

The Second Circle Of Hell



The Complete Novel

Veronica

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An **ADULT** novel of Female Domination

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Miss Irene Charent

The Second Circle of Hell

A Fantastic Tale of Female-Led Fiction

**By
Miss Irene Clearmont**

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Love and Obedience

This novel follows on from the events already told in the novels 'Dark Widow' and 'Diane'. 'Dark Widow' being the rewritten, replotted and recomposed 'Denise', my very first novel. It can, of course, be read as a complete narrative, but it does contain some matters which could be considered to be spoilers for that novel.

It has been a joy to return to the characters of my first two novels and reveal a little more of what happened to them subsequently. It could not have been done without one of my more avid and dedicated readers, M.C. a person who lifted me from a dry spell with a few suggestions and hints that matured into the second part of this novel, a novel that had been stuck in a rut of a lack of imagination!

Irene

The Circles of Hell

The Italian medieval poet and writer, Dante Alighieri, wrote that the second circle of Hell was reserved for punishing those guilty of the sin of lust. They were to be scourged by the violent winds of the inferno. The storm of an ice-trapped Lucifer's wings that blew them from one place to another; never to know tenderness, affection, never to ever know any rest, ever remaining in the gusts of lust that swept them without ceasing. They were doomed to swirl forever with no loving contact, simulating the sin that they had committed against the law of a hateful God, for an eternity of terrible punishment. Coupling in that gale of loathing they endlessly collided in sexual congress.

The sin of lust is also one of the 'venal seven deadly sins', those immoral medieval rules that supposedly attack the 'vital principle' in all of us. Take hope though, not all lust is a transgression, not all sins are irredeemable. Not all sins...

The 'Who' and the 'Where'

The bright office was a small one but, well placed on County Road. That position had cost a great deal in rent, the calling in of favors and the remodeling of the building had made a large loan necessary to get the whole business off the ground. But Riverhead is one of the larger towns on Long Island.

It is far enough from New York to pick up the local business in the architecture and building trade and close enough to cater for the city clients who want a provincial twist. The owners of 'Real Hamptons' were Hillary and Arnold Hampton. They had so enjoyed the joke of opening a real estate business under their own names and still appeal to the snobbery of those rich enough to live in the small communities known collectively as The Hamptons. They are those small towns at the far eastern end of the Island that house the elite and wealthy. Hillary and Arnold were the perfect mixture of strict church going citizens who combined hard work with morals that would have graced an angel.

The angels must have been inattentive, that cold January day when the devil came to call.

The Offer

The woman that entered the office that Saturday morning in January was middle aged, self-confident, and someone whom Hillary could immediately see had more than just a few odd dollars in their purse and bank account. The fur coat was the obvious give-away but when she took it off, the amount of gold that she was wearing was almost indecent.

For a moment she stood as if uncertain of where she was and Hillary thought that she about to ask for directions or some such.

“Good afternoon,” said the impressive woman in a low voice. “My name is Miss Janet Green and I am looking for Mrs. Hillary Hampton because I have a small building project that I wish to discuss.”

“That’ll be me,” answered Hillary as she stood. “How can I help you?”

Janet took off her coat and for lack of a place to put it, draped it over her arm.

“As I already said, my name is Miss Janet Green. I own a large house, well a sort of farm really, down towards the Hamptons. I need the services of an architect, a builder and of course help with all the applications to rebuild and renovate two large buildings and build an underground parking facility.”

“Well, that is exactly the type of work that we do! You have come to the right place. If you could possibly give me some idea of the scope?”

“Well, we are tendering the work to some local firms, of which you of course are one. I suggest that you come up to the house in the next few days and look it over while I explain what it is that we want in the way of work.”

Hillary made a sign to Evelyn, the secretary, to check the diary. Hillary seemed calm, but her heart was thumping in her chest with excitement. This looked like a big job. Three buildings, a client who oozed money and all of it local.

“When would be suitable for you?” she asked.

Janet smiled and made an expansive gesture.

“Any time really in the next week. The work includes architectural planning as well as the building work itself, so we are looking to have bids that reflect the complexity of our needs with a value to within a half a million dollars of the final cost.”

“How about Tuesday?”

“Time?”

“Morning, about nine?” replied Hillary.

“That’s just fine, it fits my schedule exactly,” said Janet.

Miss Janet Green proffered a card that was headed ‘The Service Academy’ and pointed out the address to Hillary.

“It’s on a bit of a byway so keep an eye out for the small ‘S.A.’ sign in the main road. Arrive at nine sharp and wait until security let you in. Make absolutely sure that you have this card with you and that there are only two people in the car!” she said, as she slipped on the coat again and shook hands with Hillary.

“I am looking forward to your visit,” said Janet, rather formally as she left the office.

As soon as the door had closed Hillary relaxed and punched the air.

“Woah, Evelyn. Call Arnold and tell him to meet me here at lunchtime, this could be a big contract,” said Hillary, in an excited voice.

The Visit

Arnold already had the car cleaned by Monday so Tuesday morning saw Hillary and Arnold setting out early at eight to make sure that they did not miss their appointment. In Arnold's opinion, punctuality was next to godliness.

Rolling through the fields at the far eastern end of Long Island they discussed the appointment as they drove.

"Are you sure that you put everything we need in the back?"

Arnold turned to his wife, taking his eye off the road for a moment. He could see real excitement in her eyes as she soaked in the local scenery. Somehow, he resented this over-excitement about work. After if he had had his way, she would be at home leaving him to the man's business of the world of work. A woman's place, after all, was in the kitchen.

"Theodolite, GPS and all the rest of the surveying equipment, though I doubt that we will need them at this juncture," he said without letting his irritation show.

"I know, I just want to make sure that we look professional and are ready for all their questions."

"Hillary darling," he said, looking back to the road, "don't get too excited, it may be that we cannot offer a low enough price for them."

"If we stress the quality and finish then..."

"Let's just see what they want first and then we can decide the offer, or if we even want the work!"

It was typical of Arnold to control his eagerness. He had a 'slow and steady' approach to the business that Hillary sometimes found disturbingly unemotional.

"This could be the one, though!" she said.

"It could be, but let's just wait and see. The great temple of our lord was not built in a day by his architect Hiram."

Finally, they reached a small sign that led them off the main road to the 'Service Academy'. Turning off, they wended their way through the fields to arrive at last at a series of speed bumps in the road that reduced their speed to a crawl before they came to a gate in a high chain link fence.

Arnold pulled up at the post with a speaker and a microphone and glanced at his wife. This was a strange start, the whole area looked to be securely fenced off and the gate was covered by a camera.

“This looks a little strange,” he said. “It’s like some sort of secure compound.”

“If you’d seen all the jewelry that Miss Green wore then you would not think all of this excessive,” she replied.

Arnold looked at his watch, it was just before nine. He leaned out of the window and pressed the button. There was a brief moment of static before a woman’s voice answered:

“Mr. and Mrs. Hampton?”

“Yes!”

“When the gate opens, continue a mile and then park the car in the designated parking on the right. Please observe our speed limit of twenty miles per hour.”

There was a click and the gate opened ponderously. Arnold drove down the single-track road. About a hundred yards before a large house and a jumble of buildings were some parking places, some of which were taken up with a mixture of limousines, sports cars and a van or two.

“This is it!” said Hillary.

Arnold pulled the car in and they both got out into the brisk morning air. Hillary looked over at the house to see that Miss Green had emerged and was coming towards them accompanied by another, younger, woman.

Both were dressed casually but it was clear, even to Arnold who had little feel for fashion, that money was not something that either woman was short of.

“You must be Mr. Arnold Hampton and this of course is your wife, who I have already met,” said Miss Green. “Pleasure to meet you. This is my daughter, Miss Jenny Klein, a partner in the Academy.”

They all shook hands as Miss Green continued:

“Though we may seem a little formal, this is just a habit from working as instructors in the Academy. As we are doing business you can call us Miss Jenny and Miss Janet!”

Arnold and Hillary looked fleetingly at each other. This was all so very Victorian!

The small party headed for the house led by Miss Janet and entered through the large oak doors into an elegantly laid out hall.

“If you please, we always have our business discussions in the red room,” said Miss Jenny.

The room was huge, high ceilinged and full of cherry wood and leather furniture that spoke of an elegant era long gone. Oils, mostly scenery, were displayed on the walls and a chandelier in the shape of an inverted dome filled the ceiling with its glittering Swarovski glass finery.

They sat on the sofas, Hillary and Arnold, ill at ease with all this luxury, sat on the edge of the chaise lounge and tried not gaze with awe at the room.

“I know, I know. It’s all rather grand isn’t it?” said Miss Jenny. “The paintings are Hudson River originals and the carpets are Afghan. I like the room, the red lends such formal pleasure to the space, don’t you think?”

“It’s magnificent,” said Arnold. “Very impressive.”

“Thanks! It is always agreeable to hear praise from a professional designer.”

As she spoke Miss Janet rang a small bell and offered something to drink, and perhaps eat.

At the summons a butler appeared. Dressed in a formal uniform, he glided over to Miss Janet and nodded an acknowledgement.

“Coffee for four, make it the Costa Rican. A plate of the shortbread and an assortment of chocolates,” said Miss Janet.

Arnold noticed that there was no ‘thank you’ or ‘please’ used but, with his small experience of domestic servants he had no idea whether this was usual or not.

After just a couple of minutes of small talk about Arnold and Hillary’s business, a maid appeared. The sight of her roused Arnold’s prurient interest because she was dressed like a French maid in black and white taffeta, but what really made him stare for a moment were the visible stocking tops and the low-cut dress that revealed a part of her very rounded breasts. As she served the coffees with a little curtsy, he caught a tiny glimpse of her ass that gave him the distinct, momentary, impression that the maid was wearing no knickers.

‘What a terrible uniform to make the servants wear!’ he wondered to himself, but that split second glimpse! It took just a moment for him to convince himself that he had been seeing things. ‘She must have been wearing skin-colored knickers. These people are not church goers, that’s clear. I really do not want to do business with them.’

Once the maid had left the room and closed the door they got down to business. From a tube, Miss Jenny, pulled a map of the property and laid it flat on the coffee table. The plan had already been marked and some of the buildings shown were circled.

“That’s part of the problem,” said Miss Jenny to Arnold and Hillary. “We need one other dormitory building, a meeting hall on two levels and some other rooms that would be suitable for lessons. Classrooms if you like.”

She pointed with a ring bedecked finger at the map indicating where they would go as she spoke.

“Then we need an underground car park, big enough to take small lorry deliveries that is interconnected with the other buildings here and here.”

Arnold looked over the plans and saw that they dated from the eighties.

“Are these the most recent plans?” he asked.

“Of a general nature.”

“Internal schematics?”

“We will discuss the internal arrangements later. What we are interested in right now is a not so much a bid as to whether you are able to complete a contract of this size.”

Arnold wondered at this rather unconventional way of doing business, but this was so typical of non-professionals. They hummed and hared over the details but were unaware that the details were where the real costs lay.

“On this basis,” he said, “I hope that you realize that it is impossible for us to make any sort of costing. Hillary and I will only be able to tell you whether or not it is inside our capabilities. We can only do that after looking over the actual site and then you can tell us what you visualize on that space.”

There was a moment’s silence before Miss Jenny said, “Good, then we should go for a little walk and we will show you through our needs and ideas that we need to be realized.”

Office

“Did you notice that there were bars on most of the windows?” asked Hillary.

Arnold and Hillary were back in their office. Evelyn was gone and the light was fading outside. They had returned just an hour after an exhausting tour of the Academy and the drive home.

“Well, I noticed three levels of security!” said Arnold.

“Three? There were the bars on the windows and the chain link fence that we originally passed through, what was the third, because I must have missed it?”

“It was a ha-ha that seemed to stretch around the whole group of buildings. Strange thing was that it was backwards. Normally there is a wall that has a slope up to one side so that from that side the wall is hidden but the wall must be scaled from the other. It is a sort of landscaped wall for keeping farm animals away from the house, but invisible from the house itself.”

“Backwards?”

“Yes. Backwards, because if you look out of your mansion you see the landscaped side normally. The animals are kept away by an invisible wall. But here the ten-foot wall was facing the house!”

“Well OK so they have a bit of security. Maybe they have rich people studying there who need to be protected?”

“Maybe, but did you see the maid?”

“Didn’t really notice.”

Arnold started to frown at his wife. “I’m not sure that these are people we should be working for. They seem a little...” he paused to find the right word.

“...louche!”

“Never mind, darling,” he continued, “The real question is can we do it? It’s a huge job, especially as so much weight will fall on your shoulders. Those two women have no idea what they want and how much it will cost. They will have to be led by the hand all the way and you will be forever changing the plans to suit their silly whims.”

“Well, I think that we can!”

“I’m not so sure you should be so confident! For the building side we will need a mass of labor and the equipment. I reckon that I have to transport and dump over a quarter of a million tons of dirt for the garage alone.”

Hillary smiled. This was so typical of Arnold. His doubts were about the morals of the clients and not always the size of the job. Still, she knew that she might be able to bring him round.

“What sort of cost are we talking about here then?” said Hillary.

Arnold could pull a figure seemingly out of the air but often it was spot on target.

“Mmm. Well, the garage is the biggest job but probably the cheapest. The two buildings need knocking about and then rebuilding and they said that they wanted cellars as well. My lord, it’s huge and we cannot do it. I mean the project size is more than all the work than we have done in the last three years put together! I guess twenty million, but that’s a high figure. It’ll come in at fifteen unless they change their minds every minute.”

Hillary’s eyes widened at the mention of the money.

“Arnold,” she urged, “we have to do this. It would turn us into a major player on the island.”

“Honey, it’s just not in our league. It’s too big. In fact, it’s just about as massive as Solomon’s temple. We’d better call and tell them!”

He could see the tears in the corners of her eyes. She had seen the money; she had seen a designer interior. That was her part of the business, the architectural and design work. If they refused the building work then she would miss a moment of glory.

“Darling,” he offered, “why don’t you offer them the design part of the service and we’ll allow someone else to do the actual building.”

Hillary was tearful. “But they wanted both.”

“Maybe they’ll accept.”

Arnold hugged her. He was sure that they would never accept just the architect; they had been quite specific about what they needed. Builder and planner.

“We’ll see,” he soothed. “God will provide!”

Choice

Miss Jenny picked up the crop and swished it a couple of times as she walked down the narrow corridor. To her right and left were small bare cells each of which was secured by a barred door. One or two of the cells held either single female or male occupants who stood to attention as she passed without a sideward glance.

Finally, she reached the end of the corridor and stopped, before she turned to look back the way that she had come. When she had to come to the cells to collect someone, she always followed the same ritual. Down the corridor, stop for two minutes and then return to speak to the frightened victim of her ire.

Young, attractive, arrogant and contemptuous, she considered herself the ultimate manipulator of those under her whip.

Her small show gave a few minutes of tension to all of the slaves who were in the cells because they had broken the rules of the 'Service Academy', surely a most understated name for such an extreme place.

As she stood, she could hear one or two of the occupants shuffle around in the utter silence. They had good reason to be afraid. The presence of Miss Jenny always signified an unwelcome event.

Perhaps a buyer had been found for one of the recalcitrant slaves or perhaps punishment was due. Rarely, very rarely, was a slave given a second chance to graduate from the academy to earn a chance to serve his or her betters.

Miss Jenny held the crop in two hands and flexed it for a moment. The tight leather gloves covered her arms and disappeared into the sleeves of her smartly cut jacket. A long skirt covered her shapely legs to the calves that were also hidden in the high heeled boots. When she chose the theme 'black' it meant that she was not in the best of moods and today she was totally dressed in black.

Slowly she walked back down the gated cells and inspected the occupants. Three men and two women were on display in the ten cubicles. Each was naked and awaiting her attention. She enjoyed the oozing aura of fear that crept from the cells. She relished the power that she had to punish or reward these victims of her establishment. She could sentence them to a life of pain and degradation or to a lifetime of service.

They were hers to make or break, hers to do with as she wished.

Her slow steps and then short halts on the tiles of the corridor echoed loudly and menacingly in the ears of her victims. The victims of subtle and overt sexual predation.

“I am looking for a man who wishes to earn their place back in Miss Janet’s good graces,” she said. “A man who can be shrewd in my service. I am looking for a man who can play a part. A man who wishes to earn his way into my favor.”

She looked in all three cells with male occupants and gauged the contents. The man in cell three was clearly unacceptable. There was no way that he was attractive enough to fulfil the role that the directors of the academy desired.

The next man was in cell eight. Tall, spare and impressively equipped in the sexual department. With the crop Miss Jenny indicated that he should turn on the spot and allow her to assess him in the round.

‘He would be ideal,’ she thought. ‘He looks just right but he still has the marks of the lash on his back and they will be noticeable for the next week at least.’

In the last cell was a man who was also ideal. Somewhat shorter but muscular from all the work that he done on the farm before he had been sent down because of his failure to address the women who ran the farm with proper respect.

‘He’s really the only possibility,’ she thought, as she viewed him and tried to imagine how a woman could find men so attractive in the first place. They were so crude, so uninviting with all that muscle, their square faces and flat chests.

Miss Jenny did not just prefer woman, she mostly only ever had relationships with women. Soft, attractive, rounded and weak women. From the first day that she had seen Hillary Hampton, she knew that she had to have her. Prim in her glasses and tight skirt, large breasts and narrow waist, while Miss Jenny was like a retracted switchblade, always ready to show her edge but seemingly harmless in appearance.

‘Damn bitch is married to a prig of a husband,’ she had thought as she followed Arnold and Hillary on the tour of the buildings which had followed their meeting in the Red Room. ‘But she has real promise and is attractive though she just doesn’t know it. I have to have her. For my own.’

The intention was not to have just another slave, Miss Jenny was on the prowl for a servile lover and no one would deny her.

“What is your name?” she asked the slave in the cell.

“Michael. Miss Jenny.”

“Your name is now Mike! Come with me.”

She opened the door with the electronic fingerprint reader and signaled that Mike was to follow her. Without a glance they headed into the upper world of the 'Service Academy' to begin the preparation of her accomplice.

Design

The gate opened to allow the car to enter. Hillary was a little more aware of the peculiarities that Arnold had noticed on her first visit. The ha-ha that denied an exit, apart from by the road, the bars on the windows of all buildings and the profusion of cameras that covered every square inch of the property.

Miss Jenny Klein was waiting as Hillary rolled up into the car park. Apart from the smile that she wore on her face she was dressed in a business suit. With a firm handshake she shook Hillary's hand and beckoned her to the house.

"Today I have prepared the green room for our meeting; normally I use it as an office. I have also invited two of the other partners to attend for a few minutes because they have to agree any decisions that are made on their behalf."

The Red Room was on the right of the entrance; the Green Room was to the left. Miss Jenny led Hillary to the left.

"Excuse me a moment because I have to fetch someone to meet you. I shall be just five minutes," said Miss Jenny.

Hillary wanted to tell her about the fact that Arnold would not be involved and that their company could only offer planning and architectural services but Miss Jenny left the room immediately leaving Hillary to examine it at leisure.

A huge desk dominated the area in front of the window. The desk was the only significant piece of furniture in the room. Its vast area of oak was unadorned by anything but a phone and a blotter. Behind the desk was a massive solid Chesterfield chair that was clad in soft green leather. Otherwise, the room was covered in rich green piled carpet from edge to edge.

That was it! A room bare of all adornment apart from the pictures on the wall. As she had entered, Hillary had had the impression of oils and nudes but now that she inspected them, she saw that they were erotic paintings that lay just on the erotica side of pornographic. Each depicted a woman, naked or dressed scantily, who stood with her foot on the prone form of a naked man.

Hillary pursed her lips and wondered what had motivated the choice of artwork. In the end she decided that they did have a certain 'something' that made them quite appealing. She was not quite sure what, but they were certainly skillfully painted. She wandered from one to the other trying to decide which was the best but had only managed to see half of them when the door opened and Miss Jenny arrived with two other women.

She knew that if Arnold saw what she had already seen then he would have dragged her out of

the house and she would never have been allowed to return. She made a mental note that she was going to have to keep a great deal of this job away from Arnold's ears or he would simply tell her that she was not allowed to continue.

The thought gave her a feeling of tension, but at the same time this was the first time that she had had thoughts of hiding her ideas from her rather staid husband.

One of the women, Hillary recognized. It was Miss Janet who had greeted Hillary and her husband the last time. The other, older woman was introduced as Miss Irene Clearmont.

'Why are they all called 'Miss', I wonder?' thought Hillary as she shook the hands of the two middle aged women that she was introduced to.

Miss Clearmont walked around the desk on her high heels and sat in the single chair. With a sigh she leaned back and stared at Hillary.

"So, let's get to business," said Miss Jenny to Hillary. "We are looking for three tenders. The first would be the architectural and planning side. The second is the actual building and the third is the interior design. Do not think that we are necessarily looking for the cheapest bid!"

Miss Janet broke in: "We are looking, above all, for discretion and quality."

The stress was on discretion!

"I was coming to that," said Miss Jenny. "Discretion is of the utmost importance. We will require that, if you accept the contract, that you will sign a codicil to the contract that everything that you see here, all the work that you do and everything to do with us will remain in all circumstances a secret."

'That blows the idea that this job will act as an advert for the future,' thought Hillary. 'Shit!'

"I cannot yet submit a bid," said Hillary. "The reason is basically because our company has decided that we cannot compete for the building phase of the contract."

Hillary expected a retort, but Miss Clearmont just smiled. So far, she had not said a word, but somehow Hillary knew that she was the real owner of the business, or at least its prime mover.

"It would be nothing less than dishonest to start building for you when we realize that the job is one that is beyond our capability to do a good job," said Hillary, in a rush to allow her to get to the next part. "The architectural and design work as well as the interior are well within our capabilities, in fact those would be entirely dealt with by myself personally so I can give not just a quote but a final price as soon as the initial designs are done."

Hillary held her breath. 'Will they go for it?' she thought.

There was a pause after Hillary had finished. Both Miss Jenny and Miss Janet looked over at the occupier of the Chesterfield as if to ask her opinion. She did nothing more than tap her fingers on the oak of the desk in a signal that seemed difficult to interpret to a nervous Hillary.

Miss Clearmont raised an eyebrow and looked at Miss Jenny with a look that was perhaps skeptical rather than disapproving.

"That's all sorted out then," said Miss Clearmont, as she stood. "I am in agreement if you are, Janet."

There was a small answering nod from Miss Janet who looked almost as if she was bored by the whole matter.

Miss Clearmont moved to stand just in front of Hillary. Her steps in the stilettos were small; the pencil skirt that dropped almost to her ankles was close-fitting. She offered a hand to Hillary, a hand encrusted with rings and encircled with bracelets that jangled with gold.

"It is only fair to tell you that we expect superlative service from you Miss Hampton," said Miss Clearmont, as she fixed Hillary with her steady gaze. "We pay very well for work that is done for us, but you should take into account that we are somewhat strict with those who do not fulfil or complete work that they have contracted with us. Do you understand that when you sign to undertake this work that you are committing yourself considerably deeper than just the mere words that are printed on the contract?"

Hillary nodded assent. These women were quite unlike any customers that she had ever worked for before. There was an air of peril about them. An air of menace that hung in the air like an intimidating softly spoken warning.

"Good," said Miss Clearmont. "You will do all we ask and we will pay all you ask."

"Right then," broke in Miss Jenny. "We have decided that you will do the architectural work and we will find a different builder to bid to work under your supervision."

"Just like that?" said Hillary, involuntarily. "I mean without me submitting a bid, you accept?"

"You are a woman, you are competent, you have accepted our philosophy of trust, you are honest, what more do we need?"

Hillary was in a daze. She found herself alone with Miss Jenny as the other two smiled at her

and left.

“I know that we must all seem a bit peculiar to you, Hillary, but we have our ways of doing business and we have all become good judges of character so I suppose that we are allowed our little foibles,” said Miss Jenny.

“You are spending the money so you call the shots,” said Hillary. “I will have a long list of requests for you by tomorrow and we can start to get down to work. The initial design stage...”

“We start next week, not tomorrow. You will sign the secrecy clause now, immediately and an initial contract that binds us to use you. In a week we will start to discuss our needs.”

Hillary was a little taken back by a rather authoritarian tone but she nodded her assent as Miss Jenny opened a drawer in the desk and brought out some printed papers.

“This is our agreement that you work for us,” said Miss Jenny as she pointed to the line at the bottom of the form. “Sign here.”

Hillary signed as did Miss Jenny.

“This is the secrecy clause.”

Hillary signed and pushed one copy to her new employer. The other copy she folded and put in her handbag.

“So, now that that’s all done perhaps you have time for a drink?”

“Absolutely.”

“Well, the Green Room is a little chilly for entertainment, let’s go over the hall and enjoy the fire in the Red Room.”

Secrets Kept

“So, tell me what is going on!” said Arnold. “You have signed the contract, when does the design stage start? How much are they paying?”

“Arnold, they are paying me per days’ work!”

“What, you mean that you are now an employee?”

“No, consultant! What is more they are paying two thousand dollars a day!”

Arnold stared at his wife with open mouth.

“A day?”

“As for the rest I cannot tell you about the work because I signed a secrecy and privacy contract.”

“Excuse me darling, but I seem to remember that I am your husband. I am the final arbiter of all our decisions!”

“Yes, you are. However, I am not allowed to mention a word of what I see or work on.”

“Are you serious?” he asked, “I mean you won’t tell me what work you are doing? Ephesians, five twenty-two informs us that a wife should not keep secrets from her lawfully wedded husband!”

“No! That’s the end of it, Arnold. I’m not discussing it anymore. I desperately want to do this work and I must be honest with them!”

“At least tell me how long you think the project will last!”

“No. Arnold please understand, I am not at liberty to tell you anything!”

“The bible says that a husband is his wife’s master! I do not wish to control you, but a wife owes a husband more than a mere contractual obligation!”

“Trust me!”

Personal Secretary

“This is Mike,” said Miss Jenny to Hillary. “He is one of the students here and will be acting first as guide and then as your personal secretary.”

“I’m sure that I can manage without...”

“Mike will be ready whenever you are here. If he has been unsatisfactory in any way then you can inform me and I will correct the problem forthwith.”

The way that Miss Jenny spoke made a small chill run up Hillary’s spine. Somehow there was more meaning to the words than just the sounds that they made, some inner meaning that she was not picking up.

Hillary looked at Mike and decided that he was a pretty tasty guy. Nothing wrong with fancying him if she didn’t touch! Not all that tall, but the clues that he worked out at the gym were in the strong arms and shoulders. He had a face that could have been an artwork on a romance novel and a broad smile that was both attractive and gave the feeling that Mike was an open regular sort of guy.

“Well, if I must have a chaperone then Mike will be perfect,” said Hillary. “That brings me to another small request. I wonder if you might lay a room aside for me as an office. I mean it will make it a lot easier for me to work here some of the time and it will all go a lot faster.”

Miss Jenny smiled.

“Of course, we have already prepared a room for you, I have put aside one of the bedrooms and you can use it as an office. It has the advantage that it overlooks the site as well so that you can keep a check on the work just by turning your head!” said Miss Jenny.

Mike led Hillary to her new office and wondered how this was all going to work out. Miss Jenny had promised him that he was to make sure that Hillary settled in and then he was to receive more orders on a daily basis.

‘And that’s a funny thing,’ he thought to himself. ‘Hillary is just Hillary. Not Mistress Hillary and not Miss Hillary. Strange to address her with such a lack of respect.’ As he led her to her new office, he wondered what it was that Miss Jenny had in mind and how he fitted into the plan. One moment he was in the cells awaiting sale or disposal, the next almost free and guiding important guests around the mansion without any control.

All he had to do was to follow orders.

In the Red Room Miss Janet and Miss Jenny sat sipping their coffee as the maid waited in attendance without moving a muscle.

“Are you sure that you know what it is that you are doing?” asked Miss Janet. “I mean that allowing Mrs. Hampton into the house and then offering her an office will just make it more difficult to run the academy, even though we are shutting it down for the moment.”

“I’m not sure that it will be so much more difficult,” came the reply. “We have the auction in two days and then the place will be virtually empty, as it normally is at this time of year. The farm is completely separate so there is no problem there and we did, after all, accept that doing the building work would cause considerable upset anyway. Anyway, the farm will also be closed so even that is not really a problem!”

Miss Jenny put her cup down on the saucer delicately and signaled to the maid for a refill with a twitch of the finger.

“That’s the problem,” said Miss Janet. “You fancy her and you are crossing the boundaries. You know perfectly well that if we wait until the building work is done, we can arrange for her to become one of the trainees here, but no, you have to go a different road.”

“If I only wanted a big titted slave to lick my ass, then I could choose from this lot,” Miss Jenny made a motion of the thumb towards the maid and smiled crookedly. “But it is not just a night in bed that I want. I have decided that I want that delicious little Hillary as a willing lover.”

The door opened as Miss Clearmont entered. She made a motion to the maid that she should leave, and as she teetered out on her heels, she received a little pat on the bottom from Miss Clearmont that almost caused her to fall.

“I had to have a word with you two,” said Miss Clearmont. “I have to catch the Berlin flight but I really wanted to know what it is that you are planning.”

“Jenny is planning a little seduction!” said Miss Janet. “Our architect is about to be wooed but does not know it!”

“Games like this are all very well, Jenny,” replied Miss Clearmont, “but you realize of course that if there is any problem, I shall come down hard on you?”

“I have it all under control,” came the reply.

“I’m sure that you do. I just want to remind you that I am the major shareholder of this business and we are just about to enlarge the operation. If you fuck it up, I will personally attend to putting the omelet into the eggshells,” said Miss Clearmont in a soft voice. “Play

your little games but if it looks like even one whisper is going to get out, then Hillary Hampton will become an inmate of the academy immediately and without question.”

“Certainly!”

“Which brings me to a last point.”

The two women waited. And with no shortage of anxiety.

“If I catch either of you discussing plans and internal matters in the presence of a slave again, Miss Clearmont told them, “I will be more than a little annoyed. Have that maid separated from the others. I have no idea what it was that you said but, she certainly heard too much.”

“Do you want her removed?”

“That maid goes in the punishment cells and departs in the auction that is coming up,” said Miss Clearmont, as she opened the door to leave. “You have cost us about fifty thousand with just a few words out of place! Make sure that you do not make any mistakes with Mrs. Hillary Hampton! I am tolerant about your little foibles to a certain point, but when it costs us profit, I am not amused!”

Party Time

The next two weeks or so were a frantic medley of consultations and surveys that Hillary did with the help of her willing and helpful assistant, Mike.

Mike was always available for her. Every time that she went to the academy Mike was waiting at the door and accompanied her every step of the way. Hillary felt as though he was as much a help as he was a guardian who was never even out of sight.

As the first weeks passed Arnold seemed ever more irritated that his wife would not talk about her work. He absolutely took it as a personal slight that Hillary would not discuss even the most straightforward events of the day with him.

As for Hillary she quickly adapted the rather peculiar circumstances of her work. The entry into the compound no longer bothered her. The fact that she never saw a single inmate of the academy became a norm, the whole place seeming deserted except for the presence of the rather forbidding Miss Janet and the rather friendlier Miss Jenny.

When she requested that she see inside some of the other buildings to see the construction methods and decor she was told by Miss Jenny that they were private and that she would get to see them all later.

Soon the plans were basically ready. The underground garage was the first to start construction. A two-level deep place where lorries could enter a ramp and discharge their loads in privacy and away from the academy itself.

Even though she had drawn up the plans for the building she took no part in the building itself, or of the supervision of the site.

As the building work started, she started work on the interiors of the two new renovated buildings. Each was just a shell that needed to be reinforced and then to have the interior rooms designed and built.

“So, these are to be dormitories?” asked Hillary.

“In effect. Each will have ten rooms that are laid on long corridors,” replied Miss Jenny.

“Rooms or suites?”

“Rooms with a single special shared bathroom for each building. Windows will be eliminated, each room being a simple square.”

“It sounds a little like a sort of prison!” said Hillary, as she wondered who would be staying in

the rooms.

“Mmm. I suppose that it does seem that way,” said Miss Jenny, “but that’s the way that Miss Clearmont wants it so that’s the way it will be organized.”

Hillary shrugged.

“Believe me, she knows what she’s doing.”

Hillary took notes of all of the conversations and reviewed them each night in the office. Though she had got used to the fierce privacy precautions, she had never seen any security personnel, but the more that she thought about the whole setup the more curious she got about the ‘Service Academy’.

It was a Monday morning just two weeks after the start of the real work that Hillary arrived, as usual, at the gates of the academy. This time she was not alone. A large lorry bearing earth-moving equipment passed through the gates and she had slipped through in its wake without using the entry phone.

As normal she parked well short of the main house. She found a space amongst a collection of large limousines and expensive cars. As she left her car, she wondered who all the visitors were.

‘I suppose that the academy has some pretty rich pupils, ‘she thought to herself as she arrived at the door to the house without seeing Mike at all.

Hillary entered the house to find that the foyer and the Red Room contained a crowd of perhaps twenty people, mostly middle aged, who were drinking champagne and snacking on vol-au-vents and being served by five maids who were dressed in the most outrageously sexy uniforms that she had ever seen.

She stood, nonplussed, for a moment before she was spotted by Miss Jenny who arrived in a rush looking rather concerned.

“Where is Mike?” asked Miss Jenny as she took Hillary by the arm and swept her upstairs to her office.

“He was not here to meet me,” said Hillary. “I’m sorry to gate-crash your function.”

“That’s fine, don’t worry, I’ll have Mike here in a moment!”

As Hillary climbed the stairs, she had a fleeting glimpse of an elderly woman in a long gown putting her hand up the skirt of one of the maids before Hillary was almost dragged by Miss Jenny into the bedroom that had been reserved for her use as an office.

“Please wait here while I find your personal assistant,” said a rather worried-looking Miss Jenny.

As Miss Jenny left the room Hillary watched her go and wondered at her rather outlandish clothes. The high heeled pumps were rather extreme but still within limits, but Miss Jenny was wearing a latex dress to below the knees that made her take tiny steps and the tight shiny material of her top hid all of her flesh but clung so much like skin so that she could have been naked and then painted glossy red.

Hillary shook her head in perplexity as she waited for Mike to arrive. The door was not quite closed so Hillary decided to take a sneaky peek at the strange party that was going on just yards away. As she came to the door, she heard Miss Jenny talking to Mike so she stayed to listen to their conversation.

“I am very disappointed in you, Mike,” came the voice of Miss Jenny over the background noise of general conversation.

“I am sorry, Miss Jenny, but she must have slipped in without using the gate phone.”

“That’s no excuse. Tonight, report for punishment. It is your responsibility, to ensure that she is kept away from the sensitive areas of the house and the grounds.”

“What do you want to tell her about the auction?”

“Just say that it is the parents of the new intake’s pupils, or some such. I expect you to stall any of her questions and report back to me. If word gets back to Miss Clearmont there will be more than trouble and we will lose an architect and I will lose my prey!”

Hillary was not sure that she had heard right. Did Miss Jenny use the word ‘prey’? Really?

No!

There was a sound like a slap and then Miss Jenny continued to berate Mike.

“You are far too slow anyway; I have been meaning to have words with you in any case. Why is it taking so long? What the fuck are you doing with her all day without making any progress?”

“It is not easy, Miss Jenny. She is like a crazy woman. All she does is work and there are no

opportunities!”

“Well find the fucking openings! Do not forget where you are and who you belong to!”

Hillary sensed the end of the conversation was coming close. She went to the window and looked out at the earth moving that had started in earnest outside as the vast hole that would house the garage became a reality.

The door swung wide and Hillary caught a glimpse of Miss Jenny walking away. Her wide hips sheathed in dull black latex, heels and seams, and the bright red of her taut, tight top that looked like a mirrored, crimson skin.

Mike came in and closed the door softly, cutting out the noise of chatter that had floated from the ground floor.

“Hi there,” he said, “sorry that I failed to meet you, but you did not use the entry phone.”

Hillary was undergoing a moment of revelation. She knew that there was some secret that was being hidden from her but she could not quite put the pieces together yet. The idea was on the tip of her tongue. Just five minutes of mingling would supply the answers that failed her imagination.

‘What the hell is going on here? What have I become a part of?’ she wondered with a slight pit of fear in her stomach.

She managed to keep a straight face and smiled at Mike.

“Sorry, I won’t gate-crash again, I just followed one of the builder’s lorries in, I’ll stop next time.”

“Nothing to worry about,” came the reply from Mike.

‘Punished,’ thought Hillary. ‘and just what did Miss Jenny mean by Mike’s ‘progress’?’

“Bit of a party going on today,” she essayed to see what his reaction would be.

“Oh, it’s just the parents and guardians of next year’s intake,” he lied smoothly.

“Oh right!” she answered as though not bothered one way or the other, but in her head, she was trying to put the puzzle together.

“Miss Jenny is nervous because today is the day that they have to pay for the next year’s tuition and they are such a fussy lot.”

Hillary decided to leave it there. There was something outlandish going on and somehow, she decided that it was too risky to continue to question Mike.

“Well, we’re trapped here anyway because I have to check some of last week’s measurements before I can proceed and I have no intention of disturbing the party again.”

Hillary sat on the huge bed that half-filled her ‘office’. It was a four poster with some of the most elaborate carving of little naked figures that climbed and cavorted on the carved woodwork. She inspected the carving for the first time properly and noticed that what the people carved into the wood were doing was not just erotica it was almost a scene from Dante’s ‘Inferno’.

She ran her fingertips over the smooth wood and set to thinking about all that she had seen and heard over the last half hour. Mike stood and watched the builders going about digging the enormous hole and had his back to her.

Hillary did not lack imagination, but she had had a rather strict upbringing and Arnold had been not just her first boyfriend but, the only man that she had ever had sex with. His requirements in that department were rather simple and often left her with a little itch that said ‘There could have been more, much more, but that was it’. For Hillary sex had proved disappointing, it left her with no feelings of elevation or elation.

The Church that all her family attended was so strict about sex and moral degeneracy! Hillary found herself with biblical lines pursuing themselves around her head in a whirl of terrible doubt. She remembered Revelations 21:8 and the pastor thundering about the dangers of sexual sin and that it led inevitably to hell.

A hollow opened in her belly, a feeling of almost fear.

She decided that she had to stop and consider what she knew. Her breathing slowed and she managed to start counting the events of the morning on her fingers.

So, what had she seen?

Hillary decided to list all the facts, those things that she could be sure of before she asked herself to pull them all together. That all the guests were rich was clear. The cars parked outside amounted to several million dollars’ worth of transport. Second was that the owners of the academy were all incredibly rich too. Cars, clothes and just the jewelry that Miss Janet carried on her must come to a small fortune.

Next there was what she had seen of the party. Though all the guests were dressed in smart formal clothes the servants were dressed almost indecently. Now she understood what Arnold had been talking about when he mentioned the maid that had attended their first visit. Hillary

had seen the hand that had burrowed under the skirt as she had passed through the group.

Then there was Miss Jenny's dress. There was no doubt that it was outrageous. Hillary could not imagine where such an outfit would be deemed the correct wear, unless it was a whore's convention even though it had its attractions. She tried to imagine how Miss Jenny had thought that it would appeal to pupil's parents, especially since they had all looked so formal.

Then there was the conversation that Miss Jenny had had with Mike. Hillary had noticed a touch of, what she imagined was, fear in his voice but now he seemed so calm.

'Now to put it all together, 'she thought, as she idly traced the figures on the bed.

'Start with Miss Jenny,' she thought.

She was the only person who did not come by car and was the only one that Hillary had noticed that was dressed like that. That could mean that the others would have been dressed in fetish clothing if they could have been but, after all, they had to get here. That fitted with the fact that the maids were dressed shockingly. Then there was the behavior of that older woman, all that money, the secrecy, the design of the interiors.

Hillary started to sweat with realization. At last, the clues were overcoming her naïveté, this was some sort of brothel, a private bordello for the ultra-rich! All in the best of bad taste! If this got out it would ruin her career, the builder of a brothel, the stylist of sin, the fashioner of fetish.

She looked at her hands and saw the figures on the bed, the lushness of the carpet and the silk of the wall coverings. The money that welled from this place was incredible. She herself was accepting thousands a week to work here!

She stood on shaking legs and stood beside Mike.

"What did Miss Jenny mean by 'punish'?" she asked.

There was no sign from Mike that he was shocked at the fact that Hillary had overheard the conversation.

"I will probably be flogged," he said in a quiet voice. "Now that I have answered you truthfully it has moved from mere probability to absolute certainty."

"By who?"

"Oh, Miss Jenny usually does it, she enjoys every moment."

“Should I speak to Miss Jenny, I mean, well, I don’t know what I mean!” stuttered Hillary as she tried to picture how a brothel worked.

“I was given a job to do and I failed because I could not bring myself to do it,” he mumbled. “Now I suspect that I will soon be leaving the academy.”

Hillary felt so very sorry for Mike, she laid a hand on his shoulder and turned him to face her.

“I don’t understand!”

“Just as well,” he replied. “It’s really just as well!”

Hillary was in a state of confusion. How could she withdraw from the contract that she had signed? Was the money worth the chance of being caught out as the builder of a brothel? Should she tell Arnold? What about Mike’s story?

She remembered with a shudder the soft but definite warning that Miss Clearmont had uttered before the contract was signed.

‘Do you understand that when you sign to undertake this work that you are committing yourself considerably deeper than just the mere words that are printed on the contract?’ she had said.

In the end her head was in a whirl by the time that she left the ‘Service Academy’ and Mike behind her.

Deep inside she knew the real reason why she had resisted Arnold’s questions.

It was not that she was worried about the contract it was because she knew from the start that there was something wrong with the academy and she knew that her husband would assert his right to stop her going there.

She was neatly caught between mammon and a high hard place.

The Wages of Righteousness

Arnold went up the wall with fury.

Hillary had never seen him so angry, so wild. He walked up and down the house and punched the air with the fury of his righteous rage. His biblical quotes were a graphic description of the hell that Hillary would burn in since she could never be shrived of this sin. No purge by a pastor, no forgiveness but, God's could absolve her guilt.

From a caring husband to a pitiless man in just a minute!

Arnold's resentment burst all bounds of reason. Hillary had not shared with him and this was the result! Sodom and Gomorrah were mentioned at least twenty times as Arnold finally screamed at her to leave his house.

All this anger was the result of his Pastor's offering support since Arnold's wife was working for, or in, a brothel.

"Oh, you didn't know what the academy was?" the pastor had said with a voice dripping with the honey of innocence. "Mr. Hampton, then I am so sorry to have to tell you this terrible revelation of sin on the behalf of your exquisite wife, please forgive me I did not want to seem as if I was just causing trouble and spreading rumors but I have it on the highest authority! And never forget that it was woman who engendered the original sin!"

That idea that the 'Service Academy' was the cover for a high-class bordello was one that Hillary herself had slowly come to; but the pastor's call had made Arnold see red.

Now he was shamed by her in front of all his friends and family.

Disgraced!

Discredited!

Dishonored and personally mortified!

Now Arnold considered her more than 'tainted' by contact with those evil souls who reveled in the sins of the whore of Babylon.

She tried reason, but he saw no sense. Reason was, as a fanatical Christian not in his small repertoire of responses. Reason was what the devil used to question his faith.

Reason was the enemy of belief!

The time had come for Hillary to leave but as she started ascending the stairs, he ran ahead of her and began to throw her clothes into a heap as he emptied the wardrobe.

He had not lost his reason.

No!

There had been none left to lose.

That was how she left the house.

Bereft of all belongings, she departed, taking just car keys and handbag and the shoes and clothes that she was standing in.

Her parent's house was her first destination. She knocked at the door and entered to find her father on the phone and it was immediately obvious that he was talking to Arnold.

He put down the phone and turned to his daughter.

"You must go back to your husband, Arnold," he said in a low voice.

"No!" she replied with all the force that she could muster.

"He will forgive you for your sins,"

Hillary felt as though her world was caving in.

"I cannot go back, father," she replied. "He threw me out!"

"Well, you cannot stay here," he replied as her mother came into the hallway and put her arm around her husband.

"But," she began to say.

Her father interrupted her with a wave of his hand.

"Go back to him, it is your duty to beg for absolution and his to accept that you were foolish not sinful. Beg for forgiveness, compassion and pity. Offer yourself to him, dedicate yourself to him!"

Hillary stood in the hallway, that familiar place, with a feeling of living a dream, a nightmare. For a moment she thought that her mother would intercede but she gazed up at her husband as though he was the font of all wisdom.

Hillary turned and left.

For a few minutes Hillary sat in her car. It was the only space that she had to call her own. She backed out of the driveway and drove.

Drove.

The closing light at the end of this day of revelation depressed her as she pulled over to the side of the road to decide the road to take. It was clear that she had no place to go, no family, no home.

‘A hotel?’

The thought depressed her beyond all reason.

In the end there was but one alternative open.

Hillary approached the security gate with trepidation. She gave her name and entered the gates of that very house of depravity from which her husband had sought to separate her from.

Betrayal and Arrival

“You have done better than I thought that you would,” said Miss Jenny to Mike. “You are perhaps just a little too clever!”

“It is impossible for me to be too clever, Miss Jenny. All I did was to follow your orders.”

Miss Jenny looked at Mike and decided to ignore this touch of irony, after all, he had done well.

“The telephone call to Arnold’s pastor was a stroke of genius.”

“I will have only succeeded if she finds that she has to come here, tonight.”

Jenny smiled and ran her hand down his naked body through the bars of the cage that Mike called home when Hillary was not present.

“If she does, then I will allow you to re-join the training that you botched and rebelled against.”

“I had hoped for more!”

“Your hopes and dreams are of no interest at all to me,” she laughed as her hand grasped his erection and made a few tentative movements that made him gasp. “Do not think that we are in way associates or friends! You are my property as long as you are here and you will be eventually sold. That is your grim fate, mine is so much more agreeable; to seduce Hillary!”

Miss Jenny stood in the twilight.

She was waiting in the floodlit entrance for her to come into the house. Miss Jenny was dressed as before, in the tight hobble skirt and the shiny blood-crimson top. In the dark the glossy red caught the reflection of the lamps that lit the front of the mansion and gave her an eerie gleam.

That light defined her body, the shapely breasts and the broad hips that tapered to the brutal nail-spikes on her heels. The small compass of her waist. All were perfect due to the surgeon’s refined arts. An impeccable body perfected under the doctor’s knife.

The top step was taken by this vision of sexuality; red lips and long straight black hair framing a handsome and slightly severe face decked to paleness with white foundation that made her pursed lips stand out like purple petals on a splash of chalk.

Hillary was greeted with a smile despite her tears of self-pity.

Miss Jenny held out a hand, the hand that Hillary's mother should have offered. She clasped Hillary in the soft embrace that her husband should have extended.

Who is exploiting whom?

The woman who had lost friends, husband and family in one night of selfish retribution?

The woman who has triggered that retribution for her own selfish ends?

Hillary felt that subtle slickness, the firm-seeming outer integument that concealed nothing, that offered everything and that aroused the wearer to match its appeal by outrageous behavior. The palms of her hands slid over the laces that closed the flesh of Miss Jenny's back like a cage of spider filament. They found themselves on those broad hips, resting for a moment before Hillary felt her fingertips slide, threatening to move over the rounded flesh below that waspish waist.

For a moment the red lips opened and brushed hers in sympathy and then the two of them were parted and the brief magic of sympathy, lust and emotional turmoil melted like a mist in the intense midday sun. For that brief moment there was contact that had deeply affected both women.

In Miss Jenny, long habitué of lust and satiation of desire. She was a denizen of the further pit, the second circle of hell where the winds of lust blow! A woman who always got what she wanted. Spoiled and hungry for experiences. She was both victim and instigator of that unspeakable lust. But that wind was one that blew her in pursuit of naiveté and innocence. She needed to bathe herself, refresh her perverted outlook with the occasional venture into the world of normalcy; the world of affection and love.

She was touched by the honesty of Hillary, the honesty of her emotion. It was a missing part of her essence, a part that she would feed on and nurture. At least for a while, until the winds of yearning drew her back to her usual aberrant circle of perdition.

Hillary was deeply drawn to this glossy sexual leech. It was clear to Hillary what Miss Jenny was and what she represented. Only the haziest notions of sin and sexual depravity formed in her naive mind but she knew that Miss Jenny was treacherous and manipulating by instinct. That Miss Jenny might suck the marrow from her psyche was instinctively understood by Hillary even if the details of that feast were uncertain.

She was touched by the honesty of Miss Jenny, the honesty of her emotion. Miss Jenny represented what Hillary had lacked in the strait-laced hell of her husband and family's oppressive beliefs. At least for the nonce, in the depths of her loathing at the way that she had

been abandoned by all that she held dear.

Bed, But Not Of Roses

The bed was the one in her 'office', the bedroom that had been arranged as the site of Hillary's seduction by Mike. But now Mike was no more, in fact he had never existed, except perhaps as an artefact of Miss Jenny. His place had been taken by Michael, the sexual chattel who would be converted to profit after being perverted by his training.

That bed was the focus of Miss Jenny's obsession.

For Miss Jenny the bed represented the deviation of virtue into lust.

Represented? It was the end, the tool and the impulse!

Miss Jenny sat in the Red Room with her expected guest and held her close as Hillary cried in her arms. She suffered a surfeit of integrity and resisted kissing this object of desire that lay in her power. What forbearance, what dedicated control of emotion and yearning! Instead, she allowed smooth words of comfort to issue from her lips and enjoyed the dominance of calculated comfort.

Hillary could not speak. No words came to her lips, every time just sobs of misery issued as she placed her face against the smooth latex skin of her confessor, savior, mother and comforter. At last, the sobs subsided and the tears ceased to trickle over the breasts of the woman who had opened her eyes, commanded her betrayal and who had become her savior.

There was a moment of spark as Hillary lifted her head to look into the black lined eyes of her savior. The lips, matt red and stark in their contrast, pursed in sympathy and reflection beckoned and Hillary, driven by impulse, kissed them. A lingering kiss that began as a chaste touch and became a kiss between lovers until that realization surfaced and the kiss was regretfully broken.

"I think that going to bed will soothe you, Hillary," said Miss Jenny with a sigh of lost opportunities.

"I'm not sure that I can sleep," came the reply. "I am tired, but sleep? I feel as if I am falling. Are you seducing me? Miss Jenny?"

"Come with me, the familiarity of your office will help. It will all seem so much better in the morning. I will bring you a breakfast and we will discuss everything in the light of day."

Miss Jenny led her new found companion to the office.

She led Hillary up the stairs that she had travelled whilst she still had a home and across the landing that she last traversed when she still had had a husband. Hillary entered the room that

she had occupied when her parents were still her parents and the pastor was one of the rock-like anchors of her life.

Now the coverlet was off and the bed was laid with silk and linen; linen to rest her head and silk to slither amongst as she slept her unquiet sleep.

She stripped almost before she had realized, allowing Miss Jenny to appreciate that she was aiming to fuck a vision of attraction. It was only when Miss Jenny held out her hand to take the clothes that Hillary realized that she was naked.

Vulnerable in front of this wicked fetish Queen of the night.

But the vampire just smiled and held out her hand for the clothes, no assault followed, no incident that needed to be defended against. Just a smile and a good night as Miss Jenny took the tear-stained clothes and exited leaving Hillary to slide amongst the sheets, in a soft silken luxury bought with anguish.

The door closed behind Miss Jenny with a click. Then there was the distinct sound of the lock being turned as Hillary was caged in her luxurious prison.

The sound of the key brought Hillary around to her precarious situation.

‘I’m sure that it’s just a natural mistake,’ she thought to herself as she padded to the door, naked, to see if she really had been locked in. ‘She probably turned the key automatically and locked me in by mistake!’

Hillary looked around and saw the other door, the one to the en-suite bathroom. For the first time she used the delicious shower and found that the lack of towels in the room was because a swirling wind, warm to the skin, enveloped her when she stepped from the shower.

Hillary delighted in the sheer opulence of the room and checked the scents for the first time.

Arnold had never bought her any perfume. It was ‘unnecessary’ according to him. It was a devil’s tool for ‘wanton’ and ‘shameless’ women to entice ‘weak’ men.

She splashed a bit here and a bit there and looked around for a bathrobe. There was none. No towels, no bathrobe, just a bathroom full of surprises as she found that the toilet flushed when she stood. The taps came on as one approached and all the water was neither hot nor cold, it was perfect. The door unlocked as she approached, she had not even noticed that it had locked as she had entered.

Once again Hillary slid between those slippery sheets and allowed her mind to wander. She thought of all that had happened, how her whole life was filled with different perspectives.

After the soft glow of the nearly full moon entered the room through the barred windows and scattered grey light and the moon shadows of the bars fell over the supine Hillary and the bed as she fell asleep, into a deep, bottomless, slumber.

Downstairs, in the Red Room, Miss Jenny rang the little bell that sat on the walnut topped table.

A moment later, one of the ever-waiting maids arrived and came to stand to attention before her owner. Miss Jenny looked her over, it was a habit of hers that every little demerit, every little mistake would be punished. The maid, aware of the scrutiny but puzzled as to Miss Jenny's mood, waited and stared into the middle distance as she had been trained to do.

The maid felt the hem of her short fluffy skirt being lifted and a finger running over the silky-smooth skin that formed the slotted wedge between her thighs. The fact that Miss Jenny said nothing was itself a sign of approval, a sign that no single hair had escaped the attentions of the maid and been allowed to disturb the perfection of her soft flesh.

The same finger slid into that slot; that denatured sex, and probed within. Here again there was nothing to criticize. The maid did not move or flinch at this invasion of her mistress' property she just stood and felt honored that Miss Jenny was personally making sure that she was presentable and that all the rings inside were perfectly aligned.

A glow suffused the maid's skin, not a blush of shame but a blush of appreciation, of gratitude.

"Fetch me a cigarette and a small brandy."

The maid moved to answer the desire. She stepped small on her high heels and fetched a cigarette and the holder in case Miss Jenny required it. When the filter was between pursed lips the maid lit the tip and waited until she was sure that it was lit properly.

The same care and attention went into the preparation of the brandy. The cognac was poured into a bulb-glass warmed by the hands of the maid. Gently swirled to save Miss Jenny any inconvenience it was presented only when a hand was finally offered.

Finally, an ashtray was polished with the cloth that acted as her apron, so that the crystal shone, clear and unsullied. It was placed perfectly within the orbit of Miss Jenny's arm.

The maid stood to attention and waited for a further order.

It came.

“Go to my room and await my arrival.”

Miss Jenny lounged back on the sofa with a sigh and a long blow of smoke. The glass in her hand raised in a toast to her satisfaction. She sipped at the cognac and reflected on her success. Hillary was in range, inside the gravitational compass of Miss Jenny. Soon she would be caught up and wooed and then she would be enveloped by the same desires as Miss Jenny herself.

This was the simple plan that Miss Jenny was pursuing. It was not so different from finding an unwilling partner. Measure the range, fire the lure, capture the victim, train and then punish to achieve compliance.

She smiled to herself and wondered if Michael had ever thought that he would be rewarded for his part, his idea, of capturing Hillary. She decided not, there was no way that he could expect anything other than that he belonged to her and she could dispose of him as she liked.

Finally, she had finished both the cigarette and the cognac and decided to head for bed herself. ‘Enough reflection for a day,’ she thought, as she made her way up the stairs and entered her own room.

She smelt a slight smell of wax as she entered. A single candle burned on the stand in the corner illuminating the room with flickers of color and alternating shadow. The room lacked ornament, apart from the huge iron frame of the bed there was nothing in the room. The bed summed up Miss Jenny adequately. Well-built, solid and attractive in its cast iron glory.

The maid stood in the expected place in the correct pose with ankles far apart and hands already bound behind her back, totally naked and ready for attention.

Ready for abuse.

Ready for the wishes of her owner.

With a sigh of satisfaction Miss Jenny closed the door and circled around the helpless girl. For a moment she considered her options and then she ordered her maid into the shower. ‘Start with a massage. There’s nothing like a shower accompanied by a tongue and lips that concentrate on what is important,’ she thought. ‘Then a little light relief before sleep. A little torment would settle her down nicely.’

With the menu decided, the soothing suffering of the maid could begin.

