thousand in darling, of your own credits. It would please all the viewers."

In the confusion, Beatrice nodded and the total jumped to ten thousand.

The first touch of the brand was not gentle or kind.

A wisp of smoke curled up and the brand retreated.

It was only when the smoking head of the brand was back in the flame that Beatrice started to scream and shriek. Like a soft plastic, her skin was burned white in the curlicued shape of the name of the woman who was tormenting her.

The pain was agony, the agony was torture, the final twist of the 'e' at the end of Mistress Sapphire's name catching Beatrice's nipple and causing more pain than all the rest put together.

"It lowers your value darling," said the woman as she turned the brand in the flame. "It lowers your value, but I don't care. What you are worth is just chump change to the money that I've made in the last year. Those fucking wanker husbands."

She turned to face Beatrice, the branding iron forgotten for a moment.

"They come to me with a measly five hundred quid and they expect me to allow them to touch me, maul me, kiss me and suck me. Then they dictate the little torments that they wank themselves of to sleep to every night and think that I am nothing but a servant. A Mistress, but a servant."

The iron went back into the flame.

"Harold came to me twice, the little shit. You and Harold are the final piece in my work of art. Real BDSM films. Real, real and real! Every moment of pain faithfully recorded, every drop of sweat in high definition. Streamed to the lucky few who can pay for it. You have done things to your husband that he

will never recover from. You raped him, you flogged him, you were the one with the electric shocks and the catheter that made him lose his mind. You, his wife, you did all this and I was just your factotum!”

“No, no, no,” wept Beatrice as the iron glowed and approached her other breast. “Please do it to Harold, please do it. Make him suffer, please Mistress, please.”

The iron paused a moment.

Just long enough for doubt.

Then it plunged into the skin and imprinted Beatrice as she fainted from the agony of the iron and the agony of her betrayal.

The ‘now’ was done... ‘now’ was no more, all that lay ahead was no hope at all.

Three Years After

“Your Mistress will be needing you tonight.”

The pretty Japanese face looked down into the box at the toy that had been selected for the night. The toy blinked in the light and smiled.

“That’s good, always smile,” said the Japanese maid in a pretty lisp. “Remember how lucky you are and be good for the Mistress. You don’t want to end up as a plaything for the guards, do you?”

Beatrice had forgotten her name, she had forgotten where she was from. All she knew was that she had been chosen to please the highest mistress. If she failed her story would come to an end. If she succeeded in pleasing her mistress she would be replaced in the wonderful velvet lined box to be returned to another time.

She blew a small kiss at the maid to gain favor and smiled.

“Oh, how I wish I could have you,” said the maid wistfully. “I would so love a little pillow-doll of my own.”

Beatrice was lifted from her box and placed on the table to be cleaned and prepared for mistress. Powdered, polished and ready she would be placed in the very centre of the bed. The absence of her limbs would keep Beatrice confined there, a pillow doll to be loved, stroked, punished and played with all night.

The future looked bright.

The End

Miss Irene Clearmont can be contacted at:

Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com

Her Website is at:

www.MissIreneClearmont.Com

Her publisher is at:

www.FemDomCave.com