Hillary woke with a start. Maybe it was the strange bed. Maybe it was the kiss before bedtime.

Perhaps the memories of that terrible day were invading her thoughts. On the other hand, as she awoke, Hillary realized that she had dreamed of Miss Jenny and all the more disturbing, she found that she was damp, slick with an involuntary moist ardor that her dream had imparted.

The moon was low on the horizon. It cast solid shadows of the grated bars on the windows across the walls making the room seem like the pampered prison that it was, with no way to tell the time she left the huge bed and padded to the window.

Hillary had never realized that bars could be so very oppressive as they were now. Inside a room locked by Miss Jenny and trapped by the bars on the windows. She could see her car in the ghostly light, across the lawns and to the walls that enclosed the house. She stood for a few minutes and enjoyed the ghostly view before turning back to the room and heading for the huge bathroom. Hillary performed her ablutions after her toilet. For a minute she basked in the warm air and twisted to get that rippling feeling that the gusts gave as they coursed over her naked body.

Finally, it was over.

In curiosity she opened the white paneled doors that seemed to be some sort of built-in wardrobe on the far wall and was astounded to find that the panels folded back to reveal another door to the room, another means of egress and entrance from the bathroom.

The key stuck out of the lock waiting to be used. A bold offer that she felt that she could not refuse. With a twist of the key, she unlocked the door and opened it to find herself looking into the dimly lit hallway that led to the mezzanine balcony.

A faint light was imparted by the glass cupola over those sweeping stairways lending an eerie empty gravitas to the silent doors and thick carpets of the hallway.

Hillary forgot that she was nude, the warmth of the house, despite the cold outside, matched exactly to her comfort. Light footed, almost on tip toes she moved down the corridor, away from the light and turned a corner. Suddenly the luminosity increased as she found herself on the brink of a long corridor with a glass roof that stretched before her.

For a moment she was confused until she remembered the block behind the house and the bridge that she had noticed that ran between the two buildings. For a moment, as an architect, she had admired the brave structure and the slanting glass roof that looked almost as if it had been fashioned from a single piece.

On tip toes she advanced, somehow aware that this was an area of the house that she should not enter. But her curiosity was too much and she headed the twenty yards to the velvet curtain that hung at the end of the open space.

The curtain opened at the touch of her hand to reveal a door that at first seemed to be wood. But when she reached out to touch the surface it was cold, metal. Lightly she tapped the door. It was solid. Not the comforting ringing thud of thick oak, but the dead, solid sound of a door that was not just surfaced with steel; it was dense like a safe door or the side of an armored vehicle.

A small electronic pad offering number keys was located by the side of the door to open it, but the combination was beyond the ken of the naked Hillary. With a sigh that represented a mixture of frustration and relief, Hillary pulled the curtain into its former position and headed back.

Creeping like a mouse that suddenly understands that the cats are about; she headed back to halt as she heard a door open around the corner that led into the corridor.

Then a voice.

A woman's voice, but pitched low.

It took a moment for Hillary did not recognize the low tones of Miss Janet because she was speaking in an almost whisper.

"One more poor effort like that, boy, and you will be in the white corridor ready to be moved on!"

Hillary heard a sob that was quickly stifled and then a reply, also whispered:

"Please, Miss Janet, I am so sorry that I failed to please you, please!"

The voice was a man's.

Hillary reflected that she had never heard a man cry before, but the sound of a mewling, begging man was somehow stimulating to her, a stirring touch of subservience.

The entreaty seemed to work because there was a pause before Miss Janet replied, "I am feeling too tired to find another partner for tonight, though I am sure that most I could choose could do far better than you. You will try again and we shall see if you can raise the level of your miserable performance."

Hillary heard a sound that she interpreted as a slap and then Miss Janet added to her command.

"Come back inside then and let that be a final warning. I am sick of the lack of respect from the cheap trash here that try to pass as fully trained! One more failure like that and you know

what will happen. Don't think that being in Miss Clearmont's good books will save you either!"

The sound of the door closing shut the rest of the diatribe off and Hillary realized that she had been holding her breath in trepidation. Slowly she released her breath with a soft sigh. After a minute she essayed a look around the corner to find that the road was now clear.

Now she only wanted to reach her room, all thoughts of exploration had been extinguished by the close shave. She moved down the corridor on tip toe.

She looked at all of the four doors before her and realized that suddenly she was in doubt as to which was the back door to her bathroom. One led to her safety, the others to, well, who knew what?

How could she tell?

Suddenly she remembered that the key was still in the lock of her door. If only one of the four had a key then she had found the right one. Bending down she tried to see if a key was in each lock but all the keyholes were dark.

She would have to try them all and hope to find the right one without disturbing the occupiers. Finally, she settled on the first door to try. As she laid her hand on the handle she looked down and noticed that this door had left a slight circular pattern on the thick pile of the carpet where it had regularly been ajar.

That meant that this door was used often.

With care and using her fingertips on the carpet because of the poor light; Hillary checked each door. Only one did not have the mark of the door opening.

Slowly she opened the door to find herself in her bathroom. With great, almost exaggerated, care she closed the door and locked it.

With a sigh of relief, she went to the huge bed and sat on the edge to regain her composure. Her heart was beating so fast that she could hear it in her ears and a sweat dripped from her despite the perfect temperature of the room.

Exhausted she lay down to sleep ensconced in the silk and linen but it was a long time before Hillary finally slipped into slumber to continue her disturbing dreams.

Morning and Cops

Whether it was the morning light streaming onto the bed or the slight click of the key in the door's lock, Hillary awoke. She lay on top of a welter of silk, naked and comfortable. It was a moment before she realized that someone was coming into the room and she had had no time to find the edges of the silk to cover herself up.

The door opened and was pushed open slowly by one of the house's maids entering backwards because she was carrying a tray with breakfast laid out on it.

A hand followed the maid and held the door ajar for a moment so that she could enter without hindrance. Miss Jenny followed the maid into the room with a broad smile and a greeting.

"Good morning, Hillary, did you sleep well?"

The maid placed the tray on the coverlet and then retreated to go and open the curtains and neaten up the room.

"Thank you!"

Now that the tray was on the bed it was impossible to cover her nakedness up. Hillary felt an intense embarrassment and blushed slightly but she was determined to cope, despite her internal conflicts. So, she sat with crossed ankles and knees drawn up sideways to close her legs and tried to ignore the fact that her heavy breasts were exposed.

Miss Jenny seemed impervious to her discomfiture and sat on the bed beside her. For a moment she smoothed down the silk of her own dress with the palms of her hands before settling on the edge of the bed.

"Pour the coffee, now," she said to the maid without even looking at her.

The maid poured the coffee from the cafetiere and then retreated to stand by the window, just to one side. She stood absolutely still and stared into the room without letting her eyes glance at Miss Jenny and Hillary.

"So, Hillary, what are we going to do with you?"

The question came out as a matter-of-fact question that seemed to need a straight answer.

"I'm not sure. I have no idea of what happens now!"

Hillary could feel a sob coming on but she managed to contain it by taking one of the slices of fresh toast and taking a bite. Within a few moments she had recovered. Somehow, actually

verbalizing her personal crisis made it better and worse.

Better to have it out, worse to have to tell it.

“I need somewhere to stay. I cannot stay here.”

“Nonsense,” said Miss Jenny. “Of course, you must stay here.”

The way that she said ‘must’ made it a given. Hillary had to stay.

“There is no problem at all,” she continued when she saw a look of either concern or embarrassment on Hillary’s face. “Listen, you have been tossed out of your house, your parents have disowned you, how could I not offer you the solace of a place to stay?”

“If it’s no problem?”

Miss Jenny started to laugh. Once she started, she could scarcely stop. It took her a minute of almost sobbing before she calmed enough to be able to answer Hillary.

“Hillary, I’m not laughing at you, it’s just so rare to meet such honesty, naïveté and charm in one attractive package. We must sort out a few ground rules and then things will just turn out peachy!”

“Ground rules?” asked Hillary as she stared at the maid wondering if she would have to sing for her supper.

“Simple!” Miss Jenny’s voice took on a little bit of a hard edge as she began, “First and foremost you do not go on any more night wandering explorations!” Miss Jenny held her hand up to still the inevitable apology or denial. “I don’t want to hear it, Hillary. You were not locked in by accident last night. For the next week or so it has to be that way because we have important guests staying and we cannot have some sort of accident happening. Do not forget the contract that you signed!”

Having got that out of the way, Miss Jenny smiled at Hillary and then continued to lay down the law.

“Next, you are to be absolutely formal with all the uniformed staff here. It is a requirement and a rule of the house. They are here to please you, your senses, your needs and your wishes. They are here to make sure that you only have to do the things that you wish to. Relax, they will do whatever you want!”

Miss Jenny cast a quick glance at the maid before continuing. “If you have any complaints make sure that you pass them on to myself or Miss Janet. We do not tolerate anything less

than perfection here in the academy, it is very important. That brings me to the subject of how you are addressed. You are now ‘Miss Hillary’ as far as the sl... I mean, servants are concerned.” Make sure that they all stick to it.”

Miss Jenny was starting to relax now, all she had left was good news so she could round off the little lecture with a positive light.

“You are still employed by us ‘Miss Hillary’,” she said with a slight grin. “Don’t worry you’ll soon get used to it! Anyway, I have had a look over the plans and they seem in advance of the work. So, we have agreed to pay you a week in advance so that you have a little money. A woman without money is like a sky without stars, so here are five days in advance.”

Miss Jenny reached into a pocket in her waistband and pulled out a black credit card with Hillary’s name engraved in platinum letters along the bottom line. She flipped the card in her hand and then passed it to an astonished Hillary.

“Excuse me?”

Hillary was dumbfounded and turned the plastic in her hand.

“It is one of those disposable prepaid cards,” said Miss Jenny. “It has ten thou’ on it because we decided to count your little foray last night as an architectural survey! I hope, however, that it will be the last.”

“How can I thank you enough?” asked Hillary.

“Simple, stay here with us, design a wonderful building, sort your life out and live happily after!”

“I have a question.”

“Just one?”

“Yes, what do I do for clothes?”

“Well in my experienced opinion you look pretty good without, but that would not do. We are about the same size so you can borrow some of mine for a few days. Your clothes from yesterday have been disposed of, I’m sure that you do not need the reminder of those events.”

Miss Jenny took a piece of toast and frowned.

“Fresh toast, three slices, one sided!” she said to the maid who left the room to get the order.

“That’s better. It does not do to discuss too much personal stuff in front of the servants. We had a phone call from the police late last night. Apparently, your husband has reported you as ‘missing’ and he claims that you have been abducted by this ‘brothel’ and he wishes to ‘rescue’ you.”

“Arnold, what are you doing?” said Hillary, “I’m so sorry for all this trouble.”

“Hillary, honey, you work for the ‘Service Academy’ now. Our lawyer is already on his way and the police are due in an hour so we’d better get you dolled up and ready. My advice is for you not to say a word, let the lawyer do the talking! It’s your call.”

Half an hour later Hillary found herself in Miss Jenny’s bedroom staring at the incredible selection of hangers full of clothes and racks of boxed shoes that went to the ceiling.

‘Where to start?’ she thought. ‘casual!’

The maid by her side stood stock still, balancing on her high heels without noticeable strain. Hillary was still naked as she eyed up the racks to try to understand the system. It did not occur to her to ask the maid for help, she just passed down the racks and ran her hand down the packed fabric as she went. It was astounding!

Hillary reached for a couple of shoe boxes, wooden boxes containing exquisite shoes, the pictures of which were affixed to the front to allow a casual choice. This pair were Gucci, those were Louboutin and those Choo. Every pair had at least a three-inch heel and every pair nestled in felt, with wooden formers holding them ready for immediate use. She slipped on a pair of Vuitton pumps and decided that the three-inch heel was quite enough.

Hillary pulled out a couple of dresses but they were almost cocktail dresses and ball gowns. What amazed Hillary was the sheer range of style and form that Miss Jenny wore. From latex hobble skirts to silk ball gown and taffeta rock and roll. From leather hot pants to track suits, silk to denim. It was all there and expensive, everything was the best, the finest and clearly no effort had been spared to make sure it was all ordered and prepared.

At last Hillary realized that she was not going to find anything else on her own and she signaled to the maid that had been following her every step as Hillary had browsed through Miss Jenny’s wardrobe.

“Miss Hillary,” the maid began, “what are you looking for? I know every garment and pair of shoes here, I will be glad to help find fit, form and the style that you desire. It is what I have been trained for.”

Hillary smiled at the 'Miss Hillary' and then replied.

"Casual, smart with a business-like image is what I need."

"Colors, Miss Hillary?"

"Reds, blacks and greys."

The maid moved over the shelves and racks like a spider stalking a fly. She pulled, rejected and selected. As Hillary watched she gathered the clothes in themes and laid them out on the huge bed in groups. It took ten minutes work and all was ready.

"Miss Hillary, I was not sure whether you wanted a sexier look or not so I have brought out six outfits that match your size and wishes."

Hillary walked around the bed and made her choice, if Arnold was coming with the police, she had better be formal, but at the same time she wanted to slap him with regret. She pointed at the outfit that she had chosen and started to dress. Lacy, luxurious dessous under the leather jeans with a low-cut top and no bra. Red, black and then again red as the low patent shoes were slipped on. A more formal black bolero over the top made the outfit look a little like a suit. Just a little.

She felt ready to face the world, confident and tall.

She had some demons to exorcise, a husband possessed, it was time to take charge of her life.

Arnold Hampton sat in the back of the black and white and willed it to move faster as it approached the security fence that surrounded the house and grounds. As the car arrived the door swung open without recall to the speaker phone system; they were expected.

The two cops on the front bench of the car chatted inconsequentially as they drove to Arnold's apotheosis. It was his moment of personal glory, when he would be magnanimous and take back the errant wife with all forgiveness. It annoyed Arnold that the police had no respect for their mission. But what else could he expect from two such obvious supporters of Mammon? Still, at the moment they were doing God's work. So, he held his peace and observed the house that they were approaching.

Digging work on the car park was almost finished. A vast pit that scarred the perfect lawn. There was no work going on at the moment, all was quiet. The car pulled up and the two policemen got out. Arnold stood nonplussed for a moment before the front door opened and a woman in her thirties invited them into the house.

The two policemen seemed to know her and nodded. Arnold followed them into a vast hallway and then into a sitting room all decorated in red.

The policemen and Arnold were invited to sit by the middle-aged woman who introduced herself as Janet Green.

A man sat on a couch and was introduced as Mr. Gregory Howard.

“Would you like some coffee?”

Arnold was irritated at the upper-class smugness of it all. Here he was about to have that moment of offering forgiveness that he had been planning and they were drinking coffee!

“Get my wife here now you whore!” he blurted at Janet. “Where is she?”

Janet smiled. “It seems that now you are eager to meet Hillary, last night you threw her out of the house.”

“She is my wife,” he shouted, stressing the ‘my’ with what amounted to a scream. “Return her to my care as it says in Timothy verses two-eleven to fifteen ‘Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection’.”

Janet started to laugh out loud. “Are you really quoting the bible at me and then calling me a whore!”

Arnold cast her a look that was pure poison but when he looked at the two cops they were smiling as well.

“One moment please,” said Mr. Howard, “I shall just fetch his wife and we shall see what we shall see.”

A few moments he returned with Hillary.

Arnold stood and pulled a face, “you are dressed like a whore, Hillary, get out of that evil costume now!”

She seemed at first taken aback. Then she attacked in a manner which she calculated was most likely to outrage her moral minded hypocrite of a husband.

“Fuck you Arnold!” That aggressive start made his eyes goggle but she continued in a vein liable to cause a cardiac arrest. “You threw me out without any clothes, does that mean I have to be naked for you?”

Hillary pulled off her bolero and her top with a sudden motion, exposing herself to all. Braless, her large breasts hung and swung slightly like pendulums of sumptuous flesh.

“Is that better, Arnold. Is that what you fucking want?”

Arnold spluttered and made a move to approach his wife but the two cops, whilst enjoying the show, could not let that happen. This was a serious domestic problem; they had to keep it getting to violence.

Mr. Howard stepped forward and picked up the top that Hillary had thrown on the carpet as a demonstration, he handed it back to allow her to slip it on.

“I think we can say that Mrs. Hampton does not wish to re-join her husband. Is that correct?” He directed the question at Hillary, who answered with a nod as she pulled the top back on.

“I would agree. For the moment I have been allowed to stay here. I would be glad if my husband left immediately.”

One of the cops turned to Arnold. “OK you heard the lady. She is within her rights and the owners of this property have been very generous allowing you to enter at all. I think that you should leave and let a little time heal the wounds. A few days will allow things to cool down.”

Arnold just could not believe it. A homily from this dumb cop!

His moment had been stolen, his moment of Christian clemency that would have given him a moral standing in his circle without end. Now it was in ruins. He started to shout and scream. Hillary was sure that it was a mass of biblical quotes and justifications but the letters of Paul and the Revelation of John came out as a garbled mess of words that made even less sense than the correct text!

“I was hoping that it would not come to this,” said Mr. Howard. He pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and gave it to one of the cops. “This is a restriction order from the court in Riverhead. Mr. Hampton is hereby ordered to stay away from the ‘Service Academy’ at a distance of five miles. He is also ordered not to pass within two hundred yards of his wife, Mrs. Hillary Hampton. This paper has now been served and its remit begins now. It has been served before two officers of the Sherriff’s office as witnesses. More than enough, I think.”

The policeman glanced at the bottom of the paper and passed it to Arnold.

“Let’s go,” said the cop as he put an arm around Arnold to escort him to the black and white.

That started the fight. ‘Well, if you could call it a fight,’ thought Hillary as she watched the two cops cuff Arnold and drag him to the car.

She felt quite different to the way she thought she would. Before the scene in the Red Room, she had considered ripping off her top. Hillary had known what would enrage him; she had picked her clothes on that basis. But now she felt so good, the ‘fuck you’ had given so much satisfaction. As far as the ripping off of the top was concerned, what had worried her more was that she would damage it, tear a seam and upset Miss Jenny.

The show was over.

Lust Personified

Miss Jenny lay and enjoyed the attention of the man who was servicing her. Incognito and anonymous in the tight mask that allowed just his lips to be seen, he gently massaged her body expertly, finding every knotted muscle soothing her flesh with the oil on the palms of his hands and strong fingers.

He served by touch alone; touch and absolute fear of making a lapse.

As she lay and drowsed, she allowed her thoughts to wander, eventually coming round to thinking lazily of Hillary. A week after her husband's abortive attempt to reclaim her she was slowly adapting to being the captured canary in the gilded cage.

The way that Hillary had ripped of her top had shocked Miss Jenny when she had been told the story by her giggling mother, Miss Janet. She wished that she had been there to see! The way that she had shouted 'Fuck Off', the strength that she had shown when pushed to her limit. These were good signs that Hillary was coming out of her cocoon. Miss Jenny saw her as a chick breaking out of its egg to face the real world outside the safety and security of the shell.

Miss Jenny moved slightly as the massage moved to the base of her spine and the areas below. Those hands were so soothing. The thoughts of Hillary and the attentions of the slave were starting to pull her towards a rare need. The need to be fucked by a man! She could feel the tug in her stomach, a tingling in her thighs.

A craving for gratification.

'How sweet it would be, no, how sweet it will be, if Hillary was the one to be in bed with her now,' she thought in lazy pleasure. 'I am consumed with chaste lust, a lust that needs to destroy. It is my whole existence.'

Miss Jenny was not a woman to spend time in futile self-doubt and delusion. She knew what she was and what she wanted. It was how she had become what she was, a user of unwilling service and pleasure squeezed from the anguish of others. Soon she and her mother would be the sole owners of the Academy and she would have a totally free and unrestrained reign!

What she had set her heart on, years ago if the truth be told, was that she would find a true partner. A partner who matched her tastes, her needs, her authority and her imagination.

The problem was that only another woman could possibly take that role.

Something in her inner mind told her that Hillary was that partner.

It could never be a man. Men were too insensitive, too insensate to be a true match. Hillary was attractive, beautiful even, not perfect, but she had carriage and a bold spirit. Look at the way that she had dared the house at night, and naked. How she had cleverly found which door to enter. Not just brains, self-control as well. The self-possession not to touch the number pad that was an alarmed trap. The way that she had not been tempted to look around the corner until Miss Janet had retreated to her room.

Miss Jenny had seen the whole film and enjoyed the fear of the naked explorer as well as appreciating the subtle hints of intelligence and judgment.

As she thought these thoughts she surfaced for a moment and rolled over to allow her attentive bed companion to attend to her. For a moment she spread out enjoying the stretch of the legs and belly. A small movement of the hand indicated her desire as she held a finger out and then pushed it into the opening in the mask.

The change in the performance of the anonymous lover was immediate. He held his erection and moved to press his lips and tongue to her thighs and cunt. She wriggled and parted her legs, soon she would be filled. The servant of her hunger would satisfy her lust, for now. But the underlying compulsion would lie undisturbed, the craving to mold the perfect friend, the flawless companion that was missing from her life.

As the hard prick poised over the lips of her pussy, she enjoyed the slight tension, the moment before the start and end of the performance. Then it plunged into her flesh. The prick, driven by the muscles of a coerced man reamed her with the rhythm that would drive her to climax. The owner of the cock that parted her flesh was unimportant. What was important was a flawless performance, a technique that matched her mood and need.

Finally, she was there, at the peak of lust. In her head she saw Hillary by her side, that thought drove her over the edge.

“Come now!” she ordered with a cry.

Later he would be licking the emissions from her glistening lips and helping her shower, for now he was permitted to fill her throbbing cunt with his own meagre pleasure.

It was not at all often that she allowed a man to cum inside her, but that impulse was all part of the feeling of generosity, of being principled, that had consumed her at this moment. It would have been easy to enslave and reduce Hillary to serfdom but Miss Jenny was taking the difficult route, the route that led to equality.

An altogether longer and more interesting road.

Lust completed by principle and desire.

Perhaps even love?

Who knows?

Meeting

Miss Clearmont sat behind the massive desk in the Green Room, her office. Three other chairs had been added to the furniture ready for the conference that she was due to chair in the next hour.

Idly she surfed the Internet on a laptop as she ran over the agenda for the coming meeting. There were some business details to be attended to as well as the rebuilding that was proceeding with satisfactory speed.

After checking her investments with a satisfied eye, she reflected that the financial crisis that gripped the globe had done her, personally, a world of good. 'That's the thing, 'she thought, 'buy low, sell high is what it's all about. The problem is that one has to have enough money to buy low! '

Since taking a huge fortune from Denise Lamont, her wise investments had paid in spades. Irene Clearmont was a ghostly presence on the stock market, a fund without a name, which invested and withdrew funds, making ripples that faded and stilled to leave no discernible trace. Occasionally she had seen a little muted speculation in the Wall Street Journal and the Financial Times about the six or seven small hedge funds that were her main tool for speculation but, in general, it was just that, muted speculation.

Having taken a peek at her accounts was always a turn on. Better still was the attention that the man under the desk was lavishing on her legs. Hidden by the huge desk, he firmly massaged her with his hands. As he worked, hands firm but gentle moved to knead her calves and slide on the silk of her stockings before moving down to ankles. Those servile hands then slipped off her shoes and moved to knead her feet and toes.

'It is one thing to find a good masseur, it is quite another to enjoy that same treatment at the hands of a man who will do exactly as he is ordered.'

Miss Clearmont had no need of the Academy in a financial sense. She knew of at least three others that catered for the needs of the rich clients who supped with the devil with a short spoon. The one in Osaka, Japan, was three times the size of the 'Service Academy' but all Miss Clearmont strove for, was the dubious accolade that hers produced the best product.

The most effectively trained slaves.

Those clients, those rich deviants who were her clients! They bought and sold people like toys. Some of them liked to break their toys in unsavory ways whilst others cared for them as if they were their most precious children. There were those that extracted profit and those that did not care for the losses. It was all the same to the woman who sat like a spider in the center of her web of oppression. Miss Clearmont simply craved contact with these misfits and

abnormal, affluent people. The academy was her entrée into this shadowy world of subjugation and unwilling service.

Just six month as ago she had suggested a small addition for the academy that would perhaps make it unique in this dark society. Her idea?

Simple.

To train the children of her main clients to become the loving and respectful progeny that they should be. She would help the man whose daughter was unwilling to marry the man of her father's choice. The academy would help the mother to find the helpful and dutiful son that she had always wanted but which the world had not delivered. Wives could be trained, husbands subjugated and avaricious relatives disposed of.

But Miss Clearmont had noticed the subtle business that would be done under that cover. Step mothers and fathers who wished to dispose of their spouse's older adult children would be given the means to achieve total control over the fortunes that their spouses would otherwise fritter away on those children.

'That will be the real fun, 'thought Miss Clearmont as she sat back. 'Adult children in the way of some trophy wife or young stud had better look out! '

This addition to the already thorough service of the academy would require extra resources. The practical result had been that, apart from the service and security staff and slaves the Service Academy was almost empty. The last auction had cleared nearly all of the last trainees out as they were offered without any price reserve at the auction.

The cost was enormous but Miss Clearmont could afford it easily. This was her hobby, it gave her satisfaction to be the best, more than satisfaction it gave her total contentment! Now that the building had begun, the fresh start would take time, but she was confident that her other directors would be able to cope easily. After all, Jenny and Janet had set it all up in the first place and she had only arrived later as an investor with a personal interest in the business. taken it over, invested and guided the Academy, all the while enjoying the fruits of her control.

Miss Clearmont mulled over the past and possible future. She could feel her body relax with the attentions that were being paid to her legs and feet and a vast contentment overcame her intellectual musings to focus her on her personal, physical pleasure.

Almost instinctively she allowed her thighs to part signaling that she desired more than just a massage. Just a few months ago she had finally disposed of the woman who had previously served as her personal body-slave. The woman who had had the temerity to fail Miss Clearmont at her nurse's exams all those years ago. The woman who had so deserved the

terrible fate of being trapped in a lightless world where only feet, ass and thighs of her Mistress were real and all the rest of the thoughts in her head were hopeless dreams and wishes.

The signal was understood and a hand quested, cautiously, over the lacy tops of her stockings to stroke the lips of her sex in an almost affectionate greeting. This was her personal slave whenever she was at the academy. He stayed in his cell waiting for the few hours a month that he would be required and allowed no other recreation except to remain fit and healthy for his next call of duty.

There was no word spoken and certainly not by him. Just a concentration on her total gratification. Unusually for her she was feeling in a generous mood and as she felt his expert fingers probe and satisfy her lust, she allowed her feet to slip over his thighs to the erection that she expected every slave to have when he was serving her.

A slight noise passed his lips as the toes of her foot pulled him tight and trapped his engorged prick between her sole and his belly. The fingers at her hungry cunt did not hesitate, they just worked her into a small ecstasy as she expected. One finger pressed into her and stroked the walls of her sex while the other hand worked her clitoris.

“You may climax. I give you my permission,” she murmured as she herself reached another small peak on the way to the top.

As soon as she had spoken his prick erupted!

Months of denial resolved in a single gush that splashed legs, feet and as far as her thighs. How gratifying to give permission and immediately see that the result was so very total. How satisfying that she had the power to deny or allow him to orgasm at a word and that single touch of her feet! That was what made Miss Irene Clearmont climax, that total control over someone who was worth less to her than the shoes that lay by her cum-soaked feet. Later the slave would be scouring her with his tongue, but for now she relaxed and hit the final pinnacle of orgasm as she felt his emission drip down her legs and feet in a warm slow stream.

‘I really have to indulge myself a little more,’ she thought to herself as she took a peep under the desk to see the smooth masked face of her servitor, held as if he could see her through the stretched rubber of the mask. ‘I am becoming too absorbed in the business side of my hobby, but if the whole world went up in flames tomorrow, I would still be so rich that I would have no worries. I have three congressmen in my grip as well as the local law enforcement at the highest level. I am a hornet in a nest of wasps, a serpent in an Eden of influence. What I have to do is to pass more responsibility to my deserving lady helpers and learn to relax and allow myself to be pampered. They just have to learn that I am their Mistress, that I decide the future of the Academy that they founded and that if they do my will, they will be rewarded by me.’

She smiled down at her menial who misinterpreted her good humor as approval for his services. Inside he glowed with pride that she had noticed him at last, whereas in reality she was smiling at the thought of the queue of evil stepmothers who would soon be in line for the services of the 'Service Academy'.

The slave hoped for more recognition. Hoped for a word of praise, just a word. Please!

The room was heavy with expectation. Four women occupied the large space; their intense and overwhelming characters filled the space easily, drawing in the walls until the focus was on the queen bee who relaxes with her almost-equals.

Jenny and Janet had been joined by the third partner who had the real seniority in the academy.

Miss Irene now owned over half of the business. Fifty one percent in two shares. Her hobby toy; it tickled her fancy and allowed her access to the dark underworld that she loved. Miss Janet, original founder of the 'Service Academy', she now ran the business and organizational side. Miss Jenny ran the internal operation, the training, hiring and discipline.

Lastly there was Veronica, the dire fourth. Not a partner, but a mainspring.

Veronica had a dire reputation, the status of being the most cold and ruthless of the four queens. Her job was the outside procurement of the inmates. It was rare that the academy bought from other organizations. They kidnapped, stole, blackmailed, snatched, abducted their victims to order or just because they needed more material to work with and trade. It was Veronica that organized the early morning abductions and the snatches from the sunlit world. She transported the victims and delivered them to the shaded society of their new owners.

She sat straight as a ramrod, dressed in nondescript black jeans and top. Her hair was bunched into a tight bun that was a practical rather than mere affection of style. The only woman in the room who disliked the 'Miss' before her name and the only woman in the room who didn't smile. She observed, took in and only spoke when she had real hard opinion to add to the discussion.

Ever since she had abducted two of her former school friends, Veronica had the reputation as a fiend, as someone who would stop at nothing. And yet, despite her ruthless manner, she had started as an abductee back in the days before Miss Clearmont had become a major part of the business. She was that ultimate rarity, that gem that sparkles despite the darkness. She was the slave turned mistress. The chattel turned owner. Indian turned chief. She was Miss Clearmont's 'momentary lapse' and occasional submissive lover who still retained a slight emotional hold over her former owner despite the years that had passed between them.

It was not often that all four of these queens of torment gathered together in one room. The discussion had been wide ranging covering all aspects of the new ideas for exploitation that the academy was on the brink of effectuating. Veronica said little though she was the one most affected by the changes.

Eventually the serious business discussion died to leave a conversation that was the frothy chit-chat that always finished such meetings.

“I hear that you have an inmate that is doing the design on the new building work,” said Veronica to Miss Janet.

“Actually, you need to speak to Jenny about that one,”

Miss Jenny smiled and waved a hand.

“You know how it is when you first get a new pet, Veronica!” she answered. “I suppose that Hillary just appeals to me and with the academy empty I am enjoying all her crises vicariously.”

“Make sure that her status is continually kept under review,” said Miss Clearmont, “We can use any architect we like. She is by no means indispensable.”

“I like her,” said Miss Jenny. “She amuses me at the moment.”

“God! Jenny. You are so sentimental. I’m surprised sometimes that you don’t weep every time that one of our inmates is sold,” laughed Miss Clearmont. “You are such a darling. In a few weeks you’ll be sick of her and Veronica will be rounding her up and moving her to the cells where you won’t have to be reminded of her as she walks past in a collar!”

“Irene, Irene. My so-called sentimentality is what drives me. It is the frisson of electricity in my veins that makes me so good at dealing with all the people who pass our portals.” She blew a kiss at Miss Clearmont and continued, “I seem to remember it was you that said that the reason that I am so good at breaking them for use is that I break with them. That is part of my talent.”

“Jenny,” said Miss Clearmont, “I was not trying to belittle your contribution. You know as well as all of us here, that any, and I mean any, person that disappoints me will wake up in a collar one day and find that the borders of their experience have become their new owner’s perverse needs. All four of us understand this fact, we all remember Kathy Mycroft who tried to cheat me and play games with me.”

‘How does she manage it?’ asked Veronica of herself, ‘Irene frightens me. I am the only one in this room who has been at both ends of a leash. But the fright is so enticing, it stimulates

and excites. We may seem merciless, but we are just paralyzed rabbits in her headlights.'

Miss Janet recalled Kathy. It had been five years since she had passed out of her ken. Miss Janet had always suspected that Kathy had known some secret of Irene's and had been disposed of, over the border to the south. Mexico was so convenient! Even the huge Kathy had a use there, a value, a buying price. Of course, by now it would be really quite surprising if she was still breathing, but with Irene you just never knew.

"Well, that's enough small talk," said Miss Clearmont, "Jenny, if you fetch this Hillary then she can show us around the new work and then we can all go for a meal out, I heard that a great new restaurant has opened in Riverhead offering lobster and fillet with morel. It would be nice to go for a civilized meal and relax a little."

Events After Dinner

So it was that Hillary found herself with Miss Clearmont, the acerbic Veronica and Miss Jenny in a limousine that was sliding down the asphalt on the way to Riverhead. She sat on the soft leather and felt that somehow, she was out of her class in amongst this group of women who seemed to more than own the world that they moved in.

As Hillary sat, she felt something hard by her hand that at first, she thought was a seatbelt anchor or some such part of the car but her fingers told her that it was a handcuff! She said, not a word, these women had been incredibly generous to her and she felt a genuine liking for Miss Jenny but there were some questions that should perhaps not be asked and some of the suspected answers that did not bear thinking about.

The Manor Inn was without doubt one of the finest restaurants in the area and was often visited by the 'Service Academy' directors when they made a foray out of their little kingdom. Arriving early, they sat down to small chat and entrées. Miss Clearmont was obviously enjoying the conversation but she did not drink much and gave away very little about herself. Veronica was almost silent and Miss Jenny chatted away about this and that and asked a lot of questions about Hillary's previous life.

At last, the meal was finished.

Hillary had never felt better, never felt more sure of herself than at this moment. Her life with Arnold seemed so puerile when matched against the women with whom she was now involved with! She felt so alive and receptive. It was like awakening from a dull or fearful dream and finding that the sun shone into the room and a new pleasant day was breaking.

The small group made its way back to the limousine where the chauffeur was waiting, standing to attention. Suddenly one of the doors of another parked car opened and Arnold leapt out to stand himself in front to the four women.

Hillary was frozen in shock as he began to shout.

"Whores, all of you! You stole my wife from me. As the Lord God is my witness I will not rest until she has been freed from your clutches!"

There was a moment of stillness before Veronica turned to Hillary and said in a calm voice, "I suppose that this is your husband? An introduction would seem to be in order."

Hillary was unable to answer. She was filled with humiliation and embarrassment at his behavior. It was weeks since she had seen him at that fateful meeting in the Red Room but those days had changed him. His clothes were scruffy and his demeanor was threatening. Arnold no longer seemed like the self-contained man whom she had grown up with and

married, that calm paragon of church life was gone. Now he was possessed with resentment and jealousy, his wife was managing without his guidance and he was suffering for it.

Miss Clearmont looked him up and down and waved back the chauffeur who had approached the scene of the small argument as if waiting for a signal to intervene.

“If you don’t mind, we shall be on our way,” said Miss Clearmont in a steady voice that carried threat in its tone. “Since there is a court order against you coming into contact with your former wife, I think that you are being foolish pressing the matter.”

“I don’t care what you fucking think!” he screamed at her.

It was the first time that Hillary had ever heard him use language like this and so a clear indication of his disturbed state of mind.

“Please Arnold, not here, not in front of my friends,” she said passionately, “go home and accept that I don’t want to see you anymore. I don’t need rescuing, especially by you.”

A small twist of Miss Clearmont’s fingers, a signal to intervene, and the chauffeur stood between the woman and the enraged Arnold. For a moment there was a small exchange of movement as the chauffeur moved to block Arnold as he tried to pass.

The four women entered the limousine, Miss Clearmont helping the shaking Hillary by linking arms and guiding her into the dark soft interior. Not a word was spoken until the doors were closed.

“Sort him out,” said Miss Clearmont to Veronica with a grim look. “No one calls me a whore and gets away with it!”

Then she turned to Hillary and leaned forward as if imparting something private, “You need help to put him straight? Do you accept my assistance?”

What answer was there to be had from the tearful wife?

“Please. I am so sorry that my personal problems have come to this.”

Arnold was still shouting insults at the car as the chauffeur stepped in and closed the door. It was unclear what he was saying in the muffled interior but his rage was plain to see. As the car pulled smoothly out of the driveway a loud bang was heard as Arnold threw one of the rocks from the garden at the rear window of the car.

“Leave it in my hands,” said Veronica in a cold voice.

She placed a hand on Hillary's knee in reassurance as she expanded slightly, "Don't worry he won't bother you again after tonight."

"How can I thank you all?" said Hillary. "I am so sorry."

"Darling," said Miss Clearmont with a smile. "We have all seen worse so don't get all upset, he's only a man after all."

It was the first time that Hillary had heard real emotional warmth in Miss Clearmont's voice. She sat back and wiped the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand. Veronica's slim hand was still resting on her knee. It lingered and comforted her but she did notice a dark look from Miss Jenny that seemed almost to be envy or jealousy.

Strangeness in Riverhead

The local sheriff's office in Riverhead, saw little excitement. The post of Sheriff was more a sinecure and a local political posting than a nonstop fight against crime. The occasional car theft and some of the usual drugs and larceny problems, some domestic disturbances that required just a deft hand in managing the locals and the usual routine of traffic and patrolling.

An abduction was an event of monumental interest especially when it involved an upstanding citizen and church luminary like Arnold Hampton. The first report was from one of his neighbors who reported a domestic dispute going on in Arnold and Hillary's house.

Since the police had noted the problems a week ago, they were hotfoot with a black and white to the house to find that it had been turned upside down, the front door opens wide and Arnold gone but his car still in the garage.

The neighbor told the deputy what he had seen from his window.

"I heard shouting and looked out to see a huge four-by-four parked right on his lawn. Not the drive, on the lawn! Then a man came out with Arnold. They argued and then the man pushed him into the car which drove off with a screech."

When the deputy tried to get descriptions, it was all vague and nebulous, the plates of the black four-by-four were not noted, the make and type were unclear, though the witness thought it might have been a Japanese or European make. Possibly.

The reporter for the Riverhead Advertiser made some enquiries and was soon interviewing Hillary's parents and the local pastor. This made a great story for a paper that normally had headlines like 'Cat crosses road' and 'Car gets flat tire'.

Within two hours of the so-called abduction, Hillary was being interviewed and established her alibi. The incident at the Manor Inn was mentioned and a search was begun. Hillary was a victim not an offender.

Veronica smiled as she was questioned about the Manor Inn, Miss Clearmont was in Berlin and Miss Jenny provided the covering alibi for Hillary. Four other servants at the Service Academy also swore an alibi for her.

A day later the news was out, a juicy story that just showed how it was totally impossible to judge people from the moral surface that they displayed to the world.

A search of Arnold's house revealed a laptop that had been used to access illegal sites on the Internet. It seemed that Arnold was involved in Dark Net crime. Porn with underage participants and transactions that involved drugs were found on the hard disk drive. Suddenly

a luminary of the local church and society was someone who was a transmitter of child porn, Rohypnol and Quaaludes.

Now the police had the theory that the abduction was to do with these nefarious activities. Suddenly everyone who knew him, his family and his church were condemning his hypocrisy and duplicity, how he had used the sacred church as a cover for his reprehensible conduct.

Within a few days Arnold Hampton had joined the list of people who the FBI wished urgently to speak to and his disappearance was taken as a just reward for his evil behavior and the seven-day wonder blew over to leave no trace but a 'For Sale' sign outside the house and a shocked Hillary who could not understand how she had never realized just how bad Arnold really was.

Arnold saw the black Jeep pull up on his perfect lawn. It braked sharply and the massive wheels dug great ruts in the grass and the rose bed that he had just finished. With a curse he leapt up from his sofa rushed to the window to see the van, without plates and all the damage that it had done. Two men jumped down and headed for the house. Arnold met them in the hall way.

"What do you think that you are doing?"

One of them gave him a push which caused Hillary's husband to almost trip and stumble out of the house as the other disappeared inside with a bag in his hand. Arnold found himself facing the second man in his garden just by the Jeep's open doors. There was no time at all to react. He was in a pushing match with the man.

The tableau held for a few moments before Arnold was lined up to the open door of the Jeep and suddenly, he was pushed in followed by his opponent. Arnold caught a glimpse of the driver and then he was being handcuffed as the Jeep lurched forward, accelerating fast enough to close the doors.

The Jeep with its' captive swept its' victim up towards Northville and then disappeared into the farmland to re-emerge with license plates and adhesive advertising splattered across its side as it headed for the far east of Long Island. Three hours later Arnold found himself, stripped naked and chained in a small white cell with a barred door. Was he in jail? It certainly seemed like it. But, if that was the case, why was he naked?

He could not know it but he was within the limits of the exclusion order, he was within just a hundred yards of Hillary, his wife. Veronica had been at work.

The Second Circle Entered

It had been four weeks of transformation for Hillary. First the contract, then the terrible night when her whole world had turned upside down as her husband had thrown her out of their home. The crushing finale of that first week had been the rejection of her by her parents.

On the other hand, there had been a positive balance to all of that turmoil and loss! Hillary had found a new home, a new group of intense friends, was totally absorbed by her work and the disappearance of her husband had overturned all of her preconceptions of his decency.

‘So, here I am,’ she thought, as she stood by the window in her bedroom looking at the building work that was going on.

Never had she seen such fast resolution of planning permission and initiation of building. So many times, the planning stage had taken months of effort to push through on this inward-looking island.

‘And that had just been small projects like a house or an extension to a building,’ she thought, as she watched the formers being place in position to create the concrete-poured roof of the underground structure that would be the garage and loading bay of the Service Academy.

Behind her she heard the door open and the familiar footsteps of Miss Jenny behind her. It seemed to Hillary that Miss Jenny was almost paying court to her. Wooing her, almost! There had not yet been a repetition of that first kiss on the night that she had been thrown out of her home by an angry husband.

With a shudder of something almost like pleasure she remembered the slickness of the red latex under her hands and the smooth form of those breasts that she had fleetingly had under her fingertips. The taste of the lipstick on her own lips and the almost passionate, lingering kiss.

‘Does it mean that I am smitten with Miss Jenny?’ she wondered. ‘Am I moving so fast from the arms of my husband? What does she think of me? Am I really attracted to this woman?’

The thoughts were interrupted by two arms encircling her waist gently from behind. The hands slid to meet and clasped over her stomach. Hillary could feel the warmth of Miss Jenny press into her back, a soft heat that suffused her with a flush of excitement that was tempered by an inner dread of being able to distinguish love from lust.

She heard a small clinking like jewelry jingling softly as the contact closed.

Hillary was entering the Second Circle at the behest of one of the mistresses of that region of the Inferno.

On her shoulder, Hillary felt the slight brush of lips and then the weight of a chin as Miss Jenny paralleled her gaze and joined her window gazing.

“It all goes faster than expected,” said Miss Jenny. “I mean it only took a day to dig the hole and a week later it is almost ready to be covered over as though the parking was not there at all. A huge building under the surface, a whale beneath the waves!”

Hillary watched the first of the concrete carriers arrive and nodded in agreement.

“It is going faster than I could have ever imagined.”

She settled a little and allowed Miss Jenny to tighten her grip a little as they snuggled together.

Miss Jenny sighed as Hillary continued: “But there is something that I do not understand.”

“What’s that?”

“Why do you need to spend so much on an underground garage and rooms? I mean that there is loads of room at the back of the buildings to lay out a pleasant parking area that would be hidden by trees and landscaped.”

“That’s true!”

“So...”

“Miss Clearmont wants it like that!”

Hillary twisted a little to see Miss Jenny’s face in profile. Fully made-up, always, with a face like a model, red lipstick and orange eye shadow, a dusting of powder on that perfect skin and rouged cheekbones. Those lips were pouting as if Miss Jenny were considering some difficult phrase or revelation, so Hillary did not interrupt the moment in the hope that she would learn something new.

But there was just silence, so it was Hillary that ventured a comment at last.

“That is so often your answer, Miss Jenny.”

“There is no need to call me ‘Miss’,” said Miss Jenny with a small grin. “You are not a servant in this establishment. You are more a sort of honorary ‘Miss’ yourself!”

“You are evading my question now, Jenny” said Hillary.”

“Perhaps it is the wrong question?” said Miss Jenny in a voice that was starting to harden.

“So, what question do I need to ask?”

“I cannot help you with that! That is something that you must figure out for yourself. Just enjoy living here, away from all that religious abuse and nonsense. With me!”

‘So that’s it,’ thought Hillary. ‘That’s the pass, the move, the opening of the door! Miss Jenny is slowly making herself clear, but do I now plunge into the depths or not? Can I wait or will a rejection be understood as forever?’

Hillary turned to face the woman who loosely held her arms on her hips and looked into that face. The eyes seemed hooded, almost sly. The smile seemed open and the contrast of the white teeth on red lips was enticing.

Hillary’s glance slid down to Miss Jenny’s neck to see that she was wearing a necklace of steel, a chain that wrapped twice about her neck and then wound to drop between her naked breasts.

Hillary looked up again. The woman who she was face to face with was naked, or at least the parts that Hillary dared look at. This was not just a pass or a casual caress, this was the make-or-break.

‘If I refuse...’ thought Hillary, as she looked into those eyes. ‘If I refuse then I am out of here! I am alone, the wife of a drug dealer husband. The despised refuse of a failed marriage.’

Tentatively she offered her lips and closed her eyes.

She had decided!

The return kiss was gentle, but firm. It lingered for a moment, a subtle contact of flesh that almost tickled. The lips parted at last and Hillary opened her eyes to see that the shrewd look had gone from Miss Jenny’s eyes, now there was the crease of a smile.

Miss Jenny stood back from her prey and allowed Hillary to see the uniform that she had chosen for seduction. Matt black stilettos and a chain wound about her body like a serpent. It started at the right ankle and wound enticingly in a lazy spiral about calf and hips before circling torso and breasts to finish like a collar around that slim neck.

“What do you think?” said Miss Jenny as she bathed in the look that Hillary was giving her.

“It’s very minimalist!” said Hillary, with a smile. “Gold would look good against your skin!”

The answer was a smile as if consent were now implicit in the answer.

Hillary found that her eyes were drawn to that triangle that was bisected by the slit of Miss Jenny's pussy. A bare field of smooth skin that curved gently into a crease that hid Miss Jenny's liquid cunt. It was a first-time. She had never seen another woman naked. Almost instinctively her hand went out to stroke that tender smooth skin.

"How sleek you are!" she exclaimed as her fingertips brushed the skin lightly.

"It's so much more sensitive that way," replied Miss Jenny. "You have a velvet touch."

Miss Jenny leaned forward to kiss the object of her lust again. As she did so Hillary's finger dipped into the oiled slit of her pussy to touch her clitoris with a fleeting but intense contact. Her own hands slipped from those hips slowly across the rough cloth of Hillary's jeans until one hand cupped her denim covered sex.

Their lips met and the questing finger again brushed through the folds of flesh to find that bud of all carnality before finding the row of small rings that lined the inner lips of Miss Jenny's pussy.

There was a moment of hesitation on Hillary's part. Never had she expected to encounter anything but the smooth, slick flesh of an excited pussy. The rings felt like bumps under her fingers and there was more! A chain, thin and supple, that threaded those loops like a lace that barred entrance to that cunt.

As Hillary discovered, Miss Jenny uncovered...

Miss Jenny's hands quested over and then under Hillary's clothing. They sought out the fastenings and zips of that clothing and rendered them impotent by opening and releasing them with deft twitches of the fingers.

"Let me show you," whispered Miss Jenny as she pressed Hillary's back against the wall by the window and eased her hand into her jeans.

Her fingers ploughed through the stiff hair that she found and found the well that she longed to drink from. The manicured finger slipped into that warmth and wetness and stroked the engorged clit that was trying to burst with ardor.

Hillary gasped and stiffened, but Miss Jenny was in control. This was a seduction pure, many times practiced on slaves who fell into her toils with a feeling of relief and devotion. This was always the first push against the will of the newly cuffed slave who, in his or her confusion, mistook sex for love and lust for ardor.

Hillary relaxed and opened her legs to allow the fingers to massage her to her first climax given by another. A gift that Arnold had never given. She orgasmed with a gasp and her thighs clenched with the overwhelming pleasure as Miss Jenny's other hand grasped her throat.

It was a momentary show of power as the hand quested under Hillary's top and found the lace of a bra. A single twist and the front was opened to allow the large breasts to hang free. A finger and thumb clasped a nipple and Hillary almost slid down the wall in sheer gratification as she was engulfed in a vortex of climax. The hand that was between her legs worked its way in again and she felt a slim finger enter the tunnel of her cunt as a thumb pressed her clit into another shuddering fit of climax.

No longer could Miss Jenny hold up the shuddering Hillary, who slid down the wall and out of the hands that had created a brand-new Hillary. A Hillary hungry for more, a creature of lust, a lamia that needed sex like a vampire needs blood or an addict needs a needle. Lilith!

She opened her eyes to see herself looking at the sex of the woman who had seduced her. It had opened like a flower as it had become engorged by the pressure of the lust of its owner. Peeping from it were those two lines of gold rings that were bound by a chain that hung and then twisted in and out of those eyelets like laces through a corset.

A single drip of liquid sex meandered down that chain to finish hanging from the end like a crystallized moment of sexual want.

It hung like a drop of dew.

Hillary could not help herself.

Her tongue quested for that dew drop and took the poison of its lust.

"Today it is just about you," whispered Miss Jenny. "I am going to show you real pleasure. First you have to experience it, realize its power and soak in the lesson. Then you are ready to give in return."

Hillary licked the dewdrop against her lips and savored its perfume as she allowed the demoness of the second circle to lead her to bed. To throw her into the winds that blow all those lusting sinners into fleeting contact.

First Contact

The cell was white and plain.

No window pierced the walls, only a door that was barred and smooth on his side of the doorway. A single ring in the ceiling was the fixing point for a slim stainless-steel chain that hung to the collar around Arnold's neck. It allowed him access to every corner of the sterile room with its tiled floor.

The only other feature of the room was a stainless-steel toilet without a cover that sat in the corner farthest from the door. Every hour it flushed itself clean without any need for him to intervene.

At first, he sat on the floor and wondered what sort of police cell it was that he was confined in. Then he tried to sleep. The floor was hard and unforgiving, cold and smooth, allowing no proper rest, no comfort for a man who had always believed that he was beyond censure, outside the circle of those who had to be punished.

He was the one who declared what was right and what was wrong. It was Arnold who interpreted the Bible and the other apocryphal texts that defined what it was to be good or evil. He, who had been the master of his own certainty, was suddenly thrown into self-doubt.

When he awoke, he found that he had one certainty left to him.

He was not in the hands of the police!

Where were the uniformed guardians of this degenerate land?

Where was the opportunity to have a lawyer?

Where was his telephone call?

So, who had taken him, stripped him naked and locked him in a timeless cell? He tried shouting and calling for help or attention. He raged and beat the door and pulled at the chain that was more a symbol of his helplessness than it was a real restraint.

Finally, he calmed down, the energy of rage left him as his will was sapped by the total indifference of his captors. He sat in a corner and thought up conversations with the men who would, he was sure, come for him. How could he overwhelm them with the facts of his innocence, his belief and the purity of his thought and logic?

In his mind he worked over conversations and tested arguments that would, in all probability, be futile to whatever criminals held him helpless in a featureless cell.

The toilet flushed.

Arnold felt thirsty.

The water running crystal clear attracted and repelled him. In the end he cupped his hands and caught some of the water that flushed and whirled over that brushed metal.

He drank.

It was a first surrender.

Not one that any but he needed to know about! He drank his fill and when replete used the toilet for the purpose that it had been placed there for. As he stood, he bent to pull up his trousers and realized again that he was naked.

“Fuck!” he said in a bitter tone.

The word rang around the cell. Only his ears caught it. Not even God was present in this place. He was alone in his solitary state. He repeated the profanity again as if to see if lightning would strike him as the echoes died down.

It was the second surrender.

He heard the click of a key in the door and he stood.

His expectation was that one of the men who had kidnapped him would enter and start asking questions about some crime that he had not committed. He would answer and then as the truth of the matter became known they would release him to the familiar outside world.

The door opened.

A tall woman, dressed in plain black, stood in the doorway.

Arnold moved towards her, hands outstretched and discovered that the chain was exactly calculated to allow him to the entrance and no inch further.

The woman smiled as the realization of his limit was reached. One slim hand raised to push her bun of blonde hair into place. The other hand moved slightly, just enough to attract his attention to the crop that dangled from its wrist.

“Do you know why you are here?” said the woman in a flat voice.

This was all so unexpected, nothing at all like the conversations that he had rehearsed in his

head. A woman with a whip, a woman who looked so severe that he was almost overwhelmed by her palpable strength.

“For no good reason that I can think of!”

His answer spilled from his lips involuntarily. A weak answer, a passive reply to a definite question.

“There is of course good reason,” said the woman with a thin-lipped smile. “The reasons, however, do not have to coincide with your wishes!”

“You have no right...”

“I have every right that I wish to take, as far as you are concerned! I have been given the right and I hold it by the fact that you are in my power.”

Arnold took a step back. There was something menacing about this woman. Something told him that she believed in what she said at least as strongly as he held his religious convictions.

“What happens now?” he said, as he tried to change tack and gain some leverage in the conversation; this perverse discussion which he could not win.

“You will rest here for a little while before it is decided what is to be done with you. In that time, you would be wise to contemplate the fact that you are going to have to adjust to a rather different life.”

“Pardon?”

“You are not your own anymore!” she said with a small flick of the crop that allowed Arnold to see that it was braided with metal. A wicked instrument of pain that was wielded by a woman who plainly had no qualms in using it. “You can consider yourself as to having undergone a change of ownership. The deeds to you are now held by myself for the moment, but may well be sold to another in the course of time. When your training is completed of course!”

“I am a slave, to be bought and sold?”

“Indeed, you will be sold.”

“Immoral and unchristian,” said Arnold, passionately. “Slavery is depraved and evil!”

“Ah. I thought that you would try to have a theological discussion about morals. You are so predictable. I will not repeat myself so listen carefully. The Christian Bible condones and lays

rules for slavery; Deuteronomy and Leviticus are quite explicit! You would be wise to forget all that nonsense and prepare yourself because the training will start in the next few days and you will be required to do much that you have never tasted before.”

“Slut!” was his reply. “I will never allow myself to be anything other than a good soul!”

“That is not a very good start,” said Miss Veronica, as the crop lashed out with the speed of lightning to kiss his upper arm with a strike that raised a red welt on the skin. “You will be begging to serve and demean yourself. I have no other slaves to take up my time so you will be receiving all my loving care.”

Arnold made to retort with a defiant reply, but Miss Veronica spun on her heel and slammed the door closed with a finality that Arnold found discouraging. He almost felt as though he had won the argument and that she had cut and run.

‘On the other hand,’ he thought. ‘She had the whip.’

Decisions

Miss Irene Clearmont rolled the brandy glass in her hand and watched the tears weep down the inside of the glass. Late evening was a time to reflect on the day. Its successes and failures however minor.

In the armchair, opposite the Grey Widow, sat Veronica.

Her spare frame always looked out of place in the massive Chesterfield, as if she were perched on the edge like a small child. Miss Clearmont knew that of all the women that she had running the Service Academy, Veronica was the most dedicated. Jenny and Janet were women who enjoyed the power and the responsibility, after all they had founded the whole business. But they were not like Veronica.

She lived the experience.

It was all she wanted, all that she enjoyed, and all that she had in her life.

More than that...

She was a friend!

“So, what do you think about Arnold?” said Miss Clearmont. “I imagine that he will be worthless and all that religious nonsense has a grip on a weak mind it will not be worth the effort to purge!”

“He could be my only task at the moment until I go to Oklahoma. In fact, to be honest I can’t be bothered with him. Why don’t you get that airhead daughter of Janet to sort the little shit out?” replied Veronica in a serious voice. “I must admit that I was looking forward to training him, but quite honestly, I don’t think that it’s worth the bother!”

“Hmm,” said Miss Clearmont. “First you have to know where you are going, before you set out, that is.”

“Correct!” said Veronica with no irony. “He will never be all that valuable anyway because he does not match our usual clients’ list of physical attributes. Of course, there are one or two men on the list who always need a fuck-slave chained in the dark of a cell, but then that position can be taken by anyone at all. So, as you say, the value is just not there!”

“Of course, there is the fact that Jenny is smitten with Hillary.”

“Should I be taking that into account?”

“Well...” said Miss Clearmont. She paused for a few seconds before continuing, “I think that it would be polite and politic to have a word with her first. After all, if she does not want to keep Hillary as a friend then a husband and wife matched pair are worth more!”

“Irene, Irene,” laughed Veronica. “You are really the limit! The way that you play with people and then strive for profit!”

It was not often that Veronica found glimpses of humor and even rarer that she allowed others to see her sense of humor emerge into the light.

“OK then,” said Irene, joining the mirth of her friend, “let’s see how it goes, but I do agree that he’s probably worthless. I suppose that if Hillary can’t see it when he is sold and weeps tears of regret, we’ll just have to sell her too.”

Miss Clearmont waved a hand and a maid came forward with the cognac decanter to silently fill her glass. The manicured hand waved again and the maid faded into the dark umbra of the shadows without a sound.

“Which leaves just one more thing to discuss before I can call it a night,” said Miss Clearmont, as she sipped at the glass.

“Mmm?”

“The party in a few days’ time. The guest list is really just an inner circle of thirty people that we know. Because of the building work there will be no auction, but we have to make sure that a good show is put on,” said Miss Clearmont.

“It’s all arranged, Irene. I thought that we should not make a point of having a theme and treat it as a dinner party with amusements. I have arranged some entertainment and music, all that is left to do is to organize that kitchens.”

“Janet has that all well in hand so we are basically ready. Of course, we have to have a word with Jenny about Hillary because we may have to get her out of the house for a day, or at least locked in her room. I do not want another repetition of those night time wanderings!”

Veronica stood and smiled at Irene. Miss Clearmont was the closest that she had to a friend and the only woman that she was on first name terms with.

“Do you need anything else, Irene?”

“Tonight, I shall have the novelty of sleeping alone!” laughed Irene. “But thanks for the consideration!”

As Veronica had made her way from slave to Miss Clearmont's sometime lover, she had served Miss Clearmont many times in so many ways. It was their little joke that she still asked Miss Clearmont if she had any special requests for the evening and occasionally Miss Clearmont accepted and bade her to bed to serve as a willing body servant almost as if just to make sure that Veronica never forgot her origins.

The two women laughed at the little sally as they left the dimly lit room leaving the slave to attend to making sure that the room was spotless, that every smudge and fingerprint was polished from the furniture and that every speck of dust was whisked away. What happened at that party?

"It is such novelty to have a lover and not a subservient slave in my bed," said Miss Jenny to her mother with a smile. "Hillary is like the first bud of a rose. Not yet unfolded yet, but with such promise of beauty and strength!"

Her mother started to laugh at her daughter's pretensions of poetic language; her daughter's hope of a romantic interlude with the Service Academy, as a background to a love story!

"Darling, Jenny. You are such an emotional flower yourself. Is it love or is it lust? Darling, you must ground your hopes in reality. Hillary is a woman who has just broken free from the toils of her shit husband. She had a strict religious upbringing that must be overcome; an education that made anything other than sex to have children, a sin. Her husband, now hated, because she thinks that he is far away, is sitting in a cell awaiting the attentions of Veronica. Everything that this house, this Academy stands for is at variance with her deepest instincts and you think that you can make a lover of her and inculcate her into this life of ours?"

"Mother," replied Jenny in a firm tone. "I am trying to train by another method than by the whip and coercion. I want to bring her into the fold like you did with Veronica. I want to prove that subtlety is another way to coach and influence to obedience!"

"Fine, but Miss Clearmont is not a woman who will accept any excuses especially since she is now focusing on her idea of using the Academy to train the wayward sons and daughters of rich clients, as well, as just the slaves who are prepared to order. Do not let yourself be exposed to the dark side of her character just because you risk allowing some passing fancy like Hillary to threaten our position here. Be patient, we can handle Irene as we have already discussed and bring the Academy back into our own hands!"

"But mama..."

"Despite my affair with Veronica, chains are the best way of ensuring our control. Chains, fear, pain and agony, sex, fetishes and phobias. Love, affection, trust and hope are all weaknesses. Look How Miss Clearmont still asserts herself over Veronica to reinforce her status and respect. Every now and again Veronica has to serve her like the lowest slave slut in

training. Even Veronica fears Miss Clearmont's wrath and you would be foolish not to do the same because I cannot protect you from her if she decides to punish you before we make our move! At the moment she indulges her strange taste for the ironic, tomorrow she may decide that you would look well in chains, ready to be whipped, trained and sold!"

"Surely she would not do such a thing?"

"You forget her former friend Kathy. The woman who Miss Clearmont felt might become a threat to her fortune. She is, well, who knows where? I dare not ask what happened to her after that famous party where she was exhibited as the twenty stone latex-slut. I think that she was sold over the border, but... Well, it throws Gregory Howard into our arms, with the way that Irene treated him!"

Miss Jenny shuddered at the thought. She had not been there that night when Miss Clearmont finalized her grip on business, but the dinner party had become legendary.

Only the six participants knew what had transpired and been planned. Miss Clearmont of course, the Empress of her realm of pain and money. Greta, the avaricious shemale predator, who was now in San Francisco. Gregory Howard, the lawyer was still working so very hard for Irene. He had been sucked in by blackmail and a debauched sense of morals and he still reveled in that corruption, but he hated the woman who had forced him to beg her for sexual morsels. Mandy, the promising young mistress was another who had climbed and fallen when she had failed to satisfy her demanding mistress. She was now the puppet-on-a-string to a Bolivian man who liked his women silent and sealed. Miss Janet had attended and the outcome had been that Miss Clearmont had become the senior partner in the Service Academy. The last of the six who had been at that soirée was Jake Darrel, the man who had assisted Miss Clearmont steal everything from Denise Lamont as partner of Denise's company.

Miss Janet sighed at the pin-sharp memory she had of Kathy, the surprise seventh, and more than unwilling participant. Kathy had been Miss Clearmont's friend, her confidant, her confessor and sometime employer. Kathy had been the entertainment and the terrible object lesson in what happened to those who had the misfortune to cross Miss Clearmont.

Kathy and Gregory Howard both.

The cage had been wheeled into the room while the other six guests had been sipping their brandies and were sitting in quiet repose after a truly magnificent meal. Covered in a silk cloth it looked like a table especially since cheese, fruit and cooler buckets of champagne rested on it. The cloth was lifted by Mandy, who was like a magician revealing an illusion. But it was no sleight of hand, as she bowed and revealed Kathy bound inside the cage.

Her impressive bulk swelled the tight latex suit to breaking. Every roll of fat, every bulge

swelling was cast into clear relief by that zip-covered suit. Her huge breasts were lost in the valleys and mountains of that gross flesh; her wide-open legs allowed the guests appreciate that each thigh was the circumference of another's waist. Her head was just a smooth, faceless mask of glossy black. Every feature smoothed over, but the zipper over her lips suggested a perverted smile that could allow access to her mouth should service be required.

"Kathy has been kind enough to attend out little soirée," said Miss Clearmont. "You are all my associates and all understand how I managed to become a wealthy woman. Kathy is an example of what happens to those who cross me. Show them Mandy."

Mandy carefully moved all the food and champagne onto the table from the top of the cage and folded the sides down. As she did so the fetters pulled tight and stretched Kathy like an obscene pinned insect. With the sides pushed down and clicked into place Miss Clearmont was ready for the next part of the warning that she had devised. Mandy had opened the zip between those massive thighs.

As she had slowly pulled it open, the flesh that had been held tight swelled and pushed into the open to reveal the bulging extent of her sex. Finally, the zipper reached its fullest extent and the pink flesh that was Kathy had parted to reveal the excessive amount of jewelry that had been used to decorate the inner lips of her sex.

"Attractive?" asked Miss Clearmont. She addressed her question at Gregory and arched an eyebrow.

"To the right man, I suppose," he replied, as he sensed that he was somehow in trouble.

"Are you that man Mr. Gregory Howard?"

He compressed his lips in answer. "Can you explain to me how it was that you allowed some of the information about Denise Lamont to stay on the court records, even though you told me that the purge of those records had been complete?"

"I must have... I must have missed them! I cannot imagine..."

"Gregory, dear Gregory! That was so remiss of you! Now you owe me either an exact explanation or restitution."

Suddenly the room had drawn in. A cold sweat sprang up on Gregory's brow. How could he have been so foolish to try to leave some blackmail leverage on a demoness like Miss Irene Clearmont? Miss Janet remembered the fear on his face, the cold glare of Miss Clearmont, as she held her voice level and squeezed this powerful lawyer, this respected captain of a huge legal firm.

He stuttered as if trying to excuse himself and all the while Miss Clearmont stared at him with a slight twist on her lips.

“I have decided that I might need you in the future,” she had said. “Might need you. What I expect of you is to prove to me that you will do anything I ask of you in future. Can you think of any show of loyalty that might be sufficient to allow you some leniency?”

Gregory bowed his head as he saw Mandy bring out a small video camera and prepare it for use. He knew, he understood what was being asked of him and what he had to do. There was no question at all. No question. He stood and slowly got undressed. Mandy moved to begin to film and then followed his movements with the lens like one of the paparazzi intent on a victim.

The only person at ease was Greta. She enjoyed the show as she marveled at the level of control that her friend had on all those around her. She knew that Irene could order any of them to this if she thought it would advance her cause. That was not a cause for apprehension on her part because she had no secrets from her friend and fucking Kathy would have been a pleasure anyway!

Gregory was finally naked. His spare form was well muscled and fit. “I can see that you do not really appreciate the erotic aspects of Kathy,” was Miss Clearmont’s comment on his lack of any erection at the prospect of the act that lay before him.

“If you cannot fuck her for us than you might prefer to treat my former friend to an oral climax or two!”

Gregory closed his eyes. His imagination overcame his fear and his prick had started to swell and become tumescent. Miss Janet remembered thinking that despite her dislike of the man she had to admit that he was impressively endowed. He kneeled between those massive thighs and entered the supine slave with a slight thrust.

“I hope that you are getting all of this,” said Miss Clearmont to Mandy. “I am looking forward to the finale when Gregory licks his own cum from the fat slut, to show me that he will do as he is told in future!”

They had watched in silence as Gregory Howard did as his mistress had ordered. He grunted and pushed at the mountain of flesh that he had been ordered to service. Miss Janet looked at Miss Clearmont to see the tip of her tongue briefly whet her lips. She was intent, not on the place where he was penetrating Kathy but was staring at his face, where she could see the emotional effect that being forced to fuck Kathy was having on him.

“Gregory, really, you lack all feeling for the woman that you are pleasuring. Open your eyes and tell her that you love her!”

His eyes opened and his lips moved, but none could hear the words! Kathy struggled briefly and then her hips moved to the time of his thrusts, as she accepted the inevitable violation. Her pussy became wet and dripped with lubrication as Gregory's prick tried to find enough sensation to climax, as he had been ordered.

"I want you to cum now, Gregory!"

It had sounded like a request, a casual invitation to do some small task, but Miss Janet knew that it was an order, a command that had to be acted upon if he was to survive this event, as a free man. His hand had slipped down to grasp his prick and gripped it as he upped the tempo and finally climaxed with a groan, before Miss Clearmont could complain that he was not obeying her orders.

"Very good," said Miss Clearmont. "Now, all you have to do is make sure that Kathy is cleaned up and I may be satisfied."

Gregory bent to his task and lapped up all the juices that were flowing from Kathy's cunt with a will. He slurped over the mass of bulging flesh and sucked and licked, until Kathy's huge pussy was cleaned to Miss Clearmont's satisfaction.

"I think he had better make sure that her ass is clean as well!" said Greta. "It would not be proper to fail to complete the job properly."

Miss Clearmont smiled at her friend. She knew that she had four of the people who had dined with her as equals, in abject fear. Greta on the other hand showed nothing but mild amusement and a small twitch of her lips, as her hand settled on her own straining prick, as if to calm it.

The lawyer had parted the cheeks of Kathy's ass and carefully attended to every inch of that soft skin. Mandy closed in with the camera and caught his tongue probing that crevice until at last it pushed into the flaccid aperture and reamed the slave with short strokes. Finally, he had sat up and looked at Miss Clearmont.

'Is she going to make him suffer more, or has the object lesson finally ended?' had thought Miss Jenny, as she wondered at the calm ruthlessness that she had seen displayed. Finally, the mistress smiled and waved her hand in a small signal of release.

"I hope that you have learned an important lesson today, Gregory," she had said, in a quiet voice. "Do not think that I will show such a light hand again, as I did today. If I need material for blackmail, I make my own! If I need you to turn up in court dressed in stockings or if I need you to suck a Senator's cock, you will ask me the color of stockings required or ask the Senator politely if he would like you to swallow!"

"You may get dressed now and rejoin us, Gregory," she had commented. He sighed a small

exhalation of relief and got dressed as the other guests realized that but for the grace of Miss Clearmont, they would be performing in her next small 'entertainment' in place of Gregory or, God forbid, in the role of Kathy. In a quiet corner of his mind, he had nursed his hatred.

The Architect of her own Fortune.

A week of glorious sex and work.

A week of discovery and intense bouts of design.

'I am being seduced and perverted at one and the same time,' thought Hillary as she lay in the enormous bed that dominated her office, playground and cell. The room that was labelled as a bedroom, but in reality, was the place where she was confined in a state of constant tension and release.

She lay in the bright slanted beams of the dawn sun and looked at the woman that she shared the bed with. Miss Jenny lay carelessly relaxed on the sheets. She was still dressed in the tight suit that she had put on at Hillary's request. Smooth latex that molded the whole of her body into an artificial doll-like smoothness that Hillary found irresistible. Somehow it was so sensual, that artificial skin, that plastic gloss that went from ankle to neck in a coat of red and black.

Hillary lifted her head a little to inspect her lover, the woman who turned the keys in her locks. She saw the open zipper between those shapely thighs, the naked sex, gaping in the warm air. The rings that were unbound to allow Hillary to penetrate that tunnel that coursed deep into Miss Jenny's body. Those rings, that elaborate binding, that sealed a soft and delicious cunt.

They fascinated Hillary and repulsed her.

Last night she had run the tip of her tongue over them and was excited by the strange feel of gold embedded in that most tender of flesh. She had unbound the chain that wove its way through those rings making them the guardian of her lover's chastity.

At the same time those glittering circles made Miss Jenny seem like a whore. A slut that enticed like a she-devil getting into her head and under the skin of her hapless victim. A temptress to make her do things that Hillary had never thought even possible. Acts of degenerate perversion that pushed against every moral fiber that Hillary had in her body.

She suddenly realized that she was falling in love with Jezebel, the daughter of lust, despite Jenny's precocity and often childish attitudes.

She shuddered when she thought that she half wanted some mark on her flesh that would

show dedication to Miss Jenny. She wanted someone to order her to have her body altered and pierced for her now love.

Love?

‘Was it really love or was she swept up in the terrible gale of lust that whipped around this house of sin?’ she wondered. “This is truly the second circle of hell! “

Her hand reached out and touched the smooth part of flesh that was available to her. The folds and creases of that pussy. The glittering row of circles that bit through that skin. Like a casually unclosed zipper.

The skin was dry and smooth.

Last night’s juices had dried leaving just the hint of an aroma of waxy perfume to scent the air. The skin was firm and velvety in its smoothness.

Her finger traced the inner lips and the hood that covered that insatiable clitoris that she had licked to completion just a few hours before. As Miss Jenny had finally succumbed to her climax, she had shouted orders at Hillary as though she were nothing but a slave doing the bidding of her mistress and not an equal in the depths of love.

The whole house, the Academy, was like that as far as Hillary could tell.

It had a coating, a covering and the illusion of respectability about it. Art and fine décor combined to give the superficial impression of an American palace. Taste so elevated and refined that only real wealth could be behind it, and cultured sophisticated owners. A place where the well-educated elite took their banal pleasures. But Hillary knew that there was so much more than that.

Doors that locked with sophisticated fingerprint readers. Doors of steel. Rooms with no windows that looked like cells. A theatre that was sealed off and a security perimeter that seemed to point inwards. Cameras in the corridors and watchful subservient staff who watched and reported.

Her hand came to rest with a finger crossing the lips of that cunt, like a finger on the lips, a request for silence. An entreaty to understand no more, but she could not stop her thinking in its tracks. The thoughts possessed her and rolled through her mind as she considered the strange place that was the Service Academy.

Miss Jenny stirred and muttered something impossible to make out before settling down and closing her thighs to trap Hillary’s hand between two walls of strong muscle.

Trapped!

‘That is, it I suppose,’ thought Hillary to herself. ‘I am sort of trapped in this house. I can go where I please as long as I report to them first. Miss Janet looks worried every time that she sees me with her rapacious daughter whilst Miss Jenny pays court to me, woos me with all her will.’

She thought about the plans that she had begun work on now that the parking garage was basically complete. Reinforced concrete rooms in two levels below ground. Like some sort of demented wine cellar broken into small rooms. Then the rooms above ground. Their details were like no other building that Hillary had ever seen. A strange mish-mash of rooms that seemed to have no real purpose.

Hillary closed her eyes and took a mental trip through those rooms and corridors. At first, she tried to imagine them with no doors, furniture and pleasant lighting. The trip evoked no hook that told her that it was ‘right’. So, she imagined the plain concrete and plain doors.

Minimal furniture.

Metal furniture.

That was what was missing from her mental picture.

Metal!

The journey began again, through the imagination of her mind. Her point of view was as a person walking through all off the design. She saw plain metal beds in the small underground and windowless rooms. As soon as they flickered into existence in her mind, she could see the bars that were the doors. The solid steel gates between levels and the reason that plumbing went to each room.

Harsh lighting, neon and flickering.

The downstairs rooms were cells. Bare of ornament and harsh in aspect they catered as a simple space to hold unwilling victims whilst two levels above were the windowed cells that allowed privileged inmates to see a small part of the world through the bars of their inch-thick windowpanes. The whole Service Academy was a prison of sorts.

‘But it’s private,’ thought Hillary. ‘This is a private gaol, a cloistered oubliette.’

That begged the waterfall of questions...

Where did the money come from?

Who were the prisoners?

Who were the jailors?

And finally, why?

Hillary looked at the way that her hand disappeared into the tight crease between those closed thighs and wondered why it seemed as if all the inhabitants of this house, at least those in charge, were all women.

‘Am I blind?’ she wondered. ‘How has it taken me weeks to see what I am truly part of?’

Miss Jenny was suddenly awake. It was almost as if these dangerous thoughts had woken her lover from deep slumber.

She looked at Hillary through half closed eyes and smiled.

“Darling, Hillary have you been awake long?”

“Half an hour or so.”

Miss Jenny opened her thighs to allow the trapped hand to escape and laughed delightedly as Hillary used the moment of freedom to push a finger slightly into that pussy. Past the rings into the inner sanctum of Miss Jenny.

“You are misusing my permission to get free!” said Miss Jenny.

Hillary smiled and pushed her face close to Miss Jenny’s.

“Am I helping design a prison?” she asked.

A dozen emotions passed over Miss Jenny’s face within a split second. Shock at the forthrightness of the question. Horror at a secret revealed and finally a slow smile that confirmed to her that the time had arrived when she would find out if she could gently push Hillary into acceptance of a life style that crossed all the grain of her character.

“Ah, Hillary, how long it took you to figure it out!” replied Jenny. “Of course, it is a prison of sorts. It is a place where the people who enter learn their place!”

Hillary nodded and pecked Miss Jenny on the cheek.

“It’s not legal at all is it, or do you find willing participants?” she asked.

“At first there were willing victims. Foolish men that thought that we would fulfill their sexual fantasies in some consensual fashion, but soon it became something else, something much better. My mother and I discovered that there were those that needed service and obedience like our willing slaves needed to serve. Of course, we matched them up with great care. The men who liked to be whipped were matched to the men and women who liked to punish their partner, the men who wanted to be held in a continual state of chastity were paired to the mistresses who preferred not to have sexual relationships with their slaves.”

“How strange that you managed to find so many who were willing to degrade themselves!” said Hillary, as she wondered what made a man or woman want to be the slave of another.

“We charged a great deal to match them to each other,” said Miss Jenny with a small chuckle. “Dating for fools who thought that they could walk away from the relationships that they paid to find.”

Miss Jenny laid back in the bed and stared at the light and shadow on the ceiling. She could feel Hillary’s fingertips on her belly, light and tactile.

“One day a woman came with a husband who was not willing! That was the start of the Academy really, because we trained him and found that most men bend and break so easily where sex is concerned. Women are much more objective!”

“Is that what you are doing to me then?” asked Hillary.

She was not sure that she wanted to hear the answer. Was she really the victim like the rest?

“When we first met, I thought that you would make a wonderful servant, a slave for my amusement. Your oppressive husband had weakened you, the pressure of your upbringing, the church and the marriage bed,” said Miss Jenny in a somewhat distant voice. “I liked you and felt sympathy, I wanted to rescue you!”

“But?” asked Hillary.

“I have risked a great deal by telling you this!”

“How so?”

“Ten years ago, our Service Academy took in a new partner. A partner who has a much harsher attitude, a woman who is such a subtle mixture between brutal and persuasive. She loves capitulation and savors submission like no other person who I have ever met. She is frightening in her single-minded pursuit of power.”

“Do you mean Miss Clearmont?”

Miss Jenny turned to face her lover and pouted her lips.

“She has no understanding for anything other than obedience to her will! She is frightening, stimulating and unpredictable. I envy her, hate her, admire her and love her all at the same time. I want to be like her and at the same time, I realized that I could never be so strong and ruthless.”

“So, where does that leave me?” asked Hillary. “What am I then? A lover, an experiment, a trainee of the Academy or just passing through?”

“You can never just be ‘passing through’,” came the reply. “Either you leave us with a slave on a leash or you are that slave on the end of the leash!”

Hillary could feel tears welling in her eyes. Confusion? She struggled to understand what was happening.

“I can always leave, walk out and never mention all of this ever again!” she answered.

“You can never leave, now that you have entered this other world,” said Jenny, with a small smile. How can you ever manage to ‘never mention it ever again’?”

“For a lover you are certainly persuasive,” laughed Hillary as her fingers tripped over that small row of rings that lay exposed to her gaze.

A small groan issued from Jenny’s pursed lips as Hillary played with her with fingertips and the tips of her nails. She lay back and enjoyed the attentions of a nearly-willing participant to her pleasure. The game that she was playing was so sweet! Hemming in her victim with and then reaping the honeyed gratification of pleasure that was so deliciously unpredictable.

“So, what are your plans for me?” asked Hillary as she found the swollen clitoris of her lover.

At last Hillary realized the trap that she was in! It had closed weeks ago and she had not even been aware of it. the prison was not just these four walls, it encompassed the outside world as well!

There was a moment’s pause as Jenny considered her reply. Should she open herself and expose her thoughts or should she conceal her thoughts?

The fingers probed and stroked her and she opened her thighs a little as they quivered in reaction to the gentle massages and her own hands moved to the erect nipples that so yearned for attention.

‘I need more than just servility and obedience,’ she thought as a second hand joined the first at

her pussy and slowly entered her. 'I need an intimate conspirator, a partner in pleasure, someone to introduce to my deepest needs.'

The thought filled Jenny with a longing, a moment of weakness that was pushed by the hands that knew instinctively what it was that she lusted after. She found herself falling and could not find the strength to assert self-control.

"I will guide you," moaned Jenny as she felt herself pierced by those slender fingers. "I will look after you and transform you, bend you..."

The sentence was unfinished as the first welling waves of climax shook Jenny's body and she could do more than whimper as she felt gentle lips kiss the soft skin of her mound. A tongue slid down to where she was exposed and then ventured to touch and taste the center of Jenny's world.

For a moment Jenny lingered on the border of the coming orgasm and was filled with an inexpressible need to surrender to the woman that was bringing her to the point of begging for more. A new experience that shook her to the core.

"Transform me?" asked Hillary as she once again lowered her lips over the exposed bud, the nubbin of nerves that demanded attention.

Lips pursed around that stiff clitoris. Fingers burrowed into the soft tunnel that was slick with excitement and tongue massaged with small strokes as Jenny climaxed, biting her lower lip and rolled her nipples between thumb and fingers.

"A dark Lilith of pleasure and pain," gasped Jenny as she closed her eyes and at last succumbed to climax. "My own personal Mistress of lust."

Hillary shuddered with a feeling of power at her control over the woman who had been the nemesis of so many others. For a moment there was stasis and then Hillary was smiling at the revelation that she was the 'Mistress', the demoness that wept in overwhelming passion was in fact the victim of a need to submit.

Intrigues and Plots

The café on the Kurfurstendamm was tranquil. Here and there a few shoppers sat with their carefully wrapped purchases and enjoyed a break from the hustle and bustle of the department stores that proffered clothes, shoes, perfume and jewelry at designer prices.

On the streets of Berlin, beyond the expanses of glass that shielded the café from intrusion, tourists and shoppers swept by without noticing the two women who sat sipping coffee involved in their own concerns.

Miss Irene Clearmont and her German confidant, Gerda, sat relaxed and contemplated the waitress who arrived to set the cake that they had chosen before them with a smile and a small word of polite service.

“I just love Berlin,” commented the American as she watched the uniformed waitress turn to attend to the table where a pair of young men had just taken the seats.

“In Berlin, alles ist möglich,” smiled Gudrun as they watched the two men, obviously lovers, order their coffees and then clasp hands over the table.

“That’s what I love about it, there’s room for everyone and everything. Even us!” replied Miss Clearmont as she took up her fork.

Gudrun, dressed in a summer frock that hung loosely over her ample breasts, was so different here, outside the claustrophobic ambit of her dark world. Like a rich housewife, an observer, rather than the defiler of men! Gudrun started on her Käsetorte with a delicate twist of the fork.

‘How could any of the others sitting in the café guess that she was an object of fear and pain to her victims,’ wondered Miss Clearmont with a small smile in a reflective mood. ‘On the other hand, everyone here, in this innocent café has their small secrets! That elderly woman on the next table could be an angel or a devil, the two men that they had watched for a moment could be co-conspirators in some hidden scheme.’

Miss Clearmont brought herself back to the present and passed a look over those occupying the nearby tables. All were speaking German in local dialect and it seemed that none could overhear the two women’s conversation and possibly understand the meaning of their words in English.

“I have a small problem,” she started as Gudrun leaned forward and placed her chin on the palm of her hand in rapt attention. “I think that I may need a little of your help at the Academy!”

Gudrun raised one eyebrow and let her friend continue to explain.

“I know that I offered you a partnership several years ago and that you refused because you did not have enough money to cover the cost, but now I am offering you more.”

“I still cannot possibly afford the cost of even a quarter of the Service Academy,” said Gudrun, “So, nothing has really changed, Irene. I quite understand that you cannot give something so precious to me, even as a friend and lover.”

“Gudrun, you are so honest with me,” said Miss Clearmont with a broad smile. “I am so obsessed with money sometimes that it blinds me to all the other things that are so important to me. I have decided that I want you to take fifty per cent of the ‘Service Academy’. Take it, not buy it, Gudrun. I want to give it to you.”

Gudrun’s eyes opened a little, it was not often that she was surprised by those around her. She prided herself on knowing every facet of slaves, acquaintances, friends and lovers. Predicting their impulses and controlling their needs and fears had become an obsession that had led her to become a master at reading every small inflection of their behavior, voice and mannerisms.

“Darling! Whatever has brought on this fit of extraordinary generosity?” asked Gudrun.

“I will admit that I am being just a little self-serving as well as being my usual open-handed self,” came the reply.

“Aha! Just as I thought! You want to take me to the United States to work for you, you want me to split my time between here in Berlin and Long Island! But, wait a minute, do I detect a small hint of need in your voice? And then, what about the others that you are involved with? What about the American women who you bought your share of the Service Academy from? What are you planning, Irene, mm, what are you up to?”

Miss Clearmont leaned back on her chair and smiled. To a casual observer it might have looked as though she was about to tell a bon-mot, some small pearl of humor that would tickle the hearer.

“I want to offer you their share of the business,” said Irene, as she held up hand with a small flutter of the fingers to stop Gudrun interjecting a comment. “Don’t say anything until you have heard my whole reasoning.”

Gudrun shrugged and let Miss Clearmont continue.

“Eleven years ago, I became a rich woman, or rather I became wealthy and found myself in a stratosphere of affluence and mammon. You know the story, rags to riches! Anyway, I became involved with Janet and Jenny, who temporarily were in possession of Denise Lamont

and in fact sold her on. That momentary contact led me to invest heavily in their little business until about ten years ago, and so I became the majority shareholder of the Service Academy. Since then, the business as well as the pleasure side of the enterprise has occasionally kept me engaged and paid back my investment many times over, but I always had so much to do that I allowed its former owners to run it on a day-to-day basis. Now, at last I am able to give the Service Academy the attention it needs.”

Gudrun nodded.

“I have put another thirty million down to create the perfect place to train slaves as well as heading towards a new market that I believe will be so profitable that I will have queues of needy parents who would like the Service Academy to prepare their children, grandchildren and step sons and daughters!”

Now Gudrun started to chuckle as she imagined all those greedy young lovers and wives who would need to instill discipline in their new spouse’s children so that they could ensure trouble free access to all of the wealth that their rich partner controlled. So typical of Irene to find new avenues of revenue where none had existed before!

“You have an imagination that is beyond exquisite,” said Gudrun. “So, why can’t you do all of this with those two partners of yours?”

Miss Clearmont’s face filled with emotion. Not tenderness at the thought of Miss Jenny and Miss Janet. No, it was suppressed anger and dislike!

“As I said,” said Miss Clearmont through gritted teeth, “I had not paid much attention to the business until recently, Gudrun, and when I did, I realized that those two bitches have not only been cheating me of my share of the profits, but that they are endangering all of my investment and plans by failing to maintain the level of detachment that is needed.”

Miss Clearmont’s voice became grating as she spoke and Gudrun could see that she was more than just angry and upset, she was livid.

“Irene, Irene, simmer down!” said Gudrun. “So, where do I fit into all of this?”

“I plan to rearrange the whole of the Service Academy! I have already cleared out all of the merchandise on the pretext of the building work now I have to dispose of the partners that are cheating me, taking risks with my life. Gudrun, what I need is a partner who can take the Service Academy in hand, organize, coordinate and set the whole thing on its feet.”

“I’m really not sure if I want to leave Berlin, I have commitments myself, you know!”

Miss Clearmont drummed her fingertips on the table as if just a little impatient and said, “I am

not going to cheapen our relationship by offering you money, but do it for me and I think that you will find yourself rewarded in more ways than you can imagine!”

Gudrun laughed and picked up her coffee cup between finger and thumb. She sipped, all the while looking over the edge of the porcelain at her friend as if trying to decide when both of them knew that she could never refuse.

“I will arrive in New York in two weeks, Irene; make sure that you are there to meet me. In the meantime, I too have something new for you to see here in Berlin.”

Even though she had been sure that her friend would take up the challenge, Miss Clearmont still heaved a small sigh of relief. It would be so much easier to organize the demise of those two bitches, Jenny and Janet. It would be so satisfying to have them in her clutches, at the end of a leash!

“What have you organized for our last night together then?” asked Miss Clearmont.
“Something special I hope?”

“Of course, I have a couple of slaves in my little cellar that just cannot wait to meet you; they are part of a special order for a rather sweet older Russian girl-friend of mine. The man who refused her attentions in Paris and the shop assistant who refused to accept a cheque from her,” said Gudrun with a small smile. “Olenka does take the small ups and downs of life rather personally!”

The waitress came at Gudrun’s small signal and they settled their bill.

“Fascinating, how old is this Olenka?” asked Miss Clearmont as they re-joined the steady noise and bustle of the Kurfurstendamm.

“Well, you could meet her and then guess! I’ll introduce you if you like.”

“I would not dare to upset her,” said Miss Clearmont with a laugh. “I might end up joining the others in your little cells, Gudrun.”

“Oh, I doubt that,” replied Gudrun.

“So, introduce me, but tell me her age now.”

“Seventy-three,” said Gudrun with a laugh.

“This should be fascinating!”

The World Turned Upside Down

The car pulled up a hundred yards short of the familiar buildings of the Service Academy. A huge spoil heap of earth blocked the road and the machinery of the builders was strewn about, deserted at the moment when the workers had decided that the day's work was done. A hole that was over twenty meters deep, a mass of concrete buttresses with the steel wire of reinforcement pointing at the sky. It had not helped that rain had tormented down the night before, the lawns were awash and a sea of mud threatened the road surface. Moreover, a steady rain fell now greying the scene in steel radiance.

The door of the taxi opened and Miss Irene Clearmont stepped onto the center of the road where the camber lifted it proud of most of the gathering water. She could see that the construction workers had placed a wooden walkway around the worst of the mess. Rain was falling in sheets as she opened her umbrella and stood a moment as she brushed the water from her face. In her high heels and carrying her small handbag, Miss Clearmont made a striking picture. Her head was full of plans, the things that yet needed to be organized on the construction front. The disposal of that silly girl, Hillary, all the while being cautious, since the police knew where she was, should she just disappear. Then there was the taking down of Jenny and Janet. For that she would need Veronica in attendance of course, Veronica would arrive in a couple of days' time from her trip to Oklahoma City where she was looking up contacts and possibilities for when the Service Academy reopened.

She made her way to the door of the main house and heard the taxi leave; she heard her heels on the wood of the walkway and was totally preoccupied by all the planning that she was doing in her head. The crunch of gravel as she approached the door was loud in her ears, but scarcely noticed. The door opened and Miss Janet stood and walked towards her in high boots and pencil skirt, she ignored the rain and walked with small steps.

Miss Clearmont heard the steps before a sudden shock caught her.

The stun gun made a slight buzz; the pressure was on her upper arm, the jolt made her stagger, but Miss Clearmont managed to stop herself from falling. She half tripped and half turned towards her attacker and saw Miss Jenny standing there with the rod of a stun gun in her hand.

Miss Jenny was smiling, a twisted grin that showed real amusement.

Miss Clearmont saw the hand coming towards her again and tried to move, but all she could do was to remain on her feet. It was as though in slow motion. The two tips of the stunner pressed into her jacket again and the next thing that she noticed was the feeling of total relaxation just after the shock paralyzed her body and she slumped to the ground. The umbrella fell from her hand and rolled in the rain.

She looked up at Miss Jenny who had dressed in casual jeans and T shirt for the occasion. By

her head, Miss Clearmont heard steps on the gravel drive. Rain slashed from the sky and ran in rivulets on her face and legs. She looked up and saw Miss Janet standing over her with a crop in both hands. The tightly laced boots that she wore seemed to go on forever, but they finally ended on her thighs and a light pair of jodhpurs continued over Miss Janet's thighs and pussy.

Miss Janet bent down and looked down at the woman who had spent the last ten years telling her what to do. The woman who had treated her, Miss Janet, as an inferior, the woman that had heaped one small humiliation upon the next over the years. She watched as her daughter cuffed the slack arms behind Miss Clearmont's back and then held the gag up to those angry eyes.

"This is not..." said Miss Clearmont.

But she got no chance to finish her sentence as the gag cut off the threat as the experienced Miss Jenny pushed it between those lips. Miss Jenny helped Miss Clearmont to stand, cuffed and gagged before the door of her own house.

For the first time she was about to enter the Service Academy as one of the victims which it dealt with so adroitly, rather than as the superior owner of all that she surveyed!

The door closed behind her and Miss Irene Clearmont suddenly realized the fear and hopelessness of her own position. Veronica was not here, there were no slaves but the general housemaids and security personnel had always been under the control of Miss Janet.

How could she have been so careless, so over confident?

She felt a hand at the back of her head. It pushed into her hair and bunched into a fist pulling her head to look up. As her head came up, she saw a face at the balcony, a fleeting glimpse before the darkness took her sight. Then the hood was slipped over her head. The hood that would make sure that she was not recognized by her own staff and personal slaves. The smooth latex mask that would dehumanize and make her anonymous. The tight veneer that covered her personality and humanity and would allow her tormentors to adjust to being her superiors as well as start the slow process that would break down her own identity until they rebuilt her in the image that they desired.

The zips over the eyes were pulled closed, the collar that formed the bottom of the mask was pulled tight and Irene heard the click of a padlock as it was sealed closed.

"We have months to train you before we reopen the Academy," said Janet. "Then we are going to sell you to someone who needs an obese female slut like Kathy De Burg or we might keep you to serve all of the basest needs of the slaves in training. We are going to fatten you up and train you to be a good plump little sow while we milk the secrets from your dazed

mind.”

Irene felt hands explore her clothes, they slipped down zips and untied the laces on her old-fashioned corset. They ripped the expensive silk stockings from her legs and pulled off her shoes. The hands ripped every shred of dignity, every last shred of clothing and every fragment of hope from the woman who stood in bare feet whilst being inspected by Miss Jenny and Miss Janet’s probing hands.

Irene felt a shiver pass through her. Everything that they were doing to her, she had done a thousand times to others. It all depended on what was to come! When Miss Janet had said Kathy’s name, Irene knew that she was going to suffer a terrible fate at the hands of her captors.

“What shall we call our new little project?” asked Jenny with a laugh.

Now that she could see Irene stripped of all poise and power, she realized that the woman in the hood was just another older fuck-slut who would fetch no more than a few thousand dollars. True, a lot of work had been done, those breasts were large and hung beautifully and the torso was shapely even if it could not be described as ‘trim’. But, despite all of this, Irene was a middle-aged woman and well past her prime as far as being a sex slave was concerned.

Irene heard a small titter of laughter from Janet. An almost childish delight and relief in what she had done. She had the relief in her voice that came from overcoming a demon that had haunted her soul for the last ten years and the release of realizing just how easy it had all been.

“I think that we’ll let Veronica decide that,” said Janet. “I suspect that she will just use a number for our latest acquisition before she begins the training and forced feeding.”

Irene’s heart fell. If Veronica was implicated in this, then that left just Gudrun to rescue her. All those in the Academy were either maids, slaves or Mistresses and friends of Janet and Jenny. That left two, Veronica and Hillary. Hillary was of no account, just another project of Jenny’s that was of little account compared to the other slaves and Veronica had joined Irene’s enemies.

As for Gudrun, it was likely that she too would end up in a cell in the Academy, when she arrived.

A Man's Lot

The slam of a metal door made Arnold start from his slumber.

Hung like a sheep for the slaughter, suspended by his wrists by fetters he could not sleep, he just occasionally drifted into a haze of slumber that stopped when his arms could no longer take the strain and he had to wake in order to stand.

So, he stood and awaited his fate. In his head the words of the New Testament echoed on his head like the rhythm of a continuous drum.

‘Serve them truly as you would serve Christ, slaves, obey your earthly masters with deep respect and dread. Or was it the other way around?’ thought Arnold as he hung for a moment as he rested his legs. Paul’s letters to the Ephesians were written from a cell like this, a cell in Rome where he was awaiting death and mutilation. But Paul had known for what it was that he was being held, he had the faith in Christ that comes from true belief.

Arnold heard laughter the amusement at some other person being tormented by those Jezebels in their sexual finery, the high heels that were nothing less than the uniform of prostitutes and whores, the clothes that were stretched over their flesh like wrappings for a gift.

The slam of the door again shocked Arnold; the hatred in the voice was unmistakable. Then the rattle of a key in the lock of his cell and suddenly light flooded into his place of confinement.

Arnold screwed up his eyes to see the outlines of two women standing in the doorway looking at him. One stepped forward and he saw that she had a whip in her red gloved hand. The younger of the two, this was Jenny, a lace covered whore who spoke to him with a slight smile on her ruby lips.

“So, Arnold, how are you managing here in your special little room. I really have to apologize that we haven’t had much time for you due to other matters of rather more importance,” said Miss Jenny.

“You do not frighten me, you can never break me,” said Arnold, through clenched teeth.

He was so embarrassed by being naked before this whore, in her hands she had the means to punish him, the long snaking whip that coiled over the tiles of his cell like a serpent of Eden, but he would never give way, never break and show weakness to this mere woman.

“I just wanted to inform you that the police are searching for the drug dealer that seems to have disappeared, they are ready to charge him with six counts of dealing in illegal class ‘A’ drugs as well as more than ten counts of trading in child pornography, illegal weapons and of

course the theft of funds from six church accounts that he was given care of.”

Arnold hung his head and said, “You know that all of those charges are just not true, as the Lord is my witness, they are all lies!”

“Of course, they are, Arnold, of course they are all elaborate fabrications, but the difficulty for you is to show that you are innocent! The evidence has been gathered, the police have prepared the charges, all they need is the man to face them in the dock and explain how innocent he is,” she said moving her hand to watch how the coil of the whip meandered over the smooth tiles.

Janet walked into the cell with a click of the heels of her boots. In her riding outfit she could have been a rich middle-aged woman about to mount her charger. A smile of satisfaction spread on her face as she closed in on the man strung up and standing on his tip toes.

“What are we going to do to you?” she asked rhetorically as her hand stretched to Arnold’s mouth.

He tried to bite her, but she just pulled her hand away and slapped him eye-wateringly.

“That’s not nice, Arnold, not nice at all. We feed you here, we put a roof over your head and hide you from the police. We look after your lovely wife and spend a considerable effort to teach her how to be a real woman and all you can do is to bite the hand that feeds you!”

Arnold tried to spit at the middle-aged woman who had slapped him, but his mouth was dry and he could do no more than splutter.

A hand moved unseen, it curved up and cupped his balls making Arnold wince as it closed and squeezed the delicate flesh. He tried to move, but on tip toes there was no possibility unless he hung on his wrists.

“Look, Mama, Arnold loves the attention,” said Miss Jenny with a small laugh. “I think that he really likes you after all!”

The hand that had released his balls ran a finger along the length of his prick as it started to rise in response to the attention. Slowly it raised and stiffened as the fingers of Miss Janet coaxed it to full size.

“Please no, this is so wrong,” wept Arnold as he felt Miss Janet take him in hand.

“I can play with you if I like,” said Janet. “This is how it begins, a couple of weeks hanging like the meat you are and then comes the training that will prepare you for a life of service to your betters.”

Arnold felt himself push involuntarily into the hand, a small thrust that did not escape the attention of Miss Janet, who smiled as she pursed her lips and blew him a small kiss.

“No!” screamed Arnold and he twisted to wrench himself from his tormentor. “This is evil.”

Miss Janet took a step back and made a small signal to her daughter. Miss Jenny lifted the handle of the bullwhip and gave it a rapid flick that lifted the braided tail to crack in the air with a slight snapping sound. The next flick of the wrist made the leather swirl through the air and brought more than just the tip of the whip to lash Arnold’s thighs from behind with a slap.

Pain coursed up his legs and made him lose his footing for a moment. He hung from his wrists as his legs flailed before he managed to stand on tip toes again.

“You cannot break a man who has true faith,” he cried as he found his feet. “Do what you will, you will fail.”

“The shoes first,” said Janet, with a smirk. “I think that we are going to have a great deal of fun with Arnold.”

Arnold watched Miss Jenny leave the room. Her jeans and T shirt were at odds with what he was going through. Almost a statement of normality in this white tiled cell that he had spent the last days. Miss Janet on the other hand stood relaxed and smiling just a yard from him dressed in boots that finished half way up her thighs. Elaborate laces wound their way up the front forcing the tight leather to hug her generous thighs and calves. Pale cream jodhpurs with leather patches where she would be in the saddle, a silk blouse that was unbuttoned to her waist, offering occasional glimpses to Arnold of her smooth rounded breasts. A bizarre outfit that spoke of nineteen thirties decadence. She stood, hands on hips, regarding him as if deciding whether he was worth all the effort or not.

“Arnold, it doesn’t really matter if you resist or play along with us. This is not a game and we always produce servants of the highest caliber regardless of their own inclinations,” she said. “You have a fine thick cock, a well-toned body and would be ideal for the woman who needs a little entertainment occasionally. If you prove to be difficult,” she pronounced the word slowly, “then you will find yourself being prepared for other uses that will lower your value and also may prove to be unpleasant, at least from your point of view!”

As she finished her little speech, Miss Jenny arrived with a box in her hands. Arnold looked down as Miss Jenny kneeled and opened the container. Inside was a pair of high heeled shoes in shiny black leather. Miss Jenny took out the shoes and took his ankle. Arnold tried to kick her, but Miss Janet’s hand closed on his balls and he was still! The shoes were fitted, they cramped his feet and they were laced so tight that he felt as though his foot was being bent into a tip toe position, grinding the small bones in his feet as they did so. He heard the small clicks as padlocks were added to the shoes and realized that they had been locked onto his

feet.

Arnold tried to stand. The pressure on his toes was intense and almost unbearable while the strangeness of the spiked heels slipping on the hard tiled floor of his cell made balancing difficult. The only advantage, from Arnold's point of view, was that with the heels he could take more of the pressure off his wrists.

Miss Jenny stood and took a critical look at Arnold as she hefted the handle of the whip and cracked it in the air.

"That's better," said Miss Janet. "Now that we have shown our little patient that any resistance to what we want to use him for will result in punishment. In fact, even if he is a good little boy, he will be punished and forced to do things that he does not wish to do!"

Once again, she made the small twitch of her hand and Miss Jenny wielded the whip, this time across his back with a long stripe that was a red line that swelled to a purple lined welt. Arnold cried out and skittered on his heels before Miss Janet once again gripped his erection and brought him back to full size.

"Just show me that you adore my hands," said Miss Janet as her fist ran the length of his shaft. "Cum for me my little Arnold and then I shall reward you."

Her fist gripped him tight, the tight lace of her gloves rasped his sensitive skin as he was pulled tight, but Arnold could not escape and felt himself beginning to respond to her brutal hand job.

"Come on, little bitch in boots," said Miss Janet, "Come for me and tell me that you want it!"

As she speeded her arm her other hand cupped his balls and played with them, all the while she hissed at Arnold, "Bitch, slut, Jezebel, whore, bitch, slut, cunt, slave, slut, skank," as her hand became ever brutally fast, as she used the terrible words to excite him

"Can I whip him again Mama?" asked Miss Jenny as she took a step backward.

"In a moment darling."

"Jesus! No, please," cried Arnold as he spurted his cum across the hand that Miss Jenny had lifted from his balls to catch the coming torrent.

Arnold's body contorted and arched towards the woman who had forced him to climax, his cock spurted thick liquid onto the lace of Miss Janet's glove and then dribbled for a moment before expelling another surge. Arnold felt the gathering inside him; the clenching that he was in no state to prevent that heralded a final spurt. It tightened, it squeezed and the hand once

again moved the length of his cock expelling that last emission without him being able to other than groan.

Miss Janet stood. Her blouse fell open to reveal her large breasts, smooth and uncovered, nipples clenched in lust as she held up her hand to his face and showed him the pool of cum that nestled in her palm.

“If you do not drink, then I shall allow my rather sadistic daughter to allow you to experience her rather creative talent with the whip,” said Miss Jenny close to his face. “That’s all you have to do! Be a good boy and drink your own milk!”

Arnold looked into her eyes.

“Do what you will,” he said, as he clenched his teeth.

“He’s all yours,” said Miss Janet to her daughter. “Not more than twenty.”

Arnold glanced at the whip that snaked across the floor as if it was alive and then at Miss Jenny’s face that had a small satisfied smile on her lips.

With a small graceful gesture, Miss Janet peeled off her glove and carefully placed it on the floor.

“When you have finished with this little bitch make sure that you put this where it belongs,” said Miss Janet as she left the cell.

As she closed the door, she heard the crack of the whip in the air.

‘She always likes to warm up a little first,’ thought Miss Janet as she reached the bottom of the stairs that led up to the door in the front hallway of the house.

As she slowly mounted the stairs, she heard the first cry from the man in the next cell to Miss Clearmont. The message of his distress would not be lost on that doyen of dominatrices. She would understand the message and its import. Of all those in the house she knew best what awaited her.

The Coming Storm

Hillary glanced out of the window at the rain pouring down outside and wandered over to the window. Even though she was dressed in just a thin shift of black silk she found, almost to her surprise, that she did not hesitate to part the thick net curtains to stand looking at the grey scene below.

The rain splattered down, turning the scene into a sea of mud where the building work on the underground garage was at a standstill. A bulldozer stood like a yellow sore at the bottom of the pit amongst the already standing concrete footings, the whole scene desolate and running with streams of water that poured like small rivers. Clearly there was going to be no progress for her to oversee.

As she watched, the headlights of a yellow and black taxi wended their way from the main road. With nothing else to watch she noted it stopping and a woman step from the rear. With her umbrella up, the woman carefully made her way along the wooden boards that had been placed over the mud. Her high heels making her step small as she went.

‘Miss Clearmont,’ she thought, as she watched, recognizing the statuesque woman that she had met just once or twice during her stay in the last couple of weeks.

Reaching the end of the wooden path, Miss Clearmont stepped carefully onto the gravel forecourt of the house and glanced around at the building work. Hillary allowed the net curtains to close until just a small slit remained for her to watch. It was an instinctive reaction, somehow, she knew that she should not be seen to be watching the scene below.

Two other figures appeared in the scene. Miss Janet, with her back to Hillary, walking to meet her boss and Miss Jenny who appeared from the side, unseen by the woman under the umbrella. The two women, Miss Clearmont and Miss Janet exchanged words as Miss Jenny came up behind Miss Clearmont with something in her hand.

It was like the scene from a play seen from behind the stage.

Miss Jenny pressed the long black stick in her hand onto Miss Clearmont’s arm twice, she then fell to the ground. The umbrella rolled on the ground for a moment and then came to rest while Miss Janet stood over the fallen form and spoke. For a moment Hillary was tempted to open the window to hear the words, but that would have shown her presence, so she just stood and watched as Miss Janet slid her booted foot to the face of the fallen woman and spoke.

Miss Janet and Miss Jenny pulled Miss Clearmont to her feet as Miss Jenny slapped handcuffs onto her wrists, then, as Miss Clearmont opened her mouth to speak, Miss Jenny shoved a bright-red ball-gag between those lips with a sudden finesse that spoke of considerable skill or practice. Miss Jenny and Miss Janet’s mouths moved in silent mime as they picked her up and

then walked out of sight below into the house.

Hillary stood a moment. It was clear that something was going on that she just had to see the end of, so she left her room and hurried in bare feet to leave her room and stand peeping into the large foyer of the house.

Hillary was just in time to see Miss Janet and Miss Jenny allow the stricken Miss Clearmont to drop to the marble floor. The words of the conversation were indistinct, being spoken in low tones that did not allow Hillary more than watch the mime that was played out.

Miss Jenny pulled something that had been tucked in the waistband of her jeans and opened it out. Shiny and flexible, it was like a loose bag. For a moment she pushed her hand into it and then pulled it over Miss Clearmont's head with a definite tug that stretched it into a latex mask that concealed the features with a tight shiny skin. Zips were closed, drawstrings pulled tight, a padlock clicked onto the collar that was part of the hood and Miss Clearmont was finally, fully at the mercy of her captors.

'Mercy' was clearly not in evidence as, with small gusts of laughter from mother and daughter, Miss Clearmont was stripped of all her clothes with a ruthless efficiency that saw her naked but for the hood within a couple of minutes. She stood, naked and helpless as her stockings were ripped off and fetters were locked onto her ankles. Even though she was easily in her fifties, Miss Clearmont had the body of a much younger woman. The skin was smooth and flawless, the breasts, though large, jutted from her chest, tipped with gold bars and the smooth triangle of her sex pouted between her strong thighs.

More words were spoken and Miss Jenny slapped the masked face of their victim with sharp words of which Hillary could make out only a name. "Kathy". Finally, the stricken woman was hustled through the door that led down to the cellars and the room was left empty but for the remains of Miss Clearmont's clothes and the handbag that lay on the marble in mute testament to the scene that had been played out.

Hillary peeked over the balcony to see that the foyer was empty. The maid, whose post was at the foot of the stairs, was not there. For a moment, Hillary considered, but the temptation was just too great. With soft steps, almost a stage parody of caution, she crept down the stairs to stand in the hallway. With a cautious look around, she went to the handbag and opened it.

Like any woman's handbag it was full. A tiny hand gun and the purse caught her attention. Once more she looked around and strained to hear any approaching person, but all remained quiet, so she picked up the tiny gun and opened the purse. The purse contained some banknotes that Hillary left alone, but it also contained a sheaf of a few business cards that attracted her attention. With pistol and the cards, she dashed up the stairs and slipped into her room, quietly closing the door behind her before she looked at what was in her hands.

Hillary shook from nervous energy. She knew that what she had just witnessed was already enough to condemn her in Jenny's eyes and taking the gun was a crime that might well result in terrible punishment. Somehow, she had to hide what she had taken, but where?

Frantically she looked around the bedroom. Every day the maids conscientiously dusted and arranged every corner of the room. Every day the maid that had the duty of organizing clothes and shoes, wiped all the boxed shoes with a soft cloth in the walk-in wardrobe and checked the dresses and costumes.

It was the maid's life!

With a slight feeling of desperation, Hillary entered the small room that was the entire world of her maid and looked around. The clothes hung on bars, each hanger clothed in a clear plastic bag; the shoes were in boxes and stacked in neat rows that were marked with pictures of their contents. Hillary opened cupboard doors and pulled out a couple of drawers to find an array of crops and canes that stood like billiard cues waiting for their use, while the drawers were velvet lined and contained dildos, vibrators and hoods arranged in neat order. For a moment she pulled at the velvet lining of a drawer containing a huge rubber cock that was stippled with rubber protrusions, but it did not come away. Finally, she pulled again at the drawer and managed to unhook it so that it came away in her hands.

There, beneath the drawer, was revealed a small space between drawer and floor. A hiding place that should not be stumbled upon. For a moment she turned the gun in her hand and inspected it. It nestled in her palm, matt black, heavy and wicked, a promise of self-help. Hillary placed it down in the space that she had found and then picked it up again. Her thumb flicked the safety catch off and she again laid it out of sight at the back of the space.

Next, she looked at the visit-cards.

There were just three.

One was black and inscribed with just a single word in silver, 'Gudrun' and a telephone number on the rear. The number started '0049'. So clearly Gudrun, whoever she was, was not in America.

The next was Veronica's card. A curious vellum-like texture with a small elegant whip bearing lady, it too had a telephone number on it. This time, what Hillary clearly recognized as an American mobile number.

The last was just a blank card with three numbers written on it with no clue as to their meaning. Clearly, they were not telephone numbers. But there was no clue as to their use.

Hillary stuffed the visit cards by the gun and slipped the drawer back into its slot.

“Bottom drawer, third along,” she muttered to herself as she stood and stared at the drawer for a moment to record its position.

She could feel her breath coming in small gasps. The realization that she had done something punishable, possible more than just punishable, had her heart beating furiously. Somehow, she felt that she had done something to help herself, something that she had not been guided into doing by Miss Jenny. There Are No Limits

Hillary looked at the rows of clothes and decided that whatever had happened in the last twenty minutes, she had to act as though she had just got out of bed so she headed for the delicious shower to relax and calm down.

The shower was a tonic that cleared her head of dangerous thoughts! As she had entered, Hillary had been wondering if she should escape and go to the police or perhaps make a break for freedom, but she had already been back to the ‘Real Hamptons’ office a number of times in Miss Jenny’s Mercedes, so after all she was here of her own free will!

As she stood in the warm airflow of the dryers that greeted her exit from the shower, Hillary realized that she actually wanted to become a part of this! She laid thoughts of Arnold and her career as a designer and architect to one side in her head and focused on what was really important to her! What she really wanted to do was to live this exclusive life as a Mistress, reveling in the power and satisfaction of luxury and gratification that was so nearly in her reach.

Finally, Hillary was dry, her smooth skin feeling fresh and velvet as she ran her hands over her thighs to the triangle of rough hair that nestled over her sex.

‘Who cared what had happened to that middle-aged woman who had just fallen victim to her lover?’ she thought, as she wondered how events would go now that Miss Janet and Miss Jenny had consigned Miss Clearmont to slavery.

‘All I have to do is to make sure that Jenny is satisfied with everything that I can do for her.’

Naked and aroused by her wicked thoughts she opened the bathroom door to find the maid waiting for her. For a moment she hesitated and then became definite as she set her mind to acting as the master of the situation.

The maid stood like a silent statue.

Laid out on the bed were the clothes that she had prepared, as well as three boxes of shoes that matched the chosen outfits. The maid was dressed in the usual uniform of short dress, black high heels and lacy apron. Her breasts threatened to spill over the top of her corset and the hem of the skirt did not conceal the tops of her stockings and the twelve straps that held them

in place.

“What have you prepared for me?” asked Hillary in a severe tone that she hoped matched her new severe mood.

The maid curtsied prettily and pointed to the bed.

“Three ‘day’ outfits, Madam, the ones that you normally choose for yourself,” replied the maid in a soft voice.

Hillary padded to the bed and looked over the clothes and shoes. All of them were outfits that would not seem out of place for a day out shopping. The shoes had just three-inch heels and matched the colors of the dresses.

“I do not like these,” said Hillary, with a glance at the maid. “I want something that will appeal to Miss Jenny and not these boring outfits!”

The maid blanched at the tone of voice that her Mistress used and blushed in confusion.

“Please, Miss Hillary,” she said in a trembling tone. “I thought...”

“Do not think!” cut in Hillary with a harsh tone. “Remove this dross and find me something a little more attractive!”

The maid made a small step and bent down to pick up the laid-out clothes from the bed. As she did so Hillary saw that her ankles were fettered together with a thin chain that linked her stilettos and restricted her to small dainty steps. The shoes were locked onto her feet with small anklets that closed with padlocks. As the maid bent, Hillary could see the rounded cheeks of her ass and revealed from behind the smooth slit of her sex from which dangled two small bells on tiny gold chains.

The vision vanished as the maid straightened and led Hillary to the clothes room. She walked past the third bottom drawer without a glance and Hillary felt a small sigh of relief come to her lips.

“Would you like me to dress you Madame or would you like me to lay out a selection as usual?” said the maid as she carefully replaced the dresses and shoes that she had mistakenly offered.

“Dress me,” said Hillary.

Almost, she had said ‘please’, but she remembered in time to stop the word emerging! This was going to mean a bit of adjustment she thought, as she watched the maid unhook a hanger

and then slowly move down the rows of shoes until she found the box that she was looking for.

“Please come with me, Madame,” said the maid, leading her mistress back to the bedroom.

Carefully placing the box on the soft carpet, the maid once again showed the two tinkling bells that hung between her thighs to her mistress.

“Stay there,” said Hillary on impulse, as the maid was fully bent down.

The maid stayed still except to shuffle her heels to the fullest extent that the chain that restricted them allowed. Her thighs parted a little and the bells, caught there between one leg and the other, suddenly swung free to make a small ringing as they touched.

Hillary reached out and touched the smooth skin of the maid’s ass with the tips of her fingers. It was almost like a ‘dare’, she had to know what would happen next, Hillary had to know if the reality matched the appearance, had to understand what the rules of this house were.

It seemed that she had understood correctly as she explored that smooth tight skin. Her hand ran over the cheeks of that delicious rounded ass as if to find a point where Hillary would be cast back into the real world and the maid would object, threaten her or just cry out. The maid stayed absolutely still as the hand slipped between those cheeks, into the creamy valley of the maid’s ass and followed it down almost to the pucker of skin that marked the maid’s ass hole.

For a moment Hillary realized that what she was doing was to violate this young woman who was not here of her own will. She was about to force herself on a woman who had no choice, she was about to become a sexual predator, a rapist, a violator! She stopped and then her hand slipped to that pink bud and stroked it.

Fascinated she watched it pucker and gather like a small flower, a quiver that made it all the more touchable. Then her fingertips were past it and at the brink of the cunt from which the small bells hung. They paused for a moment and then slipped into the maid with ease. They entered and then met an obstruction! Something hard and round that stopped Hillary’s fingers from fucking the maid and exploring her from the inside.

“What is that?” asked Hillary.

The question was out of her mouth before she realized that she had spoken.

“I am sealed,” said the maid in a quiet voice. “Miss Janet has had all the maids closed!”

Finger and thumb just inside the lips of the maid’s slit, Hillary opened them to part the soft flesh. A single drop of oily lubrication slid from the opening and coursed down Hillary’s

thumb as she looked at the interlocked rings that sealed the entrance to the maid.

She could see the bell chains that hung from two of the rings and then the delicate inner lips that merged to form the hood covering the maid's clitoris. For a moment Hillary considered frigging the maid with her fingertips. A picture came into her head of the pretty maid's face buried between Hillary's thighs while Hillary lay back to delicious orgasm and then she withdrew her hand.

"Stand up now," said Hillary to the maid, as she wiped the drops of excitement on the apron that hung at the front of the maid's dress.

The maid stood straight and looked at Hillary with expectation in her eyes. Hillary looked at the breasts that were heaped before her eyes and longed to play with them. What would she find had been done to them? For a moment she considered undressing this deliciously submissive girl and taking her to the bed.

'That's what's egging me on,' thought Hillary as she watched the maid finally unpack the shoes and clothes that she had selected for Hillary. 'It's the total obedience and docile nature of her that makes me want to play with her like some sort of dolly!'

The maid stood with stockings in her hand.

"Stockings first, Madame," she said, as she kneeled at Hillary's feet.

Hillary lifted her foot and watched the maid delicately roll the stockings onto her legs. The feeling was so intimate she almost gasped when the maid's hands straightened the tops on her thighs. The service was so deferential; every move was made elegantly and gave pleasure to the receiver. Slight touches and soft caresses as the maid dressed Hillary with dexterous and adroit movements that verged on sexual provocation, but never crossed the border into insolence.

It was sheer indulgence to be served like this. Utter luxury!

Stockings then, a soft leather corset that doubled as a top. It started just an inch above Hillary's pussy and curved in to round her hips and narrow her waist before cupping her breasts gently and making them bulge slightly to create delicious rounded mounds that begged for attention. A blouse in watered silk, dove grey to white that was tucked into a pencil skirt that came to just below the knees. Finally, the shoes. Heels higher than Hillary had imagined possible to walk on, a sleek red integument that covered the foot to the ankle and then buckled closed.

The maid stood and brushed down the skirt and blouse gently to make it fall correctly. Finally, she opened her hand to reveal two tiny padlocks and a small golden necklace from which

dangled a key.

“I am not allowed to fit these,” said the maid as she passed the locks to Hillary. “Maids cannot use keys or keep them in their possession!”

Hillary nodded and tested the key in the locks. They opened and she carefully bent down to click them to the buckles of the shoes, locking them closed. A small decorative and significant touch that would so appeal to Jenny.

You may escort me to the breakfast room,” said Hillary, as the maid opened the door.

Hillary found herself making smaller steps than the chained maid. The shoes were so high that the steps were almost perilous, but she arrived in the red room to find Miss Jenny and Miss Janet already sitting sipping tea from porcelain cups.

“Good morning,” said Miss Jenny as she looked Hillary up and down. “I see that you have taken advantage of the maid’s advice at last!”

Hillary blushed slightly at the inspection by the two women, realizing that Miss Jenny had told the maid, probably days ago, what to dress Hillary in if she asked in the correct way.

“I have to admit that the more that I experience of this lifestyle the more I realize that it will be difficult to leave,” said Hillary, as she sat next to Miss Jenny

A smile formed on Miss Janet’s lips, “It will be impossible to leave, not difficult,” she said.

“What Mama means is that the taste for domination cannot easily be quelled once it had surfaced,” said Miss Jenny.

“You may leave now,” said Miss Janet to the maid who had accompanied Hillary to the room. “Report to me for punishment at three for leaving your room and make sure that you bring the number five cane with you!”

The maid turned and left. Her small steps echoed in the hall as she ascended the stairs and returned to her post.

“I told her to escort me here,” said Hillary. She almost said ‘So it would be unfair to punish her...’ but she refrained.

“I know that you did,” said Miss Janet as she sipped her tea. “What is important is to add to the tension until no slave can work without fear of breaking some rule or other. That is a main

tenet of my training program here and is especially applied to all of the household staff.”

“Ah, I see,” replied Hillary as she leaned over to butter some toast.

She didn’t really see, but Miss Jenny filled in the gap.

“Mama makes sure that all the slaves here, all the maids and butlers, are always in deficit so that she can punish them at random and they constantly feel torn by orders that can be interpreted in two ways.”

Hillary’s hand shook a little as she bit into her toast. It was no wonder that the maids were so docile and accommodating if they lived in perpetual fear of being punished. Hillary’s gaze slipped down to Miss Jenny’s jeans and noticed the small dark flecks that were scattered on the indigo cotton. Miss Jenny’s gaze followed Hillary’s and she frowned.

“It is an unpleasant business when a slave needs to be whipped, but occasionally it is necessary, *pour encourager les autres!*” she said. “Discipline is what drives our lives, infrequently I have to punish in an exemplary manner.”

“What did she do?” asked Hillary as she finished her toast and poured a cup of tea for herself.

“Not she. He!” said Miss Janet with a slight sound of irritation. “We usually have mostly men here for training even though it is a trifling little foible of ours to be surrounded by women; they are so much more responsive!”

“Like myself?”

“Very perceptive, young lady,” said Miss Janet. “The fact that we can have this conversation is an indication that you understand that you are on the very brink of the chasm. My daughter has caused a deal of minor bother by bringing you into my house and I must say that until this morning I was really not satisfied that you would make an ideal companion for her.”

“Mama!” remonstrated Miss Jenny.

“I have begun to understand. I mean that I played with the maid this morning and, well, I experimented on her!” said Hillary.

Miss Jenny gave Hillary a strange look and asked, “What did you do?”

“Oh, nothing of any importance! I just found out if when you said, ‘they will do anything, that you really meant it!’”

Miss Janet started to laugh.

“Perfect, you may be the hare that manages to run the course, but don’t congratulate yourself yet. When you are in my house you belong to me and I decide what happens to you. Consider yourself to be on probation for the moment, continue your work and keep gratifying my insatiable daughter. You cannot dream of the depths and heights that have been reached in this house.”

Miss Janet could not resist adding to her comment when she thought of the former Mistress who was already experiencing being slowly fucked, by a machine that knew no exhaustion.

“... some even by the same people!”

Order Of Business

“I’m sure that we can manage Veronica when she turns up,” said Janet. “She does not have a relationship with Irene to which she has to stay faithful.”

Miss Jenny watched her mother shuffle in the huge chair behind the desk and reflected that, even though her mother was adapting to the idea that she was now running the business again for the first time in years she was not comfortable in Irene’s chair. Something lingered there, a ghost of the woman’s intense power.

“Anyway, at first we don’t have to reveal that the bitch is undergoing training here! Only the two of us know that the occupant of cell three is Irene.”

“What are you going to do to her, Mama?” asked Jenny.

“Well, what we have to do is to get back to where we were before I foolishly went into partnership with the of bitch,” said Janet, with a sigh of remembrance. “Our profile is getting too high. We need to stay under the horizon and go back to being a small exclusive operation that does not rely on so many outside people for protection from the authorities. I have been looking through the books and what do I see? Judges, policemen and lawyers all feeding off us! Bribes, favors and blackmail in a web that is so complex that we are bleeding all of our profits in a river.”

Janet’s voice rose to a higher pitch as she spoke. Now that she had all of Irene’s files, she felt overwhelmed by the complex network that her erstwhile partner had built. Irene had had her finger on the pulse of so many influential people that Janet scarcely even knew, people who knew or guessed the secret of the business and were in a position to create problems that Janet would struggle to solve.

“So, what about Irene’s plan to induct recalcitrant sons and daughters? Are we still going to go ahead on that? I mean, surely that is exactly the type of thing that involves too many other people.”

“Let’s wait and see,” said Janet, to her daughter, in an exasperated tone. “The building has started and the money laid aside, so we can decide at our leisure when all the work is done in three months’ time.”

“That leaves just the day to day running to deal with,” said Jenny, with a small smile.

“Luckily we now only have two ‘guests’ here with all the household slaves and of course the security, so we have plenty of time to sort out the details!”

It worried Jenny that her mother seemed so on edge. It had never occurred to either of the two women that their former partner had been such a critical part of making the Service Academy

work and now that she was gone the problems seemed endless.

“I think that we should decide how we are going to deal with Irene, Arnold, Hillary and the one or two locals that are important in the next few weeks,” said Jenny.

“Maybe if we solve some of the small problems, mama will be in the right frame of mind to deal with the occurred larger ones as they arise,” thought Jenny as she tried to help her mother regain her composure.

“Perhaps we should start with Hillary,” she said.

“Ah Hillary!” said Janet, as she calmed down a little. “Your ‘vanilla’ lover! She seems to have taken a big step. When I questioned the maid about what happened this morning, she told me that Miss Hillary wanted to dress to please you and that she played with her in a casual way!”

“That’s got to be a good sign,” said Jenny, glad that her mother was concentrating on the small details that she had always been so comfortable with.

“I am enjoying watching her transformation,” said Jenny. “From faithful wife to becoming the perfect bitch!”

“Well, she is certainly on her way, in fact I think that she has thrown in her lot with us, but we have to be careful not to push too hard if we want her to join us!”

“I never thought that we should put her in charge of her husband,” said Jenny. “The strain would be too much, at least at the moment.”

“OK then, you play your little games with her and we’ll see,” said Janet. “Which brings us to the subject of Arnold!”

“Ah, the man who is still resisting our training after weeks of punishment.”

“I have rarely seen such fanaticism, it’s such a shame that we have run down the farm this year in preparation for the building work. That’s another thing I can blame Irene for. The farm was separate, why the fuck did she insist, why did I give in? There was no risk in keeping it going!”

Once again, the subject had returned to Irene and how she had ridden roughshod over her partner’s wishes and Janet’s voice took on that petulant edge again.

“Mama, don’t keep getting so upset! When the building work is finished, we can easily put it back in order, let’s get back to Arnold!”

Janet heaved a sigh and settled into the massive chair that had been hers before Irene had become the senior partner.

“You’re right, let’s take the problems one at a time. I have an idea that may be just perfect. Talking about Arnold has reminded me that there is another little problem that needs to be put in order.”

“And?”

“How about, we let Gregory Howard play with Irene. It would bring him on our side in a moment!”

“Oh, that’s clever! Ever since Irene humiliated him at that party and forced him to service Kathy De Vere in front of an audience, he has probably been longing to get his hands on her!”
“It will bring him firmly on our side, that’s for sure, and since we are empty at the moment, there will be no problem with having a man helping train a woman either!”

“Best of all,” added Jenny it will bind him to us and we can use him to solve our other problems as they come up!”

Janet nodded and experienced a small frisson of pleasure at the thought of the degenerate lawyer being filmed punishing Irene. He would be useful to them and provide the perfect tool to break Irene to the point where the Service Academy could move on Irene’s money.

Training and preparing the unwilling was Janet’s oeuvre. Dominating their thoughts, breaking down their mental barriers and twisting them to her ideas of sexual service was a natural talent. Creating perfect maids and slaves for her buyers was what she was rightly famous for. Networking with those buyers and building contacts was her weak suit.

“OK, we’ll do it then,” said Janet, with a sigh of relief. “I’m sure that our pet lawyer will go for it and then we just have to make sure that our grip on him is as tight as was Irene’s.”

“See? We just have to take this a step at a time and with Gregory Howard and his contacts helping us with all of Irene’s old contacts we will soon have the Academy back up and running as it was before!” said Jenny, relieved that her mother seemed to have calmed down.

“Hillary, Arnold, Gregory Howard and Irene and Veronica,” said Jenny, as she checked off the list on her fingers. “That’s all done then! I shall handle Hillary. You concentrate on Arnold and Irene and the rest will follow. I am still not sure that Veronica will move in our direction, though!”

“At first it won’t matter,” said Janet, as she stood and glanced out of the window. “She does not know what happened to Irene and by the time that she does she will have no other course

open to her than to throw in with us. After all, it's the money that keeps her on track, nothing else!"

"I'm not so sure! It's difficult to follow her thoughts and we have no real hold on her either."

Jenny followed her mother's gaze out of the window. Hillary, in all her finery covered by a loose rain coat and holding an umbrella, was watching the builders prepare the moldings for the concrete roof of the underground garage that would eventually be covered by lawns and flowers. The garage that would be the first sight of the Academy for the men and women as they were inducted into slavery.

All that depravity and illegality, concealed by smooth lawns, innocent flowerbeds and pretty features like the secret center of some comic-book villain.

'Irene had certainly known what she was doing! thought Jenny as she watched a cement carrier arrive and position itself at the front of the house. 'I just hope that we can cope with her legacy! '

Cell Three

The occupant of cell three stood by the narrow bed that was the only piece of furniture in her small world. Screwed to the floor and overlaid by a thin pallet, in fact it provided the only feature in the room. Bare concrete walls that were scattered with embedded rings and a ceiling that was lit by a single recessed light that cast the shadows of the grill that covered it on the floor.

Irene could not see the cell and appreciate its bare comforts. The tight hood that had been locked on at her neck was closed, eyes and mouth sealed with zippers that allowed no light to reach her straining eyes. She knew the cell intimately! Oft times she had been the stalking Mistress that had been able to walk free from its oppressive charm. Now she was the victim who tasted permanent residence.

She knew why they had locked her here. She knew what they intended to do to her, at least in general terms, and she knew that there was little hope of escape. The only thing that she had left to offer any hope was the secret of her accounts filled with millions of dollars and her only two real friends in her turbulent life. Veronica and Gudrun!

The boots that had been locked to her feet made her balance uncertain. Just her toes and heels touched the concrete and her arms, bound in a sleeve behind her back, made balancing a painful exercise. Stoically she stood and awaited the next visit from either of the two bitches that had managed to overwhelm her in a moment of unsuspecting weakness.

It would have been easy to curse her own carelessness, but that was not Irene's way of thinking. Instead, she ran over thoughts in her head and tried to imagine all of the mistakes that Miss Jenny or her shit of a mother could make that would see her gain leverage. Her thoughts ran to those that might help her, but she knew that all of her contacts, all of her business partners and all of the people who owed her would in reality be glad if they could see her stricken. When they realized that Miss Irene Clearmont was out of the way they would absorb her interests, steal her fortune and shrug at her misfortune.

She had seen it often enough, she was in a business where 'winner takes all' was the creed lived by all!

Once again, her thoughts turned to Gudrun. Soon she would arrive in New York, unsuspecting and vulnerable to meet with her lover. Would she even manage to escape being in the cell next door? Irene shivered and almost lost her balance before regaining her composure.

So far, in the last three days, she had been mocked and tormented in an almost casual manner. They had told her that Veronica had joined them, but if that was fact, then, where was she? Meanwhile in the next cell she had heard the brutal whipping given to some other victim of their pleasures.

It had to be Arnold, she decided. He was probably the only other person held in the cells and they had no idea, other than sheer pain, on how to break him!

That left just the two bitches, Hillary the frightened housewife and the senior maids in the place who were a threat.

‘What would I do?’ she asked herself as she shuffled a little. ‘What they really want from me is information. Contacts, bank accounts, blackmail victims and investments! When they had those, I am just meat, a middle-aged slut who will would serve out the rest of her life in some perverted way that would reduce me to being just another pain slave to be wanked and frigged over like all the others!’

A sound.

Footsteps outside her cell.

She stood straight. There was no point in resisting like the idiot next door. She had to obey and suffer, all the while holding onto hope and sanity in some corner of her being.

She heard Miss Janet’s voice as the key rattled and the door was opened.

“We have something special for you that I think you will enjoy,” said Miss Janet’s voice as the footsteps walked into the cell.

“Oh my God,” said Gregory Howard’s voice, as soon as he saw the woman who was standing by her bed. “I don’t believe it!”

“Consider it a small gift, an offering for your delectation!” said Miss Janet as she reached out to touch Irene’s breasts with her fingers.

“How I have waited for this,” said Gregory, as he joined Miss Janet. “Is it really Irene?” he asked as he too reached out to touch the rings that had been slipped through the piercings in Irene’s nipples.

There was a small sound as Miss Janet dropped the small canvas bag that she had been carrying to the ground. A slight clink and the muffled thump as the cloth hit the tiles.

Each ring was the size of a wedding band and held a chain from which dangled weights that pulled at the sensitive flesh.

For a moment he hefted the weights as if testing that they really were as heavy as he had expected them to be before letting them drop causing Irene to issue a small grunt that signified her discomfort.

“I want to hear her speak,” he said, still unsure that this could really be the Irene Clearmont that had blackmailed him, forced him to fuck a whale-like Kathy and then had used him mercilessly to further her own ends.

Miss Janet nodded and said, “Say ‘hello’ to your new master!”

Irene hesitated a moment and received a slap that resounded on the tight latex that covered her face.

“I am your slave, Mistress,” she said in a dull voice.

“It really is her!” crowed Gregory with a laugh. “What a turnaround, what a pleasure!”

“We have decided to rearrange our special relationship with you,” said Miss Janet to Gregory. “As a token of this we have decided to put her training in your hands.”

His hands once again played with Irene. They slid from her breasts, where he gave a small tug at the weights and then slid down her naked belly to investigate Irene’s pussy.

“Of course, there are conditions attached, that we shall speak of later, but for now it is enough for you to know that you have free hand to punish her as you like. In fact, all of our resources are at your command, so knock yourself out!”

Gregory’s hand opened the lips of Irene’s slit and played with her large clitoris as he spoke: “It’s almost too good to be true!”

Irene shuddered at the contact and her thighs slightly parted involuntarily as her former associate and victim played with her intimately. She felt excited by this fondling over which she had no control, a quiver of that submissive pleasure at being helplessly abused.

“We are going to get to know each other so well,” said Gregory, as he noticed the slippery sign that his new slave was responding to his teasing.

“I am sure that the pleasure is mutual,” said Miss Janet with a laugh. “She was on the fucking machine for four hours last night so she will be grateful for some real loving whenever you wish to play with her!”

Irene moaned.

She had not imagined that she could fall so quickly into the role that Miss Janet had chosen for her. This was an assault on her determination that she had not envisaged. That pain would not break her, of that Irene had been sure, but this was a development that suddenly made her realize that Miss Janet had been subtle beyond her expectations.

“I’ll leave you two to get to know each other better,” laughed Miss Janet as she watched the helpless Irene shudder towards a climax. “Just make sure that the cell door is locked when you leave! Enjoy!”

Gregory grunted assent and Irene heard the footsteps of Miss Janet leaving the cell. A click of metal tipped heels on the tiles of the floor that echoed in time to her panting breaths.

“Hang a little and think about what awaits you, bitch,” said Janet’s voice from outside Irene’s cell. “In a day or two we shall be beginning the transformation that you will so welcome and thank us for by the time that it reaches completion. You will beg to give us every penny, every cent of your fortune and spend it on making sure that you are well looked after, just like your friend Kathy.”

“Do you like that?” said Gregory, as he strummed Irene’s clitoris with thumb and finger. “Would you like more?”

“Please,” said Irene, as she staggered slightly on her heels.

A sudden open-handed slap to her massive breasts almost made Irene lose her footing and the weights swung, pulling her nipples as they moved.

“Please what?”

“Please give me more, Master,” she said.

“That’s better,” said her tormentor as his hand burrowed through her cunt. “We have lots to discuss and you are going to find out that I am not an unreasonable man.”

Irene climaxed.

Her thighs shuddered as he frigged her with one hand and tugged at her nipples with the other.

“So, like a man, to allow me to cum,” thought Irene. ‘Men are so unsubtle with their pleasures.’ Another thought crossed her mind and she could not resist trying to bend him a little.

“This is being filmed,” she said and then bit her lip as she realized that it would have been better left unsaid for the moment.

There was a brief pause as Gregory left his quivering victim to inspect the cell. Irene heard the door close and the lock being turned and for a moment she wondered if he had left the room. Then she heard him moving around, looking in every corner and over every surface as he searched.

“I doubt it,” he said, as he came back to the faceless woman who was now his plaything.
“There is no camera here, I would see it!”

Irene stayed silent. She knew that the cameras in the cells were undetectable; she had overseen their fitting personally. She decided to leave the subject and concentrate on giving Gregory what he wanted. That way at least the visit would lead to further revelations that might slip out.

Now she heard another sound. A zip being undone, clothes being shed and shoes being kicked off.

“I think that I am going to enjoy fucking you,” said Gregory, breathlessly. “Later we can chat about old times and you are going to tell me a few things that I want to know!”

In the Green Room, above the cell where Gregory and Irene were acting out their little drama, Miss Janet sat on Irene’s former throne and watched the play being acted out.

Kneeling at Miss Janet’s feet was a motionless man who cowered and awaited her orders and on the screen that was raised from the desk was a sight that made Miss Janet smile in satisfaction. After her doubts, here was the proof that she, Miss Janet, was the best there was at playing this intricate game of emotion and domination! There was something that was so piquant about the fact that there were tiers overlapping tiers like an onion that had one layer after the next.

One man lay at Janet’s feet, ready to do her bidding, her direct order to please her, hers to control no matter what indignity she commanded him to perform, while another had been induced to squeeze truths from the woman who had been her partner. And when he was done? She, of course, would reap the benefits and bend him to her will with a grim touch of blackmail that would make him perform almost like the man who was now waiting for her words of dominion.

Then there was the woman who was about to embark on the journey that she had started so many others on. The journey to utter and total slavery that would see her eventually expire at the hands of those who she had encouraged in their deviancy.

After that came all the others, clustered like moths in the distant candlelight, ready to betray for her, please her and then risk eternal damnation by wooing her good graces.

Miss Janet looked down at the man who lay prostrate and offered him her delicately clad foot.

He did not move.

This was a man who needed a direct order at every phase of his service.

A man who had been so completely broken that he would destroy himself at her command should she desire it.

“Lick!” she ordered.

He did not even look up at her, but crawled forward to follow her command. She could not feel the tongue and lips that caressed her stilettos, but knowing that it was there was enough.

A movement on the screen attracted Miss Janet’s attention at this point. For the last five minutes Gregory Howard had played with Irene’s breasts. He had pulled the rings, pinched her nipples and squeezed the firm flesh while he gloated over her helplessness. Then he had pushed her to fall onto the bed.

Irene fell backwards and banged her latex hooded head on the wall.

‘I have to get Gregory to shave her head,’ she thought to herself as she realized that the blow was probably softened by the long plait that had been curled around her head as she was put in the hood. ‘He’ll like her like that.’

His hands reached down and picked up her ankles by the rings that hung from the punishment boots. For a moment he looked at the wall and Miss Janet imagined that she knew what was going through his mind.

‘How can I fix the bitch here?’

He cast his eyes around the room and then at the delicious cunt that he was prizing open and dropped the ankles to the floor.

Miss Janet leaned forward and flicked on the sound and then sat back in the chair allowing herself to slide a little as she did so. This was going to be fun! Yes, he had noticed it, the bag that she had left, just for this eventuality.

She watched with pleasure as Gregory squatted by the bag. His prick curved up in a total erection, his breath came in small pants as he struggled to withstand the delay. His balls hung heavy and loose as he tipped the contents of the bag to the floor and made a small sound that was really just a murmur of satisfaction.

Rope, piles of clasps, clips and hooks, a dildo and fetters. A short crop and a small box, lengths of chain and gags of various types. He lined them up and looked back at Irene stricken on the bed as he did so. Carefully, Gregory sorted out the items and ordered them as he chuckled to himself.

“She’s a clever bitch,” he said to himself as he picked up some lengths of chain. “Janet must have been reading my thoughts!”

Miss Janet frowned at his words, one more reason that a man could not become too important to the Academy. How dare he?

She regained her mood as Gregory began the interesting job of trussing his helpless sex slave into position. First, he lifted her legs and chained the ankles to a couple of rings in the wall. She lay on her back with her ass exposed, but Gregory realized that her legs were not parted enough for easy access, so he moved them to two other rings that suited his purpose better. Now Irene was spread with her quivering legs in a virtual split that stretched her to her limit.

Miss Janet shuddered at the sight of the crudity of Gregory’s need as he bound Irene’s breasts with the thongs that he had found in the bag. Slowly, and pulling the rope tight at every turn, he wound a turn tied off the leather cord and moved half an inch to begin the next until both breasts were so tightly bound with the thongs that they pointed from her chest like towers of flesh that bulged at the gap between each black line.

As he worked, he muttered to Irene, words that Miss Janet could not hear, but she could hear the moans that came from Irene. Plaintive small cries that signaled her agony as each thong was tightened with the strength of his hands.

Miss Janet looked down at the man licking her shoes. Her heels were between his lips as he sucked on them and then moved to clean the soles of her shoes.

“Please me and then make me climax when I give the word, but not before!” Miss Janet ordered before turning her attention back to the screen.

The man’s hands slid up her calves as he smoothly moved from one phase of her gratification to the next. He knew her well and was determined to show her that he was more than obedient.

On the screen, Miss Janet watched the next phase of Irene’s demolition. Gregory had turned to the clips that she had included in the bag. He carefully attached them to the lips of her pussy and then used a few more of the thongs to stretch them wide and pull her open like an orchid of defenseless flesh. The small ring that pierced the base of her clitoris made Gregory stop for a moment as he played with it.

As the male slave’s hand massaged Miss Janet’s thighs and his lips worked their way slowly up her muscular legs, she saw Gregory add the final touch to his bondage fantasy. He opened all three zips on Irene’s mask and fitted the metal ring gag that he had chosen to fit her with. Irene’s tongue moved in that blank hole as Gregory admired his work. His fingers traced the taut flesh of her breasts as it slowly turned purple, they traced their way from her open mouth

to her brutally forced pussy and then rubbed against her ass hole.

“Now what’s it to be Irene?” he said, as he squatted down between her wide spread legs and inspected her intimately. “Fucked in the ass, that delicate little bleached flower, or should it be the holy of holies, that cunt that is dripping with your need for my cock?”

He stood and looked down on her and enjoyed the sight of her like some marionette, some sort of fuck doll, that he was about to play with.

“Cunt, ass, cunt, ass, cunt? I wonder...”

The first touch on her own open cunt made Miss Janet gasp in shock. She had been so involved in Gregory and Irene’s little drama that her own had almost faded into the background. A finger had opened Miss Janet for attention and a tongue gently soothed her inner lips with soothing strokes. The contrast between Irene’s suffering at Gregory’s hands and her own pleasure was so gratifying!

Gregory bent and picked up the smallest of the dildos that he found and went back to his exposed victim.

“Would you like to lick it first, bitch?” he asked Irene.

Clearly, she nodded and put out her tongue. She could see the ridged glass object in his hand and knew what was to come. There was good reason that Gregory had chosen the smallest and she knew that what was to come would be an ordeal.

He held up the glass rod and ran his fingers over the ridges that spiraled around its length and said, “Maybe after it has probed you, Irene. Maybe then, I will allow you to suck it clean!”

Irene made a sound that might have been a plea, but he was already pushing the glass rod against her ass. It entered slowly and Gregory allowed her to adapt to it. There was no sense in damaging his bitch yet! That would come when the questions started, then he would destroy the bitch and leave nothing left over but a mewling bag of skin that Miss Janet would be forced to dispose of for no gain. He pushed and watched Irene’s face. Her expression was hidden, but she gurgled over the ring gag and then screwed her eyes closed.

This was better than he had ever imagined it would be.

Once inside, Gregory gently twisted the glass rod, winding the screw-like ridges as the rod disappeared. Turn by turn it slid inside Irene’s ass, opening it slowly, but with utter force. She cried out once and then gasped as the final turn ensured that all ten inches was buried deep inside.

“That’s better, Irene. Now you have one hole filled, leaving me with two to choose from for my cock,” he said, as his hands went to his cock and held it rigid.

Never before had Gregory felt this huge and stiff.

As he placed the tip on the edge of Irene’s cunt, he paused a moment. This was a moment to be savored, a moment to be relished and remembered and then he pushed suddenly home.

As Irene squealed with shock, Miss Janet lowered her hands to guide her own slave to ream her with his tongue. She felt his long tongue probe her and then he lapped at her with those small sideways strokes that always brought her to a peak. Her legs lifted and she placed her stilettoed feet on his thighs. It would add a little more urgency to his exertions as Miss Janet felt the quivers in her thighs cause her heels to gouge her obedient slave-lover’s thighs.

In cell number three Gregory was slowly fucking his most bitter enemy. His hard prick reamed her as his hands slapped her tightly bound breasts. His fingernails scratched at her and then slapped her again and again in a rhythm with the deep strokes that pushed him deep into her.

“Look at me Irene,” he ordered as he noticed that her eyes were still closed despite the fact that the zips were open. “Tell me to fuck you harder, tell me that you want to suck the juices off my cock when I am done, tell me that you want more pain, more torture...”

His voice broke with the intensity of climax as Irene tried to speak through the gag, but what her words were, Miss Janet in the Green Room and Gregory in her cell could not tell. He just knew that it was the best orgasm he had ever had. His hands pinched her breasts and pulled at the rings that pierced her nipples, he thrust and then gave in to the shudders that always came when his cock spilled its load.

Miss Janet watched, totally absorbed. She enjoyed the agony and the ecstasy that was played out on the screen before her in real time. Gregory was so crude, so primal in his lusts. No self-control, even though in his head he had taken his time. No finesse, even as he thought that he was so subtle and most of all he had none of the tenderness, that false concern and deceitful love that a woman could lend to the act of destruction.

With a tap of the hand and a word, Miss Janet, ordered up her own banquet of orgasm. A gentle hum that filled the senses. Feminine and delicate it opened like a rose and then filled her with its sumptuous scent of gratification. A tongue that probed deep into her, a finger that barely moved at her clitoris, but knew just how to tease her to climax. Finally, the slave dared to place a finger at the bud of her ass and stroke the palpitating entrance, a trick that she so adored, especially when, after it was all over the slave lapped and teased her there as she came down from the heights. Sure enough, the tongue pulled from her and left a small trail on its way to her ass. It pushed a little, not too much, and then lips and tongue soothed her as she

dug her heels into her slave with a small twist.

That the slave did not even hesitate as she gouged him, but continued to please her was a sure sign that she had trained him well. It was her pleasure that was imperative, his was to serve and delight without fail.

On the screen the drama played out its end.

Irene found herself sucking that cock into her mouth. She could taste herself and him on the softening prick. A familiar taste and an unpleasant dressing. Finally, he dismounted and stood regarding her.

“Just one little thing,” he said, as he leaned over and closed all the zips, once again blinding her and sealing his cum into her mouth as he did so.

He took the crop in his hands and thrashed the object of his lust with a will. Stroke after powerful stroke rained down on her. Exposed thighs and ass. Pussy and bound breasts. The only place he did not strike was her masked face. Not because he did not want to cut her there, but because he wanted to see the marks that he left. Gregory wanted to see them appear in all their livid glory. Finally, he threaded a thong through the rings on Irene’s nipples and slowly tightened the loop. Inch by inch the loop drew the nipples together until they were almost touching before he stopped admiring his ingenuity and the pain that he was inflicting.

When he left the cell, Irene was still bound and trussed. Her legs were straight over her head, her breasts, with the nipples linked, stood like ridged fruit ready to be picked. Tears filled the mask and the glass dildo was still deep inside her body. Another dildo stood from her clasped pussy, one end deep inside, the other chained to hold her from pushing it out.

Miss Janet still sat on her chair, the male slave gently caressing her ass, thighs and pussy with soothing strokes of his tongue as she dreamily watched Irene on the screen.

Despite the crudity of Gregory’s revenge, it had been a lesson in brutal degradation.

How could Gregory possibly know that he had come so close to discovering a weakness in Irene when he had first forced her to climax and then dispersed all of that advantage by savaging her?

She might submit, but she would never break with fear and pain! His one chance of forcing her secrets from her throat had blown in the wind when he had caned her.

An Evening Visit Downstairs

Hillary sat silent a little withdrawn while mother and daughter quipped and talked about the day that they had just spent.

She herself had spent the day on the site, watching the pouring of hundreds of tons of concrete while dressed like a superior and sensual schoolmarm. Stared at by the men who worked on the site. Not a few having noticed the laces that held her shoes on and the sheer nylons that went with the pencil skirt and loose silk top.

And that was it.

Miss Jenny had not paid her any attention at all whilst she got her splendid shoes muddy and the nylons were ruined! Miss Janet had disappeared on some business matter with that incredibly slimy lawyer of theirs, Gregory Howard while Miss Jenny had driven away in her sports car without even telling Hillary where she had gone. She had been ignored.

‘All in all, a wasted day,’ thought Hillary as she watched Miss Jenny making some joke about that oaf, Gregory.

Finally, the conversation ground to a halt. Miss Janet wanted to tell her daughter about the events with Irene in cell three and Miss Jenny wanted all the details.

The problem was Hillary!

She was not yet to be taken into the inner circle, but on the other hand she could not be just ordered out of the room!

“Are you ready for bed?” asked Miss Jenny of Hillary.

Hillary misunderstood the question and perked up visibly. The snubbed woman who had spent her day in the rain on the building site regained her interest in the conversation. An hour making love to Miss Jenny’s delicious body would be such a tonic!

“When you are,” replied Hillary. “I wanted to dress especially for you today, so I’ll go up and do it now for playtime!”

Miss Jenny smiled and realized the misunderstanding.

“I have a few things to discuss with Mama before I come up, but I’ll be about an hour!”

Miss Jenny expected to see Hillary’s face fall with disappointment. She would have preferred to sleep with one of the maids tonight. Punishing them was so satisfying after a day in which

the bank manager had hinted that the state of the Academy's overdraft had to be discussed, a day in which she had missed the delicious sight of Gregory fucking Irene's ass with a dildo and caning her until she wept.

It was, after all, one thing to watch it as a recording, quite another to see it live, as it happened.

"An hour? That's perfect, I'll get the maid, you won't believe what I have for you!"

With that last comment, Hillary tripped out of the room and spoke to the maid that was always on duty in the foyer. The two women, mother and daughter, heard the imperious tone of voice and smiled at each other. Hillary was not ready for real responsibility, but she was starting to take to her position like a duck to water.

"I want the maid in my bedroom in less than two minutes," said Hillary.

"Yes Madame."

"Less than two minutes or I'll punish her myself before handing her over to Miss Janet!"

Two sounds came to the ears of the listeners. One was the steady slow 'click' as Hillary headed upstairs. The other was the chittering and clattering of a hobbled woman running on marble in ballet boots as the duty maid rushed to pass on the message.

"She's coming along," said Jenny. "Let's hope the maid is late and then we'll see what she considers to be punishment!"

"Yes, she is coming along, but threatening the maid with me was a weak move. You'd better tell her that if she wants to use authority, then it had better be her own!"

Finally, there was quiet and Miss Jenny looked at her watch.

"Let's go down and take a look at cell three," she said, as she stood. "I was planning to let out my steam on one of the maids tonight, now I'll have to calm down."

"Your responsibility, your call! Maybe you can combine the maid being late and a little pleasure with Hillary!"

As the two walked out of the Red Room they saw the door from the slave's quarters open and a maid dashed from the shadows.

"Stop!" shouted Miss Janet. "How dare you run in my house?"

"I'm sorry, Mistress," said the Maid in contrite tones.

“You will wait here for two minutes and then continue on your way,” said Miss Janet with a small smile. “Next time I will be attending to you personally, you can count yourself lucky that I have no time to punish you here and now!”

The slave curtsied as the two-woman walked past her and stood stock still in the place where she had stopped.

As Miss Janet opened the door to the cells with her keys she said, “That was so perfect! Now Little Miss Hillary will have to punish her. I think that we should force her into situations with recalcitrant slaves more often. It will do her good to realize that she has to stay on top of them!”

The two women laughed as they descended to the cells, the door closing but not locking behind them.

“First we must briefly look in on Arnold,” said Miss Janet, “and then we can deal with the occupant of cell three.”

The door opened and the light came on. Arnold was sitting on the small iron bed that he had been given, a chain ran to a hole in the ceiling from his wrists. As the light came on, he glared at the two women who came into his cell.

“You will stand when a woman enters the room,” said Miss Janet in a soft voice to the man who obstinately stayed seated on the bed.

“I would never stand for whores,” he said through gritted teeth. “You think that the flesh is weak, but I shall mortify my body and still stay strong in spirit, I shall never be torn from the path of the Lord.”

Miss Janet stared to laugh.

“You have no choice my dear little fuck-slave!” she said through her tears.

There was a slight whining noise from the ceiling and his chains were winched towards the ceiling. Arnold tried to pull back, but the pull was too strong, it dragged him from the bed until his hands were above his head and he was dancing in the shiny stilettos that had been locked onto his feet.

“That’s better,” said Miss Janet as the winch stopped pulling and she pulled the remote control from her pocket. “Now we can discuss your behavior. You might think that the worst that we can do to you is to beat you and tease you to orgasm?”

“That will not work on me,” said Arnold, in a low voice that he imagined to be menacing, but

came out as a stutter.

“Well, I have decided that you are really not suitable as a man. I have decided that you might be going to become a nice little sissy slut for the enjoyment of any man that likes that sort of thing!”

As she spoke her hand snaked out and grabbed his cock. At her touch and maybe before, it started to stiffen until his impressive organ lay in her hand, her thumb playing over the tip with a slow friction.

“That’s better,” she said in a silky voice. “Now then, perhaps we need to start again with our relationship? Would you like that Arnold? Surely you don’t want to end up as something that is neither man nor woman, do you?”

Miss Jenny watched her mother talk to Arnold and marveled at how she managed to keep the anger out of her voice. Obviously, she had decided to try a new tack altogether with Arnold, silken threats with cajoling and a hint of enticement.

Arnold was about to answer Miss Janet, but she put a finger on his lips to still his voice. All the while she played with the tip of his cock and rubbed it smoothly as she did so.

“Don’t answer me now, I’ll tell you what! You think about it for the night and when you wake up nice and fresh, we’ll discuss the whole business then, how about that?”

Arnold nodded and strained to look down at what Miss Janet was doing with his cock. Miss Jenny realized that this was the critical moment. If Arnold did not struggle to get free now, he might never manage to free himself as he became twined with the coils of his training.

For a moment it seemed as if Arnold was about to engage in a rant. He drew in breath, he stared at Miss Janet wild eyed. Miss Jenny held her breath, but Miss Janet smiled and smoothed her palms over that massive erection. Finally, he managed to speak.

“Please don’t stop!”

It was the first almost polite word that they had heard from Arnold.

“I’m afraid that I do not have time to spend with you tonight, Arnold, but tomorrow I will come again and so, I am sure, will you if you want to discuss your future here. After all, I surely cannot let a man of your intelligence slip by, can I?”

He looked down again at her hand as it retreated from his cock. An almost contrite look came over his face as the hand left him high and dry.

“Tomorrow, Arnold, tomorrow I’ll be back and I’ll make sure that you are satisfied, totally satisfied! All you have to do is to allow it to happen.”

She pulled the remote control from her pocket and allowed the winch to slacken a little.

“I’m sure that you, of all people, can understand that I cannot allow you to use words like those that you did to me earlier without some sort of mark of disapproval,” she said in her smooth pleasant voice. “I have gone against my better instincts, but I have to have respect. You do understand that, don’t you?”

Arnold nodded and looked at her hand as if hoping that it would once again massage him as he needed.

“Very good. Tonight, you will stand for me, tomorrow I shall make sure that you get the use of the bed. If you are a good boy!”

Her hand made a slight move. The fingers curled until they touched the thumb and she moved the hand slightly up and down. Miss Jenny realized that the interview was over and turned to leave the room followed by Miss Janet.

The last thing said to Arnold was by Miss Janet: “Lights on or off?”

“Off please.”

The light went off and the door was closed, leaving Arnold to puzzle out if he was being clever in giving a littler ground to the whore of Babylon, or if he was staring to yearn for her touch.

That sinful bitch!

In the corridor Miss Janet stood with one hand on the wall and smiled at her daughter.

“That went better than I thought that it would. I think that once I have him in hand, he will move in any direction that I want,” said Miss Janet.

“Are you really thinking of turning that lump into a sissy maid,” laughed Miss Jenny. “I mean he is the most unfeminine man I have ever met!”

“Don’t confuse actions and physical traits,” said Miss Janet. “He is masculine mainly because of his strong beliefs and not his looks. Once he is willing, he will be perfect, after all he has such shapely legs!”

Miss Jenny shrugged a little and then smiled.

“It seems that I have always more to learn!”

“Each of us has a different approach that comes from the wellspring of our beliefs,” said Miss Janet in motherly tone, putting a hand on her daughter’s shoulder. “I remember when you sold that useless husband of yours to that brothel in Venezuela. For me that was the moment that you found yourself and showed that you can be hard enough if you need to be.”

The two women looked at the door to cell three.

Behind that door was the woman who had outstripped them both in ruthlessness.

Now it was she was bound and suffering.

It was, however, time to let her loose from the tight bondage that Gregory Howard had imposed.

“No words,” said Miss Janet as she held a finger to her lips. “Only silence. We are just here to make sure that she is not damaged permanently. At least until we have all we want from the bitch. Then I’ll allow Gregory to do what he really wants to do to the cow!”

“What he really wants to do?”

“He is a weak man who relishes the pain of others to fill a hole in his pathetic ego. There is no trace of even pleasure for him with Irene, did you not watch the video of him fucking her?” said Miss Janet. “His aim is for us to allow him to fuck her to death while he wrings every dollar from her wealth! If we don’t allow him, then he will surely buy her by proxy and ensure that he takes every last gasp from her body.”

“Jesus, the last thing that we need here is a snuff movie!”

“Oh, don’t worry about that on Irene’s part! You know the story of how she and Greta, that shemale demon, killed Denise’s husband so that she and Kathy could get her hands on the fortune that was left to her. They set up a little scene and he climaxed as he shuddered his last breath! They called her the ‘Grey Widow’ behind her back after that. He died and Miss Clearmont got all the contents of the will with Kathy out of her way. Miss Irene Clearmont is no stranger to the extremes of our business and we must live with it. Who knows what happens to all the men and women we sell?”

Miss Jenny smiled and then shivered.

“It’s really quite simple,” said Miss Janet to her daughter, “none of them reach old age! Who wants an old sex slave, who looks after a sex-slave who is ill rather than just getting a fresh one? It is our burden, our luck and our pleasure to be served by young women and men who

spend their best years on gratifying our every whim. I would not give it up for anything, that pleasure that comes when people finally do all the things that they dread, just for my personal indulgence.”

“You are becoming like Irene!”

“I could never become that avaricious,” said Miss Jenny’s mother with a laugh. “She is so very greedy for money and power. Sex is just her tool.”

Her hand opened the door to cell three and the two of them looked at the bizarre figure that sat with her feet in the air. The spiked heels of her punishment shoes pointing straight up in the air. Ropes, chains and cord bound Irene, her breasts were almost a bruised blue and the two women could hear her gasping for breath as she fought to overcome the pain of her constriction. The hum of the vibrator in her dry cunt was a background sound that nagged at the senses as the blinded marionette turned her head towards the door with a blank look that was just a smooth featureless doll’s face.

With her hands, Miss Janet pointed at Irene’s breasts and produced a small pair of nail scissors that she passed to Miss Jenny.

As Miss Jenny cut the thongs that ringed the breasts and separated the nipples that were pulled together by another piece of leather thong, Miss Janet carefully slipped out the vibrator from that dry pussy. She found the small tub of lubricant jell that she had left Gregory and smoothed it over the huge object.

At every cut of a thong, Irene groaned as the circulation was restored. She shifted slightly and mumbled into her gag with a tired whimper and then stiffened when Miss Janet pushed the lubricated vibrator back into her with a small smile. When that was done, she gave the glass object in Irene’s rear another twist. Another half turn to force it an additional few millimeter into her victim.

Finally, Miss Janet was satisfied that Irene was ready for the night. She silently blew a kiss and slapped the cheeks of her ass. Irene’s soft skin was marred by a dozen welts that striped vivid purple across every exposed part of her. Witness to the beating that she had received at the end of Gregory’s rape of his enemy. Her breasts were regaining their color but, the ringed bruises decorated her milky skin.

Tomorrow would bring more, the day after would add to the pain and then Irene would be ready to be rescued by Miss Janet, saved from the terrible attentions of Gregory Howard. Irene would gush her thanks, her need and her surrender! She would spill her secrets and then, of course, be tossed back to pitiless Gregory! After all he only wanted to enjoy disposing of her, and what he was paying for, he had the right to enjoy, so why not?

Miss Janet switched off the light and closed the door carefully.

“He’ll want another go tomorrow,” she said.

“I’ll make sure that I don’t miss it,” said Miss Jenny in reply

“We’ll watch together!”

Hillary lay in a half sleep, the rest of exhaustion that did not allow sleep, but kept the door of her mind open, thinking thoughts, hoping hopes and confusing the night with woken dreams.

By her side lay Miss Jenny, curled in satisfied slumber, breathing steadily with quiet exhalations. Satisfied slumber, because tonight Hillary had taken another step on the way towards her goal of joining her hosts at the trough of their decadent and deviant lives. Hillary just lay and initially reviewed her success.

Often, she had lay in the dark by Arnold’s side and reviewed her life. In all those long reveries of introspection she had never realized how many other alternatives were actually open to her. Now her eyes were opening and she was leaping across the gap between a wistful and guided life to becoming a woman who might well soon be able to do whatever she wanted. If her dreams were large enough and the women that supplied the means allowed her into the door then she would flower. One thing was sure, when the door was finally opened and wide, Hillary would leap through the opening and no one would ever be able to contain her again.

She could not sleep!

Dressed as a maid, one of the household slaves, Hillary had managed to make two things plain to Miss Jenny. The first was that she was prepared to join this lifestyle, in fact that she was moving fast and with a sure touch. The other was a message that was more subliminal. By assuming the costume of one of the household maids she was offering fealty and subservience to her lover. A twist of the mirror and she could be one of the maids and really obliged to serve Miss Jenny in ways more intimate than she might well desire.

So, this night, Miss Jenny had served the ‘maid’ a portion of pleasure whilst the ‘maid’ had returned the favor with real feeling.

Hillary slowly got out of the bed and stood in the moonlight looking down at Miss Jenny. She was beautiful, attractive and delicious all rolled into one dangerous package that offered delight balanced by a dark side that had no compassion. Jenny was also immature, infantile and in a strange way, helpless. Hillary looked down at that perfect form and decided that she could never really ‘love’ Miss Jenny Klein. She could never feel for her the way that she had

felt for Arnold when she had first met him. She could never really feel a surge of emotion overpowering her senses. The best it would ever get had already been passed.

Sex, pleasure and overwhelming lust!

That was the limit, but Miss Jenny, living amidst a welter of pain and submission, power and gratification, could not see what she herself was.

Just an empty shell that sucked the life of those around her with a fury that was dedicated to filling her voids with the anguish of others.

‘But, that said,’ said Hillary to herself with as small sigh, ‘I need Jenny to climb the steps and find my own way. I want everything that she has, all the greed, all the lust and gratification, but I want it iced with love. I want to find the perfect partner, the complimentary equal that will make me whole.’

She decided that she could not sleep. At least not in the maid’s uniform that was so constricting. She would go to the bathroom and shed the frills and silk, the heels and stockings and then have a shower while she enjoyed a secret feeling of accomplishment.

There was no doubt that getting the maid to supply a uniform had been genius on her part.

And then she had cleverly punished the maid for her lateness.

Then, when the slave-maid got back to her station soaked from the shower it would be the chief maid that would punish her terribly.

That way Hillary avoided having to deal out punishment, at the moment she had no idea what it should be.

‘I’ll learn that!’ she thought. ‘I’ll have them quaking in their heels!’

The nail stilettoed shoes were high and made her wobble on the soft pile of the carpet. The dress was so short that any slight air movement passed over her naked pussy and her breasts threatened to spill at every step.

She opened the door to the bathroom and stepped inside before turning on the light. It was thus that she found that she had inadvertently opened the wrong door and was again in the corridor outside the bedroom at night. This time she was in the uniform of the maids that were always underway in the background.

Hillary was about to turn back. After all, she remembered the exploration that had been commented on by Miss Janet all those weeks ago and had no intention of getting into her ‘bad

books.' Everywhere was filled with cameras, every nook and cranny was recorded.

On the other hand, she was dressed as a servant and had a good excuse as to why.

Without realizing the risks of being caught, Hillary went to the balcony overlooking the foyer. The place where she had watched Miss Clearmont being subdued. For a moment she stood, a silent shadow in the dark before she decided that taking in a breath of air at the front of the house was not an offense and headed down the stairs. The stairs were marble, but with small embroidered squares of carpet down the center in a thin strip.

She had taken four steps when there was the noise of a door opening in the foyer below.

Not the front door, nor the entrances to the Green and Red rooms, but a door that could only be a route to the cellars.

Hillary stood still, she squatted a little and her black uniform was hidden in the shadows. A wedge of light spread over the marble floor of the foyer and a maid exited the door with a bucket in her hand.

For a moment Hillary caught a whiff of excrement and then the door had been closed and the maid was gone into the servant's door.

Obviously, there was cleaning up going on all the time, but the contents of the bucket showed that there were slaves below, in the cellars and dungeons as well as in the maid's quarters.

Hillary waited.

She sat on the steps and waited until perhaps ten minutes had passed and then headed down the stairs. Even though it was clear that she was allowed to get a breath of fresh air, she knew in her heart of hearts that being caught 'sneaking' around at night would lead to some punishment, though what it could take the form of, she did not have the imagination to conceive, yet!

The door opened.

The latch had been left off!

She stood a moment on the edge of the first stair and headed down. This was sheer compulsion, inner instinct that drove her on. It never occurred to Hillary that the maid could return at any moment and that the reason that the door had been left off the latch was the maid simply being lazy and complacent because she was shortly to return.

A corridor, tiled and bare of ornament led from the bottom of the steps. Doors, metal faced

and forbidding were the only exits apart from the stairs. This was a cul-de-sac, a dead end that she could be caught in at any moment. The first door was just two steps away and Hillary was drawn to it. Carefully she slid the small metal circle from over the eyehole and looked into the brightly lit cell.

A lens gave her a fish-eyed view of the room and all there was to be seen was a low metal bed. The cell was unoccupied. She listened a moment and then moved to the second door. That cell too was empty, just bare tiles and a light that burned the back of the retina with its icy clarity.

The third cell was occupied!

A woman was chained to the wall in a contorted position. Her bare flesh was scored by countless lines where she had received a savage beating. Her breasts were festooned with weights hung from her nipples and her head was sealed into a mask that hugged her features. Locked into place, blinded and made voiceless by a suffocating and claustrophobic mask.

Hillary drew a breath when she saw the reality of Miss Jenny's world.

The victim had legs wide, a huge dildo protruded from between the woman's thighs. Wrists and ankles were fettered and held wide, while ropes circled the middle-aged woman and held her in a position that was designed to be not just uncomfortable, but agony.

Hillary knew instinctively that this was Irene, the Miss Clearmont that she had met briefly. Then, she had been an imperious power, a force to be afraid of. In her present position she was a piece of meat that had suffered and would clearly suffer more.

She, who had been the Imperatrix in her citadel, had fallen below the lowest maid in authority!

Hillary slid the viewing port closed.

Had she but known it, the next cell was the resting place of her husband. She would have seen the man who had ejected her from her own house, the man who had turned her parents against her. The man who valued his God over his wife. But, the vision of Irene, the woman in the latex mask, had filled her with a feeling that was at odds with her determination to join the mistresses of this house and become a manipulator of human meat.

Now she realized the danger that she was in should she be caught. She would be in a cell with every orifice filled, every inch of her perfect skin sliced by a whip and awaiting more of the same and worse!

In a cold sweat she headed up the stairs.

For a moment she was tempted to listen for the returning maid, but there was nowhere to go anyway if she stayed on the stairs. So, she opened the door and walked slowly up the stairs. A quick walk made her heels scrape. A hurried walk would attract attention on the cameras; any urgency would doom her to a cell if she was caught. Hillary never heard the maid return, she slowly opened the door and slipped into her room.

The room was dark, but she did not switch on the light. Hillary simply slipped off her shoes and got between the sheets. A chill of fear filled her with trembling that she slowly overcame as she thought about what she had seen. The thought came to her that she too would have to learn to enjoy the feeling of power over others so much that she too could be ruthless enough to extract gratification from total dominance.

She lay there under the sheets and slipped into a slumber that was unsettled by what she had seen in the cells.

An unsettled sleep that worked at Hillary's mental integrity.

When Hillary awoke, light streamed into her room where the maid had opened the heavy curtains. A tray with breakfast awaited her. The smell of coffee filled her senses, the perfect legs and rounded ass of the slave-maid were perfectly still and outlined against the light. A small triangle of light sparkled where thighs parted and met the tender lips of her pussy.

The soft molded slit of the maid that divided the mound of her sex. The breasts that were rounded upwards and the severe clinched waist that made the hips flare at the midriff.

Perfection that was there to be enjoyed, misused, abused or used for pleasure. The pleasure of the eye, the pleasure of the power, the pleasure of excess and most of all, the sheer unadulterated pleasure of sexual dominance.

All this while, in the depth of the Service Academy, Irene was prepared by a maid for the next visit of Gregory. Hillary bit into her toast and enjoyed the butter that ran with honey. She also enjoyed her bitter coffee and knew finally that this was what she wanted. Whatever the risk.

And whatever the price paid by others!

The question that moved in Hillary's head was: 'I know too much, how can I leverage her knowledge to gain advantage? How can I open the doors into this strange but enticing world?'

Her thoughts went to the woman in the cell and the cards that she had found in her bag.

And, thereby they considered Veronica.

Arrivals and Suspicions

The door slid open again to allow another small group of tourists into the main hall of the airport.

Following behind them was a tall woman in a black suit and high heels carrying just a small overnight bag.

Veronica was back in New York.

For a moment she stood and checked out the crowd of people awaiting relatives and business contacts before slipping to the left and finding a seat in the small café just a few yards away.

The waitress took her order for an espresso and she sat back to observe the crowds of people who were just drifting slowly or moving with resolution in frantic motion.

This was Veronica's world, a world of people in movement, each of them potential prey should she decide that they fitted the descriptions in her mental list of victims. In fact, La Guardia Airport had been the scene of several 'inductions' that she had organized in the past. That of course had changed, once CCTV had been installed a few years back.

Just the same, to Veronica, a large airport was a like a shopping mall.

Plentiful strangers and easy opportunity.

The coffee arrived and she sipped at it thoughtfully as she considered the meaning of the telephone calls that she had received just before she had embarked on the flight from Oklahoma.

The first had been from Gudrun, a woman that she had just met a couple of times in the presence of Irene.

The second had been just a little atypical and had to have a meaning.

Firstly, Gudrun, in her German accent had explained that she would have to delay visiting Irene, and would Veronica mind passing on the message, since she was finding difficulty in reaching her friend?

In her usual curt way, Veronica had replied that she would speak to Irene and tell her.

There was no casual chitchat to be had from Veronica, just a simple assent.

That second call though, she decided, was definitely uncharacteristic!

As Veronica had taken her phone from her handbag, she had noticed that the call was from Irene. It was not often that Irene called Veronica's personal mobile at all, because calls were always made from public phones unless the need was urgent. In those cases, a disposable mobile was the means of contact. The other reason for concern was that there had been no sound from the other telephone. Just silence!

However, the call had been made from the Academy, to Veronica's private phone.

Veronica sat a while and considered the circumstances. Just a week ago Irene had indicated that she was dissatisfied with the way things were going at the Academy and now after a week of silence came this strange call. She considered the various permutations that could lead to the two calls and eventually decided that there were grounds for caution.

Thoughtfully she finished the coffee and considered calling her friend. Perhaps the phone had just called a stored number by accident? On the other hand, there was the call from Gudrun to consider. As far as Veronica knew, Gudrun was the only really close friend of Irene. In fact, Irene had possibly only two genuine friends; Veronica and Gudrun and if Gudrun called Veronica personally then there was, perhaps, real cause for alarm.

She made her way to the taxi rank while considering her options.

Normally, Veronica would have headed straight for the Academy, but in the end, she directed the taxi to a small Hotel in Manhattan and checked in with one of the prepared identities that she always used when she was running a snatch.

Should she call Irene?

The more that she thought about the matter the more she thought that investigation was a better path of action. In Veronica's precarious line of work, caution and patience always won out in the end. It was the secret of her survival!

Hotel Globe was not a hotel that could have been described as luxurious by any stretch of the imagination, but it provided anonymity with the security of being off the street level as well as a central location that well suited Veronica's needs.

First, she made a couple of calls to contacts and then she spent a couple of hours making up for the fact that she had carried no personal items with her. Clothes needed to be bought and she added binoculars and a few tools to the list. Finally, a visit to the strong box in her bank provided a slim Beretta and a wad of hundred-dollar notes that would allow her to move with the anonymity that she needed.

Veronica took just twenty-thousand of the three hundred thousand that were in the slim steel drawer.

It would be enough for the moment, she calculated.

Veronica arrived an intended ten minutes late to her appointment. A person who arrived on time to a meeting was one who had nothing else to do. It also allowed her to observe the man who was to meet her before she approached.

Despite the fact that Henry Florian had worked for Veronica countless times, she had always made sure that he never took part in any illegal activity. He was just the P.I. who watched, recorded and reported to her on the movements and backgrounds of possible victims. This time, though, might be different!

There was, perhaps, a great deal at stake.

She watched the movements of the other people and finally decided that he was alone before she walked to the table and sat down opposite.

Henry just nodded acknowledgement of her presence and sipped his coffee. Veronica was perhaps his best client, one of the few who came back time and time again and gave new business. She never seemed flustered, an attractive woman whose business that he could not fathom. Today she was dressed casually, the first time that he had seen her in jeans and trainers. Nevertheless, her makeup was perfect and her long nails were manicured to fine points as usual. As usual he waited for her to begin.

“I am looking for someone...” she said with a thin smile. “Someone that might be difficult to trace!”

He lifted a hand in enquiry, signaling her to continue. It suited Henry to act as calm and as collected as possible in every case; it always gave the impression of competence and composure to the client.

“This woman flew in to New York just three days ago. I have the details here.”

Veronica took a paper from her pocket and unfolded it, before pushing it over the table.

“I can be almost certain that she took a taxi and probably headed for Long Island,” she continued as Henry picked up the paper that she had passed to him and inspected the name and details. “Then she disappeared.”

“Mmm,” said Henry, “So, you want me to locate her, or possibly contact her with some message?”

“Just find her and pass me the details.”

“The usual fee,” he muttered, as he memorized the handwritten note and passed the paper back to Veronica. “A thousand retainer and two hundred a day, plus expenses. Do you think that it will take more than two weeks?”

“I hope not,” said Veronica with a grim expression, “this is very urgent so I ‘ll offer you a bonus for information if you can finish in twenty-four hours!”

“This is a little different from the normal routine,” he said, “but, a change is as good as a rest. Is there anything else that I should know?”

“Only that I might need your help again once you have found her and it might require a little unlawful activity,” she replied.

“We’ll see when we get there,” he said, as he stood up. “By the way, the coffee was your first expense; the waitress was the one with red hair!”

She pulled an envelope from her jeans and passed it to him.

“The next week of your time is paid here,” she said, “and I’ll get the coffee while you find my associate.”

Veronica smiled slightly. It was one of the reasons that she hired Henry whenever work needed to be done in New York. Never, in the last years had he triggered a single tripwire that he was interested in Veronica and her doings and was that rare PI, a man with no superfluous curiosity. Direct, honest, effective and with no inhibitions with his clients!

She found this as refreshing as she found it reassuring.

“Of course!” he assured her as he made to move off. “I’ll probably call tonight.”

Veronica sat for a minute and watched Henry disappear into the throng, before she headed into the café to pay for his coffee and donut.

“The lady arrived on the flight from Berlin-Amsterdam on flight AA307 at one thirty yesterday afternoon,” said Henry’s voice over the telephone. “She was booked into seat A35 and indeed the flight attendant says that she took the correct seat. I watched the CCTV of her leaving the arrivals hall with no baggage to speak of. From there she went directly to the main Taxi rank and took taxi number 5U69 to Long Island.”

He stopped speaking and Veronica waited a moment before he continued. Henry just loved to show that he could squeeze every tiny detail and he often paused for effect. In this case, he

had somehow mobilized a contact to actually inspect the video recordings of Irene getting into a taxi. Veronica never asked him how he managed to get into the airport security office, but she was certain that he had been, because when Henry continued, he had to admit a failure.

“I was unable to see the taxi company’s manifest of work for yesterday because of an overzealous secretary, but I spoke to the taxi driver and he remembered your associate very well because of the fifty-dollar tip that she gave him to keep his mouth shut! I had to pay him a hundred that will appear in the ‘incidental expenses’!”

That is another thing about Henry, with money, his accounts were meticulous.

“He took her to this address,” continued Henry as he told Veronica the name of the road. “The driver said that there was a big sign outside and a security gate that your associate passed them through, but he can’t remember what was written there.” Veronica pondered this.

“At any rate he remembers a big house with building work going on in front where she got out and paid for the fare. A local stringer of mine confirmed that this is the only possible address.”

“Did he say what time he dropped her off?” asked Veronica.

“Mmm,” said Henry as he checked his notes. “No, but I am assuming that it took an hour and a half to get there which would place her arrival at between three and four. Is it important, because another twenty dollars will tell me?”

“No, don’t bother!” answered Veronica. “I’ll get back to you. Don’t forget that the week is paid for, so just wait for my call.”

“I noticed that you paid every hour of the day and night for the next week! I’m totally yours and that’s fine,” he answered.

Casual Interlude In Cell Three

“So, you see Irene, there is really no way that you are going to escape telling me what I want to know,” said Miss Janet. “Tomorrow Veronica will be here to have a small ‘chat’ with you. She tells me that she has something special planned for you.”

The eyes blinked behind the slits in the mask. The toothed zip edge of the apertures parted to reveal dark irises and the shimmer of tears that were being held back.

“No!”

That was all that Irene said, just ‘no’. She knew that as soon as she had spoken the words that Miss Janet wanted to hear, she would slither down into the pit that was certain doom. There was no way that they would let her live, the stakes were far too high.

Miss Irene Clearmont had destroyed two women on the way to her fortune.

One was Kathy De Vere, her former partner in crime. She had disappeared into a South American brothel and had never re-emerged. Three years ago, Irene had received a call about the woman that she had forgotten about, to tell her that Kathy De Vere was no more. Kathy had survived a remarkable seven years being used by the clients of a brothel that was well known as a select place where deviant sadists could get the ultimate kicks.

Denise Lamont was the other woman whom Irene had destroyed. After being bought and sold, it had been Denise that had led Irene to buying the Service Academy. Denise herself was now just another slave-maid in the house that had given her refuge as well as breaking her to the whip.

“Darling, Irene, do you really think that you can resist more than an hour or two, perhaps a day or two? Tell me now, what I want to know and I might just restrain Gregory a little. At least for a while,” laughed Miss Janet. “You see, I have no worries at all. I know that you will lead me to all of Denise’s money, the lists of blackmailed contacts and all the other things that I so want to know!”

Irene looked up at Miss Janet and smiled inside.

Janet Green might seem so like the ultimate mature bitch in her furs, the matte leather skirt and the high heeled boots, but she was more of an impatient mother, than a real domina. In Irene’s opinion, not a real destroyer of men and women. She could not carry out her own threats personally, she had to get that lizard, Gregory Howard, to do all of her dirty work. Janet could film him all she liked; he would never stay under her thumb. Only the secrets that Irene knew could shackle him to a woman’s will.

A hand ran over Irene's naked breasts and caressed the distended nipples as they went.

"You have spent so much effort on this body of yours. Full breasts, perfect nipples and a cunt that is unflawed," said Miss Janet as she explored each feature as she spoke.

The breath caught in her captive's throat.

"I love your cunt Irene; I love the smooth full lips, the inner opening, the strong clit and the single small ring here."

As Miss Janet spoke, she tweaked the ring. Her nail traced the stretched skin that was wrapped around the thick dildo that had been forced into her victim. The skin that was almost translucent to allow the red of the object to glow through the delicate skin of inner lips that had been contorted and distended.

"I have a new toy for little Gregory," said Miss Janet with a small sly smile. "When he uses this, he will climax as he uses it for the first time, I am prepared to bet on it!"

Her hand came into Irene's view. Held by fingertips was a pear-shaped object with a screw top. Metal, petalled into four rounded leaves that could spread their wings so very wide when the screw was turned.

Irene groaned. She could not prevent the noise issuing from her lips as she imagined the pear of agony being used on her tender flesh.

"You will tell me everything, Irene. If you do, then I might refrain from passing you to Veronica's favorite surgeon. Just tell me what I want to know."

The breathing from behind the mask sounded labored as Irene struggled to control her urge to tell the woman who was threatening her, everything. She just wanted to gush her secrets, spew everything to save herself the agony that was to come, but she knew in her rational mind that the more that she related the deeper she would descend into a pit of torture and suffering.

She could feel the plastic intruder inside her intimately.

She felt Janet click the switch. It reverberated through her being as the probing, embedded dildo delivered its small shocks. Deep inside they clenched at her, they made her spasm and cramp. Her eyes swung to Janet's face where she could see nothing but hate and tenderness pass like phantoms over her features.

Soon she would tell all.

Everything.

Maybe in just a day more.

Casual Interlude In Cell Four

Arnold strained against the convulsions of cramp, against the torment of being stretched. He struggled with his feelings as the maid arrived to attend to his needs. Impersonal and cold, she swabbed him down and placed a bucket between his legs that he was almost unable to use because of the erection that came upon him when he saw the maid.

The maid came to him; she played with him for a moment, a casual assault on him that left him panting. Finally, she removed the bucket and closed the cell door behind him to leave him with his thoughts.

‘What was it that Miss Janet promised him?’ he asked himself.

He could not remember exactly, but he knew that she knew what was right for him. His erection trembled and stood stiff against his belly as he remembered how close he had been to cumming for her. Arnold tried to hold on to his rejection of all that she was, he struggled with the cramps that gripped his feet in the ballet boots that still wracked every bone in his feet.

He remembered her tone, the comforting voice that had promised him relief from his punishment. The words were forgotten, but the tone was not. The contrast of the agony of the cramp and her presence.

He just knew that his punishment was deserved.

His head was filled with urgent need.

Confusion and craving.

The cell door opened and Arnold turned slowly to face the woman who stood in the doorway.

Miss Janet!

He felt a small wave of gladness at seeing her standing there in a plain summer dress that allowed him to see the shadow of her figure.

She paused a moment and then entered, the crop in her hand contrasting with the kitten heeled sandals and light summer pink make-up.

“I have come to see you as I promised,” she said, as she walked to him and touched his cheek with the end of the crop.

The tip was withdrawn and then raised under his chin to slightly touch him.

“I think that it is time that I showed you how generous I can be,” she said.

Arnold nodded as if she was being reasonable. He could feel a slight shortness of breath. A pulse in his head that seemed like a drum.

“At first we will begin with small things to see if we can get on with each other better.”

Arnold shuffled his feet a little and hoped that Miss Janet would consider letting him down. The torment of his position had kept him awake last night and he was so exhausted and weary.

“I would like you to call me ‘Miss Janet,’ she continued, “and I shall call you Arnold. Perhaps then we can move forward and become friends!”

He nodded slightly and found himself staring at the décolletage that was displayed. Her breasts moved as she spoke, they invited him to stare. Suddenly he realized what he was doing and he looked up to see her smiling at him in a friendly fashion.

“Miss Janet,” he whispered, “I am so thirsty.”

“Of course, you are,” she said in a cheerful tone. “Would you like me to order a maid to get something for you to drink?”

“Please.”

“Please Miss Janet,” she said. “It is important, Arnold, that we respect each other. Politeness is the first step!”

“Miss Janet, please.”

“That’s better, Arnold. Much better.”

She leaned towards him and kissed him on the lips. Her perfume, the taste of her pink lipstick, the dusty smell of the powder on her face filled his senses, overwhelming them.

“Maid!” said Miss Janet in a sharp voice.

There was a slight clatter of heels and one of the maids arrived with a tray with a glass of water in the center. A glass of clear water and a small plate on which rolled a single pill. Arnold found that he could not take his eyes off the crystal-clear liquid as it rippled and moved in the glass. It took up his world, he could almost taste it and feel its clean, cool feeling in his throat. Miss Janet picked up the glass and delicately picked up the pill with her other

hand.

“I have something that will make you feel better,” she said, as she presented the pill. “Then you can have the water.”

Her finger and thumb hovered before his lips. He opened them and allowed her to place the pill on his tongue. The glass followed and he felt the small dry tablet washed down with the water that was surely as good as he had imagined that it would be.

“Very good Arnold. I think that we are at last moving forward.”

She pulled the remote control for the winch from a small pocket on her dress and lowered the winch a scant few inches. The feeling of relief was immense, his arms could flex a little and his weight no longer dangled from his wrists.

“See how just a little cooperation leads to reward,” she said. “I think that we can both agree that you have earned a day to relax. This evening we shall see if you are hungry and thirsty and have another small chat.”

She turned on her heels and started to walk to the door.

“Miss Janet, please, Miss Janet.”

She turned and looked him up and down.

“What is it Arnold, do you need anything else?”

He blushed with the effort of asking, but in the end, he could not say the words. Arnold could not tell this woman that he so needed her attention, her hand on his cock. The words failed on his lips and he looked down at the floor.

“I shall speak to the maid,” she said, knowing exactly what he was too afraid to ask. “Is that what you want?”

Miss Janet held up her hand and curled the fingers as though around an imaginary shaft. One small downward movement of the wrist sufficed to show Arnold that she had understood his need.

He nodded.

She inclined her head to the maid and then left the cell without further ado. Miss Janet felt a small surge of satisfaction that after all, Arnold had a weak spot that she had found. A chink in his armor that she could exploit and use to train him to obedience.

“Just one,” she said to the maid as she left.

The maid stepped forward and reached out for Arnold’s cock. The cool smooth touch of her gloves was like a shock to his being. With the slight slack of the chains that held his wrists high he thrust into her hand, but she moved with him.

The wank was clinical and delivered without any outward emotion. Like bringing the glass of water, like slopping out the occupant of cell number four. Like all of her duties, this was simply another chore that had to be done to the highest standard.

One hand gripped his balls and stroked them with a firm rolling motion while the other hand delivered a slow stroking that made Arnold gasp. He closed his eyes and imagined that Miss Janet was the one making him forget his discomfort with smooth caresses. He could feel himself thrusting and moaning as though he was outside his own head. He felt the tipping point when it became inevitable.

He felt the loss of control, the surge that was like a drug to his mind, a need to thrust and cum. Arnold opened his eyes and saw the pretty round face of the maid. Her pouting, bee-stung lips, the long lashes and the hair cut to a short bob. He saw her breasts moving as she worked at him. He longed to touch her waxy perfection and cause her to show some emotion and then he came in a gush that he felt splash the skin of his stomach with warm stickiness. It was sheer physical relief that he felt.

He watched the maid as she stepped back.

Arnold felt drowsy and spent. Almost dizzy and light-headed.

The maid turned and left the cell, there was a metal clang as the door closed and the key was turned.

In his head he found a single phrase going around as though his mind admonished him for allowing himself to surrender to Miss Janet.

‘The sin of Onan.’

Arnold tried to think in straight lines. Nowhere in the bible was self-abuse explicitly mentioned, but he knew that it was a sin against which every man struggled. It was wrong of him to give in to temptation to ease his physical discomfort, wrong to surrender the principles upon which he had always stood.

His thoughts went to the times that he had surrendered to the temptation to wank before he had married and afterwards and he knew that he was sliding into the abyss. Somehow his young wife had not ever been what he had needed in bed. Instead, this older woman who

behaved like a lustful aunt seemed to fit into his mental world.

When Veronica had punished him, it had built his strength. When Miss Jenny had humiliated him, it had fortified his resistance. Now that Miss Janet was using kind words and terrible pain to enter his head, he had found that his defenses were cracked.

She was his secret fantasy, his clandestine desire.

Pear Shaped

Gregory sat in the armchair as though he was a fidgety schoolboy. In his hand was a cup of tea. Sitting opposite him was Miss Janet.

He wore a suit and tie, incongruous when taken with the sounds of building work and the occasional sally by the back digger as it filtered through with the afternoon light streaming through the high windows of the red room.

“You look eager to see Irene,” said Miss Jenny with a small chuckle. “I doubt that she will be so eager to see you!”

“Why the delay?” asked Gregory as he put down the cup with a rattle. “I have paid a million times over for the pleasure of playing with the bitch the way that she played with me.”

“She is just being prepared for her ordeal,” said Miss Jenny. “My mother is quite particular about these things, she also asked me to give you a little present.”

Gregory watched as Miss Jenny’s slim fingers pushed a small box across the table into his reach. The box was slightly battered and made of dark polished wood. When he picked it up, he realized the weight was more than he had anticipated.

“What is it?”

“It’s for you and Irene,” said Miss Jenny as she watched him uncomprehendingly take the pear of agony from the small box.

Irene had recognized it immediately; Gregory obviously had no idea of what the smooth steel object was. He hefted the metal pear for a moment before running his fingernail along the four cracks that divided the smooth surface from one end to the other.

“Turn the screw,” said Miss Jenny.

He looked at her for a moment and twisted the flat handle at the top of the thin end of the metal object. The cracks parted a little as the fatter, chunkier end of the object started to open, hinged at the narrow top. They spread like a flower blossoming as the screw was turned. Miss Jenny reached over and turned the screw with a slow firm twist of her fingers.

“Try to clench your fist and stop it,” she said with a small sly grin.

Gregory’s hand closed to a fist and he squeezed as Miss Jenny lightly turned the screw with the tips of finger and thumb. Inexorably the pear opened out, forcing his tightly clenched fingers outward. He could feel his cock harden in his pants as he realized the potential of this

terrible device. It could be squeezed into any hole of his victim and opened at leisure.

“How far does it go?” he asked as he felt his hand being forced open.

“As far as you like,” said Miss Jenny as she leaned back in the chair and let him play with his new toy. “It’s called a ‘pear of anguish’ actually, a favorite of medieval inquisitors.”

Gregory turned the screw and watched with fascination as the device opened until the petals of the pear were spread at almost ninety degrees.

“Tell your mother that she has a unique ability to choose the right gift,” said Gregory, as he turned the screw anti-clockwise to fold the pear once more into its innocuous shape to place it back into the box. “Today I had other ideas, but I shall introduce Irene to this little device while showing her that I am determined to teach her obedience to my every word.”

“Well then, we had better go and take a look at what my mother has been up to,” said Miss Jenny as she stood. “Just go down to the cells and you should find that Irene eagerly awaits your presence.”

Gregory watched Miss Jenny walk out of the room.

‘These women,’ he thought to himself before he stood. ‘They are all poison; I would love to clear the whole nest of them out!’

He strolled to the hall and saw one of the slave butlers standing in the shadows. How a man let himself fall to that level Gregory could not imagine. To the lawyer it was the women that should be the victims, like Miss Janet’s maids. How he would have liked to play with Miss Janet’s little sex-maids. Some of them, the senior maids, were barefaced like this one. The under-maids, the ones who had lower status wore masks that smoothed over their features with engraved smiles and bright happy eyes. It was those that he loved the best, the ones who smiled whatever was done to them.

Gregory descended the stairs and saw the long corridor with the cell doors. Outside door of cell number four stood one of the hooded maids. Her hands were bound behind her and a tray hung under her breasts. As he came up to her, he saw that the eyeholes on the mask had been closed to prevent her witnessing the confinement of her former mistress and owner. On the tray was a lying selection of tools that looked almost incongruous next to the two wire-thin glass fiber crops that would soon be tasting flesh.

There in the room was Miss Janet and on the bed was Irene. Irene was still in the position that Gregory had tied her into last night; the only difference was that her breasts were untied and only lines of bruising showed where the thongs had bound her soft flesh so painfully.

“Good afternoon, Gregory,” said Miss Janet.

The bound woman on the bed twitched at the name. The eye holes on her mask were closed and the mouth was gagged wide open by a ring that had been forced into her mouth.

“I see that the slut is ready to be fucked,” said Gregory.

“Of course,” replied Miss Janet. “I shall leave you to your little pleasures!”

Gregory smiled and surveyed the room. On the bed lay his victim. Her thighs trembled with the strain of being parted wide. Her pussy was filled with a large familiar red shape and her exposed asshole pouted, inviting his attention. Her face was blank but for the hole that showed her teeth and tongue.

“I was thinking that perhaps you might like to suck a cock, but then I realized that it might be better to move onto that later when those obstructing teeth have been removed,” he said in a quiet voice. “Instead, we are going to have a little discussion, Irene, because there are things that I want to know! Things that I am sure that you have not told the women who betrayed you, things that might just tempt me to show a bit of forbearance when it comes to where you end up at the termination of your life!”

Irene gurgled and he sat down beside her to undo the gag. Then he stood and closed the door to the cell. Now he was alone with Irene, the maid being shut outside. He returned to her and started to undress.

“I think that we can reach some sort of a deal,” he said. “It is obvious and inevitable that you are going to end your days as a fuck-slave in some place where your name will be forgotten and your body mutilated. I can change that and make sure that you end as body slave to some older woman perhaps. You know what that means, but it is such a better fate than that which Miss Janet has planned for you.”

He paused to allow Irene to speak, but she just ran her tongue over her lips and let him continue.

“I want the place where you put the film that you took at that party. I want the account numbers and passwords, to your accounts. I want the files that you keep on all the fools that you are blackmailing.” He did not mention that he was first amongst that group of fools.

Irene’s voice cracked a little as she spoke for the first time in a day; her voice clear if a little unsteady.

“Go fuck yourself, motherfucker! You worthless piece of shit! Don’t you realize that they have thrown me in your control to allow you to get what they know will take them months of

effort with all their pathetic training. You are nothing more than a tool! A fucking tool, that's what you are, Gregory, and when this is done, you will be crawling, licking your cum off Janet's shoes, as you were mine. So, do what it is that passes as imagination in that tiny little shit-for-a-brain that is buried in the end of your cock! Do what you fucking like."

The slap was not unexpected. That she was unable to see it coming, made it hard for Irene to move her head with the blow to soften it.

"We'll see how you feel about me," he shouted and slapped her again.

Irene's head rang and he was becoming enraged.

He was losing his temper and his cock was also losing its firmness.

Hearing her voice like that, it made him remember all the times that Irene had ordered him to some unwilling service. What was more, he half knew that what she said was true. He knew that Irene would tell Miss Janet where she had the film before, she ever told him, just to spite him!

His fingers pulled the giant red stopper that had been squeezed into Irene's cunt. He withdrew it and then realized that she would be totally slack now, not the tight, gripping hole that he needed for his cock, but a yielding soft place that was useless to make him climax. His cock was shrinking, losing its rigidity as he remembered licking this woman's shoes. He remembered the salt taste, the revulsion at swallowing his own slime and that train of thought took him back to the time that Irene had forced him to fuck the huge lump of fat that had been Kathy. With a casual word and a wave of the hand she had made him do it and he had known the consequences of disobedience.

The terrible consequences.

A feeling of revulsion overcame him and suddenly his enthusiasm was gone. All of his piled up sexual stimulus and imagination faded to leave him in the room with the woman he hated at his mercy, but his mind empty of driving force.

"I guess that you're really not made of strong stuff," said Irene.

Her voice was almost laughing, but she managed to control the chuckle. If she, the tied-up victim, started to laugh at him it might prompt him to violence. She bit her lip and wished that she had not spoken, but she just could not help herself mocking him.

She felt the touch of something cold on the battered lips of her pussy and nearly screamed. Not because of the cold or the sudden shock, but because she knew what it was that he was pushing into her. After Janet had shown her the pear last night. She had known that she would

have to confront it, but the thoughts had chased around her head for hours during the night.

It pushed in easily and Irene realized that, this first time, this initial instance, she might be able to use his inexperience to make him satisfied that he had hurt her badly. She could feel his hand grip the base of the pear and steady it as he turned the screw. Every half turn he had to move his hand and grip the handle anew.

Irene tried to remember how many turns was fully open, but her memory failed her. She felt a movement inside as the petals of the flower unfolded and pushed at her with a slow force that was way beyond what she could exert in return.

The pear opened and Irene felt it was tight enough. She allowed a small, almost imperceptible groan to escape her lips and then choked it off as though it had been involuntary.

“I hope it fucking hurts, bitch,” said Gregory. “Tomorrow I’ll open your ass while I push my cock down your throat!”

Irene stifled another groan and hoped that Gregory would believe that she was at the end of her tether.

He stopped turning the screw and walked to the door.

For a moment, Irene thought that he was gone. She was about to sigh in relief when the first blow of the cane caught her breasts. Gregory had gone only as far as the blindfolded maid and had brought back the longest of the two slim canes from her tray.

Irene squealed and tried to writhe in her bonds, but there was scarce room to move an inch. Blow after blow cut her skin. These canes were as thin as wire, as flexible as a whip and cut like a blade.

“In a week you will be nothing but meat,” said Gregory. “If you actually have a value, I’ll buy you and flay the sanity and intelligence from your head. I’ll make you mewl and beg to be put down. I’ll make you do things that you cannot imagine, Irene and then I’ll send you to a place where the end will come in a welter of agony.”

Irene cried out in pain, in hopeless misery.

It was the only release that she had left!

The Night Stalkers

Henry Florian waited in the car.

Long experience of patient observation as a private detective had taught him extreme patience, so he sat motionless behind the wheel in quiet reflection.

Veronica!

Now that woman was an enigma.

For the last few years, he had been working for her on and off. Occasionally just observing and reporting on people who she paid him to research sometimes just digging out histories and information, monitoring movements and personal habits. There was no pattern to her needs, each case seemed unconnected to the next. This evening was the first time that she had ordered him to accompany her.

His thoughts wandered to her interest in the woman that he had traced for her and then to Veronica herself. There was no doubt that he felt an attraction to the mysterious woman who paid him so generously to use his services. With professional pride he had never investigated her personally, but the thought had often crossed his mind. Just once he had stumbled on the fact that one of the women that she had paid him to investigate had vanished to appear on police 'missing persons' list.

A movement in the wing mirror of the car caught his eye and he saw her slide up to the door of the car.

With a small movement he unlocked the doors and she slid into the passenger seat next to him.

"We have a little way to go," she said a low tone.

"Where to?" he asked.

"The island, I'll tell you on the way."

He slid the car into the busy early evening traffic and caught a sideways view of her. She seemed on edge, the first time that he had ever noticed real emotion on her face. A tense, almost pensive expression as she watched the passing buildings of New York slide by.

It was not until they had passed over the Williamsburg bridge to Long Island that she spoke.

"Are you armed?"

The question was unexpected.

“Trouble?” he asked as he drew up at a red light.

“Perhaps,” she answered, “I can’t be sure.”

“I’m not a gun for hire,” he replied.

“I won’t ask you to do more than wait for me.”

The lights changed to green and the car moved on.

“What should I know?” he asked.

There was no answer from Veronica she just opened the small bag that she had on her lap to allow him to see the handcuffs and pistol that lay open to his view.

“That’s one answer,” he commented. “Do you plan to use it?”

“If I have to,” she muttered. “All I need you to do is to wait where I tell you and be ready to drive.”

“OK, but I always stop at a blue light!”

“There won’t be any police around,” she said, as she closed her bag. “We need to turn left here.”

The small road that she directed him down was narrow and straight. To the right Henry could see the bright lights of a large house through a high chain link fence. The road became a track and Henry slowed to a crawl before it finally ended a small copse of densely packed trees and bushes.

“This is the spot,” said Veronica. “Wait for me here!”

“How long?”

She looked at him and a small smile broke the look of tension on her features.

“As long as it takes, you’re all mine for the rest of the week.”

The gate was a hundred meters further than she had thought it was. A metal rectangle set in

the steel fence. Veronica tried the key on the rusted padlock and muttered in frustration that it stuck half way in. A small spray can of lubricating oil solved the problem and the key slid into the lock.

Now she was through the first barrier.

The second was the dogs.

Rottweilers make almost no noise when they attack.

They do not bark. They just hurl their hundred kilos of weight behind their jaws and bring down the prey that they have been trained to hunt.

Five of them had the run of the Academy's grounds at night.

Veronica knew, because she had arranged their training a year ago!

When she was halfway from the gate in the wire to the house, she heard the sound of paws on the ground. She stood still and waited with the pistol in her hand.

'What if they had added more dogs? What if the dogs did not recognize her?' she thought, as the first one barreled into her from behind. Veronica fell to the ground on her knees and felt the dog step over her.

There was a moment's pause, just half a second, and suddenly the tongue of the dog was slapping over her face! It was Jimmy, she remembered the snorting of its breathing as she flung her arms around the barrel like body and hugged.

"Jimmy" she hissed as two other dogs came out of the dark and climbed over Jimmy to get at her and lick her to death.

Slowly she stood and patted and scratched all three dogs roughly. There was no point in trying to depend on them for help by taking them into the house, Janet and Jenny would never be attacked by their own dogs. At best they were neutrals and who knew what they would do if they were ordered to attack her?

Veronica forced herself to stroke, scratch and slap all three dogs before making them sit and walking towards the house. The third defense was the concealed wall around the house. This was more of an obstacle from the inside, but less of an obstruction than it looked and especially if the climber was not in a hurry.

Even if she, in this instance, was.

She lowered herself and then dropped to the ground and found herself approaching the house from an oblique angle.

Reaching into her handbag, Veronica took the small electronic tag that served as a key and approached a side door. She was hoping that Jenny and Janet had not disabled her tag. On the other hand, they might not be the problem.

All she knew was that Miss Clearmont had arrived at the airport. Taken a taxi to the Academy and then called her private number without speaking.

It was Veronica's heightened sense of alarm that had brought her this far and it might just be that Miss Irene Clearmont was tucked into her bed and sleeping the placid sleep of the wicked. She was not oblivious to the thought that she would look like a fool when she stumbled in dressed in black jeans, trainers and hoodie!

On the other hand, there was that call from Greta, that was the moment that happenstance had been pushed into coincidence and then on into certainty.

Something was going on even if Veronica could not be sure what it was.

The door opened with a small click and the slim form of Veronica slipped into the short corridor that lay beyond.

First, she had to do what?

Veronica had not decided whether to try the bedrooms or the cells first. Of course, there were the two half-built blocks at the back as well as the farm a mile to the north. But these were not being used with all the building work going on.

Veronica put her ear to the door ahead.

There was no sound to be heard.

All the maids and most of the other occupants of the Academy wore heels, so there was always a background clatter of metal on hard floors. She waited a minute and then pushed the door open a crack to reveal that only one lone light was on in the kitchen and the maid who was on duty was not there. For a moment Veronica reflected that Miss Clearmont would have the maid's hide if she required something to eat or drink and the maid was not waiting by the call light twenty-four hours a day.

With small steps and an instinctive crouch, Veronica found herself in front of the door to the hallway. Once she passed that door, she had to decide which direction to go in. Up the stairs or into the old cells below the house that had become little more than a lockup where those

domestic slaves were kept before severe punishment.

A woman's voice came through the crack that Veronica had opened in the door and she stepped to be behind the door should it be opened into the dimly lit kitchen.

"I'll just make sure Hillary is in her room," the voice was Miss Jenny's.

The answer was in the richer voice of Miss Jenny's mother, "Not going to fuck her tonight?"

"No not tonight."

"You're not getting sick of her, already are you?" asked Miss Janet's voice.

"Of course not, it's just that every time that I see that Gregory Howard and his smug face I just want to puke! How can I make love to Hillary, when I know that he is running out of control?"

"No one is 'out of control here'," said the voice of Janet. "Gregory will be reined in when he has been useful!"

As Miss Janet and Miss Jenny moved away from Veronica's vantage point the voices became indistinct. She decided that she should wait a little while. Better that they had all dispersed and had disappeared to bed before she switched off the surveillance system!

While she waited, Veronica pondered what she had heard. In the end she decided that it did not make much sense. Something that Gregory Howard had done had upset Jenny.

Still, it sounded as if it was not really relevant.

Unmoving and patient, Veronica waited. Long years of such motionless self-control had been necessary when she had belonged to Miss Clearmont. As her personal maid, Veronica had learned not just to be obedient, but also to suppress her own needs and wishes for her Mistress. She glanced at her watch and noted that she had been standing in the shadow of the kitchen door for two hours now since she had last heard movement. Perhaps it was time to get moving?

Upstairs seemed the best choice!

First, she ventured into the foyer of the house and opened the small wooden panel that hid the controls for the alarm system. On the keypad she entered in the ten-figure number that she had chosen as a password and then sector by sector she immobilized the system. It was risky, but none in the house would realize that the system was disabled unless they tried to watch the cameras live. With most of the staff and slaves gone, there was little chance of that in the next

hours unless an alarm bell went off.

Tripping up the stairs lightly, Veronica turned to the left and headed down the corridor. At every door she paused and looked to see if there was any light to be seen under each door. She knew each room and its owner. Behind Miss Janet's room was the unmistakable sound of her playing some sort of game with one of the maids. The rest was quiet, which meant that there were just two rooms for her to check.

Veronica opened the door slightly. The handle made a slight click, and there was a rustle of carpet at the sill. She pushed the door an inch and realized that there was a soft light in the room, not enough to be noticed below the sill of the door, but enough to illuminate the room.

"Who's there," came a voice that Veronica did not immediately place. "Miss Jenny?"

Veronica pushed open the door to see Hillary sitting in bed with a book in her hand. For a moment Veronica thought that Hillary was about to scream an alarm. She put her finger on her lips and allowed her hand to drop to the grip of the slim pistol that lay concealed in the holster at the back of her jeans.

"Ah, Veronica," said Hillary, as she lay down her book. "I was wondering if my call..."

"It was you that called?" hissed Veronica.

As she entered the room, she closed the door behind her and surveyed it, searching it with her eyes.

"I called the number that I found on the visit card," said Hillary.

"And, just where did you find the visit card?"

"Irene's handbag of course."

Veronica raised an eyebrow and then smiled and said, "Did you call to give me a warning or was it a mistake?"

"Would you believe me if I told you?" said Hillary.

"Probably not," said Veronica.

It was so unexpected to find an ally in the house, or at least a woman who was either an ally or playing both sides against the middle.

"So, where is the owner of the handbag? She will not be amused to know that you had your

sticky fingers in there!”

“Irene is past caring.”

When she heard Hillary saying those words, Veronica felt a shock, felt her heart thump with emotion.

“You mean, they killed her?”

“No, of course not! Yet! She is in those cells downstairs under the kitchen!”

“What? In the old cells, next to that stubborn husband of yours?”

Suddenly Veronica saw from the look on Hillary’s face that she had not known that Arnold was also in the cells. She mentally kicked herself at giving away more information than was strictly necessary.

“Hillary, we have to get moving,” said Veronica with some urgency.

“We?” said Hillary, as she slid out from between the sheets.

“Yes ‘we’,” said Veronica. “There are no choices here! Whatever happens you are a part of this. The moment that you picked up a phone and called me on Irene’s number you had chosen a side. Mine and Irene’s, so let’s get going and do this!”

Hillary looked at Veronica and realized that she was everything that she wanted to be. Forceful and deadly without being full of spite and gloating hate. Veronica was a servant, but had purpose and a line that she would not cross.

The line between friendship and money.

“I’ll have to get dressed,” said Hillary, as she let the sheet around her drop.

“There’s no time for that,” said Veronica. “Anytime now someone might check a camera and discover that the alarms and feeds are off, we have to get down to the cells.”

“Don’t be silly, Veronica! How can I run around naked? I’ll be just a moment.”

Hillary stepped into the clothes room and Veronica heard the sound of drawers being opened and closed.

“Jesus, you silly bitch, there’s no time for that, get a fucking pair of jeans on and we’ll scoot!”

Hillary emerged in just a few seconds. It looked as though she had taken Veronicas advice as she hopped out pulling a pair of trainers on as she went.

Stepping carefully the two women headed down the corridor and then the stairs. Veronica passed her electronic key over the small sensor pad before they headed down to the cellar. A single ghostly light illuminated the far end of the corridor and Veronica opened the door to cell three.

There in the darkness lay the shadowed form of Irene. Her head lolled to one side, ropes spun from her wrists and ankles to rings in the walls. The blank face of her mask was closed, her body lay, pinned like an insect on a display card, the marks of her punishment clear on her flesh.

The yellow roses and stripes that bloomed by the more recent red and purple ones. Veronica sighed and pulled a knife from her pocket.

As she did so, Hillary saw that Veronica had a slim pistol tucked into the top of the back of her jeans. Veronica began to cut Irene loose. She turned the screw on the pear of agony that was still inserted and she sawed at the hood to strip it away to reveal an Irene whose face was drawn. Smudges of makeup caked her face where tears had scored paths under the hood. Her teeth were chipped from the metal gags that had forced her jaw open and caked trails of blood led from her nipples, where every heavier weight had been used to prove to her exactly who controlled her body.

“Veronica,” it was the first word that Irene had said. “I thought that you’d never come, I was beginning to believe the lies.”

“Irene,” said Veronica, “you know that I would never leave you to these fucking hyenas!”

Irene tried to stand but the high punishment boots caused her to stumble and she sat back onto the bed with a squeak of springs.

“I don’t know if I can make it,” said Irene.

“Irene, darling, we have to move. I can’t get those things off with just a knife and the car is waiting at the side gate, by the copse.”

Irene stood and walked a step or two and as soon as she was clear of the bed, Veronica took off her jacket and slung it over her shoulders.

“We can’t wait here,” said Hillary, as she watched Irene’s face.

Despite everything that had happened in the last couple of days Irene was moving.

With an arm around Irene, Veronica helped her up the corridor to the steps while Hillary took up the rear. Irene had given Hillary a strange look when she saw that she was with Veronica, but it seemed that she accepted Hillary's participation in the rescue.

Irene and Veronica reached the top of the stairs and opened the door a crack.

All was in shadowed darkness beyond, so Veronica opened the door slowly.

Only to see the barrel of a small handgun levelled at her forehead!

Miss Jenny's grin was wide and self-satisfied as her finger drew back the hammer with a loud click.

Turnaround

“Tsk, tsk,” said Miss Jenny. “Veronica, I am disappointed in you!”

“Did you think that I would turn on Irene?” asked Veronica.

Her arm fell from Irene’s shoulder to behind her back where her own pistol waited for her touch. The open mouth of the barrel of Miss Jenny’s pistol did not waver, it pushed a little forward and down until it pointed directly into the Veronica’s eye.

“Drop the pistol that you have just picked from your belt,” said Miss Jenny. “Three, two, one.”

As she counted the pistol dropped to the floor from Miss Jenny’s hands with a clatter of metal on stone.

“In a moment I am going to call security,” said Miss Jenny.

Her left hand rose to reveal that it cupped a plastic remote control with her thumb hovering over the red button that would call both her mother and security. Clearly the attempt to find Irene had failed and now there were to be at least one more inmate in the cells.

“But first I want to know why you are here, Hillary? Is it the fact that we have your husband in the cells, or is it that you have been forced by this bitch?”

A surprised Miss Jenny stepped back to allow herself a little more room to use the gun before she waved all three into the hallway of the Academy from the opening to the cells.

She had expected Arnold to exit from the darkened entrance!

Keeping all three in sight she raised her hand dramatically to press the red button with a definite ‘click’.

The panel near the door, that Veronica had disabled, lit up like a Christmas tree. There was no sound of an alarm, just the eerie flashing LED’s that illuminated the smug smile on Miss Jenny’s face.

“I was told that I had to join sides,” said Hillary, with a grim look at Veronica. “At first, I wanted to love you, then I wanted to be like you, now I want to be more than you!”

Miss Jenny looked at the woman that she had tried clumsily to control and mold and realized that here was another Irene, another Veronica in the making. Hillary was not a woman who would be led; she was a woman who decided for herself what her needs were. She was a

woman that needed to be disposed of, a woman who stood in the way of dilettantes like Miss Jenny and her mother. She was more than just someone who took pleasure in control and domination, more than just pleasure.

She was, in point of fact, a woman who was beginning to live that life for real.

In the rear of the house, she could hear the first sign of movement as she turned to Hillary to speak. Her pistol pointed unwavering at Veronica.

“You are going down, girl. To the same place where that bull headed husband is going.”

“I doubt it,” said Hillary.

It happened so fast.

Veronica twisted and dropped below the level of the barrel of the pistol as Miss Jenny was momentarily absorbed by her gloat at Hillary. The pistol was raised as Veronica struck out at Miss Jenny’s knee with a kick. As Miss Jenny stumbled, she managed to bring the tightly clutched pistol onto the head of Veronica, felling her with a single blow!

In the confusion Hillary slipped the tiny pistol that she had from Miss Clearmont’s purse and pointed it at Veronica’s back and then at Miss Jenny!

Switchback

The pistol bucked in Hillary's hand as it went off.

The report was so loud that Hillary could only hear a whistling in her ears. She could see Veronica stand and her mouth was moving, her lips were speaking. But all that was to be heard was that plaintive toneless whistle.

Miss Jenny lay on the floor, her gun lay yards away, a maid cowered at the top of the stairs and it was Irene that took command. Naked from the waist down, with Veronica's jacket on her shoulders and the tattered remnants of the mask hanging from the collar around her neck, she pulled Hillary and hobbled for the door.

She flung the door wide and three of the Rottweilers scampered into the hallway as she did so. Their paws skittered on the polished marble as they slid past with their momentum.

Staggering in the heels, Irene pulled at Hillary and Veronica, who then ran for the door and closed it with a slam leaving the dogs and the supine Miss Jenny inside the house.

"Which side entrance?" said Irene, in an urgent hiss. "Right or left?"

"Right," gasped Veronica.

Her hand tried to push her hair back, out of her eyes. Her fingers found the blood that flowed from the cut on the head that Miss Jenny had managed to inflict. Clotting blood lubricated her fingers, it smeared across her face. The pain from the bruise under the cut was intense.

Hillary, familiar with the vast building site that lay in front of the house led the other two around the hole and across the greyed lawns that lay between the three escapees and safety. Behind them the door opened and the dogs ran out onto the driveway and there in the doorway stood the silhouette of Miss Janet. In her hand was a whip, from behind her came three of the women who served as security.

The dogs reached them as they reached the gate. They growled softly, confused by the fact that the intruders were known to them. Were persons who had fed and watered them.

As the gate slammed closed the first of the security guards arrived.

In the dark the dogs could not see what would surely confuse them.

The fact that the escapees were the Mistress of the house herself and of course Veronica.

The car stood in the shadows, engine already running. Henry had seen the movement and

started the car just as they got through the gate. As soon as he heard the word from Veronica, he put his foot hard down and the car tumbled and bounced along the narrow road.

“Security is sadly lacking,” said Irene. “In fact, it’s pathetic that we could get away. I really will have to see about it!”

“It’s only because the place is mostly empty,” said Veronica, as she felt the scrape of the cut and bump on her head and decided that it was perhaps not so bad. “We wouldn’t have got past the dogs either.”

“What is Arnold doing there?” thought Hillary, but now was not the moment to ask, so the question became much more innocuous: “Where are we going?”

“I can explain when we get to wherever this man is taking us,” said Veronica, “but, for the moment bear in mind that there are some questions better not asked!”

Henry turned around from the driver’s seat and looked at Irene, unable to see that she was half-naked, just the jacket that she was now wearing.

“You must be Irene Clearmont, glad to meet you,” he said. “I’ve only seen the photos!”

Howard's Way

Gregory Howard lay next to his wife and wondered what she would say if she knew of all the things that he had done in the last years? How he had been blackmailed, how he was involved in protecting and helping slave traders who sold their victims to rape and defilement. Then he thought of Irene, the woman that had turned his occasional hobby into an obsession, how she had twisted him around her finger and made him do things that were beyond the pale of everyday deviancy.

He thought of her gasping as the pear of agony had opened in her. He saw again the heaving of her breasts and then the desperate shuddering as she had been put under the whip. He mused over every cut that he had inflicted and his hand wandered to his stiffening prick that was starting to harden at his recollections.

Next to him, in the same bed, his wife made a single grunt as she resettled in her sleep. Gregory slowly wanked as he recalled every stroke of the wire like cane that he had used to cut her to shreds. He remembered the thin rails of dew-like blood on her bruised flesh. The way that her cunt had glistened as it moved with her thighs and ass as his blows rained down on the most tender parts of the Irene. The woman that he did not just hate.

The woman that he loathed.

Soon he would dispose of her in a frenzy of abhorrence that knew no limits. It did not really matter if the woman that he detested talked or not. Gregory was going to snuff her out like a small candle. As he did so he would be fucking her, screwing her ass and filling her cunt. He would be rending her flesh and extracting every last gasp and cry of agony from her shattered shell.

The thoughts filled his mind and he came, spilling his slime over his hands in a non-stop stream of cum. The realization that he had her in his grip, that soon the dream would be made reality. Those thoughts were the greatest erotic thrill that he had ever experienced.

Gregory turned into the wet patch and drifted to sleep.

He drove to the Service Academy. A single thought filled his head. 'This is the day'. It filled his mind, it consumed his thoughts. The long straight double tracked highway stretched out in front. A black and white over took him on the right and the policeman made a sign for Gregory to pull over.

He glanced at his speedometer and realized that he had possibly allowed his speed to creep over fifty-five.

With a sigh Gregory pulled over and sat with his hands on the wheel. He watched the policeman get out of his black and white and walk slowly over to his open window.

“How much was I over the limit,” he said, noticing that the officer was a captain.

What was such a senior officer doing acting as a traffic cop he wondered?

“Would you mind stepping out of your vehicle,” said the policeman, please bring your ID and car document.”

Gregory Howard slid out of his car and held out the documents. The officer took a cursory look at them and, as if satisfied, made a small motion with his hand.

“Please come with me, sir.”

Gregory led the way to the black and white and opened the rear passenger door.

“Inside!”

This was not at all normal, as a lawyer he knew that if the officer thought that he was drunk, he should have asked Gregory to ‘walk the line’ and if speeding had been the problem, then a ticket would have been issued outside the car.

“Pardon?”

“Inside, now!” ordered the officer.

Gregory looked at the hard expression on the man’s face and did as he was told. The policeman slammed the door closing him into what was a mobile cell and waited. With the windows up he could not communicate to the officer who seemed to be waiting as he paced up and down in nervous steps. Gregory looked at his watch and tried to sit quietly, but after about quarter of an hour the policeman was still standing there and so far, he had no idea what was going on. A nervous sweat made him brush his forehead with his hand and he shuffled in the back of the car wondering what the hell was happening.

He heard another vehicle pull up and then another. One was a large black four by four; the other was a tow truck that proceeded to hitch up his car! A few minutes later the tow truck moved off and the door of the black four by four opened. He craned backwards and his heart thumped in his chest as he recognized the woman getting out of the black car.

Veronica”

Dressed in black leather jeans and jacket, she strolled to the policeman and started a

conversation.

The policeman seemed to relax and smiled while he was talking.

Gregory banged on the inside of the window of the car and shouted, but the two just glanced at him as Veronica pulled a roll of banknotes from her pocket. The policeman smiled and took possession of the cash. With a casual motion he flicked through the notes and seemed satisfied. He opened the door, his hand on the butt of his pistol and ordered Gregory out of the car.

On the highway, cars passed with a swish, lorries grumbled past, all the drivers noticing the arrest that was happening on the hard shoulder.

“What are you doing?” asked Gregory.

The policeman shrugged and pocketed the roll of hundred-dollar notes as he did so.

“This young lady wants a word with you,” he said, as he pulled out a narrow plastic band from his uniform. “I would answer her enquiries with great respect!”

Gregory made a sudden move, as if to run and the policeman punched him hard just below the ribs.

“I have my orders,” he said leaving the bribe out of the conversation.

It took just a moment to pull Gregory’s hands behind him and use the band with a rasping sound to close his wrists behind his back.

“If you go quietly,” said the officer, “it will all go just perfectly. Now just step into her car and I can be on my way.”

Winded from the blow, Gregory stumbled past Veronica and was pushed into the rear seat of the black windowed four by four. A click of a padlock and his wrists were fixed to a chain that snaked from between the seats. The door was closed with a resounding thump that rang in Gregory’s head.

Veronica shook the policeman’s hand and slipped into the driver’s seat to start the car with a roar of the engine.

The car joined the traffic with a sudden twist as Veronica put her foot on the gas.

“Veronica,” said Gregory, “what the fuck’s going on? This is all a mistake!”

Veronica took her time answering him as she found a lane that was going her speed and nestled into the traffic.

“A mistake? Tsk, tsk, but you’ve been a naughty boy,” said Veronica. “Worst of all, you keep choosing the wrong side. And it’s always your own.”

Sinister thoughts ran through Gregory’s mind. What did she know, what could he bargain with? He thought of Irene in her cell, waiting for the final bout of punishment that he had planned. What could he offer to get out of this? Irene? Money? A trap, perhaps? If he could just get her to the Academy Miss Judith and Miss Jenny would sort this out and things would be as they were just an hour ago.

“Are you taking me to the Academy?” he asked as he tried to keep his voice calm and steady.

“No,” came the curt reply.

“Irene?”

“And?”

“I can get her out for you.”

“Can you?” asked Veronica with a laugh. “I’m not sure that you can!”

Gregory pulled at the thin band that fixed his wrists. They bit into his skin and the chain rattled slightly before he gave up. Impossible that such a thin strand of nylon should stand between him and the chance to escape his captress.

‘Why did I not put up more of a struggle?’ he wondered as he watched Veronica to try and divine her thoughts.

The woman was unreadable, a sense of good humor flickered on her features and he wondered what she knew that he could possibly make use of.

What could he offer her?

“I can,” he said. “I can help you and Irene get out of this!”

The car left the main road and headed through the tree lined boulevards at an easy pace.

“That’s good to hear,” said Veronica. “It’s something we can discuss when we arrive.”

It did not sound as if she was worried; more like she had all the time in the world, but Gregory

knew that time was short. His time was just sand running through the hourglass with like a flood.

The car slowed and stopped in front of a large gate that opened with a slow shuddering motion. They drove down a drive that twisted through trees until a large house appeared in front of them. The car stopped and Veronica sat at the wheel for a minute before the door to the house opened and two women walked out. Both were large women that Gregory recognized from the Service Academy. They were just two of the women who ensured order as slaves were trained. Gregory's heart beat like a drum, he could almost hear it in his ears as he noted the casual clothes and the short, heavily weighted riding whips in their hands.

"Please, Miss Veronica, please, I can help you free Irene!"

"No," said Veronica sharply as she stepped out of the massive four by four and opened the door to deliver Gregory into the hands of Irene's trusted lieutenants.

The house was like any many other large houses on Long Island. Just one story, a portico and low roof that sloped to meet the ornamental trees that hemmed it in. Gregory was led, stumbling into the hallway with slow steps and then to the right where colonial furniture and rich oil paintings adorned the room.

They pushed him into a high-backed leather arm chair and stood over him. Both the women stood by the chair and smiled at each other with knowing glances while Veronica took the armchair opposite and crossed her legs. She lit a cigarette and regarded Gregory with a piercing look that did not bode well.

"The trouble is, that you have indulged yourself in a way that is totally unacceptable," said Veronica, as she regarded the tip of the cigarette. "That indulgence has to be paid for, balanced by your own penitence!"

Gregory looked at her and shuddered. The only picture that he had in his head was that bitch, Irene, strung up like a piece of meat, moaning with the pearly agony peeping from her distended cunt as the marks of the whipping that he had given her wept red tears.

Behind him the door opened and Veronica looked past Gregory as Miss Clearmont walked into the room. She paused for a moment, out of sight of her tormentor and managed a smile. The tight costume that she had chosen was intended to cover her discomfort. It concealed the bandages that covered the raw wrists; it hid the marks of the cane with a smooth, soft leather that was stretched over her body to show her broad hipped figure. The shoes had only three inches of heel, a concession to the way that her feet and ankles ached with the pain of the ballet boots that had been forced onto her feet and her stockings were a smooth grey that hid the marks of the punishment that had marked her legs with sliver like bruises and cuts.

Miss Clearmont composed herself and felt a small frisson of pleasure as she saw her victim. She gripped a bamboo cane in her gloved hand and then stepped into Gregory's line of sight. He looked up and shock filled his features. Here was the devilish woman that he had spent hours tormenting. The woman that he had intended to finish off today at this very moment.

"Irene," he said with a small croak.

"Stand up!" ordered Miss Clearmont.

Gregory twisted a little and managed to stand. Four women were in the room with Gregory. The two dangerous looking guards, Miss Clearmont, Veronica sitting at ease smoking her long cigarette and a maid who stood in the background. The maid stood rigidly to attention a tight hood over her head and a dress so short that Gregory could see the two tubes that hung between her thighs. Each one ended with a rubber bulb that allowed her owners to expand the stoppers that were deep inside her.

"You thought that you could take your petty revenge on me," said Miss Clearmont with a small swing of the bamboo rod that hung from her hand. "Well, you made a mistake, because I am going to show you what retribution really is!" He felt sick with fear.

"I am going to make an example of you. No man has ever dared to hurt me before, now you are going to pay for the experience!"

Miss Clearmont moved to the other high backed Chesterfield armchair and carefully sat down. Being on her feet exhausted her, but there was no way that she was going to allow Gregory to see how exhausted she was or how much pain she was in. She laid the cane on her lap and looked up at him with a crooked smile like a school teacher chastising a naughty schoolboy.

"Lock him up," she said to the two women who stood by his side. "This fool can wait. He is an account that I will settle at my leisure."

She watched as her prisoner was led from the room with shaking steps. When the door closed behind him, she pulled a face at Veronica and said, "I'll deal with Gregory Howard later, what we need to discuss is the Academy."

"There is no hurry," said Veronica. "Perhaps you should recover for a day or two, you have been through a bad experience!"

"I never thought that it could happen to me," said Miss Clearmont with a sigh. "I was too confident that I had all the strings in the palm of my hand."

"Well, it's over now," replied Veronica as she stubbed out her cigarette.

“At least I know who my friends are,” said Miss Clearmont with a small grin. “You took a real risk getting me out.”

“I know,” replied Veronica as her hand went to the cut on her scalp that was covered with a bandage. “I’ll have this memento forever, I suppose.”

“Not at all,” replied Miss Clearmont. “Nothing will show in a month’s time. Now, we have to discuss what happens next.”

Miss Clearmont settled in the chair and relaxed carefully.

“The Academy, the two bitches that have to be dealt with and of course, Hillary.”

“She has the makings of a fine trainer, I suppose,” said Miss Clearmont. “We need to bind her to us fully and she would be ideal for the Academy.”

She thought about it, then:

“She’ll still be attached to Jenny, of course. That’s a link that we have to break. In fact, let’s break with the past arrangements entirely. I had intended to reorganize the Academy anyway, so let’s get rid of all the messing around and personal stuff and set it on a business footing.”

“A new era!”

“That’s a good way of putting it,” said Miss Clearmont. “I have loads of ideas and now it seems that I have a totally free hand to put them into practice. I was wondering how to put my former partners out to pasture, now it seems that I don’t have to place their sensibilities in the foreground.”

Veronica stood and put a hand on her Mistress’ shoulder with an affectionate gesture.

“I need to get some sleep,” said Veronica. “If you need anything?”

“Darling, in a day or two’s time I’ll be ready for a little comfort and you are the slut that can serve me, but for now, let’s just get some sleep together and decide afterwards how we are going to deal with Jenny and Janet.

Veronica offered a hand to Miss Clearmont to stand and the two of them hugged in an embrace that lingered for minutes.

In the shadowed corner the maid stood rigid. She could not see her two owners, but she could feel the emotion despite being strictly restricted. She felt a small pang of excitement as she remembered the way that Miss Clearmont had chased her down and bought her. She felt glad

that she was privileged to be owned by such a perfect Mistress.

It was so good to know that she was so well looked after, never having to face real life in the raw.

All the former Denise Lamont had to do now was follow commands and please her betters.

What better life was there?

The Adoption

Hillary sat and waited.

Never in her life had she felt so nervous of a coming event.

‘Well, perhaps not ‘never’, ‘she thought. ‘That first time that Arnold had taken her to bed, that had been pretty tense.’

She smiled as she thought of her naïve-self-waiting for that new husband to come and claim what was now his. She had waited, still in her plain white dress. She remembered sitting on the edge of the bed and staring at the low pumps that her mother had given her.

“Men are demanding, but they have the right to be so. Women were placed on this earth by God to provide company, serve and bear children for men. All that is clear and is the message of Genesis, the direct word of God. Women have a duty to surrender themselves and submit to men’s needs. Men bear such a heavy burden in life.”

Those were the words from the preacher who had prepared Hillary for her journey into the sacred vows of marriage. Hillary had understood what would happen on that first night, but she was not prepared for the reality of marrying a man for whom sex was an activity that he resented. He hated that it was a temptation and a pleasure that was so hard to deny.

Arnold had panted and whispered in the dark. Pushed into her without any formalities, introductions or preambles except a muttering and wheezing in the dark as he took what he had signed and paid for. He had fucked Hillary hoping that he would beget a child on her. A child that would show her true place in life as a hole from which his children would emerge.

It was nothing.

Had been nothing.

Sex was nothing!

That had been the startling evaluation that Hillary had concluded after a few weeks of a husband who did not even fuck but he rutted.

Sex?

What was all the fuss about?

A moment of initial tension that sparkled for a few seconds and then was extinguished as the husband rolled off his wife.

How different it had been with Miss Jenny! Suddenly Hillary had realized what wild pleasure could be had from sex. Better than anything, better than she had ever imagined. Tense and filled with the tension of service tempered with bliss, rendered.

So, at last she knew what she had been missing!

Now, five years after her first taste of sex and just a few weeks after her revelation with Jenny, she sat on the edge of another bed and waited for someone to enter who was about to determine her future.

She looked down at her shoes and smiled.

What a difference!

The white flat pumps of her wedding outfit had been traded for a pair of Veronica's heels that were less a pair of shoes than a statement of sexual supremacy!

The thin threaded laces that crisscrossed the bare skin of feet and ankles and the bright red heels that were like knitting needles.

With Veronica, it was either heels or trainers.

Borrowing clothes from Veronica had been another small revelation. Now that she had left the vast fetishistic wardrobe collection of Miss Jenny behind, Hillary had to choose from a single suitcase of clothes and shoes. She left the trainers behind, but the jeans and T shirt fitted like a glove. She had admired Veronica's slim but rounded figure whenever she had seen her. Now that Hillary was wearing her clothes, she realized that they had that same figure.

The door opened and the woman that would decide her future entered the room.

Though Hillary had met Miss Clearmont when they eaten and then confronted Arnold in the car park of that restaurant as well as a few other times, there was something about the woman that was just too deep to fathom. Miss Janet was the aunt and mother who ruled like a matriarch; Miss Jenny, a flighty and spoiled woman who always got what she wanted and Veronica was sparse and distant and with an outer shell that might just be protecting the delicate contents of her persona.

Then there was Irene.

A woman who just left a cold trail of trepidation traced on Hillary's consciousness.

That Hillary had seen her as a slave on that first trip to the cells did not help.

Miss Clearmont entered the room and smiled at Hillary. The smile was a little faint. Almost as though it was just a disguise for Miss Clearmont's real emotions.

"Just a few minutes ago I had cause to exchange a few words with Mr. Howard, my former associate and legal representative. Now he is neither an associate nor a representative of anyone but himself and even that will not last past the next few weeks when he learns what is in store for him."

Hillary tried to stare into those eyes, but after just a few seconds of locked scrutiny she dropped her gaze. She could feel her heart beating in her chest. Now, she would find if she had made the right choice. Whether this new marriage would lead to something that she had started to long for.

"What will happen to him?" asked Hillary.

Miss Clearmont started to laugh and looked at the worried face of the young woman who sat in nervous anticipation.

What she saw was herself. A young nurse who had been introduced to a dark world of fetish and anguish by a woman who reigned over the night staff of the ward with a closed fist. She remembered a night where she had been shown how to make a man beg to serve a woman in ways that had excited her and started her on the road to where she stood now.

"I haven't decided yet," said Miss Clearmont.

She walked with deliberate movement that just hinted at the discomfort that she was experiencing. Miss Clearmont looked down at Hillary and wondered of what stuff she was made. It was all very well choosing the right side, but did she have the cojones to make it in the side that she had chosen.

'Perhaps!' thought Miss Clearmont.

"And what happens to me?" asked Hillary.

"Ah, you?" said Miss Clearmont. "Actually, I just don't know what to do with you! Choosing me over Miss Janet in a moment of stress shows promise, but it is what happens afterwards that really matters. We'll see."

For a moment Hillary considered commenting that it was she that had saved Irene's skin, it was she who had called Veronica and she had been the one who kept the pistol that had rescued them all.

But she held her tongue.

Better to say nothing than say something that might be taken as an affront.

Miss Clearmont sighed and said:

“You remind me of myself a good few years ago. I have no time to spend at the moment to groom you so you are going to have to make your own choices and hope that I am satisfied!”

Miss Clearmont’s hand reached out and stroked Hillary’s cheek with an almost affectionate gesture.

The touch was intimate and seemed sincere, but Hillary knew that it too was a test.

“What do you want me to do?” said Hillary.

“The right thing to please me. Instinctively.”

Hillary looked up at the woman who had such confidence in her own superiority and then down to her shoes.

‘Would falling at her feet be the right thing to do?’ she thought.

Empty House

The gate of the Service Academy opened with a slow swing and the two black vans entered at a walking pace. Lawns stretched to the house in the distance with occasional single mature trees breaking the monotony of the view. In the distance a small tractor pulled a mower from which issued a plume of freshly cut grass. The scene was one of tranquility and calm. There was no movement around the half-filled pit in which the largely completed underground facility was being buried and the gutted outbuildings stood in stark calm.

The occupants of the two vans were in a state of tension, they glanced out of the darkened glass wondering what was going to transpire when Miss Clearmont arrived to reclaim her position of authority. Only Miss Clearmont herself seemed at ease, as though this visit was a routine appointment that could not possibly go awry.

A hundred yards short of the house, the vans pulled onto the lawns and disgorged their occupants who waited until the Mistress herself disembarked. Miss Clearmont stepped onto the lawn and glanced at the house for a moment before she spoke:

“Veronica, take three to cover the back. Anyone, no matter whom, is to be stopped and held, I shall take the front and Hillary, you wait at the main door. I don’t want anyone to slip out while we sort out this mess!”

Veronica picked three of the women from the group and headed for the rear of the house while the others, led by Miss Clearmont ascended the short flight of steps to the main house and entered the main building of the Academy by the front door.

Miss Clearmont opened the door while her two senior trainers stood with hands on the butts of the pistols that stuck from the backs of their jeans. Standing on the wide stairway that led to the upper rooms were assembled what looked to be the entire remaining staff of the house. Maids and male household slaves stood naked, each wearing a punishment hood that covered their features without openings but for the two small holes over their nostrils that allowed them to breathe. Senior maids stood behind in the normal day uniforms of subordinate maids, dresses perfectly arrayed, pinafores starched and ankles joined by short chains.

Miss Clearmont walked into the hall and surveyed her property with a critical eye.

“Take a roll call,” she said in a quiet voice. “Put them all in the Red Room and wait for my arrival.”

Room by room Miss Clearmont checked the Academy building. They found one of the senior maids hiding under a bed, but otherwise there were no other incidents. The computer in the Green Room lay in pieces with the hard drive missing and door control codes had been altered, but Miss Clearmont used her administration passwords and reset the system.

Miss Clearmont called Veronica and Hillary into the house and they stood in the Green Room together.

“I think that this is your specialty, Veronica,” she said, as she looked at the computer. “Find that dim-witted mother and daughter and bring them here. I want the hard drive back and I want them in the cells in twenty-four hours.”

Veronica nodded and said, “I’ll need to use Henry Florian, the PI, and I could do with another person to liaise as well.”

She looked at Hillary and smiled secretively.

“Want to fuck your ex?” said Veronica sweetly as she turned to Hillary.

“I’m not so sure that this is a good idea,” broke in Miss Clearmont. “I had another little job in mind for Hillary!”

“Well, I think that she will be perfect,” said Veronica, “and I’ll keep her in line, Irene.”

For a moment Miss Clearmont frowned, though whether it was Veronica calling her ‘Irene’ or the fact that she was disagreeing was difficult to tell.

She nodded slowly.

“OK, then, on your head be it. I’ll find someone else for my other chore; perhaps Gudrun will appreciate a little amusement while she is here! Take Hillary and get me those two skanks in the cells in double quick time.”

Hillary wondered what ‘the other little job’ was, but was glad to get out of the Academy while Miss Clearmont was in such a bad humor.

Veronica laid a hand on Hillary’s arm and Hillary followed her out of the room with a small curtsy to Miss Clearmont. She was not quite sure why she had succumbed to the impulse, but Miss Clearmont nodded in acknowledgement as she did so. There was something almost regal about her even if she was the wicked queen.

Perhaps that was the reason, wickedness could demand respect, after all!

“Best get out of here before Irene starts quizzing the staff. Those that saw her tortured in the cells will be dealt with harshly, whether or not they knew who she was or were complicit,” said Veronica, as they left the Academy. “No one who saw her tied and helpless will survive this.”

“I saw her in the cells and when they overpowered her, I saw that too.” said Hillary, in a worried voice.

“I know, and she will soon realize it too, that’s why we’d better get going!”

The two women slipped into one of the vans, Hillary in the driver’s seat and Veronica behind. As they pulled out Veronica started to review her contacts in New York and, as Hillary drove, she started to wonder what had happened to her in the last few months to so change her life.

She fell into a fugue.

A train of thought that ran like a river, a serpent through her mind.

Hillary’s husband was gone, a loss that was no loss!

She found that she had become more attracted to women than men!

Still, she could not decide if she was attracted to Veronica, somehow, she was all at once too cold and yet.

Then there was Miss Clearmont.

The picture of Irene stretched out in the agony of Gregory’s grip filled her with a feeling that she could not describe. The aura of purpose and ascendancy had such deadly attraction all of its own. It had seemed so natural for Hillary to kiss her shoes just a day ago. Miss Clearmont had wanted the instinctive reaction and Hillary had not been able to control herself. She had looked up at the woman who smilingly enjoyed the courtesy.

When Hillary had offered more, had offered to attend to any wants and wishes, Miss Clearmont had smiled and said:

“Hillary, your instincts are good, but I have not decided what it is that I am going to do with you. Respect is good, in fact veneration is required, but not abasement. Not at the moment, that will come later, if you disappoint me.”

The fear had been addictive. To kneel in front of another woman and know that she could do whatever her imagination offered. To know that at any moment you could be dragged to a cell and have to endure the attentions of a specialist in agony and humiliation.

The thoughts ran like a ring of fire around Hillary’s head, dripping gold. She felt a slight slick dampness between her thighs and knew that this life was becoming addictive. She glanced at the woman behind the wheel and started to get an inkling of understanding at Veronica’s infatuation with Miss Irene Clearmont.

“So, whatever happens now?” asked Hillary. “Buildings, design, color matching, blueprints and fabrics and I can help. I’m not sure what use I am in this wild goose chase!”

Veronica turned to Hillary. Her face was without humor or indeed expression.

“Well, you’ll have to learn on the job. The question is, where have Janet and Jenny gone? What time did they leave, what transport are they using? What are their aims and who will they use to try to fulfil them?”

“Jeez,” said Hillary. “They used a car, that has to be right because otherwise they’ll be on foot and easy to catch. They have to be heading in the direction of New York because that’s the only place they can go unless they are headed to the Hamptons. I’ll bet that they just want to escape Miss Clearmont and I can’t say that I don’t blame them. As to who they would use, well, I haven’t got the slightest idea!”

“You will learn! New York by car is almost certainly right, but the guess only has a life of two hours,” said Veronica. “They want to make a deal, otherwise they would never have taken the hard disk and I have a list of twenty people whom they might go to.”

Veronica pulled out her phone and glanced at it.

“They already tried Greg Howard and their contacts in the local PD, next will be the New York contacts unless I am very much mistaken. The first thing to do is to make them feel that we are breathing down their necks and cut them from anyone that could help them escape a cell in the Academy. Let’s call a few possibilities and scare the shit out of them.”

Going Underground

“They’ll be after us, and if I know Irene she’ll never give up, there has never been a woman to hold a grudge like Irene!”

Jenny nodded at her mother’s comment as she concentrated on the road. She let Janet speak her mind and cursed the mistakes that now saw them on the run when they should have been on top of the world. How could she not have foreseen that Hillary would switch to the winning side with such alacrity.

Janet sighed; on her lap lay the hard drive she had taken from the computer in the Green Room at the last moment. It had been quite clear that the staff would not be able to resist Miss Clearmont when she arrived in force. Every order had been carried out without fail, but there had been something missing, some particle of subservience that was a clear signal that she no longer owned them and was simply in charge. Somehow, she had to bargain with that demon and trade information for safety. She had to get to a safe place and pull the entire Academy’s records, activate her contacts and make sure that if she went down; she would take Miss Clearmont with her!

That was the only possibility.

Mutually assured destruction!

She pulled out her mobile and swished through the contact list, the best time was now, so she called Gregory Howard’s private number.

The phone clicked as the call was redirected and then rang four times before it was picked up.

“Elise Howard”, said the woman who had answered the phone.

It was Gregory’s wife, the woman who knew nothing of his illegalities and contact with the murky underworld in which her husband moved.

“Good day,” said Janet. “I wonder if I could have a word with Mr. Howard on an urgent business matter?”

There was a brief pause before Mrs. Howard answered.

“He has had to go away on business,” said Elise. “I’m afraid that he is probably out of contact for a week.”

“It is a very pressing matter,” said Janet. “Could you give me a contact number where I can get hold of him.”

“I’m sorry, but he called just an hour ago to say that no one could speak to him for a week!”

Elise did not sound worried. Janet, though, sensed the delicate touch of Veronica. Gregory was somewhere on Long Island awaiting Miss Clearmont’s attention and had been forced to call his wife.

“Thank you,” said Janet. “If he calls...”

“I’ll tell him that you rang,” finished Elise. “You know how it is. Occasionally he has to deal with cases where the client is in ‘witness protection’ and even I can’t get hold of him!”

“That’s OK, I’ll call back.”

She closed the line before Gregory’s wife could ask her name.

Not that it would make a difference!

“Veronica!” said Jenny. “She’ll be close behind us.”

Janet just nodded and called the next person on her list. This time the phone was answered by the voice of the police captain that she was expecting.

“This is Janet Green,” said Janet, but before she could continue, he cut in and demanded to know where she was!

Taken aback by the fierce tone of his voice she cut the line and pulled a face.

“Shit!” she said with feeling, “Shit and more shit!”

Janet looked at her daughter, but she just pulled a face and stared at the road ahead.

“We need to get through New York,” said Janet. “Somehow, we have to get the information off the hard disk and see what we’ve got and then we can decide our next move.”

“Hide,” replied Jenny. “Money and documents, throw away that piece of junk and disappear.”

The answer was not what Janet had wanted to hear. It was as though her daughter had already given up.

‘Run and hide?’ she thought. ‘Lose everything and start again? Throw it all away? No way! I will fight this. I won’t allow Miss Clearmont to triumph when we were so close to winning everything. I just needed time to draw the remaining threads together and then. And then what? Negotiate? Bluff?’

For years they had been so comfortable, so in charge of everything and then had come Miss Clearmont, and subverted their comfortable little world. What had started with Miss Clearmont buying a single slave from them had ended with her as an ever-increasingly unwelcome partner. Now she had it all and mother and daughter were on the run with no resources to draw on. She had never thought to gather evidence, never considered that they could actually be ousted from their snug and secure position. They had spent their time enjoying the service of the slaves that belonged to them, never looking over their shoulders. Finally, they had committed an offence which Miss Clearmont would never forgive. An insult that the demoness would correct with precise and meticulous calculation.

Janet shuddered and realized that there was a good possibility that they would experience that exquisite revenge and she swore that to herself that she would rather die than submit to the woman who had cheated her and Jenny of everything that they had worked so hard for.

They passed through New York with scarce a word between them. This was a place where they could be spotted at any moment, registered and hunted. They wove a course through the city and emerged on the other side after an hour of tension to head south on the interstate towards Atlantic City.

That was a place that offered anonymity and refuge.

At least for the moment.

It was time that was lacking.

Shelter and security, while decisions could be made.

A Visit to Cell Four

Arnold shuddered involuntarily as he heard the footsteps outside the door of his cell. Fettered and stretched, he found himself slipping into a world of dread that was mostly real, but a part imagination fueled by fear, lust and his religious dogmas.

First, he had been beaten and caned by that young woman whose facial expression had never changed. She had been brutal, impersonal and disinterested as though she was just fulfilling some quota of which he was a small, boring part. Next had been Miss Jenny with her querulous impulsiveness. Then had come Miss Janet. She had looked after him and tempted him to surrender. That he had not, was he suspected, because she had not visited more than a few times.

Each visit she had allowed him just a small concession before she had teased and played with his manhood and filled him with the desire to be the one that she brought to climax.

He had started to slip into the power of the devil that was lust.

Each visit had seemed to push him a little further in her hands until he was ripe for the picking.

Then he had been abandoned by his angel and she had not returned. It allowed Arnold to find his breath and realize that Miss Janet had been playing with him, pretending concern and affection all the while eroding his resistance and fraying the bonds of his mind.

Yesterday without comment he had been strung out in an 'X'. Hands pulled to each upper corner of the room, legs spread and ankles wide. He stared at the wall as the maids had fixed him. He managed to sleep a little and then went through a slow rhythm of loss of time awareness and sleep. No event allowed him to gauge the time, he woke for five minutes and then slept for an hour before awaking for a period of just a couple of hours. They noticed his movement and fed him a little, making Arnold feel that he had been strung out and stretched for days when in fact it was less than even one single day.

Then the lights started to dim. They reddened and dropped their strength until the cell was bathed in a red light that was just a step more than pitch black. The already featureless cell became like a blood-soaked tomb and Arnold strained to see anything other than just a flat redness that filled his head.

He heard the footsteps and woke fully.

'When Miss Janet comes in, I'll spit on her. She cannot tempt me, she has no jurisdiction over me,' he thought, as the slight creak of the door sounded.

He heard the loud reports of heels on the floor behind him. He felt a finger that touched him on the back of his neck. Despite the cramps and the agony from being stretched in the chains, Arnold found that he could focus entirely on that small contact.

The finger traced a route from his neck down his back. It ran along the stressed swellings that ran in a line where his spine divided his back in two. It slipped to his lower back and slowly descended to the beginning of that valley that leads to perdition. Arnold cried out when it slipped further and pressed on that first entrance to his body, but he could not help himself from crying out and trying to reject the feeling that he was filled with. He tried to think of other things, he scrambled his thoughts, but he could not stop his cock starting to stiffen as that finger slowly crept under his thighs and ran over his balls from behind.

“Miss Janet,” he cried out, “do what you like, take my weak flesh, but you will never control my soul!”

The hand closed around his prick and pulled him back, stretching and jerking him to display that shiny purple head. The pleasure was intense, but Arnold resisted the impulse to push his body forward to intensify the feeling. His body betrayed him but his mind resisted the carnality that was being thrust upon him.

“You are in my hell,” said a woman’s voice behind his head.

He tried to turn his head to see who was playing with him, but he could just capture a glimpse of red curly hair at the limit of his vision. The voice spoke with an accent that suggested German, but Arnold’s experience was limited and he could not be sure.

“Whoever you are,” he mumbled, “I will not submit.”

“Good, that’s what I like to hear,” said the woman’s voice. “Temptation must be resisted, if you give in to your cravings and needs you are mine!”

The hand played with his cock. It ran up the length and then gently rubbed the sensitive tip while another hand came to rest on his shoulder. Arnold could feel that hand gripping him tight, it was smooth as though clothed in a glove and had a grasp that suggested certainty.

“I will not.”

As Arnold spoke the hand on his back left his shoulder and started to wander over his back making his skin crawl as he resisted the impulse to thrust his thighs. He heard the slight click of her heels as she changed her position. The hand that grasped his prick from behind moved with a steady motion as a gloved finger came to rest on his ass hole.

“Sodomy and gratification, two sins that you must resist,” said the woman from her hidden

position as she pressed gently into his body. “I am here to bend you, to prepare you to sin for me. I am here to tempt you and draw you into pleasure in your depravity.”

The shock of being penetrated made Arnold thrust as he felt the probing finger move inside him. It found a position deep inside that was so sensitive. The familiar clenching told him that his body was on the point of betraying him.

“The flesh is weak,” he muttered as he climaxed with a rush that was bitter-sweet with fear and bliss.

“Your flesh is mine,” said the woman with a small laugh, “your soul is something that I will take at my leisure.”

Her gloved finger withdrew from him slowly, leaving him shuddering in the throes of his orgasm while the other nursed his violated cock with stroking that was wet with his cum.

“I have been sent here to destroy your faith,” said the soft voice of his tormentrix. “You are going to discover that pleasure is what you were destined to give and I am going to create a sweet little sodomite from your carcass.”

Arnold felt tears well from his eyes; his world had been turned inside out.

He was falling into debauchery without being able to resist.

As he felt the hand withdraw and the footsteps, he was left again to the red darkness that seeped into his consciousness with subtle effect.

Arnold had been visited by a woman who would break his mind and leave his resistance intact.

Gudrun made her way up the stairs from the cells and once again into the natural light of the foyer of the Academy, stripping the latex gloves from her hands and dangling them from her fingertips.

It was nice to have a nice little man to keep her occupied she thought, as she stood in the hallway and considered the offer that Irene was making.

To run this Academy for several months a year, to have the final say in the training and preparation of all the weaklings who would be inducted and the satisfaction of their distress to rock her to sleep.

It was a temptation, she decided and the thought of being closer to Irene gave her a warm glow that was difficult to resist. Still, she loved Berlin and Amsterdam where she spent most of her time.

Standing at the top of the stairs was Irene. Dressed in a diaphanous robe that scarcely hid her, especially with the light almost behind her she beckoned at Gudrun.

‘Oh, I just don’t know what I want,’ thought Gudrun with an internal sigh.

She wondered at her lover’s powers of recuperation.

Just two days ago she was being released from a cell where she had been tormented and though she still bore the bruises she seemed to have recovered her aplomb.

Three of the maids and two of the supervising maids as well as one of the male servitors now took up places in the cells while the others shivered and shook with fear as they carried out their duties. Maybe that was the secret of Irene’s recovery? Revenge makes yesterday disappear into a fog of today’s retribution?

“Come on up,” said Irene, with a smile. “The bed is waiting!”

Gudrun felt a warm glow suffuse her and headed upstairs.

City Blues and High Heeled Shoes

“It’ll be safe enough at the moment,” said Janet, to her daughter. “There was never a trace of this small house, no one knows that it is mine. The owner was a woman who passed through the Academy and it passed into my hand as soon as she signed away all of her fortune.”

Jenny pulled covers clear of the furniture and coughed slightly as the particles of dust swirled in the slanting light of the window. The deep score where Hillary’s pistol shot had cut the skin of her arm stung as she moved, but the pain was no worse than when she had mistakenly slashed herself with the spiked punishment whip or had fallen from her horse.

“How long have we got then?” she asked as she folded the sheets and tossed them behind a sofa.

“A week or two, it depends,” replied Janet as she sat on one of the exposed sofas. “I have to find out who still stands with us and then get this sorted out.”

She held up the slim metal casing of the hard disk drive.

“Surely we can just buy a computer and stick it in,” said Jenny, looking at the object in her mother’s hand. “Then we can check all the pictures, film and the lists that are on it. After all, that is where Miss Clearmont, I mean Irene, kept all of her information about the Service Academy. That was the computer she always used.”

Janet pulled a face as she regarded her daughter. Jenny had spent so long playing with people, using others and misusing them that she had really no idea of how difficult it was to function without a slave at hand all the time to do everything. This would be so difficult for her to adapt to, this ‘real life’ that they would have to live for who knew how long. From the age of fourteen, Jenny had been brought up in an environment in which every wish came true, every demand was satisfied and every bona fide problem was solved by others.

“Darling,” she said. “For the moment we are on our own, we will have to do everything and have no close contact with anyone. This,” Janet held up the hard disk, “is something that we are going to have to pass to an expert and there is no certainty that it has anything of value. The first thing is to check and secure our accounts. Irene has people all over the place, she is like a spider in a web that feels every tug at the net that captures and holds her prey. Tomorrow the banks open and we have to find a branch that is not too close by.”

“Shouldn’t we find a servant or two to look after the house as well?” asked Jenny with a wistful moue. “It shouldn’t be too hard to find some pretty girl who we can keep here. You know, someone to fuck!”

Janet felt an exasperated anger fill her.

Did her daughter have no idea of just how dangerous it was to even venture out of the house? Didn't she understand that inside the Academy, protected by a network of corruption and the activities of women like Veronica they had been safe to enjoy the pleasures of authority without risk of being uncovered?

But that here, in a city that both scarcely knew, they were exposed and under the scrutiny of every passer-by?

Jenny looked at her mother with critical eyes. She was losing her conviction that Janet knew what she was doing. Her mother was far too timid, running scared of things that she just guessed at and forcing the two of them to live like common dross. Soon she would be suggesting that Jenny get a job in an office and become a servant to some pathetic male boss!

She hid her thoughts behind the mask of a compliant smile, but she knew that this was not how Irene had acted. Irene had seized her opportunity and forced the woman who had founded the Service Academy to run like a dog with its tail between its legs. They had left slaves, house and all that they had dreamed of on the untested idea that they would lose.

"We could have prevailed if her my mother had not been in such a hurry to run away! We could have triumphed," thought Jenny.

"OK, OK!" said Jenny. "Let's see if we can do it your way."

"My way? What is your way then?"

Jenny shrugged and turned from her mother to hide her expression.

Veronica and Hillary waited in the car on the corner of West and Rector for the man to arrive. Punctually he walked past, shot a small glance up and down and stood at the rear door of the car, waiting for Veronica to open the door.

It had been a frantic three hours. Telephone calls that recalled old favors, accounts checked by the dozen in three separate banks and feverish diagrams of financial arrangements that made Hillary gasp at the width and breadth of the grasp that Miss Irene Clearmont had on well-known institutions and one or two people who Hillary recognized from newspaper headlines. Every time that Veronica made a call, she muttered to Hillary what the connection was and smiled when Hillary gasped at the sums that were mentioned. This last meeting was the final touch that needed to be agreed before they could start to look for the two women that Irene wanted in the cells as soon as possible.

"Don't say a word," she said to Hillary before she opened the door. "This man needs handling

with care; he is influential as well as vulnerable!”

Hillary nodded and sat rigid in the driver’s seat while Veronica opened the door.

The door slammed closed and Veronica leaned forward to Hillary and said, “Turn right onto West and then into the parking garage on the corner of Albany.”

The van headed into the traffic and crawled the hundred yards to the entrance to the car park while all the occupants stayed silent. Hillary glanced in the rear mirror to catch a glimpse of the man who had got into the car.

“Show me,” said Veronica in the back of the car. “I wish to inspect that you have been behaving yourself.”

From the rear of the car came a small rasping sound and then the man’s voice speaking in a voice that almost sounded as though he was at the point of tears.

“I have been a good boy,” said the plaintive voice.

“Then I think that a little reward is in order!”

There was a pause for a few seconds. Hillary drove into the underground garage and started on the spiral ramp that led deep under the street. Her concentration was taken up by the driving, but she still heard the transaction taking place in the back.

“Please!”

“I shall speak to your Mistress on your behalf,” said Veronica. “Now pass me the papers and we shall see what we shall see.”

There was a brief rustle of sound and then Veronica was turning the pages of a printed document of loose sheets and scanning the transactions with a practiced eye.

“I shall be needing you to update me at every movement in these accounts,” said Veronica, as she pulled a pen from his top pocket and circled a few areas of the documents. “That means within five minutes of a withdrawal, or in fact any movement, you will SMS me with the details. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress,” he said.

The car reached the bottom of the ramp and moved through the cramped dimly lit parking spaces at a crawl.

“If you manage to please, then there will be a special reward for you,” said Veronica with a small laugh. “On the other hand, if you do not accomplish this small task then I will see to it that certain small oversights, may well come to light.”

Hillary felt a tap on her shoulder and Veronica said, “Stop here, he is getting out!”

Hillary brought the car to a stop and turned the mirror to see what would happen at the end of the meeting.

The car stopped and the door opened.

First the man stepped out and stood holding the door open as Veronica pushed her feet out of the car and then slithered from the car. For a moment her skirt revealed the tops of her stockings and then the man extended a hand to help her step from the car with an elegant exertion.

She stood in front of him. Veronica was taller by an inch or two because of the high heeled stilettos that added an extra six inches. Hillary looked at them, the slim elegant young woman and the man in his mid-thirties. Veronica said something that Hillary could not quite catch and the man nodded and got to his knees and bent to kiss her shoes.

Hillary was struck by the scene. His lips extended, his tie hanging from his neck and draped on the car-park floor with Veronica as straight as a ramrod looking down at him as she straightened her pencil skirt with her long fingers.

Then the lift door behind the pair opened and a woman stepped from the lift. Smartly dressed and carrying a whole cluster of shopping bags she stopped at the scene that was being played out before her and smiled.

Veronica just watched the woman and the man at her feet continued the task of ensuring that her shoes were perfectly clean.

The woman carrying the shopping walked past and as she did so she said, “I think you’ve got a ‘keeper’ there!” to Veronica.

Veronica just smiled and replied:

“He’ll do. It keeps my shoes clean at any rate!”

The woman started to laugh as she slid into her car and pulled out, all the while watching the man at Veronica’s feet. Veronica just smiled at her as she passed and then stepped back from the man that she had just humiliated and said:

“Make sure that you report to me personally and then I’m sure that a small reward can be granted. Perhaps even the one that you mentioned to Miss Diamond.”

He stayed kneeling. Hillary felt that he had the look of a small puppy that was just begging for attention from his master. Veronica patted him on the head and slid back into the car, slamming the door behind her with an imperious gesture.

“OK let’s go,” she said, as she pulled on the seat belt. “We now have a trip wire on all of the accounts at City Bank that need to be watched. If Jenny or Janet pull so much as a red cent from their accounts, I will know how much, what for and where. Most of all, where.”

“Who is he?” asked Hillary as the car emerged onto the street.

“William Charterhouse Hector van Thurlough the third,” said Veronica. “He is the current general financial business accounts manager for the New Manhattan City and Agricultural Loans Bank of New York. He is the only man with clearance to check any financial data in the bank that has to do with business accounts, at least the only one who I get to kiss my ass!”

“So, how did you manage to get your claws into him?”

“I didn’t,” said Veronica. “Irene passed him to me when she found out that he was visiting three different dominatrices in the Queens.”

“Three?”

“Three! Imagine that! It was not enough for him to serve a single woman! Then he made the mistake of using Irene’s studio just off Central park. He got what he wanted, namely a stricter treatment by a woman, Miss Diamond herself, who is more than an expert at making men grovel. Irene got over seventy hours of pornographic film which would have ruined even a career as illustrious as his! Since then, it has been a marriage made in heaven. William is just such a good connection and so obliging.”

“So, what did you offer him in return?”

“The so called ‘Miss Diamond’ is the front for Irene’s little blackmail operation in New York city. She keeps poor little William in absolute chastity! It would just not do that some other woman intruded into our little arrangement with William, so she had him tattooed, chipped and locked into a chastity tube. That means he can be allowed the odd small reward like a five-minute release or some such. What a man will do for a wank is a hole that has no bottom!”

Veronica started to laugh at her inverted pun as she directed Hillary to the Jersey Shore.

“Chipped?” asked Hillary as they passed through the Holland Tunnel.

“A slave gets barcoded, that’s normal for Irene’s property. A small tattoo that is tucked away somewhere. It allows owners to check their property and adds to the slave’s utter degradation at being reduced to the level of just another object in their owner’s collection,” said Veronica, leaning between the seats as they drove through the long tunnel. “I have one.”

Veronica paused for a moment as she reflected how she had been a mere possession of the woman whom she had saved from the same fate.

“At any rate,” said Veronica, “When they get the barcode, they now get chipped as well. A small tag under the skin that allows the owner to keep tabs on their property, resell with confidence and other practical uses. William was chipped experimentally and does not even know it! I suppose that it will save effort if he ever ends up in the Academy!”

As Hillary drove through the toll booths onto the New Jersey Turnpike she found that she was not shocked by the idea of ‘chipping’ a person. She was not distressed by the thought that slaves were bought and sold. In fact, she was starting to become used to the idea that some were born to serve their betters. They were looked after and guided, they were cherished and traded. After all, only a fool would damage their own expensive property, a slave cost a great deal of money.

Veronica sat in the rear seat and watched the outer signs of the thoughts running through Hillary’s mind. She knew that Hillary was a naturally superior leader if, of course, Veronica could just make it surface in her character. That she asked no other questions and just accepted the whole philosophy of female dominance as a given, she was already on the way.

Of course, she would have to keep the naïve Hillary out of Irene’s coffle, but Veronica was certain that Irene owed her, and the payment would be Hillary!

How delicious to train someone to be the woman who would then rule you and fuck you, but owed you everything! The delectable inversion appealed to Veronica. To play matryoshka, Russian Dolls, with her associates, Irene and Hillary, the game was such a juicy diversion when otherwise life was so boring. One inside the other, inside the other, inside...

Volenti non fit Injuria

“You knew the risk that you were taking,” said Miss Irene Clearmont to the man who was chained to the ceiling. “Look at me when I talk to you. If you have no wish to see, then that can be attended to! I will have respect, obedience and your fucking attention!”

Gregory shivered and looked at his captor with dull eyes. Just two days ago he had been on the Long Island Expressway pondering what he would be doing to the woman that now owned him. Now the situation was reversed and he realized that every positive and negative thing that he had ever done to Miss Clearmont paled next to the punishment that he had doled out to her over two days of sweet revenge for her treatment of him in the past.

“I think that there is a Latin legal expression for the concept,” said Miss Clearmont with a smile. “I forget the exact words, but you are sure to have learned it at legal college. It says that misfortune and loss must be balanced against the risk that the person entered into.”

As she spoke, she lifted her hand and showed him the long bamboo cane that she bore in her gloved hand.

“You are going to learn that I never make the same mistake twice. That means that you are wasting your breath begging me for release. You will be squandering words on thin air if you think that I believe you could possibly be of further use to me in the outside world. You will find yourself in a place of horror that I am going to consign you to after I have extracted some small measure of payback from your hide.”

He looked at her and wondered how he had ever thought that this demon could be in his power. The low-cut Basque allowed him to see the yellowing stripes of bruising that he had inflicted. A reminder of his moment of glory! The Basque ended at her midriff leaving her voracious sex open to his gaze. There too were the bruises that he had inflicted, purple fingerprints that surrounded the smooth white flesh that he had dared to penetrate. Straps held the tan stockings that covered her legs. Small creases and shimmering ripples in the stockings and high heeled Oxfords that were laced Ghillie-style.

“Before we begin, I have some questions for you,” she continued as the long cane stilled, coming to rest with the tip on the floor. “First of all, I want to have a little chat with the two ladies who were formerly my partners and I suspect that you have an idea as to where they might have gone into cover. Secondly, we are going to explore all the things that you have been naughtily been doing behind my back.”

“Miss Clearmont,” he whined, “please believe me when I say that I have no idea where they might be hiding.”

She took a step forward and stood just a few inches from him. The tension of her ascendancy

was clearly arousing her. Breath came in pants and the rictus of a smile was etched on her features.

“I have something special for you,” she said breathlessly.

Her left hand lifted and opened into to show Gregory the metal object that she held for his inspection. Beads of sweat formed on his face as he saw the pear of agony that he had used on her just days before.

“This is something that we are going to explore deeply together,” she said. “but I think that it is only right and proper that you realize what it is that I am going to do to you.”

Gregory shuddered.

Stretched out with each wrist bound and just the toes of his naked feet touching the carpet he caused the chains that fixed him to rattle. Sweat coursed down his body as Miss Clearmont tossed the pear onto the bed with a casual gesture.

“I think that you can understand my position. After all, you are a reasonable man, a man versed in forensic logic,” she said in a quiet tone. “I have suffered an inconvenience that has to be rectified. You will answer my questions with clear and concise answers and I shall note your cooperation.”

She took a step back and moved to take up a station behind him.

“I will do my best,” he muttered as he braced himself.

There was a slight forewarning of the blow, a susurrant in the still air that signaled the first strike. The cane contacted his quivering flesh with a smacking sound that was followed by a howl that issued from his open mouth.

“I cannot ask for better,” she said in a reasonable voice. “Should I repeat the question?”

“Please...”

The pain was like a knife, it cramped his thighs where the blow had fallen, making him hang for a moment from his wrists as his feet moved to balance him.

“Where are Janet and Jenny?”

Every word was spaced with a vicious blow to his thighs until six lines scored his upper thighs and ass with parallel lines of red bruising.

“I don’t know,” gasped Gregory. “Please, I have no idea!”

“That’s not the right answer!”

Again, every word was followed by a stripe of the bamboo cane, punctuating her words with the crack of bamboo on helpless skin.

“Please, Irene, I don’t know, how can I know?”

Irene laughed and spoke in a warm tone, “Darling Gregory, I don’t care what you know or don’t know! I just enjoy flaying the skin from your bones. If you do not know the answers, then just guess the answers, you may even guess right. The questions are just to give structure and meaning to the agony and pain. All of our contact will be about my enjoyment and your terror, I don’t care a shit what’s in that head of yours. I sometimes break my toys when I play with them!”

He could not see her for the tears that welled in his eyes. He did not understand why she gave him questions when she did not want answers.

“I think that we should perhaps discuss this from another angle,” she said, as she walked round to face her victim. “Let me frame the question differently! Somewhere those two sluts have a place that they think is hidden from my gaze. A house or an apartment that seems to be a refuge. What have you got that might help me locate it?”

Gregory’s mind was filled with panic. He opened his eyes to look into her smiling face and realized that it would make no difference what he said. There would be no mercy or escape from the fate that she was preparing for him. Her questions and his answers were just a frame to hang her revenge on to. She did not expect him to know the answers! Miss Clearmont was just enjoying an opening interlude in the first stage of his destruction.

“I made copies of everything,” he said.

“That’s better,” smirked Miss Clearmont. “Now we are answering my second question, it may help your memory with the first!”

Once again, she took up a position out of his sight. Gregory closed his eyes and clenched his teeth as a rain of blows was showered onto his back and the cheeks of his ass. Each one made him cry out in agony as Miss Clearmont flayed him with deliberate precision. She did not speak; she just concentrated on enjoying his suffering. Finally, she stopped and inspected the red-purple bruises that ran in lines across his lower body.

“So, where have you hidden this trove of copies?” she asked.

“They are all on a computer at home.”

Tears ran down Gregory’s face as he spoke. For a day he had been steeling himself, telling himself that he could somehow bargain with the woman that he had humiliated, but now that the moment had arrived, he understood that he would tell her everything! He would gush secrets and hidden plans and she would give him nothing in return. His words would delay his abuser for just moments and that was reason enough to spill everything.

“Very good, Gregory,” she said. “Now where exactly is this computer?”

She strolled to a gilded rope that hung in a corner of the room and pulled it. Gregory found himself glowing with the pain of the caning, somehow distanced from the reality of his predicament. One part of his mind was reacting to the agony while the other part noted every detail of his surroundings with a calculated precision that bordered on detachment.

He saw the small drops of sweat of her brow, the small sign of exertion. Gregory noted how the rope swung slightly after she had pulled on it. He felt the soft carpet under his toes and the elaborate design of her bedroom. Gregory’s brain swam in intense emotions that he could not pin down. Fear, certainly, but also a closeness to his tormentor that bordered on affection. He watched her sit on the edge of the bed facing him. It was like a waking dream in which he was almost a detached observer.

“It is delicious,” she said in a low tone. “The knowledge that I have total control over you.”

Her thighs parted to reveal the soft slit of her pussy and she laid the cane on the bed with a careful, almost delicate motion. Gregory saw a clear drop of liquid gather and make its way from the shadowed opening to her thigh.

The heavy door to the bedroom opened and a maid entered with slow small steps. Miss Clearmont glanced at her and spread her legs a little more until she was wide open and exposed to his gaze. He could see the small creases, the inner sanctum. Slick and delicate the inner lips of her cunt that slowly parted as they swelled to expose a shadowed hole. Her hand moved slightly and for a moment Gregory thought that she was on the point of touching herself, but it was a signal to the maid.

“Attend to me,” said Miss Clearmont in a husky voice.

The maid curtsied prettily and knelt between those powerful thighs, blocking Gregory’s view of that hungry cunt. Her head lowered and Miss Clearmont sighed with satisfaction.

“The computer?”

Gregory felt a stirring, an erection that he had no part of. As the maid touched the flesh of her

owner, Miss Clearmont placed a hand on her shaved head to guide her in her service.

“In a small safe in the floor under my work desk,” he said.

He was overcome by the scene that played out before him in slow motion. the smooth head of the maid, the relaxing of Miss Clearmont’s legs as she gave herself to pleasure, the bloodied cane that lay on the bed by her side and the way that her lips formed a small circle with the tip of her tongue just visible as it rested on her scarlet lip.

“Perfect,” said Miss Clearmont, as she shuddered with the oncoming climax. “You have always been my favorite, Denise, the clever tongue of a slut and an instinctive knowledge of my needs.”

Gregory watched the pornographic scene with new understanding. This was how Miss Clearmont would destroy him totally. He had not recognized Denise. The bald head, the painted face that was like a sexual marionette. The tight uniform and ballet boots that had made her walk with an inviting sway of her broad hips. The woman who had been played with, whose life had been reduced to being a perfect instrument of pleasure. The woman whose husband had been murdered to allow Miss Clearmont to erase her very identity.

Miss Clearmont came with a moan, a shudder of her legs and then relaxed to allow her maid to gently soothe her with long strokes of the tongue that ran from her ass to the tip of her pussy.

“Very good,” she said to the maid. “You may go now!”

The former Denise Lamont stood and curtsied again. As she did so Gregory saw the perfectly smooth skin of her ass, the pale skin that curved inwards to the blue jewel that was placed to fill the hole and the perfect curve of her hairless fleshy pussy from which hung a small golden bell like a perfect afterthought.

The door closed but Miss Clearmont stayed on the bed with her legs wide and regarded Gregory with a small smile.

“In a day’s time I am having a small intimate soirée for a few special guests,” she said. “Of course, you are invited. In actual fact you are going to be part of the entertainment. In the meantime, we will have time to discuss various matters to our heart’s content!”

Slowly she closed her legs and stood. She arranged the cane and the small metal pear on the bed so that he could appreciate their presence when he was alone.

“Tonight, we shall discuss whatever it is that I find on that computer and I shall indulge myself by administering a little more correction. For the moment just be content that I have

really enjoyed our time together!”

Miss Clearmont nodded at Gregory with a friendly smile and left him to contemplate his captivity.

Gregory felt his erection fade and gasping sobs shook his frame. The tears were hot and dripped from his cheeks and chin as he felt all hope of avoiding his destiny fade with the closing of the door behind the Grey Widow.

Road to Damascus

The phone vibrated on the bedside table and then started to ring. The sound of an old-fashioned phone followed it and Veronica reached for it almost in her sleep.

“Yes,” she said, suppressing a yawn.

For a moment she listened to the voice at the other end and then sat up suddenly before saying, “William, if this is true then I think that I can put a word in with Miss Diamond for a small reward.”

Hillary moved on the sofa where she had fallen asleep and watched the conversation. Her back ached and she felt as though she had woken every five minutes while Veronica had taken the double bed and snored in perfect slumber. Her glance took in the green numbers glowing on the clock radio by the bed and she had to look twice before actually registering that it was just five in the morning.

“William, William, calm down! You have done very well, but this is not the time to discuss your pathetic little problems. Get back to me when you have more, I am sure that Miss Diamond did not mean it when she said a year.”

Veronica smiled and held the phone away from her face for a moment before it gushed with the outpouring of all William’s woes: “Just sort it out William and we’ll discuss it all later, just make sure that no one else knows what you have told me or a year will be just the start of your problems!”

Veronica closed the line and put the phone down.

“We’re off,” she said, as she swung her legs off the bed.

“At this time of the morning?”

“Absolutely! William gave me an address in Atlantic City. Like the little slut that he is, he went back to the bank this afternoon and started to burrow into the names and accounts that I gave him.”

Veronica pulled on her jeans and slipped on her stilettos as she spoke.

“And?” asked Hillary as she shook her head and stood. She was still fully dressed, rumpled and sleepy, but the excitement in Veronica’s voice was infectious.

“This is what I love about working on Irene’s behalf,” said Veronica. “Never a dull moment and the freedom to act as I see fit.”

Hillary picked up her handbag and made sure that she had nothing left lying around as Veronica opened the door to the motel room and ushered her into the cool early morning air.

“We need to get to Atlantic City,” said Veronica, as she tossed her phone to Hillary. “I’ll drive, you find Lincoln Avenue and we’ll arrive in just a couple of hours.”

“How did William find the address,” asked Hillary as she slipped into the car and reached forward to program the satellite navigation.

“No, never ever use the sat-nav in a hire car,” said Veronica. It remembers where you’ve been. Use my phone, like I just told you!”

Hillary sat back and played with the phone as they left Deptford. After a few moments the phone chirped up and said “Follow the road for forty miles.”

“What happens when we get there?” asked Hillary. “Are we going to do this on our own?”

Veronica smiled and turned to her protégée, “Of course not, it’s our job to find them not to take them! We have to be sure and we have to be sudden and thorough. We need to find that hard disk; we need to make sure that there is no one with them. When it is done, then we go in and make sure of the area and send in the clean-up crew.”

“Is this how you capture people for the Academy?”

“In general, I am never in a rush. I observe and study the routines of the candidate first, sometimes with a PI. Then I order in the snatch team, and stand back to make sure that no mistakes are made!”

Hillary looked sideways at Veronica and shivered slightly before she asked the obvious question.

“Mistakes?”

“Of course! In the first couple of years, we occasionally found that we had taken someone who was not the candidate.”

There was silence in the car as Hillary digested this comment and wondered what had happened to the ‘mistakes.’

Veronica seemed relaxed and Hillary started on another train of thought. In the last two days she had seen so much of Veronica’s business. She had seen clients, blackmail victims, she had been told so much intimate detail of the whole operation that she suddenly realized that she was at risk.

Deadly risk!

What if she made a misstep, what if she put a foot wrong and Veronica decided that Hillary needed to be silenced?

Hillary started to sweat and shake from the internal revelation.

She was in the middle of an organization of slavers.

And she knew some of their secrets.

She was witness to things that that were dangerous not just to know, but to have seen, and here she was in a hire car with a woman who had presented false documents and driver's license to get the keys.

What overshadowed that, by far, was the fact that they were about to kidnap two women and then make sure that all the evidence was dealt with. A couple of months ago she had been a married woman who was partner with her husband in a business that was legal, creative and a pleasure to run. Now Hillary was building a prison for innocent victims and, what was more, heading out to collect a couple of them.

'Well, they're not exactly fucking innocent,' she thought to herself.

Back then, in that former existence, she would not have even used a word like 'damn'. Now she had slept with a woman who was now a fugitive, saved the life of a woman who was evil, but fascinating in that iniquity. She had learned that pain and sex were a gratifying experience as long as she was not the victim. She had seen her husband destroyed and she had been thrown out of her parent's life. She was no longer the Hillary of the 'Real Hamptons' she was Hillary partner of Veronica, Hillary partner in crime and Hillary knower of dark secrets.

She was brought back from her worries by the phone when the voice said, "Turn left at the next junction onto Arctic Avenue." They had arrived in Atlantic City and she had worried the whole journey.

The sat-nav directed the grey Sebring through the early morning traffic. Immediately after turning onto Arctic, Veronica turned the wheel and they were in the car park of a fast-food restaurant that was just opening for business. Only three other cars were in the car park, two pickups and a commercial van.

They got out and Hillary felt the morning air on her skin. Her creased T shirt and jacket clung to her with the remaining sweat of fear and it took a few moments to get comfortable.

"You have to learn to sleep where you can," said Veronica. "Sofas, beds, cars and all-night

diners all work for me. Did you sleep in the car or were you worrying the whole way?"

Hillary ignored the question and asked one of her own.

"So, what happened to candidates that were taken by mistake?"

"Ah, so that's what worries you? Well, I can't afford witnesses, I can scarcely release them after they have been kidnapped!"

Veronica leaned on the car and eyed the people eating an early breakfast in the burger restaurant as she spoke and then turned her attention back to Hillary.

"And?"

"We always find buyers," said Veronica. "I let Janet sort that out, though, I suppose that it will be Irene running the Academy for the moment!"

"So, what happens to the original target?" asked Hillary.

"If possible, we step back and find another match. It's only if a rich buyer has a particular individual on order that we go back. Even then, there is a wait of about three months before we start again. Incidents and abductions cannot be allowed to be related to each other by the authorities."

"So, it's all done to order then?"

"Of course," said Veronica. "For instance, a woman might want a nice little slut of, let's say, twenty years, large breasted, five foot six and red-headed to lick her rich wet cunt. It depends, but it is important to match the candidate to the training that is needed as well. So, for instance if our hypothetical customer would like a bit of experience or perhaps a woman who is fit and works out, I try to figure that into the equation. Anyway, I search for a candidate, and put a watch on him or her before we spring the trap and they wake up in a cell in the Academy."

Veronica paused for a moment and took a cigarette from her small bag and lit it.

"On the other hand, occasionally we get a specific request, for instance a lover that has jilted the buyer. Once or twice, we have sold minor celebrities to their fans, but that is rare, it's just too much risk to take them. That means that occasionally we had to find someone who was the spitting image of a celebrity."

"And where do I fit in," asked Hillary.

Here in the middle of a public place, in the early morning sunshine, she thought she was in no

danger!

“Is that what you have been worrying over the whole trip, this morning?” said Veronica.
“What was going to happen to you once this little jaunt was over?”

“Yes,” said Hillary. “Will I just wake in the Academy one morning and be sold the next?”

“Mmm, we’ll just have to see, won’t we,” said Veronica. “A couple of years ago I belonged to a circle of poker players, sort of friends, or at least acquaintances. It turned out that they became customers and candidates and the poker came to an end. I only have one friend in this world. Irene. No one else matters to me, not the men I’ve fucked or the women that I have been fucked by!”

Hillary waited.

“Only Irene recognized that I could serve in any way that she desired and gave me that chance. I need someone that I can trust. I need a partner to share my life, I need an associate who will do for me what I would and have done for Irene. Irene can never share my life and I can only ever get a small part of hers so I need someone like you.”

“Me?”

“You have the flexibility, you are intelligent, you are attractive, you are clever and you can keep your own council. You knew to call me and put down the line. You knew how to play both ends against the middle. You knew that Irene might win even if she was in a cell and you are asking the right questions now despite the fact that it may result in me adding you to the two women that I am after. I liked the way that you took the gun and the visit cards. I watched the replay that Jenny was too lazy to watch. If she had, it would have saved her, now nothing can!”

Hillary watched Veronica stub out her cigarette and followed her into the burger bar as she ordered the all-night breakfast with a huge coffee and sat with her.

Hillary looked out of the window and looked over to their car. Nearby a woman walked across the car park and then bent down to pick up a piece of paper from the ground where Hillary and Veronica had been talking. She seemed to throw it into one of the bins as though she was some sort of fastidious perfect citizen, then she climbed into one of the pickups and roared off in a cloud of diesel fumes.

“When did you write the address?” asked Hillary.

“At the turnpike when I was fumbling in my purse,” said Veronica with a smile.

“Pass the coffee,” said Hillary. “We never get to see Lincoln Avenue, do we?”

“Of course not! What would happen if we drove past and one of the two candidates was walking on the sidewalk? No! We wait for more information. The only problem is that Irene wants this in a hurry and she may well be right. I normally spend weeks finding and acquiring candidates. I use local PI’s to follow them. I bug their cars and phones to get a grip on their routine. I spend hours in the places that they visit regularly to find the best and most effective spot. All of that before I call in the snatch squad. So, you’re right, we never get to see Lincoln Avenue, in fact I am half inclined to leave here as well, it’s brisling with CCTV and it’s only a mile away from the target.”

Veronica reached for her coffee and was about to raise the huge paper cup when her phone rang.

“Yes!” Veronica answered the phone.

Hillary could just hear the one side of the conversation.

“I’m already there!”

There was a pause while Veronica listened to the caller and then she started to laugh.

“Ten minutes ago; if it all goes smoothly then maybe an hour before I know.”

“Of course, in any case,” said Veronica, as she cut the call.

Veronica reached for her coffee again and smiled.

“That was Irene, she just gave me the same address as William did,” she giggled. “It’s nice to show her that I’m on the ball.”

“How did Irene get the address?”

“Gregory Howard’s house had a terrible fire last night,” said Veronica. “Luckily his wife was with an intimate friend, actually her rather young lover, and the fire covered the fact that all of his papers, a computer and other items were stolen by person or persons unknown.”

“Is there anything that Irene doesn’t know about the people who she does business with?”

“Thus, the expert in battle moves the enemy, and is not moved by him, says a rather interesting book,” said Veronica. “Knowledge is power and total knowledge is the sum of all power.”

Hillary mused on the quotes that Veronica had cited and hazarded a guess, “Confucius?”

“Good try, Hillary,” said Veronica, as she tucked into her pancakes. “The second was Miss Irene Clearmont and the first was Sun Tzu. Both can teach us a great deal about philosophy, but nothing whatsoever about pancakes. These are fucking perfect!”

New Methods and Old Methods

Miss Irene Clearmont tapped her spoon on the side of her glass to call the gathered guests to order. She looked down the table and smiled as though the world was in perfect order. She now had three special guests in the cells under her feet.

Gregory of course.

Later he would be making an appearance, not that the guests would know that he was present as such.

The next guest in the cells was of course Arnold, the man who was trying so hard to resist Gudrun and failing every time. Soon she would rid herself of his useless presence; he was of neither real worth nor interest.

The last occupant was of course Janet; picked up by Veronica in Atlantic city.

Only Janet!

That was why Miss Clearmont's world was not in perfect order. Jenny was still at large and the trail had gone cold! Even Veronica had just shrugged when Miss Clearmont had shouted at her in ire.

"I'll get her in the next few days, you know that I will!" Veronica had said when the temper had fallen to a sulk.

Miss Clearmont tapped the glass again and glanced at each guest. Some of them had hoped that she would be gone forever. Some did not care and then one was her lover. Her eyes scanned the people closest to her position at the head of the table and she summed each up with a few concise thoughts. Most were rich beyond the wildest dreams of mere film stars and business people.

They moved in a different world from the rest of humanity. A stratospheric society in which almost anything was possible. It was not just money, there were hundreds of billionaires in the world, most of them did not know how to use money, they bought toys like yachts and castles and never realized that they could be part of something larger. Something that was a higher level of indulgence, something that only their money could buy and only if they knew that it was possible.

They could buy people, they could have who they wanted to play with, they could order victims like picking a dish in a restaurant and if there was anything left on the plate at the end of the meal, the waiter took it away without comment and disposed of it.

Miss Clearmont cleared her throat and opened the proceedings.

“I have invited you because I have several announcements to make that are better made personally. All of you will have noted the work that is being done on the Service Academy, under the expert care of our new young associate, Miss Hillary Hampton.”

Hillary suddenly heard her name. She had been placed at a small table at the back of the room with a couple who she did not know. Blushing a little she stood and nodded her head at Miss Clearmont. There was a small round of applause and a rustle of silk suits and a rattle of gold as the audience turned to look at Hillary with smiles that could have indicated any emotion you cared to name.

Hillary sat and Miss Clearmont continued her speech.

“As you know the total rebuild of the complex has meant that you have had to source your entertainment elsewhere,” she said. “I am sure that you have been satisfied with the service that we suggested you use in the meantime, that of Miss Ra’fah Jabori, who is also with us here tonight.”

The tall black woman from Burkina Faso stood for a moment and surveyed the guests as if they were already in her coffle.

“So, obviously the fact that we are improving the buildings here can hardly be considered news of great import! What is new is that we are going to pass most of our general business to our friends in Burkina Faso and move ahead into an area that could be thought of as supplementary. We are going to change the direction of the Academy and cater to each of you personally! What we are offering is to help you deal with those small problems that crop up when people who are close to you refuse to be guided by your principles!”

“I am sure that we all know the type of situations that I mean,” continued Miss Clearmont. “A new wife often finds that the children of the previous marriage can be a burden and worry that she would so like to have taken off her hands. Wives and husbands that do not show the flexibility that should be expected of them and other people who really do not understand the burdens of wealth. We will take those people and help them to understand that your wishes should be paramount and that it is only natural that you wish to convince them to behave as you require.

We will have room for just ten such people in need of a further education at a time, as well as the room to offer the highest class of trained servants that you might possibly need. In conjunction with the Ocean Cove sanatorium, we can offer long-term holding facilities which are of the highest quality. We can solve all the problems of medical certificates of mental competence, as well as offering a covert package in which all that you have to do is indicate what your ultimate wishes are and we will do all of the rest, relieving you of worries, legal necessities and of course any interference by government authorities. We will leverage all our expertise to give you the best conceivable experience!”

Miss Clearmont paused and looked down the faces. There were several who would dearly love to dispose of awkward problems or have them rehabilitated to become obedient siblings, wives, lovers and family members.

“What we intend to do is to invest in full electronic monitoring of all of our paid ‘guests’. Tagged, chipped, collared, CCTV, severe punishment mechanisms in place, they will be trained in shorter time, with less supervision and more certainty that you can imagine, what’s more when they are delivered back to you, the methodology can continue if you wish. Might I introduce Miss Lina from Great Britain who is the main agent for ‘Chastity Microsystems’ in the USA. She will later be telling those who are interested, about the concept of total control that has been realized by their company.”

Miss Lina did not stand; she just nodded at the other guests and allowed Miss Clearmont to continue her speech.

“Finally, it is my pleasure to inform you that Miss Janet, who founded this Academy all those years ago, has decided to go into retirement with her daughter the charming Miss Jenny. Unfortunately, they cannot be here tonight due to prior engagements that I simply insisted that they should not miss for a mere soirée! They organized the entertainment tonight. Now I know that the house is a more than a little short of the personnel that usually offer themselves for your pleasure due to the building work, however, for all of your hygiene needs we have of course managed to arrange suitable facilities. Of course, those that may like to relax in the company of our maids and male servants will be free to choose their poison.”

Miss Clearmont rang her spoon on her wine glass and announced the beginning of the meal. She watched all the rich butterflies that had no moral scruples, chatter with each other and sip at their glasses as if they knew which end was up. She could not resist chuckling at the irony of it, here she was, worth millions and still a veritable pauper compared to these degenerates, but doubtless one or two would be in her grip in a few months’ time!

‘I am the cat amongst the pigeons,’ she thought to herself. ‘When the reality of her new program had occurred to them, they would all be queuing up to sort out their ‘problems’ with her help, they would pay what it took!’ “

While the guests luxuriated in the five-course meal and settled down to idle chatter, the maids buzzed around the tables and topped up glasses. Tonight, they were in their silk finest. Brightly colored titbits with dresses so short that they were continually on display. Gold bells and trinkets dangled between their thighs and their collars sparkled with semi-precious stones as they worked. Each was a flash of shimmering colors that sparkled in the candlelight. The men were naked but for the steel restraints that marked their status, some with large pierced breasts that hung temptingly like pears, others masculine with muscular bodies that suggested stamina and sexual potential. Three things they all had in common. The high stilettoed shoes, the tattoo of a bar code on their arm and the gags that ensured their silence.

In the background stood the supervisors, all women, who watched their charges and directed them as the slaves served the guests. With small gestures they maneuvered their charges like soldiers on the field of battle. Here a glass needed to be topped up, there a plate needed to be taken or replenished.

As the meal progressed the chatter became more informal as guests traded experiences and stories, laughed at jokes and questioned the various experts and representatives of Miss Clearmont's Academy. Some higher officials from the city, some bankers and facilitators who made the wheels turn in New York State as well as the neighboring jurisdictions. Others, like Miss Lina, had something to sell that would interest the guests or were offering special services like Mistress Ra'fah Jabori.

Miss Clearmont felt Gudrun's hand on her thigh and lifted her glass.

"It seems as if you have impressed them," said Gudrun, turning to her lover.

"It's a shame that the building and prep-work will take another three months," replied Miss Clearmont, "but, you are right, this little gathering will ensure that they do not forget the Academy when they leave."

Miss Clearmont looked down the table and was pleased by the networking taking place. The gathering was sipping Cognac and coffee as they split into distinct groups that showed similar interests. The local Police commissioner was chatting with a group of building magnates about ensuring that various projects that were important to them and there, sure enough, was the head of building planning and permission for the city. It had been him who had waved through the permissions for the Academy's program and the commissioner had been most helpful with local problems like Gregory Howard.

Miss Ra'fah Jabori was at the center of a group of older women who wanted to know what they could expect in the way of custom-tailored slaves and several of the men had engaged Hillary in a conversation about possible design for the harems that they envisaged attached to their mansions.

A blonde woman stood conversing with one of the supervisors who was telling her about the methods of ensuring discipline with her collection of male slaves while her husband stood by and idly played with a maid's breasts wondering if he could slip away to enjoy her properly.

Miss Clearmont felt the hand on her thigh squeeze and turned to Gudrun.

"I think that we can count this a success," she said. "I suppose that we should provide a demonstration as entertainment and then allow the guests to disperse and enjoy the facilities."

"Isn't it a little risky to bring Janet in? I mean, what if they realize who she is?"

“I don’t think that that will happen,” said Miss Clearmont. “At any rate a little risk is always worth the satisfaction of humiliating her and showing her that I can do what I want to her, her slut daughter and anyone else that crosses me!”

Gudrun smiled and squeezed that thigh again. This time a little higher. Her fingers played with one of many clasps of Miss Clearmont’s stockings and then the fingers walked yet a little higher.

Miss Clearmont picked up a spoon and tapped her glass for attention. It took the guests a minute to quieten down before she made her announcement.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” she said in a clear voice. “Miss Lina, from ‘Chastity Microsystems’ has offered to demonstrate the latest developments in control and unsupervised punishment for us. I think that you will all find it enlightening to see that modern technology is going to provide a future where our property is supervised in every phase of their lives. Depending on your needs and the amount of supervision necessary, you will be ensured of obedience, continual training as well as excellent potential for exemplary punishment to be a twenty-four-hour experience for your slaves.”

Miss Lina stood and looked around the guests with a smile. She spoke with a British accent that could have cut glass accompanied by small gestures of the hands.

“Thank you, Miss Clearmont. It is a pleasure to be in the USA and have the chance to meet with so many people who may be interested in what I am offering. I shall start by getting the sales pitch out of the way as well as answering the two questions that may well arise after this demonstration.”

Some of the guests smiled, mainly those for whom price was not on the agenda.

“The cost of fitting a large house like this completely is liable to be around five hundred thousand to a million dollars. This includes all costs, fitting and of course training in how to use the systems to their best advantage. Miss Clearmont is our representative in the US, and a technical expert will always be at hand at the Academy to ensure after-sales service. So, now you know how much it costs and where to get this system, I shall drop the pitch and simply show you how it works.”

The guests clapped politely and waited for her to continue.

“What we offer is complete control,” continued Miss Lina as she waved a hand to one of the supervisors.

One of the side tables that had been loaded with bottles of Champagne and ice was stripped to reveal that it was a wooden box on castors. The supervisor rolled this box into the center of

the room and dropped the side after undoing several clasps.

“I am demonstrating the system on a woman,” said Miss Lina, “but, of course it could just as easily be a man because we have created the equipment to suit the male anatomy and it works in a similar way.”

Exposed in the box was a woman. She was naked but for a tightly fitting hood held in place with a steel collar. On her feet were ankle high boots that kept her on tiptoes.

“As you can see, she is wearing one of our collars. This is the central controller of the system and hides a box of tricks that is linked to a central computer by a wireless signal.”

Janet stood.

The hood and gag constricted her; the boots made it difficult to stand with her legs apart as she had been instructed. In her head was the thought that she should have been enjoying this demonstration as an onlooker, in fact she had been the one to discuss how it would proceed just two weeks ago. The irony of the turnaround was lost on her as she realized that of all the people watching, only Miss Clearmont and two others knew that the retirement that Miss Clearmont had announced started here as a Guinea pig for Miss Lina.

“The collar itself is controlled by the computer and also a small remote that allows basic function,” said Miss Lina as she held the small plastic dongle on high. “For instance, the collar can administer two basic punishments. The first is an electrical impulse that can be set from the central computer. Here we have it nearly on maximum, but it can be set to a low level as is needed.”

Miss Lina pressed the small red button on the dongle and the masked woman suddenly collapsed in silence. Janet lay in a tangle of limbs with one of the maids standing over her with a crop as the guests applauded and muttered comments.

“Stand the slave up,” ordered Miss Lina after the applause had died down.

The maid lashed the generous rear of Janet and she struggled to her feet.

“Of course, we decided that this was not enough to prevent your property attempting misdemeanors so the other function of the collar is rather more effective!”

Miss Lina pressed the second button on the remote and the suffering Janet’s hands lifted to the collar.

“This function,” said Miss Lina with a smile, “tightens the collar for a timed period, effectively ensuring complete control.”

Janet staggered as her breath was controlled by the collar. She felt light headed and fell once again motionless on the floor. After a few moments the collar relaxed its grip and she felt her swimming senses return. Three vicious blows of the crop forced her to stand once more.

“All of the functions of the collar and other devices are linked to a system that locates your property at all times. Sensors and cameras will follow the slave and ensure that private places as well as the limits of her allowed area of service are not entered by the slave.”

One of the older women fluttered her hand and asked, “In other words any attempt to escape can be automatically prevented?”

“Exactly,” said Miss Lina. “You decide where, when and how the subject is permitted to serve. What’s more you can fit other devices to the subject that are then linked to the collar, to allow more sophisticated oversight. For instance…”

Miss Lina made a signal and one of the maids handed the supervisor a huge dildo. Janet was bent over and her wrists were fettered to her ankles while a bar was fitted between her ankles. Bent over and exposed, Janet’s slit was displayed and the supervisor pressed the huge dildo into the awaiting pussy with a slow pressure that stretched Janet until her cunt clasped the intruder.

“We supply devices to your specifications and sizes to fit any part of the slave,” said Miss Lina as Janet felt the huge object being pushed into her. “Mouth, rear and, of course, for the men restraints and chastity devices of any design that you require. I’ll get to that in a minute. Also, we have an extensive range of shoes, boots, anklets, hoods and gags available, all of which will add to the level of control.”

Janet felt the intruder stretch her; it nestled against her clitoris as she felt a plug pressed into her ass from behind. This, she knew, would keep the remote-controlled intruder firmly in her when it began its work.

“I have pre-programmed the third and last button on the remote to initiate the dildo,” said Miss Lina as she held the remote up for all to see. “The cycle that I have designed especially for this demonstration will reveal another function of the collar.”

She pressed the button.

The room was so quiet that all of the guests heard the dildo start its work. A slow pulsing hum filled the room and the bent over slave swayed on her feet. All could hear the rasping of her breath as she was brought slowly towards climax.

“This is nothing new, I know,” said Miss Lina with a smile that could have been made by a conjurer producing an unexpected magical effect. “Be patient!”

All eyes were on the swaying form that was being raped by remote control. The fat end of the monster dildo moved in and out as it pulsed and the vibration was now loud enough to send a thrill up more than one of the guest's thighs as it was clear that the hooded slut was about to orgasm.

Janet, held doubled up by her fetters, could feel herself being fucked. Every time the object stretched to push into her, she could feel a corresponding pull at her ass, but the anchor held fast as the small knob that pushed against her clit started to press and move to and fro. First it rubbed, pulling aside the small hood that covered her and then it clamped down and moved side to side three times before relaxing again. She could feel that quivering in her body, that despite herself and her fear signaled the coming storm of climax.

One of the guests could not resist making a comment, "The slut's cumming like a steam train."

Suddenly the hum stopped and all the guests heard the slave's breath gasp as the movement stopped and she was left hanging at the last moment.

"As you saw, the collar can detect a coming orgasm and 'play nicely' with the slave as programmed," said Miss Lina with a small laugh. "In this case the program mandates no orgasm and the cycle will run until stopped by the owner! We have designed a plug that can make a man suffer continual stimulation without orgasm for hours. He will leak cum continually and yet never achieve orgasm as his prostate is milked constantly at the computer's command."

Lina paused a moment for effect and then said, "Next follows the small electrical stimulation that will ensure that she is brought down to earth before the next cycle begins. You might notice another refinement if you watch carefully!"

Janet shuddered as small shocks filled her insides. She knew that they were designed to prepare her for another ruined orgasm that would start in moments. Next, she felt another small movement inside her. A sort of hum that was matched by the already huge intruder swelling a little to fill her to her limit.

"It's moving," said the blonde woman who had arrived with the police commissioner. "What's happening?"

"I have programmed the dildo to enlarge a little after each cycle," said Miss Lina with a small giggle. "I have set the maximum diameter to four inches at an eighth of an inch each time. The maximum is six, but Miss Clearmont indicated that she does not want her property ruined!"

"What happens when the batteries run out?" asked the police commissioner as he and his girlfriend watched the dildo settle down and then restart the cycle.

“They never do,” came Miss Lina’s reply. “The collar and all other devices are charged by induction every time that the slave is near a charger. This can be placed for instance in her cage, mounted on the wall where she is held or perhaps in her bed. We have managed three days of cycles without charge, but of course that is the absolute limit.”

The humming of the huge device in Janet’s pussy started up again with the next cycle and a hum of conversation filled the room. Janet could feel a hand run down the crack of her ass. It stopped at the place where the dildo was anchored and investigated the way that the steel-hooked plug sat tight, clenched by her sphincter with an involuntary grip. Then the fingers investigated the way that her inner lips had been stretched outwards to form a sensitive skin like a kiss around the top part of the rubber dildo.

“I just love the way that she is stretched again and again,” said a woman’s voice in Janet’s ear. “This skin is so tender and so ready to be punished a little. Just a small tickle and she shudders so beautifully!”

Janet felt fingernails running along that stretched skin, scoring it delicately, making her gasp in terror that she would be pierced by that manicure. The nails slid around and back to feel her clitoris before being withdrawn.

The commissioner’s girlfriend pulled back her hand and turned to her husband.

“This would be ideal for the maid that I want to own,” she said. “I really think that we will need this system to keep her from getting bored when we are not there to play with her.”

“Look she’s crying,” said one of the guests.

The mask that covered Janet’s head so tightly was pieced by just three holes. Two small nostrils and a much larger one that was ringed with a soft red rubber circle that obscenely suggested lips. A ring and short tube in her mouth held it open for use, making sure that she could articulate no word. Some spittle ran from her mouth and dripped to the floor in cobwebs of liquid, but now tears dripped from the tight lacings and zips at the top of her downturned head.

Janet’s body shook as she tried to resist the feeling that was creeping up on her again. Her clitoris was tender as the dildo closed in and began its devilish work and the dildo itself had started to pump into her again. Soon she would be almost at orgasm just in time for the computer program to leave her on the edge, unfulfilled and desperate. She could feel the heat of the tears as they seeped through the mask to find the only way to freedom. Her body was wracked by sobs that just invited a round of laughter and a slap or two on her upturned ass.

“That’s it!” said Miss Lina. “This slave is going to have to suffer for our benefit for the next few hours, the tears are a bonus, but I can show any interested owners how the programming

is done on my lap top and you are all welcome to play with the system. A last comment, each system is tailored to your exact requirements, we are happy to make any remote device that you can think of, for example one of our clients in Germany wanted a fucking machine for her sissy slave husband; to administer anal punishment throughout the night. We had the prototype ready in just a week and she was delighted when we showed her that the machine can change the diameter of the intruder as and when programmed, just like this one!”

“Thank you for your time,” said Miss Clearmont to Miss Lina with a small smile. “When the Academy reopens it will, of course, be fitted with all this and more! Everything that you might want is here for your delectation, music, maids, drink and of course male-sluts. I have prepared private areas should you wish to indulge yourselves and if any of you wish to spend the night here, bedrooms have been made ready!”

Once again there was polite applause as the guests turned to comment on the display of ingenuity.

Gregory kneeled on the hard surface and waited to be used.

The wall at his back felt cold, the tiles pressing their pattern into his skin as he tried to stay oh so still.

Naked but for the mask that blinded him and the ring that Greta had placed around the hanging balls; he knew very well what would happen soon!

Often enough he had been to these parties and ones like them. Every toilet came with a menial to serve the guests that wished it. He was just so relieved when he realized that he had been placed in a cubicle of the female toilets by Greta.

“Be a good boy or else I shall change the arrangements,” she had said, as she watched the broad ring locked onto his balls and then fixed to a chain that was just long enough for him to move a yard or so from the wall.

He heard the door open, the outer door to the party, and he heard music and chatter. Often when he had been the first to use the toilets after a few beers, he had always availed himself of the waiting service slave. Now the boot was on the other foot! There was always close supervision as one of the maid supervisors stood in the open area of the sinks, hot towels and perfume; making sure that everything was all kept perfectly clean and tidy as guests moved in and out.

The cubicle next door was used!

Gregory sighed with relief and listened for someone else entering the toilets. Not every cubicle had attended service, in fact this was the only one because many women did not like the amenity and would wait for a normal cubicle.

The door opened and Gregory heard the clicking of heels and heard his door being opened and then closed as a woman moved just inches from him.

“Perfect,” she said, as she sat down.

Gregory felt her hand on his head as she used the toilet and then stood. He knew what was required and what would happen if he was not perfect, so he shuffled forward on his knees a foot or two. A hand took hold of the handle on his stiff rubber hood and pushed his head back so that she could straddle him.

“Just clean me,” she said, as the hole over his mouth was positioned between her straddling thighs.

Some women liked to enjoy a little tickle and pleasure and others never bothered with the toilet at all, so it was a relief to lick the few drops from her hairy pussy and carefully massage every fold of her pussy to ensure proper hygiene.

She stepped off him and left the cubicle with an offhand comment to the supervisory maid who waited outside.

“He’s a little too intimate,” she complained as she rinsed her hands. “He needs to concentrate on cleaning and not fondling with his lips.”

As soon as the door was closed, the supervisory maid entered the cubicle. She carefully rinsed Gregory’s mouth and then flayed him with the cane in her hand. Two short sharp blows that fell on his back making him grunt with the sting.

“If I receive a second complaint about you, I have been told to place you in the men’s,” she said with a broad Brooklyn accent. “Understand?”

Gregory nodded and shuffled back to his place. The blows had stung, but were not so bad because the cubicle had hampered the swing of the cane. The maid cleaned the seat and made sure that the cubicle was spic and span before closing the door again without another word.

The second woman who used Gregory seemed to be more interested in using his mouth than the first. Immediately on entering the cubicle she straddled the toilet slave and carefully lined his mouth with its large rubber ring edge tightly to her cunt.

“I like to cum while I piss,” she said, “So, make sure you do a good job!”

He felt the hot liquid issue from her and probed with his tongue to find her clitoris. There it was, a monster the size of the end of a little finger that pushed between his lips as he frantically swallowed and licked while she just moaned and sighed as he climaxed. It took minutes for her to relieve herself as she held herself to a trickle to allow time for the toilet slave to service her properly. At last, it was over; she allowed him to clean her and catch the last drops before she slid forward to place his mouth over the button of her ass hole.

“Clean me there as well!” she ordered in a stern voice.

His tongue extended and Gregory licked and massaged the bud of flesh that seemed to swell and loosen as he worked. He had to wait her order to stop and she finally retreated with a breathless, ‘perfect’.

Gregory felt a slight lightheaded satisfaction as the maid arrived to clean him up in preparation for his next customer.

He kneeled on the hard floor, the pattern on the tiles cutting into his knees as he waited a full fifteen minutes for the next woman. He heard the click of heels as she entered the cubicle and closed the door.

“Excellent!” she said in a low voice.

He suddenly recognized the voice. It was Shareen Briggs, a female lawyer that he often worked with when he was involved in criminal cases. She owned the largest legal firm on the Island. In fact, she was richer than most of her clients and a bitch to work with because of her photographic memory that held every criminal statute of the last twenty years in almost word-perfect precision.

At first, he hoped that she would not recognize him.

And then he hoped that she would.

If she did, she might help him!

‘Please God,’ he thought as he heard her pulling her knickers off, but he was not sure if she would help.

She fiddled around with her bag and then looked down at the man who was going to clean her after she had used the toilet. It was not that often that she indulged herself by using the assisted cubicles, but her acquaintance, Miss Clearmont, had recommended it just a few minutes ago.

A little preoccupied with the demonstration from Miss Lina, she looked down at the tight

mask with its open orifice and stopped. Somehow a sudden insight broke over her and she realized that she recognized the mute figure kneeling on the floor before her. Could it be? Was it?

Gregory?

Her mind rearranged a few small titbits of information and she suddenly realized that Gregory had fallen foul of the rather formidable Miss Clearmont! No wonder his office had cancelled the meeting for yesterday. They had not known where he was!

“Is that really you Gregory?” she asked in a low voice.

The tongue moved in his mouth and he tried to annunciate something, but the ring that held his mouth wide turned the words into small grunts that made no sense. For a moment Shareen looked down at him and she rested a hand on the handle on the top of his head. It was obvious that Miss Clearmont had suggested that she use the service slave in the toilets for exactly this reason! Perhaps it was that suggestion that had made her look more carefully?

There was nothing that she could do for him even if she had wanted to and after all, Gregory had been such a stuck-up prick as a lawyer. Incompetent and with a lack of the basic legal knowledge that annoyed her every time that they had to work together!

“I can’t believe it, are you really serving Miss Clearmont like this now?” she asked trying not to let a giggle get into her voice.

Gregory made some noises and she made a small sigh of sympathy.

“I suppose that you have had enough of being a legal eagle? I am sure that she will let you go when a couple of days have passed.”

He shook his head vigorously and made a small noise.

“Are you trying to tell me that you are not here as a volunteer?”

Now it was getting difficult not to laugh, so she coughed to cover it up. There was something very funny about all of this; after all it had been only three days ago that she had told her secretary what a total shit Gregory Howard was. Now here he was just doing his own thing for Miss Clearmont!

Gregory shook his head and made a small wailing sound.

“I’d just love to get you out,” said Shareen, “but, first let’s see how good you are!”

Her hand gripped the handle on the top of his head and pulled back his head until the mouth was just a circle. Satisfied she opened the door to the cubicle and spoke to the supervisory maid.

“I need a little help here,” she said indicating with her hand that she wanted a chain to make sure that his head stayed in the position that she had put it in.

“Madame,” said the maid with a small curtsy, “we have that here!”

The maid opened a small cupboard under one of the sinks and produced a handful of chains and locks.

“Do you need assistance?”

“If you would be so kind,” answered Shareen with a laugh. “I’m sure that you’ll make a much better job of it than I would!”

The maid unraveled the chains and locked the harness onto Gregory with just a few small clicks of the padlocks and some adjustment to get it nice and tight. Now he was fettered with his ankles and wrists together and his head at the required angle without possibility of escape.

“It just so happens that I know this slave,” said Shareen conversationally to the supervisory maid.

“That happens more often than you’d imagine, Madame,” said the maid. “Most women find it an ideal opportunity to balance previous misunderstandings and abuses. “If you have a complaint with this particular slave, then I am allowed to inform you that one more complaint will place him in the men’s service area for the rest of the party. Do you wish to complain?”

“Not yet,” said Shareen. “Not yet!”

She lit a cigarette and talked to the maid as if Gregory was not there.

“You are an attractive young woman,” said Shareen conversationally.

“Thank you, Madame. Miss Clearmont insists that all of the servitors in the Service Academy should not just be perfectly behaved, but that they should also be ‘eye candy’!”

“She is a most particular woman,” said Shareen with a laugh.

“My owner is so much more than that, Madame.”

She tapped the cigarette, dropping the ash into the open mouth of her former associate. As

Shareen made small talk with the petite woman who seemed ready to chat as long as no one was using the bathroom she dropped all the ash into Gregory.

“I need your tongue,” said Shareen as she reached the end of the cigarette.

When the tongue appeared, Shareen stubbed out the stub and dropped it into his mouth with a small flick.

“I could talk to you all night,” she said to the maid and turned to stand over the motionless figure looking into his mouth.

“It has been a pleasure, Madame,” replied the maid as she watched Shareen close her mouth and pull her cheeks in a little.

Shareen snorted a little and then pursed her lips and spat into the open mouth. A slight dribble of the glutinous liquid missed the opening and splattered against the rubber lips on the mask.

“I think that he moved as I spat,” said Shareen with a small chuckle.

“Are you making a complaint about the comportment of this toilet slave?” asked the maid with the shadow of a small smile.

“Mmm,” said Shareen as she seemed to be considering if she was really going to make it official. “I think so. In fact, I know so, so please mention the fact to your Mistress, that this slave made too much noise, failed to swallow with deference and failed to hold perfectly still during our little conversation!”

“I shall of course pass it on, Madame,” said the maid. “Would you recommend that he is unchained first or should he spend the rest of the evening like this?”

“Obviously I cannot reward him in any way,” said Shareen as she idly toyed with his erection with the point of her shoe.

“Certainly not, Madame,” said the maid. “Punishment is a fact of life for Miss Clearmont’s trainees and household servants. “At any time, an invited guest may ensure that it is carried out as she wishes!”

Shareen experimented with a small kick to his balls and was gratified to watch the reaction as Gregory lurched against the web of chains that held him on his knees. Another, harder, kick and he made a small whining sound.

“You know?” asked Shareen. “I forgot that I came in here to use the toilet. Would you please lock the outer door, because I have decided not to use him in the confines of a cubicle?”

“Madame, should I leave or stay for your comfort?”

“Stay, I have a little job for you.”

All that wine and champagne had filled Shareen to the brink, the coffee had added to the pressure on her bladder and she really did feel as though the meal had disagreed with her just a little!

The maid hung an ‘Out of Service’ sign on the outside of the door and then locked it from the inside.

As the maid came out of the door and hung the sign on the handle, Miss Clearmont noticed her action and smiled to herself. There were some things that were going just as planned. Adding the laxative to Shareen Briggs’ meal had been a clever stroke. Playing with them all was such fun!

Inside the bathroom Shareen told the maid to give Gregory a slow wank.

“I want it strong, but slow. I want him to be ready to cum when I say and then you finish him off,” she said, as she slid over him with legs wide apart.

She released herself carefully and slowly filled that helpless open chasm of a mouth with piss. It gushed too fast so she controlled the flow to be able to both watch him swallow and gaze at the way that the light-yellow fluid swirled in his mouth to drain as he swallowed.

All the while the maid was expertly bringing Gregory to a slow climax. First, she used a straight forward stroke and the added slaps to the balls when he groaned in misery. Finally, Shareen was done, the last drops emptied from her and dripped onto that tongue.

The maid looked at her expectantly, but Shareen shook her head and said, “I think that I have some more for this slave before he gets to suck some cock.”

She leaned down and spat into his mouth again before shifting forward and placing her ass hole over the place where her churning stomach was about to release an outpouring tsunami.

“Are you ready?” she said to the slave. “I cannot feel your tongue on my ass hole, slut!”

Gregory made a small noise and his tongue licked the first drop of liquid that was seeping from the puckered gathering of Shareen’s ass. He could sense that she was about to release, all the while the pressure built in his raging cock. It permeated him with revulsion, pleasure, hope, capitulation and suffering in a wave that filled his mind. He knew that they would break him soon, how could it be otherwise?

‘How could he possibly resist these terrible women?’ he thought. ‘How?’

Shareen signaled to the maid to bring her unwilling toilet slave to violent climax. As the first cum spurted from his raw cock, Shareen relaxed her ass and then released herself. Slowly!

Second Night Stalker

In the trees by the door in the fence stood a bizarre figure. Dressed like a Hollywood-ninja, she was in black. Black high heeled boots, black jeans and a roll neck sweater. Her face was smeared with black make-up making her almost invisible in the dark.

She checked the pistol that was stuck into the back of her jeans and the bunch of keys that she had found overlooked in her mother's make-up case. She was complete, she decided and then realized that she had forgotten to bring a torch!

For a moment she considered walking the mile back to the road where she had left her car, but the idea of all that walking did not appeal so she slid up to the gate and played with the keys. On the third try she found the right one and opened the door to invade the Academy in search of her mother, Janet.

Jenny had been returning to the 'safe' house in Atlantic City after depositing the hard drive with a computer repair man to install it into the cheap computer that she had brought to him the day before. The black vans outside the house at seven in the morning, the women in overalls and the fact that the van engine was running made her stop. She had dodged behind a parked lorry and watched as three women came out of the house with what could have been a rolled-up body bag, but almost certainly contained her mother.

It took them all just five minutes to search the house and drive off. No sound, swift entry and exit, no number plate on the van and all women. Veronica's team, it had to be.

Jenny was lost, she had had nothing but a wad of almost ten thousand dollars, her telephone and the change in her pockets. She had dared not go to the house and had no means of following the vans, but it was obvious where her mother's abduction would end.

The Service Academy!

She sat on a bench overlooking the grey Atlantic and pondered her options. She was so angry with everything. Her mother because she had failed Jenny and allowed herself to be taken by Veronica so easily. Miss Clearmont because she had stolen everything from them both. She was angry at all the failures and mishaps, the lost and defeated plans, and she was angry at herself. It had been Jenny who had been playing little games with Hillary. It had been Hillary who had betrayed them at the last moment and allowed Veronica to rescue Miss Clearmont at the point where victory had seemed assured.

So it was, that three days later a darkened form slipped through the security at the Service Academy. Jenny intended to repeat what Veronica had managed. She would rescue her mother, gather resources and then take the Academy back from the woman who had stolen it from her.

The house was lit brightly; all three stories had lit windows. Jenny sneaked around the front to see a host of cars parked on the lawns.

It seemed as if Miss Clearmont had not even cancelled the soirée that had been planned to introduce customers to the renaissance of the Academy.

Jenny could see that there were a couple of people standing by the cars. Chauffeurs and hired drivers stood chatting and smoking as the rich people that they had transported there enjoyed the most sophisticated of deviant conducts. Jenny decided that the dogs were not on duty if all these strangers were standing around so she walked around to the side of the house where the entrance to the kitchens offered a way in.

It had not been raining, but the ground was wet with condensation and previous showers. The area was treacherous with pot holes that varied in size from holes dug in preparation for ornamental bushes and the massive gaping pit that was now half filled with the structure of the underground facility. Jenny found herself walking on tip-toe as she made around the house.

She tried to imagine a plan, a way of escape and a place where her mother would be kept. It had to be the old cells under the kitchens and the Red Room, she thought to herself as she tested the kitchen exit, but it was locked. Jenny tried key after key and in the end gave up in frustration when one key jammed in the lock and snapped off to leave just the round grip in her hand with a jagged protuberance.

Tears came into her eyes.

She slid down the wall to the damp ground and stared into a distance that rippled in the lens of her misery.

Never had she been so alone! Always, there had been her mother to look after her, show her the way and prove that she was the best. Jenny and precious. Two words that slowly converged and coalesced to mean the same thing! Jenny and special, Jenny and spoiled, Jenny and ineffectual. Under the umbrella of her mother, she had relaxed and learned that everything in the world was hers. Her father, disappeared and long gone when her mother finally disposed of him. Her own husband, short lived and purged. Her friends, none to speak of except the maids of the household who were too scared of a child to use any discipline or control and her mother who reveled in the precocious sexual development of a daughter who delighted in reducing everyone around her tears.

That had been ten years ago, that time when Jenny had reached eighteen and had been given her first slaves to train. She showed all the meanness of a child combined with all the pig-headed determination of a teenager. Drugs, sex and slaves, she had loved it and lived it.

Then she had grown up. Jenny had not matured. She had just grown to become a more spoiled

brat and her mother had indulged her whims as they surfaced until at last Janet had created the perfect unripe dominatrix. A woman who had no empathy, played with everyone around her and loved the emotional and physical agony that she left in her wake. Thirty years old and a terror in the Academy, a woman who sent her boy and girl-friends to hell with a casual ripple of the fingers.

Jenny was that woman!

A woman who had played with a nascent dominant Hillary. Jenny had been playing a high-stakes game where the rules were just beyond her understanding. A game that had more at stake than she had ever realized, because everyone sitting at the poker table was 'all-in'.

False dawn gave the dark sky a tinge of blue and touched the clouds that hung over the Atlantic glow with pale apricot linings. Jenny stirred where she sat. She lifted her hand and looked at the keys that were dangling from her fingers. The broken key, and the others.

For a moment she was tempted to hurl them from her, but she would need one of them to get through the gate that she had locked behind her. An hour she had been sitting slumped considering herself and her future. Jenny had given up at the first hurdle. She had thought about her mother and all business of the Academy.

There was no way that Jenny was going to have a revelation and become mature and shrewd in a brief moment of self-realization, but she had realized something that was the start of growing up! She realized that she had no chance. Here she was, standing like some sort of Marvel comic-book heroine in high heeled boots and tight clothes ready to save her world while Miss Clearmont had a hand dealt complete with five aces.

Jenny decided to retreat! She would leave and escape, gather up the hard drive in Atlantic City and disappear from the radar. She would go to the East Coast and manage somehow to survive.

With heavy steps she walked from the buildings of the Academy.

Her heart felt for her mother, but there was no way to save her, no way to save herself. So, she walked towards the house through a field. She smiled at the thought of the farm where she had trained so many pony slaves and broke so many men to her cunt. She remembered the piggies that she had tormented and then sold to a Brazilian woman who had just loved the idea of those helpless, pruned-down men being tortured on a ranch in Poconé, a place so remote that most Brazilians had never heard of it!

The dawn light was a little stronger and pinker as Jenny picked her way towards the gutted farm buildings. Her high heels meant that she had to walk with a slow step and care not to put her weight on her heels. As she neared the buildings of the farm that had been used as a

punishment hell for mostly male slaves, she remembered the avaricious woman and vile men that she had served others up to. Women like Joan De Lorde who wanted nothing more than to relax amongst men who were nothing more than an upright prick on a helpless torso.

Jenny smiled as she thought of Joan and her rather reduced husband.

What had happened to her?

The last that Jenny had heard was that she had moved to the east coast with her latest lover, a porn star from Florida, who reputedly had a prick like a battering ram and was not averse to pegging a man or two on it, as long as they could accommodate him. That had been a couple of years ago. Poor Jack Lorde, Joan's helpless husband, how he would suffer at night when Joan started her little games of agony and rape.

She had passed the buildings and reached the fence, Jenny looked for the gate way and suddenly she realized that she had walked from the back of the house to the perimeter, not from the side where she had arrived. Already the pink and grey light of dawn was strengthening and she was trapped in the grounds with no means of getting through the fence!

Jenny felt a panic rise in her gorge. She was almost sick with fear as she started heading in an anti-clockwise direction to get to the gate.

'Surely it can't be that far,' she thought to herself as she stumbled along the high fence that she herself had got placed around the property several years ago when Jack Lorde had almost escaped from his detention.

Jenny tried to speed her steps, but the heels impeded her travel and she fell twice lengthways along the mud.

It had been four hours or more now since she had entered the Service Academy's grounds and Jenny was getting so exhausted that she was faltering and so fatigued. Only the fear of meeting Miss Clearmont or Veronica kept her legs in motion. The sun peeped over the horizon. In just five minutes the world was one in which the grey had faded and the rosy fingered dawn extended its vivid manicure over the world.

Jenny reached the gate and sighed in relief. She pulled the keys from her pocket and tried them one by one in the gate. Just thirty yards from her was the small copse that represented safety and solace from the gaze and exposing light of the sun. There were ten keys on the ring and all of them failed to fit the lock. For a minute of agony, Jenny gazed at the small pieces of metal that stood between her and freedom. It was then that it dawned on her that there was one key that she had not tried. The one that had snapped off in the lock to the kitchen door of the Academy!

She held the broken piece in her hand and tested it. It slid into the lock, but with the first few eighths of an inch missing it would not turn. Jenny felt a wave of utter despair came over her.

‘How can I be so unlucky?’ she asked herself as she looked along the fence in both directions.

She stood ten minutes before deciding that returning to the farm and the deserted buildings was the best hope. There she could wait until dark again hid her movements, before trying to get through the front gate. At least it would buy her time.

She heard the sound of an engine and saw a van moving on the other side of the fence. Black and menacing, it drew up by the door at the fence and the window wound down with a small whine.

“Fancy a lift?” said Veronica, as she leaned an elbow on the window of the car. “Hop in and I’ll take you to see Irene!”

Jenny took a step back from the fence and looked around as if deciding where to run. The rear doors of the van opened and two women stepped out of the van. One was Hillary, dressed in jeans and trainers she had a stun gun in her hand. The other was a maid supervisor who Jenny knew was well known for being a particularly sadistic bitch.

“Slut, I said, fucking get in the car. You’re Irene’s now,” said Veronica.

Jenny was like a small animal caught in the oncoming headlights of a lorry. She watched them open the gate before she turned to run. The maid supervisor did not take up the chase. Her high boots with their small spurs would have mired like Jenny’s did. She just coiled the whip that she bore in one hand and trailed the fetters and collar that she was longing to affix to Jenny.

Jenny ran, she forgot the gun in her jeans, she forgot her superiority, she forgot everything except her fear of Miss Irene Clearmont! It was Hillary who ran a few steps and then pressed the stun gun into Jenny’s back to watch her former lover trip and fall to lie in the soggy dew of a bright and early morning.

Hillary rolled Jenny onto her back as the supervisory maid arrived and offered her the fetters to fix to the prone Jenny.

“Nope, you chain her,” said Hillary. “Make sure that it’s as tight as possible, but that she can still walk.”

Harriet watched as the chains were manacled to wrists. Wrists were pulled up the back to the neck. The shiny steel collar was clicked on and closed around Jenny’s neck. The join was so finely machined that it disappeared as the collar became a part of the slave who was controlled

by it. A small light blinked on the collar as it gathered information about the person who it was attached to. Heartbeat, blood pressure, temperature, core temperature and electrical activity. Breathing rate, skin conductivity, sweat volume per minute and position. Height, directional analysis and velocity as well as an assessment of nearest points of exit from the wireless net that was being set up by Jim, the man sent from England to start the installation of the system from Chastity Microsystems.

Jenny stood with her head hanging. Mud streaked her whole body, her hair hung, wet and bedraggled, her face caked with black make-up and filth. She saw Harriet take something from her pocket. A small remote control with three buttons on it.

Jenny knew that the remote control was for her, it would control her.

She had read the manual.

Hell's Aperture

His fingers sought out the collar. It was smooth, with no break in its polished circumference, just a small loop stood from it where they had attached a chain that hung to a loop on the wall where he was fixed. It allowed him to move a few inches, not more, from the hole that was before his face.

The hole was the only source of light, his opening to the world beyond that gave him a window into a place that seemed a different world to the one that he had occupied for so long.

Arnold moved a little to put his eye to the small window and wondered what his purpose was. For a moment someone moved to cover his view and he saw the rounded cheeks of a woman's behind. Naked and smooth, for a moment he was tempted to try to kiss it or extend his tongue, it was so close, but the gag in his mouth made him drool, so he moved to gaze at the flesh and wonder who it was that was so lacking in modesty that they showed him their flesh in with such casual immodesty. He could feel his cock responding as the skin moved until he was staring at the pucker of her ass hole and the smooth cleft of her sex.

It was not Gudrun, that ass he knew so well!

Younger, firmer and a temptation that he had to resist, the cunt stayed before his eye, motionless and a temptation that was so hard not to respond to.

He concentrated on the sounds that drifted into the box that he was captive in and heard the rise and fall of conversation that made him strain to make out the words. Words came his way and could be understood, but the meanings of them and context defeated him to leave him with the impression that he was an onlooker at some sort of social gathering.

The sound of a glass being struck like a bell came and went and conversation died to be replaced by the voice of a woman who spoke with authority. Once again, he struggled to understand, but only the tone and measure of the words remained while the puckered ass hole and smooth cunt stayed to fill his vision.

Occasionally he heard clapping as though the speaker had said something to be congratulated over and then that voice continued to speak. Another ring on the glass and there was a silence to be replaced by a low hum that sounded muffled and distant to his ears before more clapping intruded. Finally, the ass moved from his view to show people standing. Dressed in finery that was beyond his normal experience, they clicked their glasses together and chattered to each other in a casual way that was so in-contrast to his confinement.

Occasionally he saw naked flesh again, breasts and smoothed down pussies, thighs and the tops of stockings and the hems of incredibly short dresses. Most of them belonged to women dressed in peacock colors that shimmered in silk that carried trays and served the guests of

this party that seemed like a scene from Sodom and Gomorrah.

‘Why am I here?’ he asked himself again.

It fascinated him, it made him envious of the beautiful people who chatted and mixed so inconsequentially. Occasionally he saw a person that he recognized, a face that was from a dim and dusty past when he had been free. A police commissioner with his companion. She wore a long dress that showed her shadowed naked form, blonde hair that cascaded over her shoulders and huge breasts that moved as she spoke. Gudrun, the woman who he hated and loved, walked by with a small glance at the hole through which he was looking. He thought that he detected a small smile on her lips, but it passed as did she, with a movement beyond the scope of his viewpoint.

Others moved past, a proud faced woman in black who was the only person in casual dress. He thought he recognized her, but from where? It seemed to him that most of the guests were women, the whores from a nether hell, but those serving them were a generous mixture of male and female.

He saw a woman back towards him and expected to be gazing at her ass again, but at the last moment she turned to reveal an erect prick that stood pointing towards his viewpoint for a moment. He backed from the hole, moving his head as far as he could and the exposed cock moved again to reveal a man that he would have thought was a woman, had he not seen that proof.

Arnold muttered a small prayer and realized that this evil confusion of the sexes was another maid with a tray in his/her hands and chains fettering his/ her ankles to small steps in the high heeled shoes locked onto ankles.

Minutes passed.

Arnold tried to close his eyes to the blasphemy that was his only view on humanity, but the temptation to soak in the vision of real people, whores and demons, gripped him, forcing his gaze once more into the room.

The crowd thinned and coalesced into small social groups that stood and laughed, chatted and clicked their glasses together in unknown toasts. Gudrun reappeared holding the hand of a woman in a white lace dress that hid much and revealed all. Dropping her companion into the group she walked away with a small meaningful glance at his hiding place.

That one woman in lace seemed familiar and he strained at her back as she too chatted to her small group. The way that she stood, the way that she moved her hands and occasionally flicked back her hair fascinated him as she laughed and made a depreciative move of her slim arms and hands with a casual flick that stopped his heart.

He could not be sure until she turned for a moment in profile to speak to the woman who he had seen earlier with the police commissioner.

Then he knew that he had fallen through a crack in the world where hell was real and his wife was a part of his torment.

Arnold strained to hear the conversation and managed to process a few words in his fevered brain. 'Building', 'construction' and electronic control' filtered through to him, but the context was lost and Arnold tried to cry out. Nothing, but a gurgle came from him and then he suddenly was aware that attracting attention was the last thing that he wanted! Let the whore of Babylon sink into the shit of her sins, God would provide the righteous, opportunity to prove their fidelity!

He felt a sound on the top of his tiny cell, a hand perhaps resting? His view was blocked again and he wished that Hillary would be visible until he realized that one of the maids now stood directly facing him. He could see the delicate pink lace of her 'dress' that lifted as she stood. The curve of her thighs and the triangle of her pussy that pouted at him like a budding flower. The delicate inner flesh of her inner lips lined that slit of lust, occasionally allowing a glimpse of a ring embedded deep inside that peeped out with a small flash of gold.

There was a click and then another as if metal fixtures were being opened and then another small hole opened above his head.

Arnold looked up to see the pretty smiling face of the maid before that was hidden by questing hands that felt his collar to find the chain binding his face near the round opening. He moved his head back and was rewarded with a soft slap and a sound of another chain being added to his collar. He was not being released. He was being further constrained! A rattle of chain and his hands, free to move before were drawn with frightening force behind his back and up. Arnold pulled and resisted, but the force was too much. Another sound of chain being drawn over a pulley and his face was forced to the opening through which he had viewed the world outside. Down and in, the chains drew him in to close the soft lips of the open-mouthed gag to the hole.

The opening at the top of the box closed again and Arnold was in utter darkness. The only light was blocked by his wide-held mouth and he stared into the darkness with a complete loss of hope.

Sounds from the soirée were muffled and quieted as Arnold struggled to escape his fate, but every movement just seemed to force his face harder against the hole as the chains tightened and ratcheted through their mechanism.

"We have a few more minor entertainments laid on for you to enjoy," said the voice that had spoken for so long earlier. Side shows if you will!"

Arnold heard laughter and his wife's voice amongst them and then he felt something touch his widely held lips. A finger? It was smooth and warm, dry and soft as it slowly pressed into his helpless mouth.

The voice spoke again and Arnold probed the object with his tongue: "Use this hole as you like, enjoy it and fill it!"

He heard some more clapping and a hum of laughter, mainly in women's voices as he gagged when he realized what had been pushed an inch into his mouth.

An erect cock! His tongue had swept the fat head and found for a moment the small soft eye before he had realized what abomination was being inflicted on him.

The cock pushed further into him, pressing on his tongue and palette before he felt something sticky on his tongue. Something that tasted almost sweet after the slops that he had been fed in the last weeks. It did not matter what he did, how he tried to block the prick with his tongue, it pushed into him to the point of choking and then retreated to his lips.

It pushed back in and then started a steady rhythm once the owner had found the pleasure that he sought. In and out, the cock used his mouth and stifled his breathing before it thrust deep into his throat and sought a finish to Arnold's first introduction to the servile world that he was on the brink of entering.

At last, it pushed deep and withdrew, pumping warm liquid into the mouth that had become a cunt. As it pulled slowly free it left a trail of slime that filled every corner of his mouth and throat with slightly salty cum.

Arnold gurgled and tried to spit out the slime that filled his world when suddenly something was sprayed into his mouth, a freshening mint that forced him to swallow.

"This cum-bucket is ready for more now," said the woman's voice. "Enjoy!"

Cleaned and readied for the next customer, Arnold prayed to his God for release from this sin that he was being forced to partake in, but his God did not hear him. His God just watched with pleasure as his believer was forced to service one man after another.

After each use, a maid cleaned that pleasure mouth and forced Arnold to swallow what filled his mouth. Again and again, he swallowed until he was replete, and then began another horror to twist his mind, wring it out and push him to the madness of submission.

This cock was soft!

It pushed in, but did not reach his throat. It changed shape as the foreskin was pulled back and

a stream of liquid jetted to the back of his throat. Arnold gagged on the outpouring of piss that flowed down his throat. He choked and tried to cough as he tasted salt and a heady acid flavor fill him. It never seemed to end, that flow. With the owner of the prick pressed hard against the hole there was nowhere for all that liquid to go. It filled the cavity of his mouth and then streamed into him as he swallowed, finally pouring into him with the spout of froth that formed as it struck his palette.

“That’s better,” said a man’s voice. “Too much champagne and aperitif!”

The maid washed his mouth carefully with the spray and he was ready again for the next and the next after that.

Now more men seemed to want to use him as a urinal than a sexual service. His stomach filled with the wastes of fine wines, cognacs, champagnes and other drinks. Arnold could feel his bladder swelling and strain, but the tight ring on his cock kept it inside him.

Finally, after an hour of service the frequency of his use slowed until he was servicing just a few men occasionally. Once a group of laughing women poked their fingers into his mouth, a rape that somehow seemed more intimately awful than the men. They pushed in some trodden-on food that he struggled to swallow and the mint of the maid washed it down. Yet another group of women came and stood by the box.

“I think that I’ll take one of the maids for a spin,” said the first voice.

Arnold heard a giggle and something was put in his mouth as the woman laughed. He felt toes sheathed in nylon push, to fill him and then retreat.

“That must be a relief for him after all those cocks!” said a voice that he recognized as Hillary. “It’s a real shame that all the women here can’t use him as well!”

A deferential woman’s voice came to Arnold’s ears: “If Madame would like to use him than I shall have it arranged!”

There was more laughter that faded as another woman pushed something else into the hole. Something soft and wrinkled that closed the air, but did not push far into his mouth. There was a thump on Arnold’s box and a command from the woman who had last spoken.

“Lick, slut!”

Arnold licked. The nipple swelled a little and crinkled in response as he ran his tongue over it. After a few moments the breast withdrew and there was more laughter.

“OK, let’s try it,” said Hillary’s voice.

“I’ll have him ready in a few minutes, Madame,” said the maid’s voice.

There were a few moments of stillness and the box was tipped to face the glory hole up. Arnold felt dizzy with the change of position before the women surrounded the box again.

“You first,” said a voice.

“OK,” said another.

There was a slight creak as the wood of the box adjusted to the massive weight of the woman who slowly sat on it.

“At least you could lift your dress so that we can all see,” said another.

“If you want to use it, then you can be next,” came the giggling reply.

Arnold was ordered to lick again and he tentatively extended his tongue to meet the soft flesh that was pushing around the hole. He stroked the damp skin carefully and then ran his tongue the length of her slit. He heard a gasp and the woman ordered him to better effort. As the women around the pleasure box laughed the enormously fat woman who sat on it came with a rush that caused a trickle of piss to dribble down.

The trickle turned to a deluge as she let go and filled Arnold with a rush that forced him to swallow and feel his stomach distend just a little more.

“Jesus,” said the woman sitting on the box with a giggle. “That is so good; I came as soon as he really got going.”

With more creaking the woman stood from the box as the maid cleaned up her charge.

“It’s a bit quick,” continued the woman, “but, it’s such a total relief! I never thought that a toilet slave could be such a pleasure, I’ll have to get one for myself.”

“I’ve got two,” said another voice that Arnold recognized as the woman that had given the speech all those hours ago. “For perfect hygiene it’s the best and it’s an ideal use for a slave that is near the end of its use!”

“I’m not so sure,” came Hillary’s voice in argument, but now I know why you requested those low concrete cells in the toilet block!”

Miss Clearmont laughed as if to show that no offence was taken at the contrary position taken by Hillary.

“These men get used to it and end up begging to drink from me,” she laughed. “Once tried, never again denied!”

There was more laughter amongst the group as they chatted casually about the pros and cons of having a man or woman serve their basest needs. The conversation wandered and no other women came to use the box. One of them used the opening as an ash tray which caused more giggling until the conversation turned away from the subject and came to rest on the advantages of feminizing the male slaves that served them.

“Those man-sluts are perfect,” said one woman as she proclaimed that turning men into female marionettes was a perfect way of ensuring total submission. “After all,” she argued, “suddenly they are no longer welcome in any world but the one that we create and have to surrender to all of our wishes!”

“I agree,” said another, “but, it’s so expensive to get the work done and I find that they lose their virility.”

“Only if hormones are used,” said a voice. “I have found that femininity can be created without all those chemicals and regimes of pills and drugs.”

There followed an argument, in good spirits, about the subject until one of the women said, “I can prove it, now!”

“This I’ve got to see,” said Miss Clearmont.

“OK, then, are you using hormones on him?”

“None of the maids here are being treated at the moment,” said Miss Clearmont.

“Perfect,” said the woman who had proposed a demonstration. “How many are there here?”

“Mmm,” said Miss Clearmont, “about ten, I think.”

“Fifteen, Madame,” said the maid, “begging your pardon.”

“Line them up!” ordered the woman with a theory to prove. “I’ll bet you that they will all spew their filth in a few seconds.”

More laughter made its way to Arnold as maids were sent to organize the little experiment.

“Of course, it’s a little biased,” chuckled Miss Clearmont. “Some of them have been kept in rigorous chastity for months so they are bound to be bursting. Still, let’s give it a go. Who wants to be wanker?”

A chorus of laughs and giggling followed her sally until it was decided that the maid in attendance would do the honors.

Arnold gurgled as he realized what was happening. In his mind's eye he could picture all those perverted maids standing in a queue by the box.

"No more than a minute for each one," said Miss Clearmont, as she supervised the experiment.

"Yes, Madame," said the maid. "I shall follow your signal."

"Go!"

Arnold heard a slight clinking of a lock as the first shemale maid was released and then the grunting as he strove to cum as quickly as possible for the first time in months.

"Ten seconds, said Miss Clearmont, "and what a lot he had to give!"

Spurts of warm cum jetted into Arnold as the next maid was prepared for his turn. He felt the cum fill his mouth with its saline taste and sticky slime.

The next took a full minute, but just managed to beat the clock before Miss Clearmont called time.

"Mmm, that took longer," she said in a slow voice. "Fifty-five seconds, but when he came, he had loads more than the first one!"

Arnold swallowed and prayed that at least some of those awful travesties of men would fail the test, but only one did. Maid after shemale-maid gushed into him, mostly with floods that made the women remark on the result.

"Jesus, how much was in that one!" said Hillary. "We'll fill the box if we're not careful!"

"Oh, don't worry about that," said Miss Clearmont, "he is going to spend the rest of his life learning to beg for cum, so this is a perfect initiation for him!"

"So, it is a man in the box?" said Hillary. "I was wondering since we can see only the mouth!"

Miss Clearmont started to laugh as she timed the next climax.

"Not for long, I have special plans for it. I want to make it a special example to help frighten the other slaves so this one is going to become a slave-toy for a very special person."

“I shudder to think,” said another voice. “I thought that you already had two toilet sluts, Irene?”

“I do, but he’s not for me, it’s for Hillary!”

“Thanks, but it’s not really...”

“None of the women who work for me are allowed any scruples,” said Miss Clearmont seriously. You will learn that toiling for me has so very many pleasurable benefits, but they come with commitments and service that I decide!”

“Are you training me?” asked Hillary.

“Of course, I am,” came the reply.

The maid cleaned Arnold’s mouth with the spray that sent the last of the cum swirling down his open throat. He tried to speak, he tried to frame the words, but he knew that the she-devil was going to destroy the Hillary that he had known with one terrible sweep. A grunt came from the hole in the box.

“To live a life of domination and gratification you have to surrender to me,” said Miss Clearmont. “You have to do as I order without question and give me your complete trust. Now that we have proved that nearly all of my maids are in full order you are going to show me that you too can obey!”

Hillary knew that tone, she understood that this was the initiation that was required. Capturing Janet had been all Veronica’s work, creating the plans for the new Academy had been hers, but so far, she had done nothing but sit on the fringe and observe.

This was the moment of truth!

Half scared and half excited she lifted her dress and sat over the hole that would prove her commitment and submission. It was the ticket to a life of power and enjoyment that she wanted, but had not yet had the courage to actually experience.

She could feel the hole. Her weight pressed her onto it, to swell a little into the open mouth of her husband as she felt the first probe of his tongue.

Delicious!

It was such freedom and power to be served by a man that had no option, but to give her pleasure with her having to give nothing in return! The gentle probing erased the fear and embarrassment of being watched by half a dozen women for whom this was a natural way of living their lives.

The lips of her pussy were parted by her weight, they pressed tight into the mouth that served her as she orgasmed, gasped and then yelled in sheer pleasure. Hillary had always constrained the joy of orgasm. Bitten her lip and withheld the cries of climax. This time she allowed herself to release all that frustration and bliss in ascending cries that filled her own ears with her gratification.

Finally, it was over, that rush of the blood that made her lightheaded. She sat a moment and called herself back, she opened her eyes to see the other women applauding and Miss Clearmont smiling with sly enjoyment. Now she understood the pleasure of forcing others to serve, a realization of inner strength filled her head as she slowly released herself and washed the mouth of her husband with a stream of piss that foamed into him like a burst pipe.

“Again,” she said in a loud voice to the stricken man in the box. “I want to cum while I piss!”

Hillary slowed the stream to a trickle with an effort. She still had such a full bladder, there was so very much more for the slave to enjoy.

Once again Arnold stroked his wife’s pussy with his tongue. He knew that to refuse the demon that his wife had become would result in terrible punishment from Gudrun so he stroked, he probed and he massaged the cunt that he had never seen in the darkness of the bedroom with a will as steady as the stream of her waste swilled into him.

Hillary climaxed again. This time it was impossible to hold back and she let go all the contents of herself in one gush that forced Arnold to swallow and stop the intimate service.

Relief and climax, to cum in such an unrestrained manner filled Hillary’s head with an almost angelic light.

Almost reluctantly, she slid off the box and peeped into the open mouth as the maid bent to spray and cleanse the toilet slut. There was no other way to think of that mouth than as a place to use, misuse and torment.

“Now we open the box,” said Miss Clearmont with a small chuckle.

The maid unclipped the side and dropped it open. Hillary had to see. She took a step around to see the man that had given her such pleasure and saw Arnold’s profile pressed against the hole that she had just used so gratifyingly.

He heard the gasp and saw the movement of her lacy dress from the corner of his eye as she bent to look at him in sheer curiosity. He waited for the reaction, knowing that she would turn against Miss Clearmont after this betrayal. The evil woman would meet her end at the hands of Hillary in her rage, and so justice would have been served!

Hillary started to laugh!

She doubled up with her choking cries as she saw Arnold chained in the box. Tears ran from her eyes in a stream, her body shook with sobs of amusement. Suddenly he realized that Miss Clearmont had gambled and won. From his chaste and faithful Hillary, she had created a new demon to haunt the nether regions of the second circle of hell, the circle of lust.

Hillary turned to her mistress, the woman who now owned her and had bound her with chains more solid than steel and said, "I guessed, Irene! I already guessed what game it was that you were playing with me."

Another fit of laughter took her as she pushed a finger into the hole that she had just enjoyed and touched the soft wet inside.

"Have I passed?" asked Hillary of her new owner.

"Who is it?" asked one of the women.

"I think that it's that child rapist of a husband of hers," said the police commissioner's partner. "Now there's a fitting end for the little shit!"

Miss Clearmont just smiled her sly smile and licked her lips. Soon she would have a complete staff for the Service Academy. A partner in crime for Veronica, and it certainly seemed that Hillary would be a diamond of hardness in comparison to the razor honed steel of her chief assistant!

One of the maids came and curtsied.

"Madame, I have been told to inform you that we have an intruder in the grounds," she said to Miss Clearmont.

"Mm, I can guess who that might be, tell Veronica to sort it out."

She glanced at Hillary.

"Find Veronica and tell her," said Miss Clearmont. "I think that you can finally finish that job that I sent you on, in Atlantic City!"

"Yes Madame," said Hillary.

There was no irony in her tone.

Closing the Circle (Three Months Later)

Hillary followed Veronica into the Green Room just a little self-consciously. Whilst Veronica was dressed in her usual high heels and jeans with a T shirt, Hillary had spent an hour preparing for this meeting with Miss Clearmont. She felt awkward and overdressed compared to the slim form of Veronica that sat and smiled on one of the Chesterfields.

Just a little while ago she had been persuaded by Gudrun that it was ‘desirable’ for her to dress as customers and the staff expected her to. After considering the matter carefully she had decided that, though it was advisable to learn from Veronica all there was to know about the business, she should really follow her own inclinations in some things and that dressing up was one of them!

“Ah, I see that you are punctual, as usual,” said Miss Clearmont, as she entered the room and made her way to her large desk. “There are a few things about tomorrow night that need to be discussed as well as a few other inconsequential bits and pieces to sort out.”

For a moment Miss Clearmont eyed the costume that Hillary wore before she pursed her lips in slight disapproval.

“The first order of business is Ocean Cove. How is Maxine getting along there? Does she have enough places for the rush that I anticipate after the reopening if the Academy?”

It was Veronica that answered the question.

“Maxine says that she can add three places a month for six months and then natural turnover will have to suffice. At any rate she says that all the nurses, doctors and facilities are prepared and waiting for use.”

‘Typical Veronica,’ thought Hillary. “Curt, concise and accurate.”

“Excellent,” replied Miss Clearmont. “The party tonight is going to be fun! I have arranged a few diversions for the guests and the start of the soirée will also herald the first of our ‘exclusive’ guests who are going to form the basis for the business.”

“Oh, I thought that we were going to begin induction in a week after all the systems have been fully tested,” said Hillary. “I take it that cells are prepared for the exclusives?”

Miss Clearmont smiled at Hillary and waved a hand as if all problems would just vanish with a casual signal.

“I happen to owe the police commissioner a rather large favor for some work that he did for me a few months ago,” she said, “So, I have decided to allow him to provide me with a single

exclusive guest tomorrow night!”

Veronica smiled.

“I suppose he finally got sick of that blonde bimbo that he has been fucking,” she said in a sweet voice.

“Of course, that’s correct!” replied Miss Clearmont. “I told him that she was not close-lipped enough, but he still went ahead and married her. It would seem that she is going to be just the first. I certainly hope so, because we are doing it just for the price of reselling, so the price is a little low.”

“I think that she would be an ideal dolly,” said Veronica. “Perhaps, now that we have the facilities through Maxine, we can test sending her over there for the work?”

“That sounds perfect,” said Miss Clearmont. “Maxine can test the routine and we can test the transport. I’ll phone her later and set it up; it’s been a while since I managed to have a word with her. Now let’s move along and discuss the two erstwhile colleagues of ours.”

“Well, Janet is probably worth nothing on the open market, she’s just too old to attract most of our clientele!” said Hillary. “Jenny is another matter, now that she has been trained. Of all the personal maids that we have she is probably the best, certainly she shows immense promise.”

“Are you saying that we should keep them both?” asked Miss Clearmont with a knowing look at Hillary. “Do I detect a personal interest?”

Hillary looked down at the space under the desk. She could see Miss Clearmont’s legs and feet with the heels of her stilettos pressing into the carpet.

“I suppose so,” said Hillary. “Jenny was my first,” she mumbled under her breath.

“You are more than a bit of a philanderer with the maids,” said Miss Clearmont with a frown to Hillary. “I would hate it if there was too much personal involvement with the general staff and our trainees. It was one of the misgivings that I constantly had with Janet and Jenny. Choose a single slut and stick with them for a while. Afterwards we will sell them on somewhere and you find another. I won’t have you running rings around the supervisors satisfying yourself with all and sundry. It is so disturbing for the discipline of the house. I know that it is tempting when you just starting to realize your potential, but I really do insist!”

Hillary hung her head and sighed.

“You will learn and I will teach you,” said Miss Clearmont in a soft voice. “Now, Veronica I would like you to call all the supervisors in here because there is something that I have to say

to them all.”

Veronica looked at Miss Clearmont and then at Hillary. She knew what was about to happen to Hillary. No admonishment from Miss Clearmont was ever not followed by a lesson or punishment. She nodded to Miss Clearmont and left to gather the maid supervisors.

“Now then, you can explain why it is that you have dressed like that?” said Miss Clearmont to Hillary. “A maid’s uniform is for the maids, not the supervisors, not the guests and certainly not the mistresses who run this Academy!”

“I know that I have been a bit of a fool in the last two months and I wanted to show you that I know my place, if nothing else!”

“Mmm,” said Miss Clearmont. “I don’t like it at all. You have just dropped another notch, young lady. On the other hand, you have done good work in the last few months and I have to give you some credit for recovering the disk drive as well as the way that you did all the planning for the Academy security systems with Miss Lina. So, what the fuck am I to do with you?”

Hillary just stared at the way that a single stiletto hanging from Miss Clearmont’s upturned toes.

The shoe swayed like a pendulum, marking the time of Miss Clearmont’s thoughts as she pondered a punishment that would not take the edge off this young intelligent woman who might well one day become the director of the Service Academy. Gudrun had privately told Miss Clearmont that she would not stay longer than the first six months as director and then she would be heading back for her stamping grounds in Berlin and Amsterdam.

It would be good to have a director who knew Veronica’s work so well. It would make everything run so much smoother than in the days of Janet. She had done nothing but upset important contacts and people who had needed constantly to be soothed by Miss Clearmont.

‘But there are lessons to be learned. It would just not do if young Hillary became a spoiled brat of a mistress like that slut, Jenny,’ thought Miss Clearmont. ‘I will not have foolish behavior in my house, I will no longer put up with anything other than the best comportment from my slaves. Perhaps a little competition might be a good idea! I could push the commissioner’s ex-girlfriend up the ladder. We could do with a sexually ravenous woman like that here, a paragon of vice. A balance to Veronica’s emotionless efficiency.’

The door to the Green Room opened and the supervisors filed in and curtsied. Carefully they arranged their dress and then lined up as if for an inspection.

“You have all been good girls,” said Miss Clearmont. “I am proud to be the head of such an

exceptional group of dominatrices.”

It was not often that she referred to them like this so there was a visible swelling with pride at her words.

“Unfortunately, there is a young lady in this room that is going to be punished for her childish behavior,” continued Miss Clearmont.

The maids looked puzzled before they noticed that Hillary was the maid who stood before them.

“Miss Hillary has taken it upon herself to admit her failures.”

She paused before continuing:

“This is all to the good, but it is not enough! I have decided that she is to carry out the duties of a common lower-trainee maid during the soirée that we are organizing tomorrow. Any supervisor that fails to treat her as such will be disposed of to the usual places in Mexico, so I expect that you will ensure that all make sure that you respect my wishes. I would like Miss Darleen to be her supervisor for the party and I shall be monitoring the treatment that she receives. I shall have no complaints if this maid is fully controlled and used and any accruing punishments for failing in her duties will be applied until their terms have expired!”

Hillary felt weak, her face drained of all color and she swayed a little.

“Furthermore, since she has chosen to dress as a maid most inappropriately, she can stay like that and be added to the control system computer as a maid for the night. Please take her, Miss Darleen.”

Miss Darleen stepped forward and took Hillary by the arm and led her stumbling to her cell. The rest of the supervisors filed out of the room and scattered to their duties each with a small knot of apprehension in their hearts. If Miss Hillary could be reduced like that...

“That was very salutary,” said Veronica to Miss Clearmont when they had all left.

“You are partly to blame for this,” said Miss Clearmont.

Veronica looked surprised.

“I love you, Veronica, and I know you well, but you set a bad example! I think that it’s been a while since you attended to my needs.”

Miss Clearmont’s feet moved, she slipped on her shoes and slowly her legs opened.

Veronica smiled at her owner and was glad in her heart.

It had been too long since she had been made to pleasure the ultimate Mistress.

Too long and she too was forgetting her place.

Veronica slid under the desk.

She could smell that talc like perfume, the heady aroma of pure lust and control. The perfume gathered in strength as her lips touched the soft lips of her mistress. Her tongue glided into the wetness as she felt Miss Clearmont slide a little down the chair.

It was a perfect understanding that they had. Who was the slave and who was the Mistress and the scene had been played a thousand times before. How often had Veronica teased that clitoris?

She was the Lilith to her God, the servitor of her power and the bolt of lightning in Miss Clearmont's hand. How many times had she lapped at her mistress' sensitive ass hole?

Not one time too many!

Not one time.

Jezebel

It was four in the morning, Eastern time. The small truck slid down the ramp and then waited until the steel doors slid opened with a sigh to admit it to the lower level. It made its way slowly to the first docking bay in reverse and a large wooden crate was unloaded onto a trolley ready for unpacking.

Arnold had returned from Maxine's Ocean Cove Clinic.

To be delivered into his loving wife's tender care.

Asleep in her bedroom, Hillary turned in her sleep and spread her form over ruffled silk sheets as the crate was unloaded and the delicate process of unpacking her new toy was undertaken by three of the supervisory maids. As she slept deep, Arnold was walked up and down the corridors outside the cells to stretch his muscles before being dressed and prepared to ensure that he was ready to serve his wife when she awoke.

That he had been strapped into a crate, had been fed and drained by tubes, gagged and hooded for so many long hours did not interest the women who readied him for his next ordeal.

What was of interest to them was that Arnold was the image of the perfect maid.

He did not struggle or protest. He was just happy that at last, he would be able to take his place at his wife's side again; ready to please and gratify her needs, ready to show her that his time at Ocean Cove had been well spent.

Arnold was a man for whom suffering was now a deep need.

By six o'clock Arnold had been dressed and was waiting by the door to his wife's bedroom. Ready for the moment that she called a slave to attend her during the morning ritual of preparing for the new day. Explaining why his eyes were fixed upon the small light above the door as he waited impatiently for it to turn from red to green and signal that his presence was desired. A collar was secured snugly about his neck and the heels on his feet were high, stilettos tightly laced while the stockings encasing his legs made them itch and chafed against the sensitive smooth skin of his thighs.

For a few moments he risked taking his eyes from that small red pinprick of light to make sure that his uniform was straight, his position perfect and that no speck of dust marred the perfect shiny black of his shoes. The lace of his pinafore was snug on the skin of his large breasts, the tied bow to the side hanging delicately over his right hip as it should as Arnold flounced the lace edged cotton to ensure it hung properly at the front to the level of the tops of his stockings.

The fleeting contact of his hands as they brushed his nipples through the starched cotton, made him shudder in anticipation and he recalled how Maxine, the doctor who had schooled him so well, had told him that Miss Hillary, his owner and wife, would just love his new breasts. So feminine and just perfect for pleasure and exquisite punishment. Even the thought of the long road of discipline that lay before him did not upset his state of mind because Maxine had whispered a secret to him that would help him serve through thick and thin.

“You are so important,” Maxine had said to him after another long session of training. “You are her first, it is your duty to help her forget all of her past and emerge as a woman who knows how to savor pain and pleasure. There will be no thanks, no awards for good behavior for you. No one will thank you or even deign to notice your contribution, but you will know all the same. That will be your reward, the brooding of a new Mistress from the unadorned egg that is your wife.”

Arnold had just nodded an acknowledgement of this truth. He had been made the means by which his wife would become the perfect bitch goddess. He had at last found his place with a new religion of overwhelming simplicity. Purged from his consciousness were all the smug quotes from the Bible and no longer did he need a vast structure of philosophical and mental barriers, diversions and gates to understand his purpose.

His purpose was to serve!

That was all.

No ‘ifs’, no ‘buts’, and no quotes and clever interpretations.

The woman set above him, his better, as all women were his betters, would decide every waking thought and movement. Failure would result in punishment, success would result in the gratification of his owners, and there was to be no conflict between pleasure and duty for him.

Pleasure was denied and duty was all that remained.

He breathed a sigh of relief at the clarity of this new and simple creed and smoothed the apron of his pinafore over the hard metal tube of his imprisoned prick. Miss Hillary would decide if she wanted him to keep it or not, Maxine had informed him, and she had not yet made that decision. Arnold hoped that she would decide to leave it caged in steel, but if she ordered him castrated there was sure to be a good reason.

He felt a momentary swelling, constricted by the hard metal of the tube and the studs inside that bruised his erection, this as the purple head swelled a little to bulge against the stiff cotton of his apron as it rubbed like a rough finger over the smooth skin.

Arnold tried to clear his mind and lose the swelling that threatened to embarrass him on his very first day of service to his wife, but his thoughts kept returning to all the things that he had learned under Maxine's tuition. He tried hard to stay still, to stop that starched cloth rubbing against him until at last the crisis passed and the threat diminished as this reminder of his manhood retreated into the tube, bruised and punished for its temerity. The former husband and king-of-his-own-castle knew that his collar would have sensed the arousal and that he would not escape punishment for such blatant mental self-abuse, but that discipline would be nothing compared to his having dribbled onto his apron, even just one tiny drop of pre-cum.

An hour passed in silent reverie as Hillary slithered in sweet delicious dreams between the silk of her sheets. Arnold stood motionless, cramps in his calves and the lace scratching at his milk white thighs. His orders were specific.

Wait for the light.

The light did not flicker; it just suddenly switched from a pinprick of red to a dot of green that indicated that Arnold was, at last, to enter the room. He knocked lightly on the door and heard an affirmative answer from within. He opened the door and took in the room at a glance. On a pedestal in the center was a huge circular bed where his wife lay watching him enter while the man who had served her the previous night was kneeling in the cage that was tucked in a niche.

"Mm," said Miss Hillary with a small movement half way between a yawn and a stretch. "Are you the new personal maid then?"

There was no acknowledgement of their former relationship. Neither a gloating inspection, nor a loving glance. It was as if Arnold was just another maid who had been assigned by the household supervisors to her intimate service.

"Yes Miss Hillary," answered Arnold in a small voice.

"Well, I hope that you are better than the last," she said, as she stretched her naked body like a great kitten on a rug. "I shall have my normal breakfast and you can have this taken away."

With her hand she pointed at the cage which was just high enough for the bruised man to kneel in and buzzing with the noise of pulsing current that ensured that her captive would not touch the bars or roof of his prison without extreme pain.

"Yes Mistress," he said in the slight falsetto that they had given him in the clinic. "Will there be anything else?"

Miss Hillary smiled and slowly opened her legs to reveal her pussy. For a moment the dried-on stickiness of last night's bliss sealed her closed pussy-lips as her thighs parted and then her

cunt suddenly unzipped to reveal the rose pink of labia and the slimy wetness of previous passion.

Arnold nodded his head and said, "May I?"

The answer was simply her fingers pointing at her pussy and the broad smile on her lips.

As he crawled to a position between his wife's thighs, Miss Hillary showed for the first time that she recognized him.

"What is the new name that Maxine has given you, Arnold?" she said.

"Jezebel, Miss Hillary."

"Very good," muttered Miss Hillary as Jezebel started to lap at her pussy. "When you have cleaned me up, you will stay between my thighs."

Jezebel carefully licked from bottom to top. Starting at the small button of his wife's anus, her tongue slowly lapped every drop of liquid that was slowly draining from Miss Hillary. She moaned slightly and then relaxed to allow her she-male maid to suck every drop of last night's play from her.

Finally, Jezebel indicated that the job was done.

A small sweet kiss on the inner thigh was the accepted signal that she had been trained to use.

Looking up the length of Hillary's naked body, Jezebel saw those slender hands arrive. The strong fingers took her plait and pulled Jezebel's mouth back over that sacred slit. She knew what was required and pursed her lips to make a perfect seal as the first drops spat into her mouth. A full bladder emptied into the maid inside of just a fraction of a minute and Jezebel drank every drop.

Just as she had been taught.

Finally, the stream stopped and the maid gently lapped and suckled at her owner's cunt to ensure that every last dew-drop had been given and taken while, far above Jezebel's busy lips, Miss Hillary sighed and then looked down to enjoy the sight of her former husband doing willingly that which he would have denounced as mortal sin just six months ago.

Her hand pulled on that plait and Jezebel's face was turned to look at her. The lips were crimson red, the eye-shadow yellow and gold while pink blusher highlighted the cheeks. With those long lashes and bee-stung lips, Jezebel looked the perfect whore. All of the make-up was permanent, tattooed on the face because it would not do for a shemale whore-maid to smear

lipstick on a Mistress' pussy or perhaps leave blusher on the thighs of her owner.

"Show me your breasts," whispered Miss Hillary, spellbound in the moment.

Jezebel came from Arnold.

Arnold turned into Jezebel.

It had all come true for her, just as Miss Clearmont had promised it would. Hillary had served her punishment and learned that even the favored few in Miss Clearmont's inner circle occasionally had to do her intimate bidding. It had been a pleasure and a penance that had taught her a great deal. The only exception to that rule, so it seemed, was Mistress Gudrun who had now returned to Berlin leaving Miss Clearmont and Miss Hillary to run the newly reopened Academy.

Jezebel knelt on the bed and slowly untied her pinafore. With a slow movement she slipped the halter over her neck to allow Miss Hillary to see the glory of her breasts. She hung her head and dared not look into the eyes that feasted on her body with a rapacious gaze.

Miss Hillary's hand extended to touch the two forms that hung from Jezebel's chest. Not globe-like but more cantaloupes that hung fat and distended, almost to Jezebel's waist line where the huge nipples formed cones of chocolate flesh. Despite their hanging, the skin was smooth and tight and responded well to the nails of Miss Hillary's hand scratching their way from top to bottom.

"Nearly perfect," said Miss Hillary with a small smile as she cupped them and tweaked the nipples. "I will have them enlarged a little, but otherwise Maxine has excelled herself."

Miss Hillary sat up on the bed and inspected her husband with a critical eye. There were so many things to play with and alter, but she would take her time and savor every little modification of Jezebel's body and soul with the greatest of delight. For a moment she looked into those eyes and saw the man who had once been her husband staring back at her. Her hand flickered up and closed a fist around that plait to hold the face as she slapped those cheeks with her other hand.

"Never dare look me in the eye again," hissed Miss Hillary.

"No Miss," stuttered Jezebel.

"I have decided that you will call me 'wife' or perhaps 'darling'," said Miss Hillary. "Now, run along and get me my breakfast and remember to send someone to take this away."

"Yes darling," said Jezebel as she climbed from the bed to do her wife's bidding.

Miss Hillary smiled.

Jezebel! Maxine had such a twisted sense of humor and, thanks to her, Arnold was now a nearly blank canvas upon which Miss Hillary could paint her picture, every thought of rebellion squeezed from this Jezebel's head in the three months that she had been conditioned by her tutor. Finally, she had been recreated and reborn as the thing that she had despised the most in her former life.

An indeterminate sexual plaything that would revel in deviancy because that was all that was permitted.

Creamy white skin, large breasts and smooth hairless skin. Every hair had been plucked and waxed from her body before diet, training, surgery and a blend of subtle hormones had reshaped Arnold until Jezebel had at last emerged fresh from the intense physical and mental ordeal, ready to be abused and used by her betters. For Miss Hillary, the only jarring note was the bar-code tattooed on her hip.

Soon Jezebel would be a perfect whore, painted, enlarged and rounded off. Of course, she would moan and groan as she administered pleasure to her Mistress. Miss Hillary enjoyed the fiction of partner's climaxing when they served, but Jezebel would never be allowed to climax. No! Miss Hillary had something special for Jezebel, something sweet that would never allow her to forget to whom she belonged.

Lounging on the bed, Miss Hillary watched the male servant who was constrained in the cage. Bruised in long stripes that ran from each shoulder diagonally across his back to his ass he was clearly struggling not to call attention to himself by moving. But he had now been in the cage for six hours and the position on his knees was clearly causing him considerable discomfort.

He shifted a little, subtly shifting his weight from one knee to the other and carefully repositioning his hands to shift the weight while careful not to touch the metal of his cage.

"If you move again before you are taken from the room, I shall be very annoyed!" said Miss Hillary to him in a sweet voice. "You should be invisible and unheard."

He knew that she could use the remote control at any time to administer the tiniest of shocks that would cause him to touch the bars and feel real agony. He looked down and concentrated on mastering his extreme discomfort, but the more that he thought about it the more he noticed the agony and cramps that were beginning to reveal themselves in his legs and arms.

At last, there was a small knock on the door and Jezebel entered with a tray.

Following her was one of the supervisory maids carrying a chain leash to take the caged slave

from the bedroom.

“I understand that this nice little boy is here to learn how to satisfy his step-mother,” said Miss Hillary with a small laugh as the cage was opened and the young man was allowed to move onto the softness of the carpet. “He is not only under-endowed, but also lacks stamina!”

“Miss,” said the supervisor, “the arrangement is for him to be trained by an older woman inside the Academy. Mrs. Valentine has offered to take him on, as long as he is available whenever she is prepared to train him. Of course, he will undergo the usual training and preparation in parallel, but he will not be available for any relief unless it is with Mrs. Valentine. He is to be conditioned to only serve older women.”

“Mrs. Valentine? You mean the mother of Pastor Hindwell? She must be nearly eighty by now.”

“Seventy-three,” replied the supervisory maid as she looked down at her charge. “Miss Clearmont has approved the costs as being acceptable and she regards Mrs. Valentine as a useful social contact.

Miss Hillary smiled as she realized that if Mrs. Valentine was involved with the Academy then her son, the Pastor, would also be on a short leash!

She turned her attention to her own special charge as the bedroom door closed and husband and wife were alone together for the first time since he had thrown her out of the house and then called her parents to ensure that she would come back to him, begging to be allowed to be forgiven.

The tray was loaded with a steaming cup of coffee, a plate with three blueberry pancakes with a melting twist of whipped buttermilk cream and everything seemed in order as Hillary sat on the edge of the bed and beckoned Jezebel to her with the crook of a finger.

“You will find that I like to eat from a tray held by my maid,” said Miss Hillary as she took up her knife and fork and cut into the pancakes. “One of my little indulgences.”

Jezebel held the tray steady and watched as Miss Hillary slowly ate the pancakes with relish and then sipped at her coffee. Holding the tray at exactly the right height for her seated wife meant that Jezebel had to bend a little, which made her balance somewhat precarious on her heels. It also made her breasts hang down freely which attracted probing strokes from those long-fingered hands. Gentle contacts that ended at the nipples to catch them between finger and thumb for a small tease that made Jezebel shudder.

“Would you like to stay with me as my personal slave?” asked Hillary as she played with Jezebel’s breasts. “I need a dedicated woman to make sure that every small detail of my life is

organized perfectly.”

Jezebel started to speak, “Please, darling...”, but Miss Hillary cut her off with a small wave of the hand. “I really do not need your consent,” she said. “In fact, it’s the last thing that I want! Actually, I am telling you how it is going to be and what your duties will entail!”

Jezebel whimpered as her wife nipped her nipples between sharp finger nails and then tugged at them with a small rolling motion that brought them to slowly become rigid with excitement.

“You will attend to all of my clothes. They will always be ready to be worn. They will be perfectly organized and cared for and you will ensure that all of the dry cleaning, washing, ironing and small repairs are done as soon as I have chosen something else to wear. Next up, my shoes. You will dust and polish every pair, every day. You will ensure that they are perfect and always ready for use. At every moment of day and night you will be ready for my call to serve me without question. Cleaning my rooms, ensuring that meals are perfect and that everything here, in my small part of the Academy is perfect. Occasionally you will assist my pleasure with my lovers and learn to please them as well. It will be a pleasure to watch you perform for my amusement!”

Miss Hillary placed her empty mug on the tray and ran her fingertips over Jezebel’s body. Starting at stockinged thighs and working to her smooth skin and captured cock, she explored, touched, fondled and invaded the secret places on Jezebel’s body. A gentle violation that made the head of that captured cock swell at the end of its tube as fingertips circled and stroked.

“You should know now, Jezebel, that I intend to keep you in a constant state of excitement. Almost, but never quite...” The hand played and stroked and then retreated to leave the metal-sleeved erection bobbing in frustration.

“If you ever dare to climax you will be castrated. I will have those little eggs removed to leave just a tiny stub of a cock to remind us both of your manhood! Is that clearly understood?”

“I thank you, darling,” said Jezebel. “I hope that you will be satisfied with my service.”

Miss Hillary Hampton smiled brightly at her husband as she watched his eyes brim with tears. The meniscus broke and a single tear rolled down that pink colored cheek with a slow trickle that ended on those ruby lips. So proud, Arnold had been so very sure in his pride, but it was not in the ninth circle that he was being punished.

No!

His sin was lust, because, when all was said and done, he loved the denial, he relished the abstinence and most of all he needed to be sated with obedience.

Jezebel lusted to suffer exquisitely.

“If I am not, then you will be punished!” replied the demoness who now shrived his sins.

The circle had finally closed.

The End

Familiar Characters

Where some of the characters have appeared before:

Miss Irene Clearmont 'Diane', 'Denise', 'Grey Widow' and almost too many to count...

Veronica 'Queen of Spades' & Abduction Driver in 'Nursery Crime'

Janet Green 'Diane'

Jenny Klein 'Diane'

Greta 'Denise'

Ra'fah Jabori '419'

Miss Lina 'The Grey House'

Chastity Microsystems™ 'Gail's Long Day' & 'Valedictions'

The Service Academy 'Diane', 'Denise', 'Grey Widow', 'Interview in Manhattan', etc.

Ocean Cove Sanatorium 'Nursery Crime'

Gudrun 'Diane', 'Grey Widow'

Gregory Howard 'Diane'

Joan De Lorde 'Diane'

Jack De Lorde 'Diane'

Maxine 'Nursery Crime', 'Letters to Maxine 1-10' etc.

Readers who have read my writing extensively, will recognize some of the other hints and links to my other writings that reside in this book. There is nothing so gratifying as a surfeit of deviancy! So, here follows the short story that I created as a side show for the novel, that you have just read. It wraps up the story of two of the minor characters and sheds a little light on further events... The Commission.

A Short Story From Miss Irene Clearmont...

At The Party

‘The bitch is getting out of control’ he thought as he watched her laughing amongst the group of women who were gathered around the box.

As he sipped the cognac and tried to pay attention to the couple who were discussing their problems that they had when they were stopped for a defective rear light on the highway. He could not help but watch Karen laughing uproariously as two of the maids tipped the box over onto its side whilst a huge woman, scantily dressed in latex prepared to use the box that they were crowded around.

“OK, I’ll admit that the light was out, but really! Don’t they know who we are?” asked the woman in the revealing silk dress as she moved her hand in a gesture of enquiry. “We move in higher society.”

Charles nodded and made a small noise that could have been interpreted as the woman wished. Here he was, Commissioner of the Long Island police, a man who dealt with murders, the FBI and who knew how many other serious problems and there they were, people so rich that they could have pasted all the walls of their mansion in the Hamptons with a hundred dollar note and not noticed any change in their bank balance!

The gross woman on the other side of the room hitched up her latex dress and revealed that her enormous thighs, ass and swelling pussy were naked as she sat on the box to the mocking laughter and champagne toasts of the on looking women. Soon the man in the box would start to service her through the hole to which his mouth was fixed, while the onlookers would enjoy the show.

“It’s ridiculous and embarrassing,” said the man. “I insist that you do something to ensure that this small problem goes away!”

Charles smiled at the man and nodded.

“I can probably sort it out,” he said with a small internal sigh. “Give me the ticket and I’ll do it!”

“Thanks so much,” said the woman. “I think that this is a good moment to invite you to the exclusive little soiree that we are having on the first of next month. It’s nice to know that we have the support of the local police.”

“I shall of course attend,” said Charles. “Birthday or celebration?”

As he spoke his eyes followed the scene being acted out at the other side of the room. Karen, his depraved lover, was clapping with the rest of the crowd of women as the fat woman

experienced a climax. Then a look of concentration came over the fat woman's face as she leaned forward a little to further applause. He could imagine what the stupid man in the box was going through. His open mouth, full of the delicate juice of her gratification was being washed by a different emission that would not be so palatable. Served him right whoever he was. Fancy allowing himself to be captured by these depraved dominatrices.

"It's just a little celebration of Gemma's passing her exams;" said the woman to Charles.

Charles could not remember who 'Gemma' was and wondered how he could reply when the man smiled and enlarged on his wife's comment.

"She got married just a year ago and is celebrating the divorce," he snickered.

"Well," said Charles, "that was over fast."

"She thinks that he's after her fortune," said the wife earnestly.

That comment did not seem to require a reply so Charles just sipped at his cognac and waited for more.

"We had a quiet word with Miss Clearmont," continued the wife. "She was most helpful and said that she was sure that she could solve Gemma's problems in a couple of months' time, at a very reasonable price and I must say that it is a relief to be able to call on her help when there is a small problem like this."

At the other side of the room, the large woman had dismounted from the service box and pulled the hem of her dress down with a small tug. It did not have far to go. Karen was now in the middle of those woman and holding forth. He could almost see her nipples, the dress was so low over those huge breasts and he wondered at how easily she had taken to this society of the ultra-rich. God, how he wished that he could fuck her, but he was not inclined to put himself on film in one of the bedrooms here. Events like this turned her on so much, made her red hot for his cock, she so loved having the maids attend to her at the same time.

He loved her aggression in bed; he relished the way that every man in a room stared at her with bulging eyes. More than that, he relished her delight in partnering him to these events that were so necessary to maintain his contacts as he networked with the highest level of an underworld that lay just below the surface of everyday society. His aristocratic wife was staid and uninterested in his work. She considered a career in the police, even at the highest level, to be a menial activity that was below any partner of hers!

"Make sure that you bring Karen," said the man who had just invited him to another depraved event. "We have a new stud that she will just swoon over."

The man's wife blushed a little and said, "I just bought him a month ago and he is such a good lover."

"I'm sure that she'll be happy to come," said Charles, as he slipped a small pun into his acceptance.

"I am fascinated to see what Miss Clearmont makes of the Academy," said the man, changing the subject. "She certainly is creating something special here! Such a shame that Janet is retiring from the business."

The way that he spoke gave the impression that he was a close friend of the archfiend that ran the Academy, but Charles was watching the crowd around Karen again as they seemed to be rounding up all of the she male maids in a line and discussing something with Miss Clearmont.

At last Charles managed to extricate himself from the couple with a final assurance that he would sort out their small problem and yes, he would attend their small party, gladly. He started to make his way across to Karen to see what the women were doing, but once again he was trapped by a guest who seemed to think that he could help them.

This time he had to pay attention and forget Karen, because it was Veronica, the rather alarming woman who acted on Miss Clearmont's behalf. She was the only person at the gathering who was dressed in casual street clothes. Only the stilettos were perhaps a little on the high side.

"Charles, I wanted a word." she opened.

"Veronica, good to see you!" he lied.

"I need a big favor!"

His heart sank, this was sure to be something that he did not want to do, but he would have to.

"Of course."

"I wonder if you would be so kind as to keep me updated daily about people on the 'missing persons' lists," she said.

Veronica was seldom anything other than direct. Charles breathed an internal sigh of relief! This was easy to do and would not raise any questions or be the cause of 'called in' favors.

"Daily or weekly," he said.

"Daily, but I need the FBI and Interpol lists as well."

“Mm,” he said. “Interpol update weekly and the FBI lists are not updated daily.”

“I just need to know who is on the lists as the authorities update them, say, for the next two months?”

“Is it anyone in particular?”

“Of course,” she said. “But it would be better for you not to know whom!”

He tried to smile, but it was more a rictus of the face than his usual amused twist of the lips. A thought occurred to him in a flash of illumination and he spoke almost before it was fully formed.

“I wonder if you could do something for me?” he asked.

Veronica smiled and said, “Of course, I am always eager to balance the score!”

Charles thought of his wife and her lovers, those hunky studs that passed through her life like phantoms to be replaced by the next. He looked over at Karen and felt Veronica follow his gaze.

“Karen?” asked Veronica. “Really? You won’t find another like her. I don’t think that I’ve ever seen anyone that orgasms so fast when the whip is out, are you sure?”

“Yes,” he mumbled almost embarrassed by his need.

“It will be a pleasure! Are you in a hurry?”

“No, well, I don’t think so, but I’m sure she will fetch a high price!”

“Of that, there’s no doubt at all,” said Veronica, as she gazed at Karen and wondered at just how fickle these men were. “I’ll discuss it with Irene.”

‘She is the only person that he had ever known to just refer to Miss Irene Clearmont only by her Christian name,’ he thought as he turned back to her.

“Just don’t forget those reports,” said Veronica. “As for your lover, well just wait a month or two and we’ll see if her name turns up on the lists that you give me!”

“I’ll keep my eye out.”

“Consider it done!”

Veronica turned away and wandered away while Charles met Karen as the group of women dispersed and she headed towards him. Her face was a little pink with excitement and her breasts heaved like a swelling tide.

“The slave in the box, it was one of the girl’s husbands,” she said breathlessly. “Full of cum and she never blinked an eye when Miss Clearmont had the box opened!”

“I’m sure that he deserved it,” said Charles, as he linked her. “I think that we should leave now, I’ve got to fuck you.”

“Why not here?” she asked. “Then I can whip the maid who sucks your balls as you fuck me! So much more fun.”

“No, let’s leave,” he said, but he knew that it was hopeless to try to get her out of this depraved house.

“Darling, let’s try one of those she-male maids. Please?”

His cock was rigid in his pants and all that Charles could think about was Karen’s glorious cunt dripping with excitement as he pushed into her.

“Please,” she begged again with that small whine in her voice that signified command and control.

“OK,” he assented feeling trapped.

“I want that one,” said Karen, pointing at the rear of one of the maids.

From the back he took her for a pretty girl of nineteen or twenty. When she turned, he saw that metal tube that showed she was a he, no matter how large the breasts and wide the hips with those shapely legs.

“Did you speak to Miss Clearmont and ask her permission?” he asked.

“It’s all arranged,” laughed Karen as she produced a wicked crop from behind her back. “I just love these parties.”

With the maid following two paces behind and Charles and Karen arm in arm, they reached the grand staircase just as Miss Clearmont passed them.

“Enjoying the party, Charles,” she asked as a small smile passed over her lips. “Veronica told me that you had a small job for us?”

Charles felt like an insect pinned to a card because Miss Clearmont was clearly enjoying making him squirm.

“Uh, yes, a sort of quid pro quo.”

“Consider it done,” said Miss Clearmont.

“Thanks,” he replied with a blush.

“These things never work out the way that we expect!”

“I suppose that that’s life,” he said, misunderstanding her completely as Karen dragged him up the stairs. “You never know what’s coming!”

A Second Gathering

The call came in the middle of a meeting with two FBI agents. Charles made a curt apology and retreated to a corner of the incident room where piles of evidence and papers, files and white boards filled the space that was, during the day, a hive of police activity.

“Commissioner Worth here,” he said.

“Veronica,” came the curt reply. “I just wanted to call you to tell you that our special arrangement can come to an end now.”

“Thanks,” he replied.

There was a moment’s pause before he continued.

“I wanted to express my appreciation for the favor that you did me in return!”

“No problem! I was also asked to convey an invitation to a small ‘do’ tonight. Irene says that it is important that you come along at eight.”

Charles glanced at his watch and calculated.

“I’ll be there,” he said, as he calculated an hour for the FBI, an hour to get to the Academy and still half an hour to freshen up.

“Great, I’ll see you then.”

Without preamble the line cut and Charles dropped his mobile back into his pocket.

How Charles hated being in debt to Miss Clearmont, but on the other hand she had kept her word. Karen disappeared just two weeks after his request and by now, she would be tucked away learning to please her future owners. Of course, he would see nothing of the money that they made from her, but the fact that his lover had disappeared had eased all that pressure on his private life. What he needed was a woman who just stayed at home and waited for him to turn up. A bitch that loved to fuck and did not mix him into difficult situations with the dangerous people that he often had to do business with. Karen had aimed to become a star in amongst people who could eat him for breakfast and had been so careless about his needs and concerns.

The meeting with the FBI fraud specialists lasted another ten minutes as he promised to take their interests in the case into full account and Charles found himself with time to spare to get home and grab a shower. Emilia, his wife glanced up from her book when he entered and made a comment that he did not catch.

“Pardon,” he said.

“I just said,” she muttered, “that an occasional evening at home might be nice!”

“It’s a pressing engagement,” he replied.

“It always is! I don’t understand why you work at all,” she said. “there’s really no need.”

“I have to fill my time!”

She muttered again and he was forced to ask her what she had said again.

“I said,” she said again, “that I can find ways for you to fill your time!”

Now it was that he noticed that she was wearing negligee, stockings and heels.

“I’m so sorry, how about tomorrow night? I’m going to be late.”

“Tomorrow night?” she said in query. “Are you sure that you’re not going to visit that blonde slut that you try so hard to keep hidden from me?”

“She’s gone,” he said, trying to stop getting into an argument about all the sweet little boys that she fucked when he was not there, those obedient young studs!

“I know,” she said. “But there are plenty more where she came from!”

“Not at the moment.”

“Well, we’ll fuck tomorrow night then,” she said.

Under her breath she mumbled again, but this time he was gone to the shower with quick steps and did not get to hear what she had said.

“Or, rather, I’ll fuck you.”

“Please follow the green strip to park,” said the woman from loudspeaker as Charles waited for the security gate to lift.

The drive now ran through a newly landscaped garden that was invisible to a person who drove up to the house. This was because, after the gate, it dipped into a furrow with high sides

that did not allow the visitor to see the house and gardens at all, just smooth stone sides where the rock had been gouged out to make the road.

As he approached the entrance to the underground car park small green lights pulsed in the road and led him to his space. Charles had never seen anything like it before and followed the lights deep into the second level.

In that level he found a space to pull in.

There stood one of the Academy's maids to lead him into the house. Pretty in luscious apricot pink she was a picture of sexual innocence that had been more than touched by a depraved hand. Somehow the fact that she was petite and Japanese added to the painting that shifted with every graceful movement. The short dress just hid the very tops of her thighs but her breasts hung pear-like over the lace to show the intricate tattoos that swathed her skin in a delicate pastel flowers that covered every inch of her skin. From her tiny feet in the ballet stilettos, to the top of her hairless scalp she was a fragile single flower in a Japanese posy of summer blossoms.

Charles found himself towering over her and had the sudden urge to pick her up and use her immediately. This young maid was so vulnerable and delicate, so sexual and yet almost unattainable in her innocence. She smiled and bowed slightly before she led him down a long corridor that he felt must go under the Academy main building itself.

The maid walked with a slight sway of her narrow hips in small steps that made an almost pony like clip-clop on the tiles of the corridor. As Charles followed her, he noticed the steel collar that encircled her neck and remembered Miss Lisa's exposition at the party when he had negotiated to dispose of Karen. The collar was linked to Miss Clearmont's security systems and would ensure that this young slave could only do as she was told.

They reached the end of the corridor where two shiny steel doors closed the way. As the maid approached the doors, they parted silently to reveal the cabin of the lift that would take them up to the Academy itself. Trapped in the warm cubicle of the lift he now caught the gentle aroma of the tiny slave who accompanied him without speaking a word. A delicate waft of summer wild roses and hyacinth that invoked an emotion in Charles that he could not define.

As the lift climbed, he wondered what it was like to actually own someone. To have complete control of their lives and define who and what they were for one's own pleasure. This little Japanese maid would cost half a million dollars to own. At least! She would have been trained to serve men and women without fault in every way that was imaginable. He looked down at the smooth skin of her breasts, the curled petals of the blooms on her skin and the delicate pink nipples.

The smell of hyacinths filled the lift by the time that the doors opened and Charles found

himself in a fugue of need as they did so. He found himself looking into a room that was filled with chatter. The room was one that he did not recognize, no windows and decorated in black and silver. Miss Clearmont, the host stood with a glass in her hand in conversation with two other women who stood with their backs to him. Two other groups of women stood chatting and a couple of maids served drinks and small tit bits from silver trays.

He stepped out of the lift almost disappointed that the Japanese morsel who had accompanied him closed the lift doors and disappeared back to her post. A maid approached and offered her tray. All she wore was a pinafore in lace, a plain steel collar and high heeled spikes that were joined by a short chain that kept her steps small and a wiggle in her thighs that was a delight to see.

Charles picked up a flute of wine and sauntered over to Miss Clearmont to pay his compliments. He recognized both of the other women who paused to nod to him. Veronica, dressed as usual in casual jeans and T shirt was, as usual, the only woman in the room to dress in clothes that would not raise an eyebrow on the street. Gudrun, on the other hand, wore a long dress in electric blue latex that hugged her mature charms like a sheath.

“Ah, Charles, I’m so glad that you could come,” said Miss Clearmont with a small smile. “I think that you have met Miss Gudrun who is in charge of the Academy for its opening phase and Veronica who is arranging the first intake.”

He mumbled a greeting and then said, “Is it to be business or pleasure then?”

“Mm, some business and of course pleasure is on the agenda as well!” she answered. “I have arranged a small viewing of a film first and then we can discuss a move towards a new alignment of our business relationship.”

Charles nodded and wondered what it was that she wanted from him. he had, so far, managed to maintain some distance between himself and the Service Academy by ensuring that no trace of a connection could be proved between himself and the woman that ran a slave trade in his jurisdiction.

The chatter was inconsequential and it became clear that a few guests still had to arrive before Miss Clearmont’s little ‘event’ could begin. He nodded and made the occasional comment as he scanned the other guests, recognizing a couple of them as representing a gathering of woman who worked for Miss Clearmont in various ways.

Just to his left was Shareen, the lawyer that sometimes acted as public prosecutor. She stood dressed like a high school teacher in pencil skirt and white blouse. Not a woman that he got on well with; interesting that she was so close with this clique! Part of another group was a statuesque black woman who he recognized from the party a few months ago. She had a dangerous look and he remembered vaguely that she ran some sort of slavery business in

Africa somewhere. She was attractive, but had a haughty look that made him uneasy. Not someone to play trivial games with!

A small buzzer announced the arrival of the lift and he half turned to see who else was arriving.

The doors of the lift slid open and Karen, his former lover stepped into the room! Charles almost dropped his glass in shock at her arrival. Just behind Karen was another woman whose arrival almost made him struggle for breath, his wife, Emilia!

Karen smiled broadly when she saw the effect that her entrance had on her former lover. It was heightened by the fact that she was dressed in a leather costume that emphasized her considerable charms. Laces pulled the soft leather tight over her body and her thigh-high boots showed her long legs to advantage.

Charles looked at Miss Clearmont and then back at Emilia. In a summer dress and high heeled sandals, she was a complete contrast to Karen. Petite and slim she strolled from the lift and nodded to the other women with a casual smile.

Before Charles could utter a word, Miss Clearmont said, "Now that we are all here, I would like to introduce Miss Karen and Emilia. Miss Karen has accepted my offer to take up the post as chief of security at the Academy and Emilia is here in her capacity as one of the first customers to take advantage of the service that I am here to provide.

Charles could almost not hear the words. His mind was filled with confused thoughts and his breath came in gasps as several of the women in the room applauded politely.

Karen moved to shake a couple of hands and then suddenly she was standing in front of Charles with that broad smile on her lips.

"I suppose that you thought that by now I would be in some harem?" she said with a grin.

"It was a mistake!" he replied.

Suddenly the room closed in on Charles. Behind him he could hear the words of his wife to Miss Clearmont as he stood with the sound of his heart beating in his ears.

"You know what I want," said Emilie from behind him, "obedience!"

Miss Clearmont laughed and then said, "That is what we are in the business of supplying."

"A mistake!" said Karen. "How can selling me be a mistake?"

Karen's hard voice woke him to what was happening. He looked around in panic and realized that there was no escape. Veronica turned to him. In her hand dangled a metal collar that was open. A small red light blinked as he passed it to Emilie who held it in her hands as though almost uncertain what it was for.

"It is your right to take him," said Shareen to Emilie.

"I think that he should put it on himself," said Emilie in reply as she offered the collar to Charles with a tightlipped smile. "Here."

She passed the collar to Charles who took it with nerveless hands. He turned the almost featureless steel ring in his hands and watched the small blinking red light balefully flash.

"Put it on," said Karen, "now!"

His hands moved almost involuntarily to his neck. The collar was warm and heavy even though it seemed so slim in his large hands. Around him all was still, one or two of the women's lips were pursed as they savored the moment that he closed it on his own neck.

There was a loud click in the stillness as the two sides came together to make a whole and then a smile from Emilie that spoke of triumph.

"Well, that's done," said Miss Clearmont, breaking the moment. "Let's take a look at this."

She made a small movement with her hand and the lights dimmed to show a bright square on the wall where a film played in silence. Charles felt the weight of the collar on his neck and the film being played on the screen filled his vision.

A sumptuous bedroom filled the screen. A bed, vast in compass filled the space. For ten seconds there was no movement to be seen and then three people moved in the room. Karen, himself and a female figure that was dressed in the parody of a maid's costume. Karen lay back on the bed and spread her legs and the maid crawled onto the bed. From behind, the onlookers watched the maid crawl as Karen threatened with the vicious crop in her hand. The maid's dress rode up her ass, it reached her waist to show that the maid was male. Large breasted, severely attractive, smoothed skinned but undoubtedly a deviant hybrid with low-hanging balls and a stiff prick from which hung a piercing that dangled between her thighs.

The maid lowered her head and attended to Karen as Charles bent over and kissed Karen as she climaxed. As her body trembled, Karen whipped the maid with a fervor of orgasm with the crop and then relaxed to push the maid from her.

Charles watched the film with rising embarrassment as he looked at Emilie beside him. her mouth was pursed and her tongue licked her lips as she watched the film of her husband

fucking his lover. he tried extending a hand to her shoulder, but she shrugged him off.

He knew what was coming next in the film. The next ten minutes would show Karen ordering the maid to suck his cock while Charles suckled at her breasts. Then he would bend the maid over and take her from behind as the slave once again serviced Karen with hands and tongue as she used the crop with one savage blow after the next. he remembered the feeling of complete satiety, the moment of climax in the slave's hole as Karen came with a rush and a scream like never before. He remembered that it was the moment that he had decided that he had to shrug her off. The moment when he had realized that she had found the keys to his needs, the moment that he had decided to rid himself of the woman who had discovered Charles' secret.

Finally, it was over and the lights in the room slowly illuminated the faces of the women who now had a grip on him that was going to be turned into the coin of servility.

"It seems as though our local Police Commissioner finds that he is in a rather tight place," said Veronica with a sardonic tone. "I think that his wife might need this."

She passed a small plastic dongle to Emilie with a small bow.

"Thanks," said Emilie. "I think that my dear husband should strip!"

Emilie turned to Charles and made a small movement with her hand. He opened his mouth to speak, but his wife interrupted him before he could speak.

"I have arranged that you stay here, at the Academy for a couple of days for a little education before I allow you into my home. When you return you will find that I intend to adjust our relationship a little! So, I suggest that you learn that my word is now an order and disobedience will always be punished!"

Her finger touched a button on the remote control that Veronica had passed her and the collar dealt a sharp electric shock that made Charles gasp in pain.

"Luckily for you," said Karen, with a laugh, "Miss Clearmont would like you to continue helping us here in your role as Police Commissioner, so your new status will remain our little secret!"

"In two days, your wife's house will be fitted with all the refinements that will ensure that you remain an obedient husband for Emilie," said Miss Clearmont. "In the meantime, you are a guest here and will have the opportunity to enjoy our hospitality."

Charles undressed slowly. Embarrassed under the eyes of the women who enjoyed his discomfiture, he stripped until he stood with just the collar as an adornment.

“He can’t wear the collar in his job,” commented one of the women as she reached a manicured hand to touch the erection that he had despite his shame.

“There are other ways,” said Veronica, as she closed her hand into a loose fist, mimicking the steel tube that would clasp his cock and balls, “but the collar will be put on at home.”

Emilie shrugged as if it was not important and looked her husband up and down. She had long passed the stage where she wanted to use that prick that he had been dipping into lovers and slaves. On the other hand, that short film had given her ideas that would certainly be amusing to indulge in. Charles would be a perfect sex toy for her lovers. She pictured the scene as he became the maid that offered himself for her lover’s enjoyment. Ass in the air, face buried in her ass he would learn that a crop in her hand would not be just a fashion accessory!

The Commission Fulfilled

The bed was a new one. Huge in size, it filled Emilie's bedroom and offered a playground in which there were no rules but hers. She lay back and slowly opened her legs to reveal the trimmed bush of her sex. In her hand was the crop from that film. Karen had offered it as a gift. Weighted and rough with the braided leather it felt good in her gloved grip.

Charles crawled between her thighs as she played out the scene that he had experienced just months before. By the bed stood Harry, her latest young lover. Muscular and handsome, he played with his cock as he watched the abject husband serve Emilie.

Emilie looked down the length of her body at the man who she now fully owned. Collared and servile, contained and in torment. A man of power who now lived to serve her.

The stripes of severe punishment crisscrossed his back as she drew the braided crop over the bruises. Soon she would climax and then show these two men that served her that she was totally in command. One the tormented and reluctant slave, the other a man who served of his free will.

Just between Charles' thighs hung his captured prick. The tip swelled purple from the savage constriction of the metal tube and his balls were encased in a steel box that could punish him at the touch of a button on the remote that lay by her hand.

'It's not complete yet, I'm not finished with him,' she thought, as she climaxed and then felt his tongue gently massage the cleft of her ass. 'What's missing is true femininity.' Tomorrow she would have to speak to Karen and Irene about the maid's breasts that she had seen on the film.

Emilie felt the bed move as Harry climbed onto the bed and kneeled behind her husband. She could see the huge prick in his hands eclipsed by Charles' ass and then a desperate grunt from the lips that cupped her ass hole as Harry entered and slowly pressed home.

She climaxed again as she imagined his pain and then used the crop to keep him still. Her hand fumbled, quivering and found the remote. As she did so she pressed the button by mistake and a shock was passed from her husband to her in intimate contact.

She quivered and clenched, realizing that she had found a new experience! A slight frisson of delight as the tongue that pressed against her hole lightly delivered the secondary pulse.

Another orgasm, unexpected and delighted in.

Emilie pressed again...

The